

HISTORY
OF
SULLIVAN COUNTY:

EMBRACING

AN ACCOUNT OF ITS GEOLOGY, CLIMATE, ABORIGINES, EARLY
SETTLEMENT, ORGANIZATION; THE FORMATION OF
ITS TOWNS, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF PROMINENT RESIDENTS, ETC., ETC.

BY

JAMES ELDRIDGE QUINLAN.

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To Hon. Archibald C. Niven :

From 1838 to 1866, (except during a brief interval,) I was an editor of a newspaper of Sullivan county. Whenever, from illness or absence, I was unable to discharge my editorial duties, your able and facile pen was wielded for me gratuitously. Therefore, as a slight token of my gratitude, I respectfully dedicate to you this volume.

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

In 1853, Lotan Smith, president of the Agricultural Society of Sullivan County, under the auspices of the State, wrote what he termed a History of Sullivan County. It was expected that it would be inserted in the Transactions of the State Agricultural Society; but the gentlemen who controlled the publication of that work rejected Mr. Smith's manuscript, and returned it to its author, with a chapter on the Geology and another on the Climate of the county, which had been prepared by Professor Antisell.

Soon after this occurred, Billings Grant Childs, a young gentleman of fair literary qualifications, announced that he had assumed the task of writing a history of Sullivan. For a time, as he had opportunity, he collected material for the proposed volume; but after writing a chapter on the town of Liberty, which covered ten manuscript pages, became weary of the task. He then made an arrangement with Jay Gould, under which Mr. Gould and Mr. Childs were to be associated as authors and publishers. This, however, led to no result, and the project was abandoned by them.

The author then commenced writing this volume, and persevered to the end, although a painful physical infirmity often compelled him to put aside his pen for weeks and months at a time, and he has seldom been able to complete more than three manuscript pages in a day.

By purchase and otherwise, the memoranda, etc., of Messrs. Smith and Childs passed into our hands, and to the extent recorded in our foot-notes we have had the advantage of their labors. Much more are we indebted to Professor Antisell, whose valuable papers we have copied and adopted as the first and second chapters of our history.

In addition to this, we have been favored with the oral and written statements of nearly one hundred well-known residents of the county.* These statements we have compared with each other, and with official documents and records, as well as what we have found in files of old newspapers and gleaned from other sources of information. The result, gentle reader, is before you. You may detect errors of commission and omission; but we have guarded against both, through long years of patient research; and we hope that you will decide that our work is not wholly destitute of merit. Be this as it may, we present it to you as a rough, not a perfect ashlar, knowing that the peculiar circumstances under which it was fashioned rendered excellence of execution impossible. It has lightened the burthen of our life. May it enhance the enjoyment of yours!

* A list of those who have aided us in this enterprise was delivered to our publishers, who exercised unusual care in guarding against the loss of our MSS.; but despite their vigilance, the original Preface and Introduction, with the List of Contributors, were stolen from their safe by some person who had access to it. The preface and introduction may be re-written; but no accurate copy of the list can be supplied. No one deploras this more than we do; and no one should be censured for it, except the stealthy offender, who has stolen that which is entirely useless to himself. We are greatly indebted to C. G. A. Oudet for assistance in preparing our MSS. for the press. Mr. Oudet, although of foreign birth, has a better knowledge of the English language than many educated natives of our country.

INTRODUCTION.

Sullivan county is situated between $41^{\circ} 25'$ and 42° north latitude, and $1^{\circ} 46'$ and $2^{\circ} 32'$ east longitude from the city of Washington. It is bounded north-westerly by the county of Delaware, north-easterly and south-easterly by the county of Ulster, south-easterly, southerly and easterly by the county of Orange, and south-westerly by the State of Pennsylvania. According to Burr's Atlas, its area is 919 square miles, and it contains 587,000 acres of land.*

The mean altitude of the county above the level of the ocean is about 1,500 feet, and its surface is characterized by ranges of hills of moderate height, with intervening valleys. Detached mountainous elevations are found in towns bounded by Delaware and Ulster counties, and the Shawangunk mountain is parallel with the south-easterly boundary of the town of Mamakating.

The Delaware river forms the dividing line between the county and Pennsylvania, while the Shawangunk river is its south-eastern limit. The Neversink rises in the county of Ulster, and after crossing the towns of Neversink, Fallsburgh, Thompson and Forestburgh, enters Orange county. The Rondout passes through the north-east corner of Neversink, and the Mongaup or Mingwing has its source near the center of the county, and running southerly joins the Delaware. The Williwemoc, Beaverkill, Callicoon, Ten Mile river, and many smaller streams are also affluents of the Delaware.

Geologically (with some exceptions) the county is of the Catskill period, Devonian age and Paleozoic time. These exceptions are noted in the first chapter of this work by Professor Antisell, an expert in geology.

* According to the assessment-rolls of the several towns, the county contains 604,705 acres. Some tracts of land which are covered by water are not returned for taxation.

The aborigines of the county were principally Esopus Indians, who were of the Wolf tribe of the Lenni Lenape or Delaware nation, whose history is given in our third chapter.

Except some small tracts on the west bank of the Shawangunk river, the county is covered by the Minisink and Hardenbergh patents.

In 1684, Governor Dongan bought of Manganaett, Tsema and Keghgekapowell *alias* Joghem, (who claimed to be the proprietors and principal owners,) with the consent of Pemeranaghin, chief sachem of the Esopus and other Indians named, a tract of land extending on the Hudson from the Paltz to lands of the Indians at Murderer's kill, and westward to the foot of the high hills called Pitkiskaha and Aiashawosting. For this territory ninety pounds were paid in duffels, wampun, stroud-water, cloth, blankets, cider, strong beer, etc. One year later Dongan bought of Maringoman, the sachem at Murderer's creek, the land from that stream to Stony Point.*

On the 12th of September, 1694, under Governor Fletcher, a patent was granted to Captain John Evans, which covered the west bank of the Hudson from the Paltz to Stony Point, (eighteen miles,) and reaching westward thirty miles. A literal construction of the grant would have placed his westward line within the borders of Thompson, and given him land now within the Minisink and Hardenbergh patents. He paid for his patent five hundred pounds.

Captain Evans was captain of the *Richmond* man-of-war, and was sent to New York with his vessel in 1693, where he was on duty for six years, during which he erected on his estate the lordship and manor of Fletcherdon, and spent 12,000 pounds in improving it, expecting to retire thither "when there should be a happy and lasting peace." He was permitted to sow, but not to reap. Both Fletcher and Evans were ordered from New York, and the patent was annulled. During Queen Anne's reign, his grant was renewed; but while the honest sailor was fighting for his sovereign on the ocean, the land-pirates of the time induced the Queen to deprive him once more of his manor! Those who wrought his ruin, divided his manor among themselves.

* Mr. Ruttonber says, "these facts are from a well-authenticated MS. written as early as 1730, now in our possession."

He continued to sue for justice until he was an old man, when reluctant and partial justice was awarded him, by giving him another and less valuable tract.

On the 12th of March, 1703, the Wawayanda patent was bought by John Bridges and Company of twelve Indians, viz: Rapingonick, Wawastenaw, Moghopuck, Comelawaw, Nanawitt, Ariwimack, Rumbout, Clauss, Chouckhass, Chingapaw, Oshasquemous and Quilapaw. It is believed that in this purchase was included the Minisink patent, which was granted on the 28th of August, 1704, to Matthew Ling, Ebenezer Wilson, Philip French, Dirck Vandenberg, Stephen Delancy, Philip Rokeby, John Corbet, Daniel Honan, Caleb Cooper, William Sharpus, Robert Milward, Thomas Wenham, Lancaster Symes, John Pierson, Benjamin Ashe, Peter Bayard, John Cholwell, Peter Fauconnier, Henry Swift, Hendrick Ten Eyck, Jarvis Marshal, Ann Bridges, widow of John Bridges, and George Clark, Secretary of the Province of New York. Eight of these persons were patentees of the Wawayanda and two of the Hardenbergh patent. The Minisink grant at first contained 250,000 acres; but its owners subsequently grasped and held 50,000 acres east of the true boundaries of their patent.

For many years New Jersey claimed and held so much of the Minisink patent as is covered by the Seventh Division, and also so much of the Hardenbergh patent as would be cut off by running the north-east line of that division to Station Rock, in Cochection. In 1769, a Commission was appointed to settle the boundary, which decided in favor of New York, and established the present line between New York and New Jersey, from the Hudson to the Delaware.

On the "15-22 day of March, and in the 6th year of Her Majesty's reign, Anno Dom. 1706-7," Major Johannes Hardenbergh, a merchant of Kingston, bought of Nanisinos, a sachem of the Esopus Indians, and "rightful lord owner and proprietor of several parts of land in the county of Ulster," the immense tract now known as the Hardenbergh patent.* For this he paid

* In 1749, when the patent was partitioned among its owners, the Indians claimed that Nanisinos did not convey that part which is situated between the east and west branches of the Delaware, and refused to permit surveyors to go there. Notwithstanding this, a map was made of the disputed territory, on which the land in question was divided into eight parcels, and one of these allotted to each party in interest. On the 3d of June, 1751, Johannes Hardenbergh bought the real or assumed right of these

sixty pounds current money of New York—less than one-tenth of a mill per acre.*

On the 20th of April, 1708, the Hardenbergh, or as it is sometimes called, the Major or Great Patent, was granted to Johannes Hardenbergh, Leonard Lewis, Philip Rokeby, William Nottingham, Benjamin Faneuil, Peter Fauconnier and Robert Lurting, in free and common socage, and subject to no rent or service beyond the payment of seven dollars and fifty cents, annually, on Lady day, to the Collector of the custom-house of New York! Two of the patentees were mere lay figures. *Fourteen weeks before the grant was made*, Robert Lurting released one-seventh of the patent to Thomas Wenham, and on the same day, Philip Rokeby conveyed his interest to May Bickley. In addition to this, there was a secret understanding that Augustus Graham, the surveyor-general of the province, should be entitled to one-eighth of the grant, and this understanding was acknowledged after his death in 1729, when the parties in interest declared that his heir (James Graham) was entitled to an equal share with the others.†

Previous to 1749, several of the proprietors sold their interest, and others died. In that year, Robert Livingston owned five-sixteenths; Gulian Verplanck three-sixteenths, Johannes Hardenbergh, jr.,‡ Charles Brodhead and Abraham Hardenbergh two-sixteenths, John Wenham two-sixteenths, the heirs and assigns of Lewis two-sixteenths, and the heirs of Faneuil two-

Indians for 1491. and 19s. The deed is signed by Sappan, John Palling and twenty other members of the Esopus tribe. At that time, *no grant was legal unless the native title was extinguished before the grant was made.*

During the French and Indian war, the Delawares claimed that they had been defrauded of nearly the entire Hardenbergh patent.

*Nanisinog, in the deed given by him, described the tract as follows: "All that track of Land Lying and being in the county of Ulster aforesaid, running from certain Hills that lye on the south east side of the meadow or low land that lies on the fish Creek River or kill to the north west of Marbletown bounds, and are the north west part of the hills and mountains that range from the blue hills north west Ten miles, and stretches north easterly on the brows of sd hills as they range to the bound or the County of Albany, and south westerly on the brows of said hills as they range opposite the west corner of Marbletown bounds, and still further south westerly with the full breadth from the north west boundaries of Rochester, to where the said ten miles end, running so far as to run with a due south east line to a certain fall in the roundout creek called by the Indians hoonchk, which is the north bound of the land called Nepepath, belonging to Jacob Rutzen and Jan Jans Bleecker."

† Under the laws of that time, the surveyor-general could not legally be interested in a land grant.

‡ Previous to 1749, Major Johannes Hardenbergh, the patentee, sold his undivided right in the patent to Brodhead and Johannes Hardenbergh, jr. Abraham Hardenbergh subsequently bought a part of this right. No member of the Hardenbergh family holds land which has descended to him by inheritance from the patentee.

sixteenths. The patent was then partitioned between the several proprietors, when Livingston drew Great Lots 8, 12, 22, 27 and 42; Livingston and Verplanck Lots 4, 6, 7, 10, 13, 14, 15, 21, 23, 24, 30, 32, 33, 38, 39 and 40; the Hardenberghs and Brodhead Lots 3, 9, 16, 19, 29 and 37; John Wenham Lots 1, 18, 26, 34, and 35; the heirs and assigns of Lewis Lots 2, 17, 20, 28 and 36; and the heirs of Faneuil Lots 5, 11, 25, 31 and 41.

In the same year, Livingston and Verplanck partitioned what they owned jointly, when the former became the sole proprietor of Lots 4, 15, 23, 30 and 40, and parts of 7, 14, 21, 33 and 39, and his partner of the balance.

Although some attempts were made to found settlements in Sullivan county, it cannot be said that it was occupied by white residents previous to 1790, except in Mamakating, Lumberland, Cochection and Neversink. An account of these settlements will be found in our history of the several towns. Soon after the latter year the Livingstons and other landholders induced men to come into this region, and buy or lease unoccupied lands, and from that time dates the birth and growth of many of our settlements.

A considerable impetus was given to immigration by the construction of the Newburgh and Cochection turnpike.* This work speedily led to the organization of the county, which was erected by an act of the Legislature passed March 27, 1809.

In selecting a name it was deemed proper to adopt that of some eminent Revolutionary patriot whose deeds were in some way connected with our territory. Of the Generals who had had anything to do on our soil previous to and during the struggle for Independence, General James Clinton was the one who should have been complimented; but his name had been already bestowed on another county. So the county was named Sullivan, in honor of General John Sullivan,† a part of whose

* The Newburgh and Cochection Turnpike Company was chartered on the 20th of March, 1801. Robert Bowne, John De Wint, William Seymour, Levi Dodge, Johannes Miller, Hugh Walsh, George Clintou, jun., William W. Sackett and George Gardner were the incorporators.

† John Sullivan was of Irish descent, and was born in Borwick, Maine, on the 17th of February, 1740. His youth was spent chiefly in farm-labor. At maturity he studied law, and established himself in its practice in Durham, New Hampshire, where he soon rose to considerable distinction as an advocate and politician. He was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1774, and soon after his return from Philadelphia, he was engaged, with John Langdon and others, in seizing Fort William and Mary, at Portsmouth. When the following year the Continental army was organized, he was

army crossed our borders when it marched to chastise the hostile Indians of western New York.

In 1816, Otto William Van Tuyl, Jabez Wakeman, Daniel Clark, William W. Sackett, Richard R. Vooris, Jabez Wakeman, jun., Samuel F. Jones, John Knapp, George A. Wakeman, Alexander Ketchum, George Vaughn and others were made a body corporate and politic, under the name of "The President and Directors of the Neversink Navigation Company," for the purpose of opening that river for rafting business, from Lockwood's Mills, in the present town of Fallsburgh, to the Delaware. The tolls authorized were enormous, ranging for boards and plank from one to two dollars per thousand feet, and other articles in proportion. If the company had succeeded in making the river navigable, its revenue would have been princely; nevertheless the stock of the company, excepting a few shares, was not taken, and its treasury was empty until 1828, when Van Tuyl, its president and manager,* obtained from the State a loan of ten thousand dollars, giving as security a mortgage on the river! About two thousand of this was expended legitimately, and the balance (\$8,000) was consumed in paying the president's debts, buying a stock of goods, and in other ways, after which a raft was started from Lockwood's Mills, with Squires M. Hoyt and a man from Rockland, named Brown, on board. It ran as far as the "Dive Hole," where it was wrecked. Another was started from Mc'Kee's mill, in charge of Ira Mills, a Mr. Springer, and a son of Van Tuyl. This passed the "Dive Hole;" but soon after collided with a rock, and was broken up.

appointed one of the eight Brigadiers first commissioned by Congress; and early in 1776, he was promoted to Major-general. Early in the spring of that year he superseded Arnold in command of the Continental troops in Canada; and later in the season he joined Washington at New York. General Greene commanded the chief forces at Brooklyn, designed to repel the invaders then on Staten Island; but was taken sick, and the leadership of his division was assigned to Sullivan. In the disastrous battle that soon followed, he was made prisoner, but was soon afterwards exchanged, and took command of Lee's division, in New Jersey, after that officer's capture later in the season. In the autumn of 1777, General Sullivan was in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown; and in the succeeding winter he was stationed in Rhode Island, preparatory to an attempted expulsion of the British therefrom. He besieged Newport in August 1778, but was unsuccessful, because the French Admiral d'Estaing would not co-operate with him, according to promise and agreement. General Sullivan's military career closed after his memorable campaign against the Indians, in western New York, early in the autumn of 1779. He resigned his commission because he felt aggrieved at some action of the Board of War, and was afterwards elected to a seat in Congress. From 1786 to 1789, he was president or governor of New Hampshire, when, under the provision of the new Federal Constitution, he was appointed District Judge. That office he held until his death, which occurred on the 23d of January, 1795, when he was in the fifty-fifth year of his age.—*Lossing's Eminent Americans.*

* Squires M. Hoyt, who was then Van Tuyl's clerk, was secretary of the company.

Mills was drowned. Although the enterprise resulted in poverty and reproach to Van Tuyl, he never lost confidence in it, and continued to make futile attempts to improve the river, until the State foreclosed its mortgage.

It cannot be said that Sullivan enjoyed a large measure of prosperity previous to the construction of the Delaware and Hudson canal. Three years after the completion of the work, John Eldridge laid the foundation of a large tannery on the outlet of Lord's pond, and Rufus Palen and his associates that of another at Fallsburgh. Austin Strong followed at Woodbourne, Bushnell & Van Horn at Tannersdale, and others at various points. These establishments brought wealth and muscle, and caused large additions to our population.

The New York and Erie railroad was another source of prosperity, especially to the Delaware river towns.

A reference to the census of Sullivan should not be omitted by us :

Year.	Population.
1790*	1,763
<hr/>	
* Mamakating only.	
1800	3,222
1810	6,108
1814	6,233
1820	8,900
1825	10,373
1830	12,364
1835	13,755
1840	15,629
1845	18,727
1850	25,088
1855	29,487
1860	32,385
1865	32,741
1870	34,649

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HISTORY
OF
SULLIVAN COUNTY.

CHAPTER II

CLIMATE—BY PROF. ANTISELL.

By this term is generally understood the character of the weather peculiar to a country as respects heat and cold, humidity and dryness, variations in the barometer, fertility and the alternation of the seasons. The latitude, the annual fall of rain, the elevation of the land above the sea, its condition of cultivation and proximity to the ocean, with the position of the slope of the land, are the chief circumstances of any region which require to be noticed in order to form a correct idea of the climate of that place.

Generally speaking, in the temperate zone, the latitudes of this continent have temperatures inferior to those of Europe. The isothermal line (50° of Humboldt) in Europe is found passing, over the north of Ireland and England, through Belgium and Middle Germany to the Crimea; it enters Asia north of the Caspian sea, and passes over Lake Baikal, and through Mongolia and the Manchoo territory towards China, and leaves that continent south of Yeddo, on the sea of Japan; it passes over the Pacific ocean, and touches the west of this continent near the boundary line between Oregon and California; then it crosses the Mandan district and Iowa, and passes over Lakes Michigan and Erie; it then bends in a south-easterly direction over the State of New York, and passes into the Atlantic in the vicinity of the city of New York.

On the east side of this continent, under this line,	
the mean summer temperature is	71.6
“ winter “	30.2
On the western coast, under this line,	
the mean summer temperature is	69.75
“ winter “	38.70

Thus, under the same isothermal line, the climate of the West varies from that of the East, the former being more equable throughout the year, and the mean winter temperature being considerably above the freezing point. Hence it appears that we

cannot arrive at a true conclusion concerning the climate of any place from the study of its isothermal lines, (lines of equal mean annual temperature :) it would be necessary to pay attention to the isochimenal and isothermal lines, (lines of equal mean winter and summer temperatures).

A single instance will illustrate this position. In order to produce *potable* wine, it is requisite that the mean annual heat should exceed 49° ; that the winter temperature should be upwards of 33° ; and that the mean summer temperature should be upwards of 64° . At Bordeaux, in the vale of the Garonne, the mean annual, winter, summer and autumn temperatures are respectively 57° , 43° , 71° , and 58° . On the plains near the Baltic, where the grape produces a wine which is hardly *potable*, these numbers are $47^{\circ} 5'$, 31° , $63^{\circ} 7'$ and $47^{\circ} 5'$. On comparing the figures given in the accompanying tables, it will be seen that, while this county has the summer temperature necessary for the growth of the vine, its winter temperature is below the point fit for producing palatable wine. As with the grape, so with every cultivated plant. It has its ranges of temperature within which it will grow and produce those elements of nutriment for which it was raised. And hence arises the value of the study of local temperatures to the farmer. It is as needful to him as the choice of a good variety of seed, or of a useful manure.

The farmer will bear in mind how much these observations may yet be improved. For instance: the temperatures given in the returns of all institutions are the temperatures of the air in the shade, and generally within doors. These, though excellent for the purposes for which they were designed, do not convey to the agriculturist all the information he should desire. He requires to know the temperature of the air *in the sun*, the condition in which the plant is placed, and before all, he should know the temperature of the soil from two to six inches deep—a knowledge not yet recorded in any series of observations made for this State.

The following table was furnished by Charles S. Woodward, from observations made at his house, at Beaver Brook, in 1851 and 1852:

SYNOPSIS OF RECORD FOR 1851.

1851.	Barometer.			When	When	Thermometer attached.			When	When
	morn.	noon.	night.	high'st	lowest.	morn.	noon.	night.	highest.	lowest.
JANUARY.....	29.01	29.01½	29.03	19	29	29.9	33.87	34.8	16 & 17	31
FEBRUARY.....	29.18	29.18½	29.20½	13	6	33.3	36.6	39.	15	1
MARCH.....	29.04	29.04	29.05	29	19 & 20	39.5	44.	47.	31	4 & 11
APRIL.....	28.97½	28.96	28.95	12	20	44.5	49.5	53.1	6	14
MAY.....	29.08½	29.07½	29.08½	25	1	53.1	59.2	61.3	28	3
JUNE.....	29.06	29.05	29.05	18	7	58.9	64.7	67.8	29	3, 15 & 19
JULY.....	29.03	29.03	29.04	22	27	65.5	70.2	73.1	17	5
AUGUST.....	29.15	29.15	29.14	28 & 29	25	61.	66.3	71.5	8 & 23	28
SEPTEMBER.....	29.24	29.23	29.22	19	23	58.5	63.1	67.8	8	25
OCTOBER.....	29.05½	29.05	29.04½	9	19 & 26	48.7	52.3	53.2	8	28
NOVEMBER.....	28.97	28.97	28.97½	12	25 & 28	31.3	33.	39.3	1	27
DECEMBER.....	29.02½	29.01	29.00	6	15	24.2	26.9	28.6	29	27
YEARLY AVERAGE.....	29.07	29.06½	29.06½	45.7	49.97	53.04

Beaver Brook, Sullivan County, N. Y.

C. S. WOODWARD.

SYNOPSIS OF RECORD FOR 1852.

1852.	Barometer.			When	When	Thermometer attached.			When	When
	morn.	noon.	night.	high'st	lowest.	morn.	noon.	night.	highest.	lowest.
JANUARY.....	28.90	28.91	28.89	24	6	23.6	26.3	28.9	30	20
FEBRUARY.....	28.92	28.92	28.92	20	25	28.	31.4	35.2	23	20
MARCH.....	29.02	29.04	29.07	11	23 & 24	35.6	36.3	40.1	13,15 & 28	4 & 21
APRIL.....	28.77	28.70	28.78	3	21	39.	42.8	46.2	26	4
MAY.....	29.07	29.07	29.06	6	27	53.6	58.8	62.2	28	3
JUNE.....	29.04	29.07	29.07	13	9	60.9	65.7	69.8	15	6 & 11
JULY.....	29.12	29.12	29.12	19 & 20	30	66.4	68.5	76.	9 & 13	4
AUGUST.....	29.14	29.17	29.14	22	5	62.45	66.9	67.	26	2 & 3
SEPTEMBER.....	29.16	29.17	29.16	8, 9 & 18	12	55.1	63.2	66.8	2	30
OCTOBER.....	29.11	29.11	29.11	27	6	49.4	53.4	57.5	8	17
NOVEMBER.....	28.97	28.96	28.98	30	2	38.1	40.3	41.4	1	25
DECEMBER.....	29.04	29.07	29.07	16 & 27	28	35.	38.	39.	7	22
YEARLY AVERAGE....	29.02	29.02	29.03	45.6	49.3	52.5

CLIMATE.

Beaver Brook, Sullivan County, N. Y.

C. S. WOODWARD.

From the useful information which may be drawn by inspection of these figures, the following may be noticed here:

The spring and fall of 1852 were warmer than those seasons of 1851, while the summer of 1851 was warmer. Now, as the summer months are the growing months of plants, the harvests of 1851 ought to have been more abundant, other circumstances being the same.

If the mean temperatures of these two years, from May to November inclusive, (those months during which vegetation can exist,) be contrasted, the following figures appear:

	1851.	1852.
May.....	57.6.....	58.2
June.....	63.....	65.4
July.....	69.4.....	66.9
August.....	66.....	65.4
September.....	63.....	61.7
October.....	51.33.....	53.4
November.....	34.4.....	39.9

If we deduct from these the months of May and November, and include only the five months of vegetable growth, the mean temperatures of these five months are, for 1851, 63.8; for 1852, 63.5. As these years differ from each other by a small range, the above figures of both years might be united, and the mean average temperature of the place found thus for a series of years. This is done here below, and the same average struck for two years of records of Seneca county afford a useful comparison:

	SULLIVAN Co. MEAN. 1851 and 1852.	SENECA Co. MEAN. 1849 and 1850.
May.....	57.9.....	53.3
June.....	64.2.....	68.
July.....	68.1.....	72.9
August.....	65.7.....	68.5
September.....	62.3.....	60.6
Mean for the 5 months.....	63.6.....	64.6

The summers of Seneca county are warmer than those of Sullivan, while May and September are cooler. June and July are 4° and August 3° hotter in the former county. The growth and ripening of cereal plants must be more rapid and certain in the more northern county. Taking five months together, the difference in the mean temperature of the two counties is but *one* degree.

It may be safely deduced from the foregoing averages of temperature, that those plants only can be cultivated in this county which require a mean summer heat under 60°.

The mean temperature of the month of April represents very closely the mean of the year, thus:

of its counties. The average fall of rain in Yates county for twenty-one years is 27.26 inches; the average for the whole United States is 39 inches. It is not possible, without a series of observations extending over a quarter of a century, to draw any exact conclusions regarding climate. Sullivan county does not yet present data ample enough.

When the fall of rain is abundant, the sky is generally constantly clouded, especially in elevated districts; and although the temperature may be the same as that of the clear atmosphere of another place, yet the *direct* rays of the sun being wanting, vegetation does not proceed as vigorously. The chemical processes carried on in plants require for their perfection the direct sunlight. Accompanying the direct ray is an electrical action or excitement which exerts a powerful stimulus on the functions of animal and vegetable life, and which is almost wholly withheld in cloudy countries. Sunlight, electricity and vegetable growth go hand in hand. If the first be withheld, the other phenomena are wanting. Generally speaking, the growth of the plant in summer is accelerated by direct sunlight. In fall, the ripening of the ear is best accomplished with a cloudy sky.

Although the records of creation incontestably show, that the surface of the earth in our latitudes is somewhat cooler than it once was, yet we are not justified in believing that any material change of climate has occurred within the traditionary epoch. There may be a warmer summer or cooler winter this year than last; or, for a few years together, more or less rain than usual may fall; but, at the end of a series of years, the registers of temperature and barometric pressure, both on this continent and in Europe, have shown figures preserving a remarkable degree of constancy. Once assured of this, the collection of facts for the ascertainment of climate becomes of great importance.

The mean temperature of the southern part of the county is, as we have seen from Mr. Woodward's table, from May to October, 63.6. From Doctor Watkins' summary, we find the same period at Liberty to have only the temperature of 60.4. If we select the three growing months, June, July and August, the mean temperature is 63.3. While those months in Liberty are nearly as warm as in Lumberland, the months of May and September are remarkably cooler. Now, with the mean annual heat of Liberty, the success of the wheat crop must be precarious. This plant cannot ripen where the mean summer heat is less than 60°. This is the limit of temperature, and the neighborhood of Liberty in 1851, came down to this limit. In situations more elevated than the village of Liberty, the temperature must have been below what would fully ripen its ear. This is a matter of very great importance to the farmers of Sullivan—namely, to ascertain the relations existing between the temperature of the air

and the requirements of the crops. It does appear from the records of the meteorological observations taken, that there are places in the county where, in summers that are not unusually warm, wheat will not ripen; and the agriculturist must not expect, by outlays on the ground, by improvement of his soil, or extensive use of manure, to overstep or conquer that limit of growth which nature has assigned to every species of plant. He will then select the hardier cereals, as barley, which requires only a summer heat of 41° , or rye, which needs still less.

The lands which have a less altitude than those about Liberty, and which slope to the south and the east, appear favorably situated for the growth of all the bread plants, the mean temperature of the summer being sufficient. It is, however, considerably shorter in season, and the early autumn frosts are apt to check the ripening of seeds and fruits, and even to destroy their vitality. As this frost is due to the elevation above tide level, it cannot be averted; but its *injurious influence* may be diminished by increasing the length of the growing year. This may be accomplished by a better drainage of the land. A free drainage allows the warm air of spring to permeate through the land, and to heat it up several degrees higher than undrained land. The seed sown in it is germinated sooner, and sooner comes to maturity, and will almost to a certainty have accomplished all its changes of ripening before the destructive frost sets in. A good system of drainage *prolongs the season one fortnight*—that is, planting on drained ground *may begin fourteen days earlier*.

This necessity for bottom heat is admitted *in words* by farmers. It is only practically carried out by fruit growers and market gardeners. It requires a bottom heat or a temperature of the soil of 60° to germinate the seeds of corn. Those planted when the soil is 45° of heat, die. The seeds rot. Now, the temperature of the air in Lumberland in May, 1851, did not average 60° until the 10th of the month. The soil is never as warm as the air in spring. It is usually 5° below it. The temperature of the soil suitable for germinating corn did not commence until the 22d. In May, 1852, the weather was cool in the middle of the month, and it was not until the 22d that an average above 60° of heat existed in the air. About the 28th of May, the ground had this warmth. Seed planted much earlier than this was more likely to be killed than to vegetate; but seed planted so late is liable to be injured by the frost; and hence the advantage of draining land, by which means the temperature of the soil and the air would run together, and the loss of crop by seed rotting would not occur.

That there does exist this discrepancy between the temperatures of the earth and the air is evident from the tables given

by Mr. Emmons, and published in the Survey of Seneca county. This difference is owing to the earth being an imperfect conductor of heat, communicating its temperature so slowly that M. Arago has occasionally found as much as 14° and even 18° difference between the heat of the soil and that of the air two or three inches above it.

The effect of altitude in lowering the mean temperature, has already been noticed. In considering the effects of temperature on vegetation, it will be necessary to recollect that the tables of temperature drawn from the Register of Charles S. Woodward, are temperatures of a comparatively low position in the county. The land in Rockland, Neversink, Liberty, Callicoon, Bethel, Cohecton, Thompson and a part of Fallsburgh being above it in sea level. Allowance will have to be made on this account. The same may be said, though not to the same extent, in regard to the summary from Hon. John D. Watkins' register. There is a portion of the county, though not a large one, under cultivation at a higher level than the Liberty Normal Institute. To such situations, the arguments adduced, showing how precarious must be a crop of wheat, apply with augmented force. The various levels of the county may be estimated by the following altitudes:

	No. of feet above tide water.
Bridge over Shawangunk kill.....	437
Bloomingburgh.....	510
Shawangunk summit.....	1007
Delaware and Hudson Canal.....	519
Neversink bridge at Bridgeville.....	1059
Monticello.....	1503
House of Joseph Young, in Liberty.....	1530
Summit of Barrens.....	1581
Walnut Mountain.....	1984

Other conditions besides latitude and elevation determine the capability to grow certain crops. One important condition is, whether the ground is cleared or covered with timber. On cleared ground the sun has full force, and warms it; the moisture is evaporated; the marsh and the rushy grass disappear; the grounds become lighter colored from the sun bleaching out its vegetable matter, and it rains less frequently over these places. On forest lands, the sun scarcely reaches the ground, and the vegetable matter which falls decays slowly. The earth is cold, moist and dark-colored. It rains more frequently, and the evaporation is less. A wooded country is the source of springs and rivers, and to remove the timber is to check the regularity of the supply. The total fall of the rain will be the same in the cleared and in the wooded country; but in the former it is at long intervals, and then in large quantities, accompanied with

thunder-storms, and the torrents form new water-courses and do great mischief. In the wooded country rain is more uniformly distributed, and with less electrical disturbance.

The effect of extensive tanneries, by removing the forests, will be injurious to the supply of water for machinery, and render the country liable to drought. The hill tops, at least, should be left permanently clad with timber. In the zeal to clear the country of forest timber, and to cultivate land, due discretion should be exercised, so that the means used be not an obstacle to success; and it should always be borne in mind, that districts which have no very elevated mountain tops, require always the presence of forest timber to a certain extent, to equalize the electrical condition of the air, and to afford a permanent and equable flow of water over the land.

CHAPTER III.

THE LENNI LENAPE.

According to a tradition of the Lenni Lenape Indians, some of their forefathers were fishing at a place where the Ma-hi-can-nit-tuck* widens into the sea, when they saw a remarkable object floating on the water. Other Indians were notified, who came; but no one could decide what the strange thing was. Some pronounced it a large fish, others an immense animal, and others a big wigwam. As it moved steadily toward the land, they imagined that it had life in it. Runners were dispatched to inform their chiefs, warriors and wise men. These, being gathered together, came to the conclusion that it was a remarkably large wigwam, in which the Manitou lived, and that he was coming to visit them.

This conclusion of course created a profound sensation among the simple children of the forest. The Supreme Being, the Creator of all good things, whom they had worshiped, to whom their fathers had offered the choicest gifts from the time man was made, and who from the beginning had so seldom made himself visible to his creatures, was about to land upon their shores, and be seen by them, and converse with them.

The sacrifice was prepared, the best food provided for the Great Being, and a dance ordered to honor him, and appease his anger, if his mood were wrathful. The dance commenced; but hope, and fear and curiosity caused the performers to acquit themselves in a manner not very creditable. Much confusion prevailed, when fresh runners arrived, who declared that the cause of their disturbance was a large wigwam of various colors, and that it was crowded with living creatures. This confirmed their belief that the Supreme Being was coming to them, and the impression obtained a foothold that he was bringing with him new animals for the subsistence of his children. Other messengers arrived, and reported that the living creatures were

* The Hudson river. This river has been known as the Mauritius, the Nassau, the North and the Hudson river. Ma-hi-can-nit-tuck or Ma-ha-ken-egh-tuc is an Algonquin name for the Hudson. The Algonquins also called it the Shat-te-muck. The name applied to it by the Iroquois or Mengwe was, Ca-ho-ha-ta-te-a. The name given to it by Hudson was the *Great River* or *Great River of the Mountains*.

[See Eager's History of Orange County, p. 203.

human beings, with pale faces and strange garments—one particularly was clothed in very brilliant materials. The latter they decided was the Manitou himself.

The tradition next describes the landing of the strangers—the inclination of some of the Indians to run away and conceal themselves in the woods—the efforts of the brave and wise to prevent an exhibition of such cowardice, and the reception of the visitors.

A large circle of chiefs and wise men was formed, toward which the man ornamented with gold lace, etc., approached, with two others. Friendly salutations followed from each side. The Indians were amazed at the brilliant ornaments and white skin of the supposed Manitou, and were sorely puzzled when they found that he did not understand the words of his children, and that his language was not intelligible to them.

While they were gazing at him with respectful gravity, a servant brought a large *hack-hack*, (gourd) from which was poured into a smaller vessel a liquid which the Great Being drank, and then some of it was offered to one of the chiefs. He looked at it, and it was not offensive to the eye; he smelled it, and his untutored nostrils were not pleased with its pungent odor. It was then passed to the next chief, who followed the example of the first, and gave it to another. The cup was thus transferred to each one in the circle, and was about to be returned to the supposed Manitou, when a great and brave warrior conceived that the act would be disrespectful to the Deity, and he forthwith harangued his fellows on the impropriety of their conduct. To follow the example of the Manitou would be meritorious; but to return what he had given them might offend him, and lead him to punish them. The speaker would drink the contents of the cup himself, and though he perished, he would save his nation from destruction. Having thus announced his laudable determination, he bade the assembled braves farewell, and taking the cup, drank what it contained. Soon he began to exhibit the usual signs of intoxication, and after conducting himself in a manner not becoming a grave and dignified brave about to die, he fell to the ground. His friends imagined he was dead, while he was only "dead drunk." When he had recovered from his intoxication, he informed the other chiefs and braves that the liquid had given him the most pleasant sensations he had ever experienced. All became anxious to feel these sensations. More of the beverage was solicited and granted, and general intoxication followed.*

The man whom the Indians looked upon as a god, was Henry Hudson, who left Amsterdam on the 4th of April, 1609, with

* Eger's History of Orange County. Eger borrows this story from Heckewelder.

twenty men, in the Halfmoon, to search for a new ocean passage to India.* Being prevented by ice from prosecuting his voyage according to his original intention, he turned aside and crossed the Atlantic. On the 18th of July, he arrived on the coast near Portland, Maine, and on the 3d of September, landed within Sandy Hook. On the 6th, an exploring party was attacked between Bergen Neck and Staten Island, by twenty-six natives, who were in canoes, and John Colman, one of Hudson's men, was killed, and two others wounded. On the 11th, Hudson passed the Narrows, and found the natives, as he proceeded, more friendly. They brought to him Indian corn, beans, tobacco and oysters. They had copper pipes and ornaments, and rude earthen pots.

From the 12th to the 22d of September, he was engaged in ascending and exploring the river which bears his name. He proceeded in the Halfmoon as far as the site of the city of Hudson, finding the Indians more and more friendly. His journal says they were "a very loving people," some of their men very old, and that "the whites were well used." From Hudson city, a boat was sent several leagues farther, and probably reached the locality where Albany now stands.

While descending the river, the Indians on the west side were troublesome. They attempted to steal from him, and being detected and not used very gently, they became exasperated, and shot arrows at his crew, when the vessel passed near the shore. They were punished severely for doing so, for Hudson's men shot ten or twelve of them.

This was the first visit of the white man to the Lenni Lenape of the Hudson, which resulted in a permanent intercourse of the two races.† The natives with whom he came in contact were an Indian race known as Algonquins, a people extending at that time from the Atlantic Ocean nearly to the Pacific, and embracing over forty tribes, of whom the Lenape claimed to be the parent stock.

We shall notice this confederacy of Indians more fully hereafter, as they were the aboriginal inhabitants of the county whose history we are writing, and as such are entitled to a chapter devoted to their origin, rise, progress and decay.

The origin of the aboriginal race of America has been the subject of much speculation. No record of ancient times—no tradition points with positive significance to a people from whom

* He discovered Hudson's Bay in 1610, where he remained ice-bound until the spring of 1611. While returning to Europe, his crew mutinied, and placed him and his son, with seven sick companions, in an open boat, and set them adrift. They were never heard of afterwards.

† John Verrazani, an eminent Florentine navigator, anchored in the Bays of Delaware and New York in 1524, and gave the name of New France to the country. His royal master, Francis I. of France, did not profit by his discovery.

they have descended. Some suppose that the ancient Phœnicians visited America and planted colonies here. Others imagine that the Hindoos are a kindred race of the red men of America, and endeavor to prove that their fancies are worthy of serious consideration. A third theory is, that California is the Ophir of Solomon's day. A fourth, that the lost tribes of Israel crossed the ocean, and peopled our wilds. A fifth, that the ancestors of the Indians came from Asia. Among the thousand theories which have been advanced, the latter is the most plausible and may be summed up in a few words: "The people of north-eastern Asia and the north-west coast of America have a near resemblance in person, customs and languages; and those of the Aleutian Islands present many of the characteristics of both."* Ledyard said of the people of Eastern Siberia, "Universally and circumstantially, they resemble the aborigines of America."

That the red men of America have a common origin, and that they came here at a very early period of the world's history, there is but little doubt. From the cold North-west, they gradually spread over North and South America. This theory is rendered almost a certainty by the fact that the natives of the two continents who exist in that region, habitually visit each other by crossing on the ice in winter, and in their boats in summer. Their boats are now precisely what they were at the time the white man first visited them.

A kind and genial climate, and a soil rich and inexhaustible, produced their usual effects upon the condition of the first inhabitants of Mexico, Central America, Peru, etc. An abundance of food led to a rapid increase in population, and to great wealth. The pride of the rich required "poms and vanities"; their palates constantly craved new sensations, and the ingenuity and genius of those who had more brains than provender, were taxed for the gratification of those who could pay well for novelties. The arts advanced gradually until cities were built but little inferior to the most celebrated in the world. The architecture, sculpture, etc., of these ancient cities still are ranked among the wonderful fruits of the skill and ingenuity of man.

These ruins and relics point to a powerful and wealthy people, with a government and institutions of long standing.†

The riches of the aristocracy must have been enormous and almost without a parallel in other communities; for the expense of erecting and embellishing their palaces, and the formation and completion of the surroundings of such magnificent edifices, taking into consideration the mechanical and other forces knowu

* Lossing's History of the United States.

† Brownell's Indian Races of North and South America.

to them, must have been a thousand-fold greater than anything recorded of the white man.

These ancient evidences of aboriginal civilization extend from south latitude $33^{\circ} 16'$ northerly over a territory three thousand miles in extent. In their character and number they are unrivaled by the remains of any other people. In their silent grandeur they attest the power, the luxury, the skill and the civilization of a race which has risen from an abnormal condition to an exalted degree of development in much that is magnificent, grotesque and utilitarian; but who, in purity of taste and in morality, remained savages; for they were cannibals, and sacrificed human life upon their idolatrous altars.

As we recede from the territory of the Aztecs northwardly, the evidences of ancient civilization gradually disappear, the most remote being earthen mounds and fortifications in the vicinity of the Great Lakes of North America. Beyond these are found rude specimens of pottery and stone implements used in the chase, in war, agriculture, etc.

The red men of the North had no cities, and it can hardly be said of them that they had a permanent abiding place. At certain seasons of the year, small bands would reside in localities suitable for raising maize, beans, etc.—generally on the banks of some stream or river, where the soil was rich and mellow, and for the cultivation of which their rude and simple agricultural implements were sufficient. At other times, their wigwams would be on the mountains where the elk, deer and bear abounded. And again, they would be found where salmon and other fish could be taken most readily.

The country they occupied and their wars prevented them from becoming numerous. Theirs was a constant struggle to obtain a sufficiency of food, and to guard their own lives and destroy those of their enemies. With them, the civilization of the Aztecs and the Incas was not a necessity—was impossible. An equal number of white men, dispersed over the same territory, divided into small clans, constantly engaged in warfare, and with the same means of subsistence, would become ignorant and degraded, and the arts and sciences, literature, etc., would be forgotten by them.

The Indians who inhabited Sullivan county, when the whites first visited the country, were *Lenni Lenape*, who were also known as *Wapanachki*, *Openmaki*, *Openagi*, *Abenakis* and *Apenakies*. At a subsequent period, they were called Delawares by the whites, because they occupied territory from which that river derives its waters.

The Lenni Lenape were divided into three tribes—the *Unami*, or Turtle; the *Unulachtgo*, or Turkey; and the *Minsi*, or Wolf.*

* Sometimes called Munceys, Minisinks, etc.

The *Unamis* and *Unalachtgos* occupied the coast from the Hudson river to the Potomac, while the *Minsi*, or Wolf tribe, extended from Minisink, on the Delaware, where they held their council seat, to the Hudson on the east, to the Susquehanna on the south-west, to the head-waters of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, and to the Catskill mountains on the north, and on the south to that range of hills now known, in New Jersey, by the name of Musconetcong, and by that of Lehigh and Coghnewago, in Pennsylvania.* They therefore occupied all of Sullivan county.

These tribes were subdivided into numerous clans, who received their names from the streams or lakes which they frequented, or from some circumstance more or less remarkable.

The Lenape claimed to be the parent stock, or "original people," or "grandfathers" of at least forty other tribes, who spoke their language or its dialects, among whom may be named the Knisteneaux, who inhabit the region extending from Labrador to the Rocky Mountains; the Athapascas, who occupy a belt of country from Churchill's River and Hudson's Bay to within a hundred miles of the Pacific coast; the Ottawas, Chippewas, Sacs and Foxes, Menomonees, Miamies, Piankeshaws, Pottowatomies, Kickapoos, Illinois, Shawnees, Powhatans, Corees, Nanticokes, Mohegans, the New England Indians, the Abenakes, Susquesahannocks, Mannohoaks and the Monocans. Some of these tribes were numerous and powerful, and were subdivided into many clans or cantons.†

The Delawares and kindred tribes are classified as Algonquins.

At this late day, it is impossible to name the several clans of the *Minsi* tribe of the Lenni Lenape nation, or to designate with certainty the precise territory occupied by each. Our ancestors were more apt at discovering desirable tracts of land, eligible trading posts, and other things promotive of temporal welfare, than at recording facts which would interest those who *now* feel an interest in what relates to the red man. There is but little doubt, however, that the Manassings occupied that portion of Sullivan county which lies in the vicinity of Peenpack; that the Esopus Indians (whose native name, it is supposed, was Wamping) owned that part which adjoins Ulster, and that the Cashiegtonks were located in the remaining territory of the county. The land of the Manassings extended into New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the adjoining towns of Orange county; the Wampings lived on the west bank of the Hudson, or Mahicanittuck, from Catskill to Newburgh; while the Cashiegtonks lived on both banks of the Delaware, or Lenapewihittuck, from the

* Gordon's History of New Jersey.

† Lossing's History of the United States.

the territory of the Manassings to some point which we cannot designate.*

These clans were sometimes known by other names, and were still further subdivided. A few families whose wigwams and cultivated grounds were in the vicinity of a stream or a mountain, often bore the name of that stream or mountain. Accordingly we hear of the Navisings, the Williwemocs, the Lackawack-sings, Wauwasings, Mamekotings, Papagonks, etc.

The territory of the Wampings or Esopus Indians was called by them Atkarkarton.

These tribes and clans find a parallel in our States, counties and towns; but were bound together by the ties of good will and sympathy only. There was no law or usage which rendered it obligatory for one to assist the other in any enterprise. Thus we find that a portion of the Wappings of Dutchess county and the Manassings participated with the Esopus Indians in the massacre of the Dutch at Kingston, in 1663; but in the war which followed, the Esopus tribe was the one which received all the blows of the Dutchmen. The others abandoned the field as soon as the first effort was made, and shirked all responsibility. A confederation of clans and tribes was a mere rope of sand. While they were inclined to act in concert, they were united for a common purpose; but the moment a tribe, or even an individual member of it, was dissatisfied and wished to free itself or himself from any real or fancied engagement, full liberty of action was conceded.

The Indians, practically, had no government, civil or military. They had a civil magistrate known to them as a *sachem*, it is true; but he had no more authority to enforce a decree or decision, or to cause it to be enforced, than the most contemptible member of his tribe. He could advise and persuade only. He was a sage—a wise man—but had no more power than a “stump orator” of our own times. Occasionally the office of sachem was held by females, who by hereditary means, or by a reputation for superior wisdom, acquired an influence over a tribe. Such instances, however, were rare, as squaws were generally considered inferior to the males. According to Thompson’s History of Long Island, a squaw sachem was styled “*sunk squa*,” which meant, probably that she was a “tip-top” woman.

The military leaders or chiefs had no more real authority. If they were brave and cunning, and proved themselves competent to lead in attacks upon the enemy, they were obeyed and

* This was probably the case when the country was first discovered. In March, 1706-7, Nanisinos, an Esopus sachem, sold land which was bounded on one side by the Delaware river; but there is reason to believe that the Delawares who subsequently acknowledged Teedyuscung as their king, denied the right of Nanisinos to sell this land. They declared that the people of Esopus and Minisink had defrauded them, and that the country almost to the Hudson was theirs.

followed by the warriors of the tribe. Their authority was founded on public opinion, and when that was against them, they were impotent; but while it was largely in their favor, their power was despotic. Their whole system was democratic, without any of those elements of permanency and strength which mark that form of government among more civilized races.

They had no written language, unless we may call their picture writings a written language. The more civilized tribes and nations had acquired wonderful skill in recording important matters in this way; but the zealous Christians who appropriated the golden idols of the Aztecs and Incas, destroyed the symbolic records of the temples, which were the depositaries of the scrolls whereon was traced much of the red man's history.

Among the Indians of the North, this method of preserving historical facts was but little resorted to. Traditions, however, were carefully related by the old to the young, and thus was brought down from generation to generation, a dim and somewhat uncertain history of past events.

The Lenape of Sullivan, as well as other red men, had their stories of olden times, which the gray-haired elders related to their juniors, when the central fire of the lodge glowed bright and cheerily during the long evenings of winter. One of these traditions we will copy from Gordon's History of New Jersey.

"The Delawares relate, that many centuries ago, their ancestors dwelt far in the western wilds; but emigrating eastwardly, they arrived, after many years peregrination, on the *Namosi Sipi* (Mississippi,) or river of fish, where they encountered the *Mengwe* (Iroquois,) who had also come from a distant country, and had first approached the river, somewhat nearer its source. The spies of the Lenape reported, that the country on the east of the river was inhabited by a powerful nation, dwelling in large towns, erected upon their principal rivers.

"This people were tall and robust; some of them were said to be even of gigantic mould. They bore the name of *Alligewi*, from which has been derived that of the Alleghany river and mountains. Their towns were defended by regular fortifications, vestiges of which are yet apparent, in greater or less preservation. The Lenape, requesting permission to establish themselves in the vicinity, were refused; but obtained leave to pass the river, in order to seek a habitation farther to the eastward. But, whilst crossing the stream, the *Alligewi*, alarmed at their number, assailed and destroyed many who had reached the eastern shore, and threatened a like fate to the remainder, should they attempt the passage. Fired by this treachery, the Lenape eagerly accepted a proposition from the *Mengwe*, who had hitherto been spectators of their enterprise, to unite with them for the conquest of the country. A war of great duration was thus commenced,

which was prosecuted with great loss on both sides, and eventuated in the expulsion of the Alligewi, who fled from their ancient seats, by way of the Mississippi river, never to return. The devastated country was apportioned among the conquerors; the Mengwe choosing their residence in the neighborhood of the great lakes, and the Lenape in the lands of the South.

“After some years, during which the conquerors lived together in much harmony, the hunters of the Lenape crossed the Alleghany mountains, and discovered the great rivers, Susquehanna and Delaware. Exploring the *Skeyickby* country, (New Jersey,) they reached the Hudson, to which they gave the name of *Mahicanittuck*. Upon their return to their nation, they described the country they had visited, as abounding in game, fruits, fish and fowl, and destitute of inhabitants. Concluding this to be the home destined for them by the Great Spirit, the tribe established themselves upon the four great rivers, the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna and Potomac, making the Delaware, to which they gave the name of Lenapewihittuck, (the river of the Lenape) the centre of their possessions.*

“They say, however, that all of their nation who crossed the Mississippi did not reach this country; and that a part remained west of the Namoesi Sipu. They were finally divided into three great bodies; the larger, one-half of the whole, settled on the Atlantic; the other half was separated into two parts; the stronger continued beyond the Mississippi, the other remained on its eastern bank.

* * * * *

“The Mengwe hovered for some time on the borders of the lakes, with their canoes, in readiness to fly should the Alligewi return. Having grown bolder, and their numbers increasing, they stretched themselves along the St. Lawrence, and became, on the north, near neighbors to the Lenape tribes.

“The Mengwe and the Lenape, in the progress of time, became enemies. The latter represent the former as treacherous and cruel, pursuing pertinaciously an insidious and destructive policy toward their more generous neighbors. Dreading the power of the Lenape, the Mengwe resolved, by involving them in war with distant tribes, to reduce their strength. They committed murders upon the members of one tribe, and induced the injured party to believe that they were perpetrated by the Del-

* Delaware bay and river were called by the Indians, *Marisqueton*, *Makeiskitton*, *Makeiskiskon*, and *Lenapewihittuck*; by the Dutch, *Zuydt* or *South river*, *Charles river*, and *Nassau river*; and by the Swedes, *New Swedeland stream*.—*Gordon's Gazetteer*. The English gave it the name of *Delaware* in honor of *Lord De La Warr*.

W. L. Stone gives another Indian name for the Delaware—*Maku-isk-kiskan*.—*Vide History of Wyoming*.

awares. Expeditions against the latter followed as a matter of course, and their hunters were surprised and slaughtered.

“Each nation or tribe had a particular mark upon its war-clubs, which, placed beside a murdered person, denoted the aggressor. The Mengwe perpetrated a murder in the Cherokee country, and left with the dead body a war-club bearing the insignia of the Lenape. The Cherokees, in revenge, fell suddenly upon the latter, and commenced a long and bloody war. The treachery of the Mengwe was at length discovered, and the Delawares turned upon them with the determination to extirpate them. They were the more strongly induced to take this resolution, as the cannibal propensities of the Mengwe had reduced them, in the estimation of the Delawares, below the rank of human beings.*

“Hitherto each tribe of the Mengwe had acted under the direction of its particular chiefs; and, although the nation could not control the conduct of its members, it was made responsible for their outrages. Pressed by the Lenape, they resolved to form a confederation which might enable them better to concentrate their forces in war, and to regulate their affairs in peace. Thanneewago, an aged Mohawk, was the projector of this alliance. Under his auspices, five nations, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, formed a species of republic, governed by the united councils of their aged and experienced sachems and chiefs. To these, a sixth nation, the Tuscaroras, was added, in 1712. This last originally dwelt in the western part of North Carolina; but having formed a deep and general conspiracy to exterminate the whites, were driven from their country, and adopted by the Iroquois confederacy.† The beneficial effects of this system early displayed themselves. The Lenape were checked, and the Mengwe, whose warlike disposition soon familiarized them with fire-arms, procured from the Dutch, were enabled, at the same time, to contend with them, to resist the French, who attempted the settlement of Canada, and to extend their conquests over a large portion of the country between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. But, being pressed hard by their new, they became desirous of reconciliation with their old enemies; and for this purpose, if the tradition of the Delawares be credited, they effected one of the most extraordinary strokes of policy which history has recorded.

“The mediators between the Indian nations at war are the women. The men, however weary of the contest, hold it cow-

* The Iroquois or Mengwe sometimes ate the bodies of their prisoners.
[Heckewelder, *II. N. Y. Hist. Col.*, 55.]

The same charge has been made against the Algonquins, and that they drank their enemies' blood.—See *History of Pontiac's War*.

† *Smith's New York*.

ardly and disgraceful to seek reconciliation. They deem it inconsistent in a warrior, to speak of peace with bloody weapons in his hands. He must maintain a determined courage, and appear at all times as determined and willing to fight as at the commencement of hostilities. With such dispositions, Indian wars would be interminable, if the women did not interfere, and persuade the combatants to bury the hatchet, and make peace with each other. Their prayers seldom failed of the desired effect.

"The function of the peace-maker was honorable and dignified, and its assumption by a courageous and powerful nation could not be inglorious. This station the Mengwe urged upon the Lenape. 'They had reflected,' they said, 'upon the state of the Indian race, and were convinced that no means remained to preserve it, unless some magnanimous nation would assume the character of the woman. It could not be given to a weak and contemptible tribe; such would not be listened to; but the Lenape and their allies, would at once possess influence and command respect.'

"The facts upon which these arguments were founded, were known to the Delawares, and in a moment of blind confidence in the sincerity of the Iroquois, they acceded to the proposition, and assumed the petticoat. The ceremony of the metamorphosis was performed with great rejoicings at Albany, in the presence of the Dutch, whom the Lenape charge with having conspired with the Mengwe for their destruction.

"Having thus disarmed the Delawares, the Iroquois assumed over them the rights of protection and command. But, still dreading their strength, they artfully involved them again in war with the Cherokees, promised to fight their battles, led them into an ambush of their foes, and deserted them. The Delawares, at length, comprehended the treachery of their arch enemy, and resolved to resume their arms, and being still superior in numbers, to crush them. But it was too late. The Europeans were now making their way into the country in every direction, and gave ample employment to the astonished Lenape.

"The Mengwe deny these machinations. They aver that they conquered the Delawares by force of arms, and made them a subject people.* And, although they are unable to detail the circumstances of this conquest, it is more rational to suppose it true, than that a brave, numerous and warlike nation should have voluntarily suffered themselves to be disarmed and enslaved by a shallow artifice; or that, discovering the fraud practiced upon them, they should unresistingly have submitted to its consequences. This conquest was not an empty acquisition to the Mengwe. They claimed dominion over all the lands occupied

* Lossing says that the Lenni Lenape were conquered by the Iroquois in 1650.

by the Delawares, and, in many instances, their claims were distinctly acknowledged. Parties of the Five Nations occasionally occupied the Lenape country, and wandered over it, at all times, at their pleasure.*

“Whatever credit may be due to the traditions of the Lenape relative to their migration from the West, there is strong evidence in support of their pretensions to be considered the source whence a great portion of the Indians of North America was derived.”†

Competent judges have pronounced the language of the Delawares or Lenni Lenape the most perfect of any Indian tongue.‡ Rev. N. W. Jones, in an interesting paper contributed to the “Collections of the Ulster Historical Society,” says their “language is distinguished by great beauty, strength and flexibility. It has the power of compressing a whole sentence into a single word. This is done by taking the most important syllable of each word, and sometimes only single letters, and forming, according to the laws of euphony, a new word, expressing a variety of ideas, each of which is known by its representative letter or syllable.

“The language of the Minsi differed somewhat from the southern Delawares; but not enough to be classed as a separate dialect. It was a little broader, more guttural, and not quite so pleasant to the ear. They have left behind them as mementoes of their existence, names that they gave to mountains, streams and localities; but these are, in many instances, so corrupted that it is difficult to trace them back to their Indian origin.”

No people, ancient or modern, bestowed more beautiful names on water courses and valleys than the Lenape. Such localities afforded them the greatest pleasure, and therefore they gave them appellations which delight the ear, though it may be long accustomed to perfect euphony, and the most exact rules of rhythm. What words are noted for a sweeter cadence than Mahoning, Wyoming, Osinsing, Wyalusing, Moyamensing, Mamekoting, Shamoking, Mingwing, etc.? Such names delight the ear as does the rich, sweet harmony of the hermit thrush. Their names of mountains on the other hand are rugged, massive and angular, viz: Shawangunk, Mohunk, Cashiegtouck, Wacchung, Scunemunk, etc.

Those who profess to be learned in such matters, assert that these and other Indian names have significations or meanings

* It is supposed that the Indians who attacked Hudson, when he visited the North River, were Iroquois.

† This tradition is borrowed by Gordon from Heckewelder.

‡ Thompson's History of Long Island.

which are descriptive of the several objects to which they belong. This assertion is undoubtedly true; but the significations have, in a great majority of cases, been lost by the whites, or have never been known by them. Some persons, to appear erudite, have *invented* translations of these names. Thus it has been said that "*Shawan*" is the Mohegan word for "white salt," and "*gunk*" for "rocks" or "piles of rocks." These definitions have been adopted by the authors of the "Historical Collections of New York," and also by the learned gentlemen who made a geological survey of the State, notwithstanding "*Shawan*" is the word of the Algonquins for "southern," and "*gunk*" or "*wnk*," in the Lenape tongue means "elevation," "top," "up," "exalted," etc. Shawangunk should be translated Southern mountain.* [See Collections of the Ulster Historical Society.] It may be also said that "*ing*" or "*ink*"† generally terminates the names of valleys and streams. "*Uck*," however, is a suffix, many times, of the names of rivers which empty into the ocean, as the Algonquin name of the Hudson—*Shattemuck* or *Mohicanittuck*;—of the Delaware—*Lenapewihittuck*: of other rivers—*Saugatuck*, *Naugatuck*, etc.

No doubt, many curious but unprofitable questions in regard to the signification of Lenape names, would meet with satisfactory answers, if referred to some intelligent member of the Delaware tribe.

At an early day after the visit of Hudson to the river which bears his name, the Dutch established trading posts for the purpose of buying from the Indians their valuable furs and peltries. One of these posts was at the Mannhattans, now New York; another at Fort Orange, now Albany; and the third in importance at Sopes or Esopus, now Kingston. It is claimed that they commenced trading at the latter place as early as 1614. Considering the net-work of Indian paths which led to that point, their operations there at so early a day, prove that they were influenced by their proverbial sagacity and good sense.

Between the years 1617 and 1620, it is said, they began to settle at Esopus, as well as at some other places in New Jersey and New York.‡

In 1626, Peter Minuit, the first Dutch governor, arrived, after which the work of colonization went on vigorously. The land occupied by the Hollanders was almost invariably purchased at a price and under circumstances which are considered moral by traders, although it must be confessed that the advantages were

* Shawnee means Southern people.

[Hist. Coll. of Ohio.

† The letters *g* and *k* are interchangeable in the Lenape tongue.

[Rev. N. W. Jones.

‡ Gordon's New Jersey.

all on one side. The Dutch did not resolve that the earth was the Lord's; that he had conferred it on his people; and that *they* were his people; and then proceed to take the land from its heathen owners, peaceably or forcibly, as was practicable or necessary. They adopted a more judicious and humane mode. They bought the land of the savages, and paid, generally in trinkets and baubles, the least price for which they could get it. Both methods of acquiring territory amounted to the same thing in the end. The savage lost his possessions and became poor and impotent, while the strange race acquired wealth and dominion.

In 1631, the Dutch West India Company commenced a settlement on the Delaware at Lewis Creek, under David Pieterse de Vries, a director of the Company, having two years previously purchased the territory of the Lenape Indians—more than half a century anterior to Penn's famous purchase from the same race of people. After building a trading-house and a fort, De Vries returned to Holland, leaving his infant colony in charge of Giles Osset. As an evidence that the region had been formally taken possession of by his countrymen, Osset caused the arms of the States-General to be painted on a plate of tin, which he posted on a column raised for that purpose. The natives regarded the bright metal, with its mystic characters, as an object greatly to be coveted, and one of them stole it. This act of the ignorant Lenape Osset considered an insult to his nation, and demanded redress so pertinaciously and energetically, that the Indians cut the head from their offending brother, and delivered it to Osset, who, shocked at what they had done, reprimanded them severely. Instead of hard words, they had no doubt expected a substantial peace offering in the shape of wampum or trinkets. They consequently departed in a dissatisfied mood, and soon after, when the colonists were at work in their fields, murdered them one by one, greeting each as they came to him in a friendly manner. Osset, who had given the offense, was among the first who were massacred.

When De Vries returned in 1632, he found but the ashes of the dwellings, and the unburied remains of his friends. As he was not in a situation to punish the murderers, he made a new treaty with them. The treacherous Lenape, notwithstanding this treaty, conspired to destroy him and those who accompanied him; but, being warned by a squaw of their designs, he did not fall into the snare laid for him. He then made another treaty; but in a short time left for Holland, with the colonists who came with him on his last voyage.

This, it should be remembered, is the white man's version. Perhaps, if the Lenape could have kept the record, they would have told of some things which have been omitted by the pale

face. We are more inclined to believe that the *whole* truth has not been handed down to us concerning these and other troubles with the Indians, because, in cases where we *know* that strict and impartial justice marked the intercourse of the Europeans with the sons of the forest, and an intelligent view was taken of their idiosyncrasies, the whites possessed their unbounded confidence and friendship.

Thus, the Swedes, who planted a colony in the Lenape country, on the Delaware, in 1638, and who never wronged the natives, but treated them with Christian charity and love, never had any difficulty with them.* The utmost harmony prevailed as long as the enlightened and just emigrants from Swedeland maintained their ground. Gordon says, the Swedes "refrained from every species of injury to the natives, cultivated their favor by a just and liberal commerce, supplying them with articles suitable to their wants, and employed all friendly means to win them to the Christian faith. The result of these measures was such as they should have produced. The savage was disarmed by respect and gratitude."

It does not appear, however, that these worthy men made much progress in converting the Delawares to Christianity. Grahame relates, that "the Indians sometimes attended the religious assemblies of the Swedes; but with so little edification, that they expressed their amazement that one man should detain his tribe with such lengthened harangues, without offering to entertain them with brandy." And Acrelius tells us that "the ire of the Indians on one occasion, was particularly directed against the pastor, who, speaking alone during divine service, was supposed to exhort his audience to hostility against them." A speedy explanation quieted their suspicions.†

The Quakers claim that the pacific policy of the government of Pennsylvania for many years met with equal favor from the simple and savage Lenape. And the settlers of Minisink—a mere handful of men, surrounded by the Delawares, and wholly in their power, gave the Indians no cause for complaint, and enjoyed their friendship, until landsharks and unprincipled traders stripped the natives of their possessions.

Penn's celebrated purchase of the Lenape, in 1682, however, was no "new thing under the sun." The people of New York and New Jersey were as careful to extinguish the Indian titles to lands as the Proprietors of Pennsylvania, and they exercised

* It is supposed by some, that the Swedes explored the Delaware, as far as C&hcheton, and were the first white men who visited this county. The cordial friendship maintained by them with the Indians renders the supposition quite plausible.

† All authors agree, that the Swedes complained more of the mosquitoes than the savages, and that they were driven from one of their forts by these bloodthirsty and remorseless insects. [See Gordon's History of New Jersey, p. 14.]

this care long before Penn owned an acre of land in America. In 1682, laws were in force in both New York and New Jersey, under which no man could acquire real estate as long as the native title was not extinguished by purchase or treaty. 'Tis true, dishonest men evaded the intention of the laws of those colonies; and so they did under the Quaker government of Pennsylvania. Penn himself did not pay the Lenape a tithe of a tithe of what their lands were actually worth. It has been said by the admirers of the Quakers, that they lived at peace with the Lenape from 1682 to 1755, in consequence of their superior honesty. *The Lenape were at peace with all the world during that time, and when war broke out in 1755, their complaints against the Proprietors of Pennsylvania were exceedingly bitter.* The Quakers had a true Puritanical appreciation of their own righteous dealings with the Indians, and magnified their own merits accordingly. Such is history stripped of its ornaments, and in plain drab!

From the first, the Dutch supplied the Iroquois confederates with arms, which led to the supremacy of the latter over the Lenape and other tribes. It was a master-stroke of policy, and was adopted to the fullest extent at a later period by the English. By securing the good-will and rendering the power of the Six Nations invincible, the natives of the interior became a bulwark against the French, and a scourge to the Lenape of the frontier. From this cause alone, the Lenape were reduced by the haughty and pampered Iroquois to the condition of squaws, and were compelled to wear the metaphorical petticoat. They could not withstand the muskets of the Mengwe on the one side, while they were assailed by the whites on the other.

They were a brave, proud and haughty race when assailed by foes; but as affectionate and loving as children in the absence of wrong or the suspicion of it. For ages they had gloried in their exploits while waging war with the Iroquois; consequently when the Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany) furnished the Mohawks with fire-arms, and refused to treat the Minsis at Fort Amsterdam (New York) in the same manner, the latter considered it an insult to their nation, and a sufficient cause of war. Hence, when Thomas Chambers and others removed from Rensselaerswyck to Esopus in 1652, they were driven off by the Wampings, or, as the Dutch called them, Waranawankongs. These settlers returned, however, in 1657, and at first were unmolested.* Soon, however, under the influence of rum, the natives became quarrelsome, and killed one of the settlers, burned the buildings of another, and forced others to plough

* Ruttenger's History of Newburgh. In 1656, we find on Van der Donk's Map of New Netherland, the district lying between Murderer's creek and Esopus marked as the territory of the Waranawankongs.

their (the Indians') cultivated lands. In consequence of these irregularities, Governor Stuyvesant visited Esopus with a number of soldiers, and summoned the chiefs before him. A treaty of peace was patched up, and a grant of land acquired by the Dutch from the original owners. But the peace was of short duration; for the Governor's presence was again necessary in the succeeding year, (1658,) when he demanded all the Esopus lands which had been explored by the Dutch. These lands were much prized by the natives of Esopus, as they were well adapted to their mode of cultivation; hence it is not surprising that the chiefs refused to part with them, and retired from the conference. The sturdy Governor, however, took possession of the lands, and built a fort to hold them. This maddened the red men, and their rage was rendered furious soon after by a wanton and causeless outrage. A number of Indians had completed a job of husking corn for Thomas Chambers, when they asked for and obtained a quantity of brandy. A carouse followed, during which some Dutchmen murdered one of the drunken Indians, and wounded two others. This cowardly act was followed by the war-whoop, and the investment of the settlement by over four hundred dusky warriors, who destroyed the houses, barns and crops of the whites, and took eight or ten prisoners, who were burned at the stake. The Governor was once more sent for, and came with an armed force. At his approach, the red men fled to the woods, where they were not followed in consequence of heavy rains. However, through Mohegan and Wapping chiefs, a truce was effected.

In the spring of 1660, hostilities were renewed vigorously. An Indian castle at Wiltmeet was plundered and destroyed, and several savages made prisoners. The Indians then sued for peace and proposed to exchange prisoners. Refusing to listen to their overtures, Stuyvesant, to terrify them still more, sent several captive chiefs, who were in his hands, to Curaçoa, as slaves. Hostilities continued. The Dutch forces swept the adjacent country, and penetrating the district of the Papagonks, took their castle, and slew Preumanaker, the oldest and best of their chiefs, who was too old to flee with his people. "What do you here, dogs?" he asked defiantly, as he aimed an arrow at the soldiers, with hands trembling from age. He was seized and disarmed, and being too infirm to follow the party on foot, was subsequently killed with his own tomahawk.

The clans now held a council, and Sewackenamo, the Esopus chief, asked the wishes of the assemblage. "We will fight no more," replied the warriors. "We wish to plant in peace, and live in quiet," said the squaws. "We will kill no more hogs and fowls," answered the young men. The wish for peace being general, the Esopus chief visited the Hackinsacks, who were

friends of the Dutch, and through them once more sued for peace. Stuyvesant again met the chiefs at Esopus, again made an extravagant demand for land, and this time his demand was acceded to. During the negotiations, the Indians asked that their enslaved chiefs should be restored; but, as they had become the chattels of Dutchmen in a far-off colony, Stuyvesant replied that they must be considered dead. Although deeply grieved at this answer, the chiefs agreed to the treaty, and departed.*

Three years of peace followed. The Indians carried out the terms of the treaty until the Dutch began to trespass on their lands at Hurley, where they built a village which they called Niew Dorp or village, on lands outside the grant made in 1660. Threats of vengeance were again muttered, which were quickly followed by what is known as the second Esopus war, the history of which we will now give.

To be more certain of success, the Esopus clans endeavored to get the Wappings of Dutchess, and the Manassing clans to join them, and succeeded partially. While plotting to destroy the Dutch of Esopus, they covered their designs with the mask of friendship, and only two days preceding the attack on Wiltwick and the Niew Dorp, lulled the suspicions of the whites with propositions for a new treaty.

On the 7th of June, 1663, 9 Wappings, 30 Manassings and about 160 of the Esopus Indians, entered the two villages, in the forenoon, from different points, bringing with them small quantities of maize and beans, which they carried to every quarter of the villages, under pretense of selling them. In this manner they hoped that they could seize a favorable moment, and exterminate the unsuspecting settlers.

After they had been in Kingston about fifteen minutes, some people on horseback rode into the village furiously, exclaiming, "The Indians have destroyed the New Village!" (Hurley). On hearing this, the savages immediately fired their guns, and then commenced hewing down the villagers with axes and tomahawks. They also continued to fire upon them from various quarters.

The village was set on fire on the windward side, and soon a disastrous conflagration was in prospect, when the wind providentially changed, and the progress of the flames was arrested. Houses were plundered, and women and children taken prisoners and hurried beyond the village gates.

There were not at the time seventy-five able-bodied men living in Kingston, and a large portion of them were at work on their farms beyond the limits of the village. Those who were there, though a majority of them had neither guns nor side-arms, were

* We have quoted largely from Rittenber's History of Newburgh.

soon rallied by Captain Thomas Chambers, (who was suffering from a wound,) and the savages, although numbering at least four to one, were driven away.

In the evening, when all had come in from their farms, and the refugees from Hurley had arrived, it was found that only sixty-nine efficient men could be mustered.

In this affair the savages killed, in Kingston, 12 men, 4 women, and 2 children; at Hurley, 3 men—total, 21.* At Kingston, they took 5 women and 5 children prisoners; and at Hurley, 1 man, 8 women and 26 children—total, 45. In Kingston, 8 men were wounded, one of whom died from his wounds, and 12 houses were burnt. The "New Village" was entirely destroyed, except one uncovered barn.

The blow was a terrible one to the settlers, and was deeply felt, and amply avenged. Well might Hermanus Blom, the first Dutch clergyman of Esopus, exclaim: "O! my bowels! my bowels! I am pained at my heart! for the dead lay as sheaves behind the mower."

On the 16th of the same month, an unimportant skirmish took place on the road from Kingston to Rondout, in which one white man was killed and six wounded. After this, the Indians at no time made a stand; but were hunted like wild beasts by soldiers sent from Manhattan (New York). These soldiers were under the command of Captain Martin Kregier, and were accompanied by some Long Island Indians. The force employed, including the Esopus volunteers, numbered about 275. Scouting parties were sent out in every direction in which it was supposed hostile Indians could be found. The savages were killed, taken captive, or pursued from mountain to mountain. Their crops and food were destroyed, and their wigwams burned. Some of these expeditions extended into the limits of Sullivan, as we shall see in a future page.

Among the prisoners captured by the Indians at Hurley, was Catharine Blanchan, the wife of Lewis Du Bois. She and three other females were taken to the wigwams of their captors, on the Shawangunk or Assinink creek, a stream which forms a part of the eastern boundary of the town of Mamakating. From an Indian prisoner, Mr. Du Bois learned that by following "the first Big Water, to where another Big Water emptied into it; then the second to where a third Big Water was met; and then the last to a certain landmark, he would find the captives." These Big Waters were the Rondout, the Walkill and the Shawangunk or Assinink.

Mr. Du Bois speedily induced several of his friends to join

* Dominic Blom says 24 were killed. To make this number, he counted two *whorn* infants and one man who died subsequently.

him in an attempt to rescue his wife and her companions. They followed the direction of the savage, and found that he had given a correct description of the route. They pressed onward eagerly and anxiously, Du Bois in advance of the others. He very nearly fell a victim to his impetuosity. As they were ascending the Shawangunk, he discovered an Indian secreted behind a tree in the act of firing upon him. The arrow, luckily, missed its mark, when Du Bois instantly sprang upon the savage, and slew him with his sword. Soon after they came in sight of the objects of their search.

The conduct of the savages had led the captives to believe that they were to be put to death—burnt at the stake—a fate which very few, if any women, have met at the hands of the red man. While the Indians were piling fagots, these truly Christian ladies, it is said, in view of the terrible death which they believed awaited them, sang the 137th Psalm in the Reformed Dutch Church Collection,* which we copy here as probably the first Christian song heard on the banks of the Shawangunk:†

By Babel's stream the captives sate,
And wept for Zion's hapless fate:
Useless their harps on willows hung,
While foes required a sacred song.

With taunting voice and scornful eye,
"Sing us a song of heaven," they cry:
"While foes deride our God, and King,
How can we tune our harps or sing?"

"If Zion's woes our hearts forget,
Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,
Let useful skill our hands forsake;
Our hearts with hopeless sorrow break.

"Thou, ruin'd Salem, to our eyes
Each day, in sad remembrance rise!
Should we e'er cease to feel thy wrongs,
Lost be our joys, and mute our tongues!"

"Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
Who cried, exulting at our groans,
While Salem trembled at her base,
'Rase them: her deep foundations rase.'"

* Marot's French Psalms. We have substituted a translation of the original.

† The fears of these excellent Christian ladies were baseless. The aborigines never burned female prisoners at the stake, or made them the victims of lust, except under the cover of marriage.

While thus they sang, the mourners view'd
 Their foes by Cyrus' arm subdued,
 And saw his glory rise, who spread
 Their streets, and fields, with hosts of dead.

Pleas'd, they foresaw the blest decree,
 That set their tribes from bondage free;
 Renew'd the temple, and restor'd
 The sacred worship of the Lord.

Tradition says the savages were charmed with the music, and delayed the execution of the singers while they listened. But deliverance was at hand. A panic seized the red men. They discovered the whites, and fled for the mountains. The captives, at first, not knowing the cause of alarm, ran after them. But soon they heard behind them the shouting of well-known voices, and turning, they flew to the arms of their husbands.

After spending the night at the camping-ground of the Indians, where they rendered themselves comfortable by a good fire made with the fagots gathered by the Indians, the party returned to their homes.*

During this expedition, Mr. Du Bois discovered the great richness of the valley of the Walkill; and three years afterwards he and eleven others bought of the native proprietors 144 square miles of the fat lands of that region, for which they obtained a patent.

On the 26th of July, 162 Dutchmen, 41 Long Island Indians, and 7 negroes left Kingston to attack the savages at their fort, about 30 miles distant, "mostly" in a south-west direction. They had as guide a woman who had been a prisoner of the savages, and took with them two pieces of cannon, and two wagons. Each man was provided with two pounds of hard bread and one-half of a soft loaf, two pounds of pork and one-half of a Dutch cheese. Their progress was slow, as they were obliged to bridge the streams, and haul their cannon and wagons up and down the mountains with ropes. On the second day, they found it necessary to leave the cannon, when within "a short mile" of the fort. They intended to surprise the enemy in the latter; but found it abandoned, and succeeded in taking but one red-skin—a squaw.

The next forenoon, guided by the squaw, they sent 140 men to hunt the Indians on the mountains; but finding it impossible to overtake or surprise any, they returned, and for two days and a half the whole party employed themselves in destroying the

* Account of the Settlement of New Paltz, gathered from Traditions and Documents, by Edmund Eltinge. [Ulster Hist. Col., p. 40.]

growing crops and the old maize of the Indians. The latter was stored in pits. Over 200 acres of corn, and more than 100 pits of corn and beans were rendered worthless by the invaders. The savages witnessed these operations from the neighboring hills and mountains, but made no resistance.

On the 31st, the fort and all the houses of the Indians were burned, after which the party returned to Kingston. It is supposed that this fort was on the head-waters of the Kerhonkson.

After this expedition, the savages proceeded to build a new fort, thirty-six miles south-south-west from Kingston, and probably on the Shawangunk or Assinink, in the town of Mamakating.* To this fort Captain Kregier resolved to follow them, and on the 3d of September he marched for it with fifty-five men and an Indian guide of the Wapping tribe. After marching two days, he came to their first maize field, where he discovered two squaws and a Dutch woman gathering corn. He says in his journal:

“As the creek lay between us and the cornfield, though we would fain have the woman, it was impossible to ford the stream without being seen and then discovered. We therefore adopted the resolution to avoid the cornfield and the road, and turned into the woods so as not to be seen. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we came within sight of their fort, which we discovered on a lofty plain. Divided our forces in two—Lieutenant Cowenhoven and I led the right wing, and Lieutenant Stilwil and Ensign Nilssen the left wing. Proceeded in this disposition along the hill so as not to be seen, and in order to come right under the fort; but as it was somewhat level on the left side of the fort, and the soldiers were seen by a squaw who was piling wood there, and who sent forth a terrible scream, which was heard by the Indians who were standing and working near the fort, we instantly fell upon them. The Indians rushed through the fort towards their houses, which stood about a stone's throw from the fort, in order to secure their arms, and thus hastily picked up a few guns and bows and arrows; but we were so hot at their heels that they were forced to leave many of them behind. We kept up a sharp fire on them, and pursued them so closely that they leaped into the creek which ran in front of the lower part of their maize land. On reaching the opposite side of the kill, they courageously returned our fire, which we sent back, so that we were obliged to send a party across to dislodge them.

“In this attack the Indians lost their chief, named Papequanaken, fourteen other warriors, four women and three children, whom we saw lying both on this and the other side of the creek;

* There are grounds for the supposition that the new fort was in the town of Neversink.

but probably many more were wounded when rushing from the fort to the houses, when we did give them a brave charge. On our side, three were killed and six wounded, and we have recovered twenty-three Christian prisoners out of their hands. We have also taken thirteen of them prisoners, both men and women, besides an old man who accompanied us about half an hour, but would not go farther. *We took him aside and gave him his last meal.* A captive Indian child died on the way, so that eleven of them still remain our prisoners."

The enemy being defeated, a council of war was held by the officers, and the question submitted whether they should destroy the maize of the savages. As they had six wounded men and but five horses, it was necessary to carry one of the wounded on a litter with great trouble. More might be injured while cutting and spoiling the corn, whose removal would cause much inconvenience, and therefore it was resolved that the maize should not be cut at that time.

The houses were found to contain a large quantity of bear, elk and deer skins, *notassin*, blankets and other things highly prized by the Indians, including kettles, twenty-five guns, twenty pounds of powder, considerable wampum, etc. "A sloop could have been filled with them;" but as no such vessel ever had ascended the Shawangunk, the Dutchmen took with them what they could conveniently carry, and destroyed the remainder.

Captain Kregier says, "the fort was a perfect square, with one row of palisades set all round, being about fifteen feet above, and three feet under ground. They had already completed two angles of stout palisades, all of them almost as thick as a man's body, having two rows of port-holes, one above the other; and they were busy at the third angle. These angles were constructed so solid and strong as not to be excelled by Christians."

Until the previous night, the prisoners had been concealed every evening in the woods—each time in a different place—where they were kept until morning. But on the day before the attack, a Mohawk had visited the savages, and advised them to let the captives remain in the fort at night, as the Dutch could not come so far without being discovered. The advice was followed; but the result proved that it was not good for the Indians.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the homeward journey, except the murder of the old Indian, and the death of the papoose. The body of the latter was thrown into a creek.

The route to this fort is described as "somewhat stony and hilly; but the road (an Indian one) for the greater part good."

On the 2d of October, Captain Kregier visited this fort again, with 108 whites and 46 Marseping Indians. He found five large pits near the fort into which the Esopus Indians had cast their

dead. The wolves had dug up and devoured some of the carcasses. Near the creek were four other pits full of dead Indians, and further on were the unburied remains of three men, a squaw and a child, which had been almost entirely devoured by crows and wolves.

A party of Dutchmen and Indians were immediately sent twelve miles in a south-westerly direction, where it was supposed some Indians would be found. This party must have penetrated Mamakating valley, at a point south of Wurtsborough, and very near the territory of the Manassings. Nothing was found there except some wigwams which had been a long time deserted.

The fort of the Indians and their corn and wigwams were all destroyed. About two days were spent in the work of demolition. The party then returned without having seen an enemy.* The Indians who were located here must have been numerous.

This virtually terminated the war. The savages known as Esopus Indians were completely cowed. Their principal warriors were slain—their wigwams burned—and every ounce of food which the Dutchmen could lay their hands upon, was destroyed. Starvation and an inclement winter were before them, and the ruthless and merciless Dutch soldiers everywhere at their heels.

A truce followed in December. The savages, destitute of food and shelter, except what was given them by the Manassings and other friendly clans, must have suffered much during the ensuing winter. Probably more perished from destitution before peace was secured than by the snaphance carbines of the Dutchmen.

In May, 1864, they sued for peace, and made a treaty of friendship.† It was never broken by the Esopus clans, which in time became extinct by vices which they learned from the whites, and by absorption into other Lenape tribes.

On the 3d of the following September, New Amsterdam passed from its Dutch rulers to the hands of the English, and became the royal colony of New York, with Nicolls, its conqueror, as Governor. Governor Nicolls, soon after he came into power, made a treaty with the "original people" of Ulster and Sullivan, a copy of which may be found in the Historical Collections of the former county.

* Documentary History of New York.

† Lossing's United States.

T R E A T Y

Between Colonel Richard Nicolls, Governor of New York, and
the Esopus Indians, 1665.

[From the original in the Ulster County Clerk's Office.]

"An Agreement made between Richard Nicolls, Esq., Governor under his Royall Highnesse, the Duke of Yorke, and the Sachems and People called the Sopes Indjans.

"That no Act of Hostillity shall at any time bee committed on either part, or if any damage shall happen to bee done by either party, to the Corne, Cattle, Horses, Hoggs, Houses, or any other Goods whatsoever, of the other party, full satisfaction shall be given upon demand for the same.

"That if any Christian shall wilfully kill an Indyan, or any Indyan a Christian, hee shall bee put to death. And the said Sachems do promise on their parts, to bring any such Indyan to ye Officer in charge at the Sopus, to receive his punishment there.

"That a convenient House shall bee built where the said Indjans may at any time Lodge without the Ports of said Towne, in which House ye Indjans are to leave their Armes, and may come without molestason, to Sell or Buy what they please from the Christians.

"That in Case any Christian should kill an Indyan, or any Indyan a Christian, the Pease shall not bee broaken, or any Revenge taken, before Satisfaction is demanded by the one party, and refused by the other, allowing a competent time for the apprehending of the Offender, in which Case ye Indjans are to give Hostage, till ye Offender is brought to Punishm't, the said Hostage (will be *well Treated* and suffer) no other Punishment, but Imprisonment.

"That the said Sachems and their Subjects now present, do for and in the names of themselves and their heires forever, give, Grant, Alienate, and confirme all their Right and Interest, Claime or demand, to a certaine Parcell of Land, lying and being to the West and South West, of a certaine Creeke or River called by the name of Kahanksen, and so up to the head thereof, where the old Fort was, And so with a direct Line from thence, through the woods, and Crosse the Meadows, to the Great Hill, lying and being to the West, or South West, which Great Hill is

to bee the true West, or Southwest Bounds of the said Lands, and the said Creeke called Kahanksen, the North, or North East Bounds of the said Lands herein mentioned to bee given, granted and confirmed, unto the said Richard Nicolls, Governor under his Royall Highnesse the Duke of Yorke, or his Assignes, by the said Sachems and their Subjects forever, to hold and Enjoy the same as his free Land and Possession, against any clayme hereafter to be made by the said Sachems, or their Subjects, or any their heires and Successors. In token of the aforesaid Agree'm't, the said Sachems do deliver two Small Sticks; and in confirmation thereof, do deliver two more small Sticks, to the said Richard Nicolls, And in the name of the Indyans their Subjects, and of the Subjects do deliver two other round Small Sticks, in token of their assent to the said Agreement, And the said Richard Nicolls does deliver (as a present) to their Sachems, three laced Redd Coates.

“The said Sachems doth Engage to come once every yeare, and bring some of their young People, to Acknowledge every part of this Agreement in the Sopes, to the end that it may be kept in perpetual memory.

“That all past Injuriyes are buried and forgotten on both sides.

“That the young Sachem called Wingeesinoe, hath Liberty for three yeares, to Plant upon a Small neck of Land over against a Small Creeke Choughkawokanoe, unless the said young Sachem bee warned off by order to remove, and give place to such Christians, as shall have Order from the said Richard Nicolls, or his Assignes, to plant there, at which time, the said young Sachem is to receive a blankett, by way of Courtosie, and to remove to the other side of the Creeke without delay, or Clayming any future interest thereupon.

“In consideration of the premises, the said Richard Nicolls doth farther give, and pay to the said Sachems, and their Subjects, forty Blanketts, Twenty Pounds of Powder, Twenty Knives, Six Kettles, Twelve Barrs of Lead, which Paym't we acknowledge to have rec'd in full satisfaccon for the Premisses, And do binde our selves, our heires and Successors for ever, to pforme every part of this Agreement, without any fraud or reservason of minde. And further, That we will maintaine and Justifie the said Richard Nicolls, or his Assigns, in the full peacable Possession of the said Tract of Land, Roalties and Priviledges for ever, against any nation of Indyans whatsoever, pretending right to the same; In testimony whereof, wee have sett our markes, to two several

writings, the one to remain in the hands of the Sopes Sachems, the other upon Record at New Yorke, this 7th day of October, 1665.

RICHARD NICOLLS.

<p>“Witnesses:</p> <p>JEREMIAS VAN RENSLAER, PPILIP PIETERSON SCHUYLER, ROBERT NEDHAM, S. SALISBURY, EDW. SACKVILE.</p>	<p>Sachims:</p> <p>The mark of ONACKATIN ✕ The mark of WAPOSHEQUIQUA ✕ The mark of SEWAKONAMA ✕ The mark of SHEWATIN ✕</p>
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“Indian Witnesses of the
 Esopus Young men:

The mark of { PEPUNCKHAIS ✕
 { ROBIN CINNAMAN ✕ a Pekoct Sachem,
 { ERMAWAWAMEU ✕
 { BYWACKUS ✕

“Sep. 25, 1669 There appeared the second and third Sachems above names and owned their marks:

Witness: MECHDCOAH, his mark ✕.”

For several years, the sachems and young men of the tribe appeared occasionally at Esopus to renew and confirm the treaty.

In 1706-7, Nanisinos, the principal sachem of the Esopus Indians sold the territory covered by the Hardenbergh Patent, as will more fully appear in another chapter.

At the breaking out of “the French and Indian war,” the Lenni Lenape were a degraded people. They had lost the manly and enterprising spirit of the brave and energetic men who had led their ancestors from the far West, through blood and fire. In the figurative language of the Indians, their legs were shortened. They were women. The tomahawk was taken from them. A hoe was placed in their hands. They were pounders of samp, and not warriors. Plumes of the war eagle were not for them. They were slaves.

For many years, their conquerors had grown more and more exacting. At first they were permitted by the Mengwe to hold or sell their lands.* But now the Six Nations claimed the absolute ownership of all the territory they occupied, and sold it to the whites at their pleasure. If the Lenape complained of the conduct of the colonists in regard to land affairs, they were rudely ordered by the Mengwe not to meddle in such matters,

* All the lands of Orange, Sullivan and Ulster counties were purchased of the Lenape and not of the Iroquois.

as they no longer had a right in the soil. 'Tis true, the whites generally paid them for lands as well as the dominant Indian race; but the Mengwe always received the largest price. The latter, too, were generally employed to assist the white man in battle. They were his especial favorites, and their claims to superiority over the Lenape acknowledged in council and in war.

As early as 1724, a portion of the Lenape, with a few of their kindred of the Shawanee tribe, removed from their ancient seats on the Delaware and Susquehanna to Ohio.* There they continued their intercourse with English traders; and there, too, they met the French, and became more intimately associated with certain Algonquin tribes which had become proteges and allies of the polished and cunning Gauls. The French, with those seductive appliances for which they are famous, endeavored to win the new-comers to their interests. They welcomed them in the most cordial and kind manner—professed an ardent desire to promote their welfare and happiness, and proceeded to plant in their minds the seeds of distrust and discontent.

The Frenchmen told them that the English and the Mengwe were the authors of all their misfortunes; that the one bound them in chains, while the other robbed them; that they should be freed from the domination of those who claimed them as slaves, and from the frauds of the British traders; that they were strong and brave, and worthy to follow the war-path; and that if they would fight under the French banner, they would regain their ancient renown and freedom.

The Lenape could boast of nothing except the exploits of their ancestors, in times so remote that tradition pointed to them with a very misty and uncertain finger; but the memory of a glorious past was cherished by them; and a people with a history of which they are proud, are not hopelessly debased. Their forefathers had conquered and destroyed magnificent cities, and expelled from their strongholds a mighty race. And why should not the great deeds of the olden time be re-enacted by the descendants of heroes?

The simple-hearted Lenape listened to the words of the designing Gauls and repeated what they had heard to the Algonquins of the Susquehanna and the Delaware, where they magnified the prowess, kindness and generosity of their new friends, and thus won some to, and prepossessed others in favor of the French. A new era was dawning in the history of the Lenape—an era of carnage and blood. Ninety years of peace with the pale faces were to be followed by a ferocious war, which lasted, with here and there a short intermission, for forty years.

† Doc. Hist. of New York.

Soon controversies began in regard to titles to lands and frauds in the exchange of other property. In these controversies, Teedyuscung,* the principal sachem of the Lenape, took part with a pertinacity which terminated only with his tragical death in 1763. He was a sagacious ruler, and a devoted friend of his people, whose cause he advocated under the most discouraging circumstances.

About 1740, the Lenape's complaints concerning the sales of their lands began to attract attention. They asserted that the English did not sometimes pay them all they had agreed to; that they generally took possession of twice as much as they bought; and that where they complied with the letter of their agreements, they overreached the natives in a very reprehensible manner. One of their modes of obtaining a larger tract of land than the Lenape intended to convey is noticed in Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution. They conveyed a territory to the "Proprietors of Pennsylvania," the boundaries of which were to extend a certain distance on the Delaware or Great Fishkill river, and as far back, in a north-west direction, as a man could travel in a day and a half. The Indians no doubt intended that the *depth* of the tract should be about fifty miles—the distance a man would usually walk in the time specified; but the purchasers employed the best pedestrians in the colonies, who did not stop by the way even to eat while *running* the line! The expiration of the "day and a half" found them eighty-six miles in the interior! The Indians were very indignant at the manner in which the "Proprietors" had overreached them, and boldly charged them with deception and dishonesty.†

The "Proprietors" claimed that they had become the owners of the lands within the Forks of the Delaware. They alleged that the Lenape had sold that region soon after the great purchase of William Penn, and that the Indians were fully paid for it. To this the latter demurred, and Teedyuscung could never be induced to admit that the sale was valid, or that his people had received a stipulated consideration for the land. In 1742, the "Proprietors" succeeded in having the case laid before the Six Nations, who, after hearing the parties, decided that the disputed territory could not be sold by the Lenape, as they were a conquered people, who had lost their right in the soil, which, if it did not belong to the straight-coated Quakers, was the property of the Mengwe. The Lenape, being women, were severely censured for meddling in land affairs, and were ordered to do so no more. They were directed to remove from the Forks of the

* Sassoon was king of the Lenape tribes in 1718. Ta-de-me (Query : Tammany?) was the immediate predecessor of Teedyuscung.

† Tom Quick and the Pioneers.

Delaware, and go to Wyoming and Juniata, and hunt west of the Blue Hills.

They removed accordingly; but renewed their complaints, and pressed their claims to the lands in question for more than twenty years, as we shall see in subsequent pages.

Soon the white settlers began to crowd the Algonquins of the Susquehanna; and when the former, in 1754, began to survey lands which they claimed to own in that valley, some of the Indians removed to Ohio, and joined their brethren who had become attached to the French, while others, under a chief named Shecaleny, destroyed several houses at Shamokin, and compelled the surveyor to leave.

The great purchase made by Pennsylvania of the Onondaga council in 1755, and the erection of a fort on the Susquehanna, caused still more uneasiness among the Lenape. Even a portion of the Mengwe were dissatisfied, particularly those who lived in the vicinity of the French posts on the Ohio.

From constant nursing, the sores of the Lenape became greatly enlarged. They commenced by alleging that they had been wronged in regard to the Forks of the Delaware; but they finally came to the conclusion that they continued to be the true owners of the country almost to the Hudson river, in New York and New Jersey, and also of Bethlehem and the lands west of it. They also declared that the whites had spoiled their hunting-grounds; that they destroyed the deer with iron traps; and that the traders of Minisink always made the Indians drunk when they took their peltries there, and cheated them while they were intoxicated. They even re-opened wounds which had been closed for a quarter of a century. Among other grievances, they cited the death of Weequehelah, a Lenape sachem, who was executed in 1728, for actual murder, and who had had a legal trial. He was an Indian of great note, and resided on the Delaware river, where he had an extensive farm, with cattle, horses and negroes, and raised large crops of wheat. His house was well provided with English furniture, and his taste was much above that of his race. He frequently dined with governors and other great men, and behaved well; but getting into a controversy with a white man (Captain John Leonard) about the title to a swamp, he assassinated Leonard, while the latter was walking in his garden.* Although Weequehelah had conformed generally to the customs of civilized life, he was still a savage.

Another grievance of which the Lenape complained was, that the colonists never employed them in war. The Mengwe was always found by the side of the pale face in the hour of danger, and shared his perils and his triumphs; but the Lenape was

* Smith's New Jersey.

left to pine at home with women and children. The Mengwe's dogs were more honored by the English than the most brave and noble members of an ancient people—the progenitors of many nations. This was most galling to the pride and self-respect of the Lenape, especially when it was presented to them in an odious light by deceitful Frenchmen and their agents.

It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the eastern Delawares and their confederates, the Shawanees, when hostilities commenced between France and England, seemed anxious to take the field against the French; and that they threatened, that, if not thus employed, they would unite with the enemy. If their desire to enlist under the English flag had been gratified at this time, a direful calamity would have been averted. But the application of the Lenape and their menaces were alike disregarded. 'Tis true, the government and people of Pennsylvania had endeavored to secure the good will of the Delawares by loading two of their chiefs, Shingas and Captain Jacobs, with favors; but the intrigues of the French—their newly-awakened love of war—their thirst for blood and plunder, and a long list of real or supposed grievances which were unredressed, overruled all other considerations. Shingas and Jacobs openly espoused the cause of the French, and were among those who carried the tomahawk and fire into the frontier settlements. Their conduct greatly exasperated the Pennsylvanians, who, with the approbation of the Governor, offered seven hundred dollars for their heads.

After the defeat of General Braddock, on the banks of the Monongahela, in July, 1755, the Shawanees and the Lenape unburied the bloody hatchet, and hurled it against the frontier settlements of the colonists. That defeat, so discreditable to the military prowess and skill of the soldiers of Great Britain, entirely destroyed the influence of the English with those tribes.

The first blow was felt on the western lines of Virginia and Maryland. The enemies of the Quaker government of Pennsylvania alleged that that colony at first would do nothing to protect their neighbors of Virginia and Maryland, and that the disciples of Fox adhered firmly to their principles of peace until their own hearth-stones were stained with blood, when they caused the war to be prosecuted with energy. However this may be, Pennsylvania soon felt the dire effects of savage ferocity. Cumberland county became a prey to the infuriated Lenape and Shawanees; their barbarities were rapidly extended to the Susquehanna, and from thence to Berks and Northampton counties, and across the Delaware into New Jersey. Their scalping parties even visited the settlements east of the Shawan-

CHAPTER IV.

THE TOWN OF BETHEL.

The town of Bethel was erected from the territory of Lumberland by an act of the Legislature, passed March 27, 1809. By law the new town was bounded as follows: North by the south line of Liberty; east by the west line of Thompson; south by a line commencing at a place on the Mongaup creek where the west line of Thompson is intersected by the south line of the Hardenbergh patent; thence north eighty-one degrees west to the south-west corner of lot number eighteen, in the subdivision of said patent; thence north, nine degrees east, to the north line of lot number seventy-one, in the subdivision of said lot number eighteen; thence westwardly along the north line of said lot number seventy-one to the westwardly bounds of this State, at the Delaware river; thence northwardly by the westwardly bounds of this State to the said town of Liberty.

Within these bounds were the present towns of Bethel, Cochection and Delaware. The first town-meeting was held at the house of William Brown, in March, 1810, when the following officers were elected: John Conklin, Supervisor; William Brown, Town Clerk; Charles Irvine, John Lindsley and William Brown, Assessors; Joseph Mitchell, Russell Hurd and Zalmon Hawley, Commissioners of Highways; Oliver Calkins and John Lindsley, Overseers of the Poor; Norman Judson, Constable; Moses Calkin, Constable and Collector.

This town is on the water-shed between the Mongaup and the Delaware. While the Mongaup and one of its branches wash its eastern boundary, no large stream runs through its territory, although there are several creeks which afford sufficient water-power for manufacturing purposes. Of these we may note White Lake brook, the west-branch of the Mongaup,* and Black Lake brook.

The lakes of Bethel are remarkable for beauty and an abundance of fish.

For many years White Lake has been a fashionable summer resort. Its name was bestowed in consequence of its white,

* Jonas Gregory assured us that one of the aboriginal names of this stream was *Min-gaa-pock-a*, and that on an old map in his possession it was so designated.

sandy shores and bottom, and the brilliancy of its waters. *Kau-ne-ong-ga*, its supposed Indian appellation, occurs first in the writings of Alfred B. Street, and is said to be descriptive of the shape of the lake, which somewhat resembles the out-stretched wings of a bird.

Black Lake is about two miles south of White Lake. As its name indicates, its water is of a dark hue. Its outlet is of considerable magnitude, and unites with the Mongaup. No other sheet of water in Sullivan has been more famous for pike than this. Anglers have been known to take from it half a barrel of these fish in a single day.

Lake Superior and Chestnut Ridge pond, like those already noticed, are centrally located. The name of the first originated in local pride, and the appellation of the other explains its origin. Wells' pond is so called from an early settler, and Indian Field, because the aborigines had cultivated land in its vicinity. Both are in the south part of the town. Mallory, in the west, also commemorates a pioneer; while the names of Pleasant pond, Horseshoe pond, and Birch Ridge pond, three small lakes in the northern section, explain their own origin.

The surface of this town is rolling and uneven; but there is no elevation in it which may be termed a mountain. Although lumbering and tanning have been important industries, it is emphatically an agricultural town, as will be more and more clearly manifest as its forests are destroyed.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1810	737	\$210,911	\$130.15	\$288.99
1820	1,096	237,183	458.38	476.53
1830	1,192	128,347	797.15	816.00
1840	1,483	145,849	544.41	510.65
1850	2,087	193,369	546.51	1,203.14
1860	2,854	393,255	501.88	3,147.44
1870	2,736	230,295	627.99	7,382.31

Undoubtedly the first white men who visited Bethel were hunters and trappers. Its numerous lakes and small streams made it a favorite resort of the beaver, the most valuable of fur-bearing animals, and its forests even in recent days have been noted for noble game.

Several causes led to the settlement of Bethel. 1. John K. Beekman owned Great Lot 16 of the Hardenbergh patent, and knew that his lands would continue to be nearly worthless unless

they were improved. 2. The Sackett road was made across the territory. 3. The Newburgh and Cochection turnpike was chartered in 1801, and effectually opened the region through which it passed. 4. The land was of excellent quality.

The first who came for the purpose of locating here were Adam Pintler and his brother, from Sussex county, New Jersey. Their route was by the way of the Shinglekill to the Mongaup on the old Minisink and Cushetunk road. After crossing Wood's bridge, they traveled on the west side of the stream until they reached Black Lake brook; thence along the latter to the lake; and from there to the farm now occupied by the Pintlers. They probably did not remain any longer than was necessary to build a cabin to shelter their families, who remained in New Jersey. This was about the year 1798.

When they moved to their new home, they traveled by the way of Mamakating Hollow, and then passed over the Sackett road as far as Nathan Kinne's, in the West Settlement of Thompson. Beyond this there was no road over which a loaded vehicle could be drawn, although the Sackett road was soon after (1800) cut through to Cochection; consequently they were under the necessity of carrying their household goods and provisions on their backs from Kinne's to their residence west of White Lake. Back and forth, piece by piece, looking well to the line of marked trees—the job was tedious and hard to accomplish; but it was performed at last, and it does not require a vivid imagination to appreciate the Pintlers' satisfaction when the final back-load was deposited on the puncheons of their bark-covered cabin. Here they were in the pathless woods, some half a dozen miles from a neighbor, twenty-five miles from a grist-mill or a doctor, and a still greater distance from a store of any kind. Until a grist-mill was built at White Lake, the Pintlers were obliged to carry the flour consumed by them from Mamakating Hollow on their shoulders. Sweet must have been the bread made from that flour! And when they were able to feed a cow on the grass of their newly cleared fields, and had milk and butter with their bread, how luxurious must have seemed their food! Especially was it relished (the sweet, brown rye-loaf) when it was accompanied with venison and maple-sugar or honey.

Previous to settling in Bethel, Adam Pintler had married a young lady whose courage and fortitude rendered her a wife every way suitable to an existence in the woods. And it is our duty to record the fact that Eve, the wife of the first white man of the town, did not lead *her* Adam into trouble, and that, if he found Bethel a paradise, her folly never caused his expulsion from it.

The Pintlers occupied their farm until 1804 without knowing

who possessed the fee simple. They then ascertained that it was owned by John K. Beekman, from whom they purchased it. George and Peter Pintler, descendants of the original settlers, still occupy the place.*

After the Sackett road was opened from Mamakating Hollow to the Delaware, and the Newburgh and Cochection Turnpike Company was organized, several families moved into the town. They were principally from Orange county, the States of New Jersey and Connecticut, and from the north of Ireland. They were generally of small pecuniary means; but intelligent, hardy and industrious. In addition to this, many of them had had the advantage of correct moral example and training in the older communities from which they had emigrated. In 1807, there were between thirty and forty families located within the present limits of the town. The following memoranda in regard to them, made by the late Jonas Gregory, show where they settled. They were furnished us in 1870, when Mr. Gregory's mind was still vigorous; nevertheless it is possible that he has omitted the names of a few early settlers:

"I came to Bethel from Blooming Grove, Orange county, New York, June 7, 1807. There were then at White Lake, William Peck† and family, a grist-mill and saw-mill; Edward Austin, who had a tan-yard and shoe-shop; Obadiah Tibbetts, Michael Dekay and sons, and Jesse Crocker, all of whom were from Orange county; two families of Pintlers from New Jersey; one named Potter from the same State; and one named Thurston, from Salisbury, Connecticut.

"At Mongaup Valley were Aaron Heuras, J. Heuras, E. Blanchard, Adam Barmore, and the noted Colonel Michael Mudge.

"In Hurd Settlement were two families named Hurd, viz: Graham and Chauncey Hurd; also David Jackson, Jehiel and Joseph Smith, Gilbert and Abijah Mitchell, and Thody Abbott.

"In the woods between Hurds' and White Lake were the families of Abner Hollister, Nathan Heacock, ——— Carey and Alexander Brown.

"The Hurds, Jacksons, Hollister, Heacock and Carey were from Connecticut.

"West of White Lake were John Cross, Alexander Rutledge and William Brown from Ireland.

"At Black Lake, Walter Knapp and family, from Cornwall, Orange county. Knapp had a saw-mill, or there was one there.

"There were also in the town John Sherwood and Matthias Fuller, from Connecticut.

* Statement of Jonas Gregory.

† William Peck was Beekman's miller, and acted as his agent.

"There were also some single men and others who did not become residents, and two or three families in Fulton Settlement.

"John K. Beekman was the owner of Great Lot No. 16, in the Southern Range of the Great Patent, and it was through his efforts that many of the settlers came. He built a grist-mill and saw-mill on the outlet of White Lake—the first in the town—for the accommodation of the people; and at one time attempted to establish a linen thread manufactory in connection with his mills. To do so he purchased very valuable machinery in Europe, which was captured by the British during the war of 1812, while on its way to New York. It has been said that he intended to send flax from the sea-board to White Lake; cause it to be made into thread there; and then cart the thread back to tide-water. This may be so; but a more reasonable hypothesis is, that he intended to encourage the growing of the raw article in Bethel, where it was then raised as cheaply as in any other town of the United States.

"A town-meeting at which a vote was taken on the question of separation from Lumberland, was held in March, 1808, at the house of David Canfield, at Rocky pond, about two miles from the mouth of Ten Mile river. The polls were open three days. Not a stone was left unturned. Every one voted who had a legal right to do so, and some who had no right. One man was taken by Peck's team, who had not been from Ireland more than seven or eight months, and his vote counted as much as any other man's.

"The first Justice's court ever held in the town was at Jesse Crocker's, before Ichabod Carmichael, Esq., of Lumberland. The parties were Adam Barmore and Thomas Smith. The suit was concerning a dog that was shot while in chase of a deer. Barmore and Smith were their own pettifoggers.

"When the Hurds* commenced logging, they put stones between the logs to keep them asunder, supposing that they would burn better in that way.

"Mudge got his title of Colonel in the following manner: A worthless fellow, whose name was McKelpan, got in jail at Kingston for debt. Mudge had business at Kingston, and while there went to see McKelpan, who was an old acquaintance. As Mudge looked into the prison, 'Hello!' says the other, 'how do you do, Colonel? I am so glad to see you, Colonel! How's all the folks?' Mudge had a secret love of titles, and to be thus dubbed a Colonel in the presence of strangers pleased him, and put him in the best of humors. This the cunning fellow knew, and took advantage of, by imploring the *Colonel* to be his surety.

* Graham Hurd at first lived in a cave, which is still known as the Rock Cabin. Richard D. Childs, of Neversink, informs us that, when he was a lad, he visited Hurd Settlement, and "put up" at this cave.

Mudge could not say, no! to one who thus tickled his vanity. He gave his bond for \$100—the fellow was permitted to enjoy the liberty of the jail, commonly known as ‘the limits,’ the bounds of which did not hold him long; for he ran away, and the Colonel had to pay the amount of the bond, which his friends persisted in terming his commission. Although he has been dead many years, he is yet remembered as Colonel Mudge.

“The first settlers came to the village of Bethel about the year 1802. They came on the Sackett road, which had been cut through but a short time.

“One of the Pintlers carried flour on his back over this road, from Gumaer’s grist-mill in Mamakating.”

In January, 1870, there were, including Jonas Gregory, but six men in the town who were there in 1807. Most of the original families have disappeared—not even their names are now borne by residents of Bethel.

Jonas Gregory (1870) has a copy of Webb’s map of 1762, which shows that Tingley & Cox, Catharine Livingston, Philip Livingston, Cornelius Tiebout, John Aspinwall, William Alexander, Robert Livingston and Christian Hartell were among the principal owners of lands in Great Lots 1 and 18. From this it seems that John Wenham sold these lots soon after the partition of 1749, by which he became their owner.

John Lindsley came to Bethel in 1805, and was the first practicing physician of Bethel. He was a gentleman of irreproachable character—was elected Member of Assembly in 1823 and 1829, and was the standing Supervisor of his town until he declined the office because he could no longer conscientiously act as a member of the Town Board of Excise. He removed to Indiana about the year 1835. While he was a resident of Bethel, he lived at the A. Hollister place. Doctor A. A. Gillespie, one of his pupils, succeeded him, and is still practicing his profession. The professional life of the two, in Bethel, extends through a period of more than sixty-five years.

A man named Dewitt was one of the early preachers of the town. His meetings were held at the house of John Cross. Messrs. Greer, Fisk, McCauley, Hopkins, and others, also preached here in the primitive days of the settlement.

John Cross kept the first store, which was where (1870) George O. Frazer resides.

In 1807 and 1808 there was a school in Hurd Settlement kept by Joseph Smith, and another in the rear of P. J. Pintler’s present residence, of which Thaddeus Judson was the teacher. Doctor Copeland, it is said, kept the first school at Bethel, and G. P. Price at Mongaup Valley.

Abraham Pintler was the first white person who died in the town, Nat. Peck the second, and James Potter’s wife the third.

The first tavern was kept by Jesse Crocker. He was much liked, as his conduct was shaped in accordance with the "square" rules of honesty and fair dealing. Mr. Crocker was the first Justice of the town.

The pioneers of Bethel were of a more thriving class of people than first comers generally are. As an evidence of this, we mention the fact that in half a dozen years after White Lake was settled, there were five frame-houses in the town. These were occupied by Messrs. Peck, Austin, Crocker, Judson and Cross.

The north-east section was settled from 1805 to 1808, by the Fultons, Zalmon Hawley, James Luckey, Joseph Pinckney, William Fraser, Stephen Northrup, and others. In 1808, there were nine families in that section.

According to the loose statements which usually characterize gazetteers, Catharine Fulton was the first white child born in the town. When she first saw the light, there were not less than twenty families in the present limits of Bethel, some of whom had been there from six to nine years. The priority of her birth is true as to Fulton Settlement only.*

This section was from the first very attractive. Those who occupied it were generally men of worth, who were contented with the good things within their reach, and with striving for those things which concern the highest interests of the human family. They avoided broiling and contention, and were industrious and frugal.

Stephen Northrup was born in Salisbury, Connecticut, in 1780, and died in Fulton Settlement in 1872. At the time of his decease, he was the last of the pioneers of his locality. He came to Bethel in May, 1807, and after viewing the country, concluded to go back to his birthplace. When he reached the Neversink, he met Zalmon Hawley, one of his old neighbors, who was moving to Bethel with his family. Hawley was very glad to meet him; but sorry to learn that he was returning. After a conversation concerning their affairs, Northrup was led to alter his purpose once more, and again return to Fulton Settlement.

This meeting took place on the east side of the Neversink. The river was very much swollen by the spring rains. There was no bridge, and the ford was impassable: at least Hawley did not dare to put his oxen, cart, wife and children in peril by attempting to cross in the usual manner. So he took the yoke from the necks of his cattle, and compelled them to swim over a short distance from the ford, where the water was smooth and deep. Then he unloaded his cart, took off its wheels and box, and conveyed or towed every thing to the opposite shore in or

* Adam, a son of John Pintler, was born May 2, 1805, and Eve Pintler was born October 7, 1803. Both of these births preceded that of Catharine Fulton.

behind a log canoe! The task was difficult and dangerous: but was safely performed, and the adventurers proceeded on their way.

They spent two days in traveling from the Neversink to the west-branch of the Mongaup. When they passed the latter, a heavy rain set in. Night was approaching, and they were in an almost trackless forest, far from human habitation. The discomforts of the day were bad enough; but they were far exceeded by the prospective miseries of the night. The first care of the men was for the young mother and her two little children. With an axe they made the frame of a diminutive tent, which they covered with blankets. In this, Mrs. Hawley and the little ones passed the dismal night, while the men fared as well as they could under the dripping trees.

On the third day they reached a clearing made by one of the Fultons, where they found a deserted cabin. Into this Hawley moved. Having thus piloted his friends to their new home, Northrup returned to Connecticut, and three weeks later came back with his family. After occupying a temporary shelter for a few months, he moved to the place where he spent the remainder of his days. During the last fifty-six years of his life, his daily walk and conversation were in accord with the strict rules of the Presbyterian faith. He never sought to occupy a conspicuous position in this life; but was content with what was far better: the discharge, honestly and earnestly, of those duties which give life and beauty to Christian society.

Joseph K. Northrup, a son of Stephen, was the first male child born in Fulton Settlement.

We have already alluded to William Brown, one of the pioneers of Bethel. He was a native of Ireland, and exhibited many of the traits of the "north-country"—traits which, if modified by a certain degree of mental culture, are apt to give a man prominence and weight in some communities, but which are repulsive to many gentle and refined people, and especially so to those whose gentility borders on the effeminate. Mr. Brown was a farmer, inn-keeper, surveyor and office-holder. On the organization of the town he was elected Clerk, and when the county was erected, he was made its Treasurer. He held the latter office until 1826, and was succeeded by Jesse Towner, of Thompson.

Mr. Brown believed that the opening of a great thoroughfare from Newburgh to Cocheton would soon add much to the population and business of the country through which it passed. He came to Bethel before the road was located in that region, and bought a tract of land through which he was led to believe the turnpike would run. But he was disappointed. The line was made to run north of his purchase, and his aim in coming

to Bethel would be defeated unless he could buy another tract through which the road would be built. While making arrangements to do so, Samuel F. Jones of Monticello learned Brown's intention, and determined to buy the land himself. The owner lived in Albany, and Jones started for that city by the way of Newburgh. At the latter place he expected to take passage in a sloop to the State capital. After he left home the object of Jones' journey became public, and Brown determined promptly to reach Albany first by the overland route. He mounted his horse and proceeded to Kingston by the most direct roads. From Kingston he rode to Albany, at which place he arrived in advance of Jones. With the deed for the land in his pocket, Brown met his wily competitor in the streets of Albany and derided him in true "north-country" style.

The affair caused considerable amusement at the time, and it was reported that Brown used his surveyor's compass to enable him to travel in a straight course from Bethel to Albany. Of course, this part of the story was a *canard*, as no horse could then cross the Catskill mountains, or pass through our tangled woods.

The late Matthew Brown was a son of William, and inherited a full measure of the craft and cunning of his father.

William Brown was a slave-holder, and owned a black female chattel as late as 1823, when she became free under the laws of the State.

There is ground for belief that Rev. Thomas Greer, a Presbyterian clergyman of Minisink, Orange county, was the first minister of the gospel who visited the town of Bethel, where he preached as early as 1808, in the tavern kept by Jesse Crocker, which was nearly opposite the ground on which now stands the parsonage of the Covenanter or Reformed Presbyterian Church of White Lake.

Mr. Greer was a plain, earnest man, and did not highly value an elegant exterior, or seek respect and admiration by those polite artifices which mark the conduct of less worthy men. His deportment was quiet and unobtrusive. While pastor of the Westtown congregation, he loved to seek "jewels for his Master" in the by-ways of the wilderness country, and while thus engaged, bore the ills and discomforts of a frontier-life without complaint. Cheerfully he forded our rivers, and hopefully he threaded our forest-paths, while seeking some settlement in the wilds; for in the future he saw that the scene of his toil would be occupied by a numerous population, and that his labors would inure to their benefit, as well as promote the highest interests of those who had "wandered into a far country."

Previous to Mr. Greer's first visit to White Lake, some of the settlers had heard of him; but none of them had ever seen him.

He sent word to them that on a certain Sabbath he would "preach for them at Crocker's house," and the news was joyfully communicated from the dwellers in one log-house to those of another, until every one far and near knew that he was coming. They were to have preaching again—a privilege which they had enjoyed in the older settlements, but which they had not anticipated for many years after their removal to White Lake.

Mr. Greer reached Crocker's on Saturday; and was surprised at finding quite a number of people collected there, who were evidently laboring under excitement, a circumstance which was owing to a trial before a Justice of the Peace, the litigants being a couple of backwoodsmen who had a dispute about some trivial matter. Finding that no one recognized him, he concluded that he would not make himself known, until it was necessary to do so, and that he would quietly study the character of the people when they were unrestrained by the consciousness that the eyes of a clergyman were upon them. He soon found that the sins which predominate among men removed from the restraints of older and larger communities, prevailed among the settlers of Bethel. Too many of those present were addicted to rum-drinking, profanity and kindred vices, the trial having brought together all the tiplers and tavern-loungers of that section of country. His pious soul was shocked at seeing God's image distorted and marred by inebriation; at hearing rude jests and blasphemous revilings come from mouths which should have uttered words of purity and praise; at the violent buffetings administered by hands which should have been employed in useful industry, or used in works of mercy and love; and at other conduct which showed that this people needed admonition of "the wrath to come."

While he was gazing at the doings of the crowd, he attracted the attention of a man who was just drunk enough to discover that there was antagonism of some kind between the parson and himself. This man came up to Mr. G. and proposed to fight him; but the latter mildly declined, when the other, somewhat astonished, demanded to know whether he could fight—fighting probably being one of the accomplishments of that day. Mr. Greer replied that he did not know; that when he was young he had done something at it; but that he feared he was then out of practice. The bellicose individual then knocked off Mr. Greer's hat, in order to aggravate him; but he quietly picked it up and got away, much to the disgust of the other, who considered, as did many others, that he had done all that could be expected to arouse the wrath of the stranger.

At night the drinking and profanity continued to a late hour. Mr. Greer, fatigued with his journey, and saddened by what he had witnessed, retired early, but not to rest. His bed was di-

rectly over the bar-room, and with his whispered evening-prayer were mingled the fumes of whisky and Jamaica rum, and the uproar of the revelers. To sleep was impossible as long as the carousing was kept up; and the only recourse of the good man was to watch the stars through the roof, and to endeavor to possess his soul in patience.

About midnight, a tipsy individual came to the room where Mr. Greer was, and after undressing, reprimanded him for occupying more than half the bed. Without a murmur, he moved as far to one side as possible, when his unexpected bed-fellow laid down beside him, remarking that "it was a devil of a pretty place to put a gentleman (meaning himself) where the Lord could look right down upon him through the roof!" The "gentleman," however, did not seem to suffer much by any such intrusion upon his privacy; for he was soon fast asleep, and snoring loudly, much to the annoyance of the poor missionary.

The whole night was a very unpleasant one to Mr. Greer. He did not get asleep until near morning, and was soon after aroused by his fellow-lodger, who complained that he was dry, and invited him to go down and take a drink. Mr. Greer begged to be excused, and said he would try to sleep a little more. The "gentleman" then dressed, and went in pursuit of something to moisten his tongue and throat.

Mr. Greer slept again; but his slumber was brief. Soon after daylight, the landlady began to bustle about the house. She had breakfast to prepare, and her household goods to put in order. It was necessary that every thing should appear decent when the minister came. Finding that Mr. Greer was still in bed, and not inclined to get up, she was considerably vexed, and cried out to him, "Old man, you had better get out of that! We are going to have preaching here to-day by Mr. Greer, and must clean up the house!"

Of course, the "old man" abandoned his couch without further warning. After washing his face and hands, and combing his disordered locks in the open air, he took a short walk, and then had breakfast, when he felt much refreshed. While loitering around the premises, in reply to some inquiry, he said that, "if they were to have preaching, he would stay, especially as he did not like to travel on the Sabbath."

The necessary preparations were made for the meeting. Benches were extemporized—a table for the minister placed in the right position—the table covered with a clean linen cloth, upon which were laid a Bible and a volume of Hymns and Psalms, and the conduct of all approached nearer and nearer to what was fit and proper for the day and the occasion.

By-and-by, the people began to assemble by ones, and twos and families. All inquired if Mr. Greer had come, and were

somewhat disappointed when they learned that he had not. Many anxious glances were cast in the direction from which he was expected. The time for the opening exercises was near; some who had come for worthy purposes, looked serious and downcast, thinking, perhaps, that their time on earth was rapidly slipping away, while they remained among those who were not with God's elect, and seriously asking themselves whether God would ever move them to forsake their sins, and live according to His laws. Others, who were more volatile, amused themselves in various ways. Among other things, it was proposed that one of the company should personate Mr. Greer, and he was accordingly installed as the preacher for the day, and proceeded to read a chapter from the Bible.

The "old man," as they called Mr. Greer, during these performances, was a quiet spectator; but when the appointed time came, he arose and said, "If you have no objection, I will be Mr. Greer." As no one objected, he proceeded with the service, took a text, and preached an excellent sermon, in which he told some very pertinent truths and gave them much wholesome advice, which we may believe was suited to the capacity and habits of those who listened.

His hearers were greatly mortified at having treated "the old man" rudely, and they made many apologies, all which he accepted with his usual kindness and good nature.

The good people of Bethel never treated him with neglect afterwards; but we are sorry to say that he became unpopular at a subsequent period with the rigid professors of Presbyterianism.

In the early settlement of our county, the Presbyterians and Baptists struggled, each for their own communion, to obtain the vantage ground. Fierce and unyielding was the controversy concerning the lawfulness of "sprinkling." In the bar-room and in the pulpit, at the logging-frolic and at the prayer-meeting—anywhere and everywhere, when a few of the profane or the pious came together, the controversy was carried on—sometimes with good nature—sometimes angrily—always earnestly. It was not surprising, therefore, that, while some saw their way clear so far as the subject in dispute was concerned, others became confused and bewildered. Of the latter class were two Forestburgh converts. They were Presbyterians; but they would not enter the Church as members, except in the manner prescribed by the Baptists. And so Mr. Greer immersed them, like a good liberal soul, as he was. Both sprinkling and immersion were lawful in his eyes.

Many Presbyterians thought he yielded too much to the Baptists, and some imagined, probably, that he would desert

the Church of Calvin; but he remained faithful to the Presbyterians as long as he lived.*

People who live in a new and sparsely settled region are often called upon to make considerable sacrifices in the cause of humanity and mercy, and however loose may be the ties which sometimes bind together such communities, but few persons thus situated refuse to freely give their time and means to relieve the distress of a neighbor. If his cabin takes fire from the burning woods, they turn out and build another for him; if he is from any cause unable to plant his newly cleared fields, or gather his crops, they lend him a helping hand; indeed, if any misfortune befalls an upright and hard-working pioneer who is not himself a thoroughly selfish man, other honest and laborious pioneers will freely assume each his portion of the calamity.

Perhaps nothing will so stir their sympathies as an alarm that a child is missing or lost in the woods. In 1810, nearly the entire population of Bethel consumed eight days in searching the wilderness for a little boy named John Glass, and did not cease to hunt for him until they relinquished all hope that he was living.

The parents of this lad lived near White Lake. During the summer of the year mentioned, his mother sent him about a mile into the woods to carry dinner to some men who were engaged in chopping. He reached them safely, and started for home, after which he wandered from the track which led to his father's house, and became hopelessly bewildered. He was not missed until evening, when the choppers returned home without him, and it was found that he had not reached the house previously. Every parent may imagine the scene which then ensued—the distress of the mother, and the wild energy and activity of the father. The night was spent in giving utterance to frantic misery by the one; and in a fruitless search by the other, assisted by all who had heard of the circumstance. In the morning the news was spread far and wide, and all joined in beating the swamps and thickets, and so continued to do from day to day until they lost courage and hope. No trace of the lost child was found, and every one believed that he had perished from terror, hunger and exposure, or had met with a more speedy and less fearful fate by being devoured by wild beasts, which then and there were known to be numerous and ferocious.

When young Glass left the path, he traveled almost directly from home. When night overtook him, he laid down beside a fallen tree, weary, hungry and half crazed, and slept until morning. He then started again at random to find his way out of the woods. He thus continued to wander for ten days, with

* Verbal statement of Simeon M. Jordan.

nothing to eat except a few wild berries, and seeing no living thing except an occasional beast or bird of the forest. One night, as he was in a fevered sleep, he was awakened by the bleating of a deer, and then heard the angry snarl and growl of a catamount, and knew that the ferocious animal was drinking the blood of his harmless victim.

On the eleventh day of his wandering, he was a pitiable object. His body was emaciated and lacerated, his feet were sore and swollen, his clothing was in tatters, and he was so worn and exhausted that he could with difficulty stand up. He would have soon laid down to die, when he heard a distant cow-bell. The sound gave him renewed life. He tottered forward in the direction from which it came, and discovered a clearing, in which were several cattle. It was near night. The animals, when they saw him, started slowly for home. With the utmost difficulty he followed them. Finally his strength so far failed that he was obliged to crawl upon his hands and knees. He continued to do so until he saw the house of a person named Lair, who lived on the Callicoon.

When Mrs. Lair went out to milk the cows, she discovered the poor lost boy upon the ground near her door, and throwing down her pail, took him in her arms, and carried him into her dwelling. Notwithstanding she lived on the outskirts of civilization, and was unlearned and almost beyond the influence of Christianity, she had a good, motherly heart and a sound head. She treated the lost boy as kindly as if he had been her own son, and with as good judgment as if she had been one of the regular faculty. She washed him, dressed his sores, and put him in a warm, soft bed, and then gave him nourishing food in small quantities. Soon he was able to tell his name and residence. News of his escape was sent to his friends, who for two days had ceased to search for him, believing that he was dead.

James Glass lived to be an old man. For many years he had a home with William Stewart. He never fully recovered from the effects of his adventures in the woods, and always needed the controlling influence of a mind more sound than his own.*

About the year 1811, William Gillespie removed from the city of New York to Bethel. In conjunction with Josiah C. Hook, Mr. Gillespie established a store at White Lake—the second in the town. Until his death, Mr. Gillespie was a highly respectable resident of Bethel. In 1820, he was elected a Member of Assembly from Ulster and Sullivan counties, and we believe at one time was the candidate of his political party for Representative in Congress in opposition to Charles H. Ruggles; but was defeated. He was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for

* Hunters of Sullivan.

nearly twenty years, and First Judge of the county from 1835 to 1844, when he became ineligible from age. He was also a Commissioner of Loans for several years, as well as a Ruling Elder of the Associate Reformed Church. He was emphatically an honest man, and exhibited every trait of a devout and sincere Christian. His death was very sudden. On Sunday, May 28, 1849, he attended church as usual; was taken ill on his return home, and died at 4 o'clock on Monday morning.

Mr. Hook, who was associated with Mr. Gillespie in business in the early days of the town, was a gentleman of the old school—of lofty and pretentious bearing—ceremonious and hospitable. He was Supervisor of Bethel for several years. His old age was marked by misfortune. His pride was chastened by poverty. On the 20th of February, 1841, Edward, a much-loved son, was lost at sea by the capsizing of the schooner *Three Friends*, while passing from St. Joseph's to Mobile, soon after which Mr. Hook removed from the town.

Jesse Crocker, the first tavern-keeper of Bethel, was a man who enjoyed the respect and esteem of the public; but he carried on a business which almost always brings sorrow and suffering to the families of those who engage in it as well as to the families of their customers. If we doubted the doctrine of compensation for sin in this life as well as in the life to come, our doubts would be removed by studying the history of men who have been aptly styled retailers of liquid damnation. If they do not themselves become the victims of their own calling, they generally live to see some one as dear as their own souls reduced by it until he sinks below the level of a beast.

Nelson Crocker, a descendant of the old tavern-keeper, was equally noted for his love of hunting, his blasted life, and his tragic death. No hunting-party was complete without him. He knew every foot of the woods, and when he accompanied an expedition after game, his companions felt sure of success. Many interesting anecdotes could be told of his adventures; but the following, which we find in the "Hunters of Sullivan," must suffice:

"Crocker often hunted north-west of Big pond, in the vicinity of 'Painter Swamp.' During the days of Joseph Peck, Paul Horton, William Brown and Jared Scott, this ground was as good for deer-hunting as any other, and where these animals were most numerous, panthers generally abounded. Nelson here found more of the last-named than he wished to see. While on the outskirts of the swamp with his dog, he struck the trail of no less than seven panthers. The panther is generally found singly, or at most in pairs. Why so many of them were here together is a matter of conjecture. It was probably the rutting season with them, and that there were six males in

pursuit of a single female. The fact that Nelson found them unusually ferocious gives color to this supposition.

“Crocker followed their tracks until he was hungry, when he sat down upon a log to eat his luncheon. This he divided into two parcels, one of which he offered to his dog; but the latter, instead sharing of his master's repast, showed his teeth and seemed to be bristling for a fight with an unseen enemy. Just as the hunter swallowed his last morsel, a large panther sprang by him like a flash, almost brushing his shoulder as it passed. Crocker caught up his old General Morgan rifle, and firing at random, saw the beast disappear unharmed. An instant afterwards his dog was fighting another feline monster at a little distance; but the terrible claws of the panther were too much for the poor cur, which gave up the battle, and ran to his master for protection, while the panther fled. As Crocker was reloading, he saw another running toward him. He yelled at it, and it ran up a tree. This one he fired at and killed. Almost as soon as he could load his rifle again, he saw another, and succeeded in sending a bullet into it. Then the fright of his dog, which seemed to feel safe nowhere except between his feet, and the screaming of the panthers in almost every direction, caused him to lose heart. He made up his mind that he had better get out of the swamp without unnecessary delay. He ran for safer ground, and while doing so, his hat was shoved from his head by the limbs of a bush. He did not stop to pick up his displaced head-gear; but continued to run until he believed he was out of danger.

“On the succeeding day, Nelson determined to revisit the scene of his adventure, and skin his game and recover his hat. While doing so he discovered a large male panther in the crotch of a tree, and fired at it. It fell; but immediately ran up a sapling until it reached the top; when the sapling bent with the weight of the beast until its limbs reached the ground. As the panther came down, the dog, forgetting the rough usage of the previous day, stood ready for another battle. A brief struggle ensued, with much snarling, yelping and flying of hair. The dog was speedily whipped, and fled toward his master, with his antagonist close to his heels. Crocker's rifle was unloaded. He had no stomach for a hand-to-claw encounter, and very sensibly concluded that he would run too. A race then ensued in which the dog was ahead, the hunter next, with the panther in the rear, driving all before it. Nelson expected every instant to feel the weight and the talons of his pursuer upon his shoulders, and consequently made excellent time. Finding his rifle an encumbrance, he threw it away. This proved his salvation; for the beast stopped a moment to smell it, and decide whether it should be torn to pieces. This enabled Nelson to get out of the

swamp before the panther could catch him, and it did not seem disposed to follow him to the upland.

"After waiting several hours, Crocker, armed with nothing but his hatchet and hunting-knife, started for his gun, and recovered it. After reloading, he endeavored to make his dog follow the panther's track; but the cur had had enough of panther-hunting, and refused to stir an inch. They then went a few yards from the swamp, when the dog commenced howling. The panther answered with a loud squall, and repeated the challenge as it approached for another fight. The dog crouched close to the hunter's feet. Nelson, who had so recently fled ingloriously, because no glory could be won with an empty rifle in a fight with a panther, now coolly awaited the approach of the ferocious monster. Soon the beast appeared. Nelson covered it with the muzzle; but reserved his fire until the animal was within one bound of him, when he sent a ball crashing into its brain.

"Without further adventure, he skinned the game he had shot during the two days, and returned home. There are men yet living who saw the pelts of the panthers he shot in 'Painter Swamp.'"

As we have already intimated, Nelson Crocker was of respectable parentage. Alcoholic liquors were the bane of his life. A depraved appetite was rapidly sinking him in the social scale to the level of the vagrant and pauper. This he knew and deplored, as does almost every other poor drunkard who is passing down the inclined plane of decency to destruction. For twenty-five years, he frequently lost all control of himself, and continued in a state of beastly intoxication for days and weeks. Then would follow a sober interval, and expressions of bitter regret for his excesses. Sometimes he declared that death was preferable to a life of drunken degradation. In the summer of 1843, when the total abstinence reform was potent, he joined the Temperance Society of Bethel, and for nearly three months successfully resisted the enemy of his life. Kind hands were extended to him—cheering smiles brightened the road to honor and usefulness. But in an evil hour, he joined Jacob Munger and others of his old associates in a hunting-expedition, who took with them a supply of rum. After searching the woods for game, the party gathered at night in a hunter's hut in the woods. Here, as was their custom, they spent the evening merrily, and drank freely, and here Crocker violated his pledge. A wild debauch of a week's duration followed. When Nelson awoke from it, it seemed to him that his last hope of a better life was lost; that death was preferable to a life of shame and self-imposed abasement; and so the old hunter, by shooting himself, added the

horrible offense of self-murder to the comparative venalities of his life.

Bears still abound in Bethel, and when wounded or defending their young, are sufficiently ferocious to afford the hunter all the excitement he should desire. Under such circumstances, they do not hesitate to attack a man. Many have had battles with them; but notwithstanding the great strength and weight of bears, and their tenacity of life, no one in Sullivan has been fatally injured by them.

In November, 1865, James F. Calbreath was hunting in a laurel swamp about three miles from White Lake. He was armed with a rifle and revolver, and had with him two or three good dogs. The latter found a very large she-bear, and two well-grown cubs, and a noisy battle immediately ensued between the dam and dogs, while the young animals ran away, and were passing Mr. Calbreath, when a bullet from his rifle caused one of them to fall. He immediately reloaded, hoping to get a shot at the one with which his dogs were fighting; but much to his surprise the one he had shot got upon its feet, and ran toward him in a rage. A second ball caused it to tumble over, squalling for help. The mother, hearing the signal of distress, rushed toward the spot, and crashed through the laurels. When she came within sight, Mr. Calbreath attempted to shoot her with his revolver. It snapped. He tried again. The caps were worthless. What was to be done? An unloaded rifle, a useless revolver, encompassed on every side by tangled laurels, and an enraged bear approaching and within twenty feet of him, did not afford a flattering prospect of longevity. With a vivid prospect of being crushed, torn to pieces, and devoured, he dropped his revolver, clubbed his rifle, and stood ready to deliver at least one stunning blow upon the head of his rapidly approaching enemy, when the dogs rushed up behind, and fastened their teeth into the hams of Mrs. Bruin. The effect was magical. She turned about in a fury to avenge the insult, ran after her assailants, and failing to reach them, went away, apparently forgetting her human foe altogether. Mr. Calbreath was thus left "master of the situation," and escaped uninjured. Whether he remained in the swamp long enough to skin his game, we cannot say; but of this we are certain, the young bear was taken from the woods by some one. It was very fat and weighed one hundred pounds.*

BUSHVILLE.—About the year 1850, Abial P. Bush, General Luther Bush, and other members of the same family, built a tannery at this place. The establishment brought disaster to them, as well as financial ruin to their successors and others.

* Sullivan County Republican.

In March, 1852, the Bushville post-office was established, of which Myron Grant was the first post-master.

MONGAUP VALLEY.—Until 1847, this place was known as the Mongaup Mill—a grist-mill having been built by the Livingston family at the point where the Newburgh and Cochection turnpike crosses the Mongaup. Great Lot 15 was owned by that family, and finally passed to the children of John C. Tillotson, whose wife was a Livingston. In 1807, five families were living in the valley or its neighborhood. Forty years later, there were but four dwelling-houses in the place, and about twenty-five inhabitants.

A new era then commenced. The magic rod of enterprise touched the valley, and it awoke from the sleep of ages. The days of passive respectability were passed, and the wise spirit of progress ruled.

The Messrs. Kiersted saw that Mongaup Valley possessed superior advantages for manufacturing leather. In 1847, they purchased a site for a tannery and village. They also bought the hemlock-bark on ten thousand acres of land in Great Lot 15, and in 1848, with John W. Swann, a practical tanner, put up extensive buildings. The erection of one of the best-ordered and best-managed tanneries in the country was soon followed by the building of dwellings and places of business, which are second to none in the town. In 1859, a census was taken, when it was found that the place contained 664 inhabitants, of whom 365 were under 20 years of age. Of the residents, 477 were born in the United States, 167 in Ireland, and 20 elsewhere. 277 were Roman Catholics.*

The post-office at Mongaup Valley was established in 1848, when Wynkoop Kiersted was appointed post-master.

The place has had two physicians. The second, Isaac Purdy M. D., is still in practice, and the other, James W. Wells, M. D., died in 1858.

Mongaup Valley has had but one lawyer (Robert L. Tillotson), who found so little to do that he joined the federal army during the great rebellion, and died while serving his country. Robert L. Tillotson was of a genial and pleasant humor—an aristocrat by birth—a man of the people at heart. Ever bubbling over with wit, he was yet chivalrous and punctilious. Unfortunately he was of convivial inclinations, and had not sufficient moral stamina to resist his morbid appetite—a fact which he himself deplored. He was a duellist withal. The following anecdote of him is authentic:

With a young gentleman named Anthon and other friends, Tillotson visited a fashionable restaurant in the city of New

* MSS. of Peter M. Lorgan.

York. While there, he believed that Anthon willfully insulted him, and promptly challenged him. Anthon chose Bowie knives as weapons, and both proceeded with their seconds to a celebrated duelling-ground in Virginia. Tillotson had been an adept in manly sports; but was then partially disabled by paralysis. He knew that his antagonist could cut him to pieces in less than ten seconds; yet he was determined to fight, and take the consequences. On the other hand, the physical disparity between the two was so great, that Anthon would have committed downright murder by carrying the affair to extremity. Therefore, when all was ready for a deadly encounter, Anthon threw away his weapon and apologized. The parties then became reconciled.

BLACK LAKE.—This hamlet takes its name from the lake near which it is situated. A sole-leather tannery was established here by Strong & Mitchell. It was subsequently owned by Medad T. Morss, of Woodbourne.

Among the former residents of Bethel about whom we intended to make inquiries, are the following: Elias Sanford, Captain Asa Robinson, Eleazer Everard, Seth Whitlock, John Ramsey, Archibald Coleman, Henry H. Crist, Robert McCrabbie, John Voorhes, Asahel Hollister, Abner Lyon, Charles Dekay, Lee Mitchell, Thomas Lyon, Captain Romar, John Coots, John Potts, Hugh Dunlap, and others. But we have already reached the limits of the space we can devote to personal sketches in this chapter.

Bethel has been generally exempt from prevailing diseases. This, however, has not prevented its people from indulging in panics on account of apprehended maladies. In July, 1832, when Asiatic cholera first visited the city of New York, they feared that it would sweep over the hills of Sullivan, and decimate Bethel. A Board of Health was organized, of which Josiah C. Hook was chairman, Nathan J. Sherwood secretary, Doctor John Lindsley health-officer, and John Maffit, Nathan J. Sherwood and John Barhyte a committee to care for the sick. Not one of this self-sacrificing committee ever saw a case of cholera.

The people who were so much terrified by cholera, were less apprehensive of the miasmatic diseases of the far West. In 1836, a few families removed from the town to the State of Indiana, and during the first year of their residence there eight individuals died. There were not as many deaths in Bethel during the same year.

Scarlet fever and diphtheria are the most fatal diseases which have visited the town. In the fall of 1861, the latter caused great mortality among children. In a single family (Philip S. Fulton's) no less than seven children died from it within a few weeks.

WHITE LAKE.—White Lake is a beautiful sheet of pure, clear water. It has been supposed that the Indians gave it the name of *Kau-ne-ong-ga*. That it was frequented by native tribes for the purpose of fishing is beyond doubt, as darts and other relics have been found on its shores. It is possible its waters have been stained with the blood of battle. But the trail of the red man of the forest has been lost to the memory of living men, and the natural loveliness of the place which must have attracted even the rude savage, now occupies in cultured society the pen of the poet and the pencil of the artist.

This is the deepest lake in the county. By actual measurement James E. Munger found the northern end 80 feet deep, and the Narrows 70 feet deep. Until pike were put into the lake, it contained the largest trout in the world.* It is known that the brook-trout (*salmo fontinalis*) have carmine spots; lake-trout (*salmo conifinis*) have not. The White Lake trout had carmine spots. Charles Fenno Hoffman, an author of some celebrity, says he saw one, in the winter of 1832, taken from White Lake which weighed 6 pounds. Louis Pyatt caught one in February, 1843, which weighed 8 pounds and 14 ounces. Some weeks later, a gentleman from Newburgh caught another weighing 7 pounds and 6 ounces. In the year 1843, John B. Finlay employed an Indian to take black bass from Lake George and put them into White Lake, from which they have been distributed to other lakes.

Fed by internal springs, the lake has no inlet; but there is an outlet with water-power sufficient for two mills. In the year A. D. 1804, J. K. Beekman, residing in New York city, who owned Great Lot 16 of the Hardenbergh Patent, sent his agent, William Peck, to make improvements. Mr. Peck built a saw-mill and a grist-mill, and one or two other buildings at the outlet. The grist-mill was rebuilt in 1812, and machinery put in the basement for spinning flax. The business, which was conducted under the supervision of Alexander Starret, was closed in 1815.

In 1811, William Gillespie erected a store-house on the turnpike, near the lake, and, as considerable travel had commenced by this time, a hotel was opened and kept by Doctor Lindsley. For many years a few summer-boarders frequented the place. In 1846, J. B. Finlay put up the first hotel for the special benefit of this class of people. It was kept by Simeon M. Jordan, George B. Wooldridge,† Stephen Sweet, and others. But the

* Since this was written, we have been informed by Seth Green, one of the Fish Commissioners of this State, that George S. Page, of No. 10 Warren street, New York, caught a brook-trout in Maine, which weighed ten pounds.

† Mr. Wooldridge was an illiterate man, and yet a paid contributor of several New York publications. Among them was the *Leader* and *Bonner's Ledger*. He was also a *protege* of General Sickles. While in Washington, he discovered the infidelity of Sickles' wife, and gave Sickles the information which led to the murder of her seducer.

business was not remunerative until the Mansion House was built by a club of wealthy New Yorkers, who made an arrangement with David B. Kinne by which he ultimately became the owner. In 1866, George B. Wooldridge put up the Grove Hotel. Two years later Captain Waddell constructed a boarding-house called by the romantic name "Sunny Glade." At none of these houses are sold any intoxicating drinks. Napoleon B. Wooldridge, of the Detective Police of New York, has lately finished a fine cottage residence, commanding a pleasing view of the lake. Harold Henwood, a wealthy gentleman from Jersey City, has purchased considerable land near the lake, and is improving the soil, and, it is understood, preparing to build extensively.

There are few persons in the Great Metropolis who spend their summer-months in the country, who do not know and appreciate the attractive loveliness of this place; so that it has become the resort of substantial men and their families every year. Mount Wilder rises south of the lake, and with gentle declivity recedes 800 feet from the shore, until it reaches a point more than 1,600 feet above the Hudson. From the Mansion House observatory the view is magnificent. It is still better from the other side of the eminence. Following a winding road back of the residence of Napoleon B. Wooldridge, you find a look-out to suit the purpose. Slumbering beneath lies the lake, whose waters, when fanned by the breeze, wash a shore of pebbly white sand, and the blossoms of the rhododendron which fringe the margin, in their season, make the whole winding confines look like enchantment. When the surface of the lake is dotted with boats in gay colors, there is presented in the summer-months a sight which one never tires of seeing. In the foreground, and near the shore, is Chester hill, on the top of which is a pillared temple devoted to Freedom. Cape Henwood slopes down towards the Narrows, and trees of natural growth cast a grateful shade.

Away to the north, Mount Sherwood looms up into the serene heavens, from which the outline of prospect is scarcely inferior to that which greets the eye of the delighted traveler among the Catskills. A spur of the latter makes a show back of the Shandaken hills. Then on the right "the smoky range" of the Shawangunk is lost in the glades and forests of Neversink. As the eye sweeps the distant landscape, it detects an almost unbroken chain of mountains lying round the whole Cyclopean circle. Everywhere sloping farms are framed in groves of natural beauty; but what most attracts attention is the lake itself. Here are not the bold configuration of Newburgh bay, and the richly laden vessels of commerce; but there is more of the undisturbed repose which is calculated to please those who relish retirement from the busy scenes of active life. To crown all,

here is an atmosphere as healthy as any on the globe. Physicians frequently send invalids to recover health from its life-giving qualities. Instances of recovery almost incredible might be given: so that to those who wish to combine rare scenery with healthiness of climate, a sojourn during the summer-months is desirable.*

The following lines were written by Alfred B. Street, whose poetical afflatus was developed by the charming scenery of Sullivan:

WHITE LAKE.

Pure as their parent springs! how bright
The silvery waters stretch away,
Reposing in the pleasant light
Of June's most lovely day.

Curving around the eastern side
Rich meadows slope their banks, to meet,
With fringe of grass and fern, the tide
Which sparkles at their feet.

Here busy life attests that toil,
With its quick talisman has made
Fields green and waving, from a soil
Of rude and savage shade,

While opposite the forest lies
In giant shadow, black and deep,
Filling with leaves the circling sky,
And frowning in its sleep.

Amid this scene of light and gloom,
Nature with art links hand in hand,
Thick woods beside soft rural bloom
As by a seer's command.

Here, waves the grain, here, curls the smoke;
The orchard bends; there, wilds, as dark
As when the hermit waters woke
Beneath the Indian's bark.

* * * * *

* For this description of White Lake and its surroundings the author is indebted to Rev. J. B. Williams. Mr. W. is not responsible for the foot-notes.

Here, the green headlands seem to meet
 So near, a fairy-bridge might cross;
 There, spreads the broad and limpid sheet
 In smooth, unruffled gloss.

Arch'd by the thicket's screening leaves,
 A liliated harbor lurks below,
 Where on the sand each riddle weaves
 Its melting wreath of snow.

Hark! like an organ's tones, the woods
 To the light wind in murmurs wake;
 The voice of the vast solitudes
 Is speaking to the lake.

The fanning air-breath sweeps across
 On its broad path of sparkles now,
 Bends down the violet to the moss,
 And melts upon my brow.

WHITE LAKE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—For the origin of this Church and congregation, we refer to the records of it, as carefully kept by the officers. On christmas-day, 1805, we find it stated that "a number of the inhabitants of Lumberland, being by previous notice called together, at the house of Captain Abner Hollister, it was noted as their wish to form and to be formed into a society of worship, publicly called Presbyterian, and to be known by the name of the 'White Lake Presbyterian Society.'" The following persons were, at said time and place, chosen as officers of the society: *Commissioners*—Captain Abner Hollister, Captain Abijah Mitchell; *Trustees*—John K. Beekman, David Jackson, William Peck, William Hurd, Daniel Hunter, Captain Abner Hollister and Captain Abijah Mitchell.

Sometime during the following year, it was determined to build a "House of Worship," for we have an account of a meeting held December 25th, 1807, when it was "voted that the resolution passed in 1806, for setting the church on John K. Beekman's lot, adjoining John T. Clayton's lot, shall be *revoked*, and that the church shall be set on Mr. John Sterratt's lot, near the centre of the lot, and that William Peck, Abner Hollister, Henry H. Crist, Matthias Fuller, William Hurd, John Potts and Abijah Mitchell be a committee to stick a stake on the place, where to erect the church."

At the adjourned meeting of the congregation, held August 15th, 1808, (of which *notifications* had been put up at five different localities,) there was *another change* made, as to the *site* for the contemplated edifice, as it is recorded that a vote was taken

to build the church on Abner Hollister's lot, north of the road leading from William Peck's mill to Henry H. Crist's, and west of the road leading from the "Hurd Settlement to the turnpike, at a beech-tree marked, near the place, and that the trustees shall determine on the place, not to exceed four rods from the above marked tree."

For some cause which does not appear, there was still a *fourth* change made as to the church-site; and which was to the rising ground north of the turnpike, and half-way between Bethel village and White Lake, the location of the present edifice. This was in the spring (April 24th,) of 1809; and when the work of erection at once commenced.

The amount subscribed towards the work is set down at \$961.67, of which \$364.15 were paid in labor done, each individual being allowed six shillings a day.

The building, though commenced so early as 1809, was not completed until nineteen years after, for we find a record of a meeting of the congregation, held January 4th, 1828, at which a contract was entered into between Solomon and Thaddeus Hurd, for "finishing the meeting-house, for the sum of \$650. Two hundred dollars to be paid before the work is done, and the remainder when finished."

The house of worship, as used in its unfinished state, had at first neither pulpit, nor regular seats, nor sash in the upper windows, and as it was unplastered, and without stoves, the people were obliged during the winter season, to hold their services in the "ball-room" of a hotel near by. Some years after, however, the ladies of the congregation had spun and woven a piece of linen cloth which was sold, and the proceeds used in building a pulpit and supplying the want of sash in the upper windows of the building.

The Church was organized September 3d, 1810, by the Rev. Daniel C. Hopkins, "a Missionary of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States." Its first members were John Sherwood and wife, Esther Sherwood, William Peck and wife, Elizabeth Peck, Abner Hollister and wife, Miriam Hollister, Huldah Taylor, Margaret Tibbits, Ruth M. Mitchell, Bridget Dekay, Sarah Judson; of these, two were at the time elected Elders, namely: Messrs. John Sherwood and Abner Hollister. In December of the same year, they were duly "set apart" to their office by the Rev. Henry Ford.

For more than twenty years the congregation depended upon supplies from Presbytery. Among these we find the names of the Rev. Messrs. Methuselah Baldwin, John Johnston, Luther Halsey, Ezra Fisk, Isaac Vandoren, William McJimsey, Isaac Arbuckle, Messrs. Babbit, Adams and Timlow. The Rev. J. Boyd served the congregation for two years, and the Revs. Samuel

Pelton and Thomas Holliday, each about the same length of time.

In the year 1841, the Rev. William B. Reeves was called as the first regular pastor of the congregation, which he continued to be for six years.

During Mr. Reeves' pastorate, the present church-edifice and parsonage were built.

Rev. W. T. Blain next served the congregation for four years, and after him the Rev. Mr. Brewster, for three and one-half years.

Its more recent pastors were the Rev. Messrs. Petrie, Brown and Wells, their terms of service averaging about three years each.

Since the commencement of the present year, the congregation has been temporarily supplied by the Rev. Edwin Town, a member of the "Presbytery of Lackawanna."

The congregation at present is composed of from eighty to eighty-five families, and one hundred and twenty communicants.*

ASSOCIATE REFORMED CHURCH.—The Associate Reformed Church had no regular organization until the year 1830, although there was a missionary station at White Lake under the care and supervision of the Presbytery of New York, as early as the year 1811 or 1812. Several families from the North of Ireland, of strong Protestant proclivities, had settled in Bethel, bringing with them their religious preferences. About this period also, William Gillespie, who was a member of the Associate Reformed Church of New York, removed from the city to the town, and was chiefly instrumental in obtaining missionary aid.

Nursed by the mother Presbytery, the infant Church continued to live. It was during the winter of 1818–1819, that the Rev. William Boyse, from one of the Southern States, visited this missionary station. We have before us a copy of a letter written by him to his wife, which serves to cast a little light over this (then) dark spot. We insert the letter as a part of our History:

"WHITE LAKE, SULLIVAN Co., N. Y., }
1st December, 1818. }

"* * * This is a pretty wild part of the country. You would say it is a perfect wilderness. Yesterday I went to church. There stood a little, solitary, unfinished house, which I entered. There was no pulpit—no seats; but a very common chair, which I was to occupy, and some boards, propped up on blocks, on which the congregation sit; no fire, and the wall nothing but very thin boards. After some time, however, there was a con-

* Statement of Rev. Edwin Town.

gregation assembled. I got up at the end of a carpenter's bench that passed through the centre, and preached them a sermon. They sat and heard it with as much patience as if they had been in the temple of Jerusalem, I suppose; and as they are in the habit of hearing two sermons in this place, one directly after the other, cold and bleak as it was, I found they would not be satisfied unless I gave them another—and so I did. Strange as it may appear, there are some very decent people in this place, and some that live very comfortably. I expect to preach here next Sabbath.

“MONTGOMERY, December 9th, 1818.

“I returned from White Lake on last Monday. I expect to preach next Sabbath and the Sabbath after at Graham's church, and on the last Sabbath of this month at Bloomingburgh. I enjoy pretty good health. I have found some very good friends in the country. Though I cannot say that religion is in a very flourishing state in any of the congregations to which I have preached—yet many are very attentive, and receive the gospel with gladness, and show a desire to promote the glory of God, and their own eternal happiness. The vacancies belonging to the Associate Reformed Church in this Presbytery are all poor. No one of them is ready for settling a minister at present; but I have been able to get along without sinking money.”

No definite information concerning this religious pioneer is in our possession, until 1826, when he was connected with the Dutch Reformed Church, and employed as a missionary at Woodstock and Shokan, in Ulster county. In the year 1829, he became the pastor of the Woodstock Church, and occupied that position until 1837. He died in 1853.

But to return to our narrative of the White Lake Associate Reformed Church. The building alluded to in the letter of Rev. Mr. Boyse, was located on the turnpike-road, west of White Lake.

In the year 1830, the Associate Reformed people deemed it advisable, in view of their increasing number, and the necessity of supplying the spiritual wants of the community, to make a re-organization; and in January of that year a meeting was held, at which Hugh Dunlap presided. Rev. J. V. S. Lansing was present, and a resolution was adopted unanimously in favor of such re-organization, and that the Associate Reformed Presbytery of New York should be asked to take this infant Church under its care for presbyterial purposes. William Gillespie and William Frazer were elected Elders and Deacons.

On the 8th of February, 1830, after the usual religious exercises of preaching, etc., these persons were duly ordained as Ruling Elders of said congregation. The church-members at this time were William Frazer and Isabella Frazer, William Gillespie and

Mary Gillespie, Robert Frazer and Eliza Frazer, Thomas Stewart and Nancy Stewart, Hugh Dunlap, Robert McCrabbie and Agnes McCrabbie, John Coot and Mary Coot, Ann Brown, Mary Brown, Sally Brown, Ann Ramsay, Elizabeth Craig and Martha Stewart. During the same year, the following named persons united with the Church, viz: James Brown, Jane Brown, Nancy Brown, Hugh Tasey, Nancy Tasey, Samuel Brown, William A. Brown, William Cochrane, George Stuart, Jane Stuart, Eliza Cochran and Nancy Darragh. The adherents exceeded in number the church-members.

Being without a church-edifice, arrangements were made between this congregation and the Reformed Presbyterians for the occupancy of the church-edifice belonging to the latter, and it was transferred by a lease for twenty years, on condition that the lessees should finish it in a plain manner, paint it, and permit the lessors to occupy it on one Sabbath in each month, should they require it for public worship. Under this arrangement it was occupied until the new church at Mongaup Valley was erected.

In the autumn of 1830, the Rev. James George was sent as a supply to the White Lake Church, and remained there for about a year, preaching with much success. He was then sent to Philadelphia by the Presbytery, from which city he went to the Associate Reformed Church, in the northern part of this State. Soon thereafter, he removed to Canada—was chosen a Professor and Vice-President of King's College, which office he held for several years, when he resigned and became pastor of a large and flourishing congregation at Stratford, C. W. Doctor George was a man of great intellectual power, and as an orator he had few equals at the time of his death, which occurred in September, 1870.

After Rev. Mr. George left White Lake, the pulpit was occupied for six months by Rev. Henry Connelly, who became pastor of the Associate Reformed Church at Bloomingburgh thereafter. He died at Newburgh.

In June 1833, the congregation had increased, and the Church Session was enlarged by the election of Robert McCrabbie, George Brown and Archibald C. Niven. In the same year, the Rev. Jasper Middlemas, a licentiate from Scotland, was chosen pastor and duly installed. He was the first pastor of the congregation.

In May, 1835, Rev. Mr. Middlemas resigned the pastorate. Of his subsequent history little is known, except that he formed an ecclesiastical connection with the Dutch Reformed Church.

For about one year after Mr. Middlemas resigned, the pulpit was occupied at intervals by Rev. Alexander Proudfit, Rev. Clark Irvine, and Rev. T. C. McLaury.

In June, 1836, a call was presented to the Rev. T. C. McLaury, which he accepted, and was regularly installed in September of that year.

In 1842, Rev. Mr. McLaury resigned, having been formally invited to become the pastor of the Associate Reformed congregation of Cambridge, Washington Co., N. Y., where he labored until September, 1852, when he received and accepted a "call" to preach to a congregation at Lisbon, St. Lawrence county; but died during the week appointed for his installation.

After the Rev. T. C. McLaury resigned the pastorate at White Lake, the congregation had religious services by several young clergymen at different times, among whom were the Revs. Herman Douglas, S. D. Gager, Mr. Donaldson, James Campbell and P. C. Robertson. This state of things continued until 1847, when Rev. P. C. Robertson became the pastor, who continued as such until the new church was built at Mongaup Valley; soon after which period, that is to say, in 1853, Rev. G. M. McEckron was chosen pastor, and after occupying the pulpit about five years, resigned and was succeeded by the Rev. Alexander Adair. Mr. McEckron accepted a situation as pastor of a Reformed Dutch Church in Poughkeepsie. Mr. Adair remained at Mongaup Valley until the year 1868, when he removed to Oxbow, Jefferson county, where he now resides.

Rev. Mr. Rockwell, from the Reformed Dutch Church, then preached to the congregation for about a year, when Rev. William Ferrie, A. M., became pastor, and is such at the present time. The number of actual members, exclusive of ordinary hearers, is at this date (1872) about ninety.

In reference to this denomination of Christians, it is proper to say, that in regard to the *form* of Church government, it is strictly Presbyterian; in regard to *doctrine*, it differs but little, if any, with the Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, Presbyterian, Orthodox Congregationalists or Baptists; in *practice*, it is not exclusive; but admits to its communion all members in good standing of other Churches, who hold the same doctrines.*

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF WHITE LAKE.—This Church was organized in 1822, and at first consisted of ten members. For nearly thirty years the congregation was unable to maintain a regular pastor, although two years after its formation it erected a church-edifice. This building stood on the shore of the lake and was a plain unpretending affair. Homely as it was, it was not put to shame by a more ornate structure in its vicinity, and in primitive times was regarded with a certain degree of local pride. Rev. J. B. Williams, the first and pres-

* The author is indebted for this sketch to Hon. A. C. Niven.

ent minister of the congregation, was ordained in 1850. Under his pastorate, the membership has increased to eighty. In 1864, a new house of worship was built, at a cost of \$2,500.

The Reformed Presbyterians, who are popularly known as Covenanters, are in some respects a remarkable class of professed Christians. They adhere to the Westminster Confession. In public worship they sing nothing but David's psalms translated into English, and condemn the use of metrical hymns and psalms as impious and idolatrous. Stringed instruments, organs, and even choirs, they regard as abominations. They refuse to "incorporate, by any act, with the political body" of our country, because the organic law contains no "recognition of God as the source of all power, of Jesus Christ as the Ruler of Nations, of the Holy Scriptures as the supreme rule, and of the true Christian religion." Consequently in their eyes it is sinful to vote, hold civil office, or swear to support the Federal or State Constitution; and they treat those of their membership who offend in this respect as unsound branches of the true vine, and lop them off. They are political eunuchs, and from a sense of duty forego the dearest privilege of American citizens, hoping thus to promote the glory of God, and the reign of Immanuel over the tribes, and powers, and principalities of the earth.

The memory of William Stewart, who was long a Ruling Elder of the congregation at White Lake, holds a warm corner in the hearts of the pastor and laity. He came to Bethel in 1804, when the site of Monticello was still covered by primitive forests, and the only practicable conveyance was an ox-sled, and was a resident of the town until his death, in January, 1871. He was a man of vigorous mind, and persistent, untiring aims. "It was mainly owing to his exertions that the Church organization was preserved until 1850 as a vacancy."* He was an omnivorous reader, and from the books within his reach, acquired an extensive knowledge of history, theology and English literature. He was also a man of marked individuality of character. Many pleasant anecdotes are told of him, and among them this: When reading his Bible, he sometimes added a running commentary to each verse. While busy with the last chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, he came to the verse—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." This he rendered as follows: "I can do all things—'Paal! Paal! ye're boastin' noo'—through Christ which strengtheneth me—'P-h-i-e-w!!!—Paal, I cud do't mesel'!"

When this rigid, sincere, but genial adherent of the Covenant died, the community which had known him nearly three-score

* Rev. J. B. Williams.

and ten years suffered a great loss; "the poor were parted from a friend and guide; but an eminent peace-maker was taken to his reward. The record of his life teaches that charity is the greatest of earthly blessings."*

The Methodist Episcopal church of Mongaup Valley was erected in 1850, when Rev. William Bloomer was on "the circuit." It was improved in 1869, and will seat about 400 people.

The manner in which the old school Methodist preachers labored—their brief connection with each circuit, and the imperfect records of their work which remain and are accessible, render it almost impossible to give a connected history of their operations in this county. We have applied to several intelligent members of this respectable body of Christians for information; but have failed to procure what we have faithfully endeavored to find—an account of the labors of their pioneer preachers, a description of the revivals which have swelled the number of converts, and a list of the elders and deacons who have been sent into our county to advance the standard of Methodism.

* Rev. J. B. Williams.

NOTE.—The Mansion House at White Lake was not built as a club-house, as stated in this chapter, although Mr. Kinne received some assistance from several persons when he made additions to it.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF BETHEL.

From		To
1810	John Conklin	1817
1817	Oliver H. Calkin	1818
1818	John Lindsley	1829
1829	Josiah C. Hook	1835
1835	Matthew Brown	1842
1842	Thomas Lyon	1843
1843	Matthew Brown	1846
1846	James H. Foster	1847
1847	William G. Potts	1848
1848	Matthew Brown	1849
1849	Wynkoop Kiersted	1850
1850	Reuben Fraser	1854
1854	Isaiah Breakey	1855
1855	William J. Hurd	1856
1856	Robert L. Tillotson	1857
1857	George A. Mitchell	1858
1858	Daniel M. Brodhead	1859
1859	J. Howard Tillotson	1861
1861	John W. Swan	1862
1862	Charles Foster	1863
1863	Thomas Williams	1864
1864	Schuyler Duryea	1867
1867	George E. Swan	1868
1868	Thomas Williams	1869
1869	Hiram Post	1871
1871	Roderick Morrison	1874

CHAPTER V.

THE TOWN OF CALLICOON.

This is one of the interior towns of Sullivan. Being situated on the western slope of the water-shed, its streams empty into the Delaware. Its surface is very uneven. Its valleys are generally narrow ravines, and its hills steep and abrupt, many of them being from 200 to 600 feet above their bases. Its soil is sandy or formed of finely comminuted red shale, and is very productive. Its hill-sides, as well as summits, are arable, and under the careful and patient hands of its intelligent people, yield bountiful harvests of hay, grain and vegetables. The streams of the town are the Callicoon and its affluents. It has two natural ponds or lakes—Shandler and Sand ponds. The latter affords a pure white sand, which is said to be suitable for making glass. The leading pursuits of Callicoon are farming, tanning and lumbering.

It has been said of this town that it is composed of “table-land with the leaves turned down,” and that “its flats stand on their edges.”

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1850*	1,671	\$110,918	\$580.74	\$702.85
1860	2,771	145,013	793.85	898.73
1870	2,764	116,601	1,340.92	3,640.91

If Fremont had not been taken from it, in 1870 it would have had a larger population than any other town in the county.

The Dutch hunters of Colonial times who came from Minisink to have their autumnal hunting excursions in what is now the north-western section of Sullivan, found along the tributaries of the principal stream which there empties into the Delaware, the habitations of the beaver. Consequently they gave the name of

* In 1845, the population of Callicoon was 605.

Beaverkill to the creek—a cognomen which has been borne by half the water-courses of the country. (We have a “Chorographical Map of the Province of New York, compiled in 1779, from actual surveys, by Claude Joseph Sauthier,” on which the Callicoon is put down as the Beaverkill.) But from a too frequent application, the appellation became insignificant and inconvenient. From the fact that no one but the speaker knew what stream was alluded to when the Beaverkill was mentioned, another name was given. Wild turkeys abounded on the beech ridges, where they waxed fat and delicious in the fall and winter, and sometimes made the woods vocal with their cries. The Dutchmen, therefore, dropped the old name, and gave the stream a new one. They called it the Kollikoonkill, while their English-speaking companions translated the word, and styled the stream Turkey creek.* The Dutch word was finally applied to the surrounding country, and the town, as originally organized, was known as Kollikoon; but when Fremont was taken from it by the Board of Supervisors, their clerk, deeming the original word too angular for beauty, changed it to Callicoon. The act, with the name thus spelled, was then adopted by the Board, and Callicoon has ever since been the legal designation of the town.

Until 1798, Callicoon was a part of Mamakating; from 1798 to 1807, it was in Lumberland; and from 1807 to 1842 in Liberty. In 1842, it was made a town by an act of the Legislature. In 1851, Fremont was taken from its territory.

Notwithstanding that, during the last thirty years, its rapid acquisition of settlers finds no parallel in the history of the county, Callicoon was the last section of our territory which was opened to immigration. The more remote town of Rockland was settled at least forty years before Callicoon. There were but two or three families in the latter previous to 1830, and there are residents of our county who are not yet considered old men, who have camped in the woods of Callicoon at night, and slept on hemlock-boughs, after the manner of hunters, where there are now flourishing villages with churches, hotels, school-houses, manufactories, etc. This seems more strange when the fact is taken into consideration, that no other town of Sullivan is more fertile, or has greater natural advantages.

Callicoon was not settled at an earlier day because it was almost wholly owned by non-residents, no one of whom was able and willing to construct a good road to and through it. Those who held titles to its soil not only lived at a distance; but they

* Callicoon is evidently from the two Dutch words—*callen*, to call, to prate, and *haan*, hen—the literal translation of which is “cackling hen.” While hunting turkeys the Dutch imitated the call of that bird, and were guided by the peculiar noise it made in reply. *Oocooocooos* is the Indian word for turkey—*Harper's Weekly* for 1872, page 116—from which has come the ancient name of a point above Callicoon known as Cook House. Callicoon may be a Dutch translation of an aboriginal name.

were unknown to each other, and hence did not co-operate for mutual benefit. The value of the region to the lumberman and farmer was well understood. Surveyors and hunters, as well as trespassers who appropriated every cherry-tree and curled maple that stood in our forests in early times, were enthusiastic in speaking of its rich soil. A feeble attempt was made in 1825, to make a turnpike from the Newburgh and Cohecton road to Deposit. Several articles appeared in the "*Chronicle*," a Monticello newspaper of that day, in which it was urged that the State should aid the construction of the work. But nothing was accomplished. If the non-residents, who then owned Callicoon, had run this road through it at their own cost, they would have increased the value of their property more than three-fold, and would have found a ready sale for their lands. Their lack of enterprise caused them to retain their unproductive real estate for many more years, to pay considerable amounts for taxes, and in the end they were glad to sell to speculators, who became rich by disposing of small lots to actual settlers.

In 1831, Lucas Elmendorf, Nathaniel B. Hill, Peter Leroy and John Starr, junior, applied to the Legislature for an act to authorize the construction of a "Branch-turnpike from the First Great South-western Turnpike,* at the east bounds of the town of Liberty, to the mouth of the Callakoon stream." Notwithstanding the respectability of these gentlemen, and the great benefits which would have followed the consummation of their project, their application led to nothing but disappointment.

Five years later the Great South-western Turnpike Company applied for a law empowering them to extend their road to Broome county. But for certain reasons that company was not in very good odor. Their application failed, as did the company soon afterwards.

For several years previous to 1836, Lucas Elmendorf, John Suydam, Charles H. Ruggles, A. Bruyn Hasbrouck, Joseph S. Smith, Edward O'Neil, John Kiersted, Robert L. Livingston, John C. Tillotson and Freeborn Garretson annually besieged the Legislature of New York for a charter which would enable them to build a railroad from Kingston, in Ulster county, to Chenango Point, or Owego, or some other place—no matter where it was, provided it inured to their own benefit, or at least resulted in advantage to such of them as had wild and unoccupied lands. In the year last mentioned, they were rewarded for their assiduity. An act was passed authorizing the construction of the Kingston Branch of the New York and Erie Railway, and the following gentlemen were appointed commissioners to receive subscriptions and distribute stock: John Kiersted, Charles W.

* Commonly known as the Lucas Elmendorf turnpike.

Chipp, Joseph S. Smith, James Hardenbergh, Johannis Hoornbeck, Alexander Story, Derick Dubois, G. W. Ludlam, Archibald C. Niven, John H. Rutzer and Robert L. Livingston. We presume the commissioners did not find their labors very arduous, notwithstanding men of wealth were more inclined to invest in railroad stock at that time, than they have been since it was ascertained that those who build railroads seldom receive back more than worthless certificates of stock. There was a vast amount of respectability invested in this undertaking, and but little money. We do not believe that even preliminary surveys were made; but labor under the impression that there was an idea entertained that the proposed road would cross our county, and reach the Erie railway somewhere in the neighborhood of the Callicoon. The project met with but little favor, and the result hardly reached the dignity of an abortion. Yet those who attempted to give it vitality deserve honor, for their motives were praiseworthy. They were some thirty years or so in advance of their time; for Kingston is now constructing a railroad through the valley of Shandaken to the country beyond.

As has been shown, all these projects were failures, and as may be perceived either one of them would have been of incalculable benefit to the region of which we are writing. Substantially, Callicoon was unoccupied, except by wild beasts, until it was tolerably certain that the New York and Erie railroad would either cross it or be located in its vicinity.

Before we speak of the influx of German immigrants and others, we will endeavor to give a brief account of the few families which occupied the town from thirty-five to forty years ago.

John DeWitt, a native of Dutchess county, and for many years a merchant of Newburgh, caused the first road to be made to and the first land to be cleared in the town of Callicoon, and his son Andrew built the first house.

The DeWitts were extensive land-holders in the Hardenbergh Patent. Old maps show that, individually and in conjunction with others, they owned thousands of acres in Great Lot No. 2. In 1794, John DeWitt, Jacob Radcliff and John Thomas, with other real estate in Sullivan county, bought Division Lot No. 13, which is now a part of Callicoon. Thomas subsequently sold his undivided one-third to Garrett B. Van Ness, after which the lands were partitioned, and DeWitt became the sole owner of Lots 23, 24, 28, 29, 33 and 40 in Division No. 13. In 1807, Van Ness was dead. On the 1st of June of that year, Theron Rudd (his executor), John DeWitt, Jacob Radcliff, Samuel Sacket and William Taylor, entered into an agreement to open a road from "the great turnpike leading from Newburgh westward, at or near the Mongaup creek, and running thence a north-westerly course in such manner as the said John DeWitt shall

judge advisable, through or by some or all of the lots or divisions 10, 14, 9, 11 and 12;* and the division lot 13.† Said road to be made by Jno. DeWitt." Each party was bound to pay a just proportion of the expenses.

From the papers of Mr. DeWitt we learn that he left his home in Newburgh on this business, on the 10th day of August, 1807, and was absent until the 5th of September. He was assisted in making the road by William W. Sacket, (who acted as surveyor, guide and adviser). Graham Hurd and his son Milo, William, Curtis and Chauncey Hurd, James S. Jackson, and Capt. Abijah Mitchell. It is difficult at this day to determine the point where this road left the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike. The fact, however, that those who aided DeWitt were residents of Hurd Settlement, and that to some he was indebted for horse-keeping, board and provisions, as well as labor, furnishes an obscure clue to the locality of the improvement. However this may be, it is quite certain that the road penetrated Callicoon, and ran through the valley in which Youngsville is situated. DeWitt kept an accurate account of the money expended by him, etc., and among the items are the following:

"James S. Jackson's bill, 4 days carrying chain,	£1	12s.	0d.
Curtis Hurd, do. 4 days do. do.	1	12	0
Jackson and Hurd, do. 16 days do. do.	6	8	0

1807—Sept. 5.—Returned home, myself and horse being out 25 days."

While thus engaged, Mr. DeWitt seems to have received a favorable impression in regard to this wild region, and particularly to his land near Youngsville. His descendants believe that he determined to remove from Newburgh and engage in farming on lot No. 23. While opening the road, he contracted with Jackson and Curtis Hurd for chopping or jaming‡ over one hundred acres of forest, for doing which they rendered the following bill on the 8th day of February, 1808:

"John DeWitt to Curtis Hurd and J. S. Jackson, DR.	
To jaming or cutting down 83 acres, 2 R.	
and 26 p.	£108 13s. 0d.
Chopping 1 piece, 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres, 56 p.,	55 6 0
A survey and map of the chopping was made,	1 0 0"

This chopping extended from the north line of the farm now

* In Liberty. † Near Youngsville.

‡ Jaming consisted in half severing a number of trees, and then causing one to fall against another. In this way a great many half-severed trees were prostrated at once, and a considerable saving of labor effected.

owned by George G. DeWitt to the village of Youngsville, and is bounded on the east by the creek, and on the west by lands, now, (1870) of Rumsey and Royce. It covered a large part of lot 23, where Rogler, Hardenburgh, William Benedict and Jacob S. Boyce reside. Some of it was quite narrow. The widest was at the south end.

Whatever were Mr. DeWitt's intentions, they were all frustrated by his death, which occurred in April, 1808. Tradition says it was caused by a cold or fever contracted while he was acting as an arbitrator in the affairs of the Newburgh and Cohecton turpike company. He was a man of considerable means, and being of mixed French and Dutch blood, had a love of rural pursuits. His enterprise, energy, industry and wealth would have produced important results in the Callicoon country, if he had lived a few years longer.

Andrew DeWitt, a son of John, inherited the lands on which the improvement we have mentioned was commenced. What was done during the next four years is unknown—probably nothing, and the road became choked with fallen trees and other rubbish. The following extract from a letter written by Captain Abijah Mitchell, shows when the first house was built:

“BETHEL, April 19, 1813.

“To Andrew Dewitt, Newburgh:—It has been impossible to complete your house on account of nails; for they was not to be had here. Of the shingle nails there was not enough. It will take about ten lb. more of the same kind. Send by the bearer, or the first opportunity. The house will be completed in one week after you send the nails.”

This house was built of logs and had a stone-chimney and fire-place. It stood on the flat land of the farm now occupied by the widow Rogler, near the north line of George G. DeWitt, and near the creek. Its remains were removed by the late Stephen Carrier, and have often been seen by persons now living.

On the 19th of May, 1814, the town acquired its original permanent white settlers. They consisted of William Wood, who was a widower, and his sons, Garrett, David and Edward. Each of the sons was married. Edward had four children, Garrett four, and David one child, all of whom are now (1870) living, with the exception of Maria, daughter of Edward Wood, and wife of the late Abisha N. Lewis. The Woods were of English and Scotch descent and moved from near High Falls, in Ulster county, and settled on the farms now occupied by Herman Lagemann, Philip Hammer and John Royce. To reach their new location they were under the necessity of going ten miles into the woods, with scarcely a road or a path to guide

them. The road chopped by John DeWitt in 1807, was literally choked and obliterated. These men hewed their way through the wilderness, and when doing so provided a part of the food consumed by the party. While some of them were, axe in hand, clearing away fallen trees and other obstructions, the others were scouring the thickets in search of game. Deer, turkeys, pheasants, rabbits, etc., were abundant, and it cost but little time and trouble to furnish a larder which would excite the envy of a modern epicure. When night came, they camped like a band of strolling Indians—cooked and ate their supper—provided a temporary shelter in which to rest, and went to sleep listening to the shrill bark of the fox, the howl of the wolf, and the sighing of the winds in the tree-tops.

On reaching the end of their journey, they found the clearing and cabin of DeWitt. They took possession of the tenement and the cleared land, and occupied them until they built a house of their own, and had made some of their own land arable. Their nearest neighbors were the Hurds, of the town of Bethel; George Kessler and Simeon Tyler, at Beechwoods, and the Buckleys, in Liberty. There was not a store, a mill, a school, or (if we except Edward Wood, who was a cooper) a mechanic within ten miles of them. When they went to mill, two of the brothers generally accompanied each other, and each shouldered a bushel and a half of rye or corn, and trudged off with it through the forest. When it was ground, they transported it home again on their backs, generally performing the journey forth and back in a day. We are assured that Eve, the wife of Edward Wood, once carried a quantity of flax and her youngest child to a store on the Neversink, seventeen miles from home, where she exchanged the flax for butter, and returned with it and her infant, performing the thirty-four miles in *one* day! Our informant says she was *slightly* fatigued after her long journey, and we are not disposed to question the accuracy of *this* part of his statement.

A few years after they came to this region, Garrett Wood's wife died. Her funeral was the first one in the town. The circumstances attending it remind us of the severe simplicity of a primitive age. There was no kind and sympathizing neighbor to assist in performing the last sad offices for the dead. The trembling hands of her kindred closed her eyes, disposed her hands reverently across her breast, and otherwise prepared her corpse for the grave. One of her sisters-in-law went on foot to Buckley's store in Liberty, to procure a shroud and other necessary articles, while Edward and David Wood undertook to make the coffin. One of the early residents of the Blue Mountain Settlement, in Liberty, was compelled to manufacture a coffin from a sleigh-box. The Woods were in a worse dilemma. There was not a board, or a sleigh-box, or a wagon-box within their

reach, and if there had been time to go to a saw-mill ten miles or more distant, and carry back the necessary lumber on their shoulders, it was not decent to leave their afflicted brother almost alone with the body of his dead wife. They surmounted the difficulty by selecting a straight-grained log of sufficient size, and from this split four slabs. From the round side of these the bark was removed, and in and out they were rendered as smooth and decent as possible. In a box made of these the shrouded corpse was laid, and thus confined was she consigned to the narrow house to which all must go sooner or later. She was interred on the Lagemann farm, and we have no doubt was as sincerely mourned as if her funeral had been attended with the pomp and vanity of a modern burial.

Under such disadvantages the Woods lived for more than fifteen years. They cleared land and tilled it; planted orchards; manufactured staves, and one of them (David) worked a part of his time at his trade, while another (Edward) cured cancers, and was known as a cancer-doctor. His cure was a secret; and therefore we cannot say whether it was a preparation of arsenic—the usual remedy of physicians of his class—a remedy which sometimes cures and occasionally kills patients, and which educated physicians will not apply.

As long as these families were isolated, they were in their way independent. When the tide of immigration tended to their section, they should have become rich; but somehow they lost or parted with their possessions, and several of them left the country.

The secluded life of the Woods caused their children to grow up with very limited knowledge of the great world outside of their neighborhood. They were bright naturally, and intelligent so far as they had opportunity to acquire knowledge. We can certify that when they reached man's estate, they were not below the general average of the rural-born and bred, either as to physical or mental force. When the world came to them, they adapted themselves to its usages and ideas; but before it reached them, they were remarkably unsophisticated.

We are assured that the following anecdote is authentic:

When one of the boys was fifteen years old, his father took him to Wurtsborough, where they remained one night at a hotel. This was the lad's first trip from the paternal log cabin. He had never seen a stairway, and had nightly crept up a ladder to the common sleeping apartment of the young folks. The wonders of the journey and the excitement of inspecting the canal and other remarkable curiosities of the Hollow, had so much exhausted the boy that at 9 o'clock in the evening he could no longer keep open his eyes, when his father asked the landlord to let him go to bed. Mine host gave the young fellow

a light, and told him to go to a room at the head of the stairs. He left the bar-room; but soon afterwards was heard crying in the hall, where he was found trying to climb the balusters, no doubt imagining that they were the rungs of a ladder turned upon one of its sides! On being told to go up the stairs, he hesitated—then ventured, and ascended on his hands and feet, precisely as if he had been on a ladder.

Seventeen years after the Woods moved into the town, the only men living in Fremont and Callicoon east of the valley of the Delaware, were Edward Wood, Garrett Wood, David Wood, George Brown, Abisha N. Lewis and William E. Wood. Brown and Lewis were sons-in-law of Edward Wood. William E. Wood was then an occupant of the Wormuth place. The latter is on a ridge between Buck brook and the north branch of the Callicoon. Soon after 1831, Peter Wormuth bought out Wood. Wormuth was not social or genial even in his family circle; but was noted for industry and rigid economy. In the end he became a "man of means"—owned a good farm, and was a lender of money.

In 1831, the DeWitts again turned their attention to their lands near Youngsville. Peter and George G. DeWitt, a grandson and great-grandson of John DeWitt, visited the region in September, and employed David Wood to clear and fence six acres of land, which now lies east of the road, and next to Rogler's premises. Subsequently Wood cleared four acres more, receiving for the job ten dollars per acre and the first crop.

In 1833, George G. DeWitt built a house and became a resident in the vicinity of the site where his ancestor caused to be erected a log-house in 1813. He was afflicted with hemorrhage of the lungs, which threatened to cut short his life, and was advised by his physicians to seek relief in the hemlock-woods. The balsamic atmosphere of Callicoon had a happy effect on his lungs. The bleeding ceased. He believed he was cured, and, wearied with the monotonous scenes of his new home, he made a prolonged visit with friends who resided in a less exalted and more cultivated region, when he was once more attacked by his old complaint, and bled until his life was nearly gone. This and subsequent experience convinced him that he could live nowhere except in Callicoon. His life would be prolonged here; but to a certain extent wasted. At least it so seemed to him. He is still living, and has performed well his duty in the community of which he is a member.

The atmosphere of Callicoon was at one time considered favorable to pulmonary complaints. A majority of those who became residents for this reason were much benefited.

Among the early settlers of Callicoon was Jacob Quick, who

located on a small stream which empties into the East-branch at Jeffersonville. He was a native of Pike county, Pennsylvania, and was a nephew of Tom Quick, the Indian-slayer, with whom he hunted and trapped in his youth, and from whose lips he heard the recital of many strange adventures. The family was of Dutch descent, and emigrated to this country while Niew Amsterdam was an appendage of Holland. After remaining some time near Esopus, they removed to the Minisink country, and became prominent, socially and financially, at Milford.

As an evidence of Jacob Quick's standing in his native town, we mention the fact that he was a justice of the peace for thirty successive years before he came to Callicoon. He was fond of litigation, and entered into legal strife with as much vim as a war-horse does into battle. From this or some other cause, he lost a fair estate, and when sixty years of age, found that his liabilities somewhat exceeded his assets. To escape the annoyances which attend such a condition, and hoping to retrieve a decayed fortune, he managed to save a few hundred dollars from the stern grasp of his creditors, with which he bought a lot of heavily timbered and fertile land in Callicoon, the deed of which was given to his old wife.

He was at this time a stalwart, rugged man of sixty, whose keen eye and steady hand could give a deadly direction to a bullet, and who boasted that no man was his superior as an angler. With his ash-pole and horse-hair line he loved to compete with the dandy trout-catchers who sometimes went to the North-branch to indulge in their favorite sport, and great was his mortification and disgust if the basket of the fancy gentleman contained a greater number of the speckled beauties than were found on his "string." But ample was his revenge when evening approached, and he returned with his guest across the ridge which divides Buck brook from the North-branch. With the grace and agility of an Indian, he stalked in a straight line for home, no more encountering an obstacle than a hawk floating in the air; while his companion dodged around all kinds of difficulties, and generally was considerably blown when he reached the valley where Quick lived.

After buying the lot, Quick put up the usual shelter of men who begin life in the woods, and moved into it with his aged wife. It was in a deep valley and was so overshadowed by huge trees that the sun could not penetrate to his roof. The contrast between this and their old home was sad and gloomy, and had a very depressing influence upon Mrs. Quick. He at once went to work on the trees which surrounded his house, and when he cut them down, fearing that they would fall upon the building, and crush his wife beneath the wreck, he caused her to go to a safe place, where she watched his proceedings; and shed such

tears as only the forsaken and forlorn can shed. This is no fancy sketch. The author learned the facts from Jacob Quick himself.

Mr. Quick cleared field after field—built the first saw-mill of the town—found a ready home-market for his grain, hay and lumber, and was once more a prosperous man, whom his fellow-townsmen delighted to honor with office. A village sprang up in his neighborhood; he was surrounded by neighbors, some of whom were his own children; he built a comfortable house, had flocks, orchards and fertile fields; but the old wife was mouldering among the decaying roots of the forest that had so recently clothed the hills and valleys of Callicoon. She did not long survive their removal to Sullivan.

Mr. Quick subsequently married again, and bought and cleared another farm. He also built a second mill. His new property was situated on the North-branch. While improving it with his accustomed energy, he was prostrated by paralysis. During the last years of his life, he was a helpless invalid, and suffered much mental distress because he was bed-ridden. He died in 1852. During the greater part of his life, he was an exemplary member of the Presbyterian church.

We have elsewhere alluded to those who trespassed on the non-resident lands of Callicoon. At first those who lived near the borders of the town regarded the forests in their vicinity very much as people now look upon wild fruit and game. Christian kings by discovery acquired a right to the territory occupied by heathen and idolatrous men, and why should not one of the sovereign people own a pine or cherry-tree, or a bird's-eye maple, if he found it on land which was unoccupied? Men who believed that the purloining of a horse was a crime, never dreamed that they offended God or wronged their fellow-beings when they appropriated valuable timber belonging to another. When the owners began to look after and guard their property, these people imagined that they were deprived of an inalienable right.

Thousands of dollars worth of pine were stolen, and manufactured into shingles and boards. When George G. DeWitt moved to Youngsville, he found upon the land owned by his family several pine-trees that were four feet in diameter, which had been cut down and left upon the ground to rot, because they were too large to remove. All the pine used in building his residence was made from trees which had been felled by trespassers and left to spoil. While returning from the Elmen-dorf mill in 1834, Mr. DeWitt unexpectedly struck a log-road. Believing that he had a new neighbor, he followed it up until he found it lined with pine-logs which had been cut on his own land. He was amazed, and mentioned the circumstance to some of his neighbors, who told him in a significant manner that "it

would not be safe for him to watch *that* timber." Mr. DeWitt understood what was meant, and acted accordingly. Afterwards the evil-doers were less bold, and generally took away the logs in the night.

Near Mr. DeWitt's house was a white pine which towered far above the surrounding trees, and was a prominent object to the eye. After a temporary absence, he and his wife returned at night unexpectedly, and during the next morning, while engaged about his premises, he heard a great crash in the woods. Looking in the direction from which it came, he no longer saw the giant pine. It was gone. Going to the place where it stood, he found that it had just been cut down. The thieves, believing he was from home, intended to remove it during his absence, and had absolutely borrowed his cross-cut saw to cut it into logs!

Callicoon was made a town in 1842 by an act of the Legislature. On the 3d of May of that year a town-meeting was held at the house of George G. DeWitt, at which Olney Borden was elected supervisor without opposition.

The first white child born in the town was John, son of Edward Wood, whose life dates from the fall of 1814. He is now (1870) a resident of the State of Indiana.

The first missionary of Callicoon was Elder Enoch Owen, who lived in the valley of the Delaware. Hearing that a few families were living here far from Christian privileges, he found his way to them through the woods in 1820, and preached to them. The three households received him gladly, and as a token of their satisfaction, presented him with a half-bushel of rye, which he carried home on his shoulders. It is said that he continued to preach at Wood's once a month; that to reach the settlement he followed blazed trees when the snow was deep and the thermometer below zero; and that he was paid fifteen dollars per annum for his services! We do not give full credence to this report, because at that day very few families thus situated could afford to be so liberal!

We shall give a more full account of this reverend pioneer in our chapter on Cocheton and Delaware.

In the spring of 1834, Rev. Samuel M. Henderson, a minister of the Protestant Methodist Church, visited the Wood settlement, and preached in the log school-house which then stood near the residence (1870) of J. F. Royce. With Rev. Richard J. Crosby, Rev. Jacob Timberman and others, he had separated from the main body of Methodists, and labored with great zeal. They made many converts. Henderson, when he died in 1841, was president of the New York and New Jersey district of his Church. Crosby continued in Sullivan for a time; but finally took to law, politics and other evil ways. He died in Ellenville in 1871, poor and in misery.

Henderson's first congregation in Callicoon consisted of twelve persons. One of these was a young married lady who had been accustomed to worship as conducted in wealthy and refined communities. To her the scene was so novel that it was indelibly impressed upon her mind. The house was a pen of logs, the interstices of which were rudely filled with billets of wood and clay. Its only window was composed of four small panes of glass. Its roof was made of straw and mud. It had a "stick chimney," which was without jambs, and which projected from the side of the house, and partly rested on the ceiling. Fire was made directly under it on flat stones. The congregation generally was as primitive as the house. It could not be said that a majority of the females had been led astray by the pomps and vanities of fashion. Nearly all of them were without bonnets, and wore cotton kerchiefs on their heads.

The preacher was a tall, gaunt, plain man, whose attire, although scrupulously neat, proved that he did not labor for earthly emolument. He delivered a good sermon, and labored zealously for the spiritual welfare of these isolated dwellers of the wilderness.

During the next ten years, various preachers came to Callicoon, and held meetings in school and private houses. In the spring of 1844, Rev. Eli Denniston, a Methodist Episcopal minister of Monticello, visited the town and organized a class.

The pioneers of Callicoon were anxious to give their children the advantages of education. Their "hill of science" was located near the house of Ross C. Rumsey; it was surmounted by a temple made of logs, the interstices of which were filled with clay. A young man named Judson Laire, who is now (1870) living at Robertsonville, was the presiding genius. For his services he received his board—a compensation which would cause the Teachers' Association of Sullivan to black-ball him at the present time.

Deer continued to be quite numerous in the town until 1850, and some have been killed since that year. While there were but few inhabitants, there was no part of the State more attractive to the hunter than Callicoon. Solitary sportsmen, and sportsmen in companies of two or more, often went there in the fall of the year, and almost always brought back with them a good supply of venison. After the leaves fell from the trees, game could be discovered more readily, and there was no danger from snakes. Perhaps the largest rattlesnake ever seen in Sullivan was killed near Jeffersonville, in June, 1842. It was six feet in length, and its circumference was equal to an average man's leg. Our library was "adorned" for a time with the skin of the monster; but the sight of it was not pleasant, especially to nervous people, and we parted with it.

Deer-hunting sometimes was attended with danger, particularly in the rutting-season, when the males lose much of their timidity, and are occasionally aggressive even to the hunter. A man named Addison Mabin was nearly killed by one of the antlered beauties many years since. His clothes were reduced to tatters, and he was much bruised, but managed to get away with his life. That buck was a monster, and was much hunted. A party of gentlemen from Monticello once spent a week in beating the thickets of Callicoon for him, and only succeeded in rousing him with their hounds.

There were other times when hunting far from the settlements was hazardous. Sometimes a pleasant day in December would be succeeded by intense cold, and a heavy fall of snow. Six or eight miles from a house, with three feet of snow and the thermometer ten degrees below zero, afford a chilling subject for thought. Near the holidays of 1840, a hunter named Ezra P. Gates, of Liberty, was in the wilderness of Callicoon, when there was a sudden depression of the mercury and a snow-storm. He was missing several days, when a search for him took place, and he was found dead and frozen. It was supposed that illness and cold combined, and his situation far from those who would have applied proper remedies, were the cause of his decease.

Our readers have all heard of the adventure of Israel Putnam when he shot a wolf in its den. His performance was insignificant compared with that of some hunters of Callicoon who killed a panther in its lair—an animal many times more powerful and ferocious than the beast which was slaughtered by "Old Put."

On the 9th of March, 1843, the track of a very large panther was discovered, and a party of hunters turned out and followed the animal to its den in a ledge of rocks. They then closed up the passage to the lair of the beast so as to prevent its escape, and left. On the next day they returned with reinforcements, hoping to dislodge the animal and kill it. To do this, they removed the rocks until they had opened the passage for about twenty feet (about half-way), when they found the hole too small to admit a man, and the surrounding material immovable. A small lamp was then procured, which was attached to the end of a pole, and thrust, burning, so far into the passage that the "fiery eye-balls" of the monster could be seen. A candle was then placed in such a position that its light would shine on the barrel of a rifle, and thus enable the daring man who attempted to shoot the panther, to take sure aim. The first shot was fired by William Adams, who succeeded in wounding the game, which caused it to growl and scream so terribly that every one fled from the spot, fearing that the enraged creature would emerge and tear him into pieces. Soon, however, the fearful scene changed. Except a few contusions, the result of the scramble

over fallen tree-trunks and rocks, and through the surrounding undergrowth of bushes, no damage was done. One by one, the hunters obtained a furtive and timid view of the scene of terror. All was quiet. A hasty consultation ensued, after which the most daring of the company once more closed up the entrance of the den with rocks. Every one then went home.

On the third day, forty men and boys, about all the surrounding country afforded, assembled to enjoy the sport. They were armed with a great variety of weapons—rifles, shot-guns, bayonets, dirks, crow-bars, axes, hatchets, butcher-knives, etc. The plan of proceedings of the previous day, it was agreed, was the best. The rocks were rolled away from the entrance, and lights once more properly placed. Jonathan Adams, a brother of William, went into the passage as far as he could, and fired. The same scene followed as on the second day, with this difference: the crowd returned, and John Hankins, who subsequently committed suicide, fired the third time, prostrating the panther on the bottom of the den.

The next difficulty was to get it out. No one but a lad could enter; consequently the boys had a fair opportunity to exhibit their courage. One volunteered; but before he reached the lair, he literally "backed out" of danger. A spirited little fellow named William Lane then threw off his hat, coat and vest, and arming himself with a hunter's ax and a Spanish dirk, went in, accompanied by Mr. Hankins as far as the latter could get. While his friends were in almost breathless suspense, young Lane cautiously crept through the narrow passage, pausing occasionally to listen. The panther still exhibited signs of life, although it was *hors de combat*. As soon as he was within reach, he buried the blade of the ax in its brain, and then applied the dirk to its throat—a most hazardous performance. The young hero then ended his adventure by hauling out the panther, which measured nine feet, seven inches, from its nose to the tip of its tail.

An account of this adventure, written by John Hankins, was published at the time in the *Republican Watchman*.

Jacob and Cornelius Knickerbocker Schermerhorn (father and son) came to Jeffersonville in 1838. John, another son of Jacob, came about the same time. They were natives of Schoharie county. Jacob was a genial, cheerful and companionable man, who foresaw the future prosperity of the locality where he settled, and had full faith in the wisdom of making investments there; but died poor, at Callicoon Depot, a few years since. Cornelius did not long remain in the place. He removed to the far West, where he soon after fell a victim to the diseases peculiar to that region. The cabin of one of them stood near the site of

Isaac Anderson's office, and the other was near the site occupied by the residence of Frederick Scheidell.

The best route to Jeffersonville was then from Liberty by the way of Robertsonville and Youngsville—places then in embryo—thence over the hills to where Garrett, David and Edward Wood had long lived, and down the steep grade to the vicinity of Quick's saw-mill, on Buck brook. From Quick's to the Schermerhorns was only a foot-path. A gentleman who passed that way in February, 1840, when the snow was two feet deep, says the scene from the mill to the site of the future village inspired emotions akin to awe. The path was through a vast colonnade of sombre hemlocks, whose magnificent boles supported a canopy of vivid green, through which the sun could not penetrate; while beneath was a carpet of unstained snow—silent, cold, unruffled—the green and the white affording a striking contrast.*

Thomas S. Ward, a man of weight and vast corporeal substance, came to Jeffersonville in 1839, when none but the Schermerhorns lived there, and built one of the first frame-houses of the place. He is still living, and is one of the prominent figures of the town, so far as breadth and rotundity is concerned. In the early days of Callicoon, litigation was one of the few luxuries vouchsafed its denizens. Much money and time were wasted in trivial legal controversies. Mr. Ward, as an illegitimate lawyer, managed to thrive and grow fat on these neighborhood quarrels, until he applied for and received a license to practice in all the courts of the State, when, professionally and physically, he experienced a gradual collapse until he was so reduced in cubic inches and otherwise, that he became an active and efficient agent of a lightning-rod company.

Frederick Scheidell came three years later than the Schermerhorns, and in 1842 Abraham Schneider located in the village and built a saw-mill. Victor Hofer and other valuable immigrants also settled in the neighborhood, and in a few years Schermerhorn's anticipations became realities. Jeffersonville was a thriving village before the stumps of forest-trees had disappeared from its streets.

Youngsville was settled by Samuel M. Young, a member of the respectable Liberty family of Youngs, and was named in his honor. Young built a large log-house, the first saw-mill of the place, and established the first store. He was a man of much enterprise; but unfortunately for himself, his business capacity was impaired by indulgence in an appetite which has destroyed the brightest and best intellects of our country. John B. Spencer was another early comer, and when the Youngsville post-office

* Gideon Wales, in *Local Record*.

was established in 1851, was made its first post-master. During the latter year, Daniel Dimmick Quick, a son of Jacob Quick, built a hotel, and F. Bieling a grist-mill. The latter was a great convenience to a considerable section, as the people had been under the necessity of carrying their grain to Liberty or Pike Pond. Youngsville now contains two churches, two hotels, three stores and several shops, and about 250 inhabitants.

The settlement on the North-branch commenced about the year 1842, when several sons of Solomon Royce located there. A store was started at Callicoon Centre in 1849, by Robert M. Grant; a hotel in 1852 by Alois Thuman; a grist-mill in 1854 by Adam Sanders, and a saw-mill by a man named Williams in 1848. As late as 1847 there was an extensive pigeon-roost where there are now churches, stores, manufactories and handsome dwellings, and the region was a favorite resort for anglers and hunters. About this time, the writer of these lines, while in pursuit of trout, became bewildered in the woods of the North-branch, and narrowly escaped a night's lodging in the forest.

The village of North Branch seems to have been settled sooner than Callicoon Centre. There was a saw-mill there owned by a man named Merritt in 1843; a store (Clements & Stewart's) in 1845, and a blacksmith's shop owned by a man named Vandervoort. Mary Hunt taught the first school in a house owned by Henry Cannon, an early settler of excellent repute.

One of the interesting features of our history should be an account of the German settlements of Callicoon and the adjoining towns. These settlements commenced in 1840, although a Dutchman named Poli located near Jeffersonville as early as 1837. In 1847, it was estimated that two hundred and fifty German families were in Cohecton, Callicoon and Fremont, and in 1855, the State census shows that of the 2,649 residents of that nationality in Sullivan, 1,924 were in those towns. In addition to these, there were 171 from Switzerland in Cohecton and Callicoon.

Among the early settlers whose names we have not yet mentioned, were Charles Lutz, Melchior Abplanalp, John Ruff, Andrew Willi, Charles F. Langhorn, Henry Becker, John Mueller, Christian Barth, Philip Huff, Henry Rose and many others. Among those who settled in the Callicoon region at a later day, were Henry Wenzel, Christian Weintz, John Mersch, John G. Schindler, Valentine Hessinger, John M. Helck, etc.

The influx of German immigrants was mainly caused by Solomon Royce, a surveyor and land-agent of Thompson. He had charge of large tracts of land owned by William H. Denning and other non-residents, and seeing the importance of the Callicoon region, and knowing that great results would follow if he could induce thrifty and industrious foreigners to improve the country,

he caused to be printed large numbers of circulars and handbills in the German language, in which were set forth the advantages of settling in the north-western section of Sullivan. These were placed in the hands of those who had recently landed on our shores, and a few families were induced to try their fortunes in the *busch*. These adventurers, although they endured many hardships, were generally pleased with the country, and induced others to follow them. The result was most fortunate for Mr. Royce. He had been embarrassed in his circumstances until he was sixty years of age, when he commenced speculating in the unoccupied lands of Callicoon, and in a few years made a handsome fortune. He deserved good luck, because he was as kind to these strangers as if they were his own kindred. Very generally they paid for their land in "cash money," as they called gold and silver, and reserved, as they supposed, enough to supply themselves with necessaries until they could clear their land. But they were unused to the work of subduing forests. They were unskillful ax-men. Some had no teams for drawing together the rubbish left by fallow-fires, and with levers and handspikes rolled into heaps the trunks of trees. One (John Mueller) grubbed out every stump and removed every root and stone from his fields. Hence many were reduced to want before their lands yielded them a subsistence. We were assured by a settler named Weisheimer, who came to Jeffersonville before there was a road to it, by the way of Pike Pond, that he attempted to follow a line of marked trees from one place to the other, and lost the way. After wandering several hours in the trackless *busch*, weary and hungry, he came to a little settlement where there were half a dozen German families, and although he offered a five-franc coin to any one who would cover it with bread, he could not get a morsel to eat in the neighborhood. The entire community was on the verge of starvation! When such a calamity seemed inevitable, Mr. Royce generally made his appearance and averted the danger. If he had not done so, the settlements would have been broken up; and it may be said that, while he obeyed the promptings of humanity, he subserved his own interests.

Charles F. Langhorn built the first hotel of the town. Being threatened with pulmonary disease, he was advised to remove to a country abounding in hemlock, and he chose Jeffersonville as his new place of residence. The future village at that time was nameless, and was little better than a rude clearing in the woods. Nevertheless the idea prevailed that it would speedily become a place of importance; and to this idea probably Jeffersonville owes its existence. Mr. Langhorn's hotel was far in advance of the time and place, and led him into financial embarrassment and trouble which probably shortened his days.

Like a majority of his countrymen, he was an ardent admirer of the author of the Declaration of Independence. This caused him to name his hotel the Jefferson House. The name of the village followed as a natural consequence. The hotel founded by Langhorn still bears the name bestowed upon it.

The early German settlers of Callicoon were a religious people; but were not ascetic and puritanic in their habits and dispositions. They brought with them the genial and pleasant customs of the *Vaterland*. They also brought with them a genuine love of the Christian religion as it had been taught them by their parents and spiritual shepherds in Germany. Hence as early as 1842 they had formed a religious organization which had forty members, and was known as the "German Evangelical Lutheran Congregation on the Callicoon," of which Andrew Willi was president; Frederick Scheidell, cashier; Philip Weyrauch, John Mueller and Melchior Abplanalp, elders; Christian Barth, deacon; Henry Becker, trustee; and Victor Hofer, secretary. In 1845, Rev. Christian Sans was made pastor, and the building of a church-edifice commenced. This Mr. Sans was a fair specimen of the educated German gentleman. He was not only familiar with the solid branches of learning, but was versed in those polite arts which give charm to social intercourse. Many were surprised that a man of his attainments should bury himself in the woods for the benefit of a few pioneers who could hardly furnish him with the bare necessaries of life. Nevertheless, he labored zealously for their welfare by preaching to them, teaching a school, giving instruction in music, and soliciting donations outside of the town for the construction of their church. It was not long before he was interrupted in his work. A newspaper found its way into the settlement in which he was denounced as an immoral man. The officers of the church then investigated the charges against him, and found that they originated with a man named Henry Hiestand and his accomplices of New Orleans. After a careful inquiry, the officers declared that the reports were sheer fabrications and entirely false; that they were satanic calumnies; and that Mr. Sans was a faithful clergyman, as well as "a talented and capable pedagogue." In addition to this, the congregation evinced their undiminished confidence in him by electing him their pastor for life. He remained in Callicoon but a few months after this. In December, 1845, he went to Honesdale, where he became the pastor of a German Church. His removal was much regretted; but a worse calamity befell these denizens of the woods. Before their church-edifice was completed, it was leveled to the earth by a heavy wind! However, intelligent industry in time brought prosperity, and the church was completed. In 1855, the congregation changed its ecclesiastical relations and its name, when it was

received as a Presbyterian Church, and became known as the German Presbyterian Church at Jeffersonville. At present its communicants number seventy, and its property is valued at \$2,800.

That the inhabitants of Callicoon are a religious people is proved by the fact that, from the time when the influx of population commenced in 1840 to the year 1870, a new church-edifice was erected by them every three years. What town can boast of more than one church which was built during the first thirty years of its settlement?

There are in the town, one Presbyterian and one Methodist Episcopal church at Youngsville; one German Presbyterian, one Methodist Episcopal, one Roman Catholic, and one German Reformed at Jeffersonville;* one Methodist and one Reformed at Thumansville; one Methodist at North Branch, and one Roman Catholic between the latter place and Jeffersonville. Total number, 10.†

We propose to give instances of the experience of but a few German settlers. More than this would render this chapter monotonous.

In 1842, Henry Becker settled on the North-branch, near the present line between Callicoon and Fremont. His location was in the woods beyond the bounds of civilization. There was no road to it, and the only roads in the town were but poor apologies for highways. After paying for his land, he had but little, if anything left except his wife and children. He was ignorant of the language and customs of the country, and he had the double duty to perform of clearing his land and guarding against starvation. His prospect was a dark one, and it required keen eyes to discover consolation and encouragement in it. He labored humbly, patiently and persistently. In time, he cleared a small lot and sowed it with grain. His crop commenced growing finely; but wild animals were doing it much damage. Hoof-marks in the virgin soil declared what they were. His son was directed to watch the field, and soon saw a fine deer enter it from the woods. With his mouth watering for venison, he shot at it, when it disappeared like the "baseless fabric of a vision." Sad was the lad's disappointment, and sadder still was the family several days afterwards when they found the carcass of the deer in the woods. The game was too ripe even for a gourmand or a starving man. But experience brought better luck, and occasionally Becker's humble table was graced with a haunch of venison fit for a lord or Kaiser Wilhelm himself. And, ah! the reverential, scrutinizing, joyful eyes which then glowed

* This church, although in Jeffersonville, is in the town of Delaware.

† Statement of Arthur P. Childs.

around the board of this Christian family! Yet, notwithstanding an occasional feast, famine was an extremity which was sometimes visible even after Becker had gathered his crops. He was obliged to carry his grain on his back to Liberty, a journey which required three days for its performance. There was no road better than a trail through the woods, which was made visible only by marked trees. There were no bridges. The streams were crossed on fallen trees, and when floods or deep snows kept him from going abroad, and his stock of flour and meal was exhausted, his prospect was very disheartening. Even when everything was favorable, he parted from his family with much solemnity, calling on God for succor and protection during his necessary absence, and praying that their yearnings for reunion might be satisfied.

The questions may be asked, "Why did Becker and others continue to endure these hardships? Why did they not leave these lonely scenes of toil and suffering, and seek a more genial home?" The answer is a simple one. Their means were exhausted, and without means they could move but to worse scenes.

In 1844, Philip Huff, senior, settled in Callicoon. We do not know that this individual was a descendant of Samson or Hercules; but we are certain that he deserved such ancestry. He was a blacksmith, and a man of almost incredible strength. His sons inherited his physical power, and many anecdotes are told of them. One of them (Jacob) was as much noted for good-nature as for vigor of muscle. Ambitious pugilists were anxious to get the better of him; but never succeeded. He did not love to fight; but if cornered, and compelled to defend himself, he generally buttoned up his coat, and then with a single "wipe" of his flat hand, defeated his would-be assailant. He could carry home a barrel of flour on his shoulder, and it was sport for him to pitch barrels of pork into a wagon. On one occasion he was incensed at a neighbor whom he charged with purloining timber for building a log-barn, and threatened to demolish the building if certain logs were not paid for. This threat was derided by the accused, when Jacob placed his shoulder under the top-stick of a door, gave a hoist and the next moment the amazed and terrified offender saw his barn reduced to a heap of rubbish. Jacob thus proved that if Samson could tear away the pillars of a temple, he (Jacob) could at least upset the cattle tenement of a fellow-Dutchman. Our modern Hercules died in 1861. His decease was caused by irregular though not intemperate habits. The other children of Huff, the pioneer, are living in the vicinity of his location. The most prominent of them is Philip, jr., a lumberman of Fremont. It is said that he has the strength of half-a-dozen ordinary men.

In 1849, like many others who were seeking an El Dorado, came Charles Hahn, and settled near the place where Philip Huff's saw-mill was afterwards built. While living here, his wife, with some of her female neighbors, went to the valley of the Delaware. On their return, they became bewildered in the woods, and wandered about hopelessly for hours near their own cabins. A search was instituted for them, when their shrill cries caused their friends to find them.

Every new-comer was warmly welcomed, and his arrival caused a wave of congratulation to pass over the community. But settlers came so fast in a few years, and located in so many unexpected places, that it required an active mind to keep pace with the rapidly increasing population. Hahn's family were surprised one clear, bright morning, at hearing the crowing of a cock in an unexpected quarter. They were in advance of others, and did not know that any one lived so near to them. In a flutter of excitement they explored the woods, and found a new settler. The rooster was a true herald of advancing civilization.

In 1860, Charles Hahn was killed while cutting down a tree. His widow then became the head of the family, and by energy and perseverance overcame all obstacles, and is now surrounded by a happy and prosperous family.

The career of Valentine Hessinger shows what an enterprising man may accomplish, if he practices the frugality of the fatherland. Mr. Hessinger had a wife, children, and real estate, as well as goods and chattels, in his native country; yet for an inexplicable cause he left all behind him in 1849, and came to the United States. Hearing favorable accounts of the Callicoon country, he went to it bare-handed, but not bare-backed, and commenced living a new life in the woods. He first worked eighteen months in Inderlied's tannery for \$150. Then he peeled one hundred cords of bark. This he could not sell for money, and finally traded for merchandise. Next he spent a year in drifting around and speculating in a small way. After this, with a fellow-countryman named Leins, he hired a farm. The two kept bachelor's hall, endured many hardships, and found that their venture was unfortunate. Leins got married—his wife proved more prolific than the land he had tilled, and brought him good luck and prosperity as well as a numerous progeny. Hessinger opened a little grocery, in which he kept a few staple-articles. Although he was ridiculed as a vender of pea-nuts by a more pretentious rival, he steadily persevered in the business, and added to it as his means warranted. Economy and enterprise brought him prosperity and wealth, and now (1872) he has one of the most extensive mercantile establishments in that section of country.

Ernest Zeidler was one of the settlers on the North-branch.

He bought a lot north of "Sixteen," a little above what is now the village of Callicoon. His land covered a bold and precipitous ledge of rocks, in which was one of those cavities known as rock-cabins. This Zeidler fitted up as a temporary residence, and intended to occupy until he had time and means to construct a more desirable habitation. But Zeidler's right of possession was disputed. A bear had hibernated in the cave for several years, and one day discovered that our Dutchman had attempted to "jump" his (Bruin's) claim. The man's disregard of squatter-law, or something else, excited the natural ferocity of the brute, while the former did not lack animal courage. The two met near the entrance of the cave, and, instead of going to law like stupid bipeds, settled their dispute in accordance with the maxim, "Might makes right." After a brief fist-to-paw encounter, the bear ran away and troubled Zeidler no more.

In time Zeidler provided himself with better quarters; but his cabin, like the cabins of his neighbors, did not contain many household luxuries. Among other things, it was destitute of a looking-glass; and as he could not shave without one, he became almost as hirsute as the original occupant of his cave. Narcissus discovered his own beauty by gazing into a pool of water, and on a Sabbath-day our bush-whacker was found shaving himself over a pig-trough filled with the aqueous fluid! He had never heard of Narcissus; but he had found the reflector which made Narcissus immortal.

John M. Helck pursued a career similar to that of Mr. Hessinger. He came to America in 1845, and being without a trade or profession, after landing in an Atlantic city, engaged in such honest work as he could find. He at first carried coal into cellars on his back; afterwards became a clerk in a grocery, and ascended step by step to competence and respectability. In everything he was faithful and true. It was not so much what he earned as what he saved which laid the foundation of his fortune. Superfluities make the poor poorer, and reckless speculations often reduce the rich to want. Hard labor, self-denial and legitimate business transactions lead to wealth and true respectability; while riches acquired by overreaching others should give their possessor no better title to honor than that enjoyed by the successful highwayman. Although men like Mr. Helck may not be perfect in all things, we love to award them praise, and "whether they be Dutchmen or Yankees, we always doff our cap to them."

There were others who were not as successful as Messrs. Hessinger and Helck. Of these was the family of Alois Thuman, who brought with them ten thousand dollars, which was considered a handsome fortune by the first settlers. The Thumans enjoyed high social position; but, lacking foresight

and discretion, their estate gradually diminished until they found the level occupied by the majority of their neighbors. The place of their residence received one of its names in this way: At a convivial party, Mrs. Thuman agreed to furnish the wine, if those present would go upon the highway and shout "Thumansville." Since that night there has been "confusion in the craft" of the locality, some giving one word as the cognomen of the place, and some another.

Another who seemed to have a controversy with fortune was Aaron Frazer, an American. He was part-owner and the manager of a large tannery situated on the north branch of the Callicoon. Bark was cheap as well as labor, while leather was dear. Although he could absorb as much fiery fluid in proportion to his cubic inches as a sponge, he always appeared to be sharp and shrewd. While he was full of his favorite beverage, efforts were made to get the advantage of him in business transactions; yet no resident of the valley ever succeeded. The would-be-biter was always bitten. There was unlimited confidence in his financial ability. He should have become one of the magnates of the county, yet he became a bankrupt. When he failed, the shock prostrated, for a time, nearly the entire community. The tannery then passed into the hands of Hoyt Brothers, who retained Frazer for a time, and then dismissed him. Like that of unsuccessful men generally, his departure was not mourned by those he left behind.

Henry Wenzel was unlike the Thumans and Frazer. Although one of nature's noblemen, he was of humble lineage. He was born in Germany, where education is compulsory; yet he was defrauded of secular knowledge by a bigoted teacher, who supposed that lucid expositions of the catechism would fit a youth for both mundane and celestial affairs. After becoming a skillful cabinet-maker and carpenter, he married. Previously he had contributed to the support of his father's family. His father continued to demand of him a considerable portion of his earnings, and to escape from these exactions, the son emigrated to America. Nevertheless he was too well drilled in regard to his duty to altogether ignore his duty to his parents, for he continued to contribute toward their support as his own means permitted.

Believing that an ignorant man is no more fit to transact business than a fool is to wield a naked sword, he went to an evening-school in New York, where he learned what was necessary to fit him for the ordinary affairs of trade and traffic. Being frugal, prudent and industrious, he was in time able to engage in business in New York as a dealer in lumber, and to have in connection with his establishment a steam saw-mill. His trade gave him a thorough knowledge of what was needed by cabinet-makers and carpenters. His profits were considerable.

He was not long in attaining a competency, and ultimately became a wealthy man. His fortune was the result of legitimate business; for he never speculated in stocks, or engaged in hazardous enterprises.

When Mr. Wenzel landed in New York with his family, his entire capital consisted of three dollars in cash. This could not last forever; consequently he at once looked for honest employment; and while doing so he attracted the attention of a benevolent negro, who generously bestowed upon him the sum of six and a quarter cents. He never met his sable benefactor again, and hence had no opportunity to return the gift a thousandfold; but on each anniversary of the event, as long as he lived, he disposed of three dollars in such a way as to add to the sum of human enjoyment.

Among others upon whom he called soon after he landed, was a German gentleman named C. D. W. Lilliendahl. Mr. L. at once divined his necessities and true character, and unsolicited gave him eighty silver half-dollars, which he accepted, not knowing what was in store for himself and family in this (to him) strange country. Mr. Wenzel obtained employment, and in two months returned the identical coin which Mr. Lilliendahl had given him. This led to other business transactions between the two, and an enduring friendship, which bore important fruit. Years passed. Henry Wenzel became a prosperous man, whose weekly transactions amounted to many thousands of dollars. While he was negotiating for a cargo of mahogany, his old friend Lilliendahl called on him and told him that his sons had engaged in immoderate speculations, through which he had become embarrassed. His wants were great and immediate—failure was imminent, and he could look to no one for aid in his extremity. Mr. Wenzel at once declared that he could command his (Wenzel's) last cent; that he had money with which he expected to buy a ship-load of lumber; and that he should not use his cash for that purpose. He then drew a check for fifteen thousand dollars, which he presented to his friend, saying, "If you are able to pay it back, well and good; if not, say nothing about it, and the world shall be no wiser!" It *was* paid back in due time, thus proving that generosity and gratitude sometimes soar far above sordid selfishness, even in the business affairs of large cities.

At another time, one John Schneider of Williamsburgh, L. I., was published as a bankrupt. Schneider was an intimate friend of Wenzel, who lent him several thousand dollars without any security except what an *honest* bankrupt can give—his integrity. This enabled Schneider to retrieve his affairs, and in after-years, while prosperously prosecuting his business, he never forgot that he was saved from financial ruin by his friend, Henry Wenzel.

Mr. Wenzel's connection with the north-branch of the Callicoon dates from 1852. One of his daughters was afflicted with a nervous disease, and he was advised by physicians to take her to Callicoon, on account of its salubrious climate. This led to his residence in the town. In 1855, a flood occurred which rendered the valley far from inviting. He sympathized with the people, and spent considerable money in a prudent way to relieve their distress. His kindness was acknowledged and reciprocated. In 1857 he was induced to accept a nomination for Justice of the Peace, when he declared that he would not contribute one cent to his election, and, if elected, he would not accept a cent for his services. And he was better than his word, for he not only dispensed justice gratuitously, but generally sent away litigants *refreshed*. Many shared his bounty and munificence, and he never withheld from the worthy poor when they needed assistance. He hated duplicity, and loved innocent hilarity. He was a contributor to every good enterprise of a public character, and, although he was often consulted in regard to complex affairs, his judgment was ever found clear and far-reaching. At one time he paid a larger income-tax than any other man in the county, and, when questioned on the subject, would not admit that his income was really the greatest—but in his good-humored way claimed that his "returns" were *strictly* correct. On another occasion, he bought a dozen eggs of a neighbor; but on counting them found that there were but eleven. He called the attention of the egg-vender to the fact, and was told that one of them had a double yolk! On investigation, this proved to be true. The seller's shrewdness was so diverting that Wenzel forthwith paid for the dozen, and gave the egg-merchant a liberal libation besides!

In his old days, when his flesh would no longer yield to the exactions of his mind, he purchased the poorest and most stony tract of land in his vicinity, declaring that he would have occupation as long as he lived. He employed men and superintended the improvement of this land until it suited him, when nature yielded, and his active brain rested from its labors. He died October 21st, 1870.

Henry Wenzel denied to none of his children a liberal education, and trained them in such a way as to make them valuable citizens. His son, Adolphus E. Wenzel, who is prominent in the business affairs of Callicoon, and a rising politician, after completing his education, conformed to the good German custom of learning a trade. While other young men in his station of life were in pursuit of frivolous amusement, he was laboring in a machine-shop as a helper at a forge, and thus worked his way up until he was a thorough mechanic.

George F. R. Baker, the only son of a small but respectable

farmer of Thompson, was the first physician of Callicoon. In his boyhood he attended a district school, or fished, or hunted wild animals, as inclination led him. He was an expert as a woodland sportsman, became a successful teacher, wrote many acceptable articles of prose and rhyme for country and city journals, studied medicine, and as soon as he was extensively employed as a physician and surgeon, abandoned his profession to make pills for the million, and to practice dentistry. After several years of pinching want, he obtained lucrative employment in a dental establishment in New York; but was dissatisfied with a subordinate position—attempted to carry on the business on his own account—failed—separated from his wife—and after unavailing efforts to keep the wolf from his door, died. His last days were spent in a rude shelter in Callicoon.

Doctor Baker was a man of much ingenuity and some genius. While practicing medicine at Woodbourne, he was called suddenly to attend a man who was apparently dying with a disease of the throat. The upper part of his throat was closed by the disease, and he was dying from inability to breathe. Baker whipped out his lancet, and opened the man's windpipe below the affected point, inserted a goose-quill, and the patient breathed through the orifice until he was able to inhale air in the natural way.

Baker's misfortunes resulted from instability. As soon as he could do anything passably well, he lost his interest in it, and turned his attention to another channel. As a physician he was remarkably successful. If he had made medicine the business of his life, he would have won a competence and a respectable position in society.

In December 1853, Isaac Anderson opened a law-office in Jeffersonville. He was, in the strictest and best sense of the term, a self-made man—the arbiter under God of his own fortunes.

He was born near Monticello in 1825. His father, Joseph Anderson, was a poor man, who was sometimes a farmer, sometimes a lumberman, and occasionally followed both of these callings at the same time. He seldom lived in one place long; but moved from one locality to another, always hoping to better his condition, and generally meeting disappointment. In 1843, he removed to Beechwoods, near Jeffersonville. At that time, this region, with its cheap and fertile lands, was a land of promise to the poor and industrious. There Joseph Anderson and his sons cut and hewed the necessary timber for the cabin which they made their home, and there they cleared fields from which they obtained food for the family.

Until he was twenty-one years of age, Isaac labored for his father at farm-work and lumbering, having, as he was in the habit of saying, "plenty of hard times, hard work and a scarcity

of schooling." When he reached his majority, there was not in the county a more uncouth young man or one less versed in the laws which regulate civilized society. He was humble, diffident and modest, and had a painful sense of his own lack of cultivation. With him the years usually devoted to the acquisition of education had passed away, and he stood on the verge of manhood where American youth engage in the active duties of life, ignorant of everything except the rudiments taught in our humblest schools, and the fact that a few, a very few had conquered the difficulties which stared him in the face, and taken respectable positions in life. Could he do so? Could he, a poor, unlearned boy, whom few respectable professional men would have taken as a student, first acquire an education without the assistance of a human being, and then become a learned and influential lawyer? The declaration of such hopes would have exposed him to the ridicule of every one who knew him.

E. H. Pinney, who afterwards became a lawyer, then taught a district school in a rude log-house near the residence of Joseph Anderson. Under him Isaac placed himself for a part of two winters. Commencing with the lads of the neighborhood, among whom he seemed like a giant among pigmies, he made rapid progress. During the first summer, in company with a man named John Brown, he contracted to peel a quantity of bark for O. B. Wheeler, of the Pike Pond tannery. Here he worked industriously from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and from two to four hours at night were devoted to his books. He hoarded his earnings with miserly care, not because he loved money, but because it brought to him intellectual life. After his second winter's attendance at the school kept by Mr. Pinney, young Anderson found he had money enough to pay his expenses for a few months at a school of a higher grade. On foot, with a trunk containing his effects lashed upon his shoulders, he started for Westtown, Orange county, where a teacher named Abijah Calkins enabled him to lay the foundation of a classical education. After he was elected Judge of his native county, he gave us a humorous account of his journey, and a minute description of the trunk. It was a small hair-trunk, and its contents did not make it hard to carry. He was too manly to be ashamed of his humble condition in early life.

"The following winter, he taught school in the Borden district of Callicoon. Thence he went to a select school established by O. H. Bush, in which Rev. James Petrie, of Liberty, was instructor in the classics. Afterwards he taught at Divine's Corners, and at Fallsburgh.

"During this and other years, many long nights were spent in debates, thus training his mind for the activities of the bar. He and his comrades, following paths marked by blazing the trees

through the wilderness, frequently gathered in school-houses for their debates and spelling-schools. In such exercises he wore off in some measure his great diffidence.

"Needing money, and still bent on overcoming every obstacle in the attainment of education, in the summer of 1840, he and his brother John rented the saw-mill formerly connected with E. A. Clark & Co.'s tannery, in Jeffersonville.

"In the winters of 1849 and 1850, he taught school at Barryville, and, while teaching others, added to his own burden by becoming a student, having the privilege of using the law-books of John W. Johnston. For two or three years after this, his law-studies were pursued alone—in the saw-mill, 'reading a page while the saw was passing through the log'—digesting and assimilating legal pabulum, while his strong arms were earning food to nourish his body.

"In 1853, he spent about one month in the law-office of Albert J. Bush, at Parksville. At the term of the Supreme Court, held in December of that year, Amasa J. Parker, Ira Harris and William B. Wright, Justices, he was admitted as an attorney and counselor-at-law. Thereafter his course was onward and upward, until his name became a tower of strength to his clients, a dread to his opponents, and his rank as a lawyer an exalted one.

"In 1859 he was elected District Attorney of the county for three years, and in 1862 County Judge and Surrogate for four years. In 1866, he was a candidate for Congress; but was defeated by Charles H. Van Wyck. In 1868, he was made an attorney, proctor, counselor and advocate of the District Court of the United States."*

On the 3d of February, 1871, he died, in the 46th year of his age.

Isaac Anderson was not in any respect a brilliant man. His arguments were plain, cogent, earnest, logical. Law, justice, truth, equity, were the weapons he used in his forensic encounters. He lacked fervor, warmth, imagination. Hence he never startled his hearers with bursts of eloquence, or melted their hearts with pathos. He never reached a point with an electric bound; but plodded his way slowly and surely, concentrating all his powers upon the task of the moment, and compassing his ends with remarkable certainty.

When about twenty-one years of age, he became a member of the Baptist Church, and maintained a nominal connection with it until his death.

He had his foibles. In some things he was frail, weak and erring. Let us hope that the agony of his repentance was not unavailing with Him who pardoned the vilest of sinners, when,

* *Local Record*, February 10, 1871.

humble and self-abased, they sought his mercy; or at least, conscious of our own transgressions, let us place the shield of charity over a single blot on the otherwise fair record of his life, and screen his memory from ruthless censure. "Let no man boast."

On the first of August, 1855, nearly every bridge and dam of the north and east branch of the Callicoon was destroyed by a flood. Horton & Co., William H. Curtis & Co., Inderlied Brothers, and other lumbermen and tanners were losers to large amounts. The damage was estimated at \$60,000. A dwelling house, occupied by a man named Riscard and his wife and infant child, was entirely demolished. On the previous evening, the family retired to rest in apparent security, and at 1 o'clock A. M. were aroused by the water rushing into their bed. Riscard hastily jumped through a window and escaped. In a few moments afterwards, the house and all it contained were borne away by the angry flood. The child was found several hours afterwards among some drift-wood, and was still alive. The mother was drowned.

Other floods occurred in 1857 and in 1869, which destroyed an immense amount of property. The surface of the country will cause the recurrence of similar disasters in this town as well as Fremont.

On the 16th of October, 1857, a boy named Henry Staibe, and another named Jacob Neumann, junior, while at the house of Henry Becker, had a trifling dispute, when the former seized a gun and shot his companion, who soon after died. Staibe was arrested and held to await the action of the Grand Jury at the next Circuit Court. That body, after hearing all the testimony, refused to find a bill against young Staibe.

On the 8th of September, 1868, Mary, a daughter of Alanson Seager, was murdered by her uncle, Noah Bigelow, near her father's residence, in the vicinity of North Branch.

Bigelow was born in Delaware county, in 1832, and had one brother and one sister. While they were yet small, their mother became a religious fanatic, and considered it her duty to abandon her husband and her helpless offspring, and join the Shakers. Noah's brother died in childhood. His sister married, became a pauper, and died insane. Noah himself was a vicious youth of weak intellect. He frequently assaulted his father, and was turbulent and unmanageable. While yet a boy, he was struck by lightning, which seemed to daze his infirm mind. His brain was still further enfeebled by bad habits. After he married, he became almost helpless, and at the time of the murder, subsisted on the charity of his neighbors and the aid furnished by the Overseer of the Poor of Callicoon.

Mary Seager, his victim, was ten years old, and physically

inferior to girls of her age. On the morning of her death, she started from her father's house to drive some cows to a pasture lot, and was followed by Bigelow (who lived not far off) until she reached a lonely place, where he overtook her, and after attempting to violate her person, beat her head with his cane until she was dead. He then placed a log on her head, and returned home.

As soon as the child was missed, her friends searched for her, and discovered her dead body where her brutal slayer had left it. Her skull was smashed, and mingled bones, brains and blood were scattered about. On examination, tracks of heelless boots were found near the corpse, and as it was known that Bigelow wore such boots, he was at once suspected, and charged with the crime. Blood was on his clothing. This confirmed the suspicions of those who gathered at the scene of the tragedy, who attempted to extort a confession from him, and even hung him twice until he was nearly dead; but he stubbornly refused to admit that he was guilty. His cane was then examined. It was a heavy stick, with the knob of a door fastened to one end. He had washed it, and, as he believed, removed all evidence of the foul deed; but on removing the knob, blood, hair and brains were discovered. Finding that further denial was useless, Bigelow then made a full confession, in which he declared that he had previously made an indecent assault on the murdered girl, of which she had complained to her father; that to save himself from the resentment of her father for the last attempt, he had killed her; that he wished to be revenged for the manner in which her friends had used him, etc.

Intense excitement prevailed in the neighborhood for a time, and many were determined to execute the wretch as soon as a rope could be procured; but better counsel prevailed, and he was consigned to jail in Monticello. In due time he was indicted for the crime of murder, and at the next May term of the Oyer and Terminer he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung. The defense was insanity; but it was not sustained by the evidence. Benjamin Reynolds, who was then District Attorney, and Archibald C. Niven appeared for the people, and William J. Groo for the prisoner.

When Bigelow was sentenced, he was a pitiable object. He was so much prostrated by confinement and self-abuse, that he could not stand, and was held upon his feet by an officer of the Court, while he listened in an apathetic and stupid manner to the words which doomed him to the halter. Hanging such a miserable wreck of humanity was revolting to some, who made efforts to secure a commutation of his sentence. An application was presented to the Governor of the State, who despatched Doctor J. S. Mosher, Surgeon-General, to ascertain Bigelow's

condition. On an examination of the condemned man, and a consultation with Drs. B. G. McCabe and Edward F. Quinlan, who were familiar with the prisoner's case, the Surgeon-General made his report, and the Governor refused to change the sentence of the Court.

Several clergymen visited Bigelow previous to his execution; but found him insensible to spiritual influences. He shed tears when made to comprehend the fate which awaited him; but exhibited no remorse for his crime. His sorrow was not for what he had done; but what awaited him.

Bigelow was executed on the 15th of July, 1869, by Benjamin W. Winner, Sheriff of the county. He was attended in his last moments by Rev. Walter Scott Brown of the Reformed, and Rev. Robert Tarleton of the Methodist Church. The former made a few remarks, and asked the doomed man whether he repented, and hoped for Heavenly pardon? He replied in a manner not very satisfactory, "Yes, I hope so." After hanging until he was dead, his remains were taken away and buried.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CALLICOON.—About 1840, Rev. Samuel Pelton and Rev. James Petrie attempted to organize a Presbyterian Church in Callicoon. A meeting was held for that purpose; but the effort proved abortive, because there was but one male (George G. DeWitt) who proposed to be a member of the congregation, while it was necessary to have two for elders.

The first Presbyterian Church of the town was formed on the 7th of May, 1844, as appears from the following record:

"COLLIKON, May 7th, 1844.

"According to public notice, a meeting was held at the house of George G. DeWitt, for the purpose of organizing a church. The following persons appeared, and requested to be formed into a church to be called the 1st Presbyterian church of the town of Collikoon, under the care of the Presbytery of Hudson, and in connection with the General Assembly of the Presby. ch. in the U. S. of A.: Geo. G. DeWitt, Stephen Carrier, Julia De Witt, Margaret Carrier, Rebecca W. Beadle, Rebecca Bogart, Caroline M. Rumsey, Susan Wood, Mary Hopkins, Mary Wood, and Delia Young.

"Stephen Carrier, Rebecca W. Beadle, Caroline M. Rumsey, Susan Wood, Mary Hopkins and Mary Wood having been examined as to their doctrinal and experimental knowledge, were, with others who were received from other churches, constituted into a branch of the church of Jesus Christ by exhortation and prayer. Caroline Rumsey was baptized after a sermon from Gen., 45: 24.

"George G. DeWitt was unanimously elected to be the first Ruling Elder in this church. Present, William B. Reeve and James Petrie, ministers.

"Sat., June 1st.—A meeting was held at school house. Sermon preached by Rev. James Petrie, after which David Wood, Jeremiah Wood and Eliza Bush were admitted upon examination as members of this church. Geo. G. DeWitt was ordained as Ruling Elder.

"Stephen Carrier was elected Elder of said church June 19th, and ordained June 22d.

"June 30th, 1845. — A meeting was held to elect Trustees. Geo. G. DeWitt, Jacob Quick and Ross C. Rumsey were elected Trustees.* John Mole and Stephen Carrier, presiding officers."

In the fall of 1845, a subscription-paper was circulated to procure means to build a church-edifice, to which were added the names of seven persons. The first subscribed "one hundred dollars in lumber and labor;" the second, "oil and paint necessary for 2 coats;" the third, "ten dollars worth labor with team;" the fourth, "ditto;" the fifth, "twenty dollars;" the sixth, "ten dollars worth labor with team;" the seventh, "900 feet pine boards, and 5000 hemlock shingles." Besides the above, the sum of \$208 was donated by persons living in the city of New York, and \$46 by others living in Scotchtown and Mount Hope.

Contracts were subsequently made with Archer G. Wood for the necessary timber; Lewis Dickinson and Peter Palmetier for the carpenter work; and for plastering with Henry Gurd.

The building was finished in the fall of 1847, and opened for service. In 1860, it was taken down, removed to Youngsville, and rebuilt where it now stands.

In 1844. Rev. James Petrie and Rev. James Reeves preached as missionaries occasionally in the school-house of District No. 1. In 1845 and 1846, Rev. John Mole, of Cohecton, was engaged to preach every two weeks for \$50 per year. Some extraordinary facts will be related of him in our history of Cohecton. From 1846 to 1859, the Church was supplied with preachers from Hudson Presbytery. In the latter year, Rev. F. A. Crane was engaged as stated supply, and continued to officiate until 1871, except in 1864 and 1865.

The Reformed Church of Jeffersonville was formed in 1852, and its pastors have been: W. Wolf, from 1853 to 1854; Julius Hones, 1854-8; F. W. Riedel, 1858-61; John Bøhrer, 1862-5. Mr. Riedel embraced Roman Catholicism; but recanted in 1867. John Bøhrer's conduct ultimately caused the faithful and pious

* Book of Deeds No. 22, p. 473.

members of his Church much sorrow. Rev. William Elterich is the present pastor. The church-edifice was completed in 1854.

In 1856, a Reformed Church had its birth at Thumansville. John Boehrer became its pastor in 1862, and was succeeded by H. F. F. Schnellendruessler, a graduate of the Collegiate Gymnasium at Gumbinnen, East-Prussia, in 1868.

The same gentleman had charge of the Church at Milesville, which dates from 1858.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, JEFFERSONVILLE.—Rev. John Ranfeisen labored here for the spiritual welfare of the German Roman Catholics as early as 1843. In 1860, the church-edifice was commenced. On the 22d of June, 1865, Archbishop McCloskey consecrated it, on which occasion he confirmed 105 persons. Rev. Joseph Roesch was the priest in charge for several years.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF CALLICOON.

From		To
1842.....	Olney Borden.....	1844
1844.....	John Hankins.....	1847
1847.....	George G. DeWitt.....	1848
1848.....	Olney Borden.....	1849
1849.....	George G. DeWitt.....	1851
1851.....	Samuel W. Jackson.....	1853
1853.....	Benjamin W. Baker.....	1854
1854.....	Aaron Fraser.....	1856
1856.....	Isaac Anderson.....	1857
1857.....	Egbert A. Clark.....	1859
1859.....	Aaron Fraser.....	1860
1860.....	George G. DeWitt.....	1861
1861.....	Victor Hofer.....	1863
1863.....	Josiah Smith.....	1864
1864.....	Eleazer Morgans.....	1865
1865.....	Josiah Smith.....	1866
1866.....	Egbert A. Clark.....	1869
1869.....	Edward H. Pinney.....	1871
1871.....	Alpheus Potts.....	1872
1872.....	Adolphus E. Wenzel.....	1874

CHAPTER VI

THE TOWNS OF COCHECTON AND DELAWARE.

From 1743 to 1798, these towns were in the precinct and town of Mamakating; from 1798 to 1809 in Lumberland; and from 1809 to 1828 in Bethel. By an act of the Legislature, Cochection was taken from Bethel in 1828.*

The surface of Cochection and Delaware is marked by ridges and narrow valleys. The river bottoms are composed of sandy loam, and are very fertile, while the uplands are well adapted to pasturage. The mouth of the Callicoon, it is said, is 777 feet above the ocean level, and the mean elevation of the towns is probably not less than 1300 feet. The leading pursuit of the early white residents was lumbering. After the construction of the New York and Erie Railway, the manufacture of sole-leather became an important industry, while the advent of several hundred hardy and industrious German farmers made agriculture notable.

There are four or five small lakes in these towns; but no elevations which can properly be called mountains. The principal streams are the Callicoon and its branches, and Ten Mile river. The latter reaches the Delaware, after crossing the town of Tusten.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Town and Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
Cochecton 1830.....	438	\$64,355	\$273.89	\$401.91
“ 1840.....	622	70,812	216.15	247.68
“ 1850.....	1,671	99,665	505.14	671.36
“ 1860.....	3,174	317,540	653.51	2,292.68
“ 1870.....	1,480	104,421	669.50	2,551.16
Delaware 1870.....	1,998	125,045	1,866.00	3,645.29

The population of Cochection and Delaware in 1870 was 3,478.

* The first town-meeting was held at the house of Stephen W. Gedney, in the old village of Cochection, March 3, 1829, at which James C. Curtis was elected Supervisor; Moses Calkin, Town Clerk; Nathan Moulthrop, Alfred Nearing and Moses Calkin, Assessors; John Hill, James Ross and David Young, Commissioners of Highways; Squire Marsh, Bezaleel Calkin and Clark Brown, Commissioners of Common Schools; Charles Whipple, John F. Avery and William Brown, Inspectors of Common Schools; Stephen Mitchell and George Hill, Overseers of the Poor; Stephen W. Gedney and George Hill, Constables; and Stephen W. Gedney, Collector.

We should not hastily conclude from what others as well as ourselves have written, that in the year 1700, Sullivan was a *terra incognita* to all except the red man and the Dutch and French who occupied Minisink and the lower Magh-ah-ke-mack (Neversink) valley. As early as 1687, all this region had been thoroughly explored, and the points important to military men were well known. On the 22d day of February of that year, Governor Dongan, in his report to the Committee of Trade,* after urging that the line between the province of New York and "Mr. Penn's possessions" should run from "41° and 40' in the Delaware river" (Cochecton) "to the Falls upon the Susquehanna," said:

"To preserve the Beaver and Peltry trade for this (New York) and Albany, and to be an encouragement to our Beaver hunters, I desire I may have orders to erect a Campayne Fort upon Delaware River in 41° 40'; another upon Susquehanna where his Mat'y shall think fit Mr. Penn's bounds shall terminate. And another at Oneigra near the great lake in the way where our people goe a Beaver hunting or trading," etc.

From this it appears that the white beaver-hunters and traders needed protection during their visits or residence in the north-west part of Sullivan. From another paragraph of the report, it appears that it was necessary to protect them against apprehended hostility of the French, and not the Indians.

Any one who has a map of the country printed in the last century, on which the Indian trails through the wilderness are laid down, will find, on examination, that Dongan's recommendation was a wise one.

The third permanent lodgement made within the limits of Sullivan by white men was at Cochecton, as the valley of the Delaware from Callicoon or Turkey creek to the mouth of Ten Mile river was designated a century ago.

On the banks of the river, near the present village of Cochecton, was an Indian village of some note, where the savages of the surrounding country met to observe their ancient customs. Here they had their green-corn dances, their dog festivals, their games of ball, etc., and here, according to an ancient tradition, which has been nearly lost amid the din and whirl of modern days, lived the celebrated Lenape sage and Yankee saint, Tammanend, Tammaning, or Tammany. William L. Stone says that he lived in the middle of the 17th century; that he was a sagacious and virtuous sachem; that in his youth he resided in the country which is now Delaware; and that he afterwards settled on the banks of the Ohio. In truth, little or nothing reliable is known concerning this heathen saint. The first

* Documentary History of New York.

settlers claimed that his lodge was on the Skinner farm, and the "Admiral" loved to designate his valley-land as St. Tammany's Flats. When the people of Cochection were more familiar with the facts than they are now, a Masonic organization of the place was known as Tammany lodge, No. —, which name was bestowed to commemorate Tammany as a local celebrity. The claim of Cochection is really not inconsistent with the assertion that he lived in the State of Delaware. The Indians were a nomadic race. They moved from locality to locality as their whims and necessities impelled them. If Tammany in his youth lived in Delaware, he undoubtedly was at times in Cochection, and roamed over the neighboring hills in search of game, and had a wigwam in the valley, in which was cooked his samp and venison, and in which he reposed after his tramps over the neighboring hills.

The early settlement of Cochection may be attributed to several causes.

While New Jersey claimed the east bank of the Delaware as far as Station Rock, Connecticut claimed the lands west of that river. We propose to give a history of the "Jersey claim" in another place, and therefore will omit it here; but as the people of the eastern province planted the first permanent settlement in the valley at Cushetunk, it is proper to show why they did so in this chapter.

The charter of Connecticut, which was granted in 1621, confirmed by the King of Great Britain during the same year, and again confirmed by him in 1662, granted to that colony all the lands west of it, to the extent of its breadth, from sea to sea, except what was "then actually possessed or inhabited by any other Christian prince or State."* This exception covered no part of the Dutch colony of New Netherlands, which extended to the Delaware river; but the enterprising Yankees were inclined to make the exception read, "then actually possessed *and* inhabited," etc.; and when they attempted to avail themselves of their alleged right, they were not careful which bank of the river they took possession of, provided it was not inhabited, and the land was desirable. Cushetunk was within the latitude of Connecticut, and the latter claimed the pre-emptive right to territory of the prescribed width, extending from the Delaware to the Pacific ocean. Previous to 1651, several inhabitants of that Province purchased lands situate in the vicinity of the South river, and proposed to occupy a section of the valley, but Governor Stuyvesant threw obstacles in their way. These the Yankees threatened to remove by force.† The threat, how-

* Trumbull's History of Connecticut. W. L. Stone's History of Wyoming.

† Stone's Wyoming. See also Gordon.

ever, was a mere bravado, and the Yankee project of belting the continent slumbered for a century.

In the meantime, William Penn and the Proprietors of New Jersey obtained charters which covered all the lands in Pennsylvania and New Jersey claimed by Connecticut. The right of the former to what was granted to them was undisputed until 1753, when the Yankees revived their claim, and in 1754, the Susquehanna Company, consisting of six hundred adventurers who resided principally in Connecticut, bought of the Six Nations, at Albany, a tract of land which was bounded by a line drawn ten miles east of the Susquehanna river, was as broad as Connecticut, and extended one hundred and twenty miles west. The Quakers pronounced this purchase irregular, as it was not made in open council, but of a few Indians privately, while some of the latter were drunk on liquor furnished by the Yankees. However this may be, the purchasers paid the natives a fair price, probably quite as much as their assailants would have given.

About the same time, another organization of Yankees, known as the Delaware Company, bought the region situate between the Delaware and the eastern bounds of the Susquehanna Company's territory, and under its auspices, a settlement was commenced at Cushetunk in 1757. We have no authentic account of a settlement here previous to this date, although it is probable that an Englishman named Moses Thomas was located on the Thomas farm as an Indian trader as early as 1750. A tradition of his descendants, who held this farm for more than one hundred years, and were second in respectability to no residents of the valley, is the basis of this supposition.

We do not propose to give a full account of the controversy which ensued between the Yankees and the Pennhamites. It was more bitter and bloody than the contest in modern times for the control of Kansas. The colony of Wyoming, as the emissaries of the Susquehanna Company were designated, were generally successful; but when they were hard pressed, they sent to their friends and co-operators at Cushetunk for assistance.*

In the fall of 1763, the settlers of Wyoming and of Cushetunk were massacred or driven away by the subjects of Teedyuscung, the Delaware king. At that time no less than thirty families were living in the last named colony, who had planted themselves on the river flats from the mouth of Ten Mile river to

* In September, 1770, the Yankees of Wyoming, finding themselves besieged in Fort Durkee by the Pennhamites under Captain Ogden, sent an express under cover of the night to their brother-colonists of Cushetunk for aid. Supposing that Ogden would guard the path to the Delaware, the messenger undertook to go by another way; but fell into Ogden's hands. [See Stone's History of Wyoming.]

that of the Callicoon creek. The latter did not remain away long; but returned to the valley as soon as they could do so safely.

At first, the main route to Wyoming was by the way of Cushtunk. The red men had made the latter the site of one of their villages—probably the most important one located on the river above Carpenter's Point, and to it led the great trails from the villages of other clans and tribes. One of these was to the headwaters of the Lackawaxen *via* Calkins' creek; thence across the Moosic to the Indian village of Capouse on the Lackawanna; thence by various routes to Wyoming, Oquaga, etc. In the winter and spring of 1769, when the Yankees made another attempt to gain a foothold on the Susquehanna, and sent two hundred and forty souls to take possession of the country, their emissaries passed through Cushtunk, and over this trail. Hollister says that they then improved it as they proceeded on their way. Some time after this, a better route was opened to and from Stroudsburgh.

The claim of each Company had the same basis; but the eastern settlement is less noted in history, because it was less formidable to the Quaker government of Pennsylvania. The other was more pestiferous than the plagues of Egypt. It was irrepressible. Large numbers, attracted by the fat lands of the Susquehanna, left the stony hills of Connecticut, armed to the teeth, and swelled the settlements and the ranks of the territory of Wyoming. The Quakers loved peace; but they loved their earthly possessions more. They sent troops to drive the intruders away; but the Yankees, although sometimes beaten, generally maintained their ground. They were the original squatter sovereigns of our country, and sturdily did they defend their assumed immunities. At the Declaration of Independence, they were seemingly securely seated in the country, with all the forms and securities of an established government.

During the war with Great Britain, none deserved more applause than these adventurers; and, alas! none suffered more; for while their able-bodied men were defending less exposed localities, their wives and children and gray-haired parents were massacred by savages and Tories—tortured to death with fiendish ferocity, and driven into the wilderness to perish.

After the revolted Colonies had won their freedom, the controversy was renewed, and led to considerable disorder. The State in the meantime had dispossessed the heirs of William Penn of their inheritance in that Commonwealth, and Pennsylvania claimed the territory which the Quaker Proprietors had not sold. The question as to the title of Connecticut to these lands was submitted to a national tribunal, and the final decision, which was not rendered until 1799, was adverse to the Yankees.

The settlers of the Delaware Company did not feel the hand of the Quakers as heavily as those of the other association because they did not carry their heads so high. They were weak. They probably never numbered fifty able-bodied men. Hence, with true Yankee policy, they kept the Quakers quiet, by paying the latter for such land as they wished to improve. Thus Daniel Skinner and Company, of Cushetunk, after acquiring what title was possible under Connecticut, fortified themselves with the following document:

“December ye 10 A D 1761 Whereas we Augustus Hunt and Thomas Corbin of New York Government have obtained a warrant of Philadelphia Land office For thirty thousand Acres of Land which is a hundred Rites three hundred acres to a rite ten of which Rits We allow to be Daniel Skinners and Company according to the terms of the Warrant With us and Company as Witness our hands

THOMAS WALLING

AUGUSTUS HUNT

THOMAS CORBIN.”

[Endorsed on the back—“Hunt has paid for 9 of these Rights. Dan'l Skinner.”*]

In 1770, Daniel Skinner obtained a warrant for 140 acres of land from the Pennsylvania Land Office, and on the 3d of May, 1775, received a patent from Thomas and John Penn. He was largely interested in land affairs in both the Delaware and Susquehanna purchases, as well as the McDonald patent of Orange county.

That the Delaware Company claimed on the east as well as the west side of the Delaware, the following deeds prove:

“To all people to whome these presents shall come Greeting Know ye that I Timothy Wents of Canterbury in the county of windham and Colony of Connecticut in New england Practitioner of Physick For and in consideration of the sum of three pounds in Lawfull Money paid in hand by Mr. Daniel Skinner of Newtown In Sussex County New Jersy have Given Granted Bargained alowd Conveyd & Confirmed & by these presents sell Convey and Confirm and make over and assign unto him the sd Daniel Skinner and to his heirs and assigns for Ever one half Share or Right in the Delaware Purchase of Lands on the East and west sids of the Delaware River which sd Wents purched of Henry Walton To have and to hold the same with all privileges and Appurtences Thereof to him sd Daniel Skinner to his

* Copied from the original, and presented to the author by the late Nathan Skinner of Damascus, Pa., together with copies of other deeds which follow.

hairs and assigns for Ever in witness whereof I the sd Timothy Wents have hereunto set my hand and seal this second Day of this Instant January Anoque Domine 1760.

Sealed and delivered in the presents of us
 TIMOTHY WENTS
 NATHAN CLARK
 AMBROSE BLUNT."

"To all People to whome these Presents shall come Greting Know ye that I Alpheus Gustin of Newtown in the County of Sussex and Collony of New Jersey for and in Consideration of the sum of five Pound Lawful money of New Jersey paid in hand by Dan'l Skinner of the town and County aforsd I have Given Granted Barganed sold Convaed and Confirmed and do by these Presence sell Convey and Confirm and make over and asign unto him the sd Danl Skinner and his heirs and assigns forever one fourth Part of a right of Land in the Delaware Purches Lying on East and West side of Delawar River one hundred acres thereof being Laid out in the middle town I being a proprietor and had a half Right in sd Purches as the Indian Deed will make it appear more fully to have and to hold the same With all the Privileges and appurtnance thereof to him the sd Dan'l Skinner to his heirs and assigns forever furthermore I the s'd Alpheus Gustin Do Bind my heirs and assigns Forever to Warrant and Defend sd fourth part of a Right From all Claims and Challenges that may or shall arise by or under me or Either of the Proprietors of s'd Purchas or Either of us or heirs or assigns forever In Witness Whereof I the said Alpheus Gustin have hereunto set my hand and seal this Twentieth day of february in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty

ALPHEUS GUSTIN
 Sined Sealed and Delivered in the presance of
 ALPHEUS GUSTIN
 her
 MARY ✕ BUCK
 mark."

From the following it appears that, notwithstanding the settlement of the controversy between New York and New Jersey in July, 1769, the latter province continued to exercise jurisdiction over the people of Cushetunk:

"EASTON, 17 April 1772

"Mr James Welsh

Inclosed you will receive a Warrant against Daniel and Hagga Skinner For beating and wounding several Indian Cheafs of the Oneida Tuskarora and Mohickan Indians

which in its consequences may involve the province in a bloody war with those Indians unless the aforesaid Daniel and Hagga Skinner are brought to condone punishment: according to law: You are therefore commanded to proceed to Coshethton taking with you sufficient strength and bring them before me to answer for their miss conduct and irregular proceedings And this you are by no means to neglect or Fail in at your peril And I do Further require that you will execute the said Warrant within the space of Fourteen days From the time you receive it and make returns of your doing therein after its execution to me without delay it being by the express orders of the Governor and Council

“Your humble Sert LEWIS GORDON.
 “*Mr. James Welsh constable In Upper Smithfield.*”

“To all whome it may concern Know ye that Daniel Skinner whome is complained of For abusing the Indians did settle with said Indians last winter before that any complaint was made to the Cheafs as can be easily proved by the Indians themselves and others and the Indians is free and wiling that he should stay and improve his land as he has done before and it is something likely it was out of some ill will that the Complaint was made against the said Daniel Skinner and his brother Hagga as consequently will appear and as for the quarrel that hapened on Christmas day the said Skinners were peaceably together and some other people at Nicholas Conklin's when the Indians themselves was something in liquor and began with the said Skinner for to give him some Rum and said Skinner would not and the Indian was out of humor and struck the said Skinner and the said Skinner struck the said Indian back again and it came to some head the Indian staved one man and after the Indian came to himself he acknowledged he was in the wrong and said he would make satisfaction For the damage he had done and would not have ben any more noise about it if it had not ben for Nathaniel Evons as the Indians say This we can attest to Coshethton May 10th 1772

NICHOLAS CONKLIN
 JOHN LESSLEY
 ELIZABETH CONKLIN
 WILLIAM CONKLIN.”

“To all whome it may concerne Whereas we the subscribers are informed That Nathaniel Evons has entred a Complaint to Governor Pen against Daniel Skinner For his abusing some [Indians]

“This is to certify that we know of no abuse given by said Daniel Skinner to the Indians at any time And we further certify that Daniel Skinner as far as we know him to be an

honest industrious and peaceable man both to his neighbours and the Indians This we the subscribers do Certify to the Gentlemen it may concern Minesink May 5th 1772

ABRAHAM WESTBROOK
 ABRAHAM SKINNER
 GARRET DECKER
 BENJAMIN DEPUI
 THOS HOYTER
 ISAAC VANTOYLE
 JOHAN MIDEAUGH
 SAMUEL GUNSALES
 ABRAHAM VANAUKEN
 LEMUEL WESTBROOK

LANES WESTBROOK
 MARTINES WESTBROOK
 ANTONY DAYKAN
 YOHANAS DECKER
 ABRAHAM VANAUKEN Esq
 NEAMIAH PATERSON
 NICHOLAS CONKLIN
 PHINEOUS CLEARK
 RUBEN COOLEY
 ROBERT LAND."

Nathaniel Evans was a mischief-making fellow, and a nuisance to the residents of the valley, as the following and the documents we have already given prove. He undoubtedly made himself so obnoxious that Cohecton was not a pleasant locality to him, and left.

"Sussex } Eastern
 County } Jersey

[L. S.] This Deposition of Nathaniel Evons taken before me Abraham Vanauken one of his Magesties Justices of the peace for the province and County aforesaid This deponent being duly sworn on the holy Evangelest of Almighty God saith that near the last of February 1772 one Joseph Ross and Aaron Thomas both of Shochorton* did imploy him to carry a letter to the Tuskarores Cheiff Capt. John in order to rais an insurrection on some or all of the inhabitants of Shochorton and said Indians: which said letter the said Nathaniel Evons did also at the request of the Indians carry to the Governor of Pennsylvania and did also receive a letter From the Secretary of Pennsylvania directed in answer to the said Indians Which letter the said Evons did direct to Capt. John and further this deponent saith not. Given under my hand and seal 21st May 1772

ABRAHAM VANAUKEN."

The family of Skinners came from the town of Preston, New London county, Connecticut. In addition to the parents, there were nine children—Benjamin, Timothy, Abner, Daniel, Haga, Calvin, Joseph, Martha and Huldah. The Six Nations claimed to own the country, and that the Delawares were their subjects. The New York proprietors had bought of the natives of the region while Mr. Skinner and those who held under the Connecticut

* Both of these men lived in Cohecton. Shochorton is a name we have met with no where else.

title, purchased the Indian interest of the Iroquois. Shortly after he brought his family to Cushetunk, he and others of the Yankee company, who claimed that they owned all the valley, went to the Confederated tribes to make some arrangement in regard to their purchase. On his way back, he was killed by some unknown person. As he did not return, his friends concluded that he was murdered, and his wife went back to Preston. His body was subsequently found where he had been shot, on the bank of a small stream, a short distance above the late residence of Hon. James C. Curtis. A prayer book, with his name on the fly-leaf, was found in one of his pockets, and led to the identification of his remains.*

Mr. Skinner was probably the first white man who was murdered in the county. Why he was killed does not appear. Although there was an angry controversy about land affairs, and jurisdiction over the valley, between the people of four colonies or commonwealths, we have never heard it intimated that he was slain by one of the disputants; nor have we heard his death charged against the Delawares, who no doubt felt dissatisfied at the Yankee intruders, who sought to hold their village and the graves of their ancestors without their consent.

These first inhabitants of Cochecton were surrounded by savages. If we except the small communities at Dutch pond, in Thompson and Fallsburgh, their nearest white neighbors were in the valley west of the Shawangunk, thirty-five miles distant, and at the mouth of the Neversink. The latter were the most accessible. Unless the grist-mill spoken of by Chapman, had an existence,† they were obliged to go to the Neversink to get their grain ground, as they were to do their shopping. As the journey was performed in canoes by the way of the river, or on foot or horseback over an Indian trail, it is presumed that the wives and daughters in the upper Delaware settlements had not many opportunities to indulge in the pastime of shopping, or to adorn their persons with the beautiful goods of the milliner, or the elegant costumes which came from the hand of the mantua-maker. Sun-bonnets and hoods were of home-make at that time, and, no doubt, as much rivalry existed in the manufacture of these primitive articles of feminine adornment as there is now in imitating the styles of the *beau monde* of Paris.

On all sides were the hunting-grounds of the red men. Beaver, as well as other wild animals, were plenty in every direction, and large profits were the result of trapping fur-bearing animals. We have been assured that "John Land, the tory," caught enough beaver in a few months even after the Revolutionary war, to pay for four hundred and thirty-three acres of land.

* The Pioneers.

† If there was such a mill, it was destroyed in 1763.

Warriors, hunters, squaws and papposes were numerous, and daily visitants. The children of the two races were play-fellows, and we have heard several curious anecdotes of their attachment to each other—an attachment which was subsequently smothered by the antipathy of race, and found its death amid the blood and carnage of war.

The Delaware at that time was literally a river of fish. Among its finny tribes were the salmon, the shad, and the river-trout. Shad, particularly, were abundant, and great numbers of them were caught. A common way of catching them was to make a "rack," with wings of cobble-stone extending up the stream with an acute angle to each shore. The fish were forced into the rack by drawing an immense "brush-net" or "drag" a mile or more down the stream. This sport required considerable preparation, and was attended with severe labor; but it was a favorite one nevertheless. After the shad spawned, they died, and their bodies were thrown upon the shore by the water, where they became putrid, and rendered the air foul and unwholesome. In the fall, many of the young shad were killed by falling into eel-racks, or by getting bruised in passing through them. When they started for the ocean, they were from four to six inches long, and so tender that a slight injury was fatal to them.*

In addition to farming, hunting, fishing and trapping, these early residents engaged in lumbering. Daniel Skinner was the first person who descended the Delaware from Cohecton with a raft. His first trip was soon after the French and Indian war. We have seen and conversed with men who assisted him in running lumber down the river before the close of the last century. He was honored in a jocose way by the hardy men who followed his example. By general consent, he was constituted Admiral of all the waters of the river in which a raft could be taken to market, and no one was free to engage in the business until he had the Admiral's consent. This was gained by presenting Skinner with a bottle of wine, when liberty was granted the applicant to go to Philadelphia as a fore-hand. To gain the privilege of going as a steersman, another bottle was necessary, on the receipt of which the Admiral gave full permission to navigate all the channels of the river. Josiah Parks, generally, went with Skinner when the latter ran a raft. Being noisy and obstreperous, he was dubbed boatswain, and was known as "Old Boson" during the remainder of his life.

During the Revolutionary war, Cohecton was an isolated and exposed neighborhood. It was on the route generally pursued by the hostile savages in their incursions to Shawangunk, Wawarsink, Rochester, and Mamakating valley. The war-path to

* Tom Quick.

Minisink led to the Delaware by the way of the Lackawaxen, and when this was occupied below Barryville by the savages, Cushetunk had no other outlet than by the trails which led to Ellenville and Napanoch—a lone and perilous route, which but few dared to travel, as it was difficult to follow, and was almost always infested by lurking savages. It is not surprising, therefore, that the major part of the whigs removed to more densely inhabited neighborhoods. They went to Minisink, Shawangunk, Rochester and other places where their families would be comparatively safe. A few remained. The latter were generally tories, or those who professed neutrality.

Some of the whigs left without harvesting their crops, and after leaving their families in places where they would be safe, returned to gather what they had cultivated with anxious forebodings. They were driven from the neighborhood, or found that their property had been appropriated or destroyed by their enemies. Such conduct was not calculated to promote amicable sentiments, or lead to peace and good will.

The patriots of Mamakating appointed a Committee of Safety, composed, according to tradition, of Gerardus Van Inwegen, Benjamin Depuy, Thomas Kyte and one of the Swartwouts—all good and true whigs of Peenpack. This committee organized a company of scouts, under the command of Captain Bezaleel Tyler, a refugee from Cochection, and the scouts occasionally made a visit to this remote neighborhood to “regulate” suspicious characters and make reprisals. The tories appropriated the abandoned property of their former whig neighbors, while the scouts drove away the cattle and, sometimes, took back the bodies of the tories. It is difficult to decide which party had the advantage in this system of exchange; but it is not difficult to declare that it led to much loss and suffering to both, and that the excesses of each added intensity to the hatred of all.

When the scouts visited Cochection, they conducted matters in a free and easy manner. They were generally in a hurry to return, and had but little time to hear testimony for or against the suspected; yet we cannot learn that they shed blood on more than two occasions.

On one of their excursions they met a half-witted fellow named Handy near the old Indian burial ground, a short distance above the late residence of Hon. James C. Curtis. Handy had lived in Cochection before the war; he had been disappointed in a love affair, and to prevent a repetition of his sorrows, had emasculated himself, and was a poor outcast; had stolen a horse from a whig of Mamakating, and then joined a band of Indians under a chief named Minotto. He spent the greater part of his time in riding about on the stolen animal, imagining he was a man of some consequence, when he met the scouts, whom he mistook

for friends. As he came up to them, he exclaimed, "I'm Minotto's man!" Some of Captain Tyler's company had recognized the horse, and as soon as he declared what he was, his fate was sealed. He was buried on the spot. Several years ago, his bones were uncovered by the action of the water of the river, and were picked up, and used for scientific purposes. We believe that they are still in the possession of a physician of the neighborhood.

During the same expedition, Nathan Mitchell, a well-known whig of Cohecton, was seen by the scouts with an Indian cap on his head. He had remained in the place because his wife would not leave unless her father, whose friendship for the revolted Colonies was suspected, went with them. Mitchell wore the Indian gear to prevent the savages from firing upon him while they were lurking about. When it was seen by the scouts, they at once concluded that its wearer should give an account of himself, and he, fearing that he would be shot before he could make an explanation, ran for the woods. There was an immediate pursuit, and as the company were well mounted, they were soon within shooting distance of the runaway, and were about to fire, when he was recognized. Of course, all were glad that they had not killed a friend.

The scouts proceeded up the river until they reached the house of David Young, the tory. Young, as men of his political creed generally were when Captain Tyler paid them a visit, was from home. His wife was an intelligent English woman, who made lofty claims of former respectability. She told her visitors that Colonel Brant, with five-hundred warriors, was at the mouth of the Callicoon, and that if they valued their lives, they would at once go back. She was apparently so sincere and earnest that they believed her, and retreated with admirable speed. In consequence of the war, Young lost all his property, and died very poor.

Early in the war, a person who said his name was Payne, came up the river to Cohecton, and asked permission of several individuals to remain with them. But he was unknown to every one, and, as he did not tell a satisfactory story, all refused to harbor him. He traveled on and on until he reached a deserted cabin at or near Little Equinunk, which he entered and occupied. Here he seemed to lead a harmless life, far from scrutiny. But he had not gone beyond the reach of harm. The scouts came, and tracked him to his humble retreat, from which they dragged him. After a brief consultation, the majority of his captors decided that he should die then and there. A few, however, thought it was wrong to kill him without a formal conviction by a more competent tribunal. The prisoner himself made frantic appeals for his life; but the majority was inexorable, and he was

shot even while he was crying for mercy. The minority declared openly that the deed seemed to them like murder, and that, if such work was necessary, they would cease to be scouts. They wept like children when the terrible deed was consummated. Our informant, (an old and respectable man who lived at the mouth of the Cushetunk in 1850) could never learn why this man was put to death in this summary manner; but said that he had ascertained that his name was not Payne, but Cooley. It is probable that he belonged to the numerous family of that name who then lived in Mamakating and Minisink, and that he had committed some offense which justified the speedy manner of his execution.

Captain Tyler's way of dealing with tories and Indians made him very obnoxious to them. They hated him, and called him Captain Mush—a sobriquet of which "pudding-head" is a synonym.

The killing of Payne or Cooley cannot be fully explained. The slaughter of the family of Bryant Kane, a tory, is wrapped in a mystery still more impenetrable.

A short time before the war, Kane made a contract for a farm on the east bank of the river, near the Falls of Cochecton—the same premises since occupied by Charles Young. Above him was the house of Nicholas Conklin, and on the opposite shore lived Robert Land. Kane and Land were tories, and both ran away on learning that they would be arrested by Captain Tyler's scouts, if they remained with their families. Land went to New York, while the other sought safety among the Indians, and participated in their atrocities. It is believed he is the individual mentioned in Stone's life of Brant as *Barney Kane*.

Before leaving, Kane employed a man named Flowers to stay with his family and attend to his business. He hoped no harm would befall his wife and little children, as the scouts had not been known to injure the helpless and harmless, and it was hardly supposed the savages would disturb the families of their friends. Yet he never saw their faces again. They were all murdered in April, 1777, by a party of Indians who were believed to be Mohawks, (and may have been Senecas) and who performed their bloody work at night, and disappeared before morning.

On the day previous to the tragedy, the wife of Robert Land and her son John, then a young man of nineteen years, fearing a visit from the scouts, drove their cattle to a place of concealment. They remained away all night, leaving Abel, two other brothers, and two sisters, at home. After the occupants were asleep, one of the daughters was disturbed by feeling a spear-point drawn gently across the sole of one of her feet. A half-

breed Indian named Captain John had often visited the family. He had inherited from his white ancestors a love of fun, and from the savages a tigerlike fondness for blood. He had often "irritated" Miss Land's ears and nose with a straw or feather, and laughed boisterously at her ludicrous vexation, and during his life had been engaged in affairs that displayed his terrible ferocity.

When Miss Land felt the tickling motion of the spear-point, she supposed that Captain John was making her once more the victim of a practical joke, and exclaimed, as she opened her eyes, "Captain John, is that you?" "Do you know Captain John?" he inquired with an Indian accent, and told her to go to the neighbors and let them know the Indians had come, and then left the house. She did what she was directed to do by the unknown visitor, but it seems did not alarm the other members of the family who were asleep in the house. After hastily dressing herself, she hurried to the river-side, and getting into a canoe, boldly pushed it across in the darkness. Landing where a path led to Kane's house, she followed up the bank, and was soon at the door. All was silent within. She soon found that a fearful scene had been enacted there; and fled to the dwelling of Nicholas Conklin, the inmates of which were aroused and told what she had seen and heard. No one considered it prudent to venture forth until morning, when Mr. Conklin and some of the others went to Kane's, where they found the entire family, including Mr. Flowers, murdered and scalped. Mrs. Kane had evidently been scalped while she was yet alive; for she had died while attempting to dress herself, and a portion of her clothes was drawn over her mutilated head.

After gazing at the horrid scene, the party accompanied Miss Land home. Her mother and brother John were still absent. Abel was missing, and had been taken off by the Indians. Not long after, Mrs. Land and John made their appearance, and on being informed what had taken place, were much perplexed and distressed. They could not understand why their family was converted into a target by both parties. At first John did not even know which way the marauders had gone, and had no definite idea concerning the rescuing of his unfortunate brother; but on rallying some friends, among whom were a few Indians of the vicinity, he learned from the latter that the assailants had returned towards their own territory. John and the friends who were willing to go with him, at once started in pursuit, and after a rapid march overtook the savages, whom they found posted for battle. John was not disposed to fight. He wanted his brother, and called for a "talk." An explanation took place, the result of which was that Abel was delivered to his friends, after he was compelled to run the gauntlet, in doing which his

speed astonished everybody present. He did not receive more than half a dozen blows, and none of them were severe. The two parties then separated.

In April, 1780, Brant, with a party of Indians and tories, made a descent on Harpersfield, Delaware county, and captured Colonel Alexander Harper, Freegift Patchin, and several other patriots, whom they took to Niagara. Patchin was a respectable man, and in 1804, 1805, 1820, 1821 and 1822 was a Member of Assembly. After the Revolutionary war, he published a narrative of his captivity, in which he says that one of his captors was "*Barney Cane*," a tory. We believe that, after the lapse of years, he substituted the name of Barney for Bryant—a very natural mistake under the circumstances. During the journey from Harpersfield to Niagara, this Barney or Bryant Cane boasted that he had killed one Major Hopkins, on Dimon's Island, in Lake George. A party of pleasure, he stated, had gone to this island on a sailing excursion, and having spent more time than they were aware of before they were ready to return, concluded to stay all night. Cane and his party, perceiving that they were defenseless, as soon as it was night, proceeded to the island, and fired upon them as they were sleeping around a fire. Several of the Americans were killed, among whom was a woman who had a babe, which was not hurt. "This," said the inhuman wretch, "we put to the breast of its dead mother, and so we left it. Major Hopkins was only wounded, his thigh-bone being broken. He started up, when I struck him with the butt of my gun on the side of his head. He fell over; but caught on one hand. I then knocked him the other way, when he caught with the other hand. A third blow, and I laid him dead. These were all scalped except the infant. In the morning, a party of whigs brought away the dead, together with one they found alive, although he was scalped, and the babe, which was hanging and sobbing at the breast of its lifeless mother."

Whether Barney Cane and Bryant Kane are the same or not, the above paragraph proves that war will convert even a civilized man into a demon, and that it is satanic beyond all other influences, and should never be resorted to except in the most extreme cases. It may be that the massacre of Kane's family rendered him a fiend; it is quite as probable that his own crimes led to the slaughter of his wife and children. There is a veil of mystery about these transactions which cannot now be put aside, and therefore we will not attempt to remove it.

After the declaration of peace, Bryant Kané wandered from neighborhood to neighborhood in the valley of the Delaware. His property passed into other hands, he became a drunkard, and finally went no one knew whither.

John Land endeavored to be prudent and wary, 'but became so obnoxious to the whigs that he was arrested, and sent to a New Jersey prison known as the log-jail. From this he escaped; but was soon retaken, when he was wounded in the head with a sword, and hanged until life was nearly gone. He was then told that he would be hanged in earnest next time, and, heavily ironed, was once more cast into prison. Subsequently a whig named Joel Harvey became responsible for his good conduct, and he was permitted to enjoy the liberties of the town. He lived with Harvey until 1783, when he returned to Cohecton. In the meantime, his mother had gone with her other children to New York city, where she rejoined her husband. Here they remained until the city was evacuated by the British, when, with other tory refugees, they went to Canada, leaving John behind them. He became a respectable citizen of the United States, although he was stigmatized until the day of his death, as "John Land, the tory."* The Canada branch of the family became wealthy and influential.

The mothers of Cohecton had their full share of trouble and suffering. No effort worthy of them has been made to record their pains and perils, and it is impossible now to tell their story, for the incidents of their lives are forgotten. We can gather but a few disjointed facts, and must ask the reader to fill the gaps as his imagination or good sense may dictate.

In 1774, William Conklin of Cohecton, a young man of unblemished character, was married to Elizabeth Brink of Minisink, a beautiful girl but sixteen years of age. The young couple moved into their log-house near Big Island, and continued to live there, although the lurid clouds of war daily caused their hearts to tremble. They were on Indian ground—the frequent scenes of savage revels and battles. In due time the child-wife became a mother, when the maternal instinct, so lovely in all living things, caused her to fear less for her own safety than the welfare of her babe, and while she pressed it to her breast with her immature but motherly arms, her eyes were searching the surrounding scenery for indications of danger and fear. While thus engaged, she discovered the dreaded red men crossing the Delaware in the direction of her home, clothed and painted for murder and rapine. With her infant in her arms, she fled to the woods for concealment and security, and did not pause until she came to a stream of water. Fearing that the savages would discover traces of her flight among the leaves and plants of the

* Tom Quick and the Pioneers. The Revolutionary incidents here recorded were communicated to the author, in 1850, by Hon. Moses Thomas and other aged gentlemen of unquestioned respectability, who had lived in the Cushetunk region from their birth. We give them here precisely as they were detailed to us, with a slight change in the diction.

wilderness, and knowing that they themselves would do so under the same circumstances, she plunged into the water, and followed the bed of the creek until she found a secure hiding-place, where she remained until she could return in safety. During the raid which terminated in the battle of Highland, she passed through other scenes which were equally adventurous and exciting. She survived them all, and became the mother of eleven children, as well as a mother in Israel. She died in 1842, at the house of Jesse Tyler, a son-in-law, and was interred in a sequestered spot in sight of her early home. Her descendants at that time, it was computed, numbered at least one hundred souls.*

Another of these heroic women was Mrs. Jesse Drake, the names of whose descendants are equally well known and respected in the valley of the Delaware. The father of her first husband (Moses Thomas 1st) was killed by Indians near the mouth of the Cushetunk in 1763. Her husband (Moses Thomas 2d) early in the war abandoned the old homestead, took his young wife to Minisink, as the thickly inhabited section of Mamakating was then known, joined the patriotic army, and was for some time at West Point and Newburgh. Becoming dissatisfied with his officers, he hired a substitute and returned to Minisink. When Brant invaded that point, Thomas volunteered, and was killed at the battle of Highland. After this, she married a man named Nathan Chapman, and went with him to Wyoming, where he was killed by savages. Subsequently she became the wife of Jesse Drake. After the war she could not see an Indian without fainting, so great was her dread of those who had slain so many of her near and dear friends.†

Notwithstanding the pioneers of the Delaware once more engaged in rafting, farming, &c., after the Revolutionary war, they sometimes suffered from hunger. Lumbering was the most promising source of gain, and some neglected their crops to engage in it. It was the most ready way of acquiring money. Sometimes, however, their rafts were wrecked on the way to Philadelphia; or were swept from the eddies by sudden floods; or there was not a rafting flood at the usual time. The people were poor, and any contingency which prevented returns for their lumber on the expected day, caused general suffering. Even when there was plenty of grain in the settlement, sometimes a freshet of long continuance rendered it impossible to get to Minisink, where their wheat, corn, &c., were manufactured into flour and meal. During times of want, the people were very kind to each other. Without hesitation, they divided their

* *Republican Watchman*, Jan. 18, 1848.

† Tom Quick.

last crust with the starving, and trusted in Providence for the next. So great was the scarcity of food at times, that women and children, after traveling for miles through the forest to procure food, upon receiving a few ears of corn, would gnaw the raw kernels from the cobs like famished animals. An old gentleman who had been a witness of these scenes, and related them to the author in 1850, wept, while he was doing so, like a sorrow-stricken woman.

While the people of Cochection were laboring under the disadvantages of a new and secluded locality, some of them were seized with a mania to push still farther into the wilderness. This was after the war for independence. Strange tales were told of the beauty and fertility of the Great West, where their old neighbors, the Indians, had gone. Great as were the natural advantages of the West, speculators and enthusiasts made the credulous of Cochection and other regions believe that the new El Dorado was a hundredfold better than it really was, and adventurers were soon thronging the military roads, Indian paths and navigable rivers, determined to encounter everything which was a barrier to the progress of the dominion of the white race. Among those who went from Cochection were a man named Abraham Russ, and his brother-in-law, a Mr. Van Etten, with their families. They settled on the banks of the Ohio, where Mr. Russ and some of the others were murdered by the Indians. Mrs. Russ subsequently returned, and was married to a man named George Hawk, one of whose daughters was the mother of Bishop Bascom of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The name of Hawk is alike familiar and respectable in the Delaware river towns.

Before the interior of the county was permanently occupied, Cochection was one of the routes which led to Western New York, as appears from a manuscript of a gentleman named Skinner, who lived and died at the mouth of Calkin's creek. Says he, "My father's house at Cushetunk (or rather the place where we stayed—for it consisted of a few logs thrown together and covered with bark) was for several years a principal stopping-place. There were but few houses in Cochection where the traveler could be lodged even on a somewhat primitive floor. Some remained with us two or three days, and others as many weeks. In those days, there was no way to get to Cochection except by pushing a canoe thirty-five or forty miles up the river, or by traveling the same distance on an Indian path where a carriage could not be drawn. Yet many found the way to Cochection by the power of feet and legs, or the strength of hands and arms. 'Confused unnumbered multitudes were found'—some moving farther up the river; some on the way to Niagara; some coming to raft, others to speculate, and some to peculate.

“Each talked aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild, impatient, stared in every face!

“The greater part had been, or intended to be, concerned in the affairs of the country. Their conversation naturally led to the transactions and troubles on the Delaware during the French and Revolutionary wars.

“There at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the sway;
There various news I heard of love and strife;
Of war and peace, health, sickness, death and life;
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;
Of rafting down stream—walking up the shore;
Of old possessions occupied anew,” etc.

The following interesting particulars in regard to Cochecton were embodied in an address delivered at the Beech Woods Fair, in 1860 or 1861, by Hon. James C. Curtis. He deserves much credit for gathering and recording local historical facts, and it is to be regretted that others have not had time and inclination to do as he has done. We give his address without curtailment, although some of it may be a repetition of what we have written:

The valley of the Delaware in Cochecton was undoubtedly the first locality in Sullivan which was permanently occupied by white men, except portions of the towns of Mamakating and Neversink. Very little is known as to who were the first or transient settlers of Cochecton, or where they came from. They have passed away without leaving, as far as I know, any records by which we can learn the whole or even a part of their history, and their descendants, if any remain among us, know but little of their ancestors. This is not important, because they were hunters and trappers—mere squatters on the lands of the Indians.

The history of the permanent settlers is better known. The descendants of the major part of them are numerous in the town; and from family records and tradition we can learn much of them.

The fertile flats on the river at Cochecton were early known to the settlers of Minisink. Our beautiful valley, from Cochecton Falls to the mouth of the Callicoon, was then called by the Indians “Cushetunk, or low lands,”* by which name it is desig-

* This name is also spelled on old maps, “Cashiegtunk.” Cochecton is but a corruption of the true Indian name. “Low lands” is probably not a translation of the word. The terminal “unk” shows that the name was given by the Lenape to the mountains in the vicinity of the river. The literal meaning of “unk,” or its equivalents “ung” and “ong,” was “sky top,” and it was used to describe anything high or elevated. Q.

nated on the first maps of the State. It is a much more mild and soft name than the one which has displaced it, (Cochecton) Indian names were more appropriate than the ones given by the Dutch and English settlers; and it is a pity that they were not retained, or cannot be restored. The only reason that I can assign for the change is, that, owing to the wars between the whites and the savages, and the atrocities committed by the latter, that settlers could not tolerate or endure any name or thing that was Indian.

The country was fertile, and abounded in fish, furs and game. It was near the sea-board—but one hundred miles from New York, and had an outlet by the Delaware river to Philadelphia; but it was not at first rapidly settled, owing among other things, I suppose, to the disputes between New Jersey and New York, as to jurisdiction of territory and ownership of the soil.*

In the year 1704, the Minisink patent was granted. It covers the southern tier of towns in this county, and a portion of Orange county.

In 1708, the patent known as the Hardenbergh, or Great Patent, was by Queen Ann granted to Johannis Hardenbergh and his associates. Including Hardenbergh, there were eight of them. No division of it took place until 1749, when nearly, if not all, the original patentees were dead. It was then divided into Great Lots, and by lot partitioned among its owners, the descendants or assigns of each patentee receiving their equal and fair number of lots. The heirs and legal representatives of some of the patentees had become numerous. Hence, to give each one his equal portion of land, the Great Lots were cut up into Divisions, and these Divisions were divided among them soon after the partition of 1749. Some then sold their land; but not to actual settlers. The Great Lots and Divisions were so large that few could purchase. The wealthy bought these large tracts. They were the old aristocracy, the Patroons, the Lords of Manors, the English and Dutch nobility of the day.

A few merchants had grown rich by bartering blankets, trinkets, powder, lead, poor guns, and ruinous fire-water—the curse and destroyer of the Indians—for the furs and peltries of the beaver, otter, deer, bear, panther, and other animals which abounded in the primeval forests of the country. About this time these traders began to give themselves airs—became owners of the soil—intermarried with land-holders and aristocrats, and like them were not willing to sell the land to those who could pay and become independent freeholders. Their plan was to lease to the poor and landless, and become Patroons and Barons

* A full account of the controversy between New York and New Jersey will be found in a subsequent chapter of this volume.

—to lord it over a poor tenancy, and number them as they did their “cattle on a thousand hills.” But they did not succeed. Owing to the disputes with New Jersey as to jurisdiction and ownership; the controversy with the Indians, who refused to leave until they were paid for the land; the French and Indian war in 1756 and subsequent years; and lastly, the war of the Revolution, the lands remained in the hands of such large proprietors as had not become bankrupt, without settlers to much extent, and subject to charges from which none escaped. Many of them, and their descendants after them, became poorer and poorer, until they were unable to pay taxes, for which their possessions were sold by the State.

To illustrate this state of things, permit me to give the history of two lots in this town—Nos. 59 and 61.

About the year 1750, Joseph Griswold, of New York city, an Englishman from London, was a wealthy distiller, and among the first of his class. He purchased molasses from the West Indies, and made of it rum—pure, genuine rum. If not more honest, he was perhaps less skilled in the art than those of his craft of the present day. He did not from molasses make all kinds of liquor, or, like the retailers and publicans of our time, draw rum, brandy, whisky, cordial, and even schnaps, or any other kind of liquor that his customers demanded, from the same cask. At that time (1750) he purchased from John Wenhams, of the city of London, lot No. 59, on which Beech Woods is located, and lot No. 61, which includes the Falls of the Callicoon, each containing about 3,300 acres. No part of either was sold until 1812, when Edward, the son of Joseph Griswold, sold to Ross, Tyler and Mitchell, that portion of lot No. 59 lying on the Delaware river, which had been early improved by their ancestors. Edward Griswold continued to own nearly all of the remainder of the lot until his death, which took place in 1836. Since that time, it has been sold in small parcels to residents, to the manifest benefit of the people and the town.

The other lot (No. 61) is yet (1861) mostly unsold, and uncultivated. It is in a state of nature, and a clog to the prosperity of the town. It extends from the Delaware to the vicinity of Pike Pond, and is owned by Madame Berthemey, a subject of France, the grand-daughter of Joseph Griswold, the distiller.

In a pecuniary point of view, the speculation of the senior Griswold was disastrous to himself, and nearly so to his descendants. He paid in 1750, £500, New York currency, for each lot. The £500 then invested in lot No. 61, would now, counting taxes and interest, amount to \$2,500,000—eight hundred dollars per acre. \$2,500,000 is six times as much as the assessed value of all the real and personal property of the town. This is a fair

specimen of the results of land monopoly. It is disastrous to public welfare, and ruinous to those who engage in it.*

Such has been and such is the history of the landlords and great land-holders of the Hardenbergh, the Van Rensselaer, the Livingston and other large patents of the State.

The policy of granting large tracts of land to individuals for speculative purposes, and to create powerful families—Patroons, Lords of Manors, and domineering aristocrats, with a monopoly of offices and political power on the one hand, and on the other a commonalty of menials and tenants, paying homage and obedience to, and living on the lands at the will of arrogant and domineering superiors—superiors with the privilege and the inclination to wring from honest toil its just reward, to pamper and support in luxurious idleness themselves and families—has signally failed. The descendants of the once proud Livingstons, Van Rensselaers, De Lanceys and others, whose tenants once numbered thousands, are now on a level with their fellow-citizens, and compelled to work for their daily bread or become paupers. The last vestige of feudal tenures was swept away by the Constitution adopted by the Empire State in 1846. This is as it should be, for which we should all rejoice.

Soon after the partition of the Hardenbergh patent in 1749, and sales to some extent had been made, it became necessary for the old proprietors and new purchasers to secure possession of the lands, by having occupants permanently planted on them. This was expedient on account of the conduct of the New Jersey claimants, and, as Diedrick Knickerbocker styles them in his veritable history of New York, "the universal squatting, bundling Yankees." The latter, in their desire of extension and inherent love of gain, about the year 1750, set up an unfounded claim which, for a long series of years, gave trouble to New York and Pennsylvania, and finally to the government of the United States. Under the pretense that Connecticut had organized the Territory of Wyoming, that Colony attempted to establish a title to, and exercise jurisdiction over, all the region west of the Dutch settlements of New York, north of latitude 40°, extending through Pennsylvania to the Pacific ocean. Connecticut colonists came to the disputed region armed to the teeth,† for protection against the savages, as well as the Pennhamites, who

* In 1810, George Taylor, who died in Monticello a few years since, owned several hundred acres in Great Lot 17, and was offered \$5.50 per acre for it. For more than thirty years he paid taxes on it, but received no revenue from it, and then sold the land for nearly the sum he was offered for it in 1810.—Vide *Watchman*, May 13, 1841.

† Chapman, in his history of Connecticut, says the "colony" of Cushetunk was commenced in 1757, and that, in 1760, the colonists had thirty houses, a saw and grist-mill, and a block-house, together with several large log-houses. The number of houses is probably too large, and the grist-mill, if there was one, was a small affair, as no trace or tradition of it is now known there.

claimed the country west of the Delaware under the charter of William Penn, the Quaker. Either not knowing or caring where the bounds of that territory were, they attempted to settle and wrest from the real owners the fertile flats and valleys of Cushetunk, on the Delaware. The Skinners, the Calkins and the Tylers came from Connecticut, first stopping on their way to Wyoming territory at Deerpark, now Mount Hope, on the east side of Shawangunk mountain, the then only direct route to "Fair Wyoming," since renowned in story and song, for the brutal atrocities committed by the savages, and their worse than savage tory allies.

The Skinners first occupied the place since owned by Daniel Bush and Moses Tyler, to which they gave the name of St. Tammany Flat. Here, until he died in 1812, lived Daniel Skinner, the "Admiral," who steered the first raft from Cushetunk to Philadelphia. In his old age, he married a new wife in Newburgh, and brought her to Cushetunk, which event was made memorable by a native poet named Seeley, who honored the "Admiral" and his spouse with a poem, which was long after recited in the neighborhood. But a few lines of it are now remembered. The following is a specimen of it. As the "Admiral" and his wife from the hills east of the Delaware, came in view of his beautiful home, he turned to her and said, in the language of Seeley:

"Behold St. Tammany! Behold the fountains!
At the foot of the hill,
There is a saw-mill,
And plenty of timber on the mountains."

Calkins, the pioneer, was a doctor of talent and usefulness. His location was near Cochecton Falls. He afterwards removed to Wyoming. His son, the grandfather of the present generation of Calkins, after the Revolution, returned, and purchased and occupied Lot No. 63, containing about 3,000 acres, including the beautiful flats on which Cochecton depot and village now stand. He was afterwards drowned in crossing the Delaware river at the head of Pine Flat.

Tyler, the first settler, it is said, was the father of twenty-two children. In the French and Revolutionary wars he was driven off by the Indians. Several of his sons enlisted in the Revolution, and fought bravely for their country. One of them, Nathaniel, the father of William Tyler, known as "Rockwell Bill," was a drummer in the army, and was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Johns. Another, Captain Bezaleel Tyler, of whom honorable mention is made in Stone's Life of Brant, and in the History of Orange County, fell mortally wounded while leading

his men against the Indians at the battle of Minisink, near the Lackawaxen, where were killed the flower of the citizen-soldiers of Orange. A noble monument was erected over their remains, after they had remained on the battle-field forty years. Captain Tyler is the second in the list of patriots whose names are graven on that monument. Those of the family who survived the war, returned to Cohecton, drew pensions from the government, were useful citizens, and the fathers of large families, as the almost universal name of the family in Cohecton will testify.

The Conklins came about the same time, it is said, from Rockland county. They, too, had to leave in the French war, and again in the Revolution. After fighting for Independence, they came back. Elias and John purchased lot No. 64, including the farm since owned by Nathan Mitchell, where they resided until they sold out in 1817, and removed to Great Bend, Pennsylvania. John Conklin was a man of note—uneducated, but of good mind and religious principles; honest in his dealings; respected in the community; was Supervisor of his town, (then Lumberland, in the county of Ulster), Judge of the County Court, and three times Member of Assembly.* His name was given to the town of Conklin, in Broome county. He was a pioneer advocate of, and took an active part in making the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike, the bridge across the Delaware, and Cohecton and Great Bend turnpike. Elias was an Indian doctor of note—cured cancers, the bites of rattlesnakes, etc. His art descended to his son and grandson. John and Elias both, until they died, drew pensions—the first, eighteen dollars, as a sergeant, and the other eight dollars, as a private, per month. There was another brother (William), a quiet, industrious, inoffensive, good man, who settled at Big Island, on lands of Joseph Griswold. Although twice driven from his home at short notice by the Indians, he cherished a kind regard for them, saying that they were more sinned against than sinning; that many of them were fine fellows; and that he had seen sixty Indian men on a New-year's-day, playing ball on Big Island, which was a great resort for them, as it was near their burying-ground, the graves of which on the farm of John C. Drake remain visible to the present day.

The Ross family were from Bound Brook, New Jersey. They were induced to come to Cushetunk by Joseph Griswold, the distiller. The eldest of them settled on the farm now owned by Charles Miles, and formerly by George Kellam. He had two sons, John and James. John settled on the south and James on the north side of the mouth of the Callicoon or Turkey creek. The latter died about 1812.

The Mitchells came from New Jersey, the first of whom settled

* From Sullivan and Ulster in 1810, 1811, and 1817.

on the land now belonging to Elihu S. Paige, under the New Jersey claim. After the war of the Revolution, he bought lot No. 65 of one of the Hardenbergh proprietors. He lived to a good old age, and left a large family of sons and daughters. The family having intermarried with the Rosses and Tylers, are now very numerous.

The Laytons were also natives of New Jersey. They located themselves at the forks of the Callicoon, on lot No. 59, on lands of Colonel Duer, an officer of the Revolution who married the daughter of Lord Sterling, distinguished as a Major General in our war for Independence, and as the friend of Washington.

About the year 1790, Ebenezer Taylor, of Orange county, New York, came up the river from Carpenter's Point in a canoe, and brought with him a stock of goods. He stuck his stake opposite Cochecton village, on lands of Simeon Bush, and commenced business as a merchant. Soon afterwards he married Eleanor, a granddaughter of the first Doctor Calkins, and then moved to the place now owned by James C. Curtis, where he continued his store. He was the first merchant of the town; made improvements, cleared land, etc. He was not only enterprising as a retailer of goods, but a public-spirited citizen. He was the first major in the battalion of militia organized west of Mamacating; took an active part in establishing the route of and making the Newburgh and Cochecton turnpike road and the Cochecton and Great Bend turnpike; was the first treasurer of the latter; and, when the Cochecton post-office and the post-route through the town were established by President Madison, was appointed post-master. He made the first improvement on the farm lately owned by Samuel Sprague, at Beech Woods; gave name to the landing-place for raftsmen which is yet known as Taylor's Eddy; kept the first place of entertainment for them between Skinner's Eddy and Ten Mile river, and the first licensed tavern in the town. His house was the abode of hospitality, where the traveler, preacher, lawyer and statesman found a welcome, and where the poor never were turned away empty. He died in 1821, leaving three sons and three daughters. The sons soon moved westward, and now of his name none remain among us.

Still later (about 1800) Charles Irvine, a native of Ireland, after fleeing from the oppression of the English government under the younger Pitt, landed at Philadelphia, and at the request of some persons from this place who were there selling lumber, came to this town as a school-master. Gentlemanly in his manners, of fine personal appearance, and of good education, he was a popular teacher. He assisted in organizing the first regular school, and in building by a joint stock company the first frame school-house in the town. Soon after he made Cochecton

his residence, he married Weighty, a granddaughter of the elder Doctor Calkins; settled where his son Jared now resides; cleared a heavy burden of timber from the hills and the flats; and built a large inn and outbuildings, at that time the best, between Bloomingburgh and Great Bend. He was a very popular landlord. In 1812, the recruiting officer had his quarters at Irvine's hotel. It was there young men of the region enlisted to fight for free trade and sailor's rights. It was there the traveler heard of the great victories of Perry and McDonough; of the battles of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane; and of the never-to-be-forgotten battle of the cotton-bags at New Orleans. In 1825, he removed to the west-branch of the Susquehanna, and died there during the same year. From him the respectable family of the Irvines are descended.

The Youngs came from Scotland in 1750, and settled on lands of Joseph Griswold, at Big Island.

While Sullivan was a part of Ulster, the county business was all done at Kingston, the only practicable route to which for a long series of years was by the way of Carpenter's Point and Peenpack and through the Neversink and Mamakating valleys. The journey to Peenpack was performed on foot, or on horseback, or in canoes. To the latter place there was nothing but an Indian trail, and to travel to the county-seat was a formidable undertaking—much more so than a journey to Washington is now.

Lumberland was taken from Mamakating in 1798, and covered the present towns of Bethel, Highland, Cochection, Liberty and Tusten. Bethel was made from the territory of Lumberland in 1809, and Cochection from Bethel in 1828.

The first town-meeting of Cochection was held in March, 1829, at the house now owned by Willett Embler, in what was then known as the village, and called familiarly "the tavern." At that house and at Fosterdale the only inns in the town were kept for many years. Colonel Philo Buckley, U. S. Marshal in 1830, reported the number of inhabitants as 438, and voters about 80, of whom only sixty voted at the next election. But from sixty to seventy votes were cast at any time for several years. In 1855, the inhabitants numbered 3,071, of whom 1,794 were natives of the United States, and the balance of foreign birth. Number of electors, 494.

The population and improvement of the town were at first of slow growth. In 1832, the charter of the New York and Erie Railroad was granted. In 1835, the company first broke ground in the town near the Callicoon depot. With the completion of that work, there was an influx of population. This beautiful and fertile region became known, with its fine land, pure air, excellent timber, and abundant water-power, all within one

hundred miles of the Empire City of America, and attracted capitalists and settlers. To the foreigner who fled from the despotism of the Old World, Cochection offered inducements superior to those of the more fertile lands of the far West. To him its advantages then became known. Before this the Minisink and Hardenbergh patents had been a reproach and by-word. They had been stigmatized by a distinguished Senator at Albany as so poor that even crows would not fly over them.

Our population was also augmented by the tanners, who mainly came from Greene county. Colonel Edwards, and other great manufacturers of leather, had discovered that it was better to take hides to the localities that produced bark, than to cart the more bulky bark a long distance to the hides. The tanneries of Greene had nearly exhausted the bark in their vicinity, when the tanners came to Sullivan, and added much to its population, and immensely to its resources. For many years, there was more sole-leather made in this county than in any other territory of equal extent in the world. Before their advent, lands clothed with hemlock were avoided by every one but the lumber-man. Now they are considered the most valuable of our wild lands; and it not unfrequently happens that the bark on such a lot will pay for clearing and fencing it, and leave a margin large enough for good, comfortable buildings, to say nothing of stock.

Names of persons who resided in Cochection in March, 1814, who had families:

ON THE RIVER BELOW JARED IRVINE'S.

David Young,	Joseph Mitchell,	James Mitchell,
Stephen Mitchell,	Old Mr. Mitchell,	John Conklin,
Elias Conklin,	Elias Conklin, jun.,	Jacob Conklin,
William Conklin,	Bezaleel Calkins,	Moses Calkins,
Oliver H. Calkins,	Charles Irvine,	Pierre A. Barker.

IN THE VILLAGE ABOVE THOSE BEFORE MENTIONED.

Benjamin Raymond,	David Brown,	William Palmer,
Nathaniel Tyler,	Timothy Tyler,	Paul Tyler,
Ebenezer Taylor,	Bezaleel Tyler.	

ON THE TURNPIKE.

Enoch Owen,	William Tyler,	Frederick Wallace,
James Hill, and a family where William Cochran now lives.		

AT PIKE POND.

A man named Woodruff, who kept a saw-mill.

AT CALLICOON FLATS.

Silas Tyler, and one other whose name is not now known.

AT BEECH WOODS.

Ebenezer Taylor's family, George Keesler, Timothy Tyler.

AT BIG ISLAND.

William Conklin, sen., Squire Marsh,	James Brink, — Baker.	Jesse Tyler,
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AT CALLICOON.

John Ross,	Joseph Ross,	Charles Layton.
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AT NORTH BRANCH (ABOVE CALLICOON).

James Ross, William Tyler,	Nathaniel Tyler, sen., Benjamin Tyler,	William Tyler, William Billings.
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WITHOUT FAMILIES:

George S. Young, George B. Guinnip, Eli Conklin, Elias Ross, John Killam, Bateman Smith,	John Mitchell, — Robinson, Paul W. Conklin, John Layton, George Killam, John Hill,	Charles R. Taylor, Amos Tyler, John Ross, Jacob Mitchell, John Brown, Isaac Tyler.
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Of the sixty-five families and unmarried men who resided in the town, more than one-half bore the name of Mitchell, Conklin, Tyler and Ross!

The number of families in 1814, indicates a population of about 250.

In the spring of 1857, John Moersch caused to be held on his premises at Beech Woods, a fair for the sale, exchange and exhibition of horses, horned cattle, sheep, swine, and farm products generally. The German people of Cohecton and the adjoining towns had been accustomed to such things in the fatherland, and greeted its introduction in their adopted home with delight. Notwithstanding Mr. Moersch received no bounty from the public treasury, was unaided by money contributions from friends or foes, and was stigmatized by the latter as a visionary speculator, he steadily pursued the even tenor of his way. Through his enterprise and liberality, fair succeeded fair semi-annually, as long as he remained a resident of the town, and after he removed to New York to engage in mercantile pursuits, others followed in his footsteps, not only at Beech Woods, but at Jeffersonville, Youngsville, and other places. A notable feature of these German fairs is, that, although supported and managed by private individuals, and unaided by the State, in some manner money enough is made by them to pay advertising bills, while the County Society was always too poor to do so, and finally starved to death.

Mr. Moersch was not only successful with his fairs; but he was a model farmer. He commenced life at Beech Woods with small means in an insignificant log-house. When he left there, he had a noble farm, with a fine house, capacious barns, convenient out-buildings, orchards which were annually loaded with choice fruit, and he could boast of more improvements in agri-

culture than many older farmers. He was not only a good farmer, but a genial, kind-hearted gentleman.

On the 13th of November, 1868, Cochection was cut in two by the Supervisors of the county, and the new town of Delaware erected. The division-line is from the foot of Big or Pine Island easterly along the north line of lot 62, in Great Lot 18; thence south along the west line of Great Lot 17 until it strikes the south-west corner of lot 74; thence east on the line of lot 74 to the town-line of Bethel. North of this line is Delaware; south of it Cochection. The first town-meeting in Delaware was held at the house of Charles Fischer, on the first Tuesday of March, 1869, at which Anthony H. Bush, John Valleau and Jacob Schoonmaker, jr., presided.

In the early part of May, 1855, George Ehrich, of Cochection, was killed by his wife Catharine. He was sick, and in bed, when she took a heavy Dutch hoe, mounted a chair by his bed-side, and struck him upon the head, fracturing his skull. The family of Ehrich was present, and his daughter caught hold of her mother as soon as the blow was struck, and prevented its repetition. Mrs. Ehrich declared that she had killed him because she had a deadly antipathy against him, and had long wished to be released from her marital obligations. She was indicted at the next session of the grand jury, and tried for murder at the September Oyer and Terminer, when her counsel (A. C. Niven,) set up a plea of insanity. The District Attorney, (C. H. Van Wyck,) did not press a conviction, as he was certain the defense was well founded. The jury rendered a verdict of acquittal, and she was sent to an asylum for the insane.

The most atrocious murder ever perpetrated in Sullivan county, was committed by a German named Francis Gubernater, on the 7th of September, 1861.

In the spring of 1856, Gubernater was an inmate of the poor-house, and was discharged from that institution. Entirely destitute and unable to speak the English language, he applied for shelter and assistance to Wolfgang Dressler, a fellow-countryman who lived at Beech Woods. By industry and self-denial, Dressler had acquired a small property. He not only took Gubernater into his family, but told him that after the death of himself and wife, he should be his héir, if he conducted himself like a man. For over six years Dressler harbored him, and treated him as kindly as if he had been a son or brother. On the day of the murder, Gubernater had been from home. In the evening he returned partially intoxicated, and while at supper found fault with the food on the table, abused Mrs. Dressler, and commenced breaking crockery, windows, etc. Dressler was a cripple and in feeble health, and was on his bed. He remonstrated with the drunken man for his conduct, when the latter

started for the bed, stopped suddenly, went after an axe, returned, and literally hewed his benefactor to pieces. Mrs. Dressler attempted to defend her husband, when Gubernater turned upon her, and would have murdered her also, if she had not fled from the house. As it was, he wounded her in several places.

Bleeding and almost distracted, Mrs. Dressler reached the dwelling of a neighbor, and made an alarm. As soon as practicable, several persons, headed by a constable named Long, proceeded to the scene of the tragedy, where they found the mangled remains of Dressler. The murderer had left the house; but was soon afterward found concealed under a manger in the barn. He was taken to Monticello, and kept in jail until the October Oyer and Terminer of 1862, when he was tried before Judge Theodore Miller. Isaac Anderson, District Attorney, assisted by A. C. Niven, appeared for the people, and Henry R. Low and William J. Groo for the prisoner. The jury rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hung on the 12th day of December, 1863; and to be confined in the State prison at Clinton until the punishment of death was inflicted.

Notwithstanding this sentence, he was not executed. As late as the 4th of January, 1872, he was an inmate of the prison. For several months his health had been gradually failing. He was nearly helpless, quite imbecile, and had been admitted to the prison-hospital, with no prospect of living more than a few months.

The first four months of 1857 were remarkable for low temperatures, deep snows and floods. The weather was unusually severe in January, the 24th day of which was the coldest on record.

In several places of Sullivan the mercury of Fahrenheit's thermometer descended to 34° below zero.* At Wurtsborough, one of the warmest valleys of the county, the thermometer marked 30°. This extreme cold was accompanied by a furious snow-storm, which rendered traveling almost impossible, and both previously and subsequently the weather was of unusual severity. It seemed as if, by the order of Providence, the atmosphere of the northern extremity of the world passed over us like a deluge. Our rivers and lakes were frozen as they never were before. In the Delaware particularly the ice was of unprecedented thickness and strength.

This cold wave was followed by one of such warmth that the snow was suddenly melted, and a great flood occurred. The Delaware overflowed its channel. The ice was broken up by

* *Republican Watchman*, Feb. 4, 1857. At Albany, the thermometer stood at 16; at Quebec 30, at Ogdensburgh 36, and at Watertown 48 degrees below zero.

the force of the water. In some instances sheets covering acres of surface moved down stream until they met with obstructions, when they became stationary, and choked the river.

The ice moved on the 8th of February, and a jam took place at Handsome Eddy. For a time the water threatened to submerge and destroy a large part of Barryville; but fortunately the barrier was broken, and the danger was at an end.

At Cochecton Falls, the ice formed a dam which caused the river to swell forty feet above its ordinary level! The jam occurred at 6 o'clock in the morning, and so sudden was the calamity that the residents of the village of Cochecton had not time to flee from their houses before they were surrounded by water and huge blocks of floating ice. Several dwellings were covered as far as their second stories, and in the church the water reached the pulpit. Merchants abandoned their goods, and house-keepers their furniture, while those who were on the shore constructed rafts, floats and rough boats with which they conveyed terrified men, women and children from the half-submerged houses. So energetically was the work performed that at 10 o'clock all were rescued. No lives were lost; but there was much suffering, as well as large losses of property. Doctor Williams' house, with its furniture, two barns and sheds of Thomas Riley, a barn of William McCullough, and a barn of Mr. Tyler, with his hay and grain, were swept away. The graveyard was overflowed, and the memorials of the dead broken by the battering ice. But the greatest loss was the destruction of the bridge across the Delaware, which had been recently completed at a cost of ten thousand dollars. It was borne away entire after the flood was several feet above its piers.

During the day, the dam at the Falls was broken, when the flats were speedily drained; but they were nearly covered by huge fragments of ice. For a time it was almost impossible to drive a team through the village.

At Callicoon Depot two or three buildings were destroyed, as well as a bridge across the Callicoon. The lumber on the river, almost without an exception, was swept off.

The New York and Erie railroad-bridge at Narrowsburgh was destroyed, and after a new one was put in its place, that also was swept off by a flood on the 18th of February ensuing.

As late as the 20th of April of this year, snow fell in the northern part of the county to the depth of three feet, and on the 3d and 4th of May there was another flood which caused a considerable loss of property.

There was an unusual scarcity of hay, and many horned cattle starved to death. On the 1st of May, cows were bought for ten dollars per head; but they were too weak to walk, and purchasers were obliged to take them away on sleighs.

As late as the 20th of May, there was a snow-storm in the northern towns, and along the county-line the snow was six inches deep.

The bridge at Cochection was not rebuilt until the fall of 1858. Capitalists were not inclined to invest their money in a structure which seemed to be of but temporary continuance, until Sydney Tuttle, of Jeffersonville, took a large portion of the stock. Mr. Chapin, the builder, commenced the new bridge in October, and finished it in January.

In improving a new country, fire is an important agent. Applied at a proper time, it reduces to ashes the woodland rubbish which encumbers the soil, and leaves the land in good condition for the raising of crops. "It is a good servant, but a hard master." In May, 1862, a person set fire to some brush-heaps on Brier Ridge, in Cochection, when the wind carried the flames from object to object, and a fiery tornado rushed from the ridge to the premises of Frederick Long, jr., on the east-branch of the Callicoon. Fourteen houses and barns were destroyed, besides sheep, horn-cattle, hogs, furniture, farming utensils, etc. The principal sufferers were Charles Rosewinn, George Bauer, Jacob Bordenstein, Jacob Rosewinn, Frederick Long, sen., John Weaver, George A. Ranft, Frederick Knight, J. W. Decker, Henry Fitzgerald, Frederick Long, jr., Hewlet Peters, John Best, and Martin Andrews.

It was estimated that during the first week of the month nearly one hundred buildings were destroyed by fire in Cochection, Callicoon, Thompson, Bethel, Liberty, Fallsburgh and Neversink.

Our history of Cochection would not be complete without a more particular account of a gentleman who, for nearly two generations, has been the most prominent resident of the town, politically and socially.

James C. Curtis, a native of the State of Vermont, came to Cochection in 1814, and engaged in farming, lumbering and trading. He was also concerned in the affairs of Edward Griswold and Madame Berthemey. On the organization of the town, he was elected Supervisor, and held that office seventeen years—sixteen of them consecutively. From 1835 to 1843, he was chairman of the Board. He was also for thirty years a Justice of the Peace. In 1828, he was made a Major of the 185th Regiment of Infantry. In 1831 and 1833, he represented Sullivan in the Assembly of the State, and in 1849 was elected a Senator from Sullivan and Orange. While acting in the latter capacity, he resigned his seat; but was re-elected by a largely increased majority. In 1844, he was appointed First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and held the position until the adoption of the third Constitution of the State; and from 1862 to 1869 was

United States Assessor for the Eleventh District of New York. Besides these, he has filled several less important positions.

In early life, Judge Curtis married Pamela C., a daughter of Major Ebenezer Taylor. His children (now living) are William H., James I., Charles T., Caroline M. and Helen M. Two others (Sarah E. and Edward G.) are dead.

During the political controversies of the last fifty years, in which he took an active part, Judge Curtis always commanded the respect of his partisan opponents, and his integrity was never questioned.

On the 24th of February, 1855, Elizabeth, only daughter of E. L. Burnham, and wife of William H. Curtis, was so badly injured by her clothes taking fire, that she died on the 21st of March. William H. Curtis was Sheriff of the county from 1857 to 1860.

FOSTERDALE.—Jesse M. Foster came into the county in 1817, and for three years kept the old Irvine inn at Cochection. In 1820, he removed to the locality which is now known as Fosterdale. This cognomen was bestowed on a post-office established here in 1831, of which Mr. Foster was the first master. In the same year he was elected County Clerk, the duties of which were discharged by his son, James H. Foster. For many years Jesse M. Foster was engaged at Fosterdale as a hotel-keeper, farmer and lumberman. He died in 1853. His wife (Delia Hurd) survived him several years. Both were much respected.

COCHECTON CENTRE.—In the fall of 1849, Alfred and Fletcher Stevens purchased of Alfred Nearing a tannery site at this place, on which they erected a tannery 350 feet in length, and also fifteen or twenty buildings. The place was at first called Stevensburgh; but was finally known as Cochection Centre. The tannery is now owned by Horton, Knapp & Co.

On Sunday, March 16, 1851, Charles Bogle and John Flanigan, while returning from Cochection depot with Timothy Giblin, quarreled and proceeded to assault each other. Bogle was stabbed, and died within twelve hours. Flanigan was subsequently convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to State prison for three years. The parties were intoxicated at the time of the affray.

PIKE POND.—This place received its name from a pretty natural pond, upon the banks of which it is situated. Pike were found here by the early settlers, having been introduced from the Delaware by the Indians, or soon after the region was occupied by the whites. Although the lake is not large, its outlet furnishes a valuable water-power. A man named Woodruff had a saw-mill

here in '1814. Subsequently a grist-mill, tannery, etc., were erected on the stream. Blake Wales, jr., at first was interested in the tannery, and it was subsequently owned by Gideon Wales, Osmer B. Wheeler and Nathan S. Hammond. The last two parted with their interests, which finally passed into the hands of Gideon Wales. The magnitude of his business may be estimated when we state that in 1866, he, in conjunction with Daniel T. Stevens, purchased a tract of bark-land of Madame Berthemey, for which they paid \$24,500, cash. Gideon Wales was a member of the last Constitutional Convention of this State. Among the other residents of Pike Pond we may mention Nathan Moulthrop, Stephen W. Gedney, and William Bonesteel. Mr. Moulthrop was in early life a sailor, and rose to the rank of captain. Becoming weary of a wandering life on the ocean, he for a time indulged in the pleasures of domestic life in Dutchess county. In 1828, he removed to the verge of the settled country at Pike Pond, where he continued to reside until his death in September, 1851. He was a gentleman of many virtues, and among them was that of a generous and genial hospitality. The herald of righteousness, as he wended his weary way over the hills and through the valleys of this then wilderness country, always found rest, refreshment and congenial society under the roof of Captain Moulthrop.

The post-office at Pike Pond was established in March, 1851, with Gideon Wales as post-master.

Pike Pond contains one church (Methodist Episcopal) which was built in 1850. Rev. John Davy labored here at an early day, and organized a "class."

CALLICOON DEPOT.—This is a lively business-place, situated at the mouth of the Callicoon stream. Its early settlement has been noticed elsewhere. There are here two churches, ten stores and groceries, three hotels, an academy, etc. In 1837 a crime was committed in this vicinity which yet remains shrouded in mystery. On the 18th of June, the body of a man was found in the river partially covered with sand. He had been killed by blows on the head; but by whom and for what has never been ascertained. The body had on it a shirt, shirtee, vest and boots, but no pants. These articles were described in the newspapers of that day; nevertheless no clue to the perpetration of the crime was revealed.

The Methodists of the neighborhood were organized as a society in 1850, while Rev. William A. Hughson was on the circuit, during which year a church was built. In 1869, this building was sold to the Roman Catholics. In 1871, a more expensive edifice was erected, in which the society now worships.

The Holy Cross church (R. C.) was bought of the Methodists

in 1869. The priests of the Port Jervis Mission have had the spiritual charge of this section. Since the purchase of the church, Rev. J. Nilan has officiated at the altar.

The post-office at Callicoon Depot was established in 1849, with Reuben Tyler as post-master.

The Callicoon Depot Academy, J. J. Silk, Principal, has been established since 1870. It owes its existence to the enterprise of Mr. Silk, and is said to be in a flourishing condition.

As early as 1797, Rev. Isaac Sergeant commenced preaching to the sparsely populated neighborhoods of the Delaware valley. He was a Congregational minister, and in 1799 organized the Church at Narrows Falls—the first religious society in the county of which we have an account. He labored as far up the river as Cochecton. In 1800, he had gathered a respectable nucleus for a Church, and administered the Lord's Supper, according to the Congregational order, to the following persons: Nicholas Conklin, Elizabeth Conklin, Hannah Jones, Elizabeth Brown,* Jane Tyler, Simeon Bush, Hannah Bush, Deacon Simmonds, Charlotte Simmonds, John Conklin and wife, Hester Tyler, Betty Conklin, and Lizzie Tyler, wife of Oliver Tyler.

It is probable that Mr. Sergeant took steps to form these persons into a legally constituted Church; but if he did, no certain evidence of the fact can now be found. He continued to visit Cochecton occasionally for a few years; after which those who had been admitted as members were scattered, deceased, or became members of the Presbyterian Church.

Among the pioneer preachers of Cochecton was Elder Enoch Owen, who lived on the turnpike east of the village of Cochecton. He was of the Free Will Baptist faith, and for many years was the only clergyman who resided in the town. He was a man of but little education; but his mind and body and zeal were robust. It cannot be said that he was mercenary; for he received little or no compensation for his labors in his Master's vineyard. Every Sunday, he preached in a small Baptist meeting-house in Damascus, and at other times in neighborhoods where he could gather a few hearers. He was always ready to visit the sick and afflicted, and to discourse at funerals on mortality and immortality—the ineffable and everlasting bliss of the redeemed, and the fearful fate of the doomed. His unpretending and homely discourses impressed Christian morality upon many souls of this neglected region.

Elder Owen was a lumberman, farmer and mason. He built the old-fashioned stone chimneys of the valley before brick and

* The mother of the person from whom this list was obtained, by our informant, Mrs. James C. Curtis.

lime were seen there. He also made several miles of the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike. While engaged on the latter work, he occupied a log-house on what is yet known as Owen Cabin Hill, and regularly performed religious service at the Baptist church of Damascus. No one questioned his piety; and yet such runagates as Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere would have pronounced some of his acts "excentric." The Puritans of New England, when they gathered for worship, carried with them newly loaded and freshly primed muskets to defend themselves against the attacks of heathen salvages. Elder Owen, as he journeyed on Sundays to expound the Word at Damuscus, carried with him his trusty rifle. His path was through the woods, and often a stray panther, or deer, or bear crossed it, when the Elder put an end to its Sabbath-day rambles. His metaphorical bolts did not always reach the heart of the sinner; but he never failed to make his leaden bullets hit any animal at which they were projected. If he had a doubt on the subject on Sunday-venery, he continued to give himself the benefit of the doubt until his eyes were opened by the following incident: One Sunday *post meridiem*, after holding forth with considerable unction, he started for home, with his rifle as usual on his shoulder. Whether he employed his mind during his long walk with pious meditations on shreds of Holy Writ, we cannot say; but we are certain that in the dusk of the evening, as he approached his clearing, he had a vision of horns and hoofs. Believing that he saw a very large buck, he approached cautiously and fired. The shot was fatal. The animal fell. Owen, much elated, hastened to cut its throat; but found, when too late, that he had shot and killed his only horse! Exclaiming, "So much for carrying a gun on Sunday!" he hastened from the scene, and was never again known to take his rifle from home on the day of rest.

With Deacon Dunn of Big Eddy, Mr. Owen held religious meetings in the Delaware river towns wherever there was a settlement. In his old age he joined the Close Communion Baptists. He was an honest old soul, whose good deeds and good name survived his mortal body, and are yet held in grateful remembrance.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF COHECTON.—The organization of the Presbyterian society of Cohecton was commenced on the 9th of March, 1812, at the school-house in "Cohecton Settlement," by the election of Oliver H. Calkin, Simeon Bush, Moses Calkin, John Conklin, Elias Conklin and Ebenezer Witter as trustees. Ebenezer Witter and Bezaleel Calkin presided at the election.

In August of the same year, Rev. Charles Cummins of Florida,

N. Y., preached in Cochection, and admitted the following persons to membership: Simeon Bush, John Conklin, Elias Conklin, Ebenezer Witter, Hannah Bush, Molly Skinner, Charlotte Conklin, Jane Tyler, Hannah Jones, Martha P. Richards, Eleanor Taylor, Hannah Witter, Huldah Conklin, Eleanor Bush and Elizabeth Brown; and the organization of the Church was perfected by the selection of Messrs. Witter, Bush and John Conklin as ruling elders, and Witter and Bush as deacons.

Previous to this time, the neighborhood must have been visited by Presbyterian missionaries, as a majority of the first members belonged to families which had resided in the valley for over forty years. The names of these pioneer heralds have not been preserved in the archives of Cochection; and but little is remembered of others who preached here occasionally, previous to 1840, beyond the fact that Rev. Dr. Cummins, Rev. Benjamin Van Keuren and Rev. James Petrie ministered here a few times.

In 1821, Moses Calkin, Elizabeth Calkin, Weighty Irvine and Prudence Irvine were added to the list of members. Their names are still mentioned reverently. One of them (Prudence Irvine) adorned the profession for the long period of fifty years.

The church-edifice occupied by the congregation was built in 1839 by an organization entitled "The Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Society of the town of Cochection." At a meeting over which Moses Calkin and George Bush presided on the 8th of March, 1839, Moses Calkin, Jared Irvine, Alexander A. Irvine, James C. Curtis, Charles Young, Nathan Skinner, Charles Drake, George Bush and Walter S. Vail were appointed trustees; and a subscription paper was started to raise money to build "a meeting-house—a place of public worship." Within a short time nearly the necessary amount was pledged, and on the 6th of May, Moses Calkin gave a deed of the church-lot for two dollars.

Some of those who signed the subscription-paper are designated as Methodists—others as Presbyterians. This was due to a proviso in the deed, according to the Presbyterians the right, after the expiration of ten years, of buying out the rights of the Methodists, by paying to them what they had contributed.

In June, 1839, James C. Curtis, Walter S. Vail and Charles Drake, the building committee, contracted with Willis and Ira Sherwood for the building of the house, for \$1,500—the committee agreeing to furnish the stone for the foundation. The edifice was completed on the 28th of January, 1840, when, after some discussion with the building committee, the Messrs. Sherwood accepted \$1,425—\$75 less than the contract-price. The dedication took place on the 20th of February, 1840. Notwithstanding the traveling was bad, a large congregation assembled.

Rev. David Webster, a Methodist clergyman whose mind was exalted by much culture as well as physical suffering, preached the sermon from the 1st and 2d verses of the 84th Psalm. \$280 were subscribed—a sum sufficient to pay a small debt, and to complete the fixtures about the building.

It should be said that, although their names do not appear in the records, the edifice owes its existence to the efforts of a few pious ladies.

On the 8th of March, 1840, the trustees met and determined that the Presbyterians and Methodists should occupy the building each alternate week; that it might be opened to other evangelical denominations when its owners were not using it; and that it should not be “occupied by any denomination for the purpose of preaching or lecturing on the abolition of negro-slavery, or the formation of any society connected with abolition in its present and popular sense.”

On the 29th of April, 1855, the Presbyterian portion of the society re-organized as “The First Presbyterian Church and Congregation of Cohecton, in connection with the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church of the United States of America.” Walter S. Vail, Charles Irvine, Robert T. Parsons, William McCullough, Ellery T. Calkin and James C. Curtis were chosen trustees. During the ensuing twelve months, the title of the Methodists was extinguished, and the building became the exclusive property of the Presbyterians. Within a few years the church has been furnished with an organ, a bell, etc.

Previous to October 15, 1871, 181 persons had been members of this church, and it numbered at that time sixty souls.

In this connection it may not be improper to say, that the Methodists commenced preaching in Cohecton about the year 1831. The growth of this respectable body is one of the marvels of ecclesiastical history. Of the zealous and self-sacrificing men who planted Methodism in Sullivan, we can learn but little. They labored more for the conversion of sinners than for earthly fame, and after preaching in our wilderness country for a year or two, were transferred to other fields. Hence they left but few records behind them except in the hearts of their pious admirers. They are mentioned with affection by a few old brothers and sisters, whose hearts are still fervid, but whose memories are dim and uncertain.

Eleven persons have served as Elders of the Cohecton Presbyterian Church, viz:

From 1812—Ebenezer Witter, who died at Gibson, Pa.; Simeon Bush, who died in 1836; John Conklin, who died at Susquehanna.

From 1822—James Jackson, who died in Chautauqua county;

Hiram Dibble, who died at Honesdale; Moses Calkin, who died in Cochection, February 12, 1865, aged 80 years.

From December 23, 1838—Robert T. Parsons, now at Huntley, Illinois; James McArthur, now in or near Philadelphia; Abijah M. Calkin, now a Baptist clergyman at Waverly, Pennsylvania.

From April 26, 1862—Ezra F. Calkin; Silas C. Beckwith, who died at Port Jervis in 1865.

On the 5th of September, 1857, nineteen members were dismissed to form the First Presbyterian Church of Damascus.

Clergymen who have officiated in this church as stated supplies and pastors: George K. McEwen, from 1840 to 1841; William Riddle, 1842 to 1843; John Mole (pastor), 1845 to 1847; William Hunting, 1851; G. K. Mariner, 1852 and 1853; Thomas Mack (pastor), 1853 to 1859; Erastus Seymour (pastor), 1860 to 1863; Samuel Murdock, 1863 to 1864; from 1864 to the present time, Theron Brittain.*

With one exception, these gentlemen, in zeal, piety and learning, were not below the average of country clergymen. John Mole, whose conduct finds no parallel in the lives of Christian ministers of Sullivan, became the pastor of the Cochection Church, on the 1st of January, 1845. He was a man of high intellectual attainments, and capable of filling an enlarged field of usefulness; but his efficiency was crippled by a morbid desire for the acquisition of the treasures of this world. He labored zealously and with great energy both in and out of his profession. In addition to preaching and performing other ministerial duties, he was mainly instrumental in securing a church-edifice for the congregation at Youngsville, and in forming a library for the young of his charge. He also built a house and a barn for himself, and engaged in clearing and cultivating land. "He hauled timber with oxen, cleared and burnt fallow-ground, dug, masoned, carpentered and painted with his own hands, so as to often look more like a collier than a minister of the gospel." In addition to his charge at Cochection, he had the oversight of an infant congregation at Youngsville.

The Presbyterians of Cochection and Callicoon were at that time unable to afford their pastor a competent support. Hence there was a promise, expressed or implied, on the part of the Hudson Presbytery, that the members of that body would contribute for the maintenance of a minister for these towns one hundred dollars, more or less, per annum, to vary according to circumstances. This was paid to Mr. Mole during the first and second years of his pastorate; and he confidently expected to receive it thereafter, as the people were satisfied with his labors, and he had received no intimation from any quarter that he

* Historical Sketch of Cochection Presbyterian Church, by Rev. Theron Brittain.

should leave. He continued to manage his affairs as usual until near the close of the third year, when he received notice that the annual stipend of one hundred dollars would not again be paid. This notice was the root of evil from which sprang a poisonous plant that overshadowed his future life. It led to a long and bitter controversy with the Presbytery, and to suits in the civil courts. The former suspended his ministerial functions; but he appealed to the Synod, and was there triumphant. He was also successful in the other cases. But, although victorious, he felt that he was a ruined man. His means were wasted in litigation, and his influence destroyed. He was driven from place to place, with a large and dependent family, and was without employment, and in bad repute.

At the end of 1847, he relinquished his charge at Youngsville; but remained one year longer in Cohecton. Subsequently, while laboring under a sense of wrong and injustice done him, and fearing that he and his family would become destitute, he stole a horse and wagon of Butler & Co., of Poughkeepsie. He was soon after arrested for the offense, and tried before Judge Egbert Q. Eldridge, of Dutchess county, in the fall of 1853. His counsel entered a plea of insanity, (we believe the plea was founded on truth,) and Mr. Mole himself made an elaborate and affecting appeal to the Court; nevertheless he was found guilty, and sentenced to two years and six months of hard labor in State prison.

After his release from prison, in 1856, he went to the city of New York, where he found employment as a carpenter. He has been dead several years.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF COCHECTON.

From		To
1829.....	James C. Curtis.....	1845
1845.....	Edward Bloomfield.....	1847
1847.....	William Bonesteel.....	1848
1848.....	John Valleau.....	1849
1849.....	James C. Curtis.....	1850
1850.....	William H. Curtis.....	1853
1853.....	James Stoutenbergh.....	1854
1854.....	Alexander A. Irvine.....	1856
1856.....	William McCullough.....	1857
1857.....	William H. Curtis.....	1859
1859.....	Nathan Moulthrop.....	1860
1860.....	William Roper.....	1861
1861.....	Alfred Calkins.....	1862
1862.....	John Valleau.....	1863
1863.....	Nathan Moulthrop.....	1864
1864.....	William Roper.....	1865
1865.....	Sidney Tuttle.....	1867
1867.....	W. B. Buckley.....	1869
1869.....	William G. Potts.....	1871
1871.....	George E. Knapp.....	1874

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF DELAWARE.

1869.....	Isaac R. Clements.....	1870
1870.....	William H. Curtis.....	1873
1873.....	John F. Anderson.....	1874

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOWN OF FALLSBURGH.

The surface of Fallsburgh does not vary materially from that of Thompson. The town is drained by the Good Beerskill, the Sandburgh and the Neversink and its branches. French's Gazetteer says there are five lakes in Fallsburgh, viz: the Sheldrake, *Smith, Hill* and Brown ponds in the west, and East or Pleasant pond in the east. One of these, at least, is a mill-dam. Grain-raising, dairying and lumbering are the principal pursuits of the residents. Until a few years ago, tanning was an important interest.

The water-power of Fallsburgh is almost inexhaustible, and with enterprise and capital sufficient to render it available, may yet add immensely to the population and wealth of the town.

This town was erected by an act of the Legislature of New York, on the 9th of March, 1826, and taken from Thompson and Neversink. Its bounds were prescribed as follows: "Beginning at the N. E. corner of Thompson, on the line of Ulster county, and running thence southwardly, along the W. line of Mamakating, to the southwardly line of Great Lot One; thence westwardly along the southwardly line of Great Lot One to the middle of the Nevisink river; thence northwardly along the middle of said river to the south line of division No. 19 of Great Lot One; thence westwardly along said south line of the said division to the S. W. corner thereof; thence northwardly along the W. bounds of divisions Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23 to the S. line of Great Lot No. 2; thence westwardly along the aforesaid S. line, to south-westwardly corner of division No. 3, in Great Lot No. 2; thence northwardly along the W. line of said division No. 3, to the line of Liberty; thence along the boundary lines of Thompson, Liberty and Nevisink, to the N. W. corner of division No. 3 in the 3d allotment of Great Lot No. 3; thence eastwardly along the N. line of said division No. 3, to the W. bounds of the farm of Thomas Hardenbergh; thence along the northwardly and westwardly bounds of said farm to the N. line of Great Lot No. 3; thence eastwardly along said N. line to the boundary line of Ulster; thence southwardly and eastwardly along said line to the place of beginning."

The act declared that the first town-meeting should be held at the school-house near the Nevisink Falls on the first Tuesday of April, 1826. At this meeting the following persons were elected: Herman M. Hardenbergh, Supervisor; Richard A. Reading, Town Clerk; John Crawford, James Brown and Cornelius D. Eller, Assessors; Harley R. Ludington, Henry Misner and John Eller, Commissioners of Highways; Elnathan S. Starr, Thomas Lawrence and John Hill, Commissioners of Common Schools; Henry Mead and Josiah Depuy, Overseers of the Poor; Warren Barlow, Collector; Warren Barlow, Philip C. Ludington, Daniel Couch and Alexander C. Sloat, Constables; and Thomas R. Hardenbergh, William Hill and Julius I. Starr, Inspectors of Common Schools.

The migratory habit of our people is illustrated in the fact that more than one-half of the family-names which appear in the above list are no longer borne by residents of the town.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1830	1,173	\$89,954	\$520.95	\$572.78
1840	1,782	106,055	530.89	459.19
1850	2,626	113,644	530.20	789.63
1860	3,333	349,510	463.01	2,689.69
1870	3,211	260,425	10,703.55	7,794.86

The names of the original settlers of Fallsburgh are unknown. It is believed they were Dutch, and that they located near Denniston's ford, and on the ridge which divides the Sheldrake stream from the Dutch pond and Pleasant Lake. The last-mentioned settlement was principally in Thompson, and was altogether abandoned during the French and Indian war, while the one at Denniston's ford, though the people composing it were driven away for a time, was never wholly given up. In 1790, the valley at this point had the appearance of a region long occupied by whites, and those who immigrated to and through it were told that Dutch settlers had lived there many years previously. We shall give in another place what is known of those who lived there subsequent to the war of the Revolution.

About 1788, the valley above the Falls of the Neversink became known to those who were seeking for good and cheap lands, and a considerable number of families moved there from the old neighborhoods of Ulster, and other localities, during that and three or four subsequent years. Among them were Peter

Misner from Kyserike, who settled on the farm now owned by his son Henry; Aaron Van Benschoten, on lands above Woodbourne, on which is now the parsonage of the Reformed Church; Garret Van Benschoten,* farther up the stream, a part of whose premises is now the property of Simon K. Wood. In addition to these were Peter Freer, Matthew Sheeley,† Jacob Maraquat, Seth Gillett, Cornelius Sarr, James Bush and his three sons, James, Simeon and Henry, John Coney, Eleazer Larrabee, Josiah Depuy, John Tappan, John Gorton, James Hill, Thomas Rawson, Cornelius Turner, the DeWitts, Bakers, Bordons, Grants, Klines, Van Leuvens, and several others, some of whose names may be recorded by us hereafter.‡ The name of the pioneer settler does not appear, although it is said that two old men named Abner and Ezra Bush were found living there as hermits. They were from 70 to 80 years of age, and their retreat was on the farm now occupied by Richard Oliver.

Two brothers named Baker and a man named Thomas Rawson were among the first. In 1789, Thomas Grant purchased Rawson's possessions.§

The early residents were robust and hardy. Fever and ague and other diseases incident to a new country were unknown here. The flats were covered with an immense growth of timber, which in the process of clearing was burned on the land, and added to the virgin soil a large percentage of potash—a percentage which would now make the valley remarkable for fertility. Heavy crops of wheat, corn and rye rewarded the husbandman, and the Neversink country was famed far and near for its productiveness.

Some of the settlers came in by the way of Napanoch and the Chestnut Woods, as Grahamsville was then called, and others by the way of Rose's Pass, Phillips Port, the Sandburgh, and Denniston's Ford. From the latter they followed up the road which ran along the river, or passed near it, to the Falls. The route by the way of the Sandburgh was mentioned in 1797 by the Commissioners of Highways of Manakating as the old road. It was undoubtedly an ancient Indian path, and somewhat improved. Uriah, a son of James Hill, well remembered the journey over this road when his father moved to Fallsburgh

* June 3, 1832.—Died, in Fallsburgh, Garret Van Benschoten, aged 77 years. He was one who took an active part in achieving our independence. He joined a volunteer company when a youth, and continued in the service during the war. He was in several engagements, and was at the battle of Fort Montgomery. He was one of the few who stood by their cannon, and continued to fire on the enemy until they came up to wrest a torch from the hand of Col. Bruyn, whose invincible courage would not permit him to show the enemy his back on such occasions.—*Ulster Plebeian*.

† Sheeley lived at Hasbrouck, where he kept the first tavern of the town.

‡ A few of these persons settled within the present bounds of Neversink.

§ Lotan Smith's MSS. History.

with his family.* Subsequently (Sept. 29, 1797) Elijah Reeve of Otisville, and John Knapp of Thompsonville, Commissioners of Mamakating, established a road from the residence of William A. Thompson, over Mount Prospect to the Neversink at the Falls, and from thence to Woodbourne, which they described as follows:

“From the Albion Mill† on the Sheldrake creek, west of the Nevisink river, and said road is to run northerly to the residence of Thadeus Brown In or near the old road as it is now cut out, and from thence toward the north on the east side of Mr. Bordone’s house, and so on to Mr. Dewitt’s, on the east side of his house, and through his improvement on the west side of a place called a Bindekill, and so on to the dwelling house of Isaac Turners, by the brink of the Nevisink river on the west side of of it.”‡

The “old road” mentioned in the above extract ran from Denniston’s Ford to Woodbourne. There was no bridge across the Sheldrake at Thompsonville for several years. To cross that stream travelers passed through William A. Thompson’s saw-mill!

Notwithstanding a few years of labor brought comparative abundance to the early residents of the town, at first their hardships were very great. Here and there throughout the valley was a little isolated clearing, literally choked by huge stumps and stubborn roots, and in the opening was a low, bark-roofed log-hut, generally destitute of window or chimney. Near it was a log-pen open to the snows and blasts of winter, in which were stored whatever of hay and straw the owner could gather for the subsistence of his shivering and distempered cattle. These sojourners in a wilderness country had no difficulty in procuring meat. Deer and bear abounded on the neighboring hills, and were obtained by the expenditure of a little time and ammunition, and swine were fattened without cost on the nuts found wherever the beech-tree flourished. To obtain bread was the great difficulty; for even after grain was raised from the root-bound soil, it had to be carried twenty miles, in small quantities, to a mill, before it could be converted into bread.§ Samp and coarse meal were made at home in various ways. James Hill had a famous mortar, in which he could pound half a bushel of corn at once, with a wooden pestle fastened to a spring-pole. Boiled cracked maize, sweetened with maple-molasses, was considered as great a delicacy as the choicest viands which now grace the tables of the most wealthy. But few cows were kept.

* Lotan Smith’s MSS.

† Thompsonville.

‡ Mamakating Records.

§ *Sullivan County Whig*, Sept. 25, 1846.

and they were generally kept farrow so that their owners could have milk during the entire year.

The majority of those who located in the valley, held their lands under what was known as the Beekman title; some bought of the Wynkoops, and others of the Schoonmakers of Ulster county. The price paid was from eight to ten shillings per acre. James Hill bought of the Wynkoops, and gave Cornelius Turner twenty-five dollars for his improvements. Turner had occupied the place for one or more years. The Beekman and Schoonmaker titles, as will appear hereafter, were defective, while the other was good.

In a few years substantial comforts and conveniences began to multiply. In 1793, Peter Van Leuven built a grist-mill near Woodbourne, and during the same year Seth Gillett put up a saw-mill on the stream which empties into the Neversink near Hasbrouck.* About 1797, William Parks erected a grist and saw-mill in Prince's Hollow. In 1798, Conrad Sheeley established a grist-mill on the Wynkoop brook, and about the same time Benjamin Gillett built a grist and saw-mill at Hasbrouck where the Denman mill now stands.† A store was opened at an early day in the town of Neversink, which caused a great saving of time in procuring necessaries and luxuries.

A fulling-mill was established at Hasbrouck in 1820. As early as 1793, John Sammons carried on blacksmithing in the town, on the place since owned by John Hardenbergh.

Among the papers of B. G. Childs, deceased, we find the following "Notes" from the late Amos Y. Grant. They are interesting, and we think reliable:

In 1789, three brothers named Baker were living on the Thomas Depuy place, and a man named John Rawson on the farm since owned by Elsie Hardenbergh. In the fall of 1789, Thomas Grant, of New London county, Connecticut, with the Messrs. Mott, Overton and two brothers named Worden, went to the town of Rockland, where they had made arrangements to obtain a tract of land. They had the property divided into six parcels, and drew lots to determine each man's share. What has since been known as the Doctor Livingston lot fell to Grant. As it was broken and rough, he was dissatisfied, and left. The others remained in Rockland, where many of their descendants now reside. Thomas Grant returned to the Neversink country, and purchased the right of possession of John Rawson, for which he gave a horse, saddle and bridle. In the spring of 1790, Joshua Grant, the father of Thomas, moved from Groton, Connecticut, bringing with him two other sons, Ephraim and Nathan,

* B. G. Childs' MSS.

† Ibid.

after which the family occupied the Rawson place. Three years later, William, another son of Joshua, settled in the same neighborhood on the place since owned by M. Hardenbergh, for which he paid \$170. The Grants brought with them all their household furniture. The journey was 160 miles in length, and occupied eleven days. William Grant was a cripple, and not able, without assistance, to get in or out of the cart in which he rode. Seemingly such a man was unfitted for the rough life of a pioneer; but as he was a skillful tanner, currier and shoemaker, and withal industrious, frugal and of sound mind, he managed to keep pace with his more fortunate neighbors. His descendants are among our most prominent and influential citizens.

"Joseph Howard and Eleazer Larrabee were living in 1793 on Mutton Hill. They had married daughters of Joshua Grant, and among their neighbors were John Hall, William Parks, Silas B. Palmer and others.

"The Neversink flats were soon all taken up, as well as some of the best uplands. As the country filled up, some of the early comers moved still farther into the wilderness. The pioneers of Liberty were awhile sojourners in the valley of the Neversink.

"For twenty years, it was necessary to go as far as Kingston to reach a post-office, and often letters did not reach Neversink from Groton, Connecticut, in less than ninety days."

In primitive days, a great calamity befell the valley. Such a flood as has not been witnessed since overwhelmed the low lands of the Neversink, and carried away crops, buildings and cattle, and the inhabitants were obliged to flee to the mountains for safety. For several days, many, when they visited their houses, or such of their houses as were not swept away, were obliged to go in canoes. William Palmer, who lived at Denniston's ford, had a valuable team of horses carried off, together with his stable. The animals were drowned, and were found still tied to their manger, on a large rock which formerly was seen near the western abutment of the bridge at Bridgeville. Lotan Smith says this flood was in 1786 or 1787; but we have reason to believe that it took place ten years later, as there was very little in the shape of crops above Denniston's ford to be destroyed by water or anything else as early as 1787.

Ten years after the principal influx of settlers, the surplus produce of the valley was very considerable. Large quantities of grain and pork were carted to New Windsor and Newburgh, and sold. Wheat brought from 18 to 20, and rye and corn 8 shillings per bushel. Pork was sold there for \$25 a barrel. In a single year, James Hill sold twenty-five barrels of pork at Thompsonville,* and there were others who were as successful

* MSS. of Lotan Smith.

farmers as Hill. Now the town does not produce as much grain and meat as it consumes. The manufacture of butter has become the leading industry, and is more profitable than the old way of farming.

Greater trials were in store for a part of these people than any they had yet experienced. Some of those whose farms were on the hills held under the Schoonmaker title. This title was founded on the fact that one of the Schoonmakers who had been a Trustee of the town of Rochester, had not conveyed his trust to his successor in office. On this slim pretense, it was claimed that he had acquired the fee simple of unsold real estate in the Rochester patent. It was also claimed that his rights, notwithstanding the settlement of 1778, extended to alleged Blue Hills west of the Neversink. The Schoonmaker claim was undoubtedly fraudulent. The courts so decided, and those who held under it were ejected.

Others had the Beekman title. The Beekman tract covered the valley of the Neversink from a point a short distance below Woodbourne to what was then known as the Cat's Paw, above the present village of Neversink. This title originated with Colonel Henry Beekman, who, while representing Ulster in the General Assembly of 1703, obtained a grant of the Rochester patent from Queen Anne.* In what manner he became interested in land affairs on the Neversink does not clearly appear. By some it has been said that he purchased of the Trustees of Rochester; others declare that he bought of the Hardenberghs, who sold the tract to pay the expenses of partitioning their lands. However this may be, it is certain that in 1778, Colonel Johannis Hardenbergh, with other interested parties, *distinctly recognized the validity of the Beekman title*. This recognition appears in the settlement-deed itself, in which the Wynkoop tract is "bounded on the westward on the land of Colonel Henry Beekman, lying on the Naewersink."

The Beekman title was not formally questioned by the Hardenberghs until 1802, at least fourteen years after the valley was settled. This fact affords presumptive evidence that they believed the title was not theirs, or had passed from them.

Previous to 1802, the settlers very generally had paid for the farms they occupied, and had made improvements which greatly enhanced the value of the property. They had every reason to believe that they had secured comfortable homes, and that a few more years of industry and self-denial would enable them to spend the balance of their days in comparative ease and plenty,

* Henry Beekman was a Member of the General Assembly as early as 1691, and a Representative of that name generally occupied a seat in that body until 1759. In 1802, of course, he had been dead many years. Our informant says that Henry K. Beekman, a descendant of Colonel Beekman, sold the Neversink valley to its original settlers.

when they were startled by the report that the Beekman title was worthless; that Beekman had never owned a foot of the territory; and that the heirs of Colonel Johannis Hardenbergh intended to dispossess the occupants. This report was followed by the appearance of a man named Gerard Hardenbergh, who announced that he was one of the real owners of the valley, as well as the uplands claimed by the Schoonmakers and those who had bought of them.*

As this man was assassinated by some of the people he endeavored to drive away, and as it is alleged his conduct led to the death of two persons, it is proper to give some account of him.

Gerard or "Gross" Hardenbergh was the son of Colonel Johannis Hardenbergh and a grandson of Major Johannis Hardenbergh, one of the patentees of the Major or Great Patent. Gerard, it is believed, was born in Rosendale, Ulster county, about the year 1733. He was a man of imperious and arbitrary temper, and of convivial inclinations and habits. In early life he married a lady named Nancy Ryerson, who is still held in affectionate remembrance by her descendants, as well as by other branches of the Hardenbergh family. By her he had several children.

In the war of the Revolution, he espoused the cause of his country, and like his patriotic father, imperiled his life to secure the independence of the land of his birth. His time and money and influence were freely thrown into the scale. It is said that he organized two companies of infantry, which were employed in defending the frontier against the incursions of the savages. One of these he commanded, and it is not denied that he was a bold and enterprising leader.†

During his military life he became more and more intemperate, and his existence ultimately no better than a continued and unvarying debauch. His excesses nearly obscured whatever was at first humanitarian in his character, and inflamed all that was morose, impetuous and tyrannical in his disposition. It is related of him by men now (1871) yet living, that, when traveling through the country in his old age, he sometimes ordered the innkeeper at whose house he lodged to cover a table with candles and decanters of spirituous liquors, and taking his seat, solitary and alone, at this somewhat rare festive board, drink until his fiery and surly temper succumbed to insensibility.

In consequence of his wild and reckless ways, his high-toned

* The Wynkoop title was not disputed.

† In August, 1781, when nearly four hundred Indians and Tories invaded Wawarsing, Captain Hardenbergh, with a force of only nine men, hastened forward to the relief of the settlers, and throwing his men into a small stone-house, checked the advance of the enemy. In their repeated assaults on his little fortress, thirteen of their number were left dead upon the field.—*Ruttenger's Indian Tribes of Hudson's River*. This bold and intrepid act saved Wawarsing from annihilation.

father disowned and disinherited him, and willed what would otherwise have been devised to him to the heirs of Nancy Ryerson. This act of the elder Hardenbergh added sulphuric acid to the acetic mind of the son.

Nancy Ryerson's death antedated that of Colonel Hardenbergh, and several of her children died unmarried. Consequently the intention of Gerard's father was defeated. The dissipated son was the heir of his own deceased children, and it is said impiously declared that, while his father had disinherited him, the Almighty had made all right by removing his deceased children. Thereafter he dominated over those who were in his power, and did not bend to his will, with remorseless rigor.

This declaration is based on the statements of those who suffered from his acts, some of whom killed him. Even his own descendants make no pretense of defending his character. Yet he was not altogether vile, as will appear in subsequent paragraphs.

Gross Hardenbergh claimed the lands of the valley of the Neversink. The occupants met his claim by exhibiting the deeds they had received from the Beekmans. The right of the latter to sell was denied, and could not be proven. Neither the original nor a properly authenticated copy of the Beekman's deed could be found. It was alleged that this deed had been put into the hands of Doctor Benjamin Hardenbergh, a son of Gross, by one Vernoooy, who surveyed the Beekman purchase, and that the Doctor had destroyed it. This allegation, whether true or false, was not sufficient to affect any man's tenure, as several of the settlers soon admitted.

Before proceeding to extremities, Hardenbergh made the general proposition that he would give each occupant of a farm in the Beekman tract one hundred acres of wild upland for his improvements. Aaron and Garret Van Benschoten wisely accepted this offer, and each located his lot on the hills near the premises now owned by Isaiah Hasbrouck. The lots thus acquired by them are now occupied by William H. Van Benschoten, John Yapple, Mr. Merrett, and others.

Since the day of Hardenbergh's assassination, his memory has rested under a cloud so black and dense, that no one has dared to say a word in his defense. His controversy with his father, his wife, his children, and the unfortunate settlers of the valley, aroused a spirit of antagonism which was not rendered passive by his murder, and which the softened influence of time has not mollified. He hated his family, and defied the world. Those who survived him, consequently, were blind to what was commendable in his character.

Assuming that the Beekman title was fraudulent, Hardenbergh's offer to recompense the settlers for their improvements

shows that at first he was willing to make an equitable arrangement with them. Their title was defective; his was perfect. He could eject them, and reap the fruits of their industry; but he was willing to do more for their benefit than the laws of his time required of him. But few men of the present day would do what this man proposed to do; and yet his name is execrated. Perhaps subsequent events justify the maledictions which are heaped upon his memory: nevertheless we cheerfully record what we consider commendable on his part.

The occupants of the valley almost universally met his overtures with defiance. They had bought the fat bottom-lands of the Neversink in good faith, and were unwilling to exchange them for uncultivated and heavily timbered uplands. Nearly every one of them had served creditably in the Revolutionary army, and hated oppression and wrong. They believed that the Hardenbergh claim was fraudulent, and that to establish it a crime had been committed; and they hoped that the laws of the government they had imperiled their lives to establish would afford a remedy. In addition to this, we may venture to say that they were incited to resistance by dishonest lawyers, because there are always to be found members of that profession who are prone to lead clients to engage in hopeless controversies, that they themselves may reap a rich harvest, while their deluded clients descend the inclined plane of destruction.

Finding that his offer was rejected, Hardenbergh employed summary means to dispossess the settlers. Among those ejected by him were Peter Freer, Matthew Sheeley, Jacob Maraquat, Seth Gillett, and several others. Henry Misner, who is still (1873) living at Woodbourne, states that after suits of ejectment had been instituted, but not determined, Hardenbergh, with little respect to law, distrained property and forcibly dispossessed the occupants. James Bush, senior, and his sons James, Simeon and Henry, were particularly the objects of his wrath. In the fall of 1806, Hardenbergh took from them all their crops, including six hundred bushels of grain. The latter was placed in a grist-mill owned by him, and built on the present site of the saw-mill of H. R. Hardenbergh. Gross also owned a house and barn in the neighborhood, and his son Benjamin had buildings there. Among them was a barn, in which were stored two hundred bushels of grain. The mill, houses and barns, with their valuable contents, were consumed by fire under such circumstances as to leave no doubt that the residents of the valley were determined to wreak a terrible vengeance. The obnoxious family were then residing in the valley; but becoming alarmed, with one or two exceptions, removed from the region.*

* Life, etc., of Cornelius W. Hardenbergh.

Henry Misner asserts that Gross, in 1806, forcibly set the family of James Bush out of doors, and kicked Mrs. Bush as she went, although but three days previously she had given birth to a child, which she then held in her arms. In the absence of Jacob Maraquat, his family was served in the same way. Maraquat's wife also had a young child, and was dragged from her home by the hair of her head. She died a few days afterwards. The Bush family left the country and abandoned their claim; but Peter Misner, Jeremiah Drake and some others resolved to maintain their ground, and seek redress in legal tribunals.

During the next two years, outrage followed outrage. Hardenbergh became frantic, and the blood of the pioneers was raised to fever-heat. Hardenbergh was looked upon as a public enemy, whose death would be a public blessing.

In November, 1808, he came into the neighborhood, and passed through the valley. Notwithstanding he was seventy-five years old, weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and had led a dissipated life, he was active and energetic. He afforded the unusual spectacle of a very fat and irascible old man astride of a spirited and perverse horse, which his family considered was unsafe for him to ride; but which he governed with skill and boldness. Like too many others, he feared neither man nor beast, and had little respect for God or the devil.

Calling at the house of the Grants (who then occupied the Reed place) he declared that "he would raise more hell during the next seven years than had ever been on earth before." He was very rough in denouncing Drake, and in his declarations of what he would do with him.

When passing along the "dug-way" below Hasbrouck, he noticed that the chimney of a house owned by him and occupied by a man named John Coney was not completed. This displeased him very much, and meeting Coney soon afterwards, he told him that, "unless the chimney was topped out when he came back, he would throw him out of doors." Coney immediately engaged a neighbor (Jacob Sarr) to assist in finishing the chimney the next day.

The next night was spent at the house of his son (Herman M. Hardenbergh) who lived on the farm from which Peter Freer had been ejected, and which is now the property of Thaddeus Badd.

On the ensuing morning (Nov. 23,) he started soon after sunrise to go up the river. When the sun was about an hour high, he was found in the road, a short distance from the present site of the Reformed church, helpless and speechless, by Ezekiel Gillett, senior. A little farther up the road his horse was caught by Cornelius Sarr. He was taken to the house of Aaron Van Benschoten, which stood at the south side of the sand-knoll,

opposite the Reformed Church parsonage-building. Here, after lingering until 3 o'clock A. M. of the 24th, he died without knowing that he had been shot. Before his decease he declared that his friends had often told him that his horse would throw and probably kill him, "and now," said he, "he has done it."

While preparing his body for burial, a ball-hole was found in his clothing, and a wound in his shoulder. Even then his friends were unwilling to believe that he had been murdered, and intended to bury him without an inquest. An old soldier, however, who had seen many wounds received in battle, declared that nothing but lead had made the hole in the dead man's shirt and body. A Coroner (Benjamin Bevier) was then sent for; and the nearest physicians (one of them his son Benjamin) were requested to be present. A jury was also summoned.

The scenes and incidents of the investigation which followed have no parallel in the history of Sullivan, and afford us a glimpse of things almost too shocking for credence.

A crowd of people surrounded Van Benschoten's house, where the inquest took place. Some of them came with jugs of rum in their hands, and too many were rendered jubilant by the death of their enemy and by whisky. One who had been engaged in butchering hogs, on reaching Van Benschoten's, exclaimed, "Fine day for killing!" and while looking at the body of the murdered man, said, "that is fatter pork than I killed to-day." While the physicians were dissecting to find the ball, one of whom was unfriendly to him, this man remarked, with an oath, "That's more than I expected to see—my two greatest enemies, one cutting the other up." When the body was opened, and the heart exposed, he cried, "My God! that's what I have longed to see for this many a day!"

Another composed and sang an obscene song, in which he described the death of Hardenbergh; the gathering of the birds to feed on his dead body, etc. This afforded much amusement, and was repeated so often that some can yet recite parts of it.

A woman whose descendants are among the most respectable citizens of Fallsburgh, declared that "Gross had gone to hell to fee more lawyers;" and one of the witnesses (Abijah Willey) on being asked whether he knew who shot Hardenbergh, declared that he did not; but expressed regret that he did not himself do the deed, as "Doct. Ben. had offered two hundred acres of land to have his father put out of the way."

These sayings evoked shouts of merriment from the crowd. In vain the Coroner endeavored to preserve order. Decorum and decency were banished, and "horrid mirth ruled the hour."

From the evidence elicited at the inquest and the examinations and trials which followed, it appeared that at the time of the murder, the assassins were posted behind a tree which then

stood about eight rods from the road; that there were probably three of them, judging from their footprints; that they had cut away the laurels and other shrubs which obstructed their view of the road, which was then about its width west of its present bed; that the ball had entered Hardenbergh's shoulder and passed to his backbone, which was broken; and that the spinal column was injured in such a way that the shock to his nervous system instantly deprived him of sensation. This accounted for the fact that he did not hear the report of the gun, and supposed that he was injured by being thrown from his horse.

It appeared that one of the sons of James Bush was in the neighborhood on a visit, and that he was in the woods with his gun on the day of the murder; that a man named John G. Van Benschoten, and one or two others were similarly employed; and certain circumstances were so strongly against one David Canfield that he was held for the crime; but it was shown that at the time the murder was perpetrated he was not in the valley, and he was discharged. Others were suspected, and several were arrested as principals or accessories,* but nothing important was elicited. It is probable that there were individuals in the "infected" district who could have furnished evidence which would have led to the detection and punishment of the criminals; but these persons considered reticence a virtue, and withheld what they knew. We are led to make this declaration because there are persons now living who relate that when the report of the fatal shot was heard in the valley, some suspected what was going on, and one (Jacob Sarr, who was assisting John Coney at the dug-way) slapped his hands, and said, "That's a dead-shot! A d—d fat old buck has got it now!"

However this may be, the guilty secret has never been divulged in such a way as to lead to punishment. It has been rumored that a suspected person who had moved westward, on his death-bed confessed that he assisted at the murder; but that he stubbornly refused to say who were his accomplices. We have the name of this individual; but must withhold it, because we do not wish to record what may be unfounded. If there was a conspiracy in which several were involved, the secret has been well kept. Guilty souls have undoubtedly gone to the "Judge of all" burdened and blackened with this terrible crime, and resolved to defy the justice of Heaven, rather than reveal who were their partners in guilt.

After the murder, such of the settlers as had not abandoned the valley, or had not become hopelessly embarrassed by the expenses of litigation, found no difficulty in making satisfactory

* One of these was Jacob Maraquat. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and died at Cohecton, January 5, 1844, where he was buried with military honors.

arrangements with the heirs of Hardenbergh. Several members of the family became residents, and lived amicably with the people who once were so inimical toward them.*

It is noteworthy that a grandson of Gross Hardenbergh, after being reduced to poverty by the dissipation of his father and grandfather, had a controversy with a wealthy citizen concerning a portion of the property which was involved in the dispute of 1808, and that, after murdering him, he defended his conduct in the same manner as the murderers of his ancestor defended theirs!

Herman M. Hardenbergh, who compromised with the settlers who had bought of the Beekmans, as well as his brother Thomas R., and some other descendants of Gross Hardenbergh, became permanent residents of Fallsburgh. With one or two exceptions, they were among the most respectable and worthy citizens of Sullivan. Herman M. was much beloved by his neighbors, and even won the confidence and respect of those who were concerned in the murder of his father. In 1829, he was elected Member of Assembly, and received all the votes cast in the county for that office except ninety-eight. The following editorial notice of his death was published in the *Albany Daily Advertiser* of March 22, 1830:

“Herman M. Hardenbergh, Member of Assembly from Sullivan county, was found dead in his bed, yesterday morning, at his lodgings at Gourley’s. This sudden and afflicting dispensation of Divine Providence has caused among our citizens and his colleagues in the Legislature, deep reflection on the uncertainty of life, and much sympathy for his sorrowing friends. He was, on the previous evening, apparently in good health, and conversed with his friends with his usual cheerfulness. He was a man highly esteemed, and was elected to the Assembly at the last election, almost unanimously.”

His funeral was attended by the acting Governor of the State, the Senate and Assembly, the Chancellor, Justices of the Supreme Court and Circuit Judges, the State officers, and a concourse of citizens and strangers.

The post-office in the upper neighborhood was named Hasbrouck, in honor of Anthony Hasbrouck, a wealthy resident. This gentleman was murdered in his own house, and in the presence of his family, on the 20th of December, 1840, by Cornelius W. Hardenbergh.

* We are greatly indebted to R. R. Jelliff, attorney and counselor at law of Woodbourne, for information in regard to what old inhabitants term the Hardenbergh war.

Hasbronck, for many years, was one of the most prominent citizens of Sullivan. He was a man of wealth, and an active and influential democratic politician. In November, 1833, he was elected Member of Assembly, when he received 292 majority over Hiram Bennett, who was acknowledged to be a popular member of the opposing party. He represented the democracy of Fallsburgh in almost every democratic county convention for several years, and in 1838 was a candidate for Representative in Congress from the District composed of Ulster and Sullivan counties, in opposition to Rufus Palen, whig, when he ran considerably ahead of his ticket, although Palen was a man of great wealth, respectability and popularity.

Hasbrouck was salient and angular in habits and appearance. He scorned those who were indolent or ashamed to labor, and, in the rough habiliments of the workman, participated in the physical exertions necessary to the prosecution of his affairs. He had a marked aversion to those who resorted to tricks and stratagem in their dealings, and particularly to those who indulged in litigation concerning frivolous affairs, when their labor was necessary for the comfort and support of their families. For this class, in his transactions with them, he had no mercy, while to the industrious and well-disposed, he was kind and generous. Such a man always has warm admirers and friends, and equally warm opponents and enemies.

It is noteworthy, also, that he was connected by birth and marriage with many respectable families of Ulster and Sullivan.

Cornelius W. Hardenbergh, the murderer, was the son of Doctor Benjamin Hardenbergh, and grandson of Gross Hardenbergh who was murdered near Woodbourne, in 1808. Major Johannis Hardenbergh, an original proprietor of the Great Patent, was one of his ancestors.* His mother was Cornelia Wyncoop, the descendant of a long line of aristocratic Dutch ancestors, the panels of whose carriages bore the picture of a barrel of wine, and an old man in a quaint Holland costume, with a glass of wine in his hand.

Both the Hardenberghs and Wyncoops were in affluent circumstances when the Doctor espoused Miss Wyncoop—proud of their riches, descent and social position. While they looked upon the many as their inferiors, they acknowledged no superiors. They were haughty, headstrong and domineering, and sought to impress these characteristics on the minds of their offspring. Improvident and convivial—scattering with a liberal hand, and gathering as if the acquisition of property were beneath their dignity—not regarding education as the mainspring of intel-

* Life and Confession of C. W. Hardenbergh. Johannis Hardenbergh, jr., a son of the "Patentee," was his great-grandfather.

lectual force—it is not surprising that they lost wealth and social prestige.

When Doctor Hardenbergh was twenty-one years of age, he became largely interested in Great Lot No. 3. In 1796, he married. Three years afterwards he moved into the Neversink country, as the region now embracing Fallsburgh, Liberty, Rockland and Neversink was then called. As soon as Cornelius was able to ride a horse, his father sent him on errands through the woods in all directions. By the time he was seven years old, he had traveled on horseback and alone over all the region within ten miles of home, following cow-paths, ridges, streams, etc., and had even gone on the business of his father from Liberty to Kingston, and back. When he was eight, he drove a team from Liberty to Kingston, and to various other places in Ulster county. He was a very bright, active boy, but too wild and heedless to submit to the discipline of school. His father placed him for a time under an excellent teacher of Marbletown named Hume, who found it impossible to control the young savage, and afterwards, in his tenth year, he was sent one summer to Kingston Academy, when he spent the greater part of the time among the neglected and vicious children of the streets. In the language of his "Life and Confession," written a few days before his execution, "He was nursed in the lap of parental indulgence, his grandmother Wyncoop being the only one who gave him any religious instruction, and that was not sufficient to leave a lasting impression; so that it might be said, he never had any, but was suffered to run at large, and was indulged in every childish wish." And it further appears, that the most important lesson taught him at home, was that he was better than the sons of the farmers of the surrounding country.* Pride, without intelligence, refinement and virtue, is sure to produce a harvest of disgrace and humiliation.

After the murder of his grandfather (Gross Hardenbergh) the family moved to Stone Ridge, where Cornelius became a distiller, teamster, and man of all work for his father; and where nothing was taught him except family pride. Here he learned to swear and drink as recklessly as any of his youthful associates. Here he lived until he was eighteen years old, when he discovered that his father had become a drunkard, and mismanaged and squandered his property in such a way that, unless a change took place, the family would soon be reduced to poverty. This, instead of having a salutary effect upon himself, led him to emancipate himself from home-influences, and go back to Liberty, where he indulged in the very vices which he had observed

* "I was taught little except to spurn with contempt all considered beneath me in birth and riches."—Life and Confession of C. W. Hardenbergh.

in his father. He not only fell under the influences of evil company and gratified his appetite for rum; but indulged in licentious actions. Through deception and falsehood, he succeeded in his warfare upon female virtue; and he followed the practice until he was frightened into a better course by his superstitious fears. A poor but virtuous girl, whose father was about to remove to a distant part of the country, through the basest treachery and force, became his victim. After her ruin was accomplished, and he imagined he was rid of her, according to his "Confession," she returned to punish him for his wickedness. He says:

"One morning, as I lay in bed, this young woman appeared to me in all the horrors the mind can imagine, and more than tongue can describe; her hair hanging loose and disorderly around her shoulders; her countenance pale and wan; her eyes swollen with shedding tears, and fixed upon me with an intensity that struck horror through every vein and paralyzed the brain, while I could not move my eyes from the blood that seemed to gush through her breast from a broken heart; at the same time extending her clay-cold arms with a small infant, all besmeared with blood, to me, crying, "Here, thou wretch! take the reward of thy iniquity!" This for a short time caused a reformation in me; but the impression soon wore off. I thought it nothing more than a dream, yet never forgot it. I can unhesitatingly say, it prevented my practicing the same villainy on other unfortunate young women."

In this instance, it cannot be denied, remorse and the nightmare were overruled for good.

Not long after Cornelius went to Liberty, he induced his father to follow him. From a drunkard, the old man soon became a sot, and engaged in every kind of debauchery. This produced domestic broils, and rendered his home the abode of discord and misery. The mother reviled at the father for his dram-drinking, and neglect of his business and family, and at Cornelius for associating with young men who were his social inferiors. She was engaged in a dispute with the latter, when he was twenty years old, about his companions. The Doctor came into the house at the time, and joined with his wife against Cornelius, when the latter upbraided his father with the company *he* kept, which so enraged him that he gave the young man a flogging. This indignity caused the son to abscond from the parental roof. He started for Lumberland; but stopped three miles from home at Buckley's tavern. The Doctor followed and begged the truant to return; but he stubbornly refused to do so. After humbling himself almost to the dust, the old man went home much dejected, and Cornelius took an extra dram. His mother and others of the family also came to see him, offering many induce-

ments for his going back, all to no purpose. Among other things, his mother proposed to give him two hundred acres of land. After they had done all they could, he told them if they would rent him the Reed farm, and let his sister keep house for him, he would go there. To this they joyfully agreed. He lived on the Reed place with his sister as housekeeper until she left him, when he married his cousin, who seems to have been an estimable woman.

We do not propose to give the full history of his life—the continued misconduct of his father, which led to bankruptcy, the separation of his father and mother, the connection his father formed with another woman, the removal of Cornelius from place to place, his poverty, his struggles to maintain his family, etc. It is sufficient to say, that a few years before the murder of Hasbrouck, he was the occupant of a log-house, in the town of Rockland, with his wife and five children, holding a contract for seventy-five acres of land, for which he had agreed to pay one hundred and fifty dollars. He was a farmer, hunter and lumberman, and labored at whatever promised ready money. Although from the highest hills of that region, his eyes could not reach the boundaries of the territory of which his great-grandfather was a joint owner, he was too poor to pay for the few barren acres he occupied. Mrs. Depuy, his mother-in-law, was still living, and owned, among other property, a grist-mill, saw-mill and turning-shop, at Hasbrouck. With severe toil, he raised a few bushels of grain, and a few vegetables on his poor place. To him the grist-mill seemed a source of almost inexhaustible wealth, and he dreamed of the time when Mrs. Depuy's estate would be divided among her children, and he would be once more a man of consequence through her death—the only event which promised to better his condition, and render his family comfortable.

The birth of his fifth child caused him to turn his attention to religious matters.* But there was no clergyman near, and his neighbors were as ignorant as himself in regard to holy things, and he found it difficult to tread the right path. However, he and some friends got together, read the Bible, talked to each other of what they read in it, and united in praying. Soon a Methodist preacher visited them, whose teachings were good, but whose conduct was bad. This was a stumbling-block; but it was surmounted, and a society or class was formed, of which

* So he says in his "Confession": but at his trial for murder, it appeared that a whirlwind was the moving cause of his piety. The whirlwind was half a mile wide, and moving directly toward his house, prostrating everything in its course in some places; in others, twisting the tree-tops together. It was in a direct course for over three miles, and when within half a mile of his house, turned aside, and left him and his family unharmed. Soon after this terrific manifestation, he exhibited religious feelings. From this time, too, he was a rigid temperance man.

Hardenbergh and his wife were members. Thereafter, to the day of his execution, he was a professor of religion, and practiced its forms, not only publicly, but privately. Even when he was a condemned and shackled criminal in his cell, and he supposed no eye but that of God was upon him, he would not eat a morsel of food until he had "asked a blessing." To this the writer can testify from personal knowledge.

After he made a "profession" of religion, he obtained the oversight of some wild lands in his neighborhood, for the purpose of keeping others from stealing valuable timber. But he was an unfaithful agent. He kept others from stealing, but did not hesitate to cut the best trees on the tract, and take the logs to a neighboring saw-mill, where they were sawn for his own benefit. He sued some for trespass, who finally caused him to be prosecuted for his own wrong-doing; but he got out of the difficulty by a trick. This caused neighborhood-broils, and the loss of time and money; yet he held fast to his religion, such as it was.

He had four years in which to pay for his farm; he had borrowed one hundred dollars from Doctor Jacob Wurtz, of New Paltz, which he had expended in improvements; he had paid nothing for the seventy-five acres, and his contract was about to run out, when he went to Doctor Wurtz, and induced him to pay for the land, and secure himself by taking a deed for it.

In August, 1838, Mrs. Depuy, his mother-in-law, died. Some said her decease afforded him pleasure. This he indignantly denies in his "Confession," and protests that it was the most grievous event of his life.*

There were nine heirs, besides her husband, who, it seems, had nothing more than a life-interest in a portion of the estate, and none in the balance. Besides the mill there was property valued at \$3,273.50. The latter consisted principally of wild lands, which were sold to various persons. Hasbrouck bought one lot of ninety-seven acres. From these sales, Hardenbergh expected to get upwards of \$360 in cash, more than enough to pay all his debts. Probably the height of his ambition at this time was to pay for the land he occupied, and own a yoke of oxen, a few other cattle, and a saw-mill. In May, 1839, he expected to get his share of the money, but was chagrined when he found that the great part of the purchasers had given their notes. But he assented to the arrangement, in the belief that the notes would be divided among the heirs; that he would receive one, and sell it, and thus be enabled to pay for a yoke of oxen he had bought. This was promised him, but the notes were all made payable to C. W. Brodhead, one of the heirs, and left with him for collection. This greatly exasperated Harden-

* Soon after her death, he built a frame-house and a barn on his farm.

bergh, and he threatened to "put the whole thing in law at the first Court that set." In vain Brodhead offered to help him borrow money by being his surety. Some of the notes were his, and the other heirs had no right to place them beyond his control. Much running to and fro ensued; lawyers were consulted, and the every-day duties of life neglected. One of those indebted to the estate (Hon. Joseph Grant) paid Hardenbergh fifty dollars; he borrowed some money of James Gildersleeve, etc. Then some of the heirs met at Hasbrouck's, divided the notes by lot, and left Hardenbergh's share with Hasbrouck. With this, too, he was dissatisfied, although he had previously demanded such a division. Before he called for it, the note which fell to him was paid, and Hasbrouck had all that was coming to him (Hardenbergh) in cash, except his share of the mill property, and of the ninety-seven-acre lot bought by Hasbrouck.

The grist-mill was valued at \$5,000. One of the heirs at first offered \$4,500 for it; but the others refused to sell it to him. The heirs, after much mismanagement, offered to sell it to Hasbrouck; but he at first refused to buy. Afterwards three of them went to him again and offered him their shares, when he told them that if they would secure him two more shares and put him in possession, he would give them at the rate of \$3,500 for it, if they would include ninety-seven acres of wild land in the sale. This wild land had previously been bought by him, and he had a deed for it. The other two shares were procured, and Hasbrouck became the owner of five-ninths of the mill property, and took possession of it. Soon after each of the others, except Cornelius, sold out to Hasbrouck.

At this stage of affairs, Hardenbergh went to Hasbrouck's to get what was coming to him from the first sales. His reception was very pleasing; he was invited to stay all night—spent a very pleasant evening—and went to bed pleased with his host and the world generally. But about three o'clock the next morning he awoke, and began to be suspicious that Hasbrouck intended to entrap him, etc. While agitated by these fancies, according to his "Confession," the ghost of his mother-in-law stood before him. He says:

"The first sight gave me a wonderful shock. My blood seemed completely congealed. As soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the alarm, I attempted to rise, and hit my head against the side of the room, which caused me to put my hand on my head. I fell down on my pillow again, resting my head on my hand, and thinking about it, when she seemed to stand fully before me, and spoke in great earnestness, as she did twenty years before. She appeared fresh and stern, and said, 'Never mind your head—you will break down his stone wall yet.'

(The house is a stone one.) She told me never to sign off—that there was a conspiracy against me—that I must not take any money that morning—that if I did I would be deceived. She then vanished. I then reflected on my situation and her death. This drew on a bad feeling and a flood of tears; so much so that I thought they would hear me throughout the house.”

At this time Hardenbergh did not know that the Barlow note of one hundred dollars, which was left with Hasbrouck for him, had been paid. According to his “Confession,” Hasbrouck offered him the money for it minus the interest. This was indignantly rejected. Hasbrouck then told him the note was paid, and offered him the money with interest. Remembering his dream or vision* of the previous night, he refused to receive it unless Hasbrouck would warrant the money good. This the latter would not do, and Hardenbergh then, assisted by the other, took memoranda of the bills, after which he went away, and found that one of the bills for five dollars was on a broken Bank. He says that on his way home he had three fits.

Within a week Hasbrouck followed him to Rockland, paid him all he claimed, except fifty dollars, which he declared was due him for his share of the ninety-seven acres of wild land which had been sold before Hasbrouck got possession of the mill property, and offered to buy his (Hardenbergh’s) interest in the mill. But the latter would not sign off until he was fully satisfied in all other respects, and not then with a threat hanging over him.

From this time there was nothing but trouble and disturbance. Hardenbergh ran about the country, consulting his relatives and others, and Hasbrouck bought a note of fifty-six dollars against him, and sued him before Esquire James Divine. This rendered him almost frantic. He refused to sleep in bed at home, notwithstanding his wife used all her influence to make him demean himself in a more rational way. From Thursday until the Saturday previous to the murder he wandered about through Neversink, Fallsburgh and Liberty, trying to make an arrangement to pay the note Hasbrouck held, and detailing his grievances. He failed to get money, and received no satisfactory advice.

Thus far we have given the circumstances as related by him in his “Confession.” We will now turn to the evidence given at his trial for more reliable information.

That the deed was premeditated appears from the testimony of several witnesses. In October he had said to Henry H. Davis, one of his neighbors, “D—n it, Hasbrouck ought to be shot.” “He deserves to die. He wants to take property which I ought

* He frequently spoke of what occurred while he was in bed at Hasbrouck’s as a “dream or vision.” It was nothing more than a dream or nightmare; but it had as much effect on his superstitious mind as if it had been supernatural.

to enjoy myself." During the same month, he told Judge Grant, that his brothers-in-law were willing to take the bread from his children's mouths, and give it to Hasbrouck; "but he will not be benefited by it long, and you will see it." About the same time, he said to General Niven, that he was determined to try to settle with Hasbrouck, and if he could not, "then he should die." On the Thursday previous to the murder, he declared to Samuel Adams of Neversink, that, rather than starve, he would "kill old Ant. Hasbrouck." According to his own declaration while in prison (but which did not appear in evidence at his trial) on the same Thursday, his wife upbraided him in relation to his troubles, and that he answered her by saying, "Hasbrouck must surrender the property or die." She replied that he must not think of such a thing; but from that moment he was determined to kill him, or bring him to terms, and made the necessary preparations.

On Saturday he went to Liberty, where he purchased a pistol of Ebenezer Bush; powder of Benjamin P. Buckley, and lead of Doctor John D. Watkins. He was very particular in testing the pistol, which he fired at an inch-board thirty yards distant. The ball passed through the board, and he was satisfied with it. He also inquired at the several stores for a hunting-knife or Bowie-knife. When asked what he intended to do with these things, he generally replied, "I am going to kill a venomous beast." He also got a man named Lewis Smith to run him some bullets for his pistol. He then went home.

The next morning (Sunday) at 8 o'clock, he came to the house where his mother lived, about one-half mile from the M. E. church of Liberty. He told her he had breakfasted at home*—drank a cup of tea with her—spent the time until the hour for morning service in conversing on religious subjects—went to church—demeaned himself seriously and devoutly—took dinner with his mother—staid with her an hour or two, and then left with his brother Jared, taking with him the gun mentioned in

* "Whether before or after breakfast I do not remember. I read two chapters in the Bible, the 17th and 18th of Psalms, and then went to prayer in company with my wife, as was our custom before breakfast. * * * My reading the said chapters was purely accidental. My prayer was as usual, praise for the abundant mercies shown me; for the afflicted in spirit, mind and body, and in particular for Hasbrouck—that the Lord might change his heart and make him sensible of the affliction he was bringing upon the already afflicted, and that it would please God to enable me to overcome him by charitable feelings, and not with any spirit of malignity, and that our differences might be amicably adjusted, in truth and justice, and both made sensible of the error of our ways, and our natures changed from this worldly care to that of our eternal salvation. As soon as it was sufficiently light to see to walk, I started and took my pistol with me, * * * and also my son's gun. * * * When I came to the top of the mountain so that I could see the roads, having the gun in my hands, I thought if I went through the village of Liberty, the people would take notice of it, and that the cause of God would be injured. So I went across-lots all the way to mother's. When I got there, I went to the barn and left the gun there for fear the children might get hold of it. My mother did not see the gun, neither did she know that I had any arms about me."—*Life and Confession of Hardenbergh.*

the foot-note. They walked together some distance, when Jared went home and Cornelius proceeded to Hasbrouck's. Just before reaching the residence of the latter, while crossing a bridge, he knelt and prayed "that the cup might pass from him; that he might not be under the necessity of killing Hasbrouck; but that the latter might adjust the dispute amicably." He then went to the house, where he found Hasbrouck and his wife, a little daughter of O. H. Bush (Hasbrouck's grandchild), and a Mrs. Nancy Depuy,* at supper. He was asked to take a seat; but declined, saying his boots were dirty, and went into an adjoining room, where he pulled off his boots. Leaving them there, he returned, and sat down. He had not yet brought the gun into the room with him. Some conversation then took place between the two men about their affairs; but with no satisfactory result. Hardenbergh asked Hasbrouck, among other things, if he was willing that he should hold his wife's share of the mill, pay his part of the expenses, and receive a fair proportion of the profits. Hasbrouck replied that he would not hold property that way with any one. They talked also about the suit before Divine. Hardenbergh then went out, after putting on his overcoat and hat; but in a few minutes re-entered, with his gun pointed at Hasbrouck, saying, "You have got to die to-night." Hasbrouck instantly sprang from the chair in which he was sitting, and seized hold of the gun, which he turned aside, and downward as his assailant discharged it. The charge passed through the floor at Hasbrouck's side, and about a foot from him. The two men then caught hold of each other, and a scuffle took place, during which Cornelius struck the doomed man several times with his fist, and drew his pistol and shot him in the abdomen. They were so close together that Hardenbergh was compelled to turn partly around to fire. While this was occurring, the little girl ran from the house to alarm the neighbors. After the pistol was fired, Hasbrouck exclaimed, "Leave me alone. I am a dead man." They continued to struggle with each other until Hasbrouck was partly down, when Mrs. Lefever cried, "Cornelius, what are you about?" He waved his hand, and said, "Aunt, get out of the way!" She then ran out for help. The assailant next drew his knife, and attempted to stab Hasbrouck in the throat. To get at his throat more conveniently, he endeavored to pull back Hasbrouck's head, when Mrs. H. shielded her husband's neck with her hand, screaming, "For God's sake, don't cut his throat! you have killed him already!" The infuriated demon ordered her away, and cut her severely across the palm of her hand. He then continued to cut and

* Hasbrouck was related to Hardenbergh by marriage. Mrs. Depuy was a sister of Doctor Benjamin Hardenbergh.

stab his victim until the latter wrested the knife from him, and stabbed him in the breast. The murderer then caught up a chair, and struck the prostrate man two blows with it—threw it away, and went out of doors to get a club to finish his bloody work. Mrs. Hasbrouck bolted the door after him. She then assisted her husband to walk out of the room—across the hall, and into a back parlor. She left him there, locking the door after her. She also fastened the front hall-door. While this was going on, she heard Hardenbergh break through the kitchen-door, and as she passed to the room in which they had had supper, she saw him come into the hall, and go to the parlor-door and strike it with the club to break it open. She then went out through the kitchen-door to the road, to see if help was coming, and met James S. Wells, Jacob Brodhead and Mrs. Lefever, a few rods from the house. All hurried to the bloody scene. As they approached, they saw Hardenbergh leaving, with the gun in his hands. Brodhead said to him, "Case, is that you? What have you been doing?" Hardenbergh answered, "If you advance, you are a dead man!" and went away. They then entered the kitchen, and passed through the sitting-room and hall to the parlor where Mrs. Hasbrouck had left her husband; but at first were greatly surprised at not seeing him there. Brodhead cried, "Where can he be?" They then heard him under a bed, where he had crawled to hide while the murderer was kicking and pounding the door. He said, "Dear friends, for God's sake, help me!" and then extended one of his hands, which they grasped and helped him out. Holding up the bloody knife in the other, he said, "This is the knife he stabbed me with. I fended off the rifle; but the pistol I could not." Brodhead proposed to send for a Doctor; but Hasbrouck thought it would do no good. "It is no use. I am shot. I am a dying man." In about fifteen minutes he was dead.

The body was found to be terribly cut and mangled. There were some wounds on the head; the chin was cut; there was a cut from the right angle of the mouth around on the neck, which had severed the external carotid artery and jugular vein; there was a stab on each side, and in each arm; the posterior of the left thigh was cut nearly across; the ball had torn open the abdomen near the navel, and lacerated the intestines, which protruded from the wound, and there were other injuries. Several of these wounds were each sufficient to cause death.

An inquest was held by Giles M. Benedict of Monticello, who was then a Coroner.

Hardenbergh went from Hasbrouck's house easterly to a hill. According to his own declaration, his object was to consider which way to go; that at first he intended to go to Monticello to give himself up; but finding that his wound was serious, he

concluded to go to the house of his uncle; Thomas R. Hardenbergh, and surrender himself there. He went to the house; met his cousin, Peter D. Hardenbergh, at the door; said he was "a poor, miserable man, and had murdered Ant. Hasbrouck;" did not enter the house, fearing that he would frighten his aunt; gave up his gun, saying, "That didn't do it;" and the pistol, "This done it;" and asked his uncle to ascertain whether Hasbrouck was dead. They then started in the direction of Hasbrouck's house, and on the road met John A. Van Benschoten, who told them that Hasbrouck was dead. On hearing this, Cornelius said, "Then I shall die contented, and I expect by the laws of my country I shall have to be hung." He hoped his wound was fatal; prayed earnestly for death, and wished to be taken to the mill, as he had a right there. He was brought to the house occupied by L. Misner, at the mill, where he was kept all night, and on the next day an examination took place before James Divine, Esq., after which he was taken to jail on a bed by a constable named Edwin Porter.

Hundreds flocked to the court-house to see him. They found him pale and weak from loss of blood; but ready and willing to give the most minute details of the shocking tragedy, and cool and adroit in advancing arguments in defense of his own conduct. His description of the affair was wonderfully lucid and graphic—much more so than that of any one who witnessed the murder. In giving the writer a history of it, he said, "I cut him (Hasbrouck) across the thigh because, in reading one of my father's books, I learned that one of the main arteries was there. I knew that if I could cut *that*, he would bleed to death." This proves that he used his knife with butcher-like coolness, and that his thrusts and slashes were not only fierce, but made with a premeditated purpose.

To those who talked with him about the murder, he spoke as follows:

Visitor.—Hardenbergh, I am sorry to see you in this situation.

Hardenbergh.—If I had gone to law, the sum in dispute would have been squandered. Hasbrouck was rich, and I poor. In law, a poor man has not as good a chance as a rich one.

V.—You don't believe that a wealthy man has all the advantage?

H.—I reviewed the whole matter, and concluded to take the law into my own hands.

V.—What law did you have to take into your own hands?

H.—The law of nature.

V.—It will not do for us to rely on that law. We have other laws to protect us.

H.—When the Canadians came across the line to get our property, we had a right to shoot them.

V.—That is a different case. They became public enemies.

H.—Hasbrouck was a public robber. And I was an instrument in the hands of God to punish him.

As long as he lived, his mind on this subject did not undergo a material change. When asked why he spoke of the affair so freely, for several months his usual answer was—"A defense is useless. Too many witnessed the deed." But in time, his desire to live revived. Some one gave him Upham's book on "Deranged Mental Faculties," and he found in that work evidence which satisfied him that he was not only insane when he committed the murder; but that he had been subject to aberrations of mind from the time he was six years old, when he received a severe blow on the head. His memory then became very defective as to the material facts in regard to the murder. He could remember facts which placed Hasbrouck in an unfavorable light, and could distort others so as to blacken his memory; but seemed to be oblivious as to every preparation he had made to commit the crime of murder, or explained all his previous words and acts with wonderful ingenuity, and of the murder itself—that murder which he had described scores of times with so much precision—he knew, or pretended to know, absolutely nothing! He continued to adhere to this theory of his case as long as he lived. But a few days before his execution, he thus described his interview with his victim on the evening of the murder:

"I asked him if he would allow me anything for the use of the mill property. He said he would not. Then I said, 'Hasbrouck, you ought or should consider that you are taking the bread out of the mouths of my wife and children, by withholding the interest of the mill property from me.' With a stern look of contempt he answered, 'If you have come here on business, do it; for I do not want to hear anything of that kind.' Then I asked him if he was willing to divide the mill property without having recourse to the law. He said, 'No. It must be divided by law.' Then I asked him on what terms we could settle the suit. He said I might confess a judgment of \$56, if I had a mind to. At this I said, 'Hasbrouck, you have destroyed the peace of my mind and the peace of my family. I have left my wife, whom you have defrauded, overwhelmed in grief and trouble.' In a passion he exclaimed, 'I don't care a d—n for you or your family, if I can only get your wife to sign off.' Before Hasbrouck had fairly finished his sentence, my aunt, Nancy Lefever, began saying that I had been riding about all summer, and that I had murdered that poor woman, my wife. Then all feeling left me, and reason forsook her empire. All that I can recollect after this is, I thought I must go away. I knew not what I did until the fatal deed was done, and I had returned as

far as the road that leads to the bridge, when I stopped and found myself bleeding."

And yet, while he was stabbing and gashing his victim, he actually remembered the position of a large artery, and with savage precision severed it with his knife; and for months related every circumstance with greater accuracy than the two respectable and intelligent ladies who were present when he slew Hasbrouck!

Hardenbergh's trial took place in Monticello at the October Circuit of 1841, before Hon. Charles H. Ruggles. Seventy-two jurors were called, sixty of whom were set aside or challenged, before a sufficient number were sworn and empaneled. John Gray, jr., William Wells, John Nelson, Benjamin Decker, Augustus Dodge, Asahel Hollister, Samuel West, Abijah W. Lewis, Benjamin Millsbaugh, Daniel Bowen, jr., Israel P. Tremain and Gideon Hornbeck composed the jury. Willis Hall, Attorney-general, Alpheus Dimmick, District attorney, and Archibald C. Niven, appeared for the prosecution; Herman M. Romeyn and John Van Buren, for the prisoner. William B. Wright and Nicholas Sickles were also engaged for the defense, but were prevented from being present at the trial by sickness. During the progress of the trial, John W. Brown, was added to the prisoner's counsel.

The prosecution proved the killing, and sundry declarations and acts which showed that the crime was premeditated and from malice.

The defense attempted to prove that the prisoner was insane, and certainly established the fact that he had been eccentric in many respects. They attempted to introduce traditional testimony to prove that his great-grandfather was insane, but were overruled by the Court. After a full and fair trial, which continued five days, the jury retired for consultation, and in twenty minutes brought in a verdict of guilty. Sentence was suspended, to give the defense an opportunity to procure a decision of the Supreme Court as to the correctness of introducing *traditional* evidence in regard to the insanity of remote ancestors.

Hardenbergh spoke to one or two of the jurors, approving of their verdict, and was then remanded to prison, where he remained until the May term of 1842, when he was brought from his cell for sentence. When asked why sentence should not be pronounced in his case, he arose and delivered a somewhat incoherent harangue, in which he attacked some of the witnesses who had testified against him at his trial; contended that he was of unsound mind when he committed the deed; said that the murder "was not the act of a poor individual, but the judgment of Almighty God upon a thankless, ungrateful, sinful people, who wish to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the poor;"

and hoped that the Court would give him "time to make a full disclosure of circumstances. He wanted to live only for that purpose."

The Court then sentenced him to be "hung by the neck until he was dead" on the 14th day of July, 1842.

He was principally occupied during the next six weeks in writing his "Life and Confession," *and in attempting to break out of jail.* He had procured a small table-knife with which he cut away the head of a rivet which attached a chain to the shackles on his ankles. This chain fastened him to the floor. He could free himself from it at any time. He had also hammered his handcuffs with a stick of wood so that he could slip them from his wrists. With his knife, a short piece of wire, and a small quantity of lead he had made a key which unlocked his door. He had been out in the hall as far as the front door, and in a night or two more would have been at large; but Sheriff Kelley put a padlock on the cell-door in addition to the other locks and bolts, and occupied a cell close by as a sleeping-room. His escape was thus prevented; and on the morning previous to the execution, being satisfied that he could not get away, he gave the key, knife, etc., to the Sheriff, saying, "Here is the knife with which I could have killed you."

He was executed in accordance with the sentence of the Court, by Sheriff Felix Kelley, assisted by his deputies, Anson Gale and Henry Everard. By his request, Rev. Edward K. Fowler, rector of St. John's Church, Monticello, and Rev. Isaac G. Duryea, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at Woodbourne, attended him to the gallows. His bearing throughout was firm and unwavering, but without bravado or ostentation. Throughout the day, his conversation bore the semblance of fervid piety. He exhibited his eccentricity to the last; for he requested that his body should be buried between his mother's house and barn, and that a pair of old slippers, which he had worn in the prison, should be interred with him.

After the death of Anthony Hasbrouck, Moses Dean and William M. Hall were prominent as merchants of the upper neighborhood. The former removed to Sycamore, in Illinois, where he became a wealthy banker. While Mr. Hall lived here, a very unusual accident occurred to one of his sons. While busy with a pair of oxen, a chain attached to the yoke caught his leg, which was instantly severed from his body.

Benjamin Grant was a merchant here in 1865. While he was drawing kerosene from a barrel by candle-light, on the 30th of June, the oil caught fire, and his store was destroyed.

One of the early settlers of Woodbourne was John Tappen.* He was a native of Dutchess county, an offshoot of the respectable Esopus family of that name, and had served creditably as a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army. His descendants state that previous to 1800, he bought two hundred acres of land on the east side of the river at Woodbourne, on which is now a part of the village. Besides the flats, his tract included some ridge-land. While he was there, a saw-mill was erected on the small stream which runs between the residences of Austin Strong and Medad T. Morss. The quantity of lumber manufactured at this mill was never large. Mr. Tappen received a warranty deed, and paid cash for his land; but his right to it was questioned by William A. Thompson of Thompsonville, who claimed to be the real owner, and threatened to eject Mr. T. From whom the latter claimed title, we cannot ascertain; but we believe that he was one of the victims of Henry K. Beekman, and Thompson, who was a shrewd and bold speculator, bought of Gerard or Gross Hardenbergh. Tappen, although a brave soldier, was frightened at the prospect of an endless lawsuit, with its ruinous expenses. Probably knowing that his title was good for nothing, and to avoid hopeless litigation, he compromised with Thompson, by giving up his fine property, with its improvements, and receiving a deed for eighty acres of wild land north of Pleasant lake, in Thompson—the premises now owned by his son, William Tappen.

Thompson also made a demonstration on the farm of James Hill, west of the river, by coming there with a surveyor and his assistants. While the intruders were running a line through a wheat-field, Hill attacked them with an ax, and threatening to "chop them up," drove them away. The occupant was not again disturbed. Probably Thompson was satisfied that Hill's title was good, and for this reason proceeded no further in the business.

Woodbourne was not a place of much importance previous to 1830, at about which time Gabriel W. Ludlum became interested in its affairs. He came into the county in 1826, and in December of that year engaged in business at Hasbrouck. After remaining there four years, he commenced operations at Woodbourne. He was a lawyer by profession—naturally obsequious to his superiors and affable to his equals; but too often brusque and domineering to those he esteemed his inferiors. While of

*Jacob Conklin, subsequently of Denniston's ford, settled in Woodbourne previous to 1790. He was a man of education; had taken the wrong side in the Revolution, and was not considered safe in business affairs.—*MSS. of B. G. Childs.*

The declaration of B. G. Childs is probably based on common report. We have in our possession evidence that Conklin commanded a company of Ulster County Militia during the war, and that he was sometimes actively employed against the enemy.

this county, and for several years afterwards, he was of "good repute in church and state." He was whimsical, and generally, with a crotchet predominant in his brain, was mounted on a hobby. It was said of him that he was either "all horse, all bull, or all hog."

After removing from the upper neighborhood, he overflowed with projects for the advancement of Woodbourne, which he believed would become a place of considerable importance. He bestowed upon it its name. He had read in the newspapers, if not in the works of Shakspeare, of a "bourne from which no traveler returns," and hastily decided that Woodbourne* was a very pretty and very appropriate designation for his embryo village. In 1830, with John Brodhead, jr., Jacob E. Bogardus, Anthony Hasbrouck, Henry Misner, Charles Hartshorn, James N. Rockwell, Nathan Hornbeck, Henry Southwick, H. M. Hardenbergh and Benjamin R. Bevier, he projected a turnpike-road from Ellenville to Woodbourne. The proposed improvement was not at first successful. In 1834, the bold proposition was made to construct a road from the Wallkill bridge, in New Paltz, *via* the Traps, Ellenville, Woodbourne and Loch Sheldrake, to the house of Walter Gray, in Liberty. This, meeting with still less favor, was abandoned in its turn, and efforts made to secure a turnpike from Ellenville to Liberty. It was not until he removed from the town that the Ellenville and Woodbourne road was made, when such men as Austin Strong, Anthony Hasbrouck, Charles Hartshorn and Jasper Gilbert consummated the enterprise.

In connection with his road projects was one to construct an arched bridge across the Neversink, and in 1833, proposals were issued for the stone and wood work; but the enterprise was at that time a failure.

Ludlum was also identified, in 1831, and subsequent years, with the project of making a railroad from Kingston across Sullivan county to Owego or Chenango Point, and was one of the Commissioners to decide between the anticipated rival claimants for stock.

He favored these things with the enthusiasm of a young girl in pursuit of a butterfly, and with an equal measure of success. In other and smaller affairs he was more fortunate. We believe that he was influential in removing the site of the Dutch Reformed church-edifice from Hasbrouck to Woodbourne. In addition to this, he built the fine stone mansion now (1871) the residence of Austin Strong, and the store which was occupied by W. W. Smith in 1869, in which year it was destroyed by fire.

* *Bourn* signifies a woodland stream or rivulet, a bound, a limit, a point arrived at, a goal. *Vide* Noah Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

In 1831 commenced the era of tanning in Sullivan. In the fall of that year John Eldridge laid the foundation of a large sole-leather manufactory in Thompson, and Rufus Palen and his partner Adams that of another at the Falls of the Neversink. Lewis Bushnell was in search of a good place for another establishment of the kind, and while thus engaged visited Ludlum. The latter at once decided that a tannery would cause a large village to spring up at Woodbourne, and to him the future was glorious with wealth and aggrandizement. He at once offered to supply Bushnell with water-power gratis, and to open streets and give him alternate village-lots, if he would go on with the tannery; but Bushnell's experience taught him that village-lots around a tannery were not often a source of wealth. In addition to this, Ludlum's evident lack of discretion in business affairs led him to avoid being involved in financial matters with him. Bushnell soon after located at Tannersdale, in Thompson. A tannery, however, was almost immediately erected at Woodbourne, in which Austin Strong had a controlling interest. After prosecuting the business successfully for several years, Mr. Strong formed a business connection with Medad T. Morss, who finally purchased Mr. Strong's interest, and was the sole proprietor until the establishment was destroyed by fire. As the supply of hemlock-bark in the vicinity was limited, the factory was not rebuilt.

In 1838, Mr. Ludlum became weary of the life he was leading in Fallsburgh, and removed to Kingston, where he resumed the practice of law, with James C. Forsyth as a partner. He was not subsequently connected with the affairs of Sullivan, and, like Forsyth, was an exile from his family. He died on the coast of the Pacific in 1872.

Some of his projects were in the end consummated. A good turnpike, in 1838, was made from Woodbourne to Ellenville, which was afterwards extended to Liberty, and by the shrewdness of Austin Strong and Richard Oliver, means were provided for spanning the Neversink with an arched bridge.

This bridge was the cause of an animated controversy in 1846.

In October, 1843, people who lived in the neighborhood, to build the bridge, raised \$1,227.07 by subscription. Of this sum Austin Strong gave \$300; Richard Oliver, \$100; Charles W. Brodhead, Thomas Hardenbergh and Medad T. Morss, \$50 each, making \$550 of the \$1,227.07. At the annual meeting of the Supervisors in November of the same year, Mr. Strong, who was a member of the Board, succeeded in securing an appropriation from the county of \$600 to aid in the building of the work, and the town raised by tax \$200 in addition for the same purpose. Thus the aggregate amount secured by subscription and the two appropriations was \$2,027.07. This, it was believed,

was sufficient to build the bridge, which is about 250 feet in length.

On the 20th of May, 1844, Austin Strong, Richard Oliver and Charles W. Brodhead, the building committee, contracted with Nathaniel F. Kile, of Liberty, to do a portion of the work, and he promptly commenced it. After about \$200 had been expended on the pier in the centre of the stream, the work was so much damaged by a freshet, that it was necessary to remove what remained of it, and to dig a pit in the bottom of the stream in which to construct a foundation of brush and stone. This was expensive, and retarded the work until late in the season, when the weather was so unfavorable as to render the cost greater.

When the plank-flooring was laid, the committee found that they had expended all the available means provided for them, and \$889.54 in addition. They then applied to the Legislature of the State for an enactment requiring the Supervisors of Sullivan to raise \$1,000 on the property of the county in two equal annual instalments, and \$500 from Fallsburgh, to complete the work. Their petition contained twenty-seven names, while there were remonstrances against the passage of the act signed by 669 residents of the county. Richard Oliver, one of the building committee, was then a member of the Assembly, and it was alleged that the parties to be benefited by the act procured his nomination and secured his election to promote their project. However this may be, he had sufficient address to insure the passage of the act.

At their next meeting, the Supervisors took measures to raise the moiety of the county and town appropriations as the law required, but directed the County Treasurer to retain the money until the entire amount (\$1,500) was collected; they also stigmatized the bridge as a private enterprise, and forwarded a memorial asking for a repeal of the law, and that the amount raised should be applied to the payment of the county indebtedness. A petition of a similar character, signed by 1,434 persons, was also sent to Albany, and a remonstrance against repeal to which but thirty-two names were attached. The county papers denounced the act, and arraigned Mr. Oliver and his colleagues at the bar of public opinion, and a respectable delegation went to the State capitol to procure an annulment of the act. Notwithstanding all this, and the additional fact that the member from the county (William B. Wright) professed to favor repeal, and that he was probably the most talented representative ever sent to the lower House from the county, the act was permitted to remain in full force. The memorial and petition were referred to the Committee on Internal Affairs of Towns and Counties, a majority and minority report were made to the Assembly, and

no further action took place. The next Board of Supervisors raised the balance of the money, as the law directed; the building committee reimbursed themselves, and paid for covering the bridge; and thus terminated an exceedingly bitter controversy. The bridge cost the county, \$1,600; the town of Fallsburgh, \$700; and those more largely interested, \$1,227.07. Total, \$3,527.07. At this day, no one will deny that the work is a necessity to a considerable number of the residents of the county; but many will question the propriety of the means employed to secure its completion.

Before dismissing the matter, it may be proper to state that the building committee paid from their own pockets \$889.54 in the fall of 1844, and received that amount in return in 1848, without interest.

In addition to the Reformed church, there is at Woodburne a German Catholic church, of which Rev. P. Droste is the pastor. The latter was built in 1860, under the pastorate of Father Ranfeisen, and is known as the church of the Holy Trinity.

On the 24th of January, 1837, the remains of David Wheeler and David C. Wheeler (father and son) were found nearly consumed by fire. They had taken a job of chopping for Charles W. Brodhead, near Woodbourne, and occupied a shanty made of hemlock-slabs, near their work. In the ashes of this shanty their dead bodies were discovered. It was supposed by some that their shelter took fire, near its entrance, while they were asleep, and that egress was thus prevented. Others suspected that they were murdered, and that the shanty was set on fire to conceal all traces of the crime. Albert W. Wheeler, a son of David, published a card in the *Republican Watchman* soon after, in which he denounced this suspicion as painful to the family of the deceased, and injurious to others. Nevertheless many continued to believe that the Wheelers were murdered. No inquest was held.

Three brothers named Brown settled near the Falls of the Neversink previous to 1797. One of them (Samuel) occupied the O'Neil place; another (Thaddeus, who is mentioned in the records of Mamakating) lived where the residence of Nicholas Flagler now stands. The cabin of the third (Obadiah) was in the neighborhood. They were Dutchmen, and naturally gravitated to warm, sheltered and easily tilled river-bottoms. Their descendants are still living in Fallsburgh and other towns of the county.

The river here descends a precipice said to be more than twenty feet in height, and follows a narrow channel through the rocks for several rods. This channel is of considerable depth, and on its sides the water, with the help of pebbles and small stones, has worn numerous basin-like holes. These will hold

from one to many gallons, and are justly regarded as objects of curiosity.

The Falls of the Neversink early attracted the attention of speculators. The ease with which the river could be dammed, the great water-power which could be wielded for manufacturing purposes, and the fact that the Neversink could be bridged at this point at less expense than at any other, and that the amount of travel westward would probably flow over it, led the Powells of Newburgh and others to make investments here.

On the 30th of March, 1810, the Newburgh and Sullivan Turnpike Company was incorporated by the Legislature of the State. Cornelius Bruyn, James Rumsey, Abraham Jansen, John D. Lawson, John McAuley, Moses Rosekranse, Nicholas Hardenbergh and Johannis T. Jansen were the corporate members, and the route was to extend from the northern part of the village of Newburgh to a point at or near the Falls of the Neversink, by the way of New Hurley, Sam's Point and Wawarsing. The capital stock of the company was \$35,000, and Jacob Powell, John Crowell, James Mitchell, Levi Van Keuren and Simon Bevier were appointed commissioners to receive subscriptions. The object of the company was "to open the western country," according to the act, and the road was intended to tap the route from Kingston *via* Liberty, etc., to Chenango Point. During the same session, an act was passed incorporating a company to construct a bridge at the latter place.

On the 11th of April, 1808, the Ulster and Orange Branch Turnpike Company was chartered. Walter Burling, Elnathan Sears, Henry Patmore, junior, David Milliken, Elias Miller, Charles Johnston, John Crosby, Alexander Thompson, junior, and their associates were authorized to build a turnpike road from the Newburgh and Cohecton road, in the town of Montgomery, to the Neversink turnpike,* in Liberty, by the way of Newkirk's Mills on the Shawangunk river, Roosa's Pass, and the Falls of the Neversink. The capital of the company was \$30,000. Elnathan Sears, Thomas Powell and John Conger were commissioners to procure stock.

In 1808, Herman Ruggles and Henry Reed came to the Falls, built a house, and engaged in business as merchants, etc. Their house stood between the grist-mill and the old river-road. Ruggles was a lawyer, and was admitted to practice in the Courts of the county at the January Common Pleas and General Sessions of 1810. There was but one lawyer in Monticello at that time (Livingston Billings). Ruggles was a brother of Charles H. Ruggles, who afterwards became a distinguished

* See chapter on Neversink.

jurist.* A saw-mill was built by them in 1808, and the grist-mill in 1809.

Thomas S. Lockwood bought out these men, as well as Jacob and Thomas Powell, and accomplished much in developing the natural resources of the Falls. He erected buildings, and induced others to settle in the place. Abner Seeley, a mill-wright employed in building the grist-mill, became the miller of the place, and was succeeded by his son (Oliver) and his grandson (Horace). He was a warm admirer of the Methodists, and named one of his sons in honor of Rev. Horace Weston, and another after Rev. James Quinlan, two pioneer preachers of the Methodist society. In 1816, the Falls was known as Lockwood's Mills.†

Lockwood was very active in promoting the construction of the branch-turnpike, a work which was not completed until 1818. It caused much vexation to owners of real estate located within five or six miles of it. When all other schemes to construct it proved abortive, their property was taxed to make the road. This tax resulted in great advantage to Lockwood, who became the owner of many fine acres of forest-land when they were sold by the Comptroller, and the owners failed to redeem them. At the time of his decease, in September, 1837, he possessed about 10,000 acres, nearly all of which were purchased at tax-sales.

The Lockwoods were from Newburgh, where they enjoyed high social position. This fact will be more apparent if we state that when La Fayette visited the United States in 1824, he opened a ball given in his honor with a daughter of Mr. Lockwood as his partner.

Thomas S. Lockwood was very influential in procuring the erection of the town. He was opposed by the leading residents at the county-seat, who, to promote their partisan aims, labored to prevent an excision from the area of Thompson.

It was proposed to bestow the name of Lockwood on the new town. This met with no favor from him. He thought no resident was entitled to the honor of having his name thus perpetuated, and that, as the Falls of the Neversink were the most notable feature of its territory, the name of Fallsburgh was preferable to any other.

The river, a short distance below the Falls, was spanned by an arched stone bridge in 1819. The abutments stand on the bed-rock, and the work is one of the most substantial and enduring things of the kind in the State. Unmoved it has stood the ebullitions of "the mad river" for more than half a century, although at times it has been in much peril. The great flood of 1869 overwhelmed it. On the east side the parapet and

* Statement of Richard D. Childs.

† Session Laws of 1816.

superincumbent stone and earth-work were swept away as far down as the foundation. Great trees, stripped of their limbs and roots, were hurled by the foaming flood, with the force of many battering-rams, against the arch, which raised its head above the subsiding flood, a proud and enduring monument of the fidelity and skill of its builder—a Mr. Kelley, of Newburgh.

During Lockwood's days, the business of distilling spirituous liquors was carried on in the old tannery boarding-house, where many casks of undrugged whisky were made. A few years since, the "pump" which supplied the water for the still was standing in one corner of the kitchen.

At the head of the rocky channel above alluded to is a substantial dam, which, previous to the flood of 1869, furnished water to propel the machinery of two saw-mills, a turning-shop, grist-mill and tannery. The flood of that year destroyed the turning-shop and one of the saw-mills, and the business of tanning has since been abandoned.

Rufus Palen & Co. laid the foundation of the tannery in 1831, and the establishment commenced manufacturing sole-leather in 1832. The main building was 350 feet in length, and 40 wide, and contained 160 vats, which were capable of holding 25,000 sides of leather. Four thousand cords of hemlock-bark and seven hundred of wood were used each year. From thirty to forty workmen were employed. Cost of raw material in 1845, when the business was in its prime, \$45,144—value of manufactured articles, \$65,360. Besides the main edifice, there were other structures for the bark-mill, leaches and sweat-pits.

This establishment was in operation nearly forty years, and, strange to say, was never burned down. Its preservation from the usual fate of tanneries was due to the admirable rules established by Rufus Palen, and enforced by his associates and successors. These rules nearly cost him his liberty and good name, as he was indicted in 1832 for attempting to shoot a fellow who persisted in smoking in the tannery-building.

Mr. Finch, the builder, had in his employ a number of men who habitually smoked while at work on the premises, notwithstanding Mr. Palen had forbidden the practice. As free and independent citizens they claimed the right to use tobacco at any time and everywhere, and in the manner which best suited them. An infringement of this assumed right they regarded as tyrannical and an outrage. Entering the tannery on one occasion, Palen found a man named Brown, smoking, and after a severe struggle, wrested his pipe from him, and threw him out of the building. For this, one Hubbard excited the workman against Palen, and he was threatened with personal violence. Under the circumstances, the latter deemed it expedient to provide himself with a pistol, which he afterwards attempted to use

in self-defense; but it was wrested from him by Hubbard, on whose complaint he was arrested, and tried on a charge of assault and battery with intent to kill. Palen was tried before a democratic judge. Political asperities were acrid at that time. The alleged offender was an influential whig. In the democratic party there was a bitter feeling against him. Nevertheless, after a full and fair investigation, he was honorably acquitted.

In 1838, Rufus Palen was elected a representative in Congress from the 7th district. In 1839, Edward and Arthur Palen, and their cousin, Nicholas Flagler, became interested with Rufus and James Palen in the business, which was then extended in various ways. Rufus died of consumption soon after his term in Congress expired.* Although a very wealthy man, he was singularly plain and unostentatious in his habits. His residence was almost as humble as those of his workmen. His sterling integrity, unusual foresight, and primitive ways, enabled him to pilot his large ventures safely through the financial breakers of his time. His reputation, like that of his business associates and successors, was without a stain or a blot. The financial skill of the firm was never employed to absorb the earnings of its employees. The members took pleasure in seeing their workmen gradually win a competence, and we record it as a remarkable fact, that they paid compound interest to such of their dependents as saved money, and let it remain in their hands.

The dam which supplied the Fallsburgh tannery with water was the scene of a sad casualty on the 30th of November, 1837. Henry, a son of John Quinlan, while skating, broke through the ice. As young Quinlan was struggling in the water, a lad named Stephen Kidd attempted to rescue him. He, too, was precipitated into the water, and both were drowned. Kidd had, on a former occasion, rescued a drowning boy.

On the 2d of June, 1841, an old man named Seeley, while cleaning a spring in the neighborhood, fell into it, and was drowned. His face only was in the water.

The hills and swamps in the vicinity of the Falls were once noted places for hunting and trapping bears. The usual manner of catching these animals was to make a pen of logs, with a door at one end. This door was so arranged that it could only be opened and shut from the outside. When "set," it was raised up; and it fell as soon as bruin meddled with the bait, securing him effectually. It was nothing more or less than an old-fashioned mouse-trap on a large scale, and with a slight variation.

An old settler named Seeley, on visiting a trap he had made, found in it a cub, which he shot. He then laid down his gun, raised the door, fixed it precisely as if he had set it for more

* Gilbert W. Palen became a member of the firm in 1848.

game, and entered to take out the young bear. While inside, he accidentally touched the lever or spindle, when down fell the door. Seeley was literally caught in his own trap. To get out without help was impossible, and unless some one soon found him, or he could masticate and swallow raw bear meat, he had a somewhat gloomy prospect of starvation. But this was not the worst feature of his dilemma. He soon had reason to fear that, instead of eating the young animal, he would himself be devoured by an old one. The cub's dam made her appearance, and seeing her suckling in strange company, flew into a great rage, and rushed at the imprisoned hunter. We believe he was a pious man. If he had prayed to be delivered from the trap, he now had occasion to pray that it would hold him securely. The brute caught hold of the logs with her powerful fore-paws, and tried to pull them from their places, at the same time biting off large mouthfuls of wood and bark. Not succeeding in this, she would run her claws through the crevices, and endeavor to grab him, causing him to shrink as far and as small as possible on the other side. As he changed his position, she changed hers, and he found it prudent to move about in a lively manner, while he shouted with all his might. Providentially, Philander Waring, who was afterwards Clerk of the county, was in the same woods hunting, and heard Seeley's cries for help. Hastening to the spot, he shot the old bear, and released Seeley. When the latter got out, he said, "Well, Philan, I think I know how a mouse feels in a wire trap, with a cat watching it." Philander thought "very likely he did," as he laughed heartily at the adventure.*

In 1803, John Simpson, after selling his squatter-right to the Hoyt farm in Tannersdale, took possession of the Stafford D. O'Neill place. He probably bought it from Brown, the original settler. Peter Simpson, a brother of John, at the same time, went on the premises now owned by John D. O'Neill.

A neat Methodist Episcopal church was erected at the Falls in 1846. M. E. Andrews was its builder. Near the church stands the district school-house, an edifice which is creditable to the people of the place.

As we have stated elsewhere, the river flats at Denniston's ford were probably settled previous to the Revolutionary war. The first authentic statement we can find in regard to that region, is that in 1789, when James Hill came into the town by the Sandburgh route, the flat at the ford had been occupied many years by white people. We have already conjectured the probable time of the settlement. Farther than this we cannot go.

* Hunters of Sullivan.

In 1790, a man named William Palmer was living near the former residence of William F. Denniston. His antecedents were unknown. Some imagined he was a fugitive from justice. He was undoubtedly a rough character—one of that class who are ever prone to plunge beyond the limits of civilization, and who find in the denizens of the forest, tempers and dispositions congenial with their own. After William A. Thompson came to Thompsonville, and bought a tract of land which extended from the Neversink almost to the Mongaup, a quarrel sprang up between the two, and Palmer frequently threatened to assassinate his new neighbor, if the latter ventured upon or near his premises. Thereafter he was seldom at ease. Apparently he was one of those "whose hands are against every man." Disgusted with the new comers, with whom he had continual disputes, he concluded to sell his claim and depart for parts unknown. He soon had an opportunity to sell. A man named Jacob Conklin came to Thompsonville in 1800, and after looking for a place to settle, made Palmer a proposition, which was accepted. The latter then left the country. This Conklin had a son named Jacob, who is still (1873) living in the town.

Archibald Farr is mentioned in the old Records of Mamakating as living at Denniston's ford. In 1797, he had a large double log-house where Walter S. Denniston's garden now is. At that time, there was considerable travel by the way of this ford, and Farr kept a tavern.

In a few years many settlers came into this region. Daniel Sturges (1798) had a house on the hill east of J. W. Haight's present residence. He was a giant in strength, and often put a bushel of wheat on his shoulders in Orange county, and carried it home without once taking it off, where his wife boiled it, thus converting it into a coarse kind of mush.

Samuel Lawson lived on the Samuel Lord farm a short time, and then sold to David Cudney. In 1803, Cudney transferred his right of possession to Mr. Lord, and settled on what is known as the Stratton farm. William Blanchard had the James O'Neill place, which he sold in 1803 to Gould Lord. John Lord bought a place which Isaac Rundle claimed. The Lords were brothers, and after buying the squatter-rights of the occupants, were obliged to obtain the fee simple of a widow Bleecker of Albany, who was the real owner. John and Gould soon left. The place of the latter was owned many years by Platt Barnum and his heirs. In 1858, Samuel died where he settled.

About 1796, Daniel Crawford, who had previously moved from Marlborough, on the Hudson, to the town of Neversink, settled on the east side of the river, about half a mile above Denniston's ford. Four years later he built himself a dwelling near the Rock House, on the west end of William T. Crawford's

present farm. An anecdote of Daniel Crawford will illustrate the dangers and excitement of pioneer life. He had made a pen for a calf in the rear of his house, just opposite a window. Hearing a noise in the pen at night, he looked out of the window, and saw what appeared to be two balls of fire, within a few feet of where he stood. Seizing his gun, he fired. The luminous objects disappeared, and all was still. He did not venture to go out until morning, when a panther was found dead directly under the window. The calf also was dead.

In 1802, John Atwell and William Bates built the house now standing on the William E. Fuller farm, and Lewis Cross the old Courtright house, on the corner south of Daniel Perry's.

In 1803, Sylvanus Conklin erected the building in which Walter S. Denniston lately resided, and occupied it as a tavern. At the same time Silas Reeve put up the old Bell house near Sandburgh. Reeve manufactured mill-stones, and was generally absent from home. While he was away, the fire went out, and his wife traveled to Wurtsborough, and brought back living coals, in order to cook her meals! At another time, her cow wandered off in the woods. While looking for the estray and lost, Colenso-like, she got estray and lost herself. She was three days and nights in the forests without food. One night, while perched on a high rock, she was serenaded until morning by a pack of wolves, which made many unsuccessful attempts to reach her. "They loved darkness rather than light;" for as day dawned they vanished. The people of Wurtsborough aided in searching for her, and when found, she was exhausted and almost speechless, having lain down to die.

Francis Andrews, a well-known and much respected citizen, was here previous to 1806, for in that year, with Elijah Couch and Nehemiah Smith, he was an Assessor of the town of Thompson, which then covered the region of Sandburgh and Glen Wild. He settled on the hill east of J. W. Haight's residence.

The year 1805 brought the promise of better days. Johannis Miller, of Orange county, an influential man who was reputed to be wealthy, had located at Glen Wild, and was busy in building, and in locating the streets of a future city, or very large village at least. His avenues surmounted the hills of his large tract of land. One of these eminences was to be crowned with a palatial residence, and its neighbors with churches, a court-house, etc. He was outgeneraled by John P. and Samuel F. Jones, when, defeated, disappointed and disgusted, he returned to Orange county. A large part of his real estate was in the present town of Fallsburgh.

Elijah Couch emigrated from Fairfield county, Connecticut, in the year 1805, and moved into the house of William Bates and John Atwell. He contracted for five hundred acres of land

in the vicinity, and immediately built a house; but some difficulty arising in reference to his purchase, he removed to the Miller tract. In 1806, Mary Couch opened the first school in Miller Settlement, as the Glen Wild region was called.

Wild beasts in early times were great enemies of the farmer. Jacob Conklin, in one night, had thirty sheep destroyed by wolves, and about a dozen more torn and mangled. One of his neighbors, while searching the woods for his cow, heard the bell ring in an unusual manner, and on coming near, found that a bear had killed and was devouring her. Being unarmed he was compelled to let the bear finish his meal.

The wolves, impelled by hunger, were often so bold as to gather around dwellings, and were driven away only by fire-brands, or the discharging of guns.

When the grist-mill at Thompsonville was burned down in 1805, and the settlers were compelled to cross the Barrens to get their grain ground, they sometimes followed a shorter route than that afforded by the Sackett road and the turnpike. They took their grain over this short route on their backs, or on the backs of their horses, if they had such animals. A vehicle could not be drawn over it, as it was nothing more than a foot-path.

Archibald Farr went to the nearest mill by this road. Not getting his grist promptly, on his return darkness overtook him while he was yet in the woods. Unable to keep in the path, he was compelled to unload, tie his horse to a tree, and wait for the return of light. The wolves were soon in motion. Howl answered howl. He prudently climbed a tree, and would have taken his terrified horse with him if such a feat had been possible. The animals in a short time surrounded him. The horse being securely tied, struggled in vain to escape. Its rearing and plunging, and the shouts of Farr, probably kept the snarling beasts back until morning, when they disappeared; but Farr always declared that it was the fire the horse's hoofs struck from a rock on which he stood. When light re-appeared, Farr and his steed, trembling from the fright they had felt, resumed their journey. Our informant cannot say whether they traveled that road again between dusk and dawn, but we venture little in asserting that they did not.

These pioneers often used pine-knots in the place of candles. Bandboxes were made of white birch-bark taken off in large strips, and sewed or wired together; and some were even without pots, kettles and other iron, brass and tin utensils, which are now considered indispensable in the poorest families. Meat and vegetables were cooked in wooden vessels by plunging into the water, clean, smooth and red-hot stones, after the manner of the Indians. Men and women wore homespun, and the

children were arrayed in the simplest fashion—the girls in summer seldom wearing more than one garment—a tow-frock, while the boys had two—a shirt and pants of the same material.

About the year 1815, a man named Archibald Denniston settled at the ford, which from that time was known by his family-name. He was from Cornwall, Orange county, and of the very respectable family of Dennistons of that county. He was born in 1775, and remembered seeing General Washington and other distinguished officers at the house of his father. He was 48 years of age when he came to Sullivan, and continued to reside at the ford until his 88th year, when he died much respected for his honesty and uprightness.

Itinerant Methodist preachers at an early day preached the Gospel as they understood it to the inhabitants of this region, and gathered within their fold the stray sheep of the wilderness of Glen Wild, and the adjacent neighborhoods. A church-edifice belonging to the followers of John Wesley crowns a height east of Denniston's ford. This church is more in accordance with the rules of architecture than other rural meeting-houses of Sullivan, and is very creditable to those who erected it. It was built in 1866. It is claimed that Methodist preachers visited this locality as early as 1807, and that they formed a class here in that year.

In 1794, Joseph Divine removed from Plattekill, Ulster county, to the locality now known as Divine's Corners, in the western part of Fallsburgh. He was the first settler in that vicinity. For several years his nearest neighbors lived four miles distant on the Neversink river. A settlement on the Blue Mountain, in the present town of Liberty, was commenced about that time. It was six miles west from Divine's house. South of him was a wilderness, the extent of which was then almost unknown. He did not long endure the hardships of life in the woods. In 1802 he died, and was buried at Neversink Flats. One of his sons, Samuel, subsequently removed to the South Settlement of Thompson, and died there a few years since. James, his youngest, continued to occupy the farm settled by his father, until his decease on the 1st of February, 1846. He was a prominent citizen of the town, and was several times elected by his townsmen to places of honor and responsibility. The old Divine farm adjoins the present residence of John H. Divine, whose stirring and successful life has made him so well known to the citizens of Sullivan.

In 1802, John Eller came from Ulster county, and bought a wild lot adjoining Joseph Divine's land, on which his son Cornelius Eller now resides.

Jonathan Jones moved into the neighborhood about the same

time, and bought the lot next to Eller's, the same which Joseph D. Jones now owns and occupies.

Henry D. Schoonmaker, another native of Ulster county, located here as early as 1805. His residence was about a mile from the Sheldrake, on the farm bought by David Dutcher about 1820, and now held by Thompson Dutcher. In 1805, and in almost every succeeding year while he lived near Divine's Corners, Schoonmaker was elected to some town-office. Soon after he came, he bought the property at Loch Sheldrake, and built a saw-mill, grist-mill, and carding-machine. The latter was a great convenience to the people, some of whom traveled thirty miles to reach his establishment; but the population was so sparse, and so few sheep were kept in the country, that Schoonmaker did not make his carding-machine a source of profit. He became prominent in the field of enterprise, and during his prosperous days the Sheldrake region was known as the Schoonmaker Settlement. He was a man of great energy and force of character, and had much business capacity. If his integrity had equaled his shrewdness, his name would probably be still identified with the region in which he then lived. Tradition yet retains the memory of his smartness, and the unscrupulous character of some of his transactions. It is said that by artifice he succeeded in selling to Mr. Sanford, an early settler of Liberty, a spurious mine in Ulster county, where Sanford dug for gold or some other mineral until he became poor, and discovered that he had been duped and deluded by Schoonmaker.

Schoonmaker was so successful in selling his mining property in Ulster, that he determined to make another and greater venture. In 1817, a man named J. R. Everson, with the help of Sanford, the miner, induced him to exchange his handsome property at Loch Sheldrake and in its vicinity for lands in Western Pennsylvania. He removed to his new estate; but soon found that his title to it was worthless, and that Everson had defrauded him of all he possessed. With a large family to support, and a tarnished reputation, he was reduced to extreme poverty, and found he could not regain a position among reputable business men. He afterwards came back to Loch Sheldrake, bringing with him a team of horses, which he sold to Abram Krum, and then started for the place where he had left his family. He reached Cohecton, where he crossed the Delaware river; but at that point all track and trace of him was lost. Neither his family nor any of his old acquaintances ever heard of him again, and his fate is still a mystery. Whether he absconded, became insane and wandered off in the woods to perish, or was murdered for the few dollars he had with him, will never be known. Sanford viewed his misfortunes with satisfaction, and was afterwards

heard to say: "Schoonmaker found a mine for me, and I helped to find Pennsylvania lands for him."

Schoonmaker's fortunes and misfortunes have often afforded a theme for the parents of the Sheldrake region, when they labored to convince their children that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that smart men, above all others, should be honest.

John Low settled near Divine's Corners in 1805 or 1806. He was born in 1748, and his wife Elizabeth in 1758; hence they had passed the meridian of life when they moved into the woods of Sullivan. He was the descendant of several generations of Johns, and on festive occasions displayed a set of huge silver coat-buttons with the family device engraved upon them, which had come to him from a long line of the same family and christian name, and which he bequeathed to his youngest son, John A. Low.

The children of John and Elizabeth Low were Sarah, born October 12, 1780; Elizabeth, February 12, 1782; Caty, April 17, 1783; Heman, April 2, 1785; Benjamin, April 2, 1787; Jane, June 2, 1790; Stephen, June 26, 1792; Zachariah, August 28, 1794; Mary, February 11, 1796; John A., October 30, 1799.

John A. Low is the father of Henry R. and Benjamin Low.

The making of the branch-turnpike brought into the town (1818) a young man named Harley R. Ludington, a native of Litchfield county, Connecticut. He settled in the Loch Sheldrake region, and for forty years engaged successfully in farming and lumbering. He was a man of clear convictions and positive character. When he espoused a cause, he could see no defect in it. To him it was a verity in all its phases and ramifications, and he advocated it with great vigor and earnestness, and with an entire disregard of consequences to himself. While he was a resident, he represented his town in the Board of Supervisors, and was for twenty years a Justice of the Peace. Probably more cases were decided by him than by any other officer of the county. Few, if any, of his decisions were reversed by the Supreme Court. In 1838, he was elected Sergeant-at-arms of the Assembly, and was once a prominent candidate for the same position in the lower House at Washington, for which he was recommended by William H. Seward, Luther Bradish, and other men of like stamp. His success in managing law-suits in the primary courts, and his knowledge of legal matters generally, induced him to apply for admission to the bar.* His application was successful; but he did not practice his profession. In 1871, he was appointed to a position in the New York custom-house;

* Sermon of Rev. Uriah Messiter.

but soon after died from injuries received by falling through a hatchway.

The New Prospect Union church, located one mile west of Loch Sheldrake, was erected in 1860. As its name indicates, it was built by men of conflicting religious creeds, in order that any professing religious society should have a house in which to worship. Rev. J. Napier Husted, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Liberty, holds service in the building, and about twenty-five of his flock reside in the neighborhood. John H. Divine, a Universalist layman, occasionally discourses of religion and other matters from its pulpit.

HURLEYVILLE.—An old hunter named William Hurley, settled at this place when the only road from Thompson to the Blue Hills of Liberty ran from Thompsonville *via* William DeWitt Stratton's. William A. Thompson had founded a village, as he supposed; and John P. and Samuel F. Jones were dreaming of the future importance of Monticello. Hurley concluded that *his* location was the site of a third town of importance, and in a very earnest manner set forth its advantages. In a few years, travel found other and better avenues. Hurleyville, with its solitary house, became a very secluded locality. Deer and wolves and panthers abounded in its vicinity after they had left the surrounding settlements, and the population of Hurleyville consisted principally of muskrats, raccoons and foxes. During all its days of desolation, however, it retained the name bestowed upon it by the old hunter, and continued to perpetuate his memory. In 1872, the place suddenly became important in the eyes of shrewd business men. The Midland railroad company established a station here, to which the inhabitants of rich agricultural neighborhoods must resort. Already Hurleyville is a lively hamlet, and the day is not distant when the dream of its pioneer-settler will become a pleasant reality.*

REFORMED CHURCH OF FALLSBURGH.—The early records of this Church are very meagre. The minutes of its Consistory

* In 1861, diphtheria prevailed in Hurley and Loch Sheldrake, when the family of Doctor Benjamin Kyle was nearly exterminated by it. A row of tomb-stones in the burying-ground at the Falls contains the following record of the doings of this scourge:

"Lydia Kyle, born Dec. 12, 1835, died Dec. 9, 1861."

"Solomon Kyle, born April 15, 1850, died Dec. 2, 1861."

{ "Sally Ann Kyle, born May 15, 1845, died Dec. 1, 1861." }

{ "Tabitha E. Kyle, born Jan. 8, 1856, died Dec. 1, 1861." }

"Mary J. E. Kyle, born Nov. 19, 1842, died Nov. 23, 1861."

"Hannah Kyle, born Nov. 13, 1857, died Dec. 8, 1861."

"Benjamin Kyle, born Jan. 19, 1851, died Dec. 6, 1861."

"Charles Kyle, born July 20, 1853, died Dec. 12, 1861."

"John Kyle, born July 27, 1833, died Dec. 15, 1861."

From this it seems that one of Doctor Kyle's children died on the 23d of November, and eight others from the 1st to the 15th of December!

for the first fifteen years or more of its existence, were in 1834 collected and recorded upon five quarto pages. It will be necessary, hence, at the introduction of this sketch, to draw somewhat upon local tradition.

From the most authentic information it appears that the *Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Fallsburgh*, the title by which it was afterwards incorporated, was organized in the year 1812. Who its earliest members were, where they worshiped, or who their first spiritual teachers were, can only be conjectured. Doubtless they met in private houses, as did the primitive disciples. Perhaps they received the truth from the lips of those devout men who were accustomed to spend *their* vacations itinerating among the scattered settlements of the backwoods. Certain it is that Revs. J. B. Ten Eyck and William Timlow of Orange county, together with others of like missionary spirit, very early in the century, visited and preached to little flocks of God's people along the banks of the Neversink.

The pious Dutch element which was then beginning to people those hemlock-clearings, could not long be content to remain without the stated means of grace, and hence the pastors whom they had left behind at "the Paltz" and elsewhere, were selected to come over and help them organize a Church.

It is conjectured that the troublous times inaugurated by the war of 1812, may have affected this feeble organization disastrously, and that its members were scattered and its minutes lost during the confusion that followed. On the restoration of peace came again the desire for public religious privileges; yet it was not until thirteen years afterward that this was fully realized.

At a meeting held December 9th, 1827, the Church was reorganized by Rev. William R. Bogardus, minister of the united charges of New Paltz and New Hurley. Five persons, only one of whom survives, constituted the entire membership. These were John Tappan, Joseph Seaman, Joachim D. Schoonmaker, Abram Seaman and Rachel (Depuy) Hasbrouck. Of this number, the following persons were elected and ordained to the office of Ruling Elder and Deacon respectively, *viz*: Elders—John Tappan and Joseph Seaman. Deacons—Abram Seaman and J. D. Schoonmaker.

The first church-edifice was built on the flat east of the residence of the late Anthony Hasbrouck, during the year 1828. It was a substantial structure of wood, 34 x 50 feet, with a small gallery. The building committee consisted of Messrs. A. Hasbrouck, H. M. Hardenbergh and Gabriel W. Ludlum.

About this period Rev. Joshua Boyd, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Elizabeth and a domestic missionary in the employ of the Dutch Church, became the instrument in God's hand of greatly furthering the spiritual interests of this feeble flock.

How long Mr. Boyd continued his ministrations here is not positively known; but he is supposed to have left the field some time in the fall of 1828.

During the years 1829, 1830, 1831 and 1832, the Church was occasionally supplied by Rev. Messrs. George, Brown, Baldwin and others, who were sent from time to time by the Domestic Missionary Society of the Dutch Church. Under the preaching of these faithful men, the Church had increased in membership to nearly a score.

The people now felt themselves sufficiently strong to invite a minister to settle over them. Accordingly, in 1833, they extended a call to Rev. John Gray, who was duly installed their pastor. Mr. Gray was a Scotchman, and had been previously for seven years a missionary in Russian Tartary, where he had endured many of the privations incident to pioneer mission-work. He was a man of independent spirit, yet possessed a genial, affectionate disposition. No man who had previously visited the settlement, had been known to preach with such power and unction. His voice was frequently heard on the camp-ground, where, with his brethren of the Methodist denomination, he freely met for religious worship.

Mr. Gray was a man of considerable literary ability, contributing during his life-time to several religious journals, and writing a number of excellent tracts and books. He continued in charge of this Church, greatly strengthening it by his ministrations, until the spring of 1835, when he removed to Shodack. His successor, Rev. Ambrose Eggleston, received a call in December following. Scarcely had he commenced the duties of his new position, however, when a severe and trying calamity fell upon pastor and people. On the morning of February 23d, 1836, the house where their fathers worshiped God, was destroyed by fire, and all their pleasant things were laid waste. Undaunted by this calamity, however, they straightway rose up to rebuild; "for the people had a mind to work;" and in less than a year the present beautiful structure was completed. The site, together with a suitable burial-ground, and other lands of considerable value, were generously granted by Gabriel W. Ludlum, to whose liberality and personal exertions the society is much indebted for its present prosperity.

The corner-stone of this building was laid May 4th, 1837, with appropriate religious services; and at a meeting of classis on the 31st of October following, it was dedicated to Almighty God. Rev. C. C. Elting, of Port Jervis, preached the sermon from Exodus xx:24. The pastor offered the dedicatory prayer. Rev. Messrs. Robert P. Lee of Montgomery, J. B. Ten Eyck of Berea, and Hyndshaw of Walpack, likewise took part in the services.

The following persons were at this time acting members of Consistory, *viz*: Joseph Seaman, John Wells and Austin Strong, *Elders*. Abraham Seaman and Benjamin Turner, *Deacons*. The above named elders and deacons composed the building committee. Nelson and Albert Tyrrel were the contractors. Rev. Mr. Eggleston was installed pastor of the Church in the school-house near Judge Ludlum's, by a committee of classis, consisting of Revs. John H. Bevier and Robert P. Lee, June 14th, 1836, and continued to sustain that relation until April 24th, 1838.

In October, 1841, Rev. Isaac G. Duryea, a licentiate of the South Association of Litchfield, Conn., commenced preaching to this Church as a stated supply. On the 14th of July, 1842, having previously accepted their call, the candidate was ordained, and installed pastor of the Church. Rev. J. B. Ayres preached the sermon on this occasion, and Rev. F. H. Vanderveer proposed the constitutional questions. The happy relation thus constituted continued until May 13th, 1851, when it was dissolved, to enable Mr. Duryea to accept a call to the Reformed Church of Glenham, Dutchess county.

Rev. Mr. Duryea was a man of warm heart and great purity of purpose. Although he had much to contend with in early life, in the way of intellectual preparation, his zeal and indomitable perseverance more than made amends for earlier disadvantages. He died in the service of his country in 1865. His arduous labors for the people of his first love were richly blessed. During more than half of the ten years of his ministry here, the Church enjoyed almost an uninterrupted season of revival. The whole number received into its membership during what is known as "the great revival in Fallsburgh," was not far from *one hundred and seventy persons*. So large had the congregation grown by this time, that in 1848, the church-edifice, which had become too strait, was considerably enlarged. A spire was likewise erected, and a bell suspended. The latter was generously presented by A. Strong.

On the 22d of July, 1851, Rev. C. DuBois Elting, a domestic missionary, was settled over the Church, and remained a little more than one year.

He was succeeded by Rev. Jeremiah Searl, in November, 1853. During the pastorate of Mr. Searl, the Church was again graciously revived. There were added to its membership, in the year 1858, nearly seventy souls. Mr. Searl was a man of open, unsuspecting geniality of spirit. "Robust in body and cheerful in mind, his face wore an habitual smile. The most adverse denominations respected and loved him. As a preacher, he was a man of diligent study, careful preparation, and a solemn, earnest delivery." At its meeting in Poughkeepsie,

(1850) Mr. Searl was elected president of General Synod. He died in the service of this Church, May 28th, 1861, aged 66 years, universally beloved and lamented.

Rev. G. W. Connitt, of Deep River, Connecticut, was installed as his successor, May 7th, 1862, and was dismissed Oct. 17th, 1865.

In April, 1867, Rev. Walter S. Brown, Pastor of the White Lake Presbyterian Church, was invited to supply the vacant pulpit. He entered upon his labors here in May following. On the 17th of May, 1868, having previously accepted their call, he was duly installed pastor of the Church.

This sketch cannot close more appropriately, perhaps, than in the following reflections suggested by the Memorial Discourse of Mr. Duryea, published in 1849, by John A. Gray, of New York, the celebrated printer, and son of the first settled pastor of this Church :

“We have always been favored with harmony in our councils and in action.” “We have been favored, likewise, with a spirit of liberality both in the Church and out of it.”

Both these declarations might truthfully be repeated to-day. The Consistory still continues to be united in sentiment and action. The congregation does not cease to devise liberal things for their minister; while they continue to honor, to a creditable extent, the claims of all the various benevolent Boards of the Church; as well as those of general benevolence. They have always possessed a true missionary spirit. While struggling themselves to become self-supporting, this society, by their liberality, sustained a colporteur of the American Tract Society in the far West. This labor of love has been borne since 1848, and others of like character have since been assumed by Austin Strong,* who has been for nearly *forty years* an active member of the Consistory.

The appeals of the American Bible Society have always met a cordial response from this congregation, particularly from the individual just referred to, and very many in the community owe their connection with and interest in these two societies, to his munificent gifts.

In common with many others, this Church has passed through trials and discouragements; yet God has blessed it abundantly both in temporal and spiritual things, and the days of darkness have been few.†

The Methodist society at Sandburgh was organized when Rev. Horace Weston was on the circuit in 1817 and 1818, and consisted at first of about five members. In 1850 there were eighty members, when the church-edifice was erected. At present the society numbers thirty.

* This sketch was written a few months before Mr. Strong's death. It is said that during his life he gave \$50,000 for benevolent purposes. † Rev. Walter Scott Brown.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF FALLSBURGH.

From		To
1826.....	Herman M. Hardenbergh.....	1827
1827.....	Anthony Hasbrouck.....	1828
1828.....	Herman M. Hardenbergh.....	1830
1830.....	Anthony Hasbrouck.....	1831
1831.....	Stephen Smith.....	1834
1834.....	Anthony Hasbrouck.....	1835
1835.....	Herman M. Hardenbergh.....	1836
1836.....	Thomas R. Hardenbergh.....	1838
1838.....	James Divine.....	1841
1841.....	Harley R. Ludington.....	1842
1842.....	Nicholas Flagler.....	1843
1843.....	Austin Strong.....	1844
1844.....	Thomas Hardenbergh.....	1845
1845.....	Ornan Palen.....	1846
1846.....	John C. Hall.....	1848
1848.....	Edward Palen.....	1852
1852.....	John H. Divine.....	1853
1853.....	Moses Dean.....	1854
1854.....	Edward Palen.....	1855
1855.....	William M. Hall.....	1859
1859.....	Gilbert W. Palen.....	1862
1862.....	David H. Divine.....	1863
1863.....	Isaac C. Knapp.....	1864
1864.....	Gilbert W. Palen.....	1870
1870.....	Isaac C. Knapp.....	1871
1871.....	William W. Smith.....	1873
1873.....	Richard Oliver.....	1874

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TOWN OF FORESTBURGH.

Principally Forestburgh is situated on the high ridges between the Neversink and Mongaup, and is drained by the affluents of those rivers. It is estimated that the average elevation of the town is one thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic ocean. There are two small lakes in the town. One of them is known as Beaver and the other as Panther pond—names which explain their own origin. Lumbering, tanning, dairying, and quarrying flag and curb-stone, are the leading industries of Forestburgh. Lumbering and tanning must necessarily cease when its forests are destroyed; but its quarries are said to be almost inexhaustible and sufficient to furnish employment to its people for generations to come.

Forestburgh was erected by an act of the Legislature passed May 2, 1837, and was taken from Thompson, except a few hundred acres which were cut from Mamakating. On the 30th day of the same month, the voters of the new town held their first meeting at the house of Robert R. Palmer, which stood on the site of Edwin Hartwell's store, and elected the following officers: Supervisor, William F. Brodhead; Town Clerk, Robert R. Palmer; Justices of the Peace, John K. Williams, Marshall Perry, Ira R. Drake and Jonathan B. Ketcham; Assessors, Archibald Mills, Moses Read and James R. Drake; Overseers of the Poor, Zephaniah Drake and Archibald Mills; Commissioners of Highways, Edward Carpenter, Nathaniel Green and Stephen C. Drake; Commissioners of Common Schools, Archibald Mills, John K. Williams and Robert R. Palmer; Inspectors of Common Schools, William F. Brodhead, Archibald Mills and John K. Williams; Collector, Nathaniel Green; Constables, Philo Porter, Joseph Norris and Andrew M. Taggett.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town. Charges.	Co. and State.
1840	433	\$58,367	\$247.44	\$205.76
1850	715	40,072	155.62	270.97
1860	911	116,701	267.62	952.49
1870	916	62,243	669.08	1,745.90

There were residents in the Oakland neighborhood previous to the war of the Revolution. John Brooks and his son-in-law, Joseph Hubbard, lived about a mile below the mouth of the Bushkill, on the farm adjoining the premises now owned by William N. Case. During one of Brant's expeditions against the southern settlements of Mamakating, Hubbard and two children belonging to Brooks' family were massacred by the Indians and Tories. Brooks and the balance of his household escaped with their lives. We cannot learn that they returned during the war, and it is believed that he is the same John Brooks who settled in Thompson about the year 1789.

Captain Abraham Cuddeback, of Revolutionary fame, built a saw-mill at the mouth of the Bushkill, not far from 1783, in which lumber was sawed to rebuild the houses burned by the enemy in the lower valley of the Neversink. Lumber was also cut at this mill, and floated to the Delaware, on which it was rafted to Philadelphia. This establishment brought to Oakland several residents, three of whom bore the names of Campbell, Hogan and Elisha Smith. No descendants of these persons remain in the county. Hence but little is known of them.

The farm of William N. Case was settled during the 18th century, but by whom is not known. Early in this century, a man named Thomas Decker occupied it, and there was an old orchard on the premises.

The family of Zebulon Griffin, senior, lived on the plateau east of Oakland. The neighborhood is still known as the Griffin settlement. Zebulon, one of his sons, died here in 1863, on the farm where he was born. He had served in the war of 1812, and at the time of his decease was an old man. Stephen, another son, is still living at Westbrookville, (1872,) and is 80 years of age.

The Leasons and Barbers came to the county before Griffin. Joseph Barber settled on the east side of the river in 1783 or 1784. His descendants were living in the town a few years since. One of them (Simeon Barber) by his exploits in the woods, won the soubriquet of Bear Killer. A statement of his adventures among bears would make an amusing chapter. What he did not know of these animals was not worth learning. He killed an untold number of them. He shot them and he trapped them until he was an old man, when he fell into a trap himself. It was known that Simeon had saved the sum of three hundred dollars. This a faded siren of the Hackledam determined to make her own. She did not dare to steal it until she had first purloined the old man's heart. By an artful display of her sere and flabby charms, she made him forget his gun and his traps. After a brief wooing, the honest old hunter coaxed her to go with him in quest of a Justice of the Peace. His

equipage consisted of a bull broken to harness, and attached to a cart, upon which he had mounted a box fashioned from rough hemlock boards. In this the eager groom and coy bride rode to Monticello. Their mode of traveling caused spectators to think of the progress of gods and goddesses in pre-Homeric days. At the county-seat their matrimonial intentions were consummated, and they returned to the Hackledam a unit. According to law, he had "endowed her with his goods," and she could appropriate them to her own uses without being legally guilty of theft. Knowing this, she got possession of Barber's money, and absconded, just as she had intended to do before she became his wife. After awakening from his dream of domestic contentment, the old man lingered a few months, and then died, a victim of feminine perfidy.

Jacob Barber, a brother of Joseph, located on the river above Oakland.

There were two settlers named Leason. One of them (Israel) occupied the farm now owned by James Ketcham. Dick Leason, the other, lived west of Joseph Barber. They did not make many improvements; but manufactured an untold number of shingles.

Isaac Moore was another pioneer of Oakland. He loved to tell a good story quite as well as he loved to kill panthers. When Joseph Griffin and his wife Patty gathered toll at the Neversink bridge, Moore, while passing that way, saw a strange animal by the roadside. His dog soon treed the beast, and Moore shot it. It was a panther.

Two men named Welch were the pioneers at Eden. Elijah Welch was the principal man of the two. John Bivens succeeded them. He was from Geneseo, N. Y. He ran away from his father during the war of 1812, and became a soldier. While serving his country, he was made a prisoner by the enemy, and taken to Halifax, where he was kept until the close of the war, and suffered much. He then returned to his father's house; but soon left a second time. He and the elder Bivens seemed to have been incompatible. The young man strayed to Otisville, where he married Lucilla, a sister of Commodore C. Murray, and then built a saw-mill at Eden, where he became a permanent resident, and always was considered a worthy and valuable citizen. He was the progenitor of the respectable family of his name now residing in one of the Delaware river-towns.

About the year 1800, a saw-mill was built by Reed and others on the Bushkill, at Trotter's. Although there was an abundance of excellent timber, it was not kept running more than a few years; for in 1819, when Nathaniel Green moved to the place, the mill had rotted down, and with an abandoned clearing of

about an acre of land, was the only mark to show that white men had lived there.

Nathaniel Green was from Middletown, Orange county. In 1818, he built a small log-house as a temporary shelter for his family, and during the next season moved into it. His nearest neighbor was three miles distant, until 1820, when Thomas Alsop, the first merchant of the town, built a large house near Green's, and occupied it with his family. During the same year, the Mount Hope and Lumberland turnpike was completed as far as Trotter's, and Mr. Green built a comfortable residence, in which he lived until his death in March, 1859.

In 1820, there was an old clearing about one and a quarter miles south-west of Trotter's, which had been abandoned several years. It was made by a man named David Handy, and was known as Handytown. Here he had lived nobody now knows how long; here he had reared a family in the woods, and here he died in 1814, when his children went away. Robert Handy, one of his sons, was living at Oakland six years afterwards. He was born on his father's place, and knew quite as much of wild beasts as he did of men. No one could point out better than he the bear-paths and run-ways of the deer in that section of country.

Handytown is noted for having a remarkable spring of water. It flows from a steep bank, is bright, sparkling and delicious, and, according to the best estimate that has been made, a current of water sixteen inches deep, and as many in width, is constantly passing from it. The water gushes from the bottom of the spring, and keeps in continual ebullition a quantity of white sand.

A spring equally large and uncommon is situated on the top of a hill about one and a half miles south of Handytown. With the water rises a considerable quantity of gas.

At the junction of the Bushkill and Cherry Meadow brook is another spring as remarkable in some respects as the other two.

Handy, the pioneer, was buried on his farm, and at the head and foot of his grave are tomb-stones selected by himself from the flag-stone quarries of the neighborhood. They are exactly as nature formed them; but their neatness will strike the eye of even a person who is weary of monumental magnificence.

After the turnpike was completed as far as Trotter's, Robert Handy opened a log-tavern near that place, which he kept until the next year, when he left the country. His inn was a primitive affair. A traveler who stopped at his house certifies that mine host was absent in search of a jug of whisky; and that there was not a particle of bread, or flour, or meal, or potatoes, or butter, or fish, or fowl, or meat of any kind in the establishment; and yet the hostess provided him with a delicious meal. She

baked him an old-fashioned pumpkin-loaf in an iron kettle, covered with cabbage-leaves, on which were piled hot embers. This loaf and a bowl of milk freshly drawn from the family-cow, were eaten and keenly relished by the weary and hungry guest.

Ammi Lewis was the first settler on the Reed place, where he built a house, and made a clearing.

Edward Griswold owned a considerable tract of land at Hartwood. Gerardus Clowes married a ward or adopted daughter of Griswold, and was employed by him first to superintend his property in Cocheton, and afterwards in Forestburgh. After Clowes went to Forestburgh, his brothers Edward and William J. came to the town, and the former became largely interested in land affairs, while other members of the family were interested to a greater or less extent. At one time the Griswold property was owned by members of this family.

The brothers Clowes were not calculated to develop a wilderness-country; and their Forestburgh land was to them ultimately a source of embarrassment. In the end it passed into the hands of men who not only knew its value, but had the skill and the will to reap an adequate revenue from it.

Gerardus Clowes was the only one of the name who left Forestburgh with as much as he entered the town.

As the possessions of the others slipped through their fingers, William J. endeavored to better his condition through certain inventions which he claimed originated with himself. One of these was a material for the construction of houses, which he declared was cheaper than wood, as durable as granite, and as ornamental as marble. He never revealed the manner in which this substance was made; but we believe it was composed of clay and a resinous material, and when warm was plastic, and capable of being moulded into any desired shape. If he had made manifest the value of his alleged discovery by the erection of a dwelling or other building on a larger scale than that of a dog-kennel, instead of making futile attempts to induce others to do so by writing articles for newspapers, the utility of his invention would have been tested in a way to establish its folly or its value. Some one may yet acquire riches and honor in the field which afforded poor Clowes no harvest.

While he was advocating the superiority of this new material, the public mind was captivated by the anticipated benefits of plank-roads—farmers' railroads, as they were sanguinely termed. He then turned his attention to the improvement of roads, and saw, or imagined he saw, what was much better than anything then in operation or suggested. He published several elaborate articles in which he tried to show that wooden railways were superior to all roads except those of iron, and so much cheaper than the latter, that every neighborhood could have a railroad

of its own. His theory was endorsed by the *Scientific American*, which was then and is still considered good authority on such subjects; but among his friends and acquaintance he was pronounced a monomaniac. With them plank-roads were the great desideratum—roads which he declared would be failures, giving certain reasons for his opinion which experience has established as well-founded. The world said he was demented; but the issue proved that the world itself was crazy about plank-roads, while he was sane. His project remained a project; probably if it had been carried into effect, it would have been a duplicate of the tram-road introduced in England many years before by Mr. Outram, and which was the precursor of iron railways.

While laboring to make converts to his theory concerning roads, he imagined he saw a great improvement on our present system of education, and this new discovery affected his mind as a cam does machinery. He was considered a harmless visionary—nobody would listen to him, and he and his projects soon disappeared from public view.

The Messrs. Gillman now own a considerable part of the real estate which once belonged to the Clowes family. In their tract is the best remaining forest of white pine in the county.

George W. Barnum, O. B. Wheeler, and a Mr. Clapham of New York, own the major part of the balance.

In 1820, when our informant moved to Forestburgh, an old man named Daniel Cristie was living there. Cristie was poor, without relatives in that region, and managed to live by attaching himself to various families, for whom he manufactured shingles, made gardens, etc. He was a favorite with the young, to whom he related many adventures in which he said he had participated. He had been a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and claimed that he was with the first party of white men who crossed the Rocky Mountains.

Thomas Alsop lived at Hartwood probably about 1820, and French, in his Gazetteer, says he kept the first store of the town. He was connected with the affairs of Josiah Woodward and Alsop Vail, who owned a lumbering-establishment at the place. The name of Hartwood was at first applied to Oakland by William J. Clowes, in honor of Rev. Mr. Hart, the father of his wife, and was subsequently applied to the locality which now bears the name, in consequence of the removal of the post-office from Oakland to that point.

In 1832, Gerardus Clowes owned nearly all the wild land in the vicinity of Hartwood. In the year named, Joseph Norris, a native of Tompkins county, moved from Orange county, and located on a tract of land adjoining the premises of Nathaniel Green. Norris bought of Clowes, and moved his family into a

small unoccupied house in the neighborhood. He then, with the assistance of one of his sons, cleared a lot on which he intended to build. When this was done, he commenced putting up a log-house. All his affairs seemed to prosper until the month of August, when a mill-dam owned by Green was destroyed by a flood. This dam was of long standing. On its bottom was an immense quantity of vegetable matter, which, in the intense heat of the season, quickened the seeds of disease and death. Bilious fever and fever and ague prevailed in the valley. The family of Norris did not escape the effects of miasm. One after another was prostrated. His wife by a second marriage bore her burthen hopefully and bravely; but worn out and exhausted by unremitting care and toil, she succumbed to the disease, and after a brief illness, died. Norris was then left with a young family, among comparative strangers, houseless, in a wilderness-country, and unable to labor from disease. His children, disheartened, homesick, and emaciated by illness, urged him to abandon this scene of misfortune, and return to their old home in Orange county; but he was deaf to all their entreaties; he had come here to make a home, and although the prospect was yet dark, he believed a better day would dawn, and that success would reward his efforts.

At the end of the first year his two eldest sons left the place, and engaged in more profitable business, and one of his daughters was married to E. A. Green. He then moved into his new house, in which he installed a second daughter, aged fourteen years, as housekeeper, and with his third son, a lad twelve years old, proceeded in the task of improving his wild land. Nothing seemed to discourage or daunt him. He had been accustomed to the pleasant social intercourse of thickly settled localities. Here his evenings were spent in listening to the dismal howlings of wolves, which seemed to have their nocturnal trysting-place at Panther pond, about a mile from his house, and if they scented food, boldly approached his log-tenement. On one occasion, when he had slaughtered a beef, the entire pack gathered under his very eaves, and his children spent a night of terror, surrounded, as they were, by yelling and snarling monsters of the woods. Otherwise the monotony of his daily toil was seldom broken, except by the defiant challenge of rattlesnakes, which were very numerous, or the appearance of a stray bear. Bruin was not formidable. While the reptiles were always ready for battle, he shuffled off with his utmost speed.

Hopefully, earnestly and patiently, Mr. Norris continued his labors. Field after field was made arable. Grain and meadowland cheered his eyes, and the fruits of his industry rewarded him for all his toil and self-denial. Travel increased. The old

turnpike was no longer covered with grass. New neighbors came in. The comforts of civilized life were his. He rejoiced in the work of his hands. His courage and ambition were unabated; but age was sapping his physical powers, and the changes which occur in all families, had made him like an old tree in a denuded field.

About this time, one of his sons (Silas T. L.) returned and purchased a part of the homestead, as well as some land contiguous to it; and after erecting new buildings, opened the "Jeffersonian House." He also gave the name of "Democratic Ridge" to the locality, and became somewhat noted as a local politician. Soon after, his tavern was destroyed by fire, together with the log-house in which Joseph Norris still lived. New and improved buildings were then built, and Democratic Ridge became a favorite resort to many.

The old man still retained his independence as well as his industrious habits. He lived alone in his own habitation, and having nothing to engage his mind and hands, bought six acres of the worst land he could find, and by his own labor brought every foot of it to the highest state of cultivation. Finally the infirmities of age compelled him to board with his son, at whose house he died on the 4th of July, 1862, aged 76 years.

Joseph Norris was a true patriot, and a sincere Christian. He served his country faithfully in the war of 1812. His life was sober, industrious and quiet. He performed his duty to his country, his neighbor, his family, and his Maker, and his last moments were radiant with the joy and hope of a blessed immortality.

Such a life may seem tame and dull to those whose minds have been perverted by the popular literature of the day. We give it because we wish to present glimpses of all phases of existence in our county, and because he was one of the millions of worthy men who have elevated this continent from a state of nature to its present exalted position.

That part of Forestburgh known as Draketown, was settled by Zephaniah, Joseph, Adam, Nathan and Luther Drake, who were from New Jersey. Joseph came in 1793 or 1794, the others within the next three years. Nathan J., a son of Joseph, was the first male child born in that section of the town, and a daughter of Zephaniah who married George Burns was the first girl. The Drakes were hardy, industrious, worthy men, who were respected at home and abroad. Like all dwellers in the woods where game is plenty, they were more or less fond of forest-sports. Zephaniah excelled the others in this respect, and so successful was he in shooting wild beasts, that he imagined himself the champion rifleman of his neighborhood. During one of his hunting excursions with Nathan, their dogs

treed a large bear. The hunters found the animal sitting on the limb of a tree, looking down at the dogs. Zephaniah quickly brought his rifle to bear on the game, when Nathan advised him to be careful—to make a sure shot. “Why,” replied he, “I can shoot the eye out of his head!” He then aimed for the eye, and fired. The ball missed its mark; but hit the upper jaw, which it shattered, so that the bear’s nose, with about half of the teeth of the jaw, turned up over the forehead. The bear fell to the ground, and the dogs fell upon the bear. The latter caught one of his canine enemies between his fore-legs, and attempted to crush it; when the other dog bit the black brute so vigorously that he let go the first and caught the other, and so they fought back and forth, and were so mixed up that the brothers did not dare to shoot, knowing that they might kill their dogs. Zephaniah at last attacked the bear with his hunting-hatchet, when the animal left the dogs, and sprang at him. He stepped back—his foot caught in a laurel-bush, and down he fell upon his back. In an instant the bear was upon him, and the dogs on top of all. For a few seconds there was a lively time in the bushes. From impulse, Zephaniah threw up his hand to keep his assailant as far off as possible; but unfortunately thrust it so far into bruin’s mouth, that the beast caught the little finger between the uninjured molars, and crushed it. Finally, by means now forgotten, but probably by a lucky blow from Nathan, the bear was killed. Until his death in 1849, aged 81 years, Zephaniah, when telling the story of his adventure, exhibited a crooked finger, as an evidence that a bear with a broken jaw can sometimes inflict a severe injury. For many years before his decease, he was a consistent member of the Baptist Church. His wife Rebecca survived him about one year, when she rejoined the husband with whom she had experienced the toils and trials of forest-life.

With the Drakes, patriotism was a vital part of their religion. They had great love for our free form of government, and revered all the symbols of freedom. One of the family (Nathan) caught a large bald-headed eagle in his bear-trap. It was kept by him a few days; he admired it greatly; but thinking it wrong to keep the “National bird” in bondage, he let it go free.

In the winter of 1819, Ephraim L. Burnham, Elijah C. Horton and John Brown, who were then young men of Forestburgh, engaged in a bear-hunt, the particulars of which are worth repeating here. Mr. Burnham, while returning from his work in the woods, discovered fresh bear-tracks in the snow, and having mentioned the fact to Horton and Brown, the three determined to go in pursuit of the animal. Before daylight on the next morning, they were on the trail, armed with a rifle and an axe,

and after following it several hours, came to a flat on the Mongaup, near the present site of Gilman's tannery. Here the snow was very much trampled, and it became apparent that the bear's winter-quarters were in the vicinity. Horton and Brown commenced a search for a hole near the rim of the level ground, while Burnham explored the central part of the flat. He soon discovered a large rock under which there was a hole with tracks leading to and from it. Calling to his companions that he had found the den, all three were soon before the orifice, and peering into it. They discovered nothing by gazing in; and then cut a pole and thrust it into the hole. The end of the pole came in contact with a soft substance, but on being withdrawn afforded no indication of what it had touched. Mr. Burnham next split the end, and once more inserted it. After a few vigorous twists, he again pulled it out. There were short black hairs in the split, which proved that the bear was under the rock. This discovery caused one of the young men to declare that they had better go home; but Mr. Burnham, whose features resembled those of his cousin, General Ephraim Lyon of the Union army, and who exhibited the unyielding tenacity which marked his distinguished relative, utterly refused to leave until he had killed the bear. The animal was within reach of the pole, and he would wake it up, or run the stick into its body. He then made the end of the sapling very sharp, and punched the bear with all his might. Immediately there was an angry growl; the sharpened end was seized by the brute, and the pole was pushed outwardly, carrying Mr. Burnham with it. He at once loosened his hold—stepped back—caught up his rifle, and aimed it just as the bear reached the entrance. As it thrust its head from the hole, Mr. Burnham fired, and the beast fell back into its retreat. Although they could see it indistinctly in the gloom of the cavern, they could not at first determine whether it was dead. A few more thrusts of the sharpened sapling settled the question, however; nevertheless, the timid young man was once more seized with a panic, and wished to leave. As he could get neither of the others to go with him, he concluded to stay, and the three went to work to get out their game. They at first tried to drag forth the body with crotched sticks, but were unsuccessful; when Mr. Burnham himself went head first into the den, and taking hold of the shaggy hide, his companions pulled away at his legs, and succeeded in getting him and the bear out. After this was done, they heard a noise under the rock, and soon the head of another bear was thrust forth. This met the fate of its companion, and was brought forth in the same manner. The first one killed weighed nearly 400 pounds—the other, a young female, about 100. With great difficulty the young men carried their game to the nearest road, where a passing team relieved them. They

reached home after dark, very tired and very hungry; but refused to eat until a steak cut from the ham of one of the animals, hot and fragrant, was placed before them.

John Brown, one of these young men, subsequently met with an extraordinary accident. By an accidental discharge of his gun, one side of his face was blown away. One-half of his under jaw, a part of his tongue, upper jaw and one cheek-bone, were destroyed. No one supposed he could survive his injuries. He was cured, however, by the application of cold water, before Priessnitz announced his system of hydropathy. While he was waiting as all supposed, for death, a syringe filled with water was left within his reach. He injected some of the water into his horrible wound, and found that to some extent it mitigated his sufferings. Thereafter the syringe was in constant use until Brown, to the surprise of his friends, recovered. He was living, a few years since, near Lake Huntington, in the town of Bethel.

Mr. Burnham has been a resident of Monticello during the last thirty years, and yet loves to give the particulars of his bear-hunt in Forestburgh.

It may be said of some communities that the history of their Churches is a history of the people. Forestburgh, in its early days, was occupied by lumbermen; consequently saw-mills enter largely into the account of its settlement.

In 1807 or 1808, Abraham Tracy moved into the town and built a saw-mill, in which George Wickham was interested. It was the first mill located on the Mongaup in the town, and brought in several laborers, John Williams among them.

In 1805 a mill was put up on the Three Brooks by Thomas King and a Mr. Beyea. It has since been known as the Thomas and the Deep Hollow mill.

Not far from 1810, Jesse Dickinson built a mill for William A. Stokes, at Forestburgh Corners. Stokes was from Philadelphia, became a County-Judge, and was elected a Member of Assembly in 1821. He erected a large house, and was a resident of Forestburgh many years. His wife was a daughter of Dickinson, the mill-wright. It is said that the latter constructed nearly one hundred mills in different sections of the country, the first of which was at the Cook-House, on the Delaware, or, as the Indians called it, *Cocooze*. Seth Conant, a pioneer of Thompson, was Stokes' superintendent, and kept the first respectable inn or tavern of the town.

In 1810, a man named Jackson manufactured lumber at what was once known as the French, but since as the Ruddick mill. He was of a martial disposition, and commanded the first militia company of the town. Paul Pierson, Elijah C. Horton, George Burns and Archibald Mills were his successors. Mills was from Goshen, Orange county, and came in the summer of 1819, as

the agent of George D. Wickham, a large landholder. He is still a resident of the town, aged and honored.

About 1811, Paul and Jeremiah Pierson moved into the town by the way of Monticello. They were from Orange county. There was no road at that time farther than the Sackett Pond road covers the route they passed over; and they were obliged to hew their way into the wilderness, until they reached the spot where they had resolved to make a home. They built a mill at the point where Gad Wales & Co.'s tannery subsequently stood. It was afterwards occupied by Jonathan Bonnell, and was known as the Bonnell mill.

At nearly the same time, Elijah C. Horton built a house at the place now occupied by William Ferguson.

In 1809 or 1810, a man named Stead made an improvement at Mongaup Flats. It was occupied in 1817 by Jesse Dickinson while he was building the Lebanon mill, soon after which John James Stewart owned it, and lived there until he moved to Monticello. He spent considerable money in benefiting the locality, but did not add anything to his own resources. The place was once known as Stewartburgh. Stewart had been a sailor in his young days, and was known as Uncle Jack ever afterwards. He had some of the faults and some of the virtues of the old-time Jack Tar. He was very kind to the widow and orphan, and as long as he had money of his own, helped them with a liberal hand. When his own resources failed, he begged for them of those who had a surplus of this world's goods; or to use his own language, he made a "Tappaun muster." He had a singular way of jumbling together sacred and profane things—a habit which seemed second nature in him. We are informed by a respectable clergyman, that while living at the Flats, Stewart made a profession of religion, and at a prayer-meeting addressed the brethren. Giving a very chaste and beautiful description of what he had seen while a sailor—the magnificent works of art, &c., of the old world—he wound up with the startling inquiry—"And now, beloved, after seeing so much, who would have thought that I would come to this d—d hemlock-country to get religion?" Of course his "probation" terminated with this unusual display of piety. Believing that the narrow paths of the Partialists were not made for him, he subsequently took to the broad and easy ways of Universalism, and to the day of his death expatiated on the unlimited mercy and love of the Creator, emphasizing his declarations in his own peculiar way. Even when dying, he sent word to some friends that "the Devil was under-brushing a path for him straight into Heaven!"

Uncle Jack bestowed nick-names on half of his friends, and these names were so appropriate that the unfortunate objects

of his wit bore them during the balance of their lives. His wit sometimes displayed itself in repartees as keen as a Damascus blade. A young but somewhat Pharisaic member of an Orthodox Church, accused him of reporting that he (the young member) had become a Universalist. "You a Universalist!" exclaimed the ex-sailor: "No! Impossible! You are not good enough!" And the other departed abashed and crest-fallen, and meditating on the beauty of humility.

Taking into consideration its population, and the vocation of a large majority of its people, Forestburgh has had more than its proportion of men who were remarkable for their social and political standing. In addition to those already mentioned, we record in this class the names of Jubal and Jeremiah Terbell, Daniel M. and William F. Brodhead, O. B. Wheeler, C. W. Trotter, and Marshall Perry.

The Brodheads were natives of Milford, Pennsylvania, and claimed a distinguished ancestry. Their father was Daniel Brodhead, at one time Surveyor-general of the Keystone State, and their grandfather was General Daniel Brodhead of the Revolution. In early life Daniel M. removed to Philadelphia, where he was a lawyer of acknowledged ability; but was obliged to relinquish his profession on account of a defect in his vocal organs. Being ambitious, he turned his attention to politics, and became a leading democratic politician. He was advanced from position to position until he was chosen Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives; but ultimately lost the confidence of his party by favoring one of the financial schemes of Nicholas Biddle. In May, 1842, he removed to Forestburgh, and subsequently to Black Lake, in the town of Bethel. At both places he engaged largely in the lumber-business, and for many years was prominent as a local politician. He was remarkable for suavity of demeanor. Although he continued to be ruled by his favorite maxim, "Molasses will catch more flies than vinegar," he failed to attain high political position after leaving his native State. He was a correct sample of the modern politician. His youngest son, Lieutenant Daniel M. Brodhead, junior, was killed in the battle of the Wilderness in May, 1864. Grief then seriously affected the health of the father, and he continued to decline until the 1st of the succeeding October, when he died.

Mr. Brodhead was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Colonel James Benton of Milford. His second was the widow of James Clinton, a brother of Governor Clinton.

William F. Brodhead, who came to Forestburgh several years before his brother, was twice a Member of Assembly from Sullivan. Although of respectable attainments, he was not the equal of Daniel M. in ability. Frank, as his friends

loved to call him, was of excellent repute, and died with an untarnished character.

Marshall Perry was a valuable citizen, whose public and private deportment was above reproach.

Charles W. Trotter was at one time largely engaged in tanning, and was the candidate of his political party for a seat in Congress.

Wales & Gildersleeve were also at one time extensively engaged in tanning, and the Messrs. Gillman are still carrying on that business.

Events which followed the death of a child in March, 1844, show how much circumstantial evidence is to be distrusted, and that if criminal charges are preferred, excited public feeling may lead to injustice. A little child of a Mr. Frieslebau, while returning from a neighbor's with other children, was left behind by them. It was soon after missed, when its friends went after, but failed to find it. The neighbors were then alarmed; they turned out, but searched for it without success. Suspicion then fell upon a quack-doctor named Heisted, who was seen to pass with his wife about the time the child was first missed. Two days were consumed in unsuccessful endeavors to discover the child. On the third day, Mr. Frieslebau started in pursuit of Heisted, whom he followed until he reached a place where the doctor had stayed all night. There he learned that Heisted had no child with him. On the fourth day, the almost distracted father returned home. In the meantime, some children reported that they had seen the little-one in Heisted's sleigh. This created a great prejudice against him. A warrant was issued for his arrest; but its service was delayed until another unsuccessful search was had. On the seventh day the doctor and his wife were brought by a constable from their residence in Orange county. Two days were then spent in investigating the affair before a Justice of the Peace. The evidence was clearly against the prisoners—so much so, that it seemed certain they were guilty. They were held for trial, and gave bail. A few believed they were innocent, and on the tenth day once more there was a search, and it was a successful one. When a majority had become discouraged, and gone home, the others discovered that the little-one had turned off the road on a path which had not before been observed—become exhausted, and fallen with its face on the snow, where it died. An inquest was held by Coroner Greene, and the accused discharged.

A very interesting natural feature of this town may be found in the Falls of the Mongaup, about one and a half miles from the village of Forestburgh. Above the Falls, the water has worn a channel through solid sand-rock. This channel is about sixteen feet wide and twenty deep, and its floor is of hard black

grit. The waters rush through these narrow limits, and plunge about twenty feet, when they meet with a temporary obstruction; then the seething, whirling, dashing foam bounds with three successive leaps into a deep basin at the bottom of the chasm. The cataract

“Comes from its shadowed and prison-like glen,
With a leap and a roar, like a lion from den;
First winding, then bounding, once more and once more,
Till each voice is blent in an agony roar.”

The total fall has been variously estimated at from sixty to eighty feet. One hundred feet above the surface of the pool below the Falls, is a rock known as “Flat Rock,” from which is a view of the scene replete with wild grandeur.

The descending waters have worn many deep circular holes in the rocks. A story is told of two hunters who found a deer entangled some way at the top of the Falls. They very kindly liberated the animal, when, being very much frightened, it rushed into one of these holes, and was never more seen. Whether it became food for the Genii of the chasm or the eels of the river, is not known. We would have more faith in the story, if hunters were in the habit of liberating entangled deer before they killed them, or if frightened deer rushed into holes, like woodchucks and foxes.

In 1853, John and Barton Brodhead (sons of Daniel M.,) built a gang-saw-mill a short distance below the Falls. On the 14th of July, 1855, this mill was burned by an incendiary. Ten days after this event, there was a flood in the river, which carried away their dam and 2,000 saw-logs. Finding both fire and water apparently against them, they never rebuilt the mill.

Not far from Oakland is a singular “canyon,” through which flows what is known as the Gulf-stream, an outlet of a natural pond situate on the mountain at the source of the brook. The “canyon” is narrow, and its sides are composed of high and perpendicular walls of rock. For a considerable distance the water disappears below the debris, and at a particular point, far beneath the wall of rock may be heard a subterranean water-fall.

In the cliffs of this gulch, pyrites or “fool’s gold” are found in considerable quantities.

In February, 1863, James L. Brooks, while engaged near the Gulf-stream, found two wild-cats or catamounts in their den. He boldly entered their lair, and after a somewhat animated contest, killed them. He came out of the woods with the animals slung upon one of his shoulders, and his clothes in rags and tatters. Although his body exhibited more stripes than

are on our starry flag, he was not seriously injured. A very exaggerated account of his adventure was published at the time.

Osmer B. Wheeler bestowed the name of Oakland on the valley at the mouth of the Bushkill, in which is located a tannery. As a manufacturer he has been remarkably successful, and does not hesitate to devote a portion of his fortune to the development of the natural resources of his neighborhood. Geologists say that the formation of the crust of the earth at this point indicates the existence of saline deposits; and chemists of a certain class declare that there is petroleum not only far down in the interstices of the rocks, but that the clay of the valley is impregnated with it. A thin seam of anthracite is found in the mountains, and an immense mass of ochre in the valley. Mr. Wheeler has caused deep borings to be made for the salt and oil; but they were not found. He has discovered that the coal is the same which underlies the entire county, and is nowhere of any value; while from the ochre can be made a mineral paint which is not inferior to much that is used in the country. Probably this pigment and the stone quarries of the vicinity will make Oakland a busy place even after its oak-forests are destroyed.

In 1858-9, Mr. Wheeler represented Orange and Sullivan in the Senate of the State. He is yet (1873) a shrewd, energetic and successful man of business.

The explorations for petroleum at Oakland were made in 1866. Thomas Martin, a professional geologist, mineralogist and mining-engineer, examined the Bushkill valley and the region bordering on the Gulf-stream, and reported that he found a small seam of coal, traces of copper, positive indications of petroleum, and a valuable deposit of clay. The latter, he declared, was literally saturated with oil. In consequence of these assurances, the "Oakland Oil Company" was formed, and unsuccessful efforts made to find petroleum. Lewis Cuddeback was the president of the company; H. H. Hunt, vice-president; M. Lewis Clark, secretary; Jacob May, treasurer; and Lewis Cuddeback, H. H. Hunt, M. Lewis Clark, Jacob May, O. J. Brown, E. A. Bunn, Dr. Lewis Armstrong, O. B. Wheeler and D. C. Dusenberry, trustees.

Some of the popular gazetteers of the day assert that Rev. Isaac Thomas, (Methodist) was the first preacher who came to Forestburgh; but we have reason to believe that Rev. Isaac Sergeant, (Congregationalist,) Rev. Luke Davies, (Baptist,) and Rev. Thomas Greer, (Presbyterian,) preached in the town many years before Thomas visited it. The Methodists, however, seem to have been more in accord with the spiritual inclinations of the inhabitants; for they soon obtained the vantage-ground,

and now own the only two church-edifices of the town. One of these is located at Oakland. It was erected in 1857, and was dedicated on the 29th of December of that year. Rev. T. W. Pearson preached the dedicatory sermon. The other church is at Forestburgh, and was built in 1859. The latter has about fifty members.

The Newark conference of New Jersey exercises jurisdiction over this town, as well as over Lumberland and territory above it on the Delaware river; from which the inference is naturally drawn that the arrangement had its birth in the old "Jersey claim." Nevertheless the dispute concerning the boundary between New York and New Jersey was settled and almost forgotten before the introduction of Methodism in the Delaware towns of Sullivan. New Jersey Methodism obtained ecclesiastical dominion here because it was more convenient for preachers to attend conference in New Jersey than New York. Now it is otherwise; nevertheless the old state of affairs continues.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF FORESTBURGH.

From		To
1837.....	William F. Brodhead.....	1840
1840.....	Ira R. Drake.....	1842
1842.....	Coe Dill.....	1844
1844.....	Elisha A. Green.....	1846
1846.....	Daniel M. Brodhead.....	1850
1850.....	Silas T. L. Norris.....	1852
1852.....	Isaac Penney.....	1853
1853.....	Charles C. Boyd.....	1854
1854.....	John Ruddick.....	1855
1855.....	Osmer B. Wheeler.....	1858
1858.....	James H. Taylor.....	1859
1859.....	William N. Case.....	1860
1860.....	Stephen C. Drake.....	1862
1862.....	Osmer B. Wheeler.....	1863
1863.....	Silas T. L. Norris.....	1865
1865.....	Samuel M. Sterrett.....	1867
1867.....	John Ruddick.....	1870
1870.....	Wallace W. Wheeler.....	1871
1871.....	Edwin Hartwell.....	1873
1873.....	Benjamin Case.....	1874

CHAPTER IX.

THE TOWN OF FREMONT.

The surface of Fremont resembles that of Callicoon. It is marked by deep ravines and abrupt declivities. Some of the latter, it is said, attain a height of about 800 feet above their bases, and from 1,500 to 1,800 feet above the level of the ocean. Though uneven, the soil is well adapted to the production of grass and grain, except on some of the hill-sides where the surface is too steep for cultivation.

Basket and Hankins' creeks are the principal streams of the town. On both of them as well as some of their tributaries, are numerous mills and manufacturing establishments. The town is well supplied with small lakes or natural ponds. The most notable of these are Long, Round and Basket ponds in the northern, Lox in the eastern, and Trout pond in the central section. These sheets of water were the favorite resorts of hunters and anglers before this region was settled. The Dodges, Stewarts, Spragues and other early settlers of Rockland related many thrilling hunting-adventures which occurred in the neighborhood of these lakes.

Although this was a good locality for the farmer and lumberman, and a few families lived in the valley of the Delaware at Long Eddy and at Hankins, previous to the conclusion of the war of the Revolution, it may be said that Fremont was the last town of Sullivan to which the tide of immigration tended. There was a great store of valuable timber in its forests, as well as many good mill-sites on its streams, and yet for more than the third of a century before its resources were made available, the hardy raftmen of the comparatively remote town of Rockland ran their rafts along the western border of Fremont, which practically continued in a virgin state, because its owners were strangers who made no effort to quicken its germs of fertility. No avenue of approach was opened to its secret recesses, and it continued almost as the Indians had left it until there was a probability that the New York and Erie Railroad would be constructed.

In 1780, a man named Isaac Simmons lived at Hankins, and soon after sold his right of possession to Joseph Brown. Brown sold to Aaron Pierce, who, in 1792, built a saw-mill and small grist-mill. The latter was an insignificant affair, and worked badly. It had no bolt, and it was necessary to separate the bran from the flour by hand. About the year 1800, Jonas Lakin came to the place, and subsequently became the owner of a considerable tract of land.

In 1821, Lakin sold his tract of land to Elizabeth Pierce, who, with her family, lived on it until about 1833, when she died. In 1834, John Hankins and Luther Appley bought the property, for which they paid \$1,451. In 1835, Hankins bought an additional tract of Lucas Elmendorf, and in May, 1839, moved to Fremont with his family.

Previous to 1839, Mr. Hankins had resided in the town of Damascus, in the State of Pennsylvania, where he married Susan, a daughter of Moses Thomas, 3d. When he removed to Fremont, he passed over the "State-road," on the west side of the river. The New York and Erie Railroad Company had accomplished considerable in grading their road; but had suspended work in 1837. Mr. Hankins attempted to make a highway of their track, but after rendering about three miles passable, gave up the job.

For several years ingress and egress were difficult. To attend town-meeting and vote at the fall-elections, he was obliged to follow a line of marked trees to Liberty, or travel over the State-road to the bridge at Cochection, and from thence to Liberty by the way of Bethel. Sometimes, however, when the water was low, he followed the beach of the river on horseback as far as Cochection. As the ford near his residence was occasionally impracticable, he built a scow, and crossed the river in it; but when there was a flood, it was not safe to cross in any manner, and he was practically cut off from the outside world.

It has been represented that John Hankins was the pioneer settler at Hankins Depot;* yet, when he came, he found on his place an old frame-house, a saw-mill, and land which had been occupied and tilled many years. He also found a sycamore tree which was nine feet in diameter. The latter was hollow, and the cavity was larger than some bed-rooms. It is said that a man could ride into it astride of a horse. Until about 1865, this tree was used as a substitute for a smoke-house.

Mr. Hankins was a man of action. Exclusive of those who lived in Pennsylvania, his only neighbors were at Long Eddy and Long pond; yet during the first year of his residence, he started a store and built a blacksmith-shop. He also built a

* See French's Gazetteer.

handsome residence for his family, and in 1847, the second saw-mill erected on his land. He also became prominent as a local politician, and, notwithstanding his isolated position, was one of the first Justices of the Peace, and the second Supervisor of the town of Callicoon. He was elected to the latter office repeatedly, and at one time, in conjunction with Matthew Brown, controlled the Board of Supervisors.

Mr. Hankins did not live until the railroad was completed as far as Hankins creek. He was a man of forcible and energetic character—a warm friend and an ardent enemy—exalted in prosperity and depressed when his surroundings were unfavorable. In the summer of 1847, he suffered from a variety of small annoyances, and on the 17th of September was found dead on the road to Callicoon, about a quarter of a mile from his house, under circumstances which led to the belief that his life was cut short by his own hand.

On the completion of the railroad, a station was established at his place, which was called Hankins, at first; but in May, 1851, the name was changed to Fremont. In September, 1852, when the post-office was created, with Gidney Underhill as post-master, the name of Fremont was given to it, although many were in favor of calling it Hankins.* Both the station and post-office are now known by the latter name.

Previous to 1839, Hankins creek was known as Pierce's brook. At that time, it was famous as a trout-stream. Deer were abundant in the neighboring forests, and bears and panthers, as well as wolves, were frequently seen and heard.

The north-west corner of the town has been known to raftmen as Long Eddy, to the officials of the New York and Erie Railway as Basket-Switch, and to others as Douglass village or city. Several gazetteers declare that Joseph "Green" was the original settler of this locality. This declaration is not well founded. Previous to the war of the Revolution, Deliverance Adams and John Dusingbury lived at this place. About the year 1800, Dusingbury sold his possessions to the father of Joseph Geer. The younger Geer lived on the place sixty-five years. He is probably the Joseph Green of the gazetteers. Abner Lane was living at Long Eddy in 1793. Dusingbury built a saw-mill on Basket creek about 1800.

A half-breed Indian named John Johnson, continued here after the tribe to which he belonged had left the country. For many years, Johnson supplied the whites who occupied the valley between Cohecton and Shehocton (now Hancock) with lead, which, it was believed, he obtained from a mine in the

* On the 30th of May, 1858, the depot at Hankins, with the woodsheds, tanks, &c., of the railway company, were destroyed by fire. But few men were in the place, and the adjoining buildings were saved by the heroic exertions of the ladies.

vicinity of Pise's brook, above Long Eddy. The ore was cut from the vein with a hatchet, and was nearly pure. He smelted it without difficulty, and there was but a small per cent. of dross. The people did not watch him when he went after it, because he was a turbulent and vindictive man. Many persons have since searched for the mine; but without success. We do not know that the geological formation at Pise's brook favors the belief that lead may yet be found there; but we are quite certain that a few ignorant savages would not be as apt to discover mines in a wilderness-country, as fifty times their number of comparatively intelligent white men when the same region is cleared. The ore may have been brought from a distant locality, and deposited by the half-breed in a secret place, from which he brought it at such times and in such quantities as he and others needed it. There is no doubt that the Indians accidentally discovered the Wurtsborough mine, and that they carried away ore from it. Perhaps the lead of the half-breed came from that quarter.

The hunters and trappers of the Delaware often induced Johnson to join them when they engaged in forays against the denizens of the woods. Josiah Parks, the "boson" of the early raftmen, was his friend and companion, until the two quarreled about the division of a bear which they had killed, when Johnson, in a fit of ungovernable rage, struck Parks, and then clutched his neckerchief, and attempted to garrote him. Mrs. Parks was present, and saw that her husband's life depended on her efforts. Catching hold of a hunting-knife, she mingled in the affray; but, instead of thrusting the ugly weapon into the body of the would-be murderer, she severed the neckerchief, and narrowly avoided cutting Park's throat. Parks then pommelled the savage until the latter was glad to leave without any part of the bear. The white man was very indignant because Johnson struck him while his coat was on his back, the doing of which was quite as disgraceful in a fighting man of the Delaware as gouging and garroting.

In the days of the pioneers, Captain Ezra May, who lived above Long Eddy, owned a famous canoe, which was long known as the Old Trout. This canoe was hewn from the body of an immense tree—was forty-five feet in length, and so wide that a barrel of pork could lie in it cross-wise. It was capable of carrying twenty-five barrels of flour. The settlers between Cochection and the mouth of the Cadoshe hired the Old Trout of Captain May, when they found it necessary to go to mill, or to get a supply of dry-goods and groceries. Except the little mill at Hankins, which was no better than a samp-mortar, the nearest grist-mill was at the mouth of Brodhead creek, near the Water-Gap, one hundred miles from Long Eddy. To this mill

the inhabitants went for their flour in May's canoe. When loaded it required the strength of six men to pole and pull it upstream—four to pole and two to pull. The ropes used were made from the bark of basswood and leather-bark trees, and it took six days to go from Brodhead's to Long Eddy.

Twice a year, Captain May took the Old Trout on a raft to tide-water, and sometimes to Philadelphia, for the purpose of freighting merchandise to the upper Delaware. About 1784, and previous to the use of this canoe, a Durham boat made two trips as far up the river as Shehocton; but it was found that the enterprising navigator was in advance of his times, and he was compelled to relinquish the business of transporting passengers and freight to and from the frontier settlements.

The efforts which have been made to render Long Eddy an important business point, are worthy of those enterprising individuals who sometimes found cities in the Great West, often on paper, and sometimes on more substantial bases.

On the completion of the New York and Erie railroad, the company considered a switch sufficient to meet all local requirements. In 1855, a post-office was made, and named Long Eddy. In 1856, William Kelley was authorized by law to establish a ferry across the Delaware at the switch. One year later, a Mr. Taylor built a depot at his own expense, and to induce the railroad company to stop their trains at the place, served twelve months as their agent without a salary.

About the year 1866, the Delaware Bridge Company was chartered and organized. Its capital stock was \$10,000, and it had authority to increase the same to the amount necessary to complete the work for which the company was formed. The major part of the stock was taken by residents of Long Eddy and Little Equinunk, and the contract for building the bridge was taken by Solon Chapin. After Chapin had expended \$11,000, as he claimed, the company became involved in difficulty, and work was suspended. At this time, there was no decent approach on either shore, and the central pier was left in such a condition that there was danger that the entire structure would go down-stream with the first high flood. Chapin held possession in defiance of the company, and put up temporary approaches; but there was no feasible or legal right of way east or west of the river. A bridge-war was imminent, as well as destruction of the work, when the foresight and enterprise of a single individual became the salvation of the enterprise. Martin A. Smith, of Fremont Centre, who was a stockholder, and largely interested in the real estate of that vicinity, purchased enough stock to secure to himself a controlling interest. He then elected new directors, who immediately dispossessed Chapin, secured the pier in a substantial manner,

finished the bridge, and made a turnpike from the west approach to Little Equinunk. The total cost of the improvement amounts to about \$17,000. This bridge is of great importance to Long Eddy, as it causes a large amount of business to centre there.

The Long Eddy Hydraulic and Manufacturing Company was formed in 1867. The capital stock of the company, according to its charter, was \$25,000. Eleven thousand of this, we are informed, was taken by residents, and two thousand by non-residents, and the village of Douglass issued its bonds for ten thousand dollars to aid the work. The balance of the stock (\$2,000) was not taken. The main object of the company was to dam the river at a point near the village, and thus utilize the water for manufacturing purposes. Immense results were anticipated by the sanguine, who believed that Douglass would become a flourishing manufacturing city—a second Lowell, with its scores of wealthy magnates, and its thousands of industrious operatives. The company, it is said, succeeded in building a saw-mill, some houses and a bulkhead-dam near the mill. The contract for building the main dam was given to a party possessed of no skill and experience in such work. Consequently the structure was not substantial, and while the lumbermen of the upper Delaware were threatening to demolish it as a nuisance and an obstruction to the running of rafts, a flood carried a great part of it away. When this disaster occurred, the company was indebted to Benjamin P. Buckley of Fremont Centre, who obtained a judgment for the amount of his claim. The effects of the company were sold to satisfy Buckley's demand, and he bought them at the sale. During the year 1871, some of the residents of Long Eddy, whose faith and ardor had not been extinguished by the flood, wishing to make the property available, obtained the consent of Buckley to rebuild the dam. They commenced the work, but so late in the season that they were unable to complete it before the beginning of the ensuing winter. Hoping that the ice-freshet of the spring of 1872 would be merciful, they suspended operations. The winter, however, was very severe, and the ice was of unusual thickness when the river broke up. The dam, in its unfinished condition, was not strong enough to endure the pressure of the flood and the battering of the ice. It was again broken, and now, what remains of it is a standing reminder of the fact, that unscientific and inexperienced men should not be entrusted with a work of so much magnitude and difficulty.

It is believed that a third attempt will be made to construct a dam at this point; that the water-power, if properly managed, is really valuable; and that experience will enable the gentlemen who will hereafter manage the matter, to guard against a third disaster. The enterprise and energy of the people of Douglass,

deserve success, though they may not command it. It is not often that a village no larger than this expends forty thousand dollars in half-a-dozen years to promote its material interests. As to what they have done to advance their spiritual welfare much cannot be said; for there is not a church-edifice in the place. The Baptists and Methodists have labored in an humble way, however, in this corner of the moral vineyard. Each has a small society in Douglass, which worships in the district school-house.

Douglass was incorporated by an act of the Legislature on the 19th of April, 1867. The principal movers to obtain the charter were D. D. McKoon and F. G. Barnes. The first trustees were Charles G. Armstrong, Dennis D. McKoon, John McDuffee, Charles D. Brand and Ulysses S. Tyler; Assessors—George Gould and Joseph Dudgeon; Collector—William T. Kellam; Police Justice—Samuel McKoon; Treasurer—Henry H. McKoon; Street Commissioner—J. Wesley Tyler; Police Constable—Wallace Young. The corporate limits are a mile square, and on the northerly side are the same as the boundary of the town and county.

While the genius of material progress was rampant, a credulous printer was induced to start a newspaper in Douglass, who, with commendable local pride, filled nearly an entire column with a business directory, in which dealers in lumber and manufacturers of hemlock-boards were quite prominent. The editor enjoyed the fat things of the future, until he found that more substantial food was necessary to prolong his mundane existence, when he transferred his types and enterprise to other scenes.

Besides mills and the shops of mechanics, Douglass contains two hotels, five stores, and seventy dwellings. Its population has been estimated at 500.

It is said that Zachariah Ferdon located at Round Pond in May, 1824. It does not appear, however, that he owned the land he occupied until 1844, in which year he received a deed for it from Peter Ferdon of Gates, Monroe county, N. Y. He was the first settler in that section of the town. His nearest neighbors were residents of Rockland.

Benjamin Misner built a saw-mill on the outlet of Long pond in 1831, and moved his family to the place in 1832. He was of the family of Misners of Fallsburgh, and lived there in 1808, when Gerard Hardenbergh was murdered. In 1811, Benjamin and Jacobus Misner bought a tract of land in Lot 6, of Herman M. Hardenbergh, a son of Gerard. About 1833, Benjamin took a number of trout from Trout brook, and put them in Long pond, which proved congenial to this royal game-fish. Trout have since been taken from this pond which weighed five pounds.

In the spring of 1835, Jeronimus Secord moved from Westchester county to Long pond. Five or six others of the same family-name soon after settled in the vicinity of Round pond, and among them was Thomas Secord, the pugilist, whose mill with Yankee Sullivan has been recorded in the sporting annals of the county. Secord's friends claim that he was the real victor in this encounter, while the prize was awarded to Sullivan by a mob of roughs. However this may be, Secord was so severely pommelled by Sullivan that he ultimately died from the injuries he received.

The first school of the neighborhood was taught in 1847, by Sarah, a daughter of Gerard L. M. Hardenbergh, who received two dollars per week, and boarded herself.

In the summer of 1849, Charles W. Miles, Carlos P. Holcomb and Benjamin C. Miles erected a large tannery on Hankins creek. At this time, Judge Samuel McKoon had become a resident, as well as Levi Harding, Roderick Levalley, Thomas S. Ward, William C. Wood, Joseph F. Yendes, Burrows Phillips, G. L. M. Hardenbergh, James Brown, John Beck, Aaron Van Benschoten, a family of Cannons, etc. A considerable number of German immigrants had also settled in the territory, which was subsequently erected as the town of Fremont.

The town-meetings of Callicoon were at that period generally held in Jeffersonville, near the line of Cohecton, and the principal officers of the town resided in that quarter; hence the settlers of the western section were put to great inconvenience when they found it necessary to attend to local affairs. Under such circumstances, they soon discovered that a division of Callicoon would be an advantage to them.

In the Fall of 1851, sundry freeholders of Callicoon gave notice through one of the newspapers of the county, that they would apply at the next annual meeting of the Supervisors for a division of the town. This notice caused a violent effervescence of Yankee and Teutonic elements. Petitions and remonstrances were rapidly circulated through every nook and corner. At the November election, but one hundred and fifty-seven residents voted; and yet within a fortnight thereafter two hundred and sixty-two petitioned for a division, and one hundred and ninety-three remonstrated—making a total of 455 who claimed that they were inhabitants!* One of these parties claimed that the proposed division was desirable, because the people were very much scattered, and there was a range of hills running through Callicoon, which formed a natural boundary between the several sections; the other opposed a division because it would increase

* At the next annual election the aggregate vote of Callicoon and Fremont was 402. In addition to these, many immigrants were not voters.

taxation, and leave Callicoon without a depot on the railroad, and a railroad to help pay its taxes.

The Supervisors referred the application, etc., to a committee of five, viz: Neal Benson, Thomas Williams, Edward Palen, John C. Holley and Benjamin P. Buckley. After a patient hearing, three of the committee (Messrs. Benson, Palen and Holley) reported that the prayer of the petitioners should be granted; while the others (Messrs. Williams and Buckley) declared that it was then impossible to determine what were the wishes of a majority of the inhabitants, and intimated that there was evident irregularity in procuring signatures for and against the proposed division. Hence they recommended that action should be deferred until the Board could obtain reliable information on the subject. The Supervisors, however, by a large majority (nine to one) resolved to erect the new town. The member from Callicoon (Samuel W. Jackson) was then appointed a committee to draft the necessary bill, and as soon as he reported, it was passed—ayes, 10; nays, 0. By this act, the first election in Fremont was held at the house of Ezekiel G. Scott, and David R. Perry, Roderick Levalley and Gerard L. M. Hardenbergh were made the presiding officers of the first town-meeting.

Those who opposed the erection of Fremont resided on the North Branch and on the section east of that stream. If the territory of Callicoon had remained intact, North Branch would have been a central point, and a large majority would have been in favor of making it the quasi capital of the town, instead of Jeffersonville. Hence the opposition in that quarter, and hence Mr. Jackson, who was a sagacious business man of Jeffersonville, was willing that the western inhabitants should "go in peace." If not permitted to do so, he foresaw that they would unite with the people of North Branch against Jeffersonville, and that the combined opposition would overwhelm the latter.

It is a notable fact that Benjamin P. Buckley, who was the Supervisor of Liberty in 1851, and did not readily consent to the erection of the new town, subsequently removed to Fremont, where, as one of the firm of B. P. Buckley & Son, he became largely interested in the tanning business; and that four members of the Buckley family have since been Supervisors of the town.

Fremont received the name it bears, because a majority of its leading men were ardent admirers of John C. Fremont, a full account of whom will be found in almost any history of the United States.

The first road of the town is what is known as the Cannon road, from the North Branch to Hankins; the second runs from North Branch to Fremont Centre, and from thence to Hankins:

afterwards the road from the Centre to Long Pond and Round pond, and thence to Westfield Flats was laid out, as well as the one from Long Eddy up Basket creek to Trout brook. Other highways have since been made connecting various neighborhoods of the town.

Fremont affords another proof that the axiom, "Murder will out," is based more on superstition than truth. In September, 1854, a human skeleton was found in a swamp about a mile north of Hankins, covered with large stones, and near it, concealed under a log, were a pair of boots and some clothes. The condition in which these things were, when discovered, led to the belief that they had been undisturbed for five or six years, and that the remains were those of a man who had been murdered, and whose body had been concealed in this swamp. Neither the name of the victim, or of the murderer, was ever known or suspected. The unfortunate man may have been employed in laboring for a railroad-contractor, and when on the point of returning with a few hard-earned dollars to his friends in a distant part of the country, may have been decoyed to this lone place, and here killed for his money; or he may have been a stranger who came with means to buy land. Such persons were constantly coming and going, and their sudden disappearance would have excited no interest in their fate.

Two little daughters of John Heldrick, an early settler, wandered from the home of their parents, and became lost in the woods. As soon as the scattered pioneers of the neighborhood were notified, they searched for the bewildered children, and after protracted efforts discovered them in a hollow log. Terror, hunger and fatigue were too much for the oldest girl, an impressible, nervous child aged six years. When found she was insane, and although she lived ten years, her mind was never restored to its former condition.*

There are but two churches in Fremont. One of them is at Fremont Centre, and belongs to the Methodists. It was built in 1860, during the pastorate of Rev. Aaron Coons, and cost upwards of \$2,000.

The other is St. Mary's church, (Roman Catholic) at Oberburgh. Rev. John Ranfeisen, its first pastor, was here as early as 1852. He was succeeded by Rev. Joseph Roesch, a native of Prussia, who has labored here among the German population for many years. The present church-edifice was built in 1861, but was not consecrated until June 23, 1865, when ninety-five persons were confirmed. The members number about 350.

* Child's Gazetteer.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1860	1,728	\$113,675	\$596.97	\$889.58
1870	2,220	103,520	2,499.76	2,501.22

NOTE.—For several items of information in regard to Fremont we are indebted to William Hill, a former Clerk of the county; who, as an officer, has had no superior.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF FREMONT.

From		To
1852	Samuel McKoon	1853
1853	Charles W. Miles	1855
1855	Joseph F. Yendes	1856
1856	Aaron Van Benschoten	1857
1857	Simeon D. Wood	1858
1858	Martin A. Smith	1861
1861	Charles W. Miles	1862
1862	Walter B. Buckley	1864
1864	I. B. Buckley	1865
1865	Benjamin P. Buckley ..	1867
1867	Isaac Forshay	1869
1869	Frank Buckley	1872
1872	Levi Harding	1873
1873	Abram Wood	1874

CHAPTER X.

THE TOWN OF HIGHLAND.

This town was taken from the territory of Lumberland, by an act of the Board of Supervisors, on the 17th of December, 1853, and consists of numbers Fourteen to Twenty-five inclusive of the Seventh division; and Lots Two, Three and Four of the First division of the Minisink Patent. It is situated on the highlands east of the Delaware, and from them derives its name. Some of these ridges have an altitude, it is said, of from 1,000 to 1,200 feet. We cannot learn that they were ever measured by competent men, and therefore conclude that their height is estimated.

The same causes which retarded the growth and prosperity of Lumberland and Tusten have had their logical effects here. In early times, the population consisted of lumbermen, who were employed by non-resident owners to strip the town of its valuable timber, and convert it as expeditiously and cheaply as possible into cash. If the profits of the business had been retained in the town, and expended for improvements, the value and importance of Highland would have been enhanced in a degree which we cannot now estimate.

Highland contains 33,050 acres, less than two thousand of which are improved, and two years after its erection, had a population of 865. Though its numbers are small, it has always had more than its ratio of sterling men, some of whom will receive honorable mention in this chapter.

The principal streams of Highland are Beaver brook and Halfway brook. The first was so named, because, when first visited by the whites, the beaver was very common there; and the latter, because by an ancient trail across the country, it was struck half-way from the Mongaup to the Delaware. Each stream has several affluents, and its course on maps of the town is dotted with numerous saw-mills.

There are several natural ponds or lakes in Highland—Mud and Hagan in the east; York in the south; and Montgomery, Little, Big and Blind in the west.

The name of Mud pond is descriptive. It is a small lake with a very muddy bottom.

Hagan pond, it is believed, is so called because a man of that name first settled near it.

Montgomery pond received its name from Henry Montgomery, who settled on its east shore. Below it, on the same stream is Little pond. They are round or oval in shape, and have white and gray sand-beaches. The land around them is said to be of good quality.

Big pond is so called because it is larger than Little pond.

There are other small lakes in Highland, which we will leave where they are likely to remain, in the woods.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1860	993	\$161,163	\$223.96	\$1,111.31
1870	958	115,565	2,117.03	2,789.58

Previous to the war of the Revolution, this region was a hunting-ground of the Lenape, and their half-civilized neighbors, the trappers of Minisink and Mamakating. Its numerous streams and lakes, as well as its game, made it very attractive to both white and red nomades of that period. Tom Quick waylaid and killed two Indians near Hagan pond, and often came here with the white hunters of Minisink. On one occasion he was at the pond with a man named Cornelius DeWitt, who was afterwards captured by the Indians and taken to Canada. While preparing to make their evening fire, they discovered signs which led them to believe that a savage was in the neighborhood, and Tom proposed to look for the red-skins while DeWitt collected wood. To this the latter was opposed, but nothing that he could say persuaded the other to forego his intention. Tom prepared for an encounter, and then cautiously crept along the lake-shore until he came to the outlet. There he had to pass over an open space, in doing which he saw an Indian beyond gun-shot, on the Big marsh, as it was called. The latter discovered Tom at the same moment, and fled, going apparently toward the Delaware. As it was near night, Tom returned to his camping-place; but the next morning took the Indian's trail and followed it as far as the Brink pond, in Pennsylvania. He was enabled to do this by observing signs which no civilized man can see. At Brink pond he once more

saw the Indian, and the latter finding he was pursued, fled like a frightened stag. Tom then returned, knowing that the chase was useless, and that the red-skin would not soon moderate his pace.

Highland was settled immediately after the Revolutionary war. In 1784, Benjamin Haines was living with his family at Handsome Eddy. Not far from the same time, John Barnes located at Narrow Falls, where his descendants became so numerous, that of the fourteen persons who, in 1799, organized the Congregational Church of that place, eight bore his name—the venerable Christian patriarch himself heading the list. Among those to whom he then gave the right hand of fellowship was Ichabod Carmichael and Asa Crane. John Carpenter, William Seeley, U. Patterson and William Randall were pioneers in the Beaver Brook region.

In this town, in the Revolutionary war, was fought what is known to historians as the battle of Minisink. It has received this name, although it did not take place in the Minisink country, and the people of that region had very little to do with it. The contest was between the militia of Goshen, assisted by a small party from Warwick, and a few volunteers, on the one side, and the celebrated Mohawk chief, Thayendanegea (better known as Colonel Brant) and his savage and tory-followers, on the other. As this contest occurred on elevated ground of this region, we shall speak of it as the battle in Highland.

Thayendanegea and his fighting-men were the scourge of south-western Ulster from 1775 to 1783. He was of pure Iroquois blood, and born on the banks of the Ohio in 1742. Here his father died, when his mother returned with him and his sister to the Mohawk, where the widow married an Indian named Barent, and thereafter the children were known as Joseph and Mary or Molly Brant. Molly became the leman of Sir William Johnson, who sent her brother to Dr. Wheelock's school at Lebanon, Connecticut, where the lad was educated for the Christian ministry. From some cause he did not enter the ranks of the clergy. In his old age, however, he labored to convert his people to the white man's faith, and while doing so translated a part of the New Testament into the Mohawk language.*

When twenty years old, Brant became the secretary and agent of Sir William, and while they lived, was intimately connected with the Johnsons and Butlers. As the Revolutionary storm was brewing, both whigs and tories made efforts to influence his conduct. The first, through Rev. Samuel Kirkland, a devoted and loved missionary among the Six Nations, endeav-

* Lossing's Celebrated Americans.

ored to induce Brant to continue neutral; but the agents of the British prevailed. In 1775, he left the Mohawk and went to Canada. Here, as a colonel of the British army, and a war-chief of the Iroquois, he organized and sent forth those predatory bands of Indians and Tories which devastated the frontier from the Water-gap to the Mohawk river. Many of these bands were commanded by him in person, particularly those which visited Wawarsing and Minisink. In 1780, he boasted that the Esopus border was his old fighting-ground..

His personal appearance and bearing were well calculated to inspire the respect and obedience of his savage followers. Captain Jeremiah Snyder, who, with his son Elias, was made prisoner near Saugerties, and taken to Niagara, thus describes this famous chief:

“He was good-looking, of fierce aspect, tall and rather spare, well-spoken, and apparently about thirty years of age. He wore moccasins elegantly trimmed with beads, leggings, and a breech-cloth of superfine blue, a short green coat, with two silver epaulets, and a small, round, laced hat. By his side was an elegant silver-mounted cutlass; and his blanket of blue cloth (purposely dropped in the chair on which he sat to display his epaulets) was gorgeously adorned with a border of red. His language was very insulting.”

Brant has been denounced as an inhuman wretch. Even an English author attributes to him the atrocities of Wyoming. But great injustice has been done him. The charge of cruelty he always repelled with much indignation, and a great number of instances can be adduced to show that although in battle he generally gave full scope to the murderous propensities of his followers, he endeavored to mitigate the horrors of war whenever he could do so without destroying his influence with his own race. When he invaded Minisink in 1779, he marked the aprons of little girls with his totem, and thus kept them from harm. By stratagem, he saved Col. Harper, an old school-mate, from the gauntlet. Even in battle, he was ruled by the principles of Masonry. In 1780, he returned from a raid on Harpersfield by the way of the Delaware, when he rebuked the Oneidas, who remained friendly to the Americans, for cruelty to non-combatants. He then wrote them the following letter in the Iroquois language:

“Ne we se watogcayhse ne wastonronon, ne ne aguegough ghe yenaghne, ne gatho Ratinagere, gen ne youagh yagheyatengh a we, ne esone sakheyaghe kawé, ne ne yogotriho hognagh, yaghte atteryo te ye yadondagh kivan a so yotegghaet ne ok theya go triyo ogh tayon ta tye von nyon tyodken Etho negyerha, tsinough gwa wenthough tyodkon eso sekheyaght ka

waghs—ne kadi eso togwana kwa tani ne seugha ok enston savetshiyero ne, you neyawight Enaghsgwa toghsa kadi non Etho niyawou sawatsi wahiouse.

“Ouenoni ejhyagh thon sa ka to yen..ne ne segon atho nenyawen on the Delaware April 15th 1780.

“JOSEPH BRANT.”*

Previous to August 21st, 1788, Colonel Brant wrote a letter from Oquaga to Colonel Jacob Klock, commander of a regiment of Tryon county militia, from which we make this extract:

“I am sorry, notwithstanding all the gentle usage we have from time to time given the prisoners we have taken from you, and even letting many of them go home after we made [them] prisoners, that you who boast of being a civilized people, have treated our people who were so unfortunate as to fall in your hands in a most inhuman manner, beating them after you had bound them; but if you persist in waging war after that manner, we will ere long convince you that our lenity proceeded from humanity, not fear.”†

Providence made Brant an adroit strategist, and his native talent was strengthened and sharpened by the society and the learning of Europeans. He fell like a thunder-bolt upon his enemies, and destroyed them. His blows were equally unexpected and disastrous.

We do not propose to give a full account of his acts here. It is sufficient for our purpose to record no more than has a direct bearing on our own county.

In October, 1778, he crossed the wilderness from the Delaware to the Neversink, and passing down the latter, on the 13th of the month, invaded Peenpack. His approach was discovered, and a majority of the inhabitants fled to the block-houses. Many were killed, among whom were an old man named Swartwout and four of his sons. James, another son, escaped. In the Peenpack block-house were many women and children, and but nine men. Captain Abraham Cuddeback the commander, caused the women to don men's attire, and parade with his squad of militia in such a way that the enemy were led to

* TRANSLATION OF REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS:

Be it known to you Bostonians, that all the inhabitants here of whom I had taken captives, I carry but few of them with me, and much greater part, who are feeble and incapable for war, I have set them at liberty. It is a great shame to abuse the feeble ones. I have always said so ever since we commenced to kill you. Many prisoners I have released, therefore you have greatly roused my wrath, in that you continue to abuse those who are like prisoners. Let it be no longer. So far you are men as well as we, and if you still persist to do so, I know not what may happen hereafter.

(Signed) JOSEPH BRANT.

On the Delaware, April 15th, 1780.

† Ulster Historical Society Papers.

believe that the "fort" was strongly garrisoned. Brant, having no artillery, did not dare attack the block-house; but contented himself with cutting off stragglers, securing the horses, cows, oxen, etc., of the farmers, and burning the buildings. After doing what injury he could, he left with his plunder and followers, and was not pursued.

In consequence of this raid, Count Pulaski was ordered to the Minisink country with a battalion of cavalry, for the protection of that region. He remained there but a few weeks; for, in February, 1779, he left with his force for South Carolina,* and the valley of the Neversink and the Mamakating was left without protection, except what was afforded by such of the settlers as were not serving their country at other points. Of this fact Brant was not long ignorant.

In the summer of 1779, while General John Sullivan was gathering an army at Wyoming to chastise the Senecas and other hostile savages of western New York, Brant was engaged in making a second descent on Mamakating. He reached Peenpack on the night succeeding the 19th of July, 1779, and spread terror and devastation throughout the valley. The attack was commenced before daylight, and so stealthily did the wily Mohawk approach his victims, that several families were cut off before an alarm was made. The first intimation which the people had of the presence of the enemy, was the discovery that several buildings were in flames. Dismay and confusion ensued. Some fled to the woods with their wives and children, and some to the block-houses. The savages and Tories plundered, burned and killed as they were disposed.

After destroying twenty-one dwellings and barns, together with the old Mamachamack church and a grist-mill, and killing an unknown number of patriots, the enemy disappeared, loaded with spoil. They did not attack any of the block-houses, of which the red men entertained a wholesome fear. Brant marched hastily back to Grassy Swamp brook,† where he had left a portion of his followers.

Some of the fugitives fled from the valley, and carried news of the savage incursion to Goshen. Colonel Tusten of the militia of that town and its vicinity immediately issued orders to the officers of his command, to meet him on the following day (the 21st) at the store-house of Major Decker, with as many volunteers as they could raise. The order was promptly obeyed, and one hundred and forty-nine men, including some of the principal gentlemen of the county, were at the place of rendezvous at the appointed time. A counsel of war was held to

* Historical Collections of New York.

† This brook enters the Mongaup a few miles from where that stream enters the Delaware.

consider the expediency of a pursuit. Colonel Tusten was opposed to risking an encounter with the subtle Mohawk chief, with so feeble a command, especially as the enemy was known to be greatly superior to them in numbers. The Americans were not well provided with arms and ammunition, and it was wise to wait for re-inforcements. Others, however, were for immediate pursuit. They held the Indians in contempt, insisted that they would not fight; and declared that a recapture of the plunder was an easy achievement. The counsels of reckless bravery, untempered by reason and intelligence, are not always followed by good results. A majority were evidently in favor of pursuit, when Major Meeker mounted his horse, flourished his sword, and shouted—"Let the brave men follow me! The cowards may stay behind!". This appeal decided the question. It silenced the prudent. The excited militia-men took up their line of march, and followed the old Kathegton (Cochecton) trail seventeen miles, when they encamped at Skinner's mill, near Haggie's pond,* about three miles from the mouth of Half-way brook.

This day's march must have nearly exhausted the little army. The pursuit was commenced sometime in the night. The papers left by Captain Abraham Cuddeback, and now in the possession of his descendants, show that the party reached the house of James Finch, at what is now Finchville, on the east side of the Shawangunk, in time for breakfast, and that he supplied them with salted provisions. From here they crossed the mountain, and reached the house of Major Decker, and then pushed on over an Indian trail seventeen miles farther. How many men of Orange and Sullivan, in these effeminate days, can endure such a tramp, encumbered with guns and knapsacks?

On the morning of the 22d, they were joined by a small re-inforcement under Colonel Hathorn, of the Warwick regiment, who, as the senior of Colonel Tusten, took the command. They advanced to the Half-way brook, where they came upon the Indian encampment of the previous night, and another council was held. Colonels Hathorn and Tusten and others were opposed to advancing farther, as the number of Indian fires and the extent of ground the enemy had occupied, removed all doubt as to the superiority of Brant's force. A scene similar to that which had broken up the previous council was once more witnessed. The voice of prudence had less influence than the voice of bravado.† The Meekers carried the day; but at the end the Meekers did not have the grace to sanctify their own imprudence by the baptism of fire and blood.‡

* Dawson's Battles of the United States. † Stone's Life of Brant.

‡ There was an officer who made quite a display of bravery on the march, who, with his company, was within hearing while the engagement lasted, but could not be induced to go to the relief of his countrymen.—*Statement of Joseph Carpenter to Lotan Smith.*

It was evident that Brant was not far in advance, and it was important to know whether he intended to cross the Delaware at the usual fording-place, and follow the Lackawaxen trail. Captain Bezaleel Tyler and Captain Abraham Cuddeback, both of whom had some knowledge of the woods, were sent forward to ascertain Brant's movements, and reached the ford without interruption. Apparently Brant had already crossed. What they saw led them to think so, especially as they perceived no Indians behind them, and there were savages and plunder on the opposite shore, and a savage was then passing over, mounted on a horse which had been stolen from Major Decker. The two scouts fired at this fellow, and, it is said, wounded him fatally. But they were immediately shot at by skulking savages in their rear, and Tyler fell dead. It is probable that nearly every shot was directed at him, as he was very obnoxious to the Tories and their allies. Cuddeback was unhurt, and succeeded in reaching the main body of Americans, where he reported what he had seen and heard.* The killing of Captain Tyler caused a profound sensation among his friends; but instead of dampening, it added to their fierce determination.

After leaving the mouth of the Half-way brook (now Barryville) it is believed that Brant followed the river-bank toward the Lackawaxen ford, to which he had sent his plunder in advance. Hathorn resolved to intercept him at the crossing, and to do so attempted to reach the ford first by a rapid march over the high ground east of the river. As they approached the ground on which the battle was fought, Brant was seen deliberately marching toward the ford. Owing to intervening woods and hills, the belligerents soon lost sight of each other, when Brant wheeled to the right and passed up a ravine known as Dry brook, over which Hathorn had or was compelled to pass. By this stratagem, Brant was enabled to throw himself into Hathorn's rear; cut off a part of the latter's men who had fallen behind the main body, and deliberately select his ground for a battle, and form an ambuscade.

The battle-ground is situate on the crest of a hill, in the town of Highland, about one mile northerly from the Delaware river, and half a mile north-westerly from the Dry brook at its nearest point. It is also distant about three miles from Barryville and one from Lackawaxen. The hill has an altitude of twenty-five or thirty feet above its base, and of about two hundred above the Delaware, and descends east, west and south, while there is a nearly level plateau extending toward

* Papers of Captain Abraham Cuddeback. Cuddeback declared that Tyler and himself went ahead and from the hills saw the Indians crossing the river with their plunder; they proceeded down to the ford, and discovered a savage going over on Major Decker's horse; they fired at him, when Captain Tyler was shot. On the opposite shore Indians were moving down stream.—*Lotan Smith's MSS.*

the north. This level ground is rimmed (particularly on the south side) with an irregular and broken ledge of rocks.* On that part of the ground nearest the river the Americans were hemmed in, and caught like rats in a trap.

The battle commenced about ten o'clock in the morning. Before a gun was fired, Brant appeared in full view of the Americans, told them that his force was superior to them, and demanded their surrender, promising to protect them. While parleying with them, he was shot at by one of the militia, whose ball passed through Brant's belt, who then retired from view, and joined his warriors.† The man who attempted to assassinate him under such circumstances was undoubtedly the greater savage of the two.

The belligerents were soon engaged in deadly conflict, when, above the din of battle Brant was heard, in a voice which was never forgotten by those who were present, giving orders for the return of those who were on the opposite side of the river.

A part of the Americans kept the savages in check on the north side of the battle-ground, while others threw up hastily a breastwork of stones about one hundred and fifty feet from the ledge which terminated the southern extremity of the plateau. Here, confined to about an acre of ground, screened by trees, rocks, flat stones quickly turned on their edges, and whatever the exigency of the moment afforded, about ninety brave men, without water, and surrounded by a host of screaming and howling savages, fought from ten o'clock to nearly sundown on a sultry July day. The disposition of the militia, and the effectual manner in which every assailable point was defended, show that a master-mind controlled them. By command of Hathorn, there was no aimless firing. Ammunition was short, and it was necessary to husband it carefully. A gun discharged in any quarter, revealed the position of its owner, and left him exposed until he could reload. Except what we have indicated, however, every man fought in the Indian mode, each for himself, firing as a good opportunity was presented, and engaged in individual conflicts according to the barbarian custom.

We do not believe that the annals of modern times contain the record of a more heroic defense. In vain for hours Brant sought to break through the cordon of patriots. The devoted militia-men repelled him at every point. What the fifty were doing who were in the morning separated from their companions we cannot learn. They may have been driven away by superior numbers, and they may have been blustering cowards, brave in

* MSS. of John W. Johnston.

† Dawson's Battles of the United States. The statement is made on the authority of Brant himself.

council, but timid in real danger. Their movements are veiled in oblivion, and there we must let them remain.

As night approached, Brant became disheartened. He believed that the height could not be carried, and had determined to order his men to retreat,* when the death of an American gave the savages an opportunity to rush inside the American lines. This faithful man had been stationed behind a rock on the north-west side, where he had remained all day.† Brant saw the advantage his death afforded, and with the warriors near him, carried dismay into the heart of the American party. The latter, seeing the savages in their midst, became demoralized, broke and fled. While doing so, many of them were killed.

Brant killed Gabriel Wisner with his own hand. In after-years, while on a visit to New York, he declared that he found Wisner, when the battle was over, so badly wounded, that he could not live or be removed; that if he was left alone on the field, the wild beasts would devour him; that he was in full possession of all his faculties; that for a man to be eaten while alive by ravenous beasts was terrible; and that to save Wisner from such a fate, he engaged him in conversation, and when unobserved, struck him dead. Such barbarous mercy may seem strange to us; but it is not inconsistent with the character of a semi-civilized savage.

Captain Benjamin Vail was wounded in the battle, and after the rout, was found seated upon a rock, and bleeding. He was killed, while in this situation, by a tory.‡

Doctor Tusten was behind a cliff of rocks attending to the necessities of the wounded, when the rout commenced. There were seventeen disabled men under his care, who appealed for protection and mercy; but the Indians fell upon them, and all, including the doctor, perished under the tomahawk. Several of the fugitives were shot while attempting to escape by swimming the Delaware.§ Of those engaged in the battle, thirty escaped and forty-five, it is known, were killed. The balance were taken prisoners, or perished while fugitives in the wilderness. Among the killed was Moses Thomas, 2d, a son of the pioneer of that name, who was shot near the old Cushetunk block-house. The son was slain by a tory named Cornelius Cole.¶

Major Wood of the militia, though not a Mason, accidentally gave the Masonic sign of distress. This was observed by Brant. Faithful to his pledge, the red Master saved Wood's life, and gave him his own blanket to protect him from the night-air

* Jay Gould's History of Delaware County.

† Dawson's Battles of the United States.

‡ Oration of John C. Dimmick, July 22, 1862.

§ Stone's Life of Brant. ¶ Tom Quick.

while sleeping. He subsequently discovered that Wood was not one of the brotherhood, and denounced him as dishonorable, but spared his life.* The blanket was accidentally damaged while in the prisoner's possession, which made Brant very angry. He then treated Wood with much harshness.

One of the militia attempted to escape with others; but was so exhausted he was obliged to turn aside to rest. In a little while he saw one Indian after another running in the direction his friends had gone. They continued to pass until a very powerful savage discovered him, when the man fired his last shot and fled. The red man did not follow. He was probably disabled by the shot, if not killed. The name of this militia-man, we believe, was Cuddeback.

Samuel Helm, of the Mamakating family of that name, and a grandson of Manuel Gonsalus, the first settler of that town, was wounded, but being an expert woodman as well as Indian-fighter, escaped. He was stationed behind a tree, when he saw an Indian thrust his head from behind a neighboring trunk, and peer around as if looking for a chance to shoot a patriot. The savage had on his neck what appeared to be a black silk neckerchief. At this Helm fired. Much to his satisfaction, the Indian fell upon the ground apparently dead; but not much to his satisfaction, he himself was immediately shot through one of his thighs by another of Brant's men. The wound seemed to take away sensation and strength from the limb, and Helm dropped to the earth, but kept behind his natural breastwork. The Indian did not at once rush up to scalp Helm, being anxious to ascertain first whether it was safe to do so. This gave the white man a chance to reload his rifle. After dodging around a little, the other made a dash for Helm's scalp; but instead of getting it, received a bullet which put an end to his life. Helm, in relating the adventure to our informant (Lawrence Masten,) said the astonishment of the red-skin, when he was unexpectedly confronted with the muzzle of the gun, was truly ridiculous. Helm then managed to get to a piece of low land near the battleground, and finally to the river. His trail was made plain by his own blood. He knew he would be followed and killed if he did not baffle his pursuers. He therefore plunged into the river, and managed to pass down some distance with the current. Then he got ashore and hid among the rocks. As he anticipated, the savages tracked him to the river-bank, where he saw them hold a brief consultation, and look up and down the stream. Not seeing him, they turned back, and he saw them no more. Here he managed to stop the flow of blood from his wound, and remained until it was safe to commence his lonely and weary

* After his release, Wood assumed the obligations of this ancient and honorable fraternity.

journey back to the valley of the Neversink. He reached it after much suffering.

Benjamin Whitaker, who afterwards lived and died at Deposit, was wounded during the day; but kept on fighting until he became sick and faint from the loss of blood. He then retired to a safe place, where he staunched the blood with tow from his cartridge-box, and binding up the wound with a handkerchief, again joined eagerly in the fight.

John Whitaker (a brother of Benjamin) was in the hottest of the battle, and, although he received nine bullet-holes through his hat and clothes, escaped uninjured.*

Allusion has been made to Sullivan's expedition against the hostile tribes of the Six-Nations in the summer of 1779. He passed through Wawarsing, Mamakating and Deerpark; crossed the Delaware; followed it down to Easton; then went to Wyoming, where his army numbered three thousand; from the latter place he conveyed his artillery and stores up the Susquehanna to Tioga Point, where he arrived about fifteen days after the battle near the mouth of the Lackawaxen. Here he waited for the division of his army under General James Clinton. Clinton marched by the way of Canajoharie, Lake Otsego, and the Susquehanna to Tioga Point, which he reached on the 22d of August. Brant in returning to Canada, was too shrewd to follow the road blocked by these forces. A few days after the battle on the banks of the Delaware, and while Clinton was delayed at Lake Otsego, he fell upon a village in the Mohawk valley.† Therefore, he must have avoided the Susquehanna, and continued on up the Delaware, probably following the West or Mohawk branch, and around Clinton's rear.

An account of the terrible chastisement administered by Sullivan on the confederated tribes belongs to general rather than local history. He swept over the fertile plains of the Iroquois like devastating fire, destroying everything, and leaving hundreds of feeble non-combatants to perish from destitution and exposure. Say what we may, the sum of human woe wrought by him in a few days, more than equals that of Brant's entire life. Suffering should be judged by its magnitude and intensity, not by the mode of its infliction.

After 1779, no formidable attempt was made to invade Mamakating; but the country was occasionally visited by small predatory bands, which cut off isolated families, and those who incautiously visited exposed points.

In April, 1780, Brant started from Niagara for the Schoharie frontier. At Tioga Point, he detailed eleven of his warriors to go to Minisink for prisoners and scalps. With the remainder

* Jay Gould's History of Delaware County.

† Dawson's Battles of the United States.

of his force, he went as far as Harpersfield, where he took Colonel Harper, Freegift Patchin and several other prisoners. Harper made him believe that the fort at Schoharie was occupied by several hundred men. This caused Brant to turn back. He followed down the Delaware as far as the Cook House, then crossed the country to Oquaga, and when he reached the Chemung, the whole party was startled by the death-yell, which rang through the woods like the scream of a demon. They paused, waiting for an explanation of this unexpected signal, when two of the eleven Indians who had been sent to Minisink emerged from the woods, bearing the moccasins of their nine companions. They informed their chief that they had been to Minisink, where they had captured, one after another, five lusty men, and had brought them as far as Tioga Point, where they encamped for the night. Here, while the eleven Indians were asleep, the prisoners had by unknown means got rid of the cords which bound them, when each took a hatchet, and with incredible celerity brained nine of their captors. The other two savages, aroused by the sound of the blows, sprang to their feet and fled; but as they ran one of them received the blade of a hatchet between his shoulders. They saw no more of the white men; but after a time, returned to their camping-ground, took the moccasins from the feet of their slaughtered friends, went a short distance up the Chemung, built a hut near the trail by which Brant would travel when he returned, and endeavored to cure the wound made by the hatchet.

When Brant's men heard this story, they were so enraged that it seemed probable that they would murder their prisoners; but the only one of the eleven who escaped unhurt, threw himself in their midst and declared that "these are not the men who killed our friends, and to take the life of the innocent, in cold blood, *cannot* be right." His words had the desired effect, and soothed the storm which a moment before had threatened destruction.*

For forty-three years, the bones of those who had been slain on the banks of Delaware were permitted to molder on the battle-ground. But one attempt had been made to gather them, and that was by the widows of the slaughtered men, of whom there were thirty-three in the Presbyterian congregation of Goshen. They set out for the place of battle on horseback; but finding the journey too hazardous, they hired a man to perform the pious duty, who proved unfaithful, and never returned.

*This is the story as it was told by the Indians in the presence of Mr. Patchin, who repeats it in the narrative of his captivity. William L. Stone, in his *History of Wyoming*, says that the celebrated scout and Indian-fighter, Major Moses Van Campen, was one of the men who killed the nine savages, and that the prisoners were residents of Wyoming. Stone received his information from Van Campen himself, when the latter was very old.

In 1822, the citizens of Goshen were led to perform a long-neglected duty by an address of Doctor D. R. Arnell, at the annual meeting of the Orange County Medical Society, in which he gave a brief biography of Doctor Tusten. A committee was appointed to collect the remains and ascertain the names of the fallen. The committee proceeded to the battle-ground, a distance of forty-six miles from Goshen, and viewed some of the frightful elevations and descents over which the militia had passed when pursuing the red marauders. The place where the conflict occurred, and the region for several miles around, were carefully examined, and the relics of the honored dead gathered with pious care. The skeleton of one man was discovered where he had crept into a crevice of the rocks, and died. Some feared that a part of the bones* were those of the enemy; but this fear was dismissed when it was suggested that the Indians consider it a duty to inter the bodies of their friends who are killed in battle.

The remains were taken to Goshen, where they were buried in the presence of fifteen thousand persons, including the military of the county, and a corps of cadets from West Point under the command of Major Worth. The venerable John Hathorn† was also present, and laid the corner-stone of the monument erected to the memory of the dead patriots, when he delivered the following address:

“At the end of three and forty years, we have assembled to perform the sad rites of sepulture to the bones of our countrymen and kindred. But these are not sufficient; policy has united with the gratitude of nations in erecting some memorial of the virtues of those who died in defending their country. Monuments to the brave are mementoes to their descendants; the honors they record are stars to the patriot in the path of glory. Beneath the mausoleum whose foundation we now lay, repose all that was earthly of patriots and heroes. This honor has long been their due; but circumstances, which it is unnecessary for me to recount, have prevented an earlier display of the gratitude of their country. Having commanded on that melancholy occasion, which bereft the nation of so many of its brightest ornaments—having been the companion of their sufferings in a pathless desert, and the witness of their valor against

* Eager says that three hundred bones were found—a rather limited number for forty-five persons! Joseph Carpenter was the guide of the committee, and assisted in searching for the bones. Most of them were found near a small marsh or pond a few rods west of the battle-ground. This fact shows that some of the Americans, rendered reckless by thirst, went for water, and were killed.

† John Hathorn represented Orange county in the Assembly from 1777 to 1785, and was twice Speaker of that body. From 1787 to 1804 he was a Senator from the Middle district. He was also the commander of a brigade of militia, and a Member of Congress in 1788, 1789, 1790 and 1791.

a savage foe of superior numbers, I approach the duty assigned me with mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure.

“May this monument endure with the liberties of our country. When they perish, this land will be no longer worthy to hold within its bosom the consecrated bones of its heroes.”

An oration was then delivered by Rev. James R. Wilson, D. D., which we will not quote, because a major part of his statements have already been given in this narrative.

The names of those who were slain in the battle are inscribed on the monument as follows:

NORTH SIDE.

Benjamin Tusten,	Col.	Gabriel Wisner, Esq.	
Bezaleel Tyler,	Capt.	Stephen Mead,	
Ephraim Masten,	Ens.	Benjamin Vail,	Capt.
Nathaniel Fitch,	Adj.	John Wood,	Lieut.
John Duncan,	Capt.	Matthias Terwilliger,	
Samuel Jones,	Capt.	Joshua Lockwood,	
John Little,	Capt.	Ephraim Forguson.	
Ephraim Middaugh,	Ens.		

WEST SIDE.

Robert Townsend,	Joseph Norris,
Samuel Knapp,	Gilbert S. Vail,
James Knapp,	Joel Decker,
Benjamin Bennett,	Abram Shepherd,
William Barker,	Nathan Wade,
Jacob Dunning,	Simon Wait,
Jonathan Pierce,	Talmage.
James Little,	

SOUTH SIDE.

John Carpenter,	Gamaliel Bailey,
David Birney,	Moses Thomas,
Jonathan Haskell,	Eleazer Owens,
Abram Williams,	Adam Embler,
James Mosher,	Samuel Little,
Isaac Ward,	Benjamin Dunning,
Baltus Niepos,	Daniel Reed.

EAST SIDE.

Erected by the inhabitants of Orange county,
July 22, 1822.

Sacred to the memory of forty-four of their
Fellow-citizens, who fell at
The Battle of Minisink, July 22, 1779.

This monument gradually fell into decay, and no measures were taken to preserve it. In 1860, Merrit H. Cook, M. D., a distinguished citizen of Orange county, bequeathed four thousand dollars for the erection of a new one, which was dedicated on the 83d anniversary of the battle, on which occasion John C. Dimmick, a native of Bloomingburgh, officiated as the orator of the day. Mrs. Abigail Mitchell, a daughter of Captain Bezaleel Tyler, was present, and witnessed the ceremonies. She was five years of age at the time of the battle; and had lived during the greater portion of her life at Cohecton.

The battle-ground is now (1870) owned by Harmon B. Twitchell, who lives in its vicinity. An attempt has been made to open a stone quarry on the Point; but it proved unsuccessful. On the plateau near the Point, another attempt has been made with better success, by Horace Twitchell and Robert F. Owen. Bullets, fragments of bones, etc., are yet found where the contest occurred. Breastworks are still quite plain, and stones stand on their edges. Brant's name is carved on a tree near the Point, and on a rock at some distance.*

Benjamin Haines, the pioneer at Handsome Eddy, was one of those brutal men who rush beyond the bounds of civilization, because they can find nothing congenial in well-organized and well-regulated communities. This allegation is rendered a verity by the following narrative:

In 1784, three Indians named Nicholas, Canope and Ben Shanks or Huycon, came to their old camping-grounds on the Delaware to fish and hunt. But little is known of Nicholas. Canope was a native of Cohecton, where he had grown from childhood to manhood, and was much esteemed. When the Colonies revolted, he went to Canada and took up the hatchet for King George. Ben Shanks was a crafty, subtile savage. His christian-name was Benjamin. Before the war he had worked for the farmers of Shawangunk, and quite often for a man named Schenck. From that circumstance he was known as Schenck's Ben, and ultimately, on account of the great length of his legs, as Ben Shanks.† He was engaged in almost every expedition from Niagara against the frontiers of Ulster, and was so useful to the British that at one time he was in command of one hundred warriors. It is said that he was the tallest Indian ever seen on the banks of the Delaware, and the natural hideousness of his aspect was intensified by an accident. While on the war-path with a large party, a quantity of powder got wet. Shanks attempted to dry it by a fire, when it exploded, and burnt him and several others so badly that they were disabled for some time. He was much disfigured in consequence.

* Sullivan County Republican, July 7, 1871.

† He was also known as Ben de Wilt, or Wild Ben.

When Shanks and his companions returned to the Delaware in 1784, they were first seen at Cochecton, where they stopped a day or two to renew the friendly relations which had existed before the war. Among others, they visited Joseph Ross, David Young and Josiah Parks. While they were at the house of Ross, they amused themselves by shooting across the river at a large chestnut tree, which is still standing. They were advised by several persons to go no farther, and told that their lives would be in danger if they went below, as there were some desperate characters there—Tom Quick among the number—who would not hesitate to murder them. Huycon, Canope and Nicholas did not heed this advice. They had passed back and forth through this region in safety during the war, and believed that it would be cowardly to turn back from fear when peace was established. They went as far as the Shohola, where they commenced trapping for beaver, and where Haines, while roving through the woods, discovered them. He professed to be very glad to see them, and accosted them in the most friendly manner, calling them brothers, and assuring them that he was overjoyed to meet them once more. The Indians having just killed a deer, the whole party partook of a hearty meal of venison. After this, the savages invited Haines to visit them again, and he urged them to come to his cabin at the Eddy. He then went home, and as soon as possible concerted with Tom Quick and a man named Jacobus Chambers to entice the red men to his house, and there murder them in cold blood, and rob them of their furs and other property.

Their plan was to induce Shanks and the others to visit the house of Haines, under a promise of protection, and get them to engage in fishing at the Eddy, while Quick and Chambers were in ambush on the shore, from which they would shoot Haines' guests. Accordingly Haines prevailed on Shanks and Canope to come out, by promising to protect them, and take their furs to Minisink, and exchange them for such articles as they needed. Nicholas, it seems, did not come with the others for some reason not now remembered. Not long after, Quick and Chambers reached the Eddy, and according to agreement concealed themselves in a clump of bushes close by the fishing-rocks, where Haines had promised to entice his *proteges*. They did not wait long before Canope, Huycon and Haines, and a little son of the latter, came to the rocks and began to fish. Before Tom and his companion fired, it occurred to Haines that the boy might be injured in the affray, and he ordered him home. Something in the manner of the white man caused the Indians to suspect his fidelity, but he quickly quieted their suspicions, and the three continued their sport. Canope having broken his hook, and none of the party having one to give him,

he laid down on the rocks near Shanks, with his head resting upon his hand. This was considered a favorable opportunity, and Quick and Chambers fired. One of their balls passed through Canope's hand and the lower part of his head; but did not kill him. He ran to Haines, and claimed the protection which had been promised; when the wretch seized a pine-knot, and exclaiming, "Tink! tink! how you ust to kill white folks. 'Pant! 'pant! I'll sand yer soul to hall 'n a momant!" dispatched him by beating out his brains.

Even Tom, who for many years had been familiar with scenes of blood, was shocked at Haines' perfidy. He came up as the latter was dealing out his blows, and shouted, "D—n a man who will promise an Indian protection, and then knock him on the head!"

Shanks, who was unharmed, jumped into the river, and pretended to be wounded and drowning, until the current had carried him to a point where the bank was covered with bushes. Here he scrambled on shore, and ran off, limping, hallooing and groaning, as if in great agony. The *ruse* did not deceive Quick, however, who, finding that Shanks was traveling pretty fast for a man who pretended to be fatally wounded, started in pursuit, loading his rifle as he ran, and was soon near enough to fire. At the moment he snapped his gun, Shanks glanced back over his shoulder, and fell to the ground. He afterwards said that he dodged at the flash of the gun. Be this as it may, Tom did not hit him. A ball-hole was afterwards found through his blanket, but when it was made could not be determined.

After the last discharge of the gun, Huycon took to his heels in earnest; and Quick found that *his shanks* were neither active nor long enough to compete with those of the savage. He returned to the rocks, saying, "If ever legs did sarvice, it was them."

Shanks was next scen at Cohecton, where he stopped to rest and get something to eat. He was very much enraged, and "damned the Yankees for killing Canope," and swore that they should suffer for what they had done. After his wants were supplied, he proceeded on his journey up the river until he reached the house of Joseph Ross, who invited him to stay with him; but he refused to come near Ross at first, the bad faith of Haines having caused him to distrust every pale-face. He finally consented, however, to remain there a short time, and was kindly treated by Mr. Ross and his neighbors.

While here, the conduct of Shanks afforded much amusement. Ross and his workmen were hoeing corn, and every time they went to their work, Shanks accompanied them. As soon as he entered the field, he proceeded to the highest ground in it, and after glancing rapidly and suspiciously over the surrounding

country, he seated himself *a la Turc*, among the rustling corn, where he remained out of sight for fifteen or twenty minutes. He would then jump upon his feet, get upon the tips of his toes, raise his head as high as possible, look around as if expecting to see an enemy, and then squat upon his haunches again. As long as he remained in the field, he acted in this way. Ross's boys could compare him to nothing but a vigilant and alarmed turkey-cock. After remaining a few days, he left Ross, still threatening vengeance upon the Yankees who had murdered Canope. He was ferried across the Delaware by Josiah Parks, whose name has been already mentioned.

The death of Canope was regretted by the frontier settlers for many reasons. It was brought about by unmitigated treachery, and was a wanton and brutal homicide, which might bring upon innocent parties the most deplorable consequences.

Chambers was arrested and put in jail. Quick and Haines skulked about from place to place, and kept themselves beyond the reach of constables and sheriffs. Shanks never returned to the country. Sufficient evidence to convict Chambers could not be found, and he was discharged from custody. In time, the three murderers came out openly and boasted of their foul deed. They were never disturbed for it, and Haines continued to live on the Delaware many years, while Quick, after a long life replete with murder and outrage upon the red man, died from old age near Port Jervis.*

Settlements had not long existed in the town, before provision was made for educating the children of the inhabitants. Before public schools were organized, John Carpenter, who has been mentioned as one of the pioneers in the Beaver Brook region, hired a man named Nathaniel Wheeler to teach a school.

G. Ferguson opened the first tavern in 1830, and Phineas Terry the first store in 1828. Terry was a surveyor. He remained a resident of the town until July 13, 1844, when he left home to gather berries, and was found dead a few hours afterwards. The cause of his death was unknown, although it was believed that he was killed by lightning.

Barryville owes its existence to the Delaware and Hudson canal, and was named in honor of a former postmaster-general of the United States. It has a population of about 260. The establishment of a depot of the New York and Erie railroad at Shohola, rendered easy access to it from Barryville very desirable. This led to the building of a suspension-bridge across the Delaware at this point, by the Barryville and Shohola Bridge Company, which was organized in the fall of 1854. Chauncey Thomas, an enterprising merchant of the vicinity,

* Tom Quick and the Pioneers.

owned about one-half of the stock. The bridge was completed in 1856, and cost about \$9,000. On the 2d of July, 1859, it was blown down. A few moments before the catastrophe, a couple of equestrians (Daniel Holbrook, A. M., of Monticello, and Miss Kate McElroy, of Philadelphia,) galloped across from Shohola, and took refuge in a building on the opposite side of the river. This building was crushed by one of the cables immediately afterwards, and the occupants buried beneath the ruins. They escaped, however, without serious injury. In a few months the bridge was reconstructed at a cost of \$4,000. About the first of January, 1865, the bridge broke down, while three heavily loaded teams were crossing. There were on it at the time six persons—Henry Lilly, Oliver Dunlap, William Myers, M. W. Quick, William Loftus and Charles Deabron. All were precipitated into the river—three mules were drowned—the men escaped. In the September following, the bridge was sold under an execution by Sheriff Holley, and purchased by Mr. Thomas for \$1,979. Mr. Thomas rebuilt it, adding another pier, etc., and by expending an additional \$4,000, made the structure permanent.

It is believed that a murder was perpetrated in Barryville during the month of October, 1861. The body of a man named John Malone was found in a canal-lock, where it had been thrown after the head of the unfortunate man had been crushed, and a wound inflicted by a sharp instrument over one of his eyes, and another under his chin. An inquest was held, and a verdict rendered that these injuries were the cause of Malone's death, and that they were inflicted by some person or persons unknown. No clue to the murderer has been discovered.

The Congregational Church now having the corporate name of the First Congregational Church of Lumberland, was first constituted "August^{ye} 11th, 1799," then bearing the name of the church at Narrow Falls, a location about a mile above the mouth of the Lackawaxen, on the Delaware river. It was gathered and organized under the labors of the Rev. Isaac Sergeant.* The following persons were the members at the time it was constituted, viz: John Barns, Ichabod Carmichael, Asa Crane, Thomas Barns, Henry Barns, Jeremiah Barns, Nathan Barns, Elizabeth Barns, Mary Mason, Phebe Carmichael, Abigail Crane, Rebecca Barns, Elizabeth Barns, Elizabeth Gray. At the time of this organization, all this region was a forest, with saw-mills on various streams; yet few and far between. The population was very sparse, and wholly engaged in lumbering, many not even having a clearing for a potato-patch; yet a Church was formed of the Congre-

* Mr. Sergeant commenced occupying this field in 1797.

gational order, that being, in the opinion of those constituting the same, the best form of government for them, and that which would best guarantee the liberties of the brotherhood. However, to hold together as a Church, and to keep up and maintain regular religious services on the Sabbath, was attended with great inconvenience and long travel, done at that time mostly on foot, or on horseback, both by male and female; but if otherwise favored, it was in the roughest style of buckboard for a carriage. They had no meeting-house, or even convenient edifice of any kind, for their gathering, and therefore met at private log-houses, and changed the places of meeting as best suited the convenience of the whole. They had no settled central place for gathering for many years, nor was there any one particular neighborhood, that for number of inhabitants and general convenience, was more prominent than others. It was what might perhaps be called a squatting community, occupying such localities as gave the easiest and best facilities for getting their lumber to the river, and thence to market. Nor does it appear that they had for several years any settled pastor; Rev. Isaac Sergeant serving them only on special occasions and times of communion, though he labored among them for a time at a later period. Hence, in the intervals between such visits, they kept up their meetings for public worship, and social prayer, and monthly Church-meetings, as best they could—meeting sometimes at Narrow Falls, sometimes at Grassy Swamp, or Beaver Brook, or Halfway Brook, and their appointed Wednesday evening prayer-meeting has been kept up from that day to this.

In 1803, we find in the minutes a proposition from the Church at Narrow Falls, to hold a union-meeting with the Church at Cohecton, the place for gathering to be Grassy Swamp. On this occasion there was present Rev. Isaac Sergeant from Ridgebury: Rev. Mr. Jones from Chester, and Rev. Mr. Crane from Bloominggrove, at which meeting five persons were added to the Church. It is said of this gathering that "by far the greatest number of precious souls were convened that ever was known in those parts upon any occasion whatever—supposed to be at least 400, a great number for these scattered settlements and the roughness of the roads." From what is recorded, they must at this time have gathered from Cohecton, north, to Draketown on the Mongaup, south.

From this period through several years they had their trials, being as sheep without a shepherd, yet holding together as a Church, and meeting for worship as they could.

In the month of September, 1814, there is record of their holding a meeting in the barn of Samuel Watkins, on Halfway brook; and there were occasions in years following, of meetings

being held in saw-mills, and ministers from a distance invited to attend.

At some period between this and 1818, but not on record, their more central place for meeting was at a location now called the Denton farm, between Barryville and Beaver brook mills, then owned and occupied by the family of Hickoks. Here, under the labors of the Rev. Stephen Sergeant, son of the aforementioned Rev. Isaac Sergeant, they were blessed with a remarkable work of grace. The fruit of this revival was the admission to the Church of the following persons: Reuben Hickok, Aaron Williams, Samuel Sealy, Henry Montgomery, Justus Hickok, James Van Keuren, Daniel Wells, James Eldred, Joseph Carpenter, Dorcas Carpenter, Mary Wells, Catharine Van Keuren, Elizabeth Carmichael, Deborah Wells, Margaret Montgomery, Tabitha Wright, Polly V. Eldred, Betsy Hickok. Some of these brethren becoming active and efficient laborers in the cause, and having their residence at Halfway Brook, led to the making of this vicinity the more general centre for their gathering for worship; but still in private houses, mostly at James Eldred's.

This addition gave them considerable strength, and under the labors of Rev. Stephen Sergeant, they were blessed with subsequent additions at different times. And now appears on their minutes their first call to settle a pastor over them, having been organized and holding an existence as a Church 19 years without any settled pastor; for here we read: "Nov. 13th, 1818, the Church agreed to call and settle the Rev. Stephen Sergeant as their pastor," and he remained as such, till about the year 1826, during which time many made an open profession of Christ, and were hopefully brought into the kingdom.

At this period, however, Mr. Sergeant relinquished his charge, and for a time they were again without a pastor.

And now being destitute they sought another laborer to come among them, and this was the introduction to the present incumbent, (Rev. Felix Kyte,) who was by letter invited to pay them a visit, which he did in the month of August, 1832.

This visit was followed by a unanimous call from the Church to become their pastor, and in October of the same year he arrived with his family, and settled among them, having been previously ordained to that end.

At this time religious services on the Sabbath were held in the school-house at Halfway Brook; this settlement having by this time become a little more prominent than others; and for this reason was given to it the name of The Village, which it has retained ever since.

On first settling, the labors of the present incumbent were divided between The Village and Ten Mile River, preaching

alternately on the Sabbath, traveling 20 miles on foot, and preaching three times. This arrangement continued for one year, after which the inhabitants insisted that a portion of his labors should be at the River, now known as Barryville. Soon after this a friend took compassion on him as to his pedestrian travels, and provided him with a horse, saying he would take it out in preaching. It was indeed an aged animal, but did him good service for a time. Having as yet no edifice for public worship, save that of a small school-house, the barn of Deacon Sears R. Gardner (of respectful memory) was temporarily fitted up by a stand for a pulpit, and boards for seats, in which to hold a four-days' meeting, and the Rev. Mr. Howell, of Wantage, and the worthy pastor of the Minisink Church, Rev. Cornelius Elting, were invited to attend it, and assist the present incumbent, which they did, and which resulted in several hopeful conversions and additions to the Church.

His labors proving acceptable to the people who called him, measures were taken to erect a church-edifice at Halfway Brook, and another at what is now called Barryville.

Hence, on November 12, 1835, thirty-six years after its organization, the Narrow Falls' Church, as it had been called, dedicated its first church-edifice, and took the corporate name of the First Congregational Church of Lumberland. And on September 17, 1835, (this being finished first,) the edifice at Barryville was dedicated, and the Church on its organization took the name of the First Congregational Church at Barryville. From the year 1832, through all the years intervening up to the present time, (1873) the present incumbent has filled the place of pastor to this people, during which time many have been gathered into the fold; but owing to the transition-state of this part of the country from lumbering to that of small beginnings in farming, many have removed to follow that business elsewhere.

In the 74 years of its existence, the Church has had but 2 pastors, and in the intervals, but very few supplies. Its first 19 years without; then for 8 years it had a shepherd; then for 6 years without; adding then the present pastorate to the former, it gives for the Church in the 74 years, 25 without and 49 with.

There have been in this Church brethren whose biography, if written in full, would no doubt be interesting to Christian minds; and we mean no disparagement to others when we say that, among others, Deacon James Eldred,* Deacon Alexander Carmichael, Deacon Daniel Wells, and Deacon Sears R. Gardner,

* James Eldred held the office of deacon for thirty-seven years; was a Judge of Common Pleas, for several: a Member of Assembly in 1835, etc. He settled in the old town of Lumberland in 1802.

(all deceased,) were men who held the cause of God deeply at heart. They entered heart and hand into every measure that gave promise of promoting the blessed cause of Christ.*

Rev. Felix Kyte, the pastor of these Churches from 1832 to the present time (1873), was born in the county of Kent, England, in January, 1800. There he spent his childhood and youthful years, and subsequently emigrated to the United States. Although the name of Kyte was somewhat prominent in the old town of Mamakating during the war of the Revolution, he is not connected by consanguinity with any family of his name in this country, unless distant relatives have immigrated within the last fifty years. His life has been marked by patient toil and self-denial, and a rigid adherence to what he deemed his duty. A temperate and abstemious life has ensured him a green and vigorous old age.

Mr. Kyte raised nine children, one of whom became, like his father, a minister.

There are two other churches in Highland. One of them is a Methodist Episcopal church located at Half-way Brook, which was built in 1859, and dedicated on the 3d of July of that year. The other is a Baptist church, located in Barryville. It was built in 1860, and is known as the Barryville and Shohola Baptist church.

. SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF HIGHLAND.

From		To
1854.....	John W. Johnston.....	1856
1856.....	Isaac Young.....	1858
1858.....	Stephen St. John Gardner.....	1859
1859.....	John Barnes.....	1862
1862.....	Friend W. Johnston.....	1870
1870.....	John Barnes.....	1872
1872.....	Peter McCallum.....	1873
1873.....	Leon Devonoge.....	1874

† Statement of Rev. Felix Kyte.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TOWN OF LIBERTY.

The existence of Liberty dates from Tuesday, the 31st day of March, 1807. The act erecting it as a town, passed the Assembly on the 10th of that month, and the Senate on the 12th, and it was originally bounded thus: All that part of Lumberland situate, etc., beginning at the Mongaup river where the north line of Great Lot 1 of the Hardenbergh patent intersects said river; thence westerly along said line to the Delaware river; thence up said river to the line of Delaware; thence north-easterly along said line to the town of Neversink; thence south-easterly along said line to the Mongaup; thence down said river to the place of beginning. The territory within these bounds included the present towns of Fremont, Callicoon, and Liberty, except so much thereof as was not originally in the town of Rochester. In 1816, the line was made to run along the north bounds of Great Lot 3, and at a subsequent date an addition was made from Thompson, and the territory on which Parksville is situated, was transferred from Rockland.

The surface of this town is uneven, and generally it abounds with hills. These hills are mostly long, and, when compared with those of other towns, of considerable altitude. The principal range was originally known as the Blue mountains, and from them the first settlement of Liberty received its name. They extended from north-east to south-west nearly through the town. Walnut mountain, one of the peaks of this range, has an elevation of 1,984 feet* above the ocean level. Like the majority of our hills and mountains, it is fertile from its base to its summit. Its sides and top, where the woods have been subdued, are fruitful in grass and grain. One of its singular features is, that near its highest part is a never-failing spring of pure cold water; and another is, the walnut abounds on it, while that tree does not thrive on the adjacent lands.

The town is said to have an average elevation of about 1,500 feet. Localities thus situated are generally cold, and not well

* Professor Antisell. Some writers give its height as 2,130 feet.

adapted to agricultural pursuits. Nevertheless, for productiveness, wealth and industry, Liberty ranks high in the list of towns, and it is generally conceded to be one of the best localities for the grazier and the dairyman in Sullivan county. Much attention has been paid to the raising of horn-cattle, and a large part of the wealth of the town has come from this source.

Liberty is intersected by several streams; but has none that reach the magnitude of a river. The Mongaup is a beautiful stream, and furnishes considerable hydraulic power. It was originally known as the Min-gap-och-ka, Mongawping or Mingwing. The first and last names, although more euphonic than the other, are no longer used, nor is the last syllable of Mongawping. All are Indian words. It is said the word Mongaup, when rendered into English, is "dancing feather"—a very pretty conceit, and very expressive of the character of the stream. The poetical quality of the translation, and the fact that Mongaup is but two-thirds of the original word, prove that the translator has used a poet's license.

The Mongaup has three distinct branches. As the word "*ing*" or "*ink*" in the Lenape language means stream, the word or phrase "M'ing-w'ing" is the Indian mode of expression for a plurality of streams.*

The Little Beaverkill is another stream of some importance. It is not as large as the Mongaup, but is more rapid. The name of Beaverkill was applied to it by the early settlers, as it was to many other streams in various sections, because it was a haunt of the beaver; and the word "Little" was prefixed to distinguish it from the "Great Beaverkill," in Rockland.

There are but two ponds worthy of notice in Liberty. These are the Brodhead and the Lily ponds. The former is situated on an elevated plain, about two miles from the village of Liberty, and is somewhat famous as a resort for anglers of this and neighboring towns. It covers an area of about 300 acres, and is within the "3,000 acre tract," formerly owned by the Brodhead family of Ulster county, from whom it received its name. Its water furnishes some hydraulic power, and it was on its outlet that the first mill of the town was erected.

Lily pond has a situation very like that of Brodhead pond. Its elevation above the ocean is computed at 1,600 feet. It covers about 150 acres of land, and is surrounded by primeval forests. Over its margin, in summer, are spread the green leaves and white, fragrant blossoms of the lotus (a species of lily made famous by Egyptian mythology,) from which it derives

* "Oss'ing-s'-ing" now corrupted into Sing Sing, and "Ass'-ing-n'ing"—(the last the true Indian name of the Shawangunk river,) are examples. Both undoubtedly have the same signification. Mongawping may have been the name of the stream below the forks; while Mingwing was the descriptive appellation of the branches.

its pretty and significant name. This pond is situated on the highway from Parksville to DeBruce, about two miles from the former, and is one of the most beautiful and picturesque sheets of water in the county. It has but a small outlet, which empties into the Little Beaverkill.*

Roads intersect this town in almost every direction. Like the highways of every region which has not been occupied by civilized men more than one hundred years, they are literally "hard to travel." The buildings are principally of wood, and generally are large and commodious, though built with little regard to beauty of architecture. The general aspect of the town shows that the population is noted for industry, sobriety and thrift. The town lies wholly within the limits of the Great or Hardenbergh patent, and contains 48,951 acres.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1810	419	\$313,679	\$154.86	\$291.90
1820	851	178,184	527.94	362.08
1830	1,277	176,449	559.22	1,101.39
1840	1,569	216,756	853.51	734.70
1850	2,612	149,489	706.84	1,462.66
1860	3,016	390,336	699.68	2,797.74
1870	3,392	282,166	8,619.79	7,593.21

In 1855, with about 540 married men, Liberty had 472 owners of land—a very creditable fact.

This town was principally settled by families from Connecticut and other Eastern States, and a large majority of those who now reside in it are of that descent.

Nearly a century had elapsed since Queen Ann had granted the Hardenbergh patent to "promote the settlement of the country." The immense estate had not been divided between the original proprietors or their heirs and legal representatives, until the company, from its numbers, had become too unwieldy for practical purposes. A partition then took place; and it was subsequently subdivided by heirs and assigns, who were scattered far and wide over the earth's surface. Hence the people of small means who would have purchased farm-lots in that part of the patent situated in Sullivan, knew not whom to apply to, except in a very few instances. One of these exceptions was a Captain Charles Brodhead, who lived in Ulster

* B. G. Childs' MSS.

county, on the road which led to the Great Lot in Neversink and Rockland inherited by Livingston. He (Brodhead) owned the "3,000 acre tract" in Liberty, which had descended to him from the Brodhead who purchased of Hardenbergh, the patentee. Charles Brodhead's residence and ownership led to the settlement of Liberty.

The first step toward opening the Blue mountain country, as it was called, to the pioneer, was the making of a road to it from Neversink. This was done under the patronage of or by the State, as was frequently the case at that time in regions similarly situated. Brodhead had the contract for building the road—perhaps for cutting it open, (for little more was accomplished,) would be better words to record what was done; and from the fact that he made it, it was known afterwards as the Brodhead-road. Ten to twelve miles travel on it in a day, with a load, required the work of a strong team from morning till night, with the assistance of a man or two to remove the obstructions, and to help extricate the vehicle from slough-holes.

Brodhead lived in Marbletown, where many of the new settlers of Fallsburgh, Liberty and Neversink were obliged to pass a night while coming to the woods of Sullivan. He was exceedingly anxious to get settlers on his wild lands, and took great pains to induce immigrants to buy or lease of him. It was at Marbletown, or while opening the road to his 3,000 acre tract, that he became acquainted with Eleazer Larrabee, from Stonington, Connecticut, a man of an adventurous, roving disposition, who had been a tory in the Revolutionary war. It is probable he was obnoxious to his old neighbors in Connecticut on account of his politics, and that he imagined that he could live more comfortably in a locality where his antecedents were not well known. He came to Neversink in 1790, among its earliest settlers, and located on Thunder hill. There is no doubt that, previous to this, and as early as 1786 or 1788, he came to Fallsburgh, and occupied a lot for two or three years near the present site of Hasbrouck.

While Brodhead was making the road already mentioned in 1794, he offered to give Larrabee a deed for a lot of one hundred acres on the Blue mountain, and a lease of three other lots for twenty years free from rent, on the sole and only condition that he settled on and improved the land. Larrabee accepted this offer, sold his property on Thunder hill to a mulatto named Phineas Booth, during the year, and removed to the 3,000 acre tract. He thus became the first white inhabitant of the town. His house and land were on the south slope of the Blue mountain, about a mile west of the village of Liberty.

The inducements which caused Larrabee to become the founder of the settlement, were no doubt considered great at the

time. The free use and occupation of three hundred acres for twenty years, and the fee simple of an additional hundred, gave him a tract of four hundred acres, and made him temporarily a large landholder. He built a log-house, and with the assistance of a hired man, Ambrose Woodward, commenced clearing his land. In 1795, he sold one of his lots to a settler named John Vail, for \$700. This sale should have made him a "man of means" in those days, when there were so few in Sullivan west of the Shawangunk mountain worth half the money; but he soon grew weary of the Blue mountain. He was a sanguine man, as all rovers are, and men of that temperament become easily disheartened under difficulties. There was at that time no merchant, no grist-mill, no physician, no school, no clergyman, and no blacksmith within many miles of him, and to reach them he had to travel on an almost impassable road through a wilderness abounding in panthers, wolves, bears, and other wild animals. Wild beasts at that time were not only troublesome to the pioneer, whose crops were injured and his cattle destroyed by them, but they were considered dangerous to the pioneer himself. Larrabee made war on them, and being a good marksman, shot many of them. We will not give the number of deer, bears, wolves and panthers, which we are assured this man killed, for fear that we will be charged with exaggeration.

Upon lands adjoining those given him by Brodhead, Larrabee erected, while he resided on the Blue mountain, the first saw-mill and grist-mill in the town. They were built for Brodhead. The saw-mill was on the outlet of the pond which still bears the name of Brodhead. It was made altogether of logs and hewn timber, except the parts necessarily of iron. The race was of troughs manufactured from huge hemlock trees with much labor and ingenuity. After the completion of the saw-mill, lumber was cut by it for the grist-mill.

Larrabee also sold another of his leased lots. It was bought by a Quaker named Earl, who moved in the second year of the settlement, and who also paid \$700 for the lease, as did Vail. The price paid was enormous, and much more than the fee simple was worth. Some of the best of the same land has been sold within the last twenty years for two dollars per acre. Earl at once commenced improving his lot.

The other land, Larrabee continued to own as long as he remained there, and it is known to this day as the Larrabee lot. In four or five years, he sold it to Daniel S. Stewart, and removed to Saratoga county, where his stay was limited. He then went to Rome, and finally to Chautauqua county, where he died.

John Vail, who made the first purchase of Larrabee, was from Deerpark, Orange county.

In 1797, John Gorton moved to the Blue mountain settlement,

and located a short distance west of the present village of Liberty, on land since owned by his grandson, Elias Champlin. He came from Connecticut in 1793, with his cousins, Thomas and William Grant, and went on what is now known as the Depuy lot, in Fallsburgh. Thomas Grant at that time had three children and Gorton two. They came by the way of Kingston, Rochester and Wawarsing, in one of the old Yankee butterfly-carts, which was drawn by three yoke of oxen and a horse. The latter animal was ridden by Mrs. Grant, and thus performed double service. Their turnout astonished the old Dutch farmers of Ulster. They had never seen or dreamed of such a contrivance, and left their antiquated plows and fat, sleek horses, and hurried as fast as was seemly in Dutchmen, to the fences along the bounds of the highway, where they stood with open mouths and eyes, and stared at the Yankee travelers, and their strange machine and motive-power.

It is but fair to state here as a counter-episode, that six or seven years after the journey in the butterfly-cart, Joseph and Amos Y. Grant, who were then boys, and who subsequently became prominent and highly respected citizens, went from the backwoods of Sullivan to visit some cousins in Wawarsing. A merchant of that place (Abraham Vernoooy) had a painted house, the first house of the kind seen by the lads, and there was a hogshead in the store, all which surprised them greatly, and the impression the hogshead made on the mind of Joseph was fresh even in his old age, and long after he had been a judge of our County Court.

When the Grants and Gorton first came here, the nearest store was in Rochester, six miles beyond Wawarsing. The journey there and back required several days, and when one of the settlers in a neighborhood undertook it, nearly all sent by him to purchase what they wanted, and their limited means warranted.

Isaiah Whipple was added to the settlement in Liberty about this time.

The persons mentioned in the preceding paragraphs mostly settled around Brodhead pond. Thomas Grant left the county with Larrabee, who was his cousin. In the Revolutionary war they had taken opposite sides. Grant had served under Washington, and drew a pension until his death. William Grant had also done good service as a minute-man.

Nathan Stanton, senior, came to Liberty in March, 1796, from Preston, New London county, Connecticut, and settled on the place since owned by Colonel Edward Young, two miles northwest of the village of Liberty. Thomas Grant had previously made a clearing on the lot; but for some cause was not satisfied and sold it to Stanton. Three families named Russell, Whipple

and Pinney, who had come the fall before, lived near him. Nathan Stanton, junior, who was but three years of age at the time, and who died but recently, remembered many of the incidents of the journey to Liberty, as well as events which occurred soon after. The family came as far as Lackawack in a wagon drawn by oxen. At that place they procured an ox-sled, which, as there was no snow on the ground, was much more comfortable for the journey, as indeed it would have been at any time, over the roots and stones and the mud-holes of a newly made forest-road. On the way from Lackawack to Liberty there were but few clearings. Although several had settled in the town before him, he was the first one who sowed grain, having moved on a place partially cleared. Others had been engaged in clearing their lands, and had cultivated none of the cereals.

Soon after the Stantons came, the first marriage of the town occurred. David Rowland of Neversink was united in wedlock to Aviar, a daughter of Isaiah Whipple. Rowland had to come a long way through the woods to win a bride, and if he performed the journey to or from her father's residence in the night, as has been the custom before and since, he must have encountered as many perils as ever did belted and plumed knight in quest of similar game. We have no doubt the prize was worth the trouble it cost to win it; for she was of that class from which have graduated so many excellent wives and mothers. She was a school-mistress, and was not only the first bride, but the first teacher of a school in Liberty. She commenced her school about the year 1797, in a little bark-roofed shanty, near the house since occupied by Amos Shaw. She had not far from ten pupils—the only book used was Webster's spelling-book, and she received one dollar per week, and boarded herself—wages that certainly do not compare favorably with what is paid female teachers at the present day. Arithmetic, writing, etc., were not taught in the schools there for several subsequent years. Judge Joseph Grant married a sister of this Miss Whipple. She was his first wife. After her death he married the widow of Jehu Fish, who was a daughter of Robert Young.

Death in a new and sparsely settled region is an event which excites more sympathy than in old communities. And when sickness or accident threatens to snap the frail thread of life in a neighborhood of pioneers who are too poor and too far removed from civilization to summon a physician, the kindly impulses of the heart gush forth fresh and warm, and the hand, unskilled as it may be, readily proffers aid to the afflicted friends, and ministers to the comfort and necessities of the suffering. Such sympathy and kindness were soon excited in the Blue mountain settlement. In 1797, a child of William Ayers, who had become a resident, was so badly scalded that

it soon died a painful death. This was the first death in the neighborhood, and it became necessary for the community to select a burial-place. A spot was accordingly chosen near Nathan Stanton's, on the Blue mountain, and there in the virgin soil, among relics of the wilderness, themselves fit emblems of mortality, the body of the dead was laid at rest, while its spirit, undefiled by wilful sin, ascended to the bosom of the Friend and Saviour of little children. Its grave was not long the only one in this "God's acre." Within a few months, and during the same year, an infant—the first one born in the town—sickened and died. Its parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Stanton, were anxious that it should be buried decently; but their dismay may be imagined, when they were told that there was not a board within reach of which to make a coffin! Such a thing can hardly be deemed possible in a country where, in less than half a century, silver-mounted mahogany and rosewood coffins were common. The "shell" used in these days to protect the mahogany and its ornaments for a time from the corroding moisture of the ground, would then have been considered decent, and fit to enclose the "ashes and dust" of mortality. So times change, and so soon will the pomp and vanity of funerals, as well as other things, become the order of the day, as wealth and luxury increase.

Mr. Stanton, finding it impossible to get anything better, was reduced to the necessity of cutting up his only sleigh-box, and in a coffin made from that, was the infant buried. A man who would voluntarily do so now, would be execrated for meanness and barbarity. Under the circumstances in which Stanton was placed, the act was creditable; and the sacrifice he made was quite equal to that of some of the present citizens of the town when they pay an enormous price for a coffin, because American wood is not considered good enough to surround the dead body of an American citizen.

A still greater affliction visited the Stanton family in 1799. It was then customary in clearing land to cut down the underbrush and small trees. The large trees were girdled and left standing. The latter, particularly the hemlocks and other evergreens, the foliage of which remained green too long after the girdling, were sometimes ascended and trimmed from the top downward. This method was adopted to save labor in gathering the trunks into heaps for burning—a very laborious and difficult job where the timber is large, and none of it is to be converted into boards and timber at a saw-mill. After the limbs and brushwood had remained on the ground until they were dry, and there had been no rain for several days, fire was applied, and if it resulted in a good black burn, the ground was nearly ready to be planted. Good crops were raised in this

way among the standing trees by the early settlers, as they had been by the Indians before them. When the trunks began to decay, fire was again applied in a dry time, and in a few years they were nearly all thus consumed.

Sometimes, however, when the first burning was not good, the fallow was abandoned, and permitted to become overrun with briars and other rubbish.

One of these abandoned fallows was near the log-house of the Stantons. In the words of our informant, Nathan Stanton, jr.,* it was on the Blue mountain, a little west of where they lived. This fallow had become a famous place for blackberries, and the children of the family frequently went there to fill their pails and baskets with the fruit. On the 20th of August—a still, pleasant day—three of the boys, (including Nathan, junior,) with their sister, went to pick the berries, and while they were thus engaged several of the girdled trees fell, without an apparent cause, and killed two of the boys, and injured the sister badly. These trees had withstood the severe blasts of the previous winter and spring, and were prostrated on a still, calm day in summer. That they do thus fall is a well-attested fact. The writer of this paragraph has seen them do so; and can vouch for the feeling of awe which the phenomenon produces in the uneducated and uninformed. When the sun shines brightly, and all nature seems to repose in peaceful quiet; when there is no zephyr to fan the cheek, no sound to disturb the ear, and no visible motion of anything to attract the eye, lo! one of the giants of the wood, which has withstood the tempests of a century, suddenly totters, topples over, and with a great crash, is prone upon the ground. It seems as if the direct agency of God produced the result; that He whom no mortal can see, is very near us; and that His eye is scanning our every movement. A solution of the mystery may be found in the fact that only deciduous trees thus fall. Such trees decay, particularly in a warm, humid climate, much more rapidly than the resinous evergreens. When girdled, the sap ascends through the inner pores of the wood; but cannot return to the roots between the bark and wood; and the body soon becomes over-saturated with moisture. Rapid decay in the shape of "sap-rot" follows, and a few weeks sometimes are sufficient to cause the tree to fall.

The distress of the family—or rather what remained of it—cannot be described. The children had gone forth happy and joyous, and before they were expected to return to their humble home in the woods, the parents were informed that two were crushed and dead, and another dangerously, if not fatally

* B. G. Child's MSS.

wounded. The dead bodies were extricated, and taken to the house of mourning, where soon the neighboring families gathered to witness the sad scene of bereavement. In due time, these dead ones were also deposited in the original graveyard on the Blue mountain.

During the first five or six years of the settlement, several other deaths occurred. Among them was that of a Mr. Stewart, (father of Sandford Stewart,) who was the first adult male who died in Liberty. The wife of Asa Champlin, and the wife of Jesse Champlin, also died before the year 1800. These were buried in the same place as the children of Stanton.

Nathan Stanton, junior, died recently. He remembered distinctly that the elk was found in Liberty and the surrounding country several years after his father went there to live. In 1799, when he was seven years old, his father engaged in hunting these animals on the Blue mountain, with Robert Maffitt and Captain Ichabod Benton, of Benton Hollow. They started their dogs, and soon saw a very large elk running before them towards Brodhead pond. It was a truly noble animal, and seemed to pass along with the fleetness of the wind. As it neared the pond, it was so close to one of the hunters who was watching, that he fired at it, and wounded it mortally. Nevertheless, it plunged into the water, and swam for the opposite shore. The hunters, with a canoe or dug-out, followed it, and after an exciting chase, and before the elk reached land, it was captured. Both the elder and younger Stanton were expert hunters, and if their adventures while in pursuit of game could be written, they would make a popular volume.*

Thomas Grant remained in the town but one year, and left in 1796, probably going to Neversink, and living there three or four years. He received from Stanton two dollars per acre for his land and improvements.

For many years, the lands generally were leased to the occupants. The owners considered this the most advantageous; and the early settlers, with but few exceptions, were too poor to buy. The sum paid by Stanton was about the average price of what was sold until 1800, and at first but little except the Brodhead lands could be got on any terms, for reasons which will appear.

The south part of the town was owned by the Ludlows, who lived in New York city, and cared so little for their Sullivan possessions that their residence and their ownership were unknown to many who wished to buy and settle on the land. The north part in the vicinity of Parksville, belonged to the Rockwell family of Connecticut, and could not be sold or leased

* Hunters of Sullivan.

for several years after the first settlers came. The western section was held by DeWitt, Elmendorf, Newkirk and others, of Ulster and Dutchess, who did not seem anxious to part with it hastily. "Squatting" on the lands of others was then not much known and practiced in Liberty. The little that was done of that sort was on the Ludlow tract.

In 1800, wild land advanced to three dollars per acre, and improved farms brought from ten to twelve. At this time there were only about thirty families in the town, and in 1814, there were not more than ninety. The roads were execrable—everything was held at a higher figure than in Fallsburgh and Neversink, and consequently there was little or nothing attractive.

In 1799, Doctor Blake Wales came from Windham, Connecticut, and commenced the practice of medicine in Neversink, and spent the remainder of his life in that town and Liberty. He visited the Blue mountain settlement during the first year of his residence. He recollected distinctly in his old age that the village of Liberty in 1799 had but two buildings, and they were made of logs. One of these stood where the dwelling of Timothy F. Bush now stands, and was occupied by John Russell; the other near the site of the Midland Hotel, and was owned by Jason Fish. Among the principal men of the town of that day was, according to Doctor Wales, a man named Champlin (the grandfather of Elias Champlin) who lived on the Amos Shaw place, and was quite intelligent, but very convivial in his habits. He afterwards died while sitting in a chair at the tavern of Luther Buckley. The Doctor's reminiscences of old times generally corresponded with what we have written, with the addition that every building in Liberty township, when he first visited it, was of logs, and generally with but one room.

The first preacher who visited Liberty, was a Rev. Mr. Randall, a Baptist, who had charge of a small congregation at Westfield, and who probably earned his own living by hard labor, and preached the gospel as he understood it to the stray sheep and goats of the wilderness, whenever his own necessities permitted him to remit his daily toil. The first minister who came to the town regularly, was Rev. Alexander Morton,* of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It took the latter about six weeks to get around his circuit. He was almost constantly in the saddle during the day, traveling from settlement to settlement, and speaking "good words" wherever he could gather a few people in a log-house or barn. He encountered almost as many perils as those enumerated by St. Paul. Frequently he had to ride miles with nothing to guide him but blazed trees.

* Rev. Alexander Morton was the father of Captain James Morton, of Westfield Flats, and died there many years since.

He had to ford almost every stream he came to, as there were but few bridges, and when the rivers and streams were swollen by rain or melting snow, he was compelled, with no eye seeing him but God's, to swim his horse across, momentarily fearing and expecting to be swept away with his faithful animal. Often he saw along his path the foot-prints of ferocious beasts, and occasionally he encountered the wolf, the bear and the panther in the lonely recesses of the forest, and audibly expressed a thanksgiving when they fled away. In money he received but a trifling recompense; but in a peaceful conscience, and the smiles of his Heavenly Master, an "exceeding great reward." The King of Kings has seldom had more sincere and self-denying laborers than these early Methodist missionaries, and until there is another great awakening among the sybaritic elements of society, we shall not see their like again.

About the year 1798, Jason Fish moved into the woods, and settled within the bounds of the village of Liberty, and not far from the same time came the Russells, Edward Swan and Ebenezer Gaer. They were preceded about two years by Isaac Carrier, father of Asa, Elijah and Isaac Carrier, who subsequently formed a partnership with Roswell and John Russell, and carried on the carpenter-business. They built nearly all the frame-houses and barns of that period in the town. They also put up a saw-mill, and afterwards a grist-mill near the location of the old Gildersleeve mill. The Russells and Carriers ultimately became prominent men; they held important stations in the field of enterprise, and with many others, performed their part in making Liberty one of the noted towns of the county. One of the Russells built the first frame-house in the town. It was not a splendid specimen of architecture; nevertheless, while all the other houses were of logs, it was a thing to boast of. It stood on the Asa Carrier place. In 1800, Roswell Russell erected a house and commenced keeping a tavern on the T. F. Bush place. It was the first inn opened in Liberty.

In 1796, the Bentons—Ichabod, Stephen and Frederick—came from Connecticut, as did nearly all whose names we have given. They settled in the valley which now bears the name of Benton Hollow. William Ayres also came at this time. During the next two years, Robert Maffitt, then a youth of twenty years, settled on the farm since owned by John Lewis, in the Bentons' neighborhood. One of his neighbors was Daniel Bloodgood. During the ensuing sixty years, this Maffitt shed enough blood to float a small steamer. He estimated in 1860, that he had killed at least one thousand deer, besides several elk, and other wild beasts almost innumerable. He well recollected when the elk wintered on Elk Point, an eminence about

a half mile west of his house, from which there was a commanding view in almost every direction. The animals were extremely timid, and so constantly on their guard, that it was almost impossible to kill one.*

William Grant was another early resident. He came after his brother Thomas did, the latter inducing him to remove from his first location in another section of the county. When William moved to Liberty, the Brodhead road was much obstructed by fallen trees and brushwood. An ax was indispensable for the journey, and its vigorous use was often necessary. He was accompanied by John Gorton, and they were an entire day traveling eleven miles. The journey was very uncomfortable and tedious.†

There may have been a few others living in the town previous to 1800. We have not been able, if there were, to learn their names. The memory of the old, unrefreshed by documentary aid, is extremely uncertain and unreliable. This has been our principal source of information, and if it has led us to commit errors, the blame must not rest on us. We have compared the recollections of the aged one with the other with great care, and adopted what we had reason to believe was correct. We could do no better.

The year when Parksville was settled is not known; but it is believed that Lemuel Martin and Eber Hall located there in 1800. Nathaniel White, whose son Crossman was deaf and dumb, settled there at an early day. Shortly afterwards, the family of William Parks, and that of his son Elijah, were added to the place, and took a prominent position. They built mills, and made many improvements, completely throwing Mr. Martin in the shade. This was not pleasant to the latter, who considered himself entitled to respect as the pioneer of the locality. When it had become of sufficient consequence to have a cognomen, he contended it should be called Martinville; but his ambition was not gratified. The people, dazzled by the more enterprising and stirring man, named the place Parksville, in honor of William Parks. With this Mr. Martin was much displeased.

William Parks was an early settler of the town of Neversink. In 1816, when Sullivan and Ulster formed a joint Assembly district, William Parks, then of Neversink, was one of the four Assemblymen from the two counties. In his old age, he removed to Wawarsing, Ulster county, although he still was strongly attached to the village which bore his name. In 1846, when he was four-score, he made a visit to Parksville, and feeling unwell on reaching his old home, he remarked that he had

* Hunters of Sullivan.

† B. G. Childs' MSS.

come to die and be buried where he had so long lived. His words were prophetic, for he lived only about a week after he had uttered them. He was an honest, kind, active and affable man, and enjoyed the esteem which such traits generally win.*

The ground on which Parksville stands, was once in the town of Rockland; but, for the convenience of the inhabitants, it was annexed to Liberty. Being a long distance from the centre of the former, and but four miles from the village of Liberty, the change was a happy one. The site of Parksville is in a narrow valley, and nearly surrounded by bold elevations. Originally it was a swamp, but became dry land after the forest was subdued. The Little Beaverkill runs through the village, and has a fall here of about twenty feet, affording sites for mills and factories. A great impetus was given to the prosperity of the place by the former business operations of William Bradley and James F. Bush. Bradley built a large tannery here—became embarrassed—afforded a respectable income to several lawyers and sheriffs for years, and outwitted his creditors and everybody else. He was a man of striking idiosyncrasies. There can be but one Henry Ward Beecher, and there never will be another financier like William Bradley. James F. Bush was a merchant, tanner, speculator and politician. He was a Member of Assembly in 1848, 1849 and 1850, and at one time a candidate of his party for County Judge. He also became embarrassed financially; but enjoyed an unblemished reputation for integrity.

An eminence between Parksville and the village of Liberty is known as Sumac Point, where the air is seldom at rest. In sultry weather, when Æolus is idle in other places, the refreshing breeze and the grateful zephyr are found here. This has given birth to the popular error that, after leaving Lake Erie, the wind does not touch *terra firma* until it reaches Sumac Point! On the west side of this high ground flows a stream which goes to the east branch of the Delaware, and on the other side is a branch of the Mongaup. Opposite the Point is Young's Gap, a name received from the Liberty family of Youngs. This gap has been made famous by railroad surveyors.†

Besides shops, mills, stores, etc., Parksville has a neat church-edifice, which is owned by the Baptists, a denomination somewhat numerous here.

In 1822, Abial Bush, Jr., came from Connecticut, and settled one mile north of Parksville. He was the son of Abial Bush, senior, a brother of Calvin Bush, one of the early residents of the town. Abial, senior, was the father of James F. Bush, who

* Sullivan County Whig, October 2, 1846.

† See Sullivan County Whig, January 14, 1848.

was several times a Member of Assembly. Abial, junior, was the father of Albert J. and Timothy F. Bush, each of whom became Judge and Surrogate of the county. Both of these brothers, after surmounting great obstacles, won prominent positions as lawyers. Of the youngest (Timothy F.), it is foreign to our rule to write freely, as he is still in the arena of politics and law. Albert J. was born at Parksville in 1826. When he was yet a boy his father died. His widowed mother and half-orphaned brothers and sisters then became dependent on him for support. They leaned on him, and he was not to them a broken staff. Without education and destitute of influential friends, he became a common laborer, and as soon as circumstances permitted, learned to build chimneys and spread mortar. At this he worked for years. While thus engaged, he began to feel the stirrings of intellectual life. He borrowed books, and read them after performing the tasks of the day. He commenced with Shakespere, Milton, and other works of a high order, when a spelling-book and an English Grammar should have been put in his hands; for with all the mental volume he subsequently exhibited, he could not conceal his defective orthography and syntax. Wisdom and strength of mind were his; but beauty, which gives glory to the mental fabric, and is as the "polished corners of the temple," was lacking.

At this time, probably, there was not a respectable lawyer in the county who would have received as a student an unlettered mechanic like Albert J. Bush, and the latter, if he had been disposed to apply for admission, had no means to enter an office and pay for his board. Although he may have felt the yearnings of ambition, his mental powers were yet dormant. Intellectually he was a chrysolid—dull and unattractive, yet with an inevitable tendency to ascend from obscurity to light and sunshine.

While working at his trade, Bush determined to be a lawyer. He was led to do so by the late Robert Y. Grant. Grant had employed him to assist in conducting a suit before a Justice of the Peace, when Bush exhibited so much adroitness and intelligence, that the other advised him to study law. The young man regarded the proposition as absurd, because he had not a dollar in the world, and it "took everything he could earn to live." Grant, who had a large and generous heart, and was then far from being rich, at once offered to lend him one hundred dollars, if he would follow his advice. Bush shook his head, and went back to his trowel and hammer. A few days later, he called on Grant, and told him he had made up his mind to take the hundred dollars on certain conditions. "I will not give you a note or due-bill. No one shall know from

you or me that I have received the money. You shall never ask me for it. If I die, or make a d——d fool of myself, you agree to lose it." On these novel terms Grant let him have the money. Not another word was said on the subject for several years, when Bush handed his benefactor the amount of the loan with interest.

Bush studied law without a preceptor, and continued to work at his trade. Solitary and alone, and in the light afforded by a tallow-candle, he traveled through the labyrinths of the law. After a time, when he believed he had mastered the truths and fictions of his chosen profession, he managed to attend a law-school at Ballston (Fowler's) for a few months, and then went to Albany for admission to the bar, where he was licensed to practice in all the courts of the State. He lacked a library. A penniless lawyer without books has a poor prospect of success. He wandered into the law-book establishment of W. C. Little & Co., which seemed to him an inexhaustible fountain of legal lore. While he was examining the volumes he needed, and inquiring their price, Mr. Little asked him if he wished to buy them. Bush answered, "No, not now; but in two or three months I will send for them." Little apparently took an inventory of Bush's garments, and then said, "You had better take them now. I will trust any man who has a patch on his knee."

The volumes were purchased.* Bush also went to C. V. R. Ludington, and applied for a loan to complete his library. Ludington seldom lent money to applicants unless they gave ample security. This Bush knew, and he frankly declared, "If I live, I will pay you; but if I die, you will not receive back anything." Ludington, much to his credit, let him have the money he needed.

Bush at once took a good position as a professional man. He opened an office in his native place, and at the next County Court had thirteen cases on the calendar. Success smiled on him, and although he came in contact with the veterans of the bar, he continued to prosper. In 1858, he was the republican candidate for County Judge in opposition to Henry R. Low, American, and James Matthews, democrat; but was defeated. In 1863, he abandoned the republican party, and three years later was elected County Judge and Surrogate by the democracy, when he removed to Monticello. In 1870, he was re-elected. On the 29th of February, 1872, he died of *cerebro spinale meningitis*, caused, it was supposed, by mental fatigue and excitement incident to his profession.

It is not possible that a man with such a history can resemble those fortunate persons who from birth have had unexception-

* George H. Carpenter in *Liberty Register*.

able moral and mental training. Physically as well as morally and mentally, he was a rough rather than a perfect ashlar. He was kind to his friends; brusque and fierce toward his enemies. He contemned conventional ruts. His mind cut the channel through which it flowed. He formed his own theory of a case, adhered to it dogmatically, and by the force of his logic compelled others to adopt his opinions. On no subject was he more idiosyncratic than on that of the Christian religion. His creed was not what is esteemed orthodox; but whatever it was, it was his own; while he held it firmly, he did not seek to make it the belief of others.

Joseph Grant came to the county with his father when he was less than six years of age. The family settled on Neversink Flats before there were white inhabitants in Liberty. In 1812, he located in the latter town, where he remained until he died, in May, 1860. He was in every respect a worthy citizen, and enjoyed public confidence. At one time he was Sheriff of the county, and for several years was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He left a large and respectable family. At the time of his death, one of his sons, (Robert Young Grant,) was a Senator. The latter, although he had enjoyed no better educational advantages than were afforded by the common schools of Liberty, was a man of acknowledged ability. He was prominent in the business affairs of the town, and as a political leader, had a reputation beyond his county and district. He was a ready and vigorous debater, and by the force of his intellect alone, won a commanding position in the Senate, where he was the acknowledged leader of his party. He died in February, 1862, of typhoid fever, contracted while in attendance on his son, Lieutenant Oscar B. Grant of the U. S. Marines. Senator Grant at the time of his decease was in the 44th year of his age. He had not yet reached the meridian of his intellect. It is difficult to designate the honors he would have achieved, if he had not been stricken down when his worth was becoming day by day more apparent.

Robert Young came to the town in March, 1806, and was among its best citizens. His children were, 1. Susan, who married John Fish. Fish's death was caused by the fall of a tree, after which his widow married Judge Joseph Grant. 2. Joseph; 3. Robert, junior; 4. Erastus; 5. John; 6. Frank; 7. Asaph; 8. William; 9. Eunice, who married Calvin Bush, junior; 10. Betsey, who died unmarried. As the reader will discover, seven sons of Robert Young were born successively.

Judson Sherman was a pioneer settler on the William T. Darbee place. Sherman's stomach, like the daughters of the horse-leech, was never satisfied. His voracity produced a famine at every tavern where he eat a meal.

In 1805, Nathan Cheesebrough became a resident, and two years later commenced improving the farm now (1872) owned by Bennett Quinlan.

Fanton Sherwood, another settler of excellent repute, was in the town previous to 1807.

Thomas Crary, of Stonington, Connecticut, came in 1801, and settled about one mile east of the village of Liberty. He was the first Supervisor of the town, and for many years a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. His descendants are noted for business enterprise, intelligence and moral worth.

In 1807, two brothers named Elijah and Joseph Hill bought the east half of Divison No. 10. In 1799, Joseph married Miss Sarah Banks, of Weston, Connecticut, who, on their removal to Liberty, had borne him four children. The next nine years were full of toil and the discomforts of pioneer life. The clearing of a farm, the erection of buildings, fences, etc., and providing for the necessities of a rapidly increasing family, left but few hours for quiet enjoyment. In 1816, Joseph Hill died, leaving his widow with nine children, the oldest but sixteen years of age. Her trials and sufferings during the next ten years, no pen can describe, and no one appreciate unless he has passed through similar scenes. But the ills of this world, like its joys, must end. In 1826, the widow of Joseph Hill became the wife of Ebenezer Carrier, with whom she lived nineteen years, when she became once more a widow. She died September 10, 1868, in the 93d year of her age, "leaning on the arm that is able to save." Joseph Hill left three sons—Sherwood H., Benjamin H., and Joseph. His daughters intermarried with the Youngs, Crarys, Clements, Mortons, etc.

In 1807, a settlement was commenced at Liberty Falls by Roswell Russell, who, having sold out in what has since become Liberty village to William Hurd and Luther Buckley, built a saw-mill at the Falls, which he continued to run for some time, although Buckley bought it in 1808. William Knight located here in 1808. He is still (1872) living at Youngsville. His age exceeds ninety years. Stephen A. Gregory came in 1809, and settled on the farm now owned by Abel Gregory, senior. Two years later, when he was a lad of eleven years old, Abel walked from the Falls to his native place in Fairfield county, Connecticut, to attend a common school during the cold months of winter. In the spring he returned to assist his father in clearing land, attending to crops, etc. This he continued to do year after year, until he was capable of teaching himself. Isaac Horton, an early settler, came from Delaware county. He and others bought their land of the DeWitt family of Newburgh, who once owned a large portion of this section. In 1825, Horton and Luther Buckley, built at this place the fourth grist-

mill of the town. The place for many years was known as Hortonville. The grist-mill is now owned by Ovid, a son of Isaac Horton.

The track of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad crosses the valley here on a trestle 100 feet high, and 1,100 feet in length.

John Starr was the pioneer of Robertsonville. He located there in 1800. Francis Leroy came soon after, and Bradley and Bronson Robertson in 1809. The place received its name from Bradley. For several years, Robertsonville was on the outskirts of civilization. It was for a period the residence of an excentric man named Maltby, who, adorned with a patriarchal beard, and clothed in a seamless coat, went forth when he felt inclined to do so, to preach the gospel as he understood it. He owned a good farm, of which, in his old age, he was despoiled by heartless and unprincipled sharpers, who, to prevent the old man from seeking legal redress, had him consigned to the county jail for a crime he had never committed. A Methodist Episcopal society was organized here, a few years since, by Rev. William A. Hughson. The society owns a church-edifice—the only one in the place.

In 1798 or 1799, Doctor Benjamin Hardenbergh,* a skillful man in his profession, but of intemperate habits, settled in the town, and kept a few groceries for sale. Another physician named Clapp came afterwards. In 1812 or 1813, Doctor James P. Youngs, practiced in Liberty, and taught school one winter. He remained a few months, and then removed to Edenville, in the town of Warwick, Orange county, where he lived and died eminent in his profession. In 1828, Doctor H. H. Hubbard was a physician and merchant in the village of Liberty. On the 7th of May, 1831, his store was entered by burglars and robbed of goods and money to the amount of \$500. While he was here, Doctor Blake Wales and Doctor John D. Watkins located in Liberty as physicians, the latter of whom is still in practice.

Calvin Bush kept groceries for sale in 1805, and was the first licensed grocer in the town. The first store in which were sold the articles usually kept in country establishments of the kind, was opened by Luther Buckley on the 7th of July, 1807, when Thaddeus Brown led all Buckley's customers by purchasing two quarts of cider-brandy, for which he was charged fifty cents. We have the books of the old merchant before us. A careful

* Doctor Hardenbergh died at Fallsburgh soon after 1840. His intemperance and his life terminated simultaneously. In his old age, his best friend was "Pone," his saddle-horse. While riding around the country, the Doctor occasionally rolled off of "Pone," and laid for hours unconscious on the highway. The faithful animal, when this occurred, would not leave its master, but remained by his side until he was able to remount, and resume his journey.

inspection of them has convinced us that alcohol in its various disguises was regarded as of prime necessity by the pioneers of Liberty. At least one-half of Buckley's charges were for rum. In the three months succeeding the 7th of July, 1807, his first customer bought fifteen gallons of brandy and spirits, four papers of tobacco, eight ounces of tobacco, one and a quarter pounds of tea, two quarts of vinegar, one pound of shot, six flints, five cups and saucers, and two quarts of molasses! The brandy and spirits cost him \$15.00—all the other articles \$2.24! Saints as well as sinners habitually indulged a depraved appetite at that day, and did not dream that they offended unless their lower limbs proved weak and unstable. The well-seasoned drinker could imbibe a quart per diem without sinning, while the novice could not bestow under his jacket a half-pint of brandy with impunity.

We gather from Buckley's books that in 1807, the retail price of brandy was \$1.00 per gallon; gin, \$1.13; wine, \$1.25; molasses, 60 @ 70 cents; cider, 10 cents per mug; flannel, 54 cents per yard; dimity, 50 cents; humhum, 28 cents; book-muslin, 80 cents; calico, 38 cents; calimanco, 37½ cents; wildbore, 44 cents; velvet, \$1.13; codfish, 6 cents per pound; broadcloth, \$2.00 to \$4.00 per yard; salt, \$2.25 per bushel; coffee, 36 cents per pound; nails, 16 cents; chocolate, 38 cents; cigars, per dozen, 6 cents; and he paid his customers for turnips, 25 cents per bushel; corn, 75 cents; oats, 37 cents; wheat, \$1.25; rye, 75 cents; buckwheat, 50 cents; onions, \$1.00; potatoes, 38 to 50 cents; ashes, 12 cents; maple-sugar, 10 cents per pound, paper-rags, 3 cents; cherry-boards, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per hundred feet; butter, 10 to 12 cents per pound; martin-skins, 75 cents; mink-skins, 75 cents; day's-work, 62 cents; day's-work with yoke of oxen, \$1.00.

Buckley's goods for several years were carted from Kingston. He paid ten dollars for taking a load to and another from that place. His customers lived in Rockland, Bethel, Neversink and Thompson, as well as the town in which he traded. He continued to live in Liberty until May 30, 1855, when he died, aged 88 years, honored and revered for his age and Christian virtues. His children were Sally, who married Joseph Young; Philo; Polly, who married Nathan Stanton, junior; Abel, who died young; Caleb; Betsey, who married Sherwood Hill; Ann, who married William Ratcliff; Emeline, who married Grant Gorton; Lucinda, who after the death of her sister Ann. married William Ratcliff.

Calvin Bush was perhaps the most successful panther-killer in Sullivan. The author of the Hunters of Sullivan, whose statements are generally authentic, says Bush killed fifteen of

these ferocious animals in Liberty, alone, and gives the following as specimens of his adventures:

His first encounter with panthers was in 1814. A man named Hurley had "squatted" in the woods on what is now known as the Hurley place. Bush, in hunting for deer, discovered the smoke from his cabin, and visited it. He found Hurley a wide-awake hunter, and fond of forest-life. They became boon-companions, and Hurley sought Bush's company whenever he wanted a stirring time in the woods. Hurley's hut was near a swamp, which was so full of deer-laurel and other shrubs that it was almost impassable. On the outskirts of the swamp was considerable moose-maple, and often were seen there the tracks of the elk that fed on it.

One morning he saw not far from his cabin several large tracks, which he knew were made by panthers. In the evening he heard the animals in the swamp, and the next day saw their foot-prints within a few feet of his door. He thought that they were a little too familiar; concluded to consult Bush about them, and before night did so. He found Bush ready to attend to them, with a well-trained dog, a capital gun of long range, and a keen-edged hunting-knife and hatchet. Bush himself was a wiry, muscular, clear-headed hunter, and a match for anything of his weight and inches in a close encounter. Hurley had plenty of pluck, and they hurried from Bush's to the cabin, to try their skill in panther-killing. When they got there, Bush let his dog loose. It was soon yelping splendidly in the swamp. They listened until its tone changed, and it seemed to remain in one place. By this they knew that the animal had taken to a tree, to which they hurried, and saw a large panther on a limb, eyeing the dog, and preparing to spring upon it. Bush hastily fired, and the panther, with a scream, fell in the very act of leaping, within a few feet of the dog. Hurley sprang for the dog, to keep it from being ripped to pieces by the powerful claws of the panther, which Bush quickly finished with his hatchet. They then skinned their game, and concluded to hunt no more until next day.

During the succeeding forenoon, they treed another in the same swamp. It was high up a tall hemlock. Bush fired. It fell a short distance, and catching a limb with its forepaws, hung there. Bush reloaded his gun, and handed it to Hurley, saying he wanted to have some fun with the beast. Cutting a pole, he ascended a tree close to the one in which the animal was, and punched it until it fell to the ground. After dispatching it, they continued to hunt, and before night killed three more, making five in all for the two days. They were probably an old she-panther, and her entire brood of young ones.

Very few dogs would follow panthers, and Bush's dog at once

became a favorite with hunters. Talcott Wakeman, of Thompson, heard of the "painter" dog, and wanted to try him. Talcott knew where two panthers kept in a large swamp near Monticello. He had tried to trap them; but, notwithstanding he was one of the best trappers of his day, they were too shrewd for him. He then sent word to Bush to come down with his dog, and help kill the "painters." As Bush loved such sport even better than deer-hunting, he came, and the two, with Bush's dog, at once proceeded to look for the animals where they had been heard the previous night crying like children. Soon the dog started them, and Bush sent a ball through one of them, and not long after killed the other. They dispatched them so speedily that Wakeman thought there was not half enough excitement about it.

During another of Bush's hunting excursions, he wounded a large panther, which sprang upon his dog. Wishing to save the life of his faithful canine friend, he struck a heavy blow at the head of the panther with his hatchet. The beast dodged, and caught the handle in its teeth, crushing the wood until its tusks nearly met. Bush said he thought he had a pretty good grip, but that the brute took the hatchet from his hands as if they had been those of an infant. He then reloaded his gun, and shot the panther a second time, killing it. The handle is preserved in the family, with the marks made by the animal's teeth still legible. Bush had a stiff finger before this battle. During the encounter the beast struck it with his claws, and ripped it open from one end to the other. When the wound healed, the finger was cured of its stiffness, and was sound during the balance of his life.

The old hunter commanded the respect of all who knew him previous to his death, which took place on the 16th of January, 1844, and his memory will be honored until his name and virtues are forgotten. Rev. James Petrie delivered an excellent sermon at his funeral from Psalm 90, 10th verse. Bush was in his 80th year when he died.

The building of the turnpike-road from Newburgh to Cohecton, led to other projects, which promised to benefit the interior of Sullivan. One of these was the First Great S. W. Turnpike running from Kingston to Neversink and the Blue mountain country, and which Lucas Elmendorf labored for more than a quarter of a century to extend to the Delaware, Susquehanna and Chenango rivers; another was the Branch turnpike, which intersected the Newburgh and Cohecton at Montgomery, passed through Roosa's gap, crossed the Neversink at the Falls, and ran through Liberty. Notwithstanding large sums were expended on these improvements, they were abortions.

As soon as the completion of the turnpike to Cohecton was

certain, the people of Newburgh were busy with plans to further augment the importance and prosperity of that village. One of these was to make a great highway from the Hudson to Oxford *via* the Blue mountains, the Williwemoc, etc. "The Appian Way" was the name bestowed in advance on this road—an appellation both ambitious and classic. Meetings were held, money raised, committees appointed, and a party sent to explore the country beyond the Blue mountains. This party, after performing its task, made the following report:

"June, 1807—Mem^a of the route for the Apian Way, &c. The ground best calculated for a road from Newburgh to Oxford, after passing the Shawangunk mountain, in order to avoid very high ridges of land, must cross the Blue mountain or ridge of land in Great Lot No. 3, in the Hardenbergh Patent, Allotment No. 4, and sub-division No. 4, near the N. W. corner; thence a north-easterly direction through a valley pass Benton's saw-mill, and on the easterly side of Little Beaver kill and the Williwemock kill to Beaver creek; thence on the easterly side near to Capt. Dodge's house; on the upper edge of the flats on said kill, which is about one mile from the north line of Great Lot No. 4. We start on the Blue mountain along the line between the towns of Neversink and Lumberland, and cross the line, then near it till we turn off to the big flats, and then leave it about one mile where we cross to Pepacton. Here we have to cross a ridge to go to the east branch of the Delaware at Pepacton, about two miles below Judge Down's, at David Phelps', Esq'r, where there is a good place for a bridge; thence from William Horton's, directly opposite Phelps' to near the north line of subdivision lot No. 59, in great lot No. 36; thence obliquely cross lots No. 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, to about the centre of lot 65, which is the top of Mount Holley, and within three miles and one quarter of the village of Walton, which is opposite the west end Lot No. 66."

"EXPENSES OF APIAN WAY.

"Hugh Walsh, chairman of the meeting of the In- habitants of Newburgh,)	} in acc't with	{ John DeWitt, Francis Crawford, Samuel Sacket, & Daniel Stringham.
"1807		Dr.
June 24—To the am't of our expenses for ourselves and horses,.....£16.16. 8		
To cash paid shoeing Sacket's horse,.....		0. 7. 6
To cash paid for setting shoes Mr. Craw- ford's horse,.....		0. 2. 0

To 1 State map,.....	£1. 4. 0
To cash p'd Hiram Weller for the use of his horse per J. D. W. 15 days,.....	6. 0. 0
To cash p'd Sacket,.....	5. 9.10
	<hr/>
	30. 0. 0
"1807—June 10—By cash received by Jacob Powell, Cr. \$75,.....	£30.0.0."

During the early years of the present century, a young man named Lewis Hasbrouck, disappeared from Liberty under circumstances which have caused much comment. His mother was a daughter of Gerard Hardenbergh and Nancy Ryerson, to whom her grandfather, Colonel Johannis Hardenbergh, had devised a very considerable estate. She became the wife of Jacob J. Hasbrouck, of Ulster county, and soon after died, leaving one child, (Lewis,) who inherited her wild lands in the Great Patent. His father married a second time, and had several other children afterwards whose prospects in life were not as brilliant as those of Lewis. Whether this occasioned dissension and jealousy we cannot say; but certain we are that it led to the banishment of Lewis from the paternal mansion. By the command of his father, he unwillingly came to Liberty to take charge of his wild lands. Old residents speak of him as an inoffensive and pleasant young man, although somewhat excentric. He wore his hair long, was very fond of hunting, and spent much of his time at the house of his uncle, Doctor Benjamin Hardenbergh. It is said that he did not conceal his dissatisfaction with the life he was compelled to lead.

While living in this way, he determined to take a journey to a remote neighborhood. With his favorite rifle in his hand, and mounted on his saddle-horse, which was splendidly caparisoned, he started from Doctor Hardenbergh's. Cornelius W. Hardenbergh, who was then a lad, and who was afterwards executed for murder, accompanied him a short distance. They parted, and Lewis was never again seen by one of his kindred. His fate is a mystery. Some imagined that he was murdered; others that he was devoured by wild beasts; and others that he went to a distant region to avoid the authority of his father, and that he died there, without leaving any clue as to his antecedents.

When Cornelius W. Hardenbergh murdered Anthony Hasbrouck, the story of Lewis Hasbrouck was revived. By some it was supposed that Hardenbergh had had something to do in causing the disappearance of Lewis, or at least that he was privy to whatever was done. A few moments before he was executed, he was asked if he could throw any light on the fate

of his missing cousin, when he declared in a solemn manner that he could reveal nothing on the subject.

As no one could prove that young Hasbrouck was dead, his estate could not go to his heirs for many years. About forty years afterwards, it was partitioned among them, when they were so numerous that each one's share was a mere bagatelle.

Previous to the organization of the Presbyterian church, and before missionaries of that religious organization were sent into the Blue mountain country, a layman named Nichols occasionally addressed those who were willing to listen to his dissertations on religion and morality. He lived on the Neversink; but whether his name was Robert or Jonathan we cannot determine. Tradition says he was an uneducated man, somewhat fluent, quite zealous, of good natural abilities, and undoubted piety. Necessity seems to have been his warrant for the duties he assumed.

In 1806, the Yankee settlers of Liberty wished to observe thanksgiving-day as they had been in the habit of doing before they came to New York; but there were two difficulties in the way. They had no orthodox minister to preach the regulation-sermon, and the civil authorities appointed no day for the purpose. According to a trite saying, "where there is a will there is a way." They found what day was set apart in Connecticut for thanks to the Great Giver, and then sent for Mr. Nichols, who came and delivered an appropriate sermon in the school-house which then stood on the lot where the house of Doctor Blake Wales was afterwards built. Our informant has, during a long and honorable life, enjoyed many good dinners; but remembers none with so much satisfaction as the one cooked by his mother on that day. He says that he was convinced by the pumpkin-pies, etc., that thanksgiving should take place three hundred and sixty-five times every year!

In 1806, there were but four towns in the county—Mamakating, Lumberland, Neversink and Thompson. Lumberland covered all the Delaware river towns of the present time, as well as Bethel, Callicoon and Liberty. In 1800, there were in the town of Lumberland 733 inhabitants. In 1810 it had been cut up into three towns, which contained the following population:

Lumberland.....	525
Liberty.....	419
Bethel..	737
Total.....	1,681

Previous to the division, the people of three-fourths of Lumberland found it almost impossible to vote or transact town business. Those who resided on the Blue mountain and in its

vicinity, needed roads, bridges, etc., and some of them wanted to be supervisors, assessors, collectors or constables; but with the immense territory of the town—the long and execrable roads through the woods; or, more correctly speaking, with no roads connecting the different sections of the town, what chance was there to gratify a laudable ambition, or to secure what was necessary for the welfare of the Blue mountaineers? There was but one remedy for the evil, and that was secession—peaceable, lawful secession. Petitions were prepared and signed for the erection of a new town. The old name of the settlement was discarded, and the Legislature asked to give that of Liberty to the new organization—a name dear to many of its people, who had fought for freedom and independence so recently. Roswell Russell was particularly active, and incurred some expense in securing the passage of the law erecting the town. The town was erected by the Legislature of 1807, and Roswell Russell presented a bill of items at the first town-meeting, and asked to be re-imbursed; but he found that town-officers as well as republics are ungrateful. Although the people voted that the Supervisor should “discharge” Russell’s expenses, Thomas Crary, who filled the office, allowed him but seven dollars. However, he was given two of the best offices from which to make money in the gift of the people of Liberty, viz: constable and collector:

Below we give extracts from the Town Clerk’s Record:

“First Town Meeting held in Liberty, convened at the house of Roswell Russell, April 7, 1807, according to apt [appointment] of Legislature—at which the following officers were elected:

“Robt. Cochran, Esq., President; Samuel Darbee, Teller of votes; Darius Martin, (unanimous) Town Clerk; Thomas Crary, Supervisor; Ebenezer Carrier, Roswell Babcock, Levi Kimball, Assessors; Samuel Darbee, Daniel S. Stewart, David Brodhead, Commissioners of Highways; Robert Cochran, Nathan Stanton, Overseers of Poor.

“Voted that the Constable and Collector procure sufficient security on bonds for the same.

“Roswell Russell, Wm. Cochran, Constables; Roswell Russell, Collector; John Gorton, Jno. Woodward, Fence Viewers; Stephen Benton, jr., Pound Keeper; Cornelius Cochran, Nathan Stanton, Isaac Carrier, Elizur Russell, Path Masters.

“BY LAWS.—Voted that from and after the 15th of May, and until the 8th Nov. no hogs shall be allowed to run at large unless yoked with a two feet yoke & a ring in the nose. Also that fence viewers shall be paid at the rate of 37½ cents per day.

“That Roswell Russell’s expenses in obtaining a division of the Town be examined by the Supervisor & Town Clerk and discharged by said Supervisor.

“(Seven dollars were allowed on the above account—)

“Voted that the next Town Meeting for 1808, be held at the house of Stephen Benton, Jr.”

The road leading from the Benton Hollow to William Bloodgood’s and so on to the Quaker Spring was laid out in 1807, as well as the road leading from the Neversink line to Nathan Stanton’s.

Until 1808, there was no road leading from Liberty to Monticello by the way of the North Settlement of Thompson. A route had been opened from Monticello as far as Joshua Foster’s and Eleazer Crosby’s, and from Liberty to the place owned by Calvin Bush. In the year named, a road was made from the house of Bush to that of Crosby, and it became the usual route traveled to reach the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike. Previous to this the Hurley road was used. This passed by the Hurley place, and south of Jacob Conklin’s mill, to the farm owned by William DeWitt Stratton. From that point it followed the route now traveled to Thompsonville, and from thence to the turnpike.

In the early days of Liberty and Thompson, a Frenchman named Samuel Mitteer, very narrowly escaped from wolves while passing over the Hurley road. He had been away from home, and was expected to return on a certain day with his little daughter. He started for his house at the appointed time, and while in the woods somewhere between Brown pond and the nearest settlement in Liberty, he was startled by the yelping and howling of wolves. Soon he found they were on his track and in pursuit of him. Taking his child on his shoulders, he fled at his utmost speed. He was a light, wiry, agile man, and not easily exhausted; but encumbered as he was, he saw that his moments were nearly numbered if his safety depended on his speed alone. At first he could think of but one way to get beyond the ravening-jaws of his pursuers; but that involved a horrible sacrifice which would have forever exposed his heart to the gnawings of remorse. By abandoning his child, he could climb into a tree, and get beyond their reach; but with her on his shoulders, he could do nothing of the kind. He would die with her—his little damsel, whose tiny arms were even then clasping his neck. Ah! her death-shriek, when in the jaws of the monsters, would strike him dead.

When some men are in extreme peril, their brains are preternaturally active, and they devise expedients with marvelous rapidity. After Mitteer abandoned the idea of climbing a

tree, in an instant he canvassed every other plan of escape, and saw that it afforded no hope, until he thought of a log bear-trap in the vicinity, which he had seen sometime before. This trap was made in the form of a rectangle, and constructed of logs in such a way that the largest bear could not get out of it, after he had entered and sprung the door. To it the affrighted Frenchman hurried. Into it he thrust his terrified daughter. The door fell securely to its place. She was safe. He then ascended a tree as nimbly as a squirrel, and perched upon the limbs. Here they remained all night, during which the frightened man watched the dusky forms of the snarling animals as they flitted through the under-brush, or gathered around the bear-pen in which he had placed his child. Exhausted and faint, and fearing he would fall and be devoured if he went to sleep, he tied himself to the tree with his cravat and pocket-handkerchief. As may be imagined, that was a long night to Mitteer. You, who upon a bed of anguish, have watched for the coming day, with but little hope of seeing its dawn with mortal eyes, can appreciate the eternity of that night to him. Morning came at last. But when it was once more light, he did not dare to resume his journey.

On the previous evening, his family expected him to return, and became more and more anxious for his safety as hour after hour passed, and he came not. Early the next morning, they alarmed the neighborhood, and several persons went in search of him. Following the Hurley road, they found him still in the tree, and the child in the trap. The wolves had gone; but left behind them abundant evidence that they had been there.

Mitteer was living in the vicinity of his adventure, in 1870. As long as there was a wolf in our woods, he displayed an almost childish terror of that animal. He was yet an active man, although over ninety-five years of age, and but a year or two previously assured the writer of this, that he could mow as well as a boy of sixteen, and his elastic step convinced us that he could then outwalk many robust men. He was an unusual man in many respects. Although he crossed the Atlantic when seven years of age, helped John P. and Samuel F. Jones build the first shanty put up in Monticello, helped build the bridge at Bridgeville, and make the Hudson and Delaware canal, he never saw a steamboat, canal-boat, railroad-car, or an arched bridge. For thirty years, he lived within half a dozen miles of Monticello without going there.

At first the people of Liberty were obliged to go to Kingston to reach a post-office. When Luther Buckley opened his store in 1807, letters were carried forth and back by his teamsters. Four or five years later a post-office was established in Monticello, to which letters and papers for Liberty were sent, and in

1822, the Liberty office was created. Caleb Buckley was its first postmaster.

There was not a painted house in the town previous to 1828, in which year William Ratcliff built a dwelling. Having a natural taste for neatness and order, he looked around for a painter; but could hear of none in the county. Being determined to gratify his inclinations, he painted his house himself.

Mr. Ratcliff came from England, and in 1822 opened a shop in Liberty, and has ever since steadily prosecuted there the business to which he was bred. He is in many respects a peculiar man. Although his youth was spent in a hotel, he early eschewed exhilarants and narcotics, and in his old age continues to hold that tobacco and alcohol in any and every form, are abominations. He has a predilection for the fine arts; but has never had an opportunity to cultivate his talent in that respect; and has a love for antiquarian research. He has in his possession a map of the village of Liberty made by himself, by which it appears that in 1822 the number of buildings from the Darbee road to the Presbyterian parsonage did not exceed a baker's dozen. From this map we learn that John Gorton and John Gorton, junior, occupied a house on the Darbee road; Luther Buckley's hotel was on the corner of this road and the branch-turnpike; east of the hotel was Buckley's carding-machine; on the west side of the turnpike was Buckley's store, in a part of which lived Thomas Ratcliff, with whom William, his brother, boarded; a family named Prindle lived on the premises now occupied by Judge Timothy F. Bush; Philo Buckley's residence was on the Rufus Garrett lot; a man named Short, who subsequently hung himself, lived on the Stephen Stanton property; south of the last named was Samuel Kilbourne; James Garrett occupied the place now of Joseph Grant; Asa Baker the lot where Henry Mead lives; Joseph Simpson a house on the Maffitt lot; James Hubbell's dwelling was near the grist-mill; and Moses Stoddard lived on the Presbyterian parsonage lot. The place was then known as Buckley's, and deer were so numerous that Stoddard shot one in his garden.

Hiram and Philo Sandford were early residents in the vicinity of Stevensville, a thriving village on the west branch of the Mongaup. The place owes its existence to the establishment of a sole-leather tannery here by several brothers named Stevens. They were natives of Schoharie county, where they were bred to the business. In November, 1856, their tannery was burned, and there were circumstances connected with their affairs which led Doctor Stevens, one of the brothers, to remove from the county. It was rebuilt, and has since been owned and the business carried on successfully by Daniel T. Stevens. The village received its name in the following manner: On the 24th

of January, 1848, a meeting of those living near the tannery was held, at which Hiram Sandford, the oldest inhabitant, presided, and was requested to propose a name. He suggested Stevensville, which was unanimously approved. There is a neat Methodist church here, which was dedicated on the 9th of November, 1856.

The streams of Liberty have been subject to destructive floods. On the 24th of July, 1855, three or four showers of rain raised the Mongaup so that it swept off almost everything in its way. At Parksville, the dam of John Lewis and the saw-mill and turning-shop of Knickerbocker & Misner were destroyed. The tan-yard of Grant & Dean at Liberty, was overflowed, leaches torn away, etc. Meadows and grain-fields in the vicinity were submerged and ruined. The tannery of James Gildersleeve & Son was undermined and torn to pieces, and their leather and hides carried down stream. Their loss was \$10,000. Farther down the stream, E. L. Burnham, J. H. Tillotson, Richard Dekay and others had a large amount of property destroyed. The estimated damage done by this flood was \$20,000.

In February, 1857, a professional burglar named Levi Rogers robbed the store of Clements & Messiter, of the village of Liberty, and after removing a considerable quantity of plunder, set fire to the building. The remaining goods and the tenement were destroyed, together with the dwelling of James Hill and the store-house occupied by I. B. Buckley. The latter was owned by George Q. Moon. The entire loss was about \$6,000. It was believed that the fire was accidental, until a fruitless search was made in the ashes of one of the buildings for a considerable number of pennies which had been left in it. This led to suspicion which was at once directed to Rogers. He was arrested, and found guilty after a trial. After being in State's prison three years, he escaped, and returned to the county, where he committed several burglaries. He robbed the house of Wynkoop Kiersted, of Mongaup Valley, among others; for which he was again sent to State's prison.

On the 5th of November, a worthless fellow named William Terpenning was lynched by eleven young men of Bushville. A cow had been ham-strung in that place, and he was charged with the offense; but there was no certain proof that he was guilty. He was dragged from his bed at midnight, taken about one mile to a secluded place, and there whipped until he, fearing that he would be killed, confessed that he lamed the cow. It was believed that he received from three to four hundred lashes. They then brought him to Monticello, believing that they had secured the conviction of a criminal; but got into trouble them-

selves; for as soon as the facts became known, they were arrested, and held for trial; while Terpenning was set free.

LIBERTY NORMAL INSTITUTE.—This academic institution owes its existence to the liberality of John D. Watkins, M. D., a wealthy resident of the town. The buildings were erected in 1847, and with the library and philosophical apparatus, cost nearly \$3,000, every dollar of which was paid by Doctor Watkins. This sum may not seem large when compared with donations for educational purposes in other localities; nevertheless it is the greatest gift to promote learning made by a single individual of Sullivan county. After the erection of the buildings, etc., the property was conveyed to the State, and has since been under the care and supervision of the Regents of the University. It is thus forever dedicated to the uses for which the school was founded. By an act of the Legislature, Doctor Watkins is sole Trustee, as well as perpetual Secretary and Treasurer of "the Board." Hence he is individually responsible for the character of the institution, which has at no time impaired his reputation for sagacity and shrewd management. The school was opened on the 1st of November, 1847, with John F. Stoddard as Principal. Mr. S., like his successors, was a graduate of the State Normal School. Besides being a popular teacher, he became the author of several standard mathematical works. Under him, the Institute acquired a reputation which has been of much advantage to those who have since been its principals, viz: Henry R. Stoddard, Frederick L. Hanford, Z. W. Davis, John Felt, Francis G. Snook, Thomas Robinson and Milo B. Hall.

Doctor Watkins, the founder of this academy, was born on the 7th of June, 1806, near Campbell Hall station, on the Montgomery and Erie railroad, in the town of Hamptonburgh, Orange county, and was a few days old when the great eclipse of that year occurred. Whether the eclipse had an unfavorable effect on the stature or physical development of the doctor, the author is unable to determine; but of this he is sure, nature made no waste material in his formation; for a more compact and economical structure of flesh and bone is seldom encountered. His education, beside what he received at the district school of his native town, was received under the instruction of the late Joel Turrill,* who taught a select school at

* Joel Turrill was born in the State of Vermont, in February, 1794; in 1816, he graduated at Middlebury College; and after studying law in Newburgh, was licensed as an attorney in 1819. During the same year, he opened a law office in Oswego, and for forty years was one of its prominent residents. He held many important offices—was District attorney, First Judge, Member of Congress, Consul at the Sandwich Islands, etc.

Newburgh. Among the school-fellows of young Watkins was the late James G. Clinton, since a Representative in Congress.

At the age of 13 years, the subject of this sketch became the *protege* of a childless uncle (Hezekiah Watkins) of Gardner, Ulster county, who was of the same family, but not a descendant of Rev. Hezekiah Watkins, a Church-of-England clergyman who was imprisoned previous to the Revolutionary war, for writing too freely of colonial dignitaries.* After this, one or two years were spent by John D., in teaching. Among his pupils were some lads who ultimately became conspicuous in the affairs of life. Of this number were Israel O. Beattie, a merchant of Middletown and Rev. Robert H. Beattie, D. D., now a settled minister of New Hurley, Ulster county. He then studied medicine at Montgomery, under Doctor George Eager, a brother of the historian of Orange county, and in 1829, completed his medical education at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Fairfield, Herkimer county, N. Y., which at that time was one of the most prosperous and celebrated in the State, and numbered among its Professors Doctors T. R. Beck, Hadley, Willoughby, De La Mater and McNaughton.

A few weeks after he graduated, Doctor Watkins became a partner of Doctor Blake Wales of Neversink, and while on his way to that town nearly lost his life. There was no bridge at Woodbourne, and Watkins, mounted on a very spirited saddle-horse, undertook to ford the river. The water was swift and deep, and when near the middle of the stream, the Doctor, to prevent it from going over the tops of his boots, raised his heels to each flank of his steed. This frightened the animal, and caused it to deposit the Doctor's body and breeches, as well as his saddle-bags, in the watery element, and at the same time kick at him viciously. A variation of an inch in the direction of the horse's heels, would have been attended with a fatal result. As it was, a portion of the Doctor's scalp was torn from his head. Bewildered by the blow and an involuntary bath, the Doctor scrambled back to the shore from which he had entered, while his horse passed to the other side, where it indulged its propensity for rolling in the dirt, and by doing so, ruined a new saddle!

After practicing with Doctor Wales from May to October, imagining that Mamakating was a more desirable field of labor than Neversink, Doctor Watkins removed to Bloomingburgh, and became a partner of T. C. Van Wyck. Physically and mentally a more diverse team has not existed since Pegasus was made the yoke-fellow of an ox. The one was young, small in stature, quick, energetic, and delicate. The other was in the

* See Eager's History of Orange county.

prime of life, of Brobdignagian proportions, clumsy and robust. Morally, they were more alike. Both were upright and honorable in business affairs, and the utmost harmony prevailed during their brief connection, and ever afterwards.

Doctor Watkins remained in Bloomingburgh a short time, and then returned to Neversink, where he practiced about two years, and then, after marriage with a daughter of Joseph Young, removed to Liberty. Here he entered into mercantile pursuits with his father-in-law, at the latter's residence on the mountain. About two years subsequently, he purchased the stock of goods of the late Caleb Buckley, and commenced business in the village of Liberty on his own account as a merchant. Individually and as a partner of the late John R. Kilbourne and of Alfred Messiter, he continued in this business for a period of twenty-two years. His partnership with the latter was but recently dissolved. He also continued to practice his profession. More than usual success rewarded his efforts. He became prominent, politically, socially and financially. In 1843, he was appointed County Superintendent of Schools; in 1853, he was elected Supervisor of Liberty, and in 1854, Senator from the Orange and Sullivan district.

Doctor Watkins' liberality has not been confined to the Liberty Normal Institute. His children have shared largely in his munificence, he believing it better policy to help them when they needed assistance than to withhold from them until they could help themselves. His son Hezekiah and son-in-law, Henry R. Low, have thus been greatly benefited by his favors. To the Methodist Episcopal Church of Liberty he has been one of the principal supporters, having donated to it first and last over one thousand dollars. During the recruiting of the 143d Regiment N. Y. V. I., he gave five hundred dollars to accelerate the organization of Company A.* He also purchased and presented to the Watkins Fire Engine Company a fine engine at a cost of about \$325. The Rev. Uriah Messiter, a popular preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when a boy, lived with him, and was a clerk in his store for several years. Soon after he entered the ministry, Doctor W. presented him with a horse, wagon and harness worth from \$300 to \$500. Perhaps no resident of Sullivan, except Archibald C. Niven and the late Austin Strong, has made a more liberal use of his fortune than Doctor Watkins. Hence we give him this extended notice.

The Baptists were the first to organize a society in Liberty and Neversink. Their mode of labor was well adapted to poor and sparsely settled regions. Their elders and preachers were

* Hezekiah Watkins (a son of Doctor Watkins) commanded this Company, and for meritorious services was promoted to the colonelcy of the regiment.

taken from the gifted brethren, and when it appeared that they possessed spiritual and mental traits which fitted them for the sacred office, they were chosen and ordained, without being compelled to undergo a long and expensive training. According to their belief, a teacher was called of God to the holy office—the call was made manifest through the walk and conversation of the “gifted,” and when this occurred, the Church received him as a teacher. As the privileges of the gospel were esteemed higher than earthly riches, the clergy received little or no wages from the congregation, and a hireling priesthood were esteemed an abomination. People who felt too poor to pay for the services of a minister, gladly received as spiritual teachers those who claimed no material reward. The creed of the Baptists was intensely Calvinistic, and their Church government as democratic as the institutions of the North American Indians.

The Church of Neversink was constituted as “The Baptist Church of Christ in Neversink,” on the 9th of January, 1811. It was the fruit of a society which had existed for several years, and which had been known as the “Neversink Branch of Pleasant Valley Church.” Levi Hall was its elder. It is probable other preachers had preceded him.

A society existed in Liberty previous to 1810. It was called “The Neversink Branch of Pleasant Valley Church, that part resident in the Town of Liberty.” The earliest written record of this “Branch” is dated August 12th, 1809, on which day a church-meeting was held at the house of Darius Martin. Nathaniel J. Gilbert was chosen moderator, and Mr. Martin, clerk. Ephraim Gates was elected leader. The Book of Records shows that at this period Nathaniel J. Gilbert, Darius Martin, Ephraim Gates, Roswell Babcock, Silas B. Palmer, William Bloodgood, John Smith, William White, Abel Hodge, Submit Hodge, Anna Russell, Truman Barns, Joab Bowers, Lydia Bowers, Isaac Furman, Samuel Gilbert, Levi Gates, John Hall and others were members, and that Levi Hall was the “beloved elder and watchman.” During Mr. Hall’s eldership, a delightful spirit of devotion and charity prevailed. The love of the members for each other was only exceeded by their love of God. A motion to form a separate Church was unanimously rejected on the 12th of August, 1809.

In 1822, this Church had 42 members; in 1827, 60; in 1828, 65; in 1840, 36; in 1841, 30.

This “branch of the vine” was regularly watered by Elder Hall, and occasionally by Elders Lathrop, Ball, Wright, Owen, Campbell, Gilbert, Grinnell, Woolsey, Davies, Hait, Hozier, Hewett, etc. But little is remembered of these visiting elders

except this: Some of the ancient sisters yet living, aver that Campbell was the homeliest man who ever administered the ordinance of baptism.

For nearly ten years after its formation, amity and peace prevailed, when trifling contentions began to stir the placid waters. A member caused scandal in Zion by absconding. Some of the sisters, forgetting that the tongue is an unruly member, gave free license to their vocal organs, and some of the brothers were guilty of various venal sins. Among them was a John Capron, who, before he joined the Liberty society, had received "a request from the Thompson town Church to improve his gift in the Peenpack branch of said Church." Without any other authority from the Church, he persisted in laboring wherever he pleased, contrary to the known wishes of a majority of the brethren. This caused a sharp controversy, which led to the excommunication of Capron. Abel Hodge was rebuked for using a letter of approbation as he understood it; but as it was not understood by the society. This led to his severance from the Church.

From this time forth until it ceased to exist, contention prevailed in this branch of the Baptist Church.

In May, 1821, Elder John Boozer, from Morristown, New Jersey, located in Liberty, and for several years preached and administered the ordinances. Caleb Bush and Abial P. Worden became members by profession during the next three or four years, and Philip C. Broom by letter. All three became elders or preachers.

On the 4th of December, 1824, it was resolved to alter the name of the Church, and that it be called "The Baptist Church of Christ in Liberty." At the same meeting fellowship was withdrawn from a member for "giving up the practice of religion," and from another for immoral conduct, and "brother Philip Broom was licensed to preach the Gospel of Christ." Broom was not ordained until December 14, 1826, when five distinguished elders laid hands on him at the house of Isaac Carrier; Elder Z. Grinnell preached the ordaining sermon from Revelations, 4th chapter, 6th, 7th and 8th verses; the consecrating prayer was made by Elder Daniel T. Hill; the charge was delivered by Elder Gilbert Beebe; and the right hand of fellowship tendered by Elder Alanson Draper.

On the 6th of October, 1827, Brothers Obadiah Childs, Thomas B. Clayton and Levi Gates were appointed "trustees" to circulate subscriptions to build a meeting-house; but it does not appear that they met with much success, as no house of worship was built. At the same time Brother Abijah Brundage was selected to serve as deacon at the Neversink, and Caleb Bush was licensed to preach.

After this the record shows that Elder Broom had a controversy with Hamilton Gregory and Betsey Welton, and that the Church sustained the Elder and condemned the others, who confessed that they were in fault; but were nevertheless excommunicated.

In the fall of 1829, a controversy began between Elder Broom and Elder Bush, which caused much trouble for two or three years. It grew out of a note to which the name of the latter was attached, and some worthless buckwheat-straw. Bush was put on trial and cut off from the Church. Various proceedings took place. Nearly one-third of the members favored Bush, and signed a petition for a council to restore him, etc.; but they only succeeded in getting themselves into trouble, and several of them were dealt with in a summary manner. The trouble was not arranged until the fall of 1832, when Bush was restored.

In these and other controversies, Elder Broom was always the successful party; but to the prosperity of the Church they resulted in gangrene and death. In 1834, Elder Worden was the pastor. After this Elder Broom officiated occasionally until 1854, when there were but few members except himself. He was then excommunicated for heresy by those having authority, and the Church ceased virtually to exist. Its extinction was accelerated by a revival in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches of the town in 1844, and the formation of a New School Church in Parksville.

The dissensions of the Old School Baptist Church of Liberty and other causes led to the formation of the present organization known as the Baptist Church of Parksville. This Church was constituted of seven members in 1840, viz: Joseph Taylor, David H. Parks, Martha Parks, William Fisk, Henry Barton and Mrs. — Wilson. Taylor and Fisk were the first deacons. The church-edifice was erected in 1841, and cost about \$1,500. The list of members now numbers ninety, and there are in the town about one hundred and fifty New School Baptists.

The Baptist Church of Liberty is an offshoot of the Parksville Church. It was incorporated January 31st, 1859. John Darbee, John T. Clements and Edwin Porter were the first trustees. A house of worship was built during the next summer. The trustees and Doctor William W. Murphy were the building-committee. The church lot was donated by Mrs. Arletta Leroy.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF LIBERTY.—It appears from the records that the first meeting held pursuant to the organization of a Church was on the 30th day of September, 1809, at which Mr. Asa Baker acted as moderator. The following

"call" for this meeting is recorded in the books of the Church: "The Inhabitants of the Town of Liberty are hereby requested to meet at the school house near Mr. Asa Baker's, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of Sept. Instant, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of holding a society meeting, and any other business proper to be done at S^d meeting." It appears that the object of this meeting was to organize a kind of religious society without the sanction, as yet, of any ecclesiastical court. The "Society" met again on the 21st day of October, 1809, at the same place, at which, no business (that appears) was done but electing Isaiah Hurd clerk of the meeting. A third meeting was held at the same place on the 18th day of November, 1809, at which the following vote was passed: "That we be called the first Presbyterian Congregation Society in the Town of Liberty, county of Sullivan & State of N. York, under the Presbytery of Hudson & General Assembly of the United States of America." At this meeting three trustees were elected, viz: Robert Young, Isaac Carrier and Calvin Bush. At another meeting, held on the 23d day of November, in the same year, 66 names were subscribed as composing the society. At a subsequent meeting, the following vote was passed: "That we send one delegate to the Presbytery that sets at Hopewell the second Thursday of Sept. Inst., & that Deacon David Kilborn be the delegate." This last meeting was held on the 1st of September, 1810. In a separate book of records kept by the Session of the Church from its beginning, we learn that the Church was *formally and authoritatively* organized by the direction of the Presbytery of Hudson, on the 6th day of September, 1810. The Rev. Daniel C. Hopkins, who had been preaching as a missionary under the care of the Presbytery, was sent as a committee of organization. The exercises of the occasion were opened with prayer by Mr. Hopkins, when the following persons appeared and requested to be constituted a distinct branch of the Church of Christ, to be called the 1st Presbyterian Church of Liberty: Elizabeth Carrier, late of Colebrook, Connecticut; Eunice Hurd, late of Woodbury, Connecticut; Comfort Baker, late of Colchester; Susan Fish; David Kilbourne, late of Colchester, Connecticut; Mary Kilbourne, late of Colchester, Connecticut; Lucy Hall; William Hurley, late of Bethlehem, New York; Jonathan Nichols, late of Stratford, Connecticut; Eber Hall; Daniel Bush, late of Colebrook, Connecticut. Eber Hall, Lucy Hall, and Susan Fish made a public profession of their faith for the first time on this occasion. David Kilbourne and Daniel Bush were elected to the office of ruling elder. After reading a summary of the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church, and a form of a covenant by which the new Church was to be governed, Mr. Hopkins closed the

services with a sermon on Genesis 45:21—"See that ye fall not out by the way." On Sabbath, 9th of September, 1810, this infant Church celebrated the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time. The membership of the Church, by additions at almost every communion season, was increased to about 135 in 1840. The present membership in good and regular standing is not quite 100. The Church had no settled pastor till 1840; but was supplied, somewhat irregularly with preaching by ministers sent to it by the Presbytery. These remained, some a longer and some a shorter time. From 16 to 20 different ministers supplied the Church with preaching from the date of its organization to the year 1840. The following are the names of some of the supplies: Daniel C. Hopkins, Henry Ford, Noah Coe, Thomas Grier, Ezra Fisk, Reuben Porter, John Boyd, James Hyndstan, Edwin Doran, William MacMasters, A. Dean, Abner Morse, William McJimpsey, Sam'l Pelton, John B. Fish, Charles Cummins, J. W. Babbitt, Michael Carpenter, and Daniel Dougherty. The Rev. James Petrie (now of Montana, New Jersey,) was the first settled pastor of this Church. He was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Hudson on the 30th of September, 1840; but had preached for the people during the previous year. At the installation services, Rev. Mr. Leggett, of Hopewell, preached the sermon; Mr. Blain, of Goodwill, gave the charge to the people, and Mr. Bull, now of West Town, gave the charge to the pastor. The pastoral relation between Mr. Petrie and this Church was dissolved on the 13th of January, 1852, and he was succeeded by the Rev. John N. Boyd, now of Circleville. Mr. B. was installed on the 28th of September, 1852, by a committee of the Presbytery of Hudson consisting of the Rev. W. D. Snodgrass, D. D., now of Goshen, Orange county, James Adams, Thaddeus Wilson and W. J. Blain. The pastoral relation between Mr. Boyd and the Church was dissolved on the 28th of September, 1858. Mr. Boyd was succeeded in the pastorate by the Rev. T. Mack, now of Spring Valley, N. Y. Mr. Mack was installed on the 1st of May, 1859. The present pastor, the Rev. J. Napier Husted, succeeded Mr. Mack, and was installed on the 10th of June, 1868, by a committee of Presbytery, consisting of the Rev. Theron Brittain, now of Cohecton; Rev. R. Davison, now of Westchester, N. Y., and the Rev. Floyd Crane, now of Goshen.

From the date of its organization in 1810, to 1829, the congregation appear to have worshiped in a "School-house near Asa Baker's." It is a fact worthy of notice, that the school-house in which this Church had its first organized existence, and in which it worshiped for so many years, stood near the site of the present church-edifice—just in the rear.

The first record we have of an intention or effort to erect a

house of worship is the following: "Voted that the trustees of the Society circulate subscriptions here and abroad, for the purpose of raising money to build a Meeting-house." This vote was taken at a meeting held on the 7th day of January, 1811. There is no record that gives any knowledge as to whether the above "vote" was carried into effect, till the 19th day of February, 1827, when, (at a meeting held on that day) another "vote" was taken as follows: "Voted that this Society build a tower for the purpose of placing a bell for the use of the Society." The inference is that somewhere between the years 1811 and 1827, a structure had been erected, capable of supporting a tower and a bell. As to when this building was finished, there is no means of telling. Tradition tells us, however, that it was many years in being carried to completion. The 5th day of January, 1829, is the date of the *first* meeting of the congregation held in the church; and the 20th of June, 1829, the date of the *first* meeting of the Session held in the church. This first church-building stood on an elevation about a quarter of a mile from the village of Liberty, and on the road leading to Woodbourne. Under the ministry of the Rev. James Petrie, this building became too small to accommodate the congregation, and accordingly was enlarged and remodeled in 1849. It was dedicated in February, 1850—the *precise day* not being given. Dr. Phillips, of New York City, now deceased, preached the dedicatory sermon. This building was set apart for the worship of God free of debt. It stood till late in the summer of 1870, when, being greatly out of repair, it was taken down and re-erected on a new site in the center of the village. The church thus rebuilt the second time and greatly beautified, was re-dedicated to the worship of the Triune God, on the 13th day of July, 1871. The pastor, the Rev. J. Napier Husted, made the dedicatory prayer, and the Rev. Charles Beattie of Middletown, New York, preached the sermon. Rev. Luther Littell, of Mt. Hope, Walter S. Brown, of Woodbourne, and James Norris, of Shavertown, also took part in the services.*

Besides the churches already noticed, there are in Liberty the following:

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE VILLAGE OF LIBERTY.
—A class was organized in the neighborhood in 1814, by Rev. Peter P. Sanford, who was then the preacher in charge of the circuit. He was one of the most beloved Methodist preachers who ever visited this region, as the frequent occurrence of the baptismal name of Sanford proves. In 1826, Methodism was

* Statement of Rev. J. Napier Husted.

in such a flourishing condition here, that a church was built. Twenty years afterwards, this building was found to be outside of the new village which had sprung up; consequently the present church-edifice was erected. The lot for the new church-edifice was donated by John D. Watkins, M. D., who also contributed largely to the fund for building the church and parsonage.

The exodus from Ireland, caused by the great famine, gave to Liberty, as well as other towns of Sullivan, a considerable Roman Catholic population. Over them Rev. Daniel Mogan of Ellenville had the charge until his death in 1872, in which year Saint Peter's Church of Liberty was built at an expense of about \$5,000.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF LIBERTY.

From		To
1807	Thomas Crary	1809
1809	Darius Martin	1815
1815	Joseph Hill	1816
1816	Darius Martin	1819
1819	Reuben Hall	1823
1823	Darius Martin	1824
1824	Joseph Young	1828
1828	Joseph Grant	1832
1832	Joseph Young	1833
1833	Nathaniel B. Hill	1834
1834	Joseph Young	1835
1835	Luther Bush	1838
1838	Isaac Horton	1840
1840	Edward Young	1841
1841	Luther Bush	1842
1842	Henry Mead	1843
1843	Joseph Young	1845
1845	James F. Bush	1847
1847	Benjamin P. Buckley	1850
1850	Horace H. Crary	1851
1851	Benjamin P. Buckley	1852
1852	Ares B. Leroy	1853
1853	John D. Watkins	1854
1854	Robert Y. Grant	1855
1855	Ares B. Leroy	1856
1856	John R. Kilbourne	1859
1859	Robert Y. Grant	1860
1860	Edward H. Pinney	1861
1861	Edwin Fobes	1863
1863	Benjamin W. Baker	1864
1864	Billings Grant	1865
1865	Thomas Crary	1868
1868	Oscar B. Grant	1869
1869	John H. Allen	1871
1871	George Young	1872
1872	Uriah S. Messiter	1874

CHAPTER XII.

THE TOWN OF LUMBERLAND.

This town is situated west of the Mongaup and north of the Delaware river, and in the angle formed by the junction of the two streams. Its surface is rugged and broken, although it has a fair share of land susceptible of cultivation. A large part of it is yet in a wilderness-state, all but about two thousand acres being unimproved. This is owing to causes which will be stated hereafter.

At the mouth of the Mongaup, the altitude above the ocean level is 550 feet.* Being the extreme southern point of our territory, of moderate elevation, and environed by mountains, its climate is mild and desirable.

The streams of Lumberland furnish sufficient water-power for the requirements of its citizens, and it has several of those beautiful lakes which abound in nearly every section of the county. Among them is Lebanon in the northern; Round, Sand and Haggai's in the western; Long in the central, and Metaque in the eastern part of the town.

The last is about two miles from the Mongaup, and three hundred feet above it. On its outlet is a beautiful cascade. After running over a rocky bed, the water leaps down about one hundred feet into the Mongaup. The lake has in it the usual varieties of fish found in such sheets of water, and what is quite remarkable, eels of large dimensions abound in it. Naturalists assert that this mysterious fish will not continue or produce its kind in situations where it cannot visit the ocean and return.† No fish can ascend a perpendicular fall of one hundred feet. How then do eels find a way from salt-water to Metaque pond?

* French's Gazetteer.

† For hundreds of years, naturalists have failed to discover the reproductive organs of the eel, and to distinguish the male from the female. Recently it has been announced that, as certain flowers are staminate and pistillate, so each eel contains within itself the elements of generation. Its ovaries and testis are not developed until it visits the ocean, where it produces its offspring. The latter ascend fresh water channels, and live there until instinct causes them to return to their native element.—See *Harpers' Magazine for December, 1872.*

Long pond is long and narrow, and has bold, rocky-shores, except at the north end, where there is a marsh. Midway from each extremity is a beautiful island of about two acres.

Haggai's pond, it is said, received its name from a man called Haggai, who settled near it previous to the Revolutionary war. It is of unusual shape, and what is quite remarkable, in one part of it the water measures but four feet below the surface, while around this shoal, the descent is very abrupt, and the water deep.

Sand pond is situated on or near the line between Lumberland and Highland. There is a large quantity of sand in and around this lake, suitable for the making of glass. Since 1812 it has been used for that purpose by several manufacturers. From that year to 1820, it was carted to Pond Eddy, and from there taken down the river to James W. Ridgeway's factory, about two miles above Port Jervis. More recently it has been transported to Honesdale. As there is an abundance of wood in the vicinity, and Sand pond is of easy access from the Erie Railway and the Delaware and Hudson canal, it is singular that no enterprising capitalist has engaged in making glass at this point.

Round pond is a pretty sheet of water which outlets into Mud pond brook.

Mud pond makes no pretense to beauty, and therefore we have not classed it with those lakes which command admiration. Other ponds bear the same name, but this is the only one which deserves it. It is about one mile long, from twenty to forty rods wide, has bold rocky shores, and is composed of mud of an unknown depth, with an occasional patch of turbid water. From this remarkable morass runs a large stream of water.

Lebanon pond in the north is an attractive sheet of water, particularly to anglers.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1800	733	no record	no record	no record
1810*	525	\$98,115	\$128.33	\$140.02
1820	569	123,425	264.21	266.51
1830	953	109,114	834.47	705.24
1840	1,205	78,241	728.96	322.01
1850	2,635	220,403	408.82	1,466.58
1860†	970	196,005	211.80	1,398.57
1870	1,065	186,910	2,440.19	3,925.94

* Liberty and Bethel were erected between 1800 and 1810.

† Highland and Tusten became towns during the previous decade.

The early history of this town is involved in obscurity. The first settler of whom we have information was a man named John Showers, who lived near the mouth of the Mongaup. He kept a tavern there previous to 1790, as we learn from the old Records of Mamakating. There is no doubt that he lived there previous to the Revolutionary war, and that his house was well known to the red and white trappers and hunters of the Mongaup and Delaware. He was probably one of those unscrupulous men who have been a greater bane to the Indians than "war, pestilence and famine," and that he established himself here to exchange fire-water for furs and peltries.

Tom Quick, the Indian-slayer, was often the guest of Showers, and the log-cabin of the latter was the scene of one of his exploits. On one occasion, Quick and three or four other white hunters had sought the shelter of Showers' bark-roof, when a savage entered and asked permission to stay all night. He was told that he could lodge there. After spending the evening pleasantly, the party wrapped themselves in their blankets, and stretched themselves upon the floor. All were soon asleep except Quick, who had resolved to murder the red man, and remained awake, watching for a favorable moment to accomplish his unjustifiable purpose. When the deep breathing of the others announced that they were unconscious, Tom cautiously got his gun. In a few moments the hunters were aroused by an explosion, and found the savage dead in their midst. The assassin, immediately after firing, left the cabin, and disappeared in the woods. As the red men were then almost exclusive occupants of the surrounding country, and would avenge the death of their brother, if informed of it, the murder was concealed for many years.*

Showers was living in Lumberland in 1792, as well as a person named Joseph Showers. The latter was probably the son of the former. Both were men of some property, and were then on the tax-roll of Mamakating, which town at that time covered Lumberland.

The history of this town will not be complete without an account of Tom Quick, whose favorite hunting ground was in Lumberland. He was born at Milford, Pennsylvania, where his father settled in 1733, and was the descendant of respectable and affluent ancestors, who came from Holland and became residents of Ulster county previous to 1689. At Milford the Quicks prospered, and became the owners of valuable real estate, including mills; but they were surrounded by savages, to whose manners and customs Tom, as he was called, became so much attached that his mode of life resembled that of a

* Tom Quick and the Pioneers.

Lenape hunter. He lived in amity with the savages; participating with them in their amusements and pursuits, until the French and Indian war, when they killed his father under very aggravating circumstances. This turned Tom's friendship to inappeasable hostility, and he solemnly swore that he never would be at peace with the red race as long as one of them hunted on the banks of the Delaware; and there is no doubt that he embraced every safe opportunity to murder the savages while they remained in the country, or visited it from their new homes west of the Alleghanies.

The number of Indians slain by him is no doubt very much exaggerated in popular estimation. Many believe that he killed nearly one hundred; but there is no certainty that the actual number exceeds ten or fifteen.

Several years since we met with a nephew of Tom Quick,* who was with the Indian-slayer many times previous to the death of the latter. To him Tom communicated the following statement, which is no doubt a true one:

"After the French and Indian war, an Indian named Musk-wink returned to the lower valley of the Neversink. He was a drunken vagabond, and was often at the tavern kept by a man named Decker. Tom visited Decker's while Muskwink was there. The savage as usual was intoxicated. He asked Tom to drink with him; but Tom angrily and contemptuously refused to do so; when the other boasted that he was concerned in the killing of Thomas Quick, senior; and that he had scalped the old man with his own hand. As if this was not enough to rouse a demon in Tom's heart, he mimicked the dying struggles of the father, and exhibited the silver sleeve-buttons worn by his victim. Tom was unarmed; but seeing a gun hanging against a beam overhead, he took it down, saw it was loaded and primed, and then cocked it. Before Muskwink could escape or resist, the muzzle was within a few feet of his breast, and he was ordered to leave the house. The savage sullenly resigned himself to the guidance of Tom, who drove him into the main road leading from Kingston to Minisink, and after proceeding about a mile towards Carpenter's Point, shot him in the back. Tom then took possession of the sleeve-buttons which had belonged to his father, put the dead body near the upturned roots of a tree, hastily kicked some dirt and leaves over it, and then returned to Decker's and placed the gun where he had found it. After doing this, he left the neighborhood. If an attempt was made to arrest him, he eluded his pursuers. It was not difficult to do so, because the frontiers-men of the Delaware very generally applauded his crime, and believed that

* The late Jacob Quick, of Callicoon.

the aggravating circumstances under which he acted were a full and sufficient justification.

Several years after this event, a man named Philip Decker, while cultivating the land on which the Indian was killed, plowed up his bones.

Not long after the killing of Muskwink, Tom murdered an entire family, consisting of an Indian, his squaw and three children, the youngest a suckling. The party were quietly passing through Butler's Rift in a canoe, when Tom, who was in ambush among the tall reed-grass on the shore, rose up, aimed his gun at them, and ordered them to come ashore. They did not dare to disobey. When they had got near enough, Tom shot the man, and tomahawked the others. Before he killed the youngest pappoose, his heart for a moment relented; but suddenly remembering that if he let it live, it would become an Indian, he did not spare it. In his old age, when asked why he killed the children, his invariable reply was, "Nits make lice!"

We are aware that this relation has been severely criticised. It has been said of it, that it is incredible, and that if true no record of it should be made. As to its truth: Tom repeatedly described the affair with all its brutal details to Jacob Quick, our informant. Jacob Quick believed that the story was true as firmly as he believed in the truth of the Christian faith, to the verity of which he bore testimony from his youth to old age. As to the other objection: Our histories of Indian wars are replete with narratives which illustrate the cruelty and barbarity of the red men of our country, while they contain but few and imperfect pictures of the brutality, licentiousness and greed of the white savages who have debauched, wronged and exterminated nearly an entire race of people. All history which is not impartial and true, is a fraud. Therefore, believing that what is set down in the preceding paragraph is true, we will let the record stand.

Besides these there is but little doubt that Tom killed two Indians at Hagan's pond, one at the house of Showers on the Mongaup, and was implicated in the murder of Canope at Handsome Eddy. According to his own statement, he also destroyed an indefinite number while hunting. He assured our informant, that when he heard the report of a gun while in the woods, he went cautiously to the point where it was fired, and generally found an Indian skinning a bear or a deer, after which it was easy to send a bullet through his head or heart.

While hunting in Lumberland, Tom was in the habit of staying at the house of a relative named Peter Quick, who, according to the Records of Mamakating, lived on the old Cocheton road, about midway between the Mongaup and

Beaver brook. Peter sometimes accompanied the Indian-slayer when the latter engaged in hunting and trapping. While thus engaged, they were on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, at Pond Eddy, when they saw an Indian named William George in a canoe on the river, and coming directly towards them. Tom made his companion squat in the reed-grass, and told him that they would have some sport with the red-skin. They remained concealed until the savage came close to them, when Tom rushed from the grass, aimed his rifle at him, and ordered him to come ashore. When he had obeyed Tom's command, he was asked his business, etc., and told that he must die. And Tom would have shot him, if Peter, who was a humane man, had not interfered, and with much difficulty saved the Indian's life. The latter was then ordered to be gone, and at once paddled off in fine style. As he was retreating, Tom aimed his rifle at him, and exclaimed in *very* Low Dutch. "*Ho could ich, de dunder! out de cano tumbly!*" ("Thunder! how I could tumble him out of the canoe!") During the remainder of the day he was very morose, and seemed to be angry at himself because he had permitted the Indian to escape.

From the fact that this took place while there were Indians in the vicinity, we are led to believe that Peter Quick settled in Lumberland before the Revolutionary war; for the savages did not frequent that region after 1783.

In 1792, Peter E. Gumaer, of Peenpack, was one of the collectors of Mamakating. His district extended from the mouth of the Mongaup to the Callicoon, and probably included a part or all of Deerpark. In 1853, he furnished for Lotan Smith's Agricultural History of Sullivan a list of tax-payers, who, sixty-one years previously, were on his list, and, according to his recollection, lived in what was once the town of Lumberland.

Although this list is not infallible, we give it, premising that the Records of Mamakating show that Solomon Wheat lived in Mount Hope or Deerpark, and that Creeley and one or two others did not reside in Lumberland:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
John Showers.....	0	1	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	*Nathaniel Mitchell	0	2	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Joseph Quick.....	0	2	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	†John Thomas.....	0	5	0
*Nicholas Conklin...	0	2	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	†Jonathan Dexter..	0	0	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
*Paul Tyler.....	0	0	8 $\frac{3}{4}$	John Beemer.....	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
*Charles Tyler.....	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	†John Cole.....	0	0	0 $\frac{1}{4}$
*Job Jones.....	0	2	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	Israel Hodge.....	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
*John Ross.....	0	0	11	Martin Decker.....	0	0	11 $\frac{1}{4}$

* Supposed residents of Cohecton and Delaware.

† Residents of Tusten.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
*James Ross.....	0	0	8	†John Moore.....	0	3	0 $\frac{1}{4}$
*William Conklin....	0	0	11	Peter Creeley.....	0	0	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Solomon Wheat.....	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	George Lane.....	0	0	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
†Jesse Wells.....	0	1	7	Joseph Showers....	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
†Thomas Barnes.....	0	0	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Henry Quick.....	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
†Abraham Barnes....	0	1	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	Samuel Dailey.....	0	1	10
†Thos. Reeve.....	0	2	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	Elias Davis.....	0	1	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
†Joshua Carpenter...	0	2	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	John Dailey.....	0	0	5
Matthew Quick.....	0	1	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	†William Wells....	0	0	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
Abner Lane.....	0	0	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	†David Wells.....	0	0	9 $\frac{3}{4}$

By an act of the Legislature passed March 16, 1798, Neversink was taken from Rochester and Lumberland from Mamacating. The act first provides for the erection of the former, and in a subsequent section for the latter, so that, although Neversink first saw the light, the two may be termed twin-sisters. Lumberland was thus bounded by the Legislature which gave it existence: "On the north-east by the Delaware river; on the north-west by the county of Delaware; on the south-west by Rochester; and on the east by the Mongaup river."

We have copied the description here given from the original Session Laws of 1798. Taking the letter of the law as a guide, no man could have found the bounds of the town. A greater piece of legislative bungling was never perpetrated.

The name of Lumberland was derived from what was then the leading pursuit of its inhabitants. Although the town now covers but 32,335 acres, it at first comprised an area of nearly 300,000, and included Highland, Tusten, Cohecton, Delaware and Bethel, and so much of Fallsburgh, Liberty, Callicoon and Fremont as was not originally in the town of Rochester.

In 1800, Lumberland had a population of 733 souls. Except a few families located in Liberty, and at one or two other points, the residents of the town lived in the valley of the Delaware or its immediate vicinity, and were engaged in lumbering. The town was an immense wilderness of valuable timber. The forests consisted principally of white and yellow pine, oak, chestnut, and hemlock. The soil of the southern portion, except a few small tracts of valley land, was considered worthless for agricultural purposes. Hence the possession of farm-lots was not considered desirable, and real estate was held in large parcels by non-residents, (principally citizens of Orange county,) whose aim was to convert the timber into cash at the least possible expense to themselves. To do this, they built mills, and employed choppers, teamsters and sawyers, who were controlled

* Supposed residents of Cohecton and Delaware.
 † Residents of Highland.

† Residents of Tusten.

by resident agents. Each establishment had its little community of employees, a majority of whom lived in make-shift tenements, some of whom did not even cultivate a garden, and all of whom received wages which left no surplus at the end of the year. The region was thus stripped and plundered of its natural wealth. It was the fountain-head of a stream which swept to distant localities its auriferous stores, and diminished its own riches in the ratio it added to the consequence of other regions.

Until a recent day, it was believed that there would be nothing in Lumberland to stimulate enterprise as soon as the original forests were swept away. Happily this belief was not well founded. That part of the town which borders on the Delaware, contains an almost inexhaustible source of wealth. If the name of Lumberland once suggested the principal industry of the town, Stoneland or Rockland would now be a more appropriate appellation. It was found that the superficial stratum of rock was what is known to quarrymen as blue-stone. In 1868, Messrs. Mills & Cash, an Ulster county firm which had successfully prosecuted the business in Ulster, opened extensive quarries near Pond Eddy. They were followed by Henry W. Decker. In 1870, the firm of Decker, Kilgore & Co. formed a joint stock company known as the New York and Pennsylvania Blue Stone Company. This organization has a capital of one million of dollars, and has leased of James D. Decker more than one-third of the town. It is said that its annual transactions reach a sum equal to the nominal capital of the company.

Although the new interest may be developed more rapidly by those who now control it, than if diffused among the residents of the town, it is probable that a large share of the profits which will arise from it will enrich non-residents.

Among the early settlers since the Revolutionary war, we may mention Joshua Knight and P. VanAuken on the Mongaup; Sears Gardner, Elnathan Corey and the Middaughs at Pond Eddy, as well as the Deckers, Sears G. Tuthill, John Rinck and William Ryerson. The descendants of several of these persons are not among the present inhabitants of the town. Elnathan Corey kept the first tavern, and Levi Middaugh and Solon Cooper the first store at Pond Eddy. A. M. Farnham was the pioneer school-teacher.

We should add to the above list the names of Adam White and Philip Decker. Decker came from New Jersey. Abram W. Decker, a former Member of Assembly, and James D. Decker, who represented Lumberland for many years in the Board of Supervisors, and is now (1873) Sheriff of Sullivan county, are sons of Philip Decker.

The firm of Middaugh & Cooper was dissolved in 1830 in con-

sequence of the mysterious disappearance of Cooper. This Middaugh was respectably connected. Cooper had a wife and children with whom he lived in concord. As a husband and father he was remarkably kind and affectionate, and we believe he was prosperous in his affairs.

On the 23d of August, he left home to transact business at Mongaup Valley, where he hoped to collect a sum of money due the firm from Jeremiah Gale; at Monticello, where he intended to leave several deeds at the County Clerk's office; and at Kingston, where he intended to pay a considerable sum on account of the firm. When he started, he took with him the necessary funds for the latter purpose. On his way he passed through Forestburgh, where he called on Adam White, and then proceeded to the house of Marshall Perry, where he remained all night. On the 24th, he resumed his journey, and stopped at various houses on his way to make inquiries as to the route to Mongaup Valley. The last place where he was seen was at DeWitt Decker's, three miles from the valley. Here he made the usual inquiries and left. He never reached Gale's, and no further trace of him could be found. On the 6th of October, Middaugh published an advertisement in the *Republican Watchman*, in which he declared that he was ignorant of Cooper's fate; that the business of the firm had terminated, and cautioned the public not to trust Cooper on its account. From this it appears that Middaugh believed his late partner had absconded. Others, however, came to a different conclusion. They believed that the missing man was murdered, and for a time much excitement prevailed in regard to the matter.

On the 24th of September, 1831, the people of Thompson and Bethel, at the request of Mr. Gale, turned out to search for Cooper's remains; and again on the 29th of October, on the call of Mr. Gale, Hezekiah Howell and Asa Hall; but on neither occasion was a clue found to his mysterious disappearance. If, in accordance with the general belief, he was murdered, his bones may yet be found in or near West Settlement.

On the 17th of December, 1843, one of the small ponds of Lumberland was the scene of a sad tragedy. Cornelius Letts, aged 22 years, while crossing the pond, broke through the ice. As his brother was vainly endeavoring to rescue him, a young lady to whom Cornelius expected to be married on the next day, and who lived in the vicinity, attracted by his cries, came to the shore, and, after witnessing his struggles to escape, saw him sink to rise no more. The clergyman who was engaged to perform the marriage ceremony came according to agreement; but instead of finding Cornelius arrayed in marriage garments, he found him enshrouded for the grave. A funeral sermon was delivered over the remains of the unfortunate young man at the

very hour set for the wedding. We have seldom met with an incident which more forcibly illustrates the uncertainty of human affairs.

About the year 1850, the question of once more dividing Lumberland began to be seriously discussed. The town contained over 90,000 acres of land, and its river-front extended from the Mongaup to the south-western corner of Cocheton. Even when the town-business was transacted at a central point, some of the people found it difficult to go to and return from that point in a single day, and the roads were so rough that the journey was irksome and not altogether without peril. The first proposition for a division was made in 1852, and came from Charles S. Woodward, Jonathan Hawks, Sears R. Gardner, George Swartz, John S. Hughes, Richard W. Corwin, C. C. Murray, James R. Hankins, Duncan Boyd and others, who petitioned for the erection of an additional town from Lumberland. This, although favored by a large number of leading citizens, was not satisfactory to a majority of the inhabitants, whose discontent with such an arrangement was made manifest by a counter-application from Benjamin B. Parker, Robert Atkins, Justus Hickok, Benjamin C. Austin and eighteen others for the making of two new towns. The petition of the latter had the most weight with the Board of Supervisors, who on the 17th of December, 1853, enacted that certain lots should be erected into the town of Tusten, and certain other lots into the town of Highland,* "and that all the remaining part of Lumberland shall be and remain a separate town by the name of Lumberland."

As the labor of the town has been confined almost exclusively to a single branch of industry, so the consciences of its citizens have been mainly swayed by a solitary religious creed. The manufacture of lumber caused isolated neighborhoods to spring up. The itinerating preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Society found their way to these little communities, and secured the gratitude, love and confidence of the people to such an extent that the only churches of the town belong to the Methodists. There are four of these edifices—one of which is at South Lebanon; one at Pond Eddy; and one at Lebanon. There is a church for every 267 inhabitants. Every man, woman and child of the town can simultaneously find refuge in a religious sanctuary—a very remarkable fact.

At Pond Eddy there is a suspension bridge, for the construction of which the town has been bonded for \$19,000.

* See chapters on Tusten and Highland.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF LUMBERLAND.

From		To
1798	No record	1809
1809	John Conklin	1810
1810	Jonathan Dexter	1811
1811	Oliver Calkin	1813
1813	Samuel Watkins	1816
1816	Oliver Calkin	1818
1818	William Dunn	1819
1819	Oliver Calkin	1820
1820	Sears Gardner	1822
1822	Oliver Calkin	1823
1823	Gardner Fergerson	1825
1825	Sears Gardner	1826
1826	Gardner Fergerson	1829
1829	William Dunn	1830
1830	Gardner Fergerson,	1833
1833	Samuel Hankins	1835
1835	John Bishop	1837
1837	Augustus M. Sackett	1838
1838	James K. Gardner	1841
1841	Sears G. Tuthill	1842
1842	Charles S. Woodward	1850
1850	Thomas Williams	1852
1852	James K. Gardner	1853
1853	Charles S. Woodward	1854
1854	O. W. Lambert	1856
1856	Peter G. Canfield	1857
1857	Abram T. Drake	1858
1858	Abram W. Decker	1860
1860	James D. Decker	1871
1871	Joseph Steel	1872
1872	Albert Stage	1874

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TOWN OF MAMAKATING.

The day and year of the first visit made by white men, to the territory comprised within the bounds of Sullivan county, cannot now be determined; and we cannot trace the route pursued by them. They may have come from the colony of Swedes, established on the Delaware river in 1638, or they may have traveled the Indian paths which led from Esopus in 1614, when a trading-post was established at that point by the Dutch.

It is said of the Swedes, that they lived in unbroken amity with the Lenape, and that they deserved the love and confidence of the red man. The truth of this assertion is conceded by historians; hence there is no room to believe that an obstacle was presented by the original inhabitants to such of the Swedes as desired to explore the streams, mountains, valleys and plains of the country.

One of the hallucinations of that period was, that the forests of this continent abounded with rich mines of gold, silver and other precious metals, and that the natives were well acquainted with these mines, and could be induced to disclose what they knew. The Swedes, as well as other immigrants, used every artifice to induce the Indians to lead them to these El Dorados. Thus, doubtless, the Dutch discovered the old mine at Minisink, and the lost mine of Mamakating. Generally, however, the ore found was not as valuable as the mixed lead, copper and zinc found in the Shawangunk. Grievous disappointment followed when it was submitted to the crucible. Often were they deceived by those pyrites which have been appropriately termed "fools' gold." The golden lustre of the pyrites led to the transportation of many carefully guarded samples to Europe, which experienced mineralogists there at once cast, not into ingots, but among rubbish.

Although the search for mines led to the discovery of much fertile land in the wilderness, and its occupation by the whites at an early day, it did not lead to the settlement of the banks of the Delaware by the Swedes, or any other Europeans, as far up as Minisink, until several years had elapsed.

That the Swedes believed that they were the discoverers of deposits of the precious metals on the banks of the river of the Lenape, may be proved by reference to Master Evelyn's curious description of the country. Lindstrom, the Swedish engineer, who explored several portions of the country, assures us that silver existed near the Falls of the Delaware,* and that considerable quantities of gold were found higher up the river.† Says he, "the shore before the mountain is covered with pyrites. When the soundest are broken, kernels are found as large as small peas, containing virgin silver. I have broken more than a hundred. A savage Unapois, beholding a gold-ring of the wife of Governor Printz, demanded why she carried such a trifle. The Governor replied, "If you will procure me such trifles I will reward you with other things suitable for you.' 'I know,' said the Indian, 'a mountain filled with such metal.' 'Behold,' rejoined the Governor, 'what I will give you for a specimen;' presenting to him at the same time, a fathom of red and a fathom of blue frieze, some white lead, looking-glasses, bodkins and needles, declaring that he would cause him to be accompanied by two of his soldiers. But the Indian, refusing this escort, said that he would first go for a specimen, and, if it gave satisfaction, he might be sent back with the Governor's people. He promised to give a specimen, kept the presents, and went away; and, after some days, returned with a lump of ore as large as his double fist, of which the Governor made proof, found it of good quality, and extracted from it a considerable quantity of gold, which he manufactured into rings and bracelets. He promised the Indian further presents, if he would discover the situation of this mountain. The Indian consented, but demanded a delay of a few days, when he could spare more time. Content with this, Printz gave him more presents. The savage, having returned to his nation, boasted of his gifts, and declared the reason of their presentation. But he was assassinated by the sachem and his companions, lest he should betray the situation of this gold-mine; they fearing its ruin if it were discovered by us. It is still unknown."

This ore may have been a mixed ore from the Shawangunk mountain, or from the metalliferous region of Sussex county, New Jersey, where an ore is found which is easily converted into *brass*. It certainly was not gold.

The planting of a trading-post at Esopus by the Dutch in 1614, and the settlement of that point by the same people, led to a brisk intercourse between the two races. At Esopus debouched the dusky trappers and hunters, bearing a rich

*The Falls of the Delaware mentioned by Lindstrom were at the head of sloop and steamboat navigation, at Trenton.

† Gordon's New Jersey.

harvest of skins and furs, from a great scope of country, including all of Sullivan county. To the great trail from Minisink through Mamakating, Warwarsing, etc., to Esopus, led all the other principal trails of this region. One great trail of the Lenape was from a point about two miles above Saugerties, to the upper waters of the Plattekill, and from thence to Pakatagan, an Indian village on the Papacton branch of the Delaware. The Minisink trail ran from the Hudson, *via* Marbletown, Rochester, Wawarsing, Wurtsborough, Port Jervis, and the Delaware, nearly to the Water Gap. From Marbletown, a great trail ran by the way of Olive and Shandaken,* to Pakatagan; another from Marbletown to the forks of the Rosendall, Grahamsville, Debruce, etc., to Cocheton, where it crossed the Delaware and led to Skinner's creek; another was from the Sand-Hills, up the Sandburgh to Denniston's ford, the Sheldrake, Liberty and the Cocheton trail. There were also trails from Napanoch, and along the Neversink, and to and from various minor points.

There were men among the original Dutchmen of Esopus, who, although they had been schooled in civilization, soon affiliated with the savage Lenape hunters. They hunted with them, trapped with them, and became guests at their wigwams. Whether they penetrated the country as far as the Mamakating, the Navising or the Lenape-wihittuck can never be known.†

However plausible may seem our theories in regard to the Swedes of the Delaware and the Hollanders of Wildwijk, we cannot prove that the foot of a European pressed our soil previous to the year 1663, when, during the Esopus war, white prisoners were brought by the Indians to our territory, and white soldiers came here to punish the savages. A full history of the events of that year will be found in our chapter on the Lenni Lenape. In that war, the Esopus clans‡ were completely subdued and humbled, and a way was opened to the heart of the Manassing or Minsi country. Sometime after the treaty of peace which terminated the contest, the tide of civilization flowed through the valley of the Mamakating to Minisink, where the council-fires of the great Lenape confederacy had glowed far in the dim past. That beautiful territory was exchanged for Dutch guilders and Dutch trinkets. Entirely surrounded by the Minsi or Manassings, and far beyond the hope of succour, the Dutch and Huguenots of Minisink shrewdly enacted the role of good and true men in their transactions with the natives; otherwise they were better Christians than many

* The Indian name of the Esopus river.

† The fact that no white hunters were employed by the Dutch as guides in 1663, when they invaded the Indians of our territory, seems to prove that this region had not then been visited by them.

‡ They were outlying clans of the Minsi.

others who dealt with the Indians. A simple but a crafty race were these original white settlers of this (at that time) far country, as we shall see hereafter. They were literally "as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves;" and they were for many years rewarded with peace and prosperity, as all men must be who, from purely disinterested or purely selfish motives, scrupulously do what is right.

The early days of Peenpack and Minisink, like the origin of Free and Accepted Masonry, are not matters of record. Masonry may have existed before the "rough ashlers" were hewn for the temple; even Adam may have been the first W. M. of Eden Lodge No. 1, and Satan the first cowan who lurked around the outer-door of the chamber adjoining the sanctuary; but we do not believe the Huguenots settled in Minisink before the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1686, nor that the Dutch had a flourishing colony there before the Esopus clans were so unmercifully slain and devoted to starvation in 1663.

As the settlement of Minisink by whites led to the erection of the first cabin built in Sullivan by a European, we may write of that settlement *in extenso*.

Gordon in his admirable History of New Jersey, says: "We may justly suppose, that the road between the colonies on the Hudson and Delaware, was not wholly uninhabited" in 1658. He takes it for granted that the colony existed in Minisink in that year, and that the Minisink road, which was one hundred miles in length, was the work of the Dutch colonists! And yet five years after this time there were not seventy-five* able-bodied male residents of Wildwijk! (Kingston.) It is not to be supposed that such a mere handful of men had hewn their way through a hundred miles of forest, infested by savages.

Eager, in his History of Orange County, expresses the belief that there were miners from Holland at work in the mine-holes of Minisink, and in Mamakating Hollow, previous to 1664, and that the mining-business closed in consequence of the surrender to the English in that year. If so, the country must have been explored by the Dutch, and they would not have been compelled to employ as guides, in 1663, white females who had been prisoners with the Indians, and escaped; nor would they have resorted to Indians to pilot them through the woods to the forts and villages of the hostile clans, which were located within forty miles of Esopus.†

* From "A Rool of the Names and Surnames of them that haue taken the oath of allegiance in ye county of Vlstr, by ordr of his excely: ye Gouvernor; ye first day of Septembr anno Qe: domini 1689.—" it appears that 189 appeared and took the oath; 4 "Did Reffeues to take it, and 29 "Did nott appeare," Total, 212. A few names which are familiar in the annals of Minisink appear in the list.—*Doc. Hist. of N. Y.* In 1703, there were in Ulster county 383 males over 16 and under 60 years of age. [N. Y. Colonial MSS., Vol. XLVIII.]

† Documentary History of New York.

The error of Gordon and Eager is undoubtedly based on the following interesting paper, which was communicated by Samuel Preston, in 1828, to Hazard's *Register*:

"In 1787, the writer went on his first surveying tour into Northampton county; he was deputed under John Lukens, Surveyor General, and received from him, by way of instructions, the following narrative respecting the settlement of Minisink, on the Delaware, above the Kittany and Blue mountain:

"That the settlement was formed for a long time before it was known to the Government in Philadelphia. That when the Government was informed of the Settlement, they passed a law in 1729 that any such purchases of the Indians should be void; and the purchasers indicted for forcible entry and detainer, according to the law of England. That in 1730, they appointed an agent to go and investigate the facts; that the agent so appointed was the famous Surveyor, Nicholas Scull; that he, John Lukens, was N. Scull's apprentice to carry chain and learn surveying. That as they both understood and could talk Indian, they hired Indian guides and had a fatiguing journey, there then being no white inhabitants in the upper part of Bucks or Northampton county. That they had very great difficulty to lead their horses through the water gap to Minisink flats, which were all settled with Hollanders; with several they could only be understood in Indian. At the venerable Dupuis they found great hospitality and plenty of the necessaries of life. J. Lukens said that the first thing which struck his attention was a grove of apple-trees of size far beyond any near Philadelphia. That as N. Scull and himself examined the banks, they were fully of opinion that all those flats had at some former age been a deep lake before the river broke through the mountain, and that the best interpretation they could make of Minisink, was, *the water is gone*.* That S. Dupuis told them when the rivers were frozen, he had a good road to Esopus, near Kingston, from the Mine-holes, on the Mine road, some hundred miles. That he took his wheat and cider there for salt and necessaries, and did not appear to have any knowledge or idea where the river ran—Philadelphia market—or being in the government of Pennsylvania.

"They were of opinion that the first settlements of Hollanders in Minisink were many years older than William Penn's

* The theory has been advanced that the Delaware river once discharged its waters into the Hudson by the way of Mamakating valley, and that by some convulsion of nature, or by more gradual agencies, a passage for the river was opened through the famous Water Gap, the precipitous walls of which rise 1,600 feet above the surface of the river. Gordon says that an obstruction of 200 feet in height at this point would form a lake fifty miles in length, extending over the Minisink country. Before the bed of the river was broken down, there must have been a cataract here higher than that of Niagara.

charter, and that S. Dupuis had treated them so well they concluded to make a survey of his claim, in order to befriend him if necessary. When they began to survey, the Indians gathered around; an old Indian laid his hand on N. Scull's shoulder and said, 'Put up iron string, go home.' They then quit and returned.

"I had it in charge from John Lukens to learn more particulars respecting the Mine road to Esopus, etc. I found Nicholas Dupuis, Esq., son of Samuel, living in a spacious stone house in great plenty and affluence. The old Mine holes were a few miles above, on the Jersey side of the river, by the lower point of Paaquary Flat; that the Minisink settlement extended forty miles or more on both sides of the river. That he had well known the Mine road to Esopus, and used, before he opened the boat channel through Foul Rift, to drive on it several times every winter with loads of wheat and cider, as also did his neighbors, to purchase their salt and necessaries in Esopus, having then no other market or knowledge where the river ran to. That after a navigable channel was made through Foul Rift, they generally took to boating, and most of the settlement turned their trade down stream, the Mine road became less and less travelled.

"This interview with the amiable Nicholas Dupuis, Esq., was in June, 1787. He then appeared about sixty years of age. I interrogated as to the particulars of what he knew, as to when and by whom the Mine road was made, what was the ore they dug and hauled on it, what was the date, and from whence, or how, came the first settlers of Minisink in such great numbers as to take up all the flats on both sides of the river for forty miles. He could only give traditionary accounts of what he had heard from older people, without date, in substance as follows:

"That in some former age there came a company of Miners from Holland; supposed, from the great labor expended in making the road, about one hundred miles long, that they were very rich or very great people, in working the two mines,—one on the Delaware where the mountain nearly approaches the lower point of Paaquary Flat, the other at the north foot of the same mountain, near half way from the Delaware and Esopus. He even understood that abundance of ore had been hauled on that road, but never could learn whether lead or silver. That the first settlers came from Holland to seek a place of quiet, being persecuted for their religion. I believe they were Armenians. They followed the Mine road to the large flats on the Delaware. That smooth cleared land suited their views. That they *bona fide* bought the improvements of the native Indians, most of whom then moved to the Susquehanna; that with such as remained there was peace till 1755.

"I then went to view the Paaquary Mineholes.* There appeared to have been a great abundance of labor done there at some former time, but the mouths of these holes were caved full, and overgrown with bushes. I concluded to myself if there ever had been a rich mine under that mountain it must be there yet in close confinement. The other old men I conversed with gave their traditions similar to N. Dupuis, and they all appeared to be grandsons of the first settlers, and very ignorant as to the dates and things relating to chronology. In the summer of 1789, I began to build on this place; then came two venerable gentlemen on a surveying expedition. They were the late Gen. James Clinton, the father of DeWitt Clinton, and Christopher Tappan, Esq., Clerk and Recorder of Ulster county. For many years before they had both been surveyors under Gen. Clinton's father, when he was surveyor general. In order to learn some history from gentlemen of their general knowledge, I accompanied them in the woods. They both well knew the Mineholes, Mine road, &c., and as there were no kind of documents or records thereof, united in the opinion that it was a work transacted while the State of New York belonged to the government of Holland; that it fell to the English in 1664; and that the change in government stopped the mining business, and that the road must have been made many years before such digging could have been done. That it undoubtedly must have been the first good road of that extent made in any part of the United States."

The Paaquary is undoubtedly one of the mines mentioned by Lindstrom, the Swedish Engineer, a knowledge of which, it is presumed, was imparted to the inhabitants of Esopus by the Minsi Indians, and led to the Minisink settlements above the Water Gap. These people purchased of the Indians their improved lands—their maize-fields, and orchards†—without knowing or caring whether they were in the colony of New York, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania. Here they worked the mine, as well as the one midway between Minisink and the Hudson, until it was found unprofitable, and they became comparatively prosperous and rich by cultivating the flat bottom lands of Minisink. Subsequently (in 1729 and 1730) their right to the soil was questioned by the Proprietors of Pennsylvania, and they were shrewd enough to claim that their ancestors occupied Minisink long before Penn purchased land of the Lenape; that in a forgotten age they had constructed a road of one hundred miles

* Some writers have affirmed that the word Minisink comes from the English words *mine* and *sink* (*Min-e-sink*.) In the same manner Neversink, Mamakating, Wawarsing, etc., may be traced to a like source.

† The apple was a favorite of the red man from his earliest intercourse with the whites.

through a wilderness country, to their possessions; worked mines, cultivated land, built substantial houses, and exercised undisputed control; that from generation to generation they had married there—reared their offspring there—grown gray there, and peacefully descended to the valley of death, where their flesh and bones had mouldered and returned to dust. To this claim they added the charm of French hospitality and suavity, and the Indians, whether prompted or incited thereto or not, added their hostility.

The apparent candor and simplicity of the Dupuis (Depuys), their courtesy and their generous hospitality, together with the determination evinced by the savages, were followed by results which were natural. The emissaries of the Pennsylvania proprietors made a report favorable to the quiet continuance of the squatters of Minisink in their happy valley.

But when did the first white settlers locate there?

The Dupuis, as their name proves, were French Huguenots, and the Huguenots did not come to this continent previous to 1686, in which year they fled from France, and were unsettled for several years.

The first comers, it is alleged, were miners from Holland, who worked in the Paaquary mountain. Grant this, and still you do not concede that the territory was settled as soon as Gordon and Eager would lead us to believe: for in 1787, "*the old men were grandsons of the original settlers.*" In the order of nature, this would have been the case, if the original white settlers had come as late as 1700. In 125 years the grandsons would have been dead.

Fortunately we have documentary evidence which throws some light on this subject.

In February, 1694, Captain Arent Schuyler was ordered by Governor Fletcher to visit the Minisink country, to ascertain whether the savages of that region had been tampered with by the French. He traveled through eastern New Jersey, and reached the Neversink river above Port Jervis, and thence passed to Minisink. He makes no allusion to white inhabitants of that region, although he speaks of traders and trappers who had passed through it. We give his journal as we find it quoted in Stickney's Minisink:

"SCHUYLER'S JOURNAL.

"May it please your Excell:

"In persuance to y^r Excell: commands I have been in the Minissinck Country of which I have kept the following journal: viz^t

"1694 y^e 3^d of Feb: I departed from New Yorke for East New

Jersey and came that night att Bergentown where I hired two men and a guide.

"Ye 4th Sunday Morning. I went from Bergen & travilled about ten English miles beyond Haghkingsack to an Indian place called Peckwes.

"Ye 5th Monday. From Peckwes North and be West I went about thirty two miles, snowing and rainy weather.

"Ye 6 Tuesday I continued my journey to Maggaghkamieck* and from thence to within half a days journey to the Minissinck.

"Ye 7th Wendesday. About eleaven a clock I arrived at the Minissinck, and there I met with two of their Sachems and severall other Indians of whome I enquired after some news, if the French or their Indians had sent for them or been in y^e Menissinck Country. Upon w^{ch} they answered that noe French nor any of the French Indians were nor had been in the Menissinck Country nor there abouts and did promise y^t if y^e French should happen to come or y^t they heard of it that they will forthwith send a mesinger and give y^r Excellency notice thereof.

"Inquireing further after news they told me that six days agoe three Christians and two Shauwans [Shawnee] Indians who went about fifteen months agoe with Arnout Vielle into the Shauwans County were passed by the Menissinck going for Albany to fetch powder for Arnout and his company; and further told them that s^d Arnout intended to be there wth seaven hundred of y^e said Shauwans Indians loaden wth beaver and peltries att y^e time y^e Indian corn is about one foot high (which may be in the month of June.)

"The Menissinck Sachems further s^d that one of their Sachems and other of their Indians were gone to fetch beaver and peltries which they had hunted; and having heard no more of them are afraid y^t y^e Sinnegues [Senecas] have killed them for y^e lucar of the beaver or because y^e Menissinck Indians have not been with y^e Sinnegues as usual to pay their Dutty, and therefore desire y^t your excellency will be pleased to order y^t the Sinnegues may be told, not to molest or hurt y^e Menissincks they be willing to continue in amity with them.

"In the afternoon I departed from y^e Menissincks; the 8th, 9th & 10th of Feb. I travilled and came att Bergen in y^e morning about noone arrived att New Yorke.

"This is may it please your Excell. the humble reporte of your Excellency's most humble servt. ARENT SCHUYLER."

* Magghackamack. This name was first applied to a tract of land in the lower Neversink valley. Subsequently that river was called the Magghackamack. *Ack* or *ach* was the Lenape word for meadow, or land covered with grass. *M'ack-h'ach-a-m'ach* undoubtedly means a plurality of meadows.

In 1697, three years after Schuyler's expedition to the Minisink, a patent for lands in the valley was granted to him; also another for one thousand acres to the original settlers of Peenpack. There is no evidence that the Minisink country was settled previous to the year last named.

As we have shown elsewhere, the Lenni Lenape name of the region embracing a large portion of our county was Atkarkarton. Ancient maps are not always accurate as to boundaries. The western limits of Atkarkarton are not given; but there is little doubt that it was the country inhabited by the river Indians who lived west of the Hudson and between the Highlands and the Catsberg. The river-clans were kindred of the Minsi or Manassings, and were subject to their authority, so far as one clan acknowledged another of the same blood as superiors.

Esopus was the first name applied by Europeans to Atkarkarton. The name is spelled by early writers in various ways—Seepu, Sypus, Sopus, etc. According to Rattenber it is derived from the Algonquin word *sipu*, which is an equivalent of the English word river. The final *s* was probably at first silent. Thus the Sopus Indians were the river-Indians. They were known as such as long as they remained in the country. Finally some classical Dutchman, who was an admirer of old Esop, and a reader of his Fables, changed the name to Esopus. In olden times Esopus covered an extensive region. Minor localities were mentioned as Mombackus at Esopus, Mame-kating at Esopus,* etc.

The original white settlers of the old town of Mamakating were Jacob Cuddebeck, Thomas Swartwout, Anthony Swartwout, Bernardus Swartwout, Jan Tys, Peter Germar and David Jamison, who, in 1697, obtained a patent for one thousand two hundred acres in the Peenpack valley, at a place then called Wagaghkemek (Qu: Maghhackamack?) They were principally French Protestants, who fled from their native country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. All these men did not become permanent residents, as we find that in 1728 the freeholders of Wagaghkemek consisted of Herme Barentse Van Emwegen, Peter Germar, John Van Vliet, junior, Samuel Swartwout, Bernardus Swartwout, junior, and Jacob Cuddebeck.† This settlement was not within the present limits of Mamakating, and we mention it because it shows that the occupation of the town by the whites, as it was first organized, was of ancient date.

Subsequently, it is believed, a mine was opened and worked at a point north of Peenpack; but that from some cause it was abandoned.

* Hon. A. Bruyn Hasbronck.

† Documentary History of New York.

Those who labored at the Shawangunk mine in Mamakating cannot be styled settlers. When they abandoned the mine, they abandoned the country, and left no enduring trace behind them. They departed, and the place that had known them, "knew them no more forever." After their exodus, several years must have elapsed before the actual settlement of the valley began—long enough to cause the exact locality of the mine to be forgotten by the settlers of Ulster and their kindred of Minisink. Otherwise it could be pointed out at this day. The location of a mine in a continuously occupied region is never lost, so much is its importance magnified in popular estimation.

When the first actual settler came he built his cabin in the valley of Mamakating, north of Wurtsborough. His name was Manuel Gonsalus. Lotan Smith, in his manuscript History of Sullivan, says of him :

"About the year 1700, Don Manuel Gonsalus, a Spanish Puritan, (then a young man,) fled from Spain on account of persecution for his Protestant sentiments, and married into a Dutch family at Rochester, in Ulster county. He moved to Mamakating Hollow, built a log-house, and entertained those who carried wheat to Kingston market. Wheat, rye and corn were raised in abundance in Minisink, and along the Delaware. Gonsalus was a house-carpenter, made shingles and raised some grain. He opened trade with the Indians, as they were friendly at that period."

Thus it appears he was a Spanish nobleman, a Spanish Puritan, a tavern-keeper, a farmer, an Indian trader, a carpenter, and a shingle-weaver! Smith has undoubtedly recorded all that local tradition says of him. Gonsalus was *not* a Don, or the son of a Don; he was not a Puritan (although a Protestant) for Spain never produced one; he may have kept a log-tavern and cultivated land; he undoubtedly traded with the natives; was probably a carpenter; but was not a shingle-weaver; for a man could make more shingles, at that day, within a half dozen miles of Kingston, (the nearest market,) than he could transport from Mamakating with the fattest team of horses ever owned by a Dutchman or Spaniard.

There were, among the early residents of the valley of Mamakating, three or four persons named Manuel Gonsalus—father, son and grandson. The first was a native of Spain; the others were born in Kingston and Mamakating.

The first of the name came to the province of New York at an earlier day than is generally supposed. He was here previous to the year 1689; for on the 11th of September, 1689, he was a member of Captain Gerrit Teunise's military company of Kingston, at which time Robert Livingston, the founder of the

family of that name, states that he served "there Maj^{ty} & y^e Countrey upon the frontiers of there maj^{ty} county of Albany" and received therefor "12^d p^r diem and Provisions."* Livingston spells the name Cansalis, and in various old documents we find it Gonzales, Gonsalus, Gonsaulis, Gonsalisduck, Consawley, etc. We infer that he had at least three sons; for we find that in 1738, Manuel, senior, Manuel, junior, Johannis and Joseph Gonsalus were enrolled among the militia of Ulster county.

The year in which they came to Mamakating is unknown, although it was undoubtedly soon after 1728; for in 1728 Manuel Gonsalus and Manuel Gonsalus, junior, were among the one hundred and forty-eight freeholders of the town of Kingston and in 1738, two persons of the same name were members of "the foot company of Rochester," under the command of Captain Cornelius Hoornbeck. The beat of this company then covered the valley west of the Shawangunk to the county line; for we find on the same roll the names of the Gumaers, Cuddebacks, Westbrooks, and Van Inwegens, who had located at Peenpack, or Warensackemack, and in its vicinity. This roll represents that the elder Manuel was a corporal and the other a private.

The fact that the senior of the two was enrolled at that time casts a shadow of doubt upon the family-tradition that the Spanish immigrant was the original white settler of this county; for, assuming that he was twenty-one years of age in 1689, (and he was probably then older) he must have reached his 70th year in 1738, and was consequently exempt from military duty, and not eligible to a non-commissioned office. These men were undoubtedly the second and third of the name. Nevertheless, the first Manuel may have come to Mamakating with them. The universal tradition is that he was the first settler. We are willing that he should be so considered, although the latter authority points to but one Manuel Gonsalus.

The children of Manuel Gonsalus 2d, were Manuel 3d, Daniel, James, Samuel and Elizabeth. We can find no trace of their descendants, except those of Daniel, Samuel, and a daughter of Manuel named Elizabeth. Samuel Gonsalus' children were Daniel, James, Henry, Benjamin and Elizabeth. Elizabeth, the daughter of Manuel 3d, married Peter Helm, a son of Michael Helm. Her son Daniel was the father of Jacob Helm, who died in Wurtsborough a few years since. The first Daniel had two sons, Manuel and Benjamin.

While the Gonsalus family were residents of Kingston, they occupied a respectable position in society. Manuel Gonsalus 2d,

* Documentary History of New York. Three brothers named Gonsalus came to America at the same time—Manuel, Peter and Richard. One settled on the Mohawk, one at Hyde Park, and the other at Kingston.

married Remery Bevier, and the family thus became connected with the leading citizens of the Paltz patent. After its removal to Mamakating, its isolation from white men for several years, except from hunters and wayfarers, and its constant association with savages, together with the Spanish blood in its veins, gave a somewhat wild, if not semi-savage tone to its character.

The family settled near the Devens farm, where they kept a log-tavern. They also built a saw-mill. This mill and tavern were undoubtedly the first within the limits of Sullivan county. The year in which they commenced manufacturing lumber cannot now be given, although it must have been some time after they came to Mamakating. Of course, at first, there was no home-market for such stuff; and lumber was a mere drug in the neighboring settlements, where the cost of sawing, etc., was less than the expense of carting it ten miles.

The principal business was to furnish food and shelter to those who were passing to and from Minisink; to cultivate their land; to fish and hunt; and to exchange whisky and perhaps trinkets for the furs and game of the Indians.

Fishing and hunting in Mamakating at that time afforded abundant returns. Perhaps the trout of no stream in the world are superior to those of the Basha's kill. One hundred years ago, a man could catch as many there in an hour or two as he could carry. At certain seasons of the year, salmon came to the same stream from the ocean, and lost none of their delicious flavor by living for a time in its pure waters. The bear, elk, deer, wild turkey, and other game* almost swarmed on the hills and in the valleys all around them. They were brave, hardy men, fond of forest-life and forest-sports. They saw more of the red man than of the white, were at peace with everything except wild beasts for many years; got the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life almost without an effort; and grew careless and improvident.

How long Manuel Gonsalus and his descendants occupied Mamakating farms before other settlers came, cannot now be determined; but it is quite certain that Conrad Bevier was added to the neighborhood at an early period. He was a member of the numerous family of that name, who are descendants of one of the first owners of the Paltz patent, and many of whom lived on the south-western frontier of Ulster during the Revolutionary war. Bevier was a wealthy farmer. He built a large and commodious stone mansion, which is now known as the Stanton house, and is still in a tolerable state of preservation. It was so constructed as to answer the double

*The opossum is still found in the valley.

purpose of a dwelling and a fort. This house, it is said, is older than the Westbrook dwelling-house at the Bessie's land of ancient times, although there is room for doubting the assertion. One or the other was the first stone building of the county.

The locality in which Bevier and the Gonsalus families lived, as we have already intimated, was first known as the Mamakating farms. This name was given because the farms were near the head-waters of Mamakating river, which at this point subsequently became Elizabeth's kill, in compliment to Elizabeth Gonsalus. We could imagine that she was the original Bashe, Betje or Betsey who owned the land south of the Yaugh house spring, and gave to the Mamakating stream its present name; but unfortunately she was not born soon enough. Twenty-five years before her family came to Mamakating, Basha's land was mentioned in official documents.

The road from Esopus to Minisink early claimed the attention of the provincial authorities. The following is an extract from the journal of the General Assembly of New York, as we find it copied by Lotan Smith, in his manuscript History:

“General Assembly *Die Sabbati*, May 11th, 1734.

“The petition of Jacobus Swartwout, William Provost, William Cool and others, freeholders and inhabitants residing and living in Minisink, in the county of Orange and Ulster, was presented to the House, &c., setting forth that several persons in West Jersey and Pennsylvania having no other way to transport their produce than through the Minisink road, and there was but about 40 miles more to repair, before they come to Esopus, &c.; that they be compelled to work on said road and assist in repairing it to the house of Egbert Dewitt, in the town of Rochester, in the county of Ulster.

“Resolved, That leave be given to bring in a bill according to the prayer of the petition.”

We cannot ascertain whether the act of the Legislature of New York was sufficiently potent to compel the citizens of New Jersey and Pennsylvania to repair the old road which then ran through the valley of Mamakating. As that valley was their only outlet to a market, and the road was much used by them, equity as well as interest required them to keep the road open.

Peenpack, etc., were at first outlying neighborhoods of Mombackus, as the town of Rochester was originally named; but they were not within its legal boundaries. They were at first included in the general designation of Wagackkemeck. As we have already stated, in 1738, white males of lawful age who lived in these localities were enrolled with the militia of Rochester.

In 1714-5, the Provincial Assembly levied a tax of ten thousand pounds on the Province, when the several towns and precincts of Ulster county were rated as follows:*

	Valuation.	Tax.		
Kingston	£9,176	£57	7s.	0 <i>l</i> .
Foxhall Manor	1,322	8	5	3
Hurley	4,398	27	9	9
Marbletown	5,142	32	2	9
Rochester	3,523	22	0	4½
New Palls,	2,075	12	19	4½
Shawangonck	848	5	6	0
Wagackkemeck	105	0	13	1½
Highlands	293	1	16	7½
Totals	26,882	168	0	3

Mr. Rутtenber, from whose admirable History of Newburgh we copy the above table, errs in stating that Wagackkemeck was at this time a precinct.

On the 17th of December, 1743, the town of Deerpark and a part of Mount Hope, in Orange county, together with all the territory of Sullivan, except that of Neversink, Rockland, a part of Fallsburgh, Liberty, Callicoon and Fremont, and a narrow strip of land between the foot of the Shawangunk mountain and the Shawangunk river, were erected into a precinct. The old name was discarded, and the more mellifluous appellation of Mame-Kating adopted.

The act which made Mamakating a precinct may be found in the Laws of New York, (Colonial,) volume 1 and 2, printed by Hugh Gainé, "Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty in the Province of New York, MDCCLXXIV." We copy so much of it as relates to Mamakating :

"17th GEORGE II, Laws of New York,—The Honourable
A. D. 1743. George Clinton, Governor.

Chap. DCCLL

An act to divide the Southern Part of the County of Ulster into Precincts, and to enable the Corporation of Kingston, and the Manor of Fox-Hall, to choose and elect one Supervisor more, and for regulating the Supervisors and Assesors within the said County.

Pass'd the 17th of December, 1743.

WHEREAS a great Number of Inhabitants are settled in
Preamble. the Southern part of the County of *Ulster*, without
the Bounds of any Town or Precinct heretofore estab-

* Rутtenber's Newburgh.

lished within the said County; and for want of being divided into Precincts, with Officers, as other Towns or Precincts, many Inconveniences have arisen, and will continue to arise, if Remedy be not had thereto;

I. Be it therefore enacted by His excellency the Governor, the Council, and General Assembly," etc.

[Then follow several sections, giving the boundaries, &c., of the precincts of Wallkill, Shawangaungh, and High Land. The precinct of Wallkill was bounded on one side by the line dividing the counties of Orange and Ulster to the foot of the Shawangunk mountain, and westerly by that mountain "to a river or creek called the Platte-Kill; then along the Platte-Kill to the Shawangaungh river." Hence the land between the Shawangunk river and the mountain, from New Vernon to the Plattekill, was in the old precinct of Wallkill.

The Plattekill also formed a part of the boundary between the two precincts, and Shawangaungh precinct ran west to the foot of the mountain.

The tenth section of the act reads as follows:]

"X. BE IT ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, that all the Land to the Southward of the Town of Rochester, as far as this County of *Ulster* extends, and to the Westward of the *Wallkill* Precinct and *Shawangaungh* Precinct as far as the said County extends; shall be, and is hereby erected into a Precinct, by the Name of Mame-Kating Precinct; and that the Freeholders and Inhabitants of Mame-Kating Precinct shall yearly elect one Constable, two Assessors, two Overseers of the Poor and two Surveyors of the Highways; which said officers shall have the same Power, and be liable to the same Fines and Forfeitures, as the like Officers of the several Towns, Manors and Precincts in the said County, are empowered with, and liable to; and that the Freeholders and Inhabitants of Mame-Kating Precinct aforesaid shall annually meet at the now Dwelling House of *Samuel Swartwout*, on the first Tuesday in April, yearly, for the electing of the Officers aforesaid, until such Time as the Majority of the Freeholders and Inhabitants at any one such meeting, shall agree upon some other certain Place of Meeting for the following year; which place being so agreed on, shall remain the Place of Meeting yearly, until alter'd as aforesaid; and that the Freeholders and Inhabitants of Mame-Kating, shall have the Privilege to join with the Freeholders and Inhabitants of Rochester to chuse yearly one Supervisor, and shall be liable to serve for Supervisor, if elected."*

* For a copy of this act we are indebted to Horton Tidd.

In 1757, the valley west of the Shawangunk was much exposed to Indian outrage. To protect the inhabitants of the frontier, as well as those who found it necessary to travel from Esopus to Minisink, block-houses were erected at certain points, which were garrisoned by soldiers, whose duty it was to act as scouts.

“IN GENERAL ASSEMBLY, December 7, 1757.

“Lieut. Governor Delancy, among other things, communicated to the House as follows:

“The enemy, the Indians, having made incursions into the counties of Ulster and Orange, and murdered some of the inhabitants, I ordered detachments of the militia to be employed on the scout, to protect the settlers, promising to recommend their services to you, at the next meeting, which I now do. I also, on repeated applications from thence, gave orders to have a line of block-houses built, more effectively to secure that part of the country.

“And to encourage the inhabitants to stay and not abandon their settlements, the frontier is now and has been for some time guarded by troops posted there by the Earl of Landoune’s orders; but when His Majesty’s service next season shall call for those troops, it will become necessary to place others there under pay of the province, lest that part of the country be destroyed by the French and their savages,” etc.

“A guard of 160 men, exclusive of officers, were ordered for Ulster county to the frontiers, and 40 for Orange county.”

One of these block-houses was on what is now known as the Devens’ place, north of Wurtsborough, and it is probable that some of the soldiers were stationed in the stone-mansion of Derick Van Keuren Westbrook, in Westbrookville. This line of fortifications was built under the superintendence of James Clinton, who subsequently became a prominent general of the Revolutionary army.

During the French and Indian war, the Gonsalus family suffered severely from the Indians, and one of them (Samuel, the first white man who was born in the county) became famous as an Indian-hunter and scout. In “Notes of the Ancient History” of Ulster county, published in the *New Paltz Times* of March 10, 1865, it is alleged that “Sam’s Point,” a well-known feature of Shawangunk mountain, was thus named in consequence of the following incident: In September, 1758, a scalping-party of Indians from the Delaware, crossed the mountain to Shawangunk, and killed Daniel Gitz, Grif. Easton and a man named Neaffie. The country being alarmed, the savages hurried back; but on the mountain met Samuel Gonsalus, to whom they gave chase in order to capture him. He

knew all the paths better than his pursuers, and hastening to the Point, leaped a rocky precipice of some thirty or forty feet, where he believed that he could break his fall amongst a clump of saplings, (probably cedars or hemlocks). He thus made his escape unhurt, and gave his name to the "big nose of Aioskawasting."*

Samuel's knowledge of the woods, and of the habits and habitations of the hostile Indians, enabled him to do good service to the country during the war with the French and their native allies. The writer already quoted, however, asserts that in the war of the Revolution, he declared for the King, and joined the Tories and Indians of Butler and Brant. The author of the "Notes" says that Lieutenant Colonel Johannes Jansen of the militia of Southern Ulster, was very active in scouting with his regiment along the frontiers, and being a man of position as well as wealth, and so near the mountain, it was supposed he might easily be captured, and that he would be a valuable prize. The task was undertaken in September, 1780, by Samuel Gonsalus, Ben. DeWilt (commonly called Shanks's Ben,†) and three other Indians who were formerly of the neighborhood. This Ben was a tall, bony savage, and was well known in Shawangunk. He had served with distinction in the French war; had his wigwam in the vicinity of Jansen's residence, and had often worked for him. They attempted to ambush the Colonel as he was leaving his house in the morning; but they were discovered by a boy, who raised an alarm, when Jansen ran into the house, and secured the door just as Shanks slashed it with an axe, and endeavored to force it open. Failing in their main design, the assailants proceeded to plunder the kitchen, the only room which they could enter; and it was here that a female slave discovered who they were. Hearing Mrs. Jansen call out as if the neighbors were coming, they hastily left, and took with them three negroes, and a white girl named Hannah Grunenwalden, who was employed by the Jansens. They soon killed and scalped her, because they feared her screams would guide pursuers. Proceeding thence to Scrub Oak Ridge, over which an old path then and now leads, they overtook a man named John George Mack, Elsie, his daughter,

* According to an old map in our possession, there was a tract of land in the vicinity of Sam's Point known as the Gonsalus patent. Query: Did Sam own the Point? And was it not thus named because it was literally Sam's Point?

† Shanks Ben (or Ben Shanks, as he was called on the Delaware) was at this time about forty years of age. In person he was tall, slender and athletic; his hair was jet-black, and clubbed behind—his forehead high and wrinkled—his eyes of a fiery brown color, and sunk deep in their sockets—his nose pointed and aquiline—his front teeth remarkably broad, prominent and white—his cheeks hollow and furrowed. Arrayed for war, he was one of the most frightful specimens of humanity that the eye could rest upon. Like the others of his party, he wore a coarse wagoner's frock of a grayish color, with a red handkerchief bound closely around his head.

[Pamphlet of Hon. Charles G. DeWitt, quoted in Tom Quick.

and John Mentz, his son-in-law. Mentz had often seen Ben and knew he was an enemy. Seeing him in time, he escaped, hoping that the old man and Elsie would be spared; but the savages had recently tasted blood, and they did not wish to be encumbered with prisoners who were not able to travel as fast as they could themselves. Hence Mack and his daughter were also slain and scalped. When a handful of militia followed in pursuit of Gonsalus and his party soon after, they discovered the bloody remains of the gray-haired old man and his daughter. With many tears, their bodies, with that of Miss Grunenwalden, were deposited in their last resting place.*

There is a tradition in Shawangunk, that John Mentz soon after went off in the woods with his rifle; that for eighteen months he was not heard of by his family or friends; that he would never speak of his adventures during his absence; that he would shake his head mysteriously when Sam and Ben were mentioned; and that there is no subsequent track or trace of Gonsalus or Shanks. This tradition, like many other traditions, has no foundation in truth; and as much can be said of the alleged connection of Samuel Gonsalus with Shank's Ben. We have seen and conversed with men who saw Shank's Ben (whose Indian name was Huycon) on the Delaware river, in 1784, and Samuel Gonsalus died near Obed Van Duzer's place, one mile and a half west of Wurtsborough, on the 20th of November, 1821, aged 88 years. Old age, and not Mentz's rifle, put an end to his life. He was born on the Devens farm, in Mamakating, in the year 1733. Before, during and after the Revolutionary war, the records of Mamakating show that he was elected to office in that precinct, which was almost unanimously whig in politics. Until a few months before the attempt was made to capture Colonel Jansen, Samuel Gonsalus was an Overseer of the Poor. At that time, and in that community, no tory would have been permitted to occupy such a position, or reside in the valley of Mamakating.

Samuel Gonsalus was a man of great physical powers, even in his old age. When he was over sixty years old, it is said that no constable of the county could arrest him and keep him in custody. At one time, several of them attempted to do so and failed, when Captain Vaughn of Monticello volunteered to take him from his house and deliver him to the jailer of the county. Vaughn was considered one of the strongest men of the time, and was somewhat noted for his recklessness and lack of fear. He found Gonsalus in bed, and when the latter had risen, put his hand on him, and said, "You are my prisoner." The old man replied, "I don't know 'bout dat. We will see,"

* We have omitted quotation-marks because we have not adopted the exact language of the "Notes."

and then caught Vaughn by his waist, and "churned" him till his teeth chattered. This enraged Vaughn, who had considered himself invincible. He again clutched at Gonsalus, who once more proceeded to "churn" Vaughn, and did not stop until the latter was completely exhausted. Vaughn then expressed himself somewhat roughly, and departed. With a low chuckle, Gonsalus saw him go away crestfallen and mortified.

Domine Frelegh, who was a pioneer clergyman of the Wurtsborough, in catechizing a woman of his flock, put the question, "Who was the strongest man?" When she replied gravely and sincerely, "Sam Consawley!" Her neighbors all said so, and she believed them.

Daniel, the brother of Samuel Gonsalus, was killed by the Indians near the site of the old stone building known as the Stanton house. He had gone there for some purpose with a stranger, and the two stopped at the spring to drink, where the savages were in ambush. The white men cautiously kept their guns within reach as they stooped down to get the water; but the precaution was a vain one. Gunshots and war-whoops rang through the woods. The stranger was killed, and Gonsalus was mortally wounded. The latter, however, managed to get behind a tree, and by doing so saved his scalp. The assailants knew that he had a loaded gun in his hands and was a sure marksman. Hence they did not rush upon him to finish their bloody work. While the parties were thus situated, the Indians were frightened by two dogs, and ran away. These dogs belonged at the old fort, and were trained to hunt deer. They always went to the place where a gun was fired; they were out in the woods at the time, and hearing the report of the Indians' guns, ran to the spring where Gonsalus was keeping the red men at bay. Their appearance led the savages to believe that a party of whites were coming from the fort to attack them. After the assailants left, Gonsalus managed to get to the fort, where he died soon after. He was a married man, and his wife and two children survived him. The children were sons—Benjamin and Manuel, whose names appear in the town records until 1802. They inherited considerable property from their father.

On the same day Daniel Gonsalus and his companion were shot, Michael Helm was killed, in the manner we shall hereafter relate.

These murders were perpetrated after 1757. The Devens fort was not built until that year.

Elizabeth, daughter of Manuel Gonsalus 2d, was captured by the Indians when she was but seven years of age. She was carrying a milk-pail from her father's home to a field near it, and had to pass through bars. The lower rails were down, and as she stooped to pass under the upper one, she was caught by a

savage, who by threats so terrified her that she did not dare to give an alarm. The red warrior took her to his party who were in the vicinity with other prisoners. All then traveled for days and days in a south-west course over mountains and up and down and across rivers, until they reached the village of the tribe in the interior of Pennsylvania. Here Elizabeth remained a prisoner for twenty years. She had disappeared so suddenly and mysteriously, that her parents and brothers were not positive in regard to her fate. Had she wandered into the woods and perished? Was she devoured by wild beasts? Had she found death and a grave in some neighboring slough? Had she been murdered by savages? Was she a captive among red barbarians? Or, worse than all, had she been compelled to become the unwilling concubine and the slave of a brutal savage? None of these questions could be answered with certainty. It was believed, however, that she was a prisoner, and in sore anguish her father continued year after year to make inquiries of those who had been in the Indian country, in the hope that he would find a clue which would lead to her discovery. At last he heard of a white woman who was with a clan near Harrisburgh, in Pennsylvania, whose age and some other circumstances led him to believe that she was his lost child. He searched for this clan—discovered them, and found with them the white woman. Twenty years, and a life of servitude, with brutal treatment, had so changed her appearance that her father could see no resemblance in her to his lost child. He listened to her story—she had forgotten the names of father, mother and brothers—but she remembered some of the circumstances under which she was taken by the savages, and this led her father to claim her and take her back to his home. When they reached the house in which she was born, she went directly to the bars where she was captured. The shock of twenty years before had fixed the scene indelibly in her memory, and she pointed out the place where she was taken. There was no longer a doubt. She was the lost one. No one thought otherwise, and she was wholly restored to the home and hearts of her kindred.

Her father was also taken prisoner by the Indians. He was a captive for four years, and was exchanged in Canada. Sometime after he removed to the Schuylkill Flats, near Philadelphia, where (his wife having died) he married a second time. Here he lived during the remainder of his life.

Daniel Gonsalus who died in Mamakating in 1832, was taken by the Indians when he was five or six years old, and kept by them three years. He was carried away by a party which was lurking near Mamakating Farms. He became the adopted son of a warrior and his squaw, and in his old age told our informant

that he remembered the route from the Farms to a lake where they first rested after leaving the valley. Here they remained several days, and he became acquainted with several Indian children of his own age, and participated in their sports. Among other things, they brought together a number of stones and made a mimic wall of them. After this the band wandered about from place to place, and Daniel lost all idea of the direction in which his father and mother lived. At first he was watched closely, but in the end he was regarded as one of themselves and went where he pleased. After three years, the band again encamped by a lake, when Daniel discovered the row of stones he had helped make when first captured. He had never lost his love for his white friends, nor his desire to return to them. He would have run away from the savages long before; but he knew not which way to go. Here was a monument which made his road plain. At a favorable moment, he started for and reached home, to his great delight, and the joy of Samuel Gonsalus, his father.

This Daniel Gonsalus was the last one of the family-name who was buried in Sullivan county. He died in the same house where his father breathed his last. His wife was Elizabeth Kuykendall, of Mamakating. Daniel, according to the family account, was a true whig in the Revolutionary war, and was in several battles. He was frequently employed in carrying dispatches from one camp to another, and his knowledge of woodcraft was of great service to him in doing so, as it enabled him to avoid traveled routes, and go in a direct line from one point to another, through woods, over mountains, rivers, etc. He was cautious and wary, and seldom failed to accomplish what was required of him. He was in Fort Montgomery when it was captured by the British General Clinton, (October 6, 1777); but escaped by jumping over the breast-works while it was dark, and running through the British lines to the mountains. Three others accompanied him, one of whom was shot by the enemy during the next morning. Gonsalus continued to conceal himself until the next evening, when he reached the house of a widow Crist, where he was kindly received, and remained all night. On the succeeding day, she loaned him her horse, on which he rode home, accompanied by a slave, who took the animal back to his mistress.

On another occasion, while Daniel was home on a furlough, he went to see about some shingles near the Yaugh House spring. A Moses Newman, with a party of scouts, disguised as Indians, was concealed there on the lookout for tories, savages and deserters. Gonsalus unguardedly marched into the trap, and found himself surrounded by a band of what seemed to him red men. Of course, he told a story which he

supposed would lead them to let him go; but it had a contrary effect; for they arrested him and took him with others to Kingston, where he was at once set at liberty.*

His wife Elizabeth was a woman of great courage, and of ready resource. A female descendant of the old Spaniard furnishes us with the following incident: The Indians and tories were in Mamakating committing those outrages which characterized them. A little boy whom she believed they would carry off ran to her, and she concealed him under her skirts. In a short time the marauding party came to her house, and made a thorough search for the boy, as they supposed, but did not find him. A tory named John Van Campen, suspecting the truth, attempted to tear her clothing from her person, when she begged him "for God's sake to desist." Her appeal had the desired effect. The party left, and the boy was saved from captivity.

This anecdote is rather a singular one. Why was she herself not taken away or tomahawked, like the wives of other whigs?

At another time, it is said, she was milking, when an Indian took away her pail, and broke it into many pieces. She ran away, while the savage hurled after her nothing worse than hard words.

James Gonsalus (probably the brother of Samuel) was arrested by the British as a spy, or for some military offense, and sentenced to be put to death; but by the intercession of Samuel and one of the Westbrooks, was pardoned. He, as well as some others of the family, hated kings as if they were panthers.

Soon after the block-house at Mamakating Farms was built, an old man named Michel Helm, who lived in Rochester, had been to the Mine-holes on a visit. On his return he was accompanied by a young lady. Both were mounted on good horses. They stopped at the block-house for refreshment, after which they intended to push on and reach a point nearer home before night. They were urged to stay; but Helm was opposed to doing so, because he thought the Indians would be more likely to molest them in the morning; if they had been seen from the mountain on either side of the valley, and were followed, the enemy could get ahead of them in the night, and waylay them, etc. But his objections to delay in their journey were all met and dissipated. Yet they were well founded. They had been dogged to the block-house, and while they were there, the Indians passed ahead of them, and in the morning were in ambush about one-fourth of a mile from Mud Hook (Mamakating post-office) on the hill-side near a brook, within gun-shot of the old mine-road. When Helm and the young lady, and a fellow-

* One night, while Daniel was a prisoner, his guard fell asleep, when he arose, took the guns of the party to a corner of the room, then waked the sleepers, and endeavored to convince them he was not an enemy because he had spared their lives.

traveler named Depuy reached this point, they were fired upon and Helm was instantly killed. The assailants did not wish to murder the girl. They had agreed among themselves to capture her, and to enable themselves to do so, shot her horse through the hips. They failed, however, to injure a muscle or break a bone. The instant she heard the report of the guns, she applied her riding-whip vigorously to the sides of the animal, which bounded away so rapidly that she was soon beyond the reach of the guns of the assailants, even if they had been loaded. Depuy also escaped. They reached the nearest settlement in safety—told what had happened, and a party went to Mud Hook to ascertain the fate of the old man. His dead body was found where he was shot. He had been scalped, and his silver shoe-buckles taken away, with whatever was valuable on his person.

Eighty years afterwards, a silver shoe-buckle was found on the old trail in Rockland. May it not have been a relic of Michel Helm?

Michel was the son of Symon Helm, one of the early settlers of Ulster county. They were ancestors of the family of that name who now reside at Wurtsborough.

The first white settlers of Mamakating Farms buried their dead in an orchard near the Devens' block-house. Tradition says that this ancient graveyard was a place of sepulchre of the aboriginal inhabitants before Europeans came to the country, and that after the Gonsalus family located here, an Indian chief who had been fatally wounded, was placed in a sitting posture against a large pine which grew here, where he died, singing his death-song, and was buried at the foot of the tree. From this pine is no more heard a solemn requiem for the departed red man. No vestige of it now remains. Its trunk was long since converted into shingles or boards by a utilitarian Yankee or Dutchman, whose descendants have not the grace to erect even a rude fence to protect the bones of the first settler of the county from the desecrating snouts of swine!

At the head of the grave of Manuel Gonsalus is a blue flag-stone, with the following inscription :

MANUEL
GONSALUS
IS
GESTORVEN
DE 18 APRIL
ANNO 1758.

[TRANSLATION.—Manuel Gonsalus died the 18th of April, in the year 1758.]

For more than thirty years after the death of Manuel Gonsalus, common field-stones, destitute of inscription, were deemed sufficient to mark the graves of the early settlers. There are many such here.

Soon after Captain David Dorrance came to the Hollow, he and others bought a lot and set it apart for a public graveyard. Among the first buried here were members of the Masten family, several of whom died in December, 1794, as the following inscriptions indicate:

“December 11, 1794.
Mary Masten.”

“1794.
December 24th
John Masten.

“1794.
December 24.
Lea Masten.”

And here are the ashes of Peter Helm,* whose only monument is a rude stone, on which is cut

“P. H. Æ
82”

Several members of the Gonsalus family were interred in this burial-place.

The records of ancient roads give us so much information in regard to local history, that we transcribe the following from the Clerk's book of Mamakating:

“Peenpack, April 10th, 1770.

“To the clerk of the peace or his deputy for the County of Ulster, Whereas the free holders and Inhabitants of Mamakating Precink have made Petition To us, the commissioners of the above s'd Precink, to lay out a King's Highway, To begin at the Cline Jaag Huys, or Little hunting house upon the Hill, at a hickory Tree marked with a cross standing on the Northwest side of the road; and from thence all a Long the north east of the marked Trees as the road now Leads to a Bridge at the north west side of the House where Jacobus Devans now dwells; in and from thence along the south east side of the marked trees to the southeast side of Samuel Gunsallis well, and from thence through the Lane as it now runs, to the Shawenoes' Bergh or Hill, and so Along s'd Hill on the south east side of the marked trees, and from thence along the south-

* Peter Helm built a house of squared logs on the farm of Colonel Lawrence Masten previous to 1755. This house stood until about 1847.

east side of marked trees to Maritje's Gat; and from thence Along the southeast side of the hill and on the southeast of the marked trees to the Spaanche Bought, and from thence a Long the southeast side of the marked trees to David Cox Lane, and so through the Lane as it now Runs to the Drage Bergh, and from thence a Long the southeast side of the marked trees to the bounds of Rochester, to be four rods wide from the beginning to the end. We, the Commissioners of the a Bove said town or Precinct do certify that we have Laid out the above said Road for A King's Highway, according to Law, this 10th day of April, 1770, and Desire the Clerk of the peace or his Deputy to record the same. Witness our hands.

"JACOB R. DEWITT,
"BENJAMIN DEPUY,
"SAMUEL GUNSALLUS."

June 29, 1797—A true copy.

SAMUEL KING, Town Clerk.

"Peenpack, May 24th, 1766.

"To the Clerk of the peace or his Deputy, in the county of Ulster: Sir,—Whereas the freeholders and Inhabitants of Mamakating precinct have made petition to us, the commissioners of the above s'd Precinct, to Lay out a King's Highway, to begin by the line between Ulster and Orange County, by a whiteoak tree; from thence to the *Cline Yough* house up *da berg*, or Little hunting house on the hill, and according to their Desire or request we have done which as follows: Beginning on the southeast of a Whiteoak Tree standing on the Line of Ulster and Orange county; from thence with a straight Line to a stone sot in the Ground a bout thirty feet from the north corner of Jacob Gumaer's House; from thence all a long the southeast of the marked trees to a stone sot in the ground about thirty feet from the north corner or Daniel Van Vleat's House; thence all along the southeast side of the marked trees, with a crook Down the Valley to Intervail, the breadth of four rods; thence all along the southeast side of the marked trees to the Line of Jacob Rutsen Dewit, and so through the Lane to the Mouchocanuck's Creek, the bredth of twenty feet; from thence through the creek to a blackoak stump, and so a Long the southeast side of the marked trees to the well of Jacob Stanton; from thence on a straight line to a tall Pitch pine tree marked on both sides, the breath of twenty feet; from thence along the southeast side of the marked trees with crooks and turns as the road now runs to the north corner of Johannaus Turner's house, the breadth of four rod; from thence to a pitch pine tree and so along the southeast side of the marked Trees to the south corner of Tearick Van Kuren Westbrook's Kitchen; from thence to a butternut stump Jost over bashe's creek, the

breadth of four rod wide, from all a Long the south east side of the marked trees to the Cline Jough house on the hill to hickory Tree marked with a cross, the breath of four rod. We the commissioners of the above s'd Precinct in the county of Ulster, and Province of New York, Do certify that we have Laid out the above s'd road for a King's highway, according to Law, this twenty-fourth day of May, 1766, and desire the s'd Clark of the Peace in s'd county or his Dabety to record the same, Which we do interchangeably set our hands.

"JACOB R. DEWIT,
"BENJAMIN DEPUEY,
"SAMUEL GUNSALLUS.

Recorded the 31 Day of May, 1766, at Kingston.
June 29, 1797—A true copy Me.

SAMUEL KING, Town Clerk.

ROAD DISTRICTS OF MAMAKATING IN 1774.

- No. 1. From Orange line to Hanse's Vly.
2. " Hanse's Vly to the Laurel Brook the other side of Mamakating.
3. " Laurel Brook to the bounds of Rochester.
4. " Coddington's Bridge across the mountain to the line of Walkill precinct.
5. " Orange line under the foot of the mountain until it reaches No. 4.

In 1775, a district was established from the termination of No. 5 to the Plattekill. Thus there was a public road on each side of the mountain, and one running east from the valley connecting the two. The road across the Shawangunk was in the southern section of the precinct.

In 1776, the Commissioners of Highways made eight road districts:

- No. 1. Ran from the line of Orange county to Derrick V. K. Westbrook's.
2. " " Derrick V. K. Westbrook's to Lysburton Fontyne.*
3. " " Lysburton Fontyne to the brook south of Manuel Gonsalus'.
4. " " Manuel Gonsalus' to the bounds of Rochester.
5. " " Coddington's bridge to Valentine Wheeler's.
6. " " Valentine Wheeler's to William Harlow's.
7. " " William Harlow's to the Plattekill.
8. " " Abner Skinner's to John Wells'.

* So stands the name in the town records. The Fontyne is a fountain or spring about midway between Westbrookville and School House brook, or Maritje's kiltje.

Mamakating continued to be a precinct until some time between its organization in 1743 and 1774, when it was authorized to elect a Supervisor and other officers which characterized towns. Its records show that it had three Commissioners of Highways in 1766; but the first election recorded in the Town Clerk's office was held in 1774. The following are the Clerk's minutes:

"Memorandum of the Town Meeting* held the first Tuesday in April, at the House of Jacob Rutzen Dewitt, for the electing of Town Officers by the Majority of Votes, with their Respective Names, Being the 5th of said Instant Anno Domine, 1774.

"Clerk—Thomas Kyte; Constable & Collector—Jacob Stanton; Supervisor—Benjamin Depuy; Assessors—Harmanus Van in Wagon, Abraham Cuddeback, jun.; Overseers of the Highways—Benj'n Cuddeback, jun., for the 1st Dist.; Derk V. K. Westbrook for the 2d, Jacobus Devins for the 3d; Robert Cook for the 4th; Ezekiel Travis for the 5th; Abraham Smedis for the 6th; Overseers of the Poor—Philip Swartwoud, Robert Cook; Fence Viewers—Benj. Depuy, Jacob Stanton; Stallion Viewers—Vall. Wheeler, Abraham Cuddeback; Pound Keepers—Vall. Wheeler, Benj. Depuy. The Poll to be at Jacob Rutzen Dewitt's House."

A majority of these persons resided in that part of Mamakating which is now included in Deerpark, Orange county.

The records show that there was a town or precinct-meeting in 1775, when the above named offices, except that of Supervisor, were again filled, and Peter Helm, who lived near the Masten place, was made an Overseer of the Poor; another in 1776; in regard to 1777 nothing appears; in 1778, Benjamin Gonsalus was elected Constable and Collector with the usual precinct officials; in 1779, Samuel Gonsalus was made an Overseer of the Poor, at the very time when it has been alleged he was with the savages murdering defenseless women and children on the frontiers; the annual meeting took place in 1780, but if there was an election in 1781, there is no account of it. During the next two years of the war, the following persons were chosen:

1782—Clerk—Jacob Rutzen Dewitt; Constables and Collectors—Abraham A. Cuddeback, William Smith; Supervisor—Benj. Depuy; Assessors—Robert Milliken, Samuel Gonsalus, Jacobus Devens, Moses Depuy, Jacobus Swartwoudt; Commissioners of Highways—Benj. Depuy, Jacob R. Dewitt, John

* From this it would seem that Mamakating was at this time a town. Until 1788, it is almost uniformly recorded as a precinct, while its officers are styled town officers. In 1788, there is a formal memorandum that it was then made a town by an act of the Legislature.

Newkirk, Benj. Cuddeback. Jacob R. Roosa; Overseers of Highways—1 Dist., Elias Gumaer, 2. Jacobus Devens, 3. Abraham Roosa, 4. Jonathan Strickland, 5. Rufus Stanton, 6. Capt. Farnam; Overseers of the Poor—Charles Findley, Jacob Gumaer; Fence Viewers—Jacobus Devens, Samuel Depuy, Solomon Wheat; Stallion Viewers—Capt. Abraham Cuddeback, David Smith; Pounders—Jacob R. Dewitt, Robert Milligan.

1783—Clerk—Archibald McBride; Constables and Collectors—Abraham Cuddeback, William Smith; Supervisor—Jacob R. Dewitt; Assessors—Benjamin Cuddeback, Samuel Gonsalus, Archibald McBride; Commissioners of Highways—Capt. Abraham Cuddeback, John English, Charles Finley, together with the usual number of Overseers of Highways, Fence Viewers, Stallion Viewers and Pounders. "Town Meetings to be held at the House of Archibald McBride until further corrected."

Among the early records of Mamakating are frequent memoranda of ear-marks. Horn-cattle, hogs, etc., were permitted to run at large—some to feed on the grass of the wild lowlands—some in the woods to fatten on nuts. To prevent controversies in regard to ownership, and to assist in the recovery of estrays, each owner was entitled to an ear-mark, and, after it was recorded by the Clerk of the precinct, no one had the right to infringe on his particular mark. We copy a few of these memoranda to give a better idea of what was a very good regulation:

"Fred. Seybolt—Slit in left ear; latch in right ear.

"Jacobus Gonsalus—A hole in each ear.

"Wm. Jellet—Halfpenny on the under side of the right ear.

"Amos Wheat—Square cross on the left ear and a hole underneath."

On the unoccupied lowlands of the precinct were natural meadows which afforded abundance of rich pasture for cattle. The inhabitants of other localities were in the habit of driving their animals to these lands, and leaving them there to thrive and fatten. To this the residents of Mamakating had a decided objection. They became warm advocates of home-interests. There is no notice in the old records of Indian outrages, or the wrongs committed by the British; but there are frequent allusions to the intruders on the commons from other counties and precincts! In 1776, when Congress declared the country free and independent, the good people of Mamakating enacted at their annual election, that no one should take the cattle of non-residents to pasture on the commons.

This declaration, it seems did not cure the evil; and at subse-

quent meetings penalties were provided for the offense. After a time no less than four pounds became necessary—one at Peenpack, of which Abraham Cuddeback was keeper; the second at “Shongunk,”* Ephraim Thomas, keeper; the third at “Mamacotting,” Benjamin Gonsalus, keeper; the fourth at “Shongunk,” Archibald McBride, keeper. Finally every man was authorized to have a pound of his own, and of course every man had or could have an office; for logically, he was the keeper of his own pound, or, in the language of the day, was a pounder.

In 1776, Ezekiel Gumaer took up four head of cattle which were trespassers on the commons, and was allowed £8 for feeding them from November 26 to May 17, when they were sold for £13, 6s.

Another question which agitated the community during the war for independence, was the proper dimensions of hog-yokes. Mast in its season was abundant, and was an inducement to keep more hogs than could well be fed when nuts and acorns were not on the ground, but growing on the trees. Hence, while crops were growing in the summer, hogs were apt to trespass upon enclosures devoted to wheat and maize: especially as fences were poor, as fences in newly cleared neighborhoods usually are. Gentle remedies were tried at first. In 1775, it was enacted that “hogs be permitted to run at large with a yoke judged lawful by the appraisers of damages or three freeholders.” This did not have the desired effect, and at almost every annual meeting, for several years, there was an amendment regulating the shape of hog-yokes. Sometimes the party against yokes would prevail, when the height and breadth would be preposterously small; and when the other party was in the ascendant it was enacted that the yoke should be of huge size—at one time “three feet in the crotch” and a cross-piece in proportion. Finally (1786) the question became a sectional one. The valley was arrayed against the mountain. “Shongunk” was for the smallest possible yokes; while their lowland neighbors, who were the great grain-raisers of the precinct, were for large ones. Happily for the quiet of the region, there was a statesman among them (alas! no monument can be erected to his memory! His name is lost!) who proposed a compromise, which was accepted. Thenceforth it was lawful for the grown hogs of “Shongunk” to run at large at any time with a yoke sixteen inches wide and eighteen high, and other hogs in proportion; while at “Peenpack, Bessie’s Land, Mamacotting,

* The settlement in Mamakating on the east side of the mountain was originally known as Shawangunk. The precinct of the same name was called Old Shawangunk. In the war of the Revolution, when the people of Minisink, Peenpack, etc., fled to Shawangunk, they simply crossed the mountain, where they were comparatively safe.

and all along the road from Peenpack to Mamacotting," it was decreed that the cross-piece should be eighteen inches, and the crotch two and a half feet long. Happy hogs of the mountain! Unfortunate swine of the valley! This struggle then terminated. Thenceforth there was peace.

The Dutch settlers made shorter work with rams than they did with the dimensions of hog-yokes. In 1792, they decreed (substantially) "that any ram found at large between September 1st and the 25th of November shall be a ram no longer," and four shillings were voted to every man for enforcing the penalty, besides one shilling per week for pasture. The decree seems to have given general satisfaction; for no further allusion is made to it in the records of after years, so far as we ascertained.

Grave disputes sometimes occurred between Mamakating and her sister precincts. One of these was settled in a manner which would have afforded delight to Diedrich Knickerbocker. In 1787, Mamakating claimed that Goshen should support a pauper woman and her illegitimate son. The name of this woman we will not give, because we do not know who her descendants are. Goshen contended that she and her irregular offspring belonged to Mamakating. Instead of carrying the controversy into court, and each party paying enough to lawyers to support the mother and child for years, the Overseers of the Poor met, and, after discussing the matter in an amicable way, agreed that Goshen should provide for the woman, while Mamakating should take charge of her infant! The baby was thus torn from the maternal breast—an act which would have shocked modern sensibilities—and a precedent established that it could have a residence different from that of its mother. For several years it was the only pauper of the town, and was sold at each annual meeting to the lowest bidder*—that is, to the person who was willing to support it for the least compensation—until it was thirteen years of age, when the town was relieved from further responsibility by Johannes Masten.

It was believed at the time that, in the arrangement with Goshen, Mamakating had the best of it; because the boy would ultimately become self-supporting, while the woman, if she did not reform, would add largely to the burthens of the town!

The expenses of supporting the poor were not very great in early times. We find that in 1785, when the people were impoverished by the war which had just closed, the poor-tax of Mamakating was £20; in 1788, the tax was £10; 1789, £5; and in 1790, £6. As there was but one pauper, whose support cost less than five pounds a year, we cannot imagine what was done

* The boy was generally bid off at from £3 to £5.

with the money paid for the poor from other sources. Below is an extract from the town books:

“EXCISE MONEY FOR SUPPORT OF POOR:

“From Henry Sothard	£2.00.0
Wm. Harlow	2.00.0
Jacob R. Dewitt	2.00.0
John Seybolt	2.00.0
Eliphalet Scribner	2.00.0
Chris. Miller	1.17.9
Cronamus Felter	1.17.9
John Showers	2.00.0
Wighton & Co. for a permit	13.4

In 1791, every non-resident who cut timber in the town rendered himself liable to a fine of “six pence for every inch across the stump.” No exception was made in favor of those who owned real estate in Mamakating, but resided elsewhere.

Sometimes, but not often, town-officers resided on the Delaware river. In 1789 and 1790, Daniel Skinner (not the Admiral) was an Assessor, and in 1789, Paul Tyler one of the three Collectors.

The town elected annually six firemen. They were generally discreet and respectable men. Their duty was to guard against damages from the burning of the woods.

John Gray, who is styled a “mediciner,” was a physician in Mamakating as early as 1792. We are led to believe that his practice was not lucrative, as he was compelled to mortgage his saddle-horse and other personal property to secure the payment of a small sum of money to a prosperous blacksmith. Gray had been a surgeon in the Continental army. He died in the town of Liberty, on the 14th of December, 1841, at which time he was supposed to be 101 or 102 years of age.

Although Mamakating was much exposed to the ravages of the enemy, and suffered greatly during the war of the Revolution, a greater number of refugees found shelter there than in any town or precinct of Ulster, except Kingston.

CENSUS OF 1782.

	Males under 16.	M's ab. 16 & un. 60.	Males over 60.	Females under 16.	Females above 16.	Total.	Refugees from their usual places of abode.		
							Males.	Females.	Total.
Kingston	566	626	72	526	667	2,625	110	85	195
Hurley	83	111	25	71	138	428	21	27	48
Marbletown	298	293	40	223	310	1,164	56	53	109
Rochester	194	179	21	178	202	774	57	61	118
Mamacotting	95	62	13	65	84	319	94	74	168
New Paltz	330	295	36	286	316	1,263	38	50	88
Shawangunk	367	314	36	284	342	1,342	22	19	41
Montgomery	561	489	58	519	540	2,167	36	44	80
Wall Kill	419	296	15	345	325	1,400	23	18	41
New Windsor	300	252	24	276	280	1,132	56	70	126
New Burgh	429	282	37	368	371	1,487	68	86	154
New Marlborough ..	491	335	24	402	366	1,618	21	16	37
						15,697			1,205

Of the male refugees in Mamakating, forty-seven were under 16, forty-five over 16 and under 60, and two 60 years of age. Total number of males 16 years old and upwards, 122. The number of men who took the Revolutionary pledge in June, 1775, was 131. Two hundred and forty-four of the four hundred and eighty-seven persons in the precinct in 1782 were children under the age of 16 years. In 1855, the population of the town was 4,034, of whom 1,668 were not 16 years old. There has been a falling off in the productions of the field since the pioneers cultivated their land with their rude implements. An impoverished soil is the cause. Probably luxury, effeminacy and other things have reduced the per centage of children.

A large number of the refugees from their homes, were from the isolated neighborhoods of the precinct. Nearly all the families who lived on the banks of the Delaware above the mouth of the Mongaup, during the early days of the war, removed to Peenpack, and that part of the town which was then known as Shawangunk.

On the 20th of April, 1775, a Provincial Convention* assembled in the city of New York. It was composed of delegates from the several counties of New York. On the 29th of the same month, this Convention adopted the following pledge, and ordered it to be sent for signatures to all the precincts and counties of the province.†

“Persuaded that the salvation of the rights and liberties of America depend, under God, on the firm union of its inhabitants in a vigorous prosecution of the measures necessary for its safety; and convinced of the necessity of preventing anarchy and confusion, which attend the dissolution of the powers of government, we, the freemen, free-holders and inhabitants of the Precinct of Mamacoting, being greatly alarmed at the avowed design of the Ministry to raise a revenue in America and shocked by the bloody scene now acting in Massachusetts Bay, do, in the most solemn manner, resolve NEVER TO BECOME SLAVES; and do associate, under all the ties of religion, honor and love to our country to adopt and endeavor to carry into execution whatever measures may be recommended by the Continental Congress, or resolved upon by our Provincial Convention, for the purpose of preserving our Constitution, and opposing the execution of the several arbitrary acts of the British Parliament, until a reconciliation between Great Britain and America on Constitutional principles (which we most ardently desire) can be obtained; and that we will in all things follow the advice of our General Committee respecting the purposes aforesaid, the preservation of peace and good order, and the safety of individuals and property.”

On the 29th of May, the first Provincial Congress‡ required the local committees to return the Pledge before the 15th of July, “with the names of the signers and those who refused to sign;” and on the 26th of June, John Young, President of the Committee of Mamakating, reported that the pledge was “unanimously signed by all the freeholders and inhabitants of the precinct,” an assertion which was not well founded. Below is the list:

John Young,
Philip Swartwout, Esq.,

Benjamin Depue,
Capt. John Crage,

* Delegates from Ulster county—George Clinton, Colonel Charles DeWitt and Levi Pawling.

† See American Archives, 4th series, and Ruttenber's Newburgh.

‡ Delegates from Ulster county—Matthew Cantine, George Clinton, General James Clinton, Colonel Charles DeWitt, Colonel Johannes Hardenbergh, Abraham Hasbronck, Jacob Hoornbeck, John Nicholson and Major Christopher Tappen. Although the county had nine Delegates, it was entitled to but two votes.

Wm. Haxton.	Daniel Van Fleet, ;
John McKinstry.	Ezekiel Gumore,
Benj. Cuddeback, jr.,	Jacob Van Inaway,
Robert Cook,	Cornel. Van Inaway,
Harm. Nan Inwegen,	Moses Depue, jr.,
T. K. Westbrook,	Jacobus Cuddeback,
William Rose,	Rufus Stanton,
Samuel Depue.	Reuben Babbett,
William Johnston,	Jonathan Wheeler,
James Williams,	Asa Kimball,
Chas. Gilletts,	Robert Milliken,
Johan. Stufflebane,	Thomas Lake,
Johan. Stufflebane, jr.	Zek. Halcomb,
James Blizard,	John Williams,
Thomas Combs,	Matthew Neeley,
James McCivers,	Samuel Dealy,
Joseph Hubbard,	Wm. Smith,
John Thompson,	John Harding,
Ebenezer Halcomb,	Nathan Cook,
G. Van Inwegen,	Jep. Fuller,
Wm. Cuddeback,	Eph. Thomas,
Abr. Cuddeback,	Henry Ellsworth,
Eliphalet Stevens,	Joseph Thomas,
Elisha Travis,	Abr. McQuin,
Aldert Rosa,	John Seybolt,
Adam Rivenburgh,	Joseph Skinner,
Eli Strickland,	Joseph Arthur,
David Gillaspy,	David Wheeler,
Stephen Larney,	John Travis,
Capt. J. R. Dewitt,	John Travis, jr.,
Abm. Cuddeback, jr.,	Daniel Decker,
Samuel King,	Petrus Cuddeback,
Abna Skinner,	Elias Gumore,
Fred Benaer,	John Brooks,
Valentine Wheeler,	Elisha Barber,
Thomas Kytte,	Jonathan Davis,
Jonathan Brooks.	Robert Comfort,
John Wallis,	David Dayley,
Joseph Drake,	Gershom Simpson,
Ebenezer Parks,	Eph. Forgison,
Jacobus Swartwout.	Jacob Comfort,
Gerardus Swartwout.	Jacob Stanton,
Phil. Swartwout, jr.,	Moses Miller,
Isaac Van Twill,	Jonah Parks,
Joseph Westfork.	John Gillaspy,
Petrus Gumore,	Jno. Barber,
J. Dewitt Gumore,	Samuel Patterson,

Abraham Smedes,	Nathaniel Travis,
John Stoy,	Ezekiel Travis,
Joel Addams,	Joseph Travis,
Joseph Shaw,	Thos. Gillaspy,
George Gillaspy,	Jeremiah Shaver,
James Curren,	Joseph Ogden,
Abraham Rosa,	Daniel Walling,
Jacob Rosa,	Daniel Walling, jr.,
Henry Newkirk,	Elias Miller,
Peter Simpson,	Isaac Rosa,
Stephen Holcomb,	Abr. Smith,
Johannes Miller,	George G. Denniston,
Daniel Woodworth,	Matthew Terwilliger,
Moses Roberts,	Leonard Hefinessy,
Daniel Roberts,	Jonathan Strickland.
John Douglass,	Johannes Wash.*
Joseph Randal,	

This list, as printed in the American Archives, contains several errors. T. K. Westbrook should be Tjerick Van Keuren Westbrook; Abna Skinner should be Abner Skinner; Thomas Kytte should be Thomas Kyte; Jonah Parks should be Josiah Parks; and probably Johannis Wash should be Johannis Masten.

The reader will not see in this list the Tylers, Conklins, Mitchells and other whigs who lived on the Delaware river; nor the Helms, Devens, Beviens, and Gonsaluses who were residents and freeholders at Mamakating Farms, previous to and after the war. A few weeks before the pledge was signed, one of these men at least (Peter Helm) was elected to fill a town office.

Notwithstanding the report of John Young, there were Tories in the town. David Young and Bryant Kane were determined adherents of the British, and never made a pretense of favoring the colonies.

In 1814, the population of Mamakating was 1,585. On the 24th of June, 1812, as appears from an assessment roll made by Abraham Roosa, Eli Roberts and Jacob Gumaer, there were 273 tax-payers in the town. The population shows that there were about 300 families. Consequently there were only twenty-five or thirty heads of families who were without taxable prop-

* The early settlers of Wurtsborough are not in this list—the Gonsalus, Devens, Helms, Bevier, and others.

erty. The following is a list of those who were assessed for one thousand dollars and upwards:

William Anderson.....	\$1,220	James E. Miller.....	\$1,400
Moses Brown.....	1,000	David Milliken.....	3,404
Peter Budd.....	1,501	John Milliken.....	2,050
John Budd.....	1,017	John Norris.....	1,489
Thomas Bull, junior....	1,162	Daniel Niven.....	1,000
James Beyea.....	1,143	Henry Newkirk.....	1,000
John Clinch.....	1,206	Daniel Ogden.....	1,231
Abraham Canfield.....	1,200	Henry Patmore.....	: 1,518
Jacobus Devens.....	1,500	Eli Roberts.....	1,200
George Duryea.....	1,120	Elnathan Sears.....	1,392
J. and O. Dunning.....	3,044	Wm. and Moses Stanton	1,360
David Dorrance.....	1,434	Samuel Smith.....	1,587
Jacob Gumaer.....	1,565	George Smith, junior..	1,000
Daniel Godfrey.....	1,200	Sloan and Hunter.....	2,000
Moses Hazen.....	1,188	Lawrence Tears.....	2,084
Horton and Lockwood	2,134	Ephraim Thomas.....	1,000
Jacob Masten.....	1,893	Theodorus C. Van Wyck	1,000
David Munn.....	1,592	Daniel Wilson.....	1,204
Ezekiel Masten.....	1,335	Abraham T. Westbrook	2,340

There were many worthy residents of Mamakating at this time whose estates amounted to less than one thousand dollars. Several of them have already received honorable mention in this chapter. Others of this class should be written about; but their descendants have not responded to our calls for information.

Henry Newkirk, whose name appears in the foregoing list, held the office of Town Clerk for forty years. Before his death he dissipated his property, and died poor.

Daniel Niven came to Wurtsborough in 1812, and followed the business of farming and inn-keeping. He was born in Ila, on the west coast of Scotland, and immigrated to New York in 1791, when about twenty-four years of age. Before 1812, he engaged in business in New Windsor, in the city of New York, in Newburgh, and a second time in New York. While in the city the last time, he was a merchant, when his goods were consumed by fire, without being insured. He lost nearly all he possessed, except his family. With indomitable will and buoyant spirit, he commenced anew in Wurtsborough. Here he was often visited by Samuel and Daniel Gonsalus, Colonel Mudge, and other local celebrities. One of them (Daniel Gonsalus) gave him information which led to the discovery of the Wurtsborough lead-mine.

The pioneers of Mamakating knew that the Indians obtained

lead near Wurtsborough; but the latter obstinately refused to reveal where it was to be found, and became angry whenever the subject was broached. A white hunter named Miller followed them at the risk of his life, until he ascertained that they obtained the ore on the west side of the Shawangunk, near a cluster of hemlocks, which was plainly visible from the valley. He heard them at work, and after they had left, found the mine. When Miller was old and infirm, he intended to show Daniel Gonsalus where the ore was. He pointed out the hemlocks, and promised that, as soon as he had visited some friends in Orange county, he would go with Gonsalus to the point where the lead was visible. Before Miller returned from his visit, he was taken sick at Montgomery, and died. Gonsalus never attempted to find the ore. In 1813, he told Niven what he knew, and after thinking of the matter four years, the latter hired Mudge to help him make a search. They were successful. A quantity of the galena was sent to Doctor Mitchell and others, chemists, who declared that it was valuable. Mr. Niven made a confidant of Moses Stanton, a neighbor, who, as well as Mudge, insisted on sharing the profits of the discovery, and the three became partners. Not long after, those who had analyzed the ore were anxious to purchase the mine; but Niven & Co. could not sell it. They were not its owners, and they could not ascertain who were. So the matter rested until 1836, each agreeing to make no disclosure without the consent of all three. Their secret, however, was revealed after it had been kept for almost twenty years. Stanton had a habit of talking in his sleep, and while his eyes were closed, spoke of the mine in such a way that his son, who was present, had no difficulty in finding it! The young man found the owners, and made some five hundred dollars by keeping his ears open while his father "dreamed aloud!"*

In 1816, Mr. Niven removed to Monticello, where he kept the hotel now owned by the brothers Morris. A few years thereafter, he became an inhabitant of Bloomingburgh. While the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company were making their canal, he was attracted to Wurtsborough once more. In 1837, he retired from business, and for nearly thirty years filial hands administered to his comfort and pleasure. He died in Monticello, aged one hundred years.

Mr. Niven was made a Free and Accepted Mason when he was twenty-one years old, and was ever afterwards warmly attached to that institution. At the time of his death, he was probably the oldest Mason in the United States, and was buried according to the customs of that ancient order. From an early

* Tom Quick. This statement was published by us upwards of twenty years ago. We have evidence of its truthfulness written by Mr. Niven in 1833.

period of his life, he was also a member of the Associate Reformed Church of Scotland. He was very liberal in his religious opinions, and in his prime a sturdy defender with voice and pen of what he considered Divine verities. He was a friend and correspondent of Grant Thorburn (Laurie Todd) as long as either could wield a gray goose-quill—was urbane and companionable, and was quick and impulsive, as well as fearless.

Henry Patmore, notwithstanding his respectability and intelligence, and his comfortable circumstances in 1812, as well as the fact that he was a soldier of the Revolution, became very poor in his old age, and died a pauper. He received a small pension for his military services; but it was not sufficient to supply his necessities. Although an inmate of our county-asylum, he continued to command respect from his fellow-men, and when he died (Sept. 26, 1835) the following notice of his decease appeared in the *Republican Watchman*. It was written by one of the most respectable citizens of Sullivan:

“Died, in Thompson, Henry Patmore, Esq., a soldier of the Revolution, aged 79 years. He was for many years a resident of Mamakating, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his fellow-townsmen, who conferred on him the office of Justice of the Peace, to which he was elected several times. ‘Peace to the ashes of the old soldier.’”

Mr. Patmore was long a resident of the town, and was elected to an office there in the year 1799.

Elnathan Sears was born at White Plains, Westchester county, New York. Soon after the Declaration of Independence, he joined the Continental army. At the fall of Fort Montgomery, he fell into the hands of the enemy, and for a long time was kept on board the “Jersey Prison-Ship,” where, with other patriots, he endured what must forever disgrace British arms. Here he saw American patriots, rendered insane by the tortures of hunger, thirst and cold, scrape verdigris from the foul copper-kettles which were used to cook their food, with which they cut short their anguish. His sufferings, however, did not extinguish his ardor for liberty. No sooner was he liberated, than he hastened to peril his life again in battle. He did not lay down his arms until the last foe was driven from our soil. After the war he was united in marriage with Mary Haight, of Crum Pond, and moved to Montgomery, in Orange county. About the year 1790, he became a settler of Mamakating, where he resided until his death in 1840. In 1802, he was elected a Member of Assembly from Ulster county, and was the first resident within the present territory of Sullivan who enjoyed that honor, if we may except Cornelius C. Schoonmaker. He was re-elected in 1803, 1806, 1812 and 1813, and was made Sheriff of Sullivan in 1819. He also filled other important public stations. By

economy and industry he accumulated a fortune, from which he dispensed to the poor with a liberal hand; and not until he was reduced by misfortune to actual want, did he deign to apply to the government of his country for the pittance to which he was entitled. For the last two or three years of his life, he endeavored to secure a final adjustment of his claims, and it is no less melancholy than true, that the tardiness of Congress was the indirect cause of his death.* Returning from Washington in January, 1840, the cold and fatigue he endured, as well as the effects of hope deferred, terminated in a fatal disease. His death occurred on the 2d of the following February, after he had seen his four-score and third birthday.

Doctor Theodore C. Van Wyck was a gentleman of liberal education. In early life he was attached to the navy of the United States. He was descended from an old and respectable Knickerbocker family; but exhibited none of the real or fancied traits of the Dutch or any other people. He was emphatically an original character. He was upright, courteous, and refined—honorable, chivalrous and dignified, so far as his inclinations ruled him, yet his daily life was an odd exemplification of these excellent traits. He did not burlesque the social code; but he observed its requirements in an indescribably amusing manner. Many anecdotes are related of him, some of which are probably fictions; but they are so well founded on his peculiar mode of speech and bearing, that it is impossible to detect the spurious.

It is said that on one occasion, he had a fine lot of hay in cock, when a violent wind began to scatter it about. Ordering his hired man to hold on to a heap, he threw his long body upon one of the cocks, and kept his eyes upon the others. The gale increased in violence—cock after cock sailed away on the wings of the storm—the Doctor's agitation increased as his fodder diminished, and when all had disappeared except what was under the two men, he sprang upon his feet and shouted, "Let it all go to hell, sir! all go to hell, sir!"

* Mr. Sears' memorial contains the following statement: He entered the service of his country in 1776, under Captain James Milliken, of Colonel Paulding's regiment, and was in the battles of Long Island, White Plains, and at the taking of Fort Montgomery. In the latter affair, a ball penetrated his right leg, and a bayonet his right side. While his shoes were filled with blood, he was prostrated by a blow from the butt of a gun, and trampled under foot. During the next thirteen months, he was a prisoner on board the Jersey prison-ship, and in the sugar-house in Pearl street, except a short time when he was in a hospital. While in prison, he suffered everything but death from cold and hunger. His feet were so badly frozen that the ends of his toes dropped off, and he was unable to walk for three months after he was exchanged. His sufferings, however, did not extinguish his patriotism. In 1779, he enlisted in Captain Drake's company for the war, and until June, 1783, served on the Northern frontier, where his bravery, fidelity and intelligence, won him the rank of Lieutenant of his company. He subsequently received a pension; but because his commission had been destroyed accidentally, and in consequence of the neglect of his superior officers in discharging him from the army, he failed to receive the pension due to one of his rank. It was while seeking justice in this respect that he contracted the disease of which he died.

Beyond using mild expletives of which Hades and perdition are synonyms, he had no vices. He paid much respect to the practice of public worship—was a regular attendant and a liberal supporter of the Church of his fathers; but beyond a respectful and dignified, but silent demeanor in church and prayer-meeting, he was not known to go more than once. There was a lively interest in religious affairs in Bloomingburgh. Prayer-meetings were frequent—several made a profession of religion—the zeal of the Church increased day by day. The Doctor attended the meetings, and his devout manner led his pastor and others to hope that he was about to seek the good way; yet meeting after meeting was held, and it could not be said of him, “Behold, he prayeth!” So devout and exemplary seemed the Doctor, that the reverend gentleman believed that but a little extra effort was needed to make him openly profess a desire to join the ranks of the elect: so one evening, when all, including the Doctor, were on their knees, the Dominie asked him to lead in prayer. There was a solemn pause—a grave-like silence—the tympanum of every ear was eager to catch the first utterance from the Doctor’s lips. But he was as silent as a graven image. Thinking he had not heard the first request, the good man repeated it; whereupon the Doctor spoke. “Damn it, sir! Damn it, sir! I pay you to pray, sir! you to pray, sir!” He was not asked to pray publicly again.

The Doctor was an admirer of the ancient Greek poets, and from them learned that the goad was in vogue among classic Jehus. His mare—the animal he used when making professional visits on and at the foot of the Shawangunk mountain—was a staid and undemonstrative beast, whose epidermis was insensible to the lash. He manufactured a goad, and found that its application greatly accelerated her pace. He was delighted, and thereafter, like one of Homer’s heroes, when he wished the mare to “devour the road,” he thrust half an inch of cold iron into her hams. One pleasant day he determined to treat his son Charles to a ride. The lad’s mother arrayed the boy in his most stylish finery—the Doctor ordered a spirited young horse known as “the colt” to be harnessed and attached to his best buggy, and away the father and son went. Both enjoyed the ride very much until the Doctor fell into what is known as “a brown study,” when he gave the colt a vigorous thrust with the goad. Instantly there was a vision of iron-shod feet thrust violently through a dash-board—a man and boy flying through the air—an overturned and wrecked buggy—and a dissolving view of splintered thills attached to a frantic horse. Charles landed where some vagrant cows had deposited plenty of the material from which modern chemists extract the “balm of a thousand flowers.” Into and over this he rolled in such a way

that he was smeared with it from head to foot. The Doctor, who was uninjured, cast a rueful glance at the fleeing horse, and then turned his attention to the boy. Finding that the little fellow, though frightened and filthy, was free from contusions and broken bones, he took him up on the palms of his hands, and holding him out at arm's length, made long but dignified strides homeward, knowing that Mrs. Van Wyck would be greatly agitated and alarmed as soon as the colt reached its stable. Into her presence he strode, still holding the boy on his extended palms, and with the deferential courtesy of a Chesterfield, calmed her fears: "He is not hurt, madam—not hurt; but damnably besmirched, madam—damnably besmirched!"

Charles not only survived this, but other perils, and became a Representative in Congress, and a Brigadier-general of the army of the Union.

Whether these anecdotes are true or not, with others of a similar character, they have been current many years; and their relation cannot detract an iota from the respectful memory of a man whom we esteemed highly through the changes and vicissitudes of a quarter of a century.

Wurtsborough is situated on an inclined plane formed of the debris deposited by Saw-mill brook. The valley at this point bears evidence that it was once much deeper than it is at present, when the Neversink and perhaps the Delaware washed the base of the Shawangunk. The streams from the western hills have plowed deep gorges, and brought to the valley sufficient material to cover and conceal primeval forests. Those who estimate this material properly, will see that it is sufficient to raise the valley to its present altitude above the Delaware and Neversink. Jacob Helm, an early settler of Wurtsborough, in digging a mill-race, found it necessary to remove a large white pine stump. Underneath this, about five feet from the surface, he uncovered another stump as large as the other.

It has been said that each stratum of rocks is a leaf in the history of the earth. In the mystical time when "darkness was upon the face of the deep," what is now the summit of the Shawangunk was the bed of a watery abyss which extended from the Barrens eastward. The mountain is capped by Hudson-river slate, which covers its eastern side, while its western declivity is of a different geological formation. On the western side of the valley, in digging wells, the Hudson-river slate is found. It dips under the bed-rocks of the Barrens, and is evidently but a continuation of the upper stratum of the Shawangunk. The texture of this slate shows that it was formed under deep and quiet waters, while the rocks which overlap it at Wurtsborough exhibit traces of more energetic pluvial action.

Hence we conclude that, in the pre-Adamite days, the great north or north-western current spoken of by geologists, after passing over Sullivan, found rest in a vast reservoir of which the Barrens was the western boundary, and that when the Creator made the rivers to flow oceanward in their appointed channels, and the mountains to rear their majestic forms, those dynamic forces which he employed to accomplish his purposes rent the rocks asunder, and caused the Shawangunk to rear its head above the turbid waters, and greet his elder brothers of the west. Our conclusions may be fallible; but of this we are sure: if the book of nature is read aright, it will not differ from the inspired volume.

In 1833 or 1834, Washington Irving, in company with Vice-President Van Buren, visited Wurtsborough. Soon after he wrote a sketch in which he describes what he saw there in his ever facile manner. After declaring that the descendants of Diedrich Knickerbocker were the first to discover and improve this rich alluvial valley, he says:

“The traveler who sets out in the morning from the beautiful village of Bloomingburgh, to pursue his journey westward, soon finds himself, by an easy ascent, on the summit of the Shawangunk. Before him will generally be spread an ocean of mist, enveloping and concealing from his view the deep valley and lovely village which lie almost beneath his feet. If he reposes here for a short time, until the vapors are attenuated and broken by the rays of the morning-sun, he is astonished to see the abyss before him deepening and opening on his vision. At length, far down in the newly revealed region, the sharp, white spire of a village-church is seen, piercing the incumbent cloud; and, as the day advances, a village, with its ranges of bright-colored houses and animated streets, is revealed to the admiring eye. So strange is the process of its development, and so much are the houses diminished by the depth of the ravine, that the traveler can scarcely believe he is not beholding the phantoms of fairy-land, or still ranging in those wonderful regions which are unlocked to the mind's eye by the wand of the god of dreams. But as he descends the western declivity of the mountain, the din of real life rises to greet his ear, and he soon penetrates into the midst of the ancient settlements, of which we have before spoken.”

Johannes Masten came to Wurtsborough sometime during or soon after the French war, and bought one thousand acres of land of Elias and Moses Miller. His tract was situated principally north of the turnpike, and a considerable part of it was very productive. He was a native of Kingston, of Dutch and

French ancestry, and a man of large means. A person of that name was a freeholder of Kingston in 1728—probably his father.

At the time Masten came to the valley, (according to a statement of Mrs. Daniel Litts, his daughter), the Hollow was a dense wilderness, except where Jacobus Devens and Manuel Gonsalus and his sons lived. She makes no mention of Conrad* Bevier, although he must have lived south of Wurtsborough at the time, and says that Peter Helm, a son of Michel Helm, resided near her father's. She says that Devens' "fort" was built *around* his house, and that soldiers were stationed there during the Revolution to watch the Indians. Two of these soldiers were her brother John and a man named Jacobus Van Campen, a cousin of Abraham Van Campen, who was with Lieutenant Graham's party when the latter were massacred in the town of Neversink. John and Jacobus were in the woods hunting partridges, one day, when John advised the other to avoid places where there were dense undergrowths. This advice was not followed. They became separated, and soon Litts heard Van Campen scream. He ran towards him, and discovered that the careless fellow had been taken prisoner by a party of Indians. He could afford him no aid, and returned to the fort. For seven years Van Campen was missing, when he returned to the valley.

A gentleman and his wife, who were traveling toward Peenpack to visit their relatives, were murdered by the savages during the war for independence. Their names are not remembered.

Living in the valley was so dangerous, that Johannes Masten, whose age rendered him exempt from military duty, removed to Shawangunk, where he remained with his wife and such of his children as were not in the army, until the declaration of peace.† He then returned and re-occupied his farm. The Indians at this time were so obnoxious that they did not dare to visit the valley openly. Those who had been non-combatants during the war, and had never met the savages in battle, were implacable; while the brave men who had roamed the western hills with them in search of game previous to the war, and threaded the intricate mazes of the Foul woods beyond the Barrens to slay them at a more recent time, now met them amicably. Mrs. Litts, about the year 1786, was asked by Samuel Gonsalus whether she had ever seen an Indian. As she was an infant when her father removed to Shawangunk, she had seen none of that race, and told Gonsalus that she had not. He then said to

* The early scribes of Mamakating sometimes spelled this name Coonraught! See Town Record.

† His sons Ezekiel, Jacob and John were in the American army. The first two received pensions. Ezekiel removed to Thompson, lost all his property, and died poor.

her that if she would go to Peter Helm's, and look through a "chink" in the wall of his house, she would see one. With other children, she went to Helm's and discovered seven savages eating their supper. This circumstance led her to believe that Gonsalus and Helm were both Tories, and she denounced them as such to the day of her death, although official records prove that they were Whigs.

Johannes Masten paid five dollars per acre for the first land he bought in the valley, and afterwards paid as high as ten. It bore heavy burdens of wheat and Indian corn. After his return from Shawangunk, he carted seven hundred bushels of wheat to Esopus in a single year. This he had raised on his homestead, besides what was consumed by his family, slaves and horses. He probably owned more negroes than any other resident of the county.

Notwithstanding his large possessions, he was a veritable Nimrod. We are assured that he once killed three deer at one shot. The manner in which this was done is as follows: The animals came to one of his maize-fields at night to feed on the silk, of which they are very fond. He laid in wait for them, armed with a musket which was heavily charged with buckshot. After watching an hour or two he saw a respectable drove of antlered bucks and their demure consorts, and at a favorable moment fired between two rows of the maize. The next morning, he and his negroes found the three deer dead in the field.

Jacob Gumaer, a descendant of one of the original proprietors of the Peenpack patent, Wilhelmus Kuykendall, a man named Litts, and other settlers of Dutch and French extraction, were added to the settlement from time to time. Litts removed to Pennsylvania; but his son Daniel returned and married a daughter of Johannes Masten, and became an early settler of Thompson.

Mamakating at this time was emphatically a Dutch neighborhood. Dutch, with an admixture of French, was the common language, and Yankees were seldom met with. The dwellings were in the Dutch style, and constructed more for utility and comfort than beauty. Washington Irving, in his Legend of Mamakating Hollow, says they were modeled after a hen-coop. Of course, he slanders these simple and worthy people; for their houses were as good and better than their neighbors.

In 1790, a school was opened near Wurtsborough by John King, who received one dollar per quarter for teaching each pupil, and was boarded by his patrons. He was thus employed for one year, when he was succeeded by John Youngs, of Fishkill, who continued the school for thirteen months, when he died. Previous to 1790, it does not appear that the means of education were better than what was afforded in the home-circle.

That some of the children were taught to read and write is proved by the Town Records; for the first white child born in the valley discharged official duties for several years which required at least a limited education.

The young undoubtedly labored under many disadvantages, particularly if they were anxious to consummate their matrimonial inclinations. When an amorous *jeugd* wished to convert a *kerel* into a *wijf*, he was obliged to travel many miles to find a dominie or a civil officer to forge the marriage-chain. As late as 1796, Daniel Litts had to take his betrothed to Hopewell, where they were married.

Manuel Gonsalus 3d, at an early day, built a grist-mill on Gumaer brook. The bolting was done by hand, and the establishment was of no importance beyond being convenient to the few settlers of the valley.

The early Dutch inhabitants of Peenpack, and the occupants of the Mamakating Farms, gave names to all the streams, (kils,) brooks, (kiltjes,) mountains and hills, (bergs,) in their neighborhoods. These old names have generally been forgotten; but there are yet (1873) a few descendants of the pioneers of the valley who are familiar with them. One of these persons (Colonel Masten of Wurtsborough,) an intelligent gentleman of the old Dutch school, has furnished us with most of the following facts, which were told him by Samuel Gonsalus and others in his youth:

1. Bashaskill north of Wurtsborough, was known as Lysbets' kil, (Elizabeth's creek). There was generally but one daughter in each Gonsalus family, and she was christened Elizabeth. The stream was named after one of these girls. (This cannot be so, because Lysbet, Betje, Basha, Bessie, etc., are equivalents, and the name was known in the valley before the Gonsalus family located there. See Minisink and Hardenbergh patents. If Betje or Bashe was a white woman, she lived at Peenpack.)

2. South of Wurtsborough, the stream was called Mamacotton river. Mamacotton, (or correctly, Mamakating,) is an Indian word, the meaning of which is lost.

3. Pinekill. This was the true Bashaskill. On it was the tract of land known as Basha's land. Westbrookville was once Bashasville. Tradition says that Basha was a squaw who was the Queen of her tribe or clan, and lived on the banks of the creek. According to a descendant of Dirck Van Keuren Westbrook, the first white settler at Westbrookville, her name was Baha Bashiba, and her bones may be found in an old Indian burial-place in that neighborhood. Notwithstanding all this, we believe the word Basha is the Dutch diminutive for Elizabeth. Almost every Dutch woman of that name is still designated by the pet sobriquet of Betje or Bashee, and in the

old records of the precinct the valley in the vicinity of the creek is styled by an English clerk, Bessie's Land. Notwithstanding the word Basha is of Dutch origin, the name may have belonged to a *s'unk squa* or squaw-sachem, as the aborigines sometimes bore the names of white people. That an Indian Queen had her seat of government at Bessie's Land is a favorite tradition, and the antiquarian who proves that it is a baseless fiction will not be honored in the valley of Mamakating.

4. *Oak Brook*, by the Dutch, was called *Aka kiltje*, from the oak trees which grew by it. *Aka* is a corruption of the Dutch name for that tree, (*eik*.)

5. *Manarza Smith Spring*. This was the *Groot Yaugh Huys Fontaine*—Great Hunting House Spring. The last word (*fontaine*) is French, and is equivalent to the English word fountain. There were numerous yaugh or hunting-houses in old times, along the frontier from the Paaquary mountains to Albany. A yaugh house was as uncertain a monument by which to bound land as a blue mountain.

6. *Graham's Brook* was the *Olietje kil* (Oil creek) of the Dutch—not because petroleum, but the butternut, was found there in abundance. The early settlers extracted oil from this nut. Hence the name of Oil creek.

7. *Sandy Brown Brook*—*Lang Steen kiltje*, (Long Stone brook,) from a peculiarity of the stones found there.

8. *Paje's Brook*. On this was bestowed the somewhat profane cognomen of *Roumaker's Hel*, (Saddler's Hell,*) from the following incident: A saddler traveling through the neighborhood on a lean and half-starved horse, had occasion to cross the brook at the usual fording-place. At this point the mud was very deep and very adhesive. These difficulties were easily overcome by the powerful, well-fed animals of the Dutch farmers; but they were too great for the lean beast of the *roumaker*. When it reached the middle, it was irretrievably mired—fast in the mud—with its rider on its back! In vain the unfortunate saddler thumped with his heels, and applied his whip with all the force of his arms. His horse could not move a step, and he was afraid to alight in the mud. There was danger that he would sink into it too. He hallooed. No one replied. He screamed; he yelled; he cursed; he blasphemed until he was hoarse and exhausted. How he was extricated tradition does not inform us; but we presume he was finally rescued by a traveler; otherwise his adventure would not have been known, nor the name of Saddler's Hell given to the brook to commemorate his misfortune.

9. *Stanton Brook*. This was *Scufftite kiltje* or Breakfast brook.

* We suspect our informant is mistaken. Is not a *roumaker*, a noisy, turbulent fellow?

The people of Peenpack, when they started for Esopus, generally managed to get here in time to eat their morning meal. Hence the name.

10. *Saw-Mill Brook* was the *Cline Yaugh Huys kiltje*, or the Little Hunting House brook. It runs near the site of the old *Cline Yaugh Huys up da berg*, or the Little Hunting House on the hill, the spring of which is so well known to surveyors.

11. *Abraham Stanton Brook*. On the banks of this brook was a dense growth of rhododendrons and other evergreens, which completely overshadowed it. Hence it was called *Donkeru Gat kiltje*—Dark Hole brook. It is sometimes styled Laurel brook in the ancient records of the precinct.

12. *School House Brook*. This brook was the *Maritje's kiltje* of early days. It was so designated because Samuel Gonsalus, when a young man, in crossing it with Maritje, the daughter of Michel Helm, applied his whip to his horses, which, being spirited, started suddenly, and she was thrown into the brook. She was on the back seat, and went over the tail-board. When Gonsalus checked the speed of his horses, and looked for her, he found her comfortably seated in the brook, enjoying what is known in these days as a *sitz* or hip-bath. The accident was the source of much merriment at the time. The place where it occurred is the *Maritje's Gat** of the old records. *Maritje's kiltje* was subsequently called Witch's brook.

13. *Gumaer Brook* was *Manuel's kiltje*, and named after Manuel Gonsalus.

14. *Devens' Brook* was *Devens' kiltje*.

15. *Roaring Brook* is a translation of the original name—*Rousika kiltje*.

16. *Henry's Brook* was *Platte kiltje*; *i. e.* Flat brook, which indicates that it has but little, if any, current.

17. *Sunmitville Brook* was *Lang Brug kiltje*, or Long Bridge brook. For some distance there was a swamp on each side of it, over which a causeway of logs was built.

18. *Sandburgh*. The Dutch name was *Zontherg*, or Sand-hill. It was applied to a hill, and as the appellation of a stream of water is ridiculous. No creek can be a hill of sand. The original name of the creek was *Zontkil*, and it is so designated in old maps.

The Dutch element predominated in Mamakating Hollow until the close of the last century. The settlers were generally substantial and prosperous, but lacked the restless energy and untiring activity of the Yankees. It may be said of them that

* We applied to an ancient Dutch matron for a translation of this name, first giving her a brief history of this particular *gat*. Our simplicity or something else, caused her to laugh so immoderately, whenever the *gat* was alluded to, that she failed to enlighten us.

they acquired wealth by slow and sure means. Notwithstanding they were plodding and laborious, they were not destitute of enjoyment. In them Dutch stolidity was ameliorated by a slight infusion of French vivacity, so that they possessed a quiet capacity for happiness, and were content in their limited sphere. They were satisfied with their daily blessings and comforts, and did not long for pleasures which many ever seek, but never enjoy.

The influx of Yankees commenced about the year 1790. The first of importance was Captain David Dorrance, a native of Windham county, Connecticut. His family took a conspicuous part in the colonization of the territory of Wyoming by the people of his native colony, and he had served with much credit in the Revolutionary army, which he entered as a sergeant, and was soon after promoted for meritorious conduct. In 1776, while his regiment was engaged at Morrisania, in Westchester county, he was so severely wounded that he was unable to perform military duty for more than a year. When he recovered, he rejoined his regiment, and was selected by General Washington to serve with other officers and soldiers in a corps under the Marquis de la Fayette. The troops of this corps, as a compliment to their distinguished general, were the finest of the army. Dorrance was soon after made a lieutenant, and then a captain, in which capacity he served until the close of the war. He was in the battle of Monmouth and other important engagements, and witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis. After peace was declared, and our country freed from the dominion of Great Britain, he found that the effects of his wound and the hardships he had endured, rendered him unable to endure the fatigues of physical labor. Under these circumstances he was advised to apply for a pension; but with that greatness of soul which marked his character, he refused to do so, alleging that he would never become an expense to his country so long as he could avoid it.*

Some time previous to 1790, he visited Southern Ulster for the purpose of buying furs and peltries of the frontier-trappers and hunters. Finding the unoccupied land south of Mamakating Farms, cheap and fertile, and covered with a heavy burthen of white pine, hickory, oak, and other valuable timber, he determined to buy a large tract, and settle on it, with such of his old neighbors of Connecticut as he could induce to join him. With this object in view, he bought one thousand acres of Colonel Ellison, an extensive operator in real estate of that day. This lot was south of the turnpike, and embraced the farm now owned by the Morrison family of Wurtsborough. Captain

* Sullivan Whig, July 3d, 1852.

Dorrance paid one dollar per acre for it. He soon afterwards bought 613 acres of Hendrick Smith. The last mentioned tract adjoined the other on the south, and covered the Chichester farm. For three hundred dollars, he sold 150 acres of this land to Ephraim Smith, and for a like sum the same quantity of land to Cogswell Kinne, a brother of Nathan Kinne, one of the early settlers of Thompson.

Samuel Dimmick, the progenitor of the well-known family of that name, was then a young physician in Dorrance's native place, and Charles Baker was a young man of stalwart frame and fine education. Dorrance induced them to remove to Mamakating by offering to pay the expenses of their journey. Dimmick at first found but little employment in this new and sparsely inhabited region. Patients were few in number, and the people generally poor. However, he met with so much encouragement that he went back to Windham county to fulfill a matrimonial contract with Sophia Greenslip, an amiable and excellent lady, who proved a helpmeet indeed to the struggling young doctor, as well as the mother of a very respectable family. There are people yet living who bear testimony in favor of this brave and accomplished woman, who did not consider it beneath her station to teach a school, when the money thus earned was necessary to the support of herself and husband. The exertions of the young couple in time were well rewarded, and they found the wherewithal to secure a comfortable subsistence. At an early day he became a resident of Bloomingburgh, where the name of Dimmick has since been synonymous with social and intellectual excellence.

The difficulties in reducing the wild lands of Captain Dorrance to cultivated farms may be estimated from the annexed facts: On his premises, nearly opposite Doctor Morrison's south barn, was a white pine tree which measured twenty-one feet in circumference. This giant of the woods was prostrated by first applying the axe to its immense bole as long as practicable, and then finishing the work with a cross-cut saw. About fifteen feet from the ground it had two branches, each as large as an ordinary tree. It made ten logs, the largest of which was five feet in diameter, and it was necessary to hew away its upper and lower sides before it could be cut into boards. This tree was sold for ten dollars as it stood—a sum equal to what ten acres of the land had cost Dorrance. Portions of its stump and roots were visible a few years ago. Such a tree would now be worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars.

Captain Dorrance for a considerable time was the only Justice of the Peace in the town. As clergymen were scarce, he was often called upon to marry the sons and daughters of the valley,

and the dwellers of the woods west of the Hollow. Doctor Silas Loomis, Eli Roberts, Charles Harding, Colonel Mudge and other local celebrities were married by him.

Wilhelmus Kuykendall, Zachariah Durland and David Dorrance, were the original owners of the Stanton graveyard. The latter died June 23, 1822, aged 71 years, and was buried in this yard. During his residence in Mamakating, he was honored and respected. He contributed much to the growth and prosperity of the valley. Ann, his widow, survived him fourteen years. Their children were, 1. Elisha H., born September 23, 1787; 2. John, March 23, 1789; 3. Benjamin B., June 2, 1791; 4. Samuel, January 23, 1793; 5. George, March 17, 1797; 6. Nancy, May 26, 1799; 7. Frances, August 30, 1800; 8. Catharine, February 17, 1803; 9. David, July 30, 1805; 10. Charles, January 30, 1808.

Of his ten children, George is the only one who is now a resident of Wurtsborough. Benjamin B. was a respectable physician, and has been dead many years. John died on the 7th of December, 1854, and was a man highly esteemed and widely known. He was noted for his business-enterprise, as well as for his wit and reminiscences of old times. He well remembered the friendship of Governor Morris for his father—a friendship which led him while passing from Albany to New York, in the early days of this century, to turn from his route and travel forty miles to visit Wurtsborough. He came in great state, with a retinue of outriders and other attendants, filling the breasts of all with awe, and particularly the youngsters of the Hollow, who, in their seclusion, had never dreamed of such state and splendor. John and his brother Elisha retreated, as they supposed, to secure hiding places; but were found by their father, who dispatched them to the Basha's kill to catch trout for the dinner of the great man and his family.

When the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike was surveyed, John carried the chain from Bloomingburgh to Cohecton, and during his life was more or less identified with the improvements which were designed to advance the interests of his neighbors and friends. When the first attempt was made to drain the Bashas-kill swamp, he contracted to do the work, and performed the job according to the plan of those who gave it to him. In 1826, he was extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits; but took a mile-section of the canal at Wurtsborough to construct. After this was completed, he contracted to finish another section on the Delaware river at Butler's Falls. Here, by the sliding of earth and rocks from a high embankment, one of his legs was broken and crushed, which lamed him for life. He was afterwards associated with George Law in a contract on the Chenango canal, and with Samuel Roberts on the Mauch Chunk

canal, and engaged in grading a section of the New York and Erie railroad at Deposit, and another on the Newburgh branch. He also made a bid to build the Croton Aqueduct and Dam; but the contract was awarded to Roberts & Co., who proposed to do the work for a trifle less than his offer. Besides this, he was largely engaged in the lumber-business, and under a lease from Livingston, cut near the Neversink over a million feet of lumber annually for several years. From these ventures he would have secured a fortune, if those with whom he was associated had been as honorable and upright as he was himself.

John Dorrance was a prominent and reliable politician. He presided at the first meeting which nominated DeWitt Clinton for Governor. It was held at the house of Peter Miller, in Wurtsborough, and was attended by Doctor Holland of Massachusetts, General Henry Montgomery, David Hunter and other prominent men. He was also an expert angler and hunter, and countless were the victims of his rod and rifle.*

After the completion of the Delaware and Hudson canal, Ireland added largely to the population of the valley. Among the early immigrants from the Green Isle were Felix and Patrick Kelly, who were for several years merchants of Wurtsborough. Felix became one of the most influential democratic politicians of Sullivan. In 1840, he was elected Sheriff of the county, and subsequently served three years under William Gumaer as Under-sheriff. He was nominally a Roman Catholic. At the time of his election, there was a very stubborn prejudice against men of his religion, and to defeat him, a report was circulated that he had, in burying one of his children, observed some of the customs of the Irish Roman Catholics!

Charles Baker was a native of Windham county, Connecticut, and, as we have already stated, was induced to move to Mamakating by Captain David Dorrance in 1796 or 1797. Very little is known of his early life. His father, Roswell Baker, was a small farmer—a plain, hard-working man—poor, but of excellent repute among his neighbors. Charles was a bright lad, very fond of reading, and managed in some way to acquire a better education than the generality of boys of his station in life. In 1796, he graduated at Dartmouth College soon after Daniel Webster became a student in that institution, and well remembered the puny lad who subsequently became so famous as an orator and statesman.

Baker engaged in teaching school in Mamakating and the surrounding country, and when not thus employed, made shingles, and worked for farmers and lumbermen. It was not

* John W. Hasbrouck.

uncommon to see him pass to and from his work with his ax on his shoulder. He was poor, and seemingly without a prospect of rising above the common level; but resolved to perform his part sturdily and bravely in whatever position circumstances assigned him.

While teaching in Shawangunk, he got acquainted with a Mr. Bruyn, who became his friend and benefactor. Through Bruyn's influence he entered the law-office of William Ross of Newburgh, as a student.

After Baker was licensed as an attorney, he returned to Mamakating and opened an office in Bloomingburgh, then the most flourishing business-place in what is now Sullivan county. He was a man of undoubted talent, of more than average learning as a lawyer, and much addicted to original thought and expression. So unusual and amusing were his sayings, that he was the central figure to which all eyes were directed in whatever society he appeared. This peculiarity became more and more obvious as he advanced in years, and the habit of intemperance, which blasted his life, gained a firmer dominion over him. Whenever intoxicated he laid aside whatever reserve characterized his sober hours, and gave a free rein to his witty and caustic propensities. He usually indulged his unfortunate habit when attending court, and some of his happiest forensic displays were made when he was under the influence of rum. We have heard it asserted that the gravity of the bench on such occasions was sometimes preserved by using a cambric handkerchief as a gag, while bar, and jury and spectators were convulsed with laughter.

Baker detested shams of all kinds. Although of humble origin—a child of the people—he was at heart an aristocrat. In politics he was a federalist, and believed that certain classes, and particularly the legal profession, should monopolize positions of honor and responsibility. This will more fully appear from the following relation:

During the first quarter of this century, Samuel Freer edited and published at Kingston a newspaper entitled *The Ulster Gazette*. Freer, like Baker, was of the federal party. In his old age, when he was a pauper, he boasted that Alexander Hamilton was his personal friend. In early times, post-offices were few and far between, and public journals were often delivered to subscribers by carriers. Freer was his own carrier. When each weekly edition of the *Gazette* was printed, he filled his saddle-bags with the damp sheets, mounted his old mare, and with his pipe in his mouth, started for Peenpack. After he reached that ancient Dutch settlement, he retraced his steps to Wurtsborough, (then Rome,) and from that point crossed the Barrens to Thompson; from thence he went to Fallsburgh,

Neversink and Wawarsing, and from there home. He was a kind-hearted, genial man. By visiting people at their homes, bringing with him the news and gossip of the day, and not assuming airs of superiority, he became very popular with the masses.

In time he aspired to a seat in Congress. The federal lawyers of the district regarded his pretensions with amazement and contempt. Should this upstart printer be preferred to one of their exclusive order? No! Heaven forbid! Away with him! There was one lawyer, however, whom Freer believed was his friend. That lawyer was Charles Baker. Freer relied on him—confided in him—counseled with him. He canvassed the district and believed that he would have a small majority in the nominating convention. Baker was a delegate, and was supposed to be Freer's friend; but in the convention turned the scale against him. Freer was indignant and reproached Baker with his perfidy, when the latter coolly told him that a man of his calling was unfit for an honorable position. Freer replied bitterly, "Such a sentiment should blister your tongue!" and was Baker's enemy to the day of his death.

Baker himself was several times a candidate for office; but was never elected until he joined the democratic party, when the voters of Mamakating made him an Inspector of Common Schools. He was run for the Assembly in 1809, 1810, 1816, 1817 and 1823; and in 1821 for Member of the Constitutional Convention. His successful competitor was generally a farmer or mechanic. In 1832, he desired the democratic nomination for Representative in Congress; but he was elbowed aside by Charles Bodle, a wagon-maker. So far as concerns him, the doctrine of compensation in this life seems to have been verified.

Baker's blows were like those given with a mace rather than a Damascus blade. His wit was ponderous and coarse; and on that account suited to the time in which he lived. His weapon was not so keen that his victims were obliged to shake their heads to ascertain whether they were decapitated. He generally reduced the head itself to a jelly with a single effort.

Sometime during the war of 1812-15, Baker received a circular from a committee of federalists, the object of which was to induce him and other members of that party to throw obstacles in the way of a successful prosecution of the war. Baker, although a federalist, was a warm friend of his country, and felt no sympathy for its enemies. The circular had an effect unlike that which its authors anticipated so far as he was concerned; for he forthwith denounced them, and with Jacksonian impetuosity induced part of a militia company of which he was a lieutenant to go with him "to the front."

This company had been commanded by Captain Thomas Bull of Wurtsborough, who had evaded a requisition of Governor Tompkins, because his wife would not consent to his going into the army.

Lieutenant Baker's company not being full, an order was issued to consolidate it with a company under the command of a captain whom Baker did not esteem very highly. Baker was indignant, and in his emphatic manner declared that his men should not be commanded by any one but himself. They were his neighbors and friends, and had volunteered to serve under *him*, and it was an insult to them to place over them a stranger. He called on his brigadier-general to remonstrate. A stormy interview took place. Baker was insolent and insubordinate; and was arrested and tried by a military court for his offense. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be reprimanded, and to make an apology to the insulted officer. On the day designated for carrying the sentence into effect, the regiment was paraded, and the General, mounted in full uniform, placed himself in front of the line, while his cur-dog stood by the side of his horse, regarding Baker with apparent displeasure. After a grave and formal reading of the reprimand, Baker, bareheaded and minus his sword, bowed obsequiously to his offended superior, and said: "*Sir*, in obedience to the order of the court-martial, I ask your pardon; and *Sir*, (bowing still lower) I ask pardon of your *horse*; and *Sir*, (bowing again) I also ask pardon of your *dog*!" An ample apology is generally satisfactory; but there was too much of this. At least so thought the General as he retired hastily from the field with his horse and dog, and a very red face, while the troops roared with laughter.*

Baker was a duelist. In early life, for some real or fancied insult, he challenged William Ross of Newburgh. Ross was a man of considerable talent, had been Baker's legal preceptor and was a prominent politician. He was a Member of Assembly for several years, the Speaker of that branch of the Legislature in 1811, and represented the Middle District in the Senate for eight years, commencing with 1815. For some cause not known to us, Ross, though not deficient in courage, refused to fight Baker. When the latter found that Ross would not meet him, his wrath was boundless, and he posted the other on the town-pump as a "poltroon, liar and coward."

Two or three years before his death, a stale practical joke was perpetrated at Baker's expense by several graceless wags of Newburgh, where he then practiced law. One of them annoyed the old man until he said something which was con-

* A similar anecdote is related in Ruttonber's History of Newburgh of Phineas Bowman, a noted legal wag of that town. This of Baker was written by us and published in a Newburgh paper thirteen years before Ruttonber's work was printed.

strued into an insult. Baker received a challenge, and promptly accepted it. The belligerents met on the ice opposite Newburgh, with seconds, a surgeon, rifles, etc. The rifles were loaded with nothing but powder. The principals were placed opposite each other, and the word given, when Baker, who was an old deer-hunter, aimed as deliberately as if about to shoot a buck, and fired. His adversary fell, groaning, and a red fluid gushed from a bladder under his vest, and made a crimson puddle beside his convulsed body. The surgeon hastily examined the apparently dying man, and then approached Baker, and said: "Sir, I regret to inform you that Mr. — is mortally wounded. You will do well to avoid the unpleasant consequences which may follow his death." Baker was standing bolt-upright in his "position." "Umph!" said he in reply to the surgeon; "D—n him, *Sir*, I knew I'd plump him!" He then walked deliberately to his office, as if nothing unusual had happened.

In the days of Alexander Hamilton, Baker was enraged when any one spoke disrespectfully of his party or its distinctive policy. Going on horseback from Mamakating Hollow to Bloomingburgh, he encountered Alexander Brown, who was also mounted and traveling in the same direction. Their conversation was conciliatory and very pleasant until Brown, who was an admirer of Thomas Jefferson, got into a political controversy with Baker, and censured the federalists with much asperity. Instead of the small, light whip usually carried by equestrians, Baker had one six or eight feet in length. With this he told Brown he would flog him if he did not there and then apologize and retract what he had said. Instead of doing as Baker required, Brown, who was greatly the physical inferior of the two, put spurs to his horse, and thus got beyond the reach of Baker's snapper. Baker at once started in pursuit. He had the best horse, but no spurs, and his whip was so long that he could not lash his animal with it. However, he found "persuaders" to rapid locomotion in his heels and the but of his whip, with which he thumped the belly and ribs of his steed until he imagined he had gained so much on the democrat that he could reach his shoulders with the lash. He would then raise in his stirrups, throw his body forward, and strike at Brown with great fury. The latter, hearing or feeling the whip, would then plunge his spurs desperately once more into his horse, and widen the distance between himself and the burlesque Nemesis raging behind him. Thus the two men tore along the mountain road, and down the declivity to Bloomingburgh, at the peril of their lives, forgetting that a misstep or a stumble of either horse would probably launch its rider into eternity. Into Bloomingburgh they came like a whirlwind, arousing all

the dogs and idlers of the main street of that village. The pursuit did not terminate until several citizens threw themselves between Baker and the object of his wrath.

The evening of Baker's life was overshadowed by the mists and clouds which usually obscure the close of an improvident and dissipated career. He was poor and alone. 'Tis true, he was not friendless; neither was he an object of public charity. Friends managed in some way to give him professional employment in Newburgh, so that he obtained the necessaries of life, and to a certain degree preserved his self-respect. The heart of the proud old man would have broken if he had been a pauper. But he was a sad wreck, and more than anything else resembled a mangy old lion--majesty and degradation were so mixed up in him. While strolling through the streets of Newburgh, in the fall of 1837, we saw him through the open door of a low saloon, surrounded by worthless negroes and more worthless whites, who were teasing him to elicit those amusing outbursts of passion which rendered him so unlike other men. He died in Newburgh on the 7th of May, 1839.

The valley from Basha's-kill swamp to the Shawnee's-bergh, or Council-hill, was known as Mamakating Farms to the early settlers. When the Yankees obtained a foothold in the Hollow, they counted all the mountain-peaks they could see, and with ambitious views, called the place, Rome, hoping no doubt that it was the site of a future city which would include in its boundaries the surrounding hills. It retained the name of the eternal city as late as 1812, in which year its first church (Dutch Reformed) was built. This edifice, after a profane rite then too much in vogue, was named the Church of Rome,* a designation which foreshadowed its ultimate use, for it has been owned and occupied by the Roman Catholics for many years.

Some time after the completion of the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike, and the establishment of a post-office, the official designation of the village was Mamakating, while the popular appellation was "Mammy Cotton Holler." Mamakating consisted of about a score of houses clustered around the corners of the turnpike and the old Minisink road.

When the Delaware and Hudson canal was opened, those who controlled that improvement believed that this point would be the most important one on the line of their work, and they gave it the name of Wurtsborough, as a compliment to the gentleman who had originated the canal, and without whose indefatigable labors it would never have been constructed. It

* It was then a custom, when the frame-work of a church was raised, for one of the workmen to ascend to the highest point, where he swung a jug of rum a certain number of times around his head, throwing it to the ground when the last circle was performed, and shouting the name of the church.

was pronounced the most important point between the Delaware and Hudson. Maurice Wurts himself, in company with a gentleman named Draper, engaged in business here as a merchant, and probably would have become a resident, if he had not been compelled to abandon other pursuits, and devote his entire powers to save the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company from financial ruin. If he could have assisted in developing the natural advantages of the place, it requires no effort of imagination to estimate the result. It would now be the most flourishing business locality of Sullivan.

Wurtsborough was originally confined to a small space on the berme side of the canal. It was gradually extended westward until the gap between it and the old village of Mamakating was filled up. In 1830, the name of the post-office was changed from Mamakating to Wurtsborough. Lyman Odell, who was noted as the village-poet, as well as a profuse essayist, was the first post-master after the alteration of the name.

As early as 1774, the eastern side of the Shawangunk was settled from the Plattekill to the line between the old counties of Ulster and Orange. The Records of Mamakating show that the territory between the river and the summit of the mountain was known as Shawangunk. In the year named, Benjamin Depuy, Philip Swartwout and Jacob Gumaer put upon record a road survey, in which they described the highway as running from the line of Colonel Thomas Ellis and Mr. Cornelius Bruyn, at the Plattekill, through the premises of Robert Milligan, Stephen Carney, Solomon Terwilliger, widow McBride, Jonathan Strickling, Samuel Palsen, Phineas Thompson and John Young, to the precinct-line at Samuel Daley's. This road ran "under the foot of the mountain,"* and there were other settlers on it, as is proven by the records of the next two or three years.

Robert and Peggy Milligan located on the Stephen Norris place before the savages abandoned that part of the country. Their log-hut was in front of the Norris house. The alluvial banks of the river were dotted with wigwams. There was an orchard in the vicinity, which had been planted by the red man, and which was afterwards known as the Indian orchard. The whites were careful not to offend their savage neighbors, and consequently lived on good terms with them until the latter were induced to take up arms in behalf of the enemies of the country. They then removed beyond the mountain, and never returned except on predatory excursions. An account of one of these will be found in our chapter on the Lenni Lenape.

On the Keeler Norris farm was found a vault or *cache*, which

* In 1789, the Commissioners of Highways of Mamakating note the fact that the Legislature of 1788 added to the town so much of Walkill as was west of Shawangunk river.

had been used by the Indians for storing maize. Its walls were formed of split logs, and it was four feet wide and six long. Around it were dug-up stone-pestles and imperfectly shaped Indian arrows.

Searsville commemorates the memory of a gentleman named Sears. It is a pleasant village, near the county line, and was at one time known as Burlingham. The latter name was given in honor of Walter Burling, a director of one of the turnpike companies which were chartered in the present century.

Alfred B. Street, than whom no man has a more fond eye for beauty, thus describes what is to be seen on ascending the Shawangunk mountain from Bloomingburgh:

"We will suppose it to be about sunset. You are climbing the ascent by the steep, crooked, but wide and well-built turnpike. Every now and then, if you turn your head, delicious fragments of rich scenery, will strike your eye—a roof or two—a spire—a stretch of meadow, with silver curves of running water. Higher you ascend; and turning, broader prospects spread out to your sight, until, arriving at the first and broadest summit, you pause and look back. Upon each side of you are the oaken woods of the mountain, their tops gilded with the mellow sun. Beyond, from the foot of the mountain to the faint blue waving line that proclaims the Hudson hills is a landscape as glowing and lovely as ever blessed the eye, and gave a shock of pleasure to the heart. There lies the beautiful village of Bloomingburgh, with its roofs, its steeples and its rows of poplars; thence extend league upon league of meadow, and pasture, and grain-field, and clustered woodland, smiling in all the witchery of those long-reaching black shadows—vistas of soft, rosy light—dimpled spaces and flashing gleams, which that splendid painter, Nature, scatters in the sweet hour of sunset so profusely from her palette. Looking more intently, the eye at length reaches out and detects the minute and delicate touches in the lovely picture. The dotting homesteads, set like birds' nests amid their trees—the crouching barns—the scattered haystacks—the grouped cattle—the myriad lines of fences crossing each other—the gray roads with black dots of travelers, striping hill and valley—the green lanes—the differing colors of the corn and grass, and wheat-fields—the turns and reaches of the flashing brooks—in short, all that make up a landscape of exquisite rural beauty."

Bloomingburgh stands on elevated ground midway between Shawangunk mountain and Assining river, and commands an extended view of the highlands and lowlands in its vicinity.

The mountain-range for twenty miles or more is within sight, as well as a considerable portion of Orange county and southern Ulster. Fertile upland, forest-heights, rocky escarpments, a winding river, and fruitful intervals, please the eye by giving variety to the scene, which is rendered still more striking by the iron-horse which thunders along the mountain side, and plunges into the bosom of old Shawangunk. Well did Washington Irving, in one of his celebrated "Sketches,"* pronounce it "the beautiful village of Bloomingburgh."

The first house erected within the bounds of the village, was built by Captain John Newkirk, on what has since been known as the "North Road." It was there in 1776, when William Ellis settled in the neighborhood, and was in the old precinct of Wallkill until the line between Wallkill and Mamakating was changed from the foot of the mountain to the Shawangunk or Assining river. Its site is a little back from the road, and, unlike many first buildings in new localities, it was a frame-house. It was one story high, and in it Captain John Newkirk kept the original tavern of the place. A few years since, the bar was still where the customers of Newkirk took their daily potations, its owner, Doctor Van Wyck, though a strict temperance-man, having sufficient respect for antiquity to let the relic of old days remain—a sad monument of many squandered estates and wrecked lives.

William Ellis moved from Peekskill, and settled on the farm now (1873) owned by James Hare. At the time he came, there was but one house in Bloomingburgh—the old Newkirk tavern. He was the only support of his aged father and mother, and therefore did not enlist to perform regular service in the Revolutionary army; but turned out with the few scattering militia-men of his vicinity to defend the Mamakating frontier whenever it was attacked by savages or threatened, as well as to chastise tory marauding-parties. They were often called to do duty at Fort Devens, in Mamakating Hollow, Fort Gumaer, at Peenpack, and the fortified house of Dirck V. K. Westbrook, at Bessie's Land. When the British General Clinton was making hostile demonstrations upon the banks of the Hudson, these militia-men marched for Fort Montgomery; but when they got within three or four miles of it, they learned that it was in possession of the enemy, and returned to their homes. If they had reached the fort before it was taken, Ellis would have been killed in battle, or perhaps died in some loathsome prison from starvation and exposure. This sturdy patriot lived in Mamakating sixty-eight years, and died there on the 24th of February, 1845, aged 90 years. During a long life, he sustained

* "Hans Swartz, a marvelous Tale of Mamakating Hollow."

the reputation of a truly honest man, and an uncompromising, unflinching advocate of political and religious liberty.

Soon after the Revolutionary war, William Wighton & Co. opened a store about a mile south of the village, William Harlow a tavern two miles north, and "Cronimus" Felter near the Plattekill. In 1784, a school was opened in Bloomingburgh by a Mr. Campbell, and a grist-mill built on the river by Joshua Campbell. These facts indicate early and rapid advances in that locality.

The name of Bloomingburgh was bestowed on the Fourth of July, about the year 1812, when it was proposed by James Newkirk, and selected from a number of others suggested by residents of that period. Samuel King, of Revolutionary memory, who had repeatedly held the offices of Town Clerk and Supervisor, was the orator of the day, and acted as sponsor.

The village was incorporated by an act of the Legislature passed April 26th, 1833. At the first election, the following officers were chosen: Alpheus Dimmick, Cornelius Wood and Stephen Belknap, Trustees; Gabriel S. Corwin, Clerk; and Theodore C. Van Wyck, Treasurer. The corporation seal "is the impression of that side of a United States dime on which is the figure of an eagle." The bounds of the village extend one mile west from the centre of Shawangunk river, and north and south on each side of the Newburgh and Cochection turn-pike about one-third of a mile.

Until the completion of the Hudson and Delaware canal, Bloomingburgh was a place of considerable business. Its merchants dealt largely in lumber from the interior of the county. Those who manufactured and carted it over the mountains, generally exchanged it for grain, groceries, etc., and the dealers of the village either sent it to New York by the way of Newburgh, or sold it to local customers. In its best days, the merchants of the village were well known throughout the county, and exercised a controlling influence in the various affairs of local interest. Those who were residents from forty to fifty years ago, will readily recognize the names of Sloan & Hunter, Horton & Lockwoods, the Dunning Brothers, Stewart & Gillespie, John Roosa, and others, although the descendants of but few of these persons now live in either the town or county.

The first printing-office and the first academy of Sullivan were at Bloomingburgh. The academy was situated in the north-east part of the village, near the river, and was erected in 1810 or 1811; but by an advertisement inserted in the *Watchman* of October 20, 1829, it seems it was incorporated on the 5th of April, 1828. Its first Trustees were Jonathan Mills, David Hunter, Charles Baker, Henry Linderman, Alpheus Dimmick, T. C. Van Wyck, Gabriel H. Horton and Samuel Van

Vechten. Its first Principal, after the act of incorporation, was Samuel Pitts, a graduate of Union College. Previous to this time several gentlemen of fine scholastic attainments had had charge of the school as teachers. The first was Alpheus Dimmick. John Burnett succeeded him, and taught several years. Then came Samuel Mosely for about six years. He was succeeded by Alexander Patterson and others. Rev. H. Connelly was for a considerable time one of its Principals. The decline in the business-importance of the village, and the lack of specific accommodations for pupils from other places, operated unfavorably. The institution became of a lower grade than it once occupied; and finally the common school of the place was kept in the building. At one period, the attendance at the academy was very large, and it sent forth pupils who won useful and eminent positions.*

The building was destroyed by fire several years ago.

The academy was probably at first a select school of high grade, and originated in the necessities of Alpheus Dimmick, a student in the law-office of Charles Baker. While preparing for legal pursuits, he was obliged to "paddle his own canoe," and hence engaged in teaching. He was, as boy and man, remarkable for his integrity. The honest and faithful manner in which he performed his duties as a teacher, gave the school such an excellent reputation, that after he was licensed to practice as an attorney in 1814, others, who were noted for their erudition, as well as success in teaching, were induced to continue the school.

As a lawyer, Mr. Dimmick was not brilliant. He was unlike a flame which attracts a multitude of silly moths to destruction. He was a calm, steady, safe guide, who never for his own profit involved his clients in inextricable labyrinths. Throughout his life, he maintained the calm serenity and self-poise which is exhibited only by true excellence. Official position was awarded to him as a tribute to worth. In 1828, he was a Member of Assembly; from 1836 to 1847, District Attorney of the county; and from 1847 to 1851, County Judge and Surrogate. His death occurred in January, 1865.

Previous to the erection of the Court-house at Monticello, courts were sometimes held at Bloomingburgh, in the tavern of P. & M. Miller—the same subsequently kept by Christian Shons. We are informed that the first Circuit Court of the county was held in this building, and that Joseph C. Yates, a Puisne Justice of the Supreme Court, who had been appointed to discharge judicial duties in the Middle District,† presided. The

* *Sullivan County Whig*, September 4, 1846.

† The State was then divided into four districts—the southern, the eastern, the middle and the western. Sullivan was in the middle. Judge Yates, who held this court, was elected Governor in 1822, when he received 125,000 majority over Solomon Southwick.

court was held in the ball-room, in a part of the building which was afterwards detached from the main part of the tavern, and removed to another lot. It was subsequently occupied by the pastor of the Reformed Church. At the time Judge Yates held the Circuit Court in Bloomingburgh, the county-seat was not established.

A County Court had previously been held in Monticello, William A. Thompson, First Judge.

The early residents were not only noted for their business-enterprise and thrift; but for their good taste. At one time a row of Lombardy poplars—then very high in public estimation, but in the end not as popular as the elm, sugar-maple, locust and black walnut—adorned each side of the principal street for about a mile.* They gave the place a highly romantic appearance; but becoming unfashionable, they were gradually removed until but few of them are left. To a considerable extent, other trees have taken their place, and give a more diversified aspect to the village.

No village in the county has had more distinguished residents than Bloomingburgh. Among those who have held high official position, we may mention Cornelius C. Schoonmaker, who was a Member of Assembly from Ulster, from 1777 to 1790, and again in 1795; a Representative in the Congress held in Philadelphia in 1791, 1792 and 1793; and a Member of the Convention which met in Poughkeepsie in 1788, to deliberate on the adoption of the Federal Constitution.† He lived two miles from the village, on the Burlingham road, in the house since owned and occupied by Alfred Norris. The precise year or years when this was his residence we cannot now determine; it was probably after the close of his official career.‡ Tradition says that, through tax-sales at Albany, he acquired a large estate, and that he attempted to establish on his lands the leasehold-system with its feudal abominations. He was a man of weight in his day, as is proven by the offices he held; but his memory is gradually fading from the public mind. Like all public men of the past, whose rank in society had a mere material basis, and who used no part of their fortunes to benefit mankind, he has left no monument of his wisdom or virtue. How true it is, that material wealth alone is generally a vulgar acquisition,

* *Sullivan County Whig*, September 4, 1846.

† The members from Ulster were John Cantine, Ebenezer Clark, Governor George Clinton, James Clinton, C. C. Schoonmaker and Dirck Wynkoop. Excepting Governor Clinton, who was President of the Convention and did not vote, they opposed the adoption of the Constitution.

‡ C. C. Schoonmaker died about the commencement of the present century. His son, Zachariah Schoonmaker, sold the farm near Bloomingburgh to John Norris, on the 15th of July, 1806. From the recitals of the deed, it is clear that C. C. Schoonmaker was then deceased.

the offspring of fraud and oppression; the badge of a mean and sordid soul; and that its possessor must in the end put aside his pride and pomp, and go to oblivion like the beggar who sleeps in an unmarked grave; while virtue and genius, though they may have been fed at the rich man's table, and been the recipients of his ostentatious benefactions, will secure to their possessor the admiration and gratitude of endless ages! Who would not be an Oliver Goldsmith, hungry and in rags, rather than the proud aristocrat, swelling with self-assumed superiority, and the lord of the fairest estate of his country? The one has a title to immortality which the wise and good of the universe will forever respect and glorify; while the other can enjoy for but a brief period the homage of fools like himself.

Charles Baker, the eccentric but able lawyer; Samuel R. Betts, the able jurist; Alpheus Dimmick, the venerable and honest attorney, etc.; Archibald C. Niven, whose laborious and useful life has not yet terminated; George O. Belden, whose early years gave promise of so much distinction in public affairs; and Charles H. Van Wyck, the successful politician and soldier, have been among the residents of Bloomingburgh.

Lemuel Jenkins, who represented Sullivan and Ulster in Congress from 1823 to 1825, was a lawyer in Bloomingburgh, and was elected by the Bucktail party. He had been a partner of Samuel R. Betts. The paths of the two down life's descent were far apart. Betts became one of the distinguished jurists of the nation; while Jenkins discharged the unimportant duties of a Notary Public in Albany.

Charles Bodle, a wagon-maker of Bloomingburgh, was chosen a Representative in Congress from Ulster and Sullivan in 1832. He served during the first session; but was unable to attend the second. While on his way to Washington, he was detained in the city of New York by illness. After remaining there several weeks, he returned to his home to await the issue of his disease, "with the composure and fortitude of a man and a Christian."* He died on the 30th of October, 1835. He was an estimable citizen—honest and upright in all things. So conscientious was he, that it was said of him that he never permitted a piece of poor timber to be used in the manufacture of a vehicle in his shop, and that a wagon or sleigh made by him always commanded a better price than if it had been made by another. In his official capacity he was equally worthy. He was never brilliant—never attempted to dazzle the eyes of the multitude—never resorted to the artifices of the demagogue. He was simply an industrious, intelligent and courteous man, with a true heart and sound brain. A short time before his

* *Republican Watchman*, November 5, 1835.

death, he relinquished his mechanical business in favor of Alan-son Everett and Cyrenus Van Keuren.

At a late period Verdine E. Horton became a prominent man of the place, and it was believed that he would add to the number of Congressmen who had resided in Bloomingburgh at the time of their election; but his career was cut short, while he was yet a young man, by a cancerous affection.

Thornton M. Niven, who was a member of the Legislature in 1845, and was at one time an Inspector of State Prisons, resided for several years at Bloomingburgh, and while he lived there was the candidate of his party for a seat in the national Legislature; but owing to a feud in the democratic ranks, was defeated. He was a man of wealth, a vigorous writer, and a fine public speaker. His defeat would not have been a final one, if it had not soured his mind against official position, and led him into an unwise habit of nursing his own sores.

This village, though situated on the border of the county, and at present outside the central point of political influence, has furnished more Representatives in Congress than all the other localities of Sullivan combined. Samuel R. Betts, Lemuel Jenkins and Charles Bodle, each served two years; and Charles H. Van Wyck six years. Total, 12 years.

George O. Belden, Archibald C. Niven, and Daniel B. St. John, of Monticello; and Rufus Palen, of Fallsburgh, each served one term, making eight years in all. Niven and Belden were law-students in Bloomingburgh, and practiced law there for a short time. Monticello, therefore, should divide its honors with its ancient rival.

Westbrookville was first known as Basha's Land, Bessie's Land and Bashusville. It was finally named in honor of Dirck Van Keuren Westbrook, the first white man who lived there. He was the son of Dirck Westbrook of Esopus, who removed to Sussex county, New Jersey, where his son Dirck Van Keuren was born. The latter bought previous to the Revolutionary war, sixty acres of land of Thomas and Edward Ferris of Westchester county, and he and his son Abraham T. Westbrook purchased of the same proprietors about three hundred additional acres, and upwards of two hundred more, of a man named Hezekiah Morris. At first their nearest neighbors lived at Cuddebackville, three and a half miles distant. Soon after Westbrook came, a family of Gilletts settled on the Pinekill, where they afterwards built a saw-mill, one of the first in that part of the country. A grist-mill was also erected on that stream at an early day.

The Westbrooks were enterprising, industrious and thriving. They built a stone-house on their land, which was used as a

fort during the Revolutionary war, and is still standing. During that contest, they were obliged to leave their possessions, and go over the mountain to Shawangunk, where the son (Abraham T.) met Mary Van Keuren, whom he afterwards married. When they left, the Indians were killing and destroying throughout the valley, and when they returned, they found but little except their land and house.

Dirck V. K. Westbrook had other children, who were daughters, named Sarah and Maria. Maria married Daniel Westfall, and removed with her husband to western New York. Sarah became the wife of Ferdinand Van Etten, who settled in the State of Kentucky. As an example of the endurance and courage of the women of that day, we record the fact that Mrs. Van Etten rode on horseback from Kentucky to Westbrookville, taking with her a babe only three weeks old.

After the war, strolling Indians passed through the valley occasionally. They were intensely hated, especially by those who had had relatives killed by them. On one occasion, Dirck V. K. Westbrook gave three or four savages permission to sleep on his premises, and his wife during the night proposed to cut their heads off with an ax, if he would take away their bodies. At another time, an Indian, while passing, threw a dead snake into her lap, when she hurled a large pair of shears at him, a point of which narrowly missed his temple.

The settlers of Westbrookville at first attended the old Maghackamack Dutch Reformed church, at Carpenter's Point. Afterwards the gospel was expounded in barns at various places in the valley.

Mrs. Peter E. Gumaer, who was born in the Peenpack neighborhood near the close of the last century, and resided there more than seventy-five years, relates the following of the Indian woman Basha:

Basha, an old squaw, and her husband lived a long time by Basha's kill, after their tribe had gone west. The old chief was a good hunter, and when after game was generally accompanied by Basha, who carried home what he shot. During one of his tramps, he killed a large deer, and tying its legs to a stick, she took it on her shoulders, and started homeward, he following slowly along the path. Her way was over the stream, which was crossed by a log reaching from bank to bank. While on this log, she fell, and the stick caught her fast by the neck. When her husband reached the place, she was dead. And that is the way the stream got its name.*

* Stickney's History of the Minisink Region.

An incident of this character may have occurred; but the Minisink patent proves that the region in the vicinity of the Pinekill was known as Basha's land nearly a hundred years before Mrs. Gumaer was born, and that *that* stream must have received its name from the territory through which it ran.

Phillips Port is about five miles from Wurtsborough and two from the county-line. The valley here is about one-half mile in width, and is bounded on one side by the Shawangunk mountain, and on the other by the Sandbergs. In the vicinity, a handsome stream of water comes foaming down successive falls, which are equally pleasing to the utilitarian and the lover of the picturesque. There is sufficient hydraulic power here for extensive manufacturing purposes. Along the stream winds the road which leads to the old Branch turnpike. The latter crosses Fallsburgh and penetrates Liberty. About half a mile south of the village the summit-level commences, and continues seventeen miles, the longest on the canal. The original prosperity of the place was caused by the Hudson and Delaware canal, and will be greatly increased by the Midland railroad. Boat-building has been carried on here extensively. Phillips Port was named after James Phillips, who was the principal business man there when the canal was opened.* The canal company at first called it Lockport; but by the general consent of the public, it is known by its present name.

Near the commencement of the present century, a family named Budd, settled in this vicinity. The name has become quite common in the north part of the town, and is a synonym of industry and usefulness. The Caldwells, Bloomers, Toppings and Tices, who have long been settled here, also deserve a place on our pages.

Homowack, is a hamlet situated on the Delaware and Hudson canal, and partly in Ulster and partly in Sullivan county. It contains several stores, hotels, shops, etc., and is the natural outlet of the valley of the Lunankill as well as that of the Sandkill. The prosperity of the place has been considerably promoted by the opening of the Midland railroad to Ellenville.

In 1850, William R. Palmer and his brother Timothy, purchased a tract of land south of Wurtsborough, adjoining the Stewart Rafferty place. Both lived on the premises in houses four or five rods apart, and attempted to manage their affairs as co-partners; but they differed as to the proper and best way of doing so, and frequent disputes and quarrels took place between

* John W. Hasbrouck.

them. From being brotherly, they became enemies, bitter and malignant. Crimination and recrimination led to blows, and complaints for assault and battery, perjury, etc. William wished to preserve the timber and bark on the place, while the other persisted in cutting and peeling. This led William to declare repeatedly that he would shoot Timothy, if he did not stop destroying the timber. In January, 1851, he said in the presence of James Larkin and Albert Squires, that "he'd be d—d if he would not shoot him." Similar declarations were made to others at later periods. On the 16th of May, 1851, Timothy left his house after eating his dinner, to go to the woods on the mountain for the purpose of peeling bark. The woods were on the lot owned by himself and William. The house owned by William was occupied by his brother Joseph, the wife of the latter, their three children, and the father of William, Joseph and Timothy. Soon after Timothy left to engage at his work, William took his gun and proceeded to the bark-peeling, but by a different route. Between two and three o'clock, the wife of Joseph Palmer heard the report of a gun, and the cry of murder, in the direction the brothers had gone. A little dog belonging to William barked and came running from the woods. Stewart Rafferty and others of the neighborhood also heard the dog bark and the report of the gun. About 5 o'clock, Joseph Palmer saw William returning to the house, where they eat their supper. Joseph then plowed in a field near the house, and the other assisted him in various ways. At 7 o'clock, the wife of Joseph called for Timothy to come from the woods, as she had been in the habit of doing. Receiving no reply, the wife of the missing man became alarmed, and ran to Stewart Rafferty's. She asked Mr. Rafferty to go with her to the woods to look for her husband, as she feared he was shot. He made a search for Timothy in company with a son of the latter, and found him dead, with the trunk of a tree across his body. Subsequent investigations proved that he had been shot in the breast, the tree raised with a handspike, the body dragged three or four feet and placed under the tree, and the trunk lowered upon it in a way which was intended to create the impression that the murdered man had been killed by an accident. The blood on the ground where Timothy fell when he received his death-wound was carefully covered with leaves, and other things done to prevent suspicion. Mr. Rafferty, after a hasty survey of the scene, returned to the valley. A messenger was sent for Doctor John A. Taylor, and Eli Bennett, the nearest Coroner, and Mr. Rafferty with Abijah Loder and others of the vicinity, returned to the bark-peeling, and, after raising the tree from the corpse, removed the latter to the house where William resided. When they reached there, William had been arrested by Sheriff Wells, and was in custody.

The prisoner was taken to the bed on which the dead body was placed, and gazed on it unmoved and with an unchanged countenance. He was searched. Nothing was found on his person to implicate him; but a pair of pantaloons which he had worn through the day, and left in an upper chamber, were brought down, and found to be stained with blood. He declared that he did not know how it came there. On the next morning an inquest was held by Mr. Bennett, and an examination of the body made by Doctor Taylor. It was found that a quantity of shot had entered the body—one rib was severed, the left lung lacerated, etc. In the wound was found a piece of paper which had been used as a wad. It also appeared that at the time he was murdered, Timothy had in his pocket a double-barreled pistol, which was loaded and capped. The evidence against the prisoner was circumstantial; but the circumstances pointed him out as the murderer with a certainty which left no room for doubt. He was committed to jail; soon after indicted, and at the September Circuit of 1851—William B. Wright, Judge—put upon his trial. Charles H. Van Wyck, the District Attorney, appeared for the people, and George W. Lord for the prisoner. The following gentlemen composed the jury: Levi R. Lounsbury, Peter Ackley, Thomas Whipple, John D. O'Neill, William Young, Levi Barton, David R. Perry, Andrew Hardenbergh, Robert Stewart, John H. Clayton, David Smith and George Adams. After a fair and impartial trial, the prisoner was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung on the 20th of November, 1851. The sentence was enforced on that day by Sheriff Wells. Palmer made no public confession; but while he was hanging by the neck one of the officiating clergymen (Rev. Mr. James) stated that a few hours previous, Palmer had requested him to announce that he was guilty, and the sentence just.

Religious service according to the forms of the (Dutch) Reformed Church must have been performed at Mamakating Farms previous to the war of the Revolution. Clergymen of that faith passed through the valley in traveling to and from Minisink, and the first settlers were generally of the Protestant Church of Holland. In 1805, the first regular organization was formed. For this statement, our authority is the Manual of the Reformed Church, a reliable and standard authority.

In 1812, the first church was built. Until 1820, there was no settled pastor. Clergymen of other parishes, however, visited the society at stated times, and preached and administered the sacraments. Among them was Rev. Moses Frøeligh, of the Church at Montgomery, who was of prepossessing appearance, and of good mind and enunciation; but whose exuberance of wit

and sarcasm somewhat lessened his usefulness. Old age toned down these traits, and made him more reverential and serious.* Although he died in 1817, anecdotes illustrating his character are yet heard in the valley, of which the following is a specimen: He found that mental darkness in this then secluded neighborhood, too often obscured gospel-light, and declared that the ignorance of one old Dutch woman was invincible. He endeavored to instruct her in the catechism, but he found her soul so bound up in worldly affairs, that he gave up the job, exclaiming, "Ah, sister, I am afraid you are a weak vessel!" When she defended herself by saying, "If you hat hat de pack door trot as long as I pe, you't pe weak, den, too!"

Although the records cannot be found, it is believed that the first deacons were Wilhelmus Kuykendall, Lawrence Tears and Peter Crance.

After worshipping in the old edifice for nearly one-third of a century, the society became indebted to Smith Benedict, who caused the church to be sold to satisfy his claim. In consequence of this sale it passed into the hands of the Roman Catholics. In 1845, a new building was erected.

Pastors of the Reformed Church of Wurtsborough: George Dubois from 1820 to 1824; Samuel Van Vechten, 1824-9; Thomas Edwards, 1831-4; Francis T. Drake, 1842-4; Alexander C. Hillman, 1846-9; William Cruikshank, 1849-53; Stephen Searle, 1853-9; John Dubois, 1859-66; J. H. Frazee, 1866-70. Edward G. Ackerman is the present pastor.

William Cruikshank was a popular minister of Newburgh, New York, when ill-health induced him to remove to Mamakating. He was of graceful person and manner, devoted to his calling, a genial companion, and possessed an extensive store of knowledge. He published several papers on religious, moral and antiquarian subjects;† and it is said prepared a dissertation on the early settlers of Mamakating Farms. We hope the latter may yet be found and printed; but we fear that, unless he deposited it in the archives of the New York Historical Society, it has been destroyed by some person who did not appreciate its value.

The Baptists claim priority of all others in organizing a Church in Sullivan. On the 2d of March, 1785, a society was formed at New Vernon, under the watch of Rev. Eleazer West. It may be questioned whether the organization took place within the limits of Mamakating; but it is quite certain that their church-edifice is in the county. It is located in the extreme south-eastern corner of the town. The first house of the

* Sprague's Annals.

† Manual of the Reformed Church in America.

society was built in 1800—the last in 1853. During the eighty-eight years of its existence, this Church has had but three pastors. Elder Benjamin Montanye succeeded Elder West, May 15, 1794, and continued in office until his death on Christmas, 1825. He was followed by Elder Gilbert Beebe, whose pastorate dates from May 1, 1826. He has consequently had the oversight of this flock nearly forty-seven years.

Elder Montanye deserves honorable mention in the history of our county as well as the history of our country. In 1781, he was a trusted confidential agent of General Washington, and was employed to deliver dispatches to the commanders of forces in different sections of the country. When the commander-in-chief of our armies resolved to capture or destroy the army of General Cornwallis, he deceived the British General Clinton as to his own plans, by writing deceptive letters to General Green, and forwarding them in such a way that they would be taken by the enemy. These letters were carried by Benjamin Montanye. While traveling on horseback across Bergen county, New Jersey, he was intercepted by a company of British Rangers under Captain Moody, his horse shot through one of its knees and turned loose, and his dispatches taken from him. He was then hurried to New York, and thrust into the infamous sugar-house prison. The British considered the taking of these papers so important that they illuminated their houses, while Washington was making the well-known movement which terminated in the surrender of Cornwallis. Montanye was a prisoner about two months, when he was exchanged. Three common soldiers were considered a fair equivalent for the daring young courier.

Several years after his death, his heirs petitioned Congress for a pecuniary reward for his services; but, we believe, without success.

An Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church was formed at Bloomingburgh early in the present century, and soon afterwards its house of worship was erected. Being the only religious society of the place, for several years it prospered greatly. In 1819, its list of members exceeded that of any Protestant Church of the county, before or since. About that time a defection occurred, which led to the existence of the Dutch Reformed Church, and which reduced its membership. In 1825, John Kennedy, an eloquent and popular Methodist preacher, labored here, and made many converts. This in the end weakened the old society. In 1834, a new and commodious house of worship was erected. Several of its pastors have been eminent for talent and piety. A few years since, the society changed its ecclesiastical relations, and became attached to the Old School Presbyterian Church. It now has about forty members.

The Reformed Church of Bloomingburgh was formed January 30, 1820. Its pastors have been George Dubois, 1820 to 1824; Samuel Van Vechten, 1824-41; S. W. Mills, 1843-58; Jeremiah Searle, junior, 1858-62; Hasbrouck Du Bois, 1863-66; J. H. Frazee, 1866-70; R. H. Beattie, 1870. This Congregation was an outshoot of the Associate Reformed Church of the place. The names of those who seceded and formed the new organization are as follows: Peter Weller and Lawrence Tears, elders; Solomon Brink and Moses Jordan, deacons; Alcha Brown, Catharine Puff, Barbara Brink, Lorenzo Quackenbush, Nancy Shelp, Nancy Duryea, Catharine McLochlen, Daniel Brush, Iscorreth Dimmick, Rachel Strickland, Lozie Townley, Leah Brink, Sarah Tidd, Jonathan Mills, Charles Tears, Mary Tears, Hannah Wilkin, Hannah Gillon. The church-edifice was erected in 1821-2. This Church has one hundred and thirty members.

George Dubois was but twenty years of age when he assumed pastoral charge at Bloomingburgh. After leaving Sullivan, he took charge of the Franklin-street Church of the city of New York, where he labored until 1837, except when disabled by ill-health. His preaching was marked by rich and holy unction, and he enjoyed the cordial affections of his people. He died of bronchial consumption in Tarrytown in 1844.*

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Bloomingburgh was organized in 1825, while Rev. John Kennedy was on the circuit. Its church-edifice was built in 1848, during the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Isham, a converted tanner, whose business capacity rendered him very efficient where a new building was desirable. The society now numbers eighty-five members.

Rev. Horace Weston and Rev. James Quinlan, itinerants of the Methodist Episcopal Church, traveled through the valley in 1819, and held meetings once in three weeks. Others preceded them, who were better preachers than either Weston or Quinlan; yet tradition makes the latter gentlemen the founders of Methodism at Wurtsborough, where they formed a class of twenty converts. In 1831, Rev. Samuel Law and Rev. David Poor were on the circuit, which then included nearly all Sullivan county. Their labors were greatly blessed, and the cause of Methodism was much strengthened. They were succeeded by Rev. Nathan Rice and Rev. Mr. McFarland, under whose ministrations the church-edifice was built. McFarland was a converted printer.

The Roman Catholic Church was planted in Sullivan by Irish immigrants. Very few of them came here previous to the

* Manual of the Reformed Church in America.

construction of the Delaware and Hudson canal. That work caused several to locate in Mamakating valley. The influx of Irishmen increased as tanneries were introduced. They were generally laborers and poor. Although their love for their religious faith was intensified by the sufferings and martyrdom of many generations, and the sacraments of their church were as dear to them as their own souls, they were unable to maintain a resident priest. To go to mass and confession, and to marry, and have their children baptized, they were obliged to travel from forty to one hundred miles. Many destitute souls left this life unshriven and unaneled. The native population were unanimously Protestant, and loudly derided rites and observances which the new comers revered as sacred. Very often, Protestants whose houses were filled with Roman Catholic boarders, caused their tables to groan beneath an extra supply of pork and beef, on days when the Church commanded her children to fast, and openly sneered when the untimely food was taken away untasted. In time, however, these and other aggravating annoyances terminated.

The great potato famine which brought untold woes upon the Celts of Erin, set in motion a current of emigration which will in time bring to our shores all that survive of the Irish race. Sullivan received its share of these people, and soon the Roman Catholic element became an important ingredient in our religious affairs. In 1855, the Irish Catholics amounted to ten per cent. of our population.

Between 1845 and 1850, Father Brady of Port Jervis, and Father Duffey, a priest stationed at Newburgh, came into the county a few times. Rev. Mr. Anderson also came here for a time. By his efforts money was raised to buy the church now known as St. Joseph's of Wurtsborough. In 1853, Rev. Daniel Mungan took charge of the Ellenville Mission, which then included all of Sullivan county, except the Delaware river-towns. His flock must have numbered from 2,500 to 3,000 souls, scattered over 700 or 800 square miles of territory. Before he took charge of this extensive district, he was an assistant priest in one of the large parishes of the city of New York. He was in the prime of his manhood, and capable of great physical endurance, when he began to discharge his duties in his new field. Nineteen years of incessant labor terminated in his death. As a sermonizer he was florid, ornate, and fervid. So strictly did he attend to his priestly duties, that he formed but few acquaintances outside of his own communion.

Besides the churches already noticed, there are in this town three others: A Methodist Episcopal church in Burlingham, which was built in 1830-31, under the pastorate of Rev. John

W. Lefevre; another of the same faith near Walker Valley, built under the charge of Rev. Mr. Curtis; and the third at Homowack. The latter was built in 1843, and is occupied by the Methodists.

There are in Mamakating two lakes, or, as they are called by old residents, ponds—Yankee pond and Masten pond. The former is the largest, and is said to be two and a half miles in length, and two in width. It received its name from the following circumstance: Previous to or about the year 1800, a man named Ellsworth made a canoe or dug-out, which he put on the pond and used it there while hunting. He was a Yankee, and the Dutch hunters consequently called the lake the Yankee's pond. Our informant (an intelligent old gentleman of Wurtsborough) in his youth saw Ellsworth's dug-out many times. In shape the lake has a slight resemblance to the partially extended wings of a bird, but one of which can be seen from any given point. It is located in a basin formed by several ridges, and covers an area of about 900 acres. There are on it several floating islands formed of tree-trunks, brush, moss, turf, etc. It is fed by one or two small streams from the north and west, and by springs beneath its surface, and is said to be about thirty feet deep. It is situated on the Barrens, a short distance south of the Monticello and Wurtsborough McAdamized road, and is owned by the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company. The latter purchased it of the Livingstons, with the adjacent lands (in all about 1,500 acres,) and converted it into a reservoir for their canal. To render it effectual for this purpose, the company constructed an embankment across its outlet 130 rods in length, sixteen feet in width at its base, twelve feet at its top, and twenty feet in height. It is a substantial and expensive work. About thirty men were employed nearly two years in building it. Yankee pond abounds in pickerel, and other fish common to the lakes of Sullivan, as well as a fish known as mullet, which is not found in other sheets of water in this region. These fish were unknown in Sullivan previous to 1830, and who or what put them in Yankee pond is a mystery. At certain seasons they may be taken in almost unlimited numbers; but although naturalists declare that the mullet is an excellent fish for the table, it is the least esteemed by our citizens of all the finny natives of our waters. This probably arises from ignorance of the proper time and manner of preparing it for food. Unlike a major number of our lakes, Yankee pond has no attraction for the lover of the beauties of nature, although there may be found here some novel and interesting features. The works of the canal company have caused it to overflow its natural boundaries. Much of it is rendered offensive to the eye

by rubbish—the decaying remains of the forest that once flourished on its shores, but which has been killed by an excess of water. The outlet of the lake is the Basha's or Bessie's kill of a hundred years ago. It is about five miles in length, and except in the boating season, discharges its waters at Westbrookville into the stream now known as the Bashaskill. The Pinekill (as the outlet is now called,) is a famous trout stream, and during the proper season is a favorite resort for anglers.*

MASTEN POND is another large sheet of water. It is between one and two miles north of the McAdamized road, and is reached by the highway leading from the residence of William Marshall. In early days, the men of the Gonsalus family were so successful while hunting deer west of Mamakating Hollow, that the Mastens believed that there was a lake somewhere in that quarter to which the descendants of the old Spanish Lutheran resorted for the purpose of killing that animal. This led them to search for it, and after some time they discovered it. They found deer very plenty there, and visited the lake so often that it became known by their family name. Our informant, (a Masten) says that in the end they ascertained that it was but one of two lakes visited by the Gonsalus hunters. The other was Foul Wood or Lord's pond. Manuel Gonsalus and his descendants, by their intimacy with the Indians, undoubtedly were acquainted with many other lakes west of the Hollow, as well as the streams in that quarter which afforded the finest prizes to the trapper. The waters of Masten pond are remarkably transparent and pure, and are stocked with pickerel and black bass of a very superior quality. The latter were introduced by George Olcott, of Wurtsborough. The shores and bed of the pond are composed of firm and compact sand and gravel. Like Yankee pond, it has a substantial embankment across its outlet, built by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and its waters are reserved for the use of the canal when other sources of supply fail, and find their way to the village of Wurtsborough. On this stream, which crosses the road near the Munn tavern, were at one time two tanneries and a grist-mill. It runs for two or three miles through a deep gulf, and has a fall of several hundred feet, which may yet be economized for extensive manufacturing purposes.

BASHASKILL.—The magnitude of this stream has diminished considerably since the whites came to the valley. This is caused principally by the works of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the mill-dams which have been erected on

* See *Sullivan County Whig*, August 6, 1847.

its tributaries. Once it was considered large enough for rafting purposes. In 1825, Adolphus Van Duzer, assisted by John Masten, drew white pine logs from the vicinity of Rush Bottom brook to Brownville, where they were formed into colts, and run to the Neversink, and on that stream to the Delaware. The business was practicable, but not profitable, and was abandoned.

Between Wurtsborough and Brownville is located Bashaskill swamp. It embraces many hundred acres, which will be the garden of the valley when it is effectually drained. Several attempts have been made to improve it; but none of them have resulted in signal success. The difficulty is caused by the debris deposited in the Bashaskill by the Pinekill, which fills the channel of the former, and prevents free egress of the water. If the work were thoroughly done, a small annual tax on the owners of the swamp, to remove the stones and gravel at the lower end, would ensure them the most productive land in the county.

SHAWANOEESBERG.—This is a hill near the site of the Devens' block-house. It is also known as Council Hill. The Mamakating Indians told Samuel Gonsalus that their tribe had fought a bloody battle on this hill with the Senecas, and claimed that the natives of the valley were victorious, although they suffered severely. They also said that their friends who were slain in the conflict, were buried near the brow of the hill. The lodge in which the clans held their councils was on its summit. In the old town records it is styled Shawanoesberg, or Shawnee's hill; but why we cannot explain. The name would seem to indicate that the hill was devoted to the Shawnees, who were friends and allies of the native Indians of Sullivan, and spoke the same language; or a savage of that tribe may have had his lodge there. This, however, is mere conjecture. We can only say with certainty that the origin of the name is lost, as well as the period when the battle was fought there. The latter occurrence was not later than 1650, because in that year the Iroquois or Mengwe conquered the Lenape tribes, and held them in quiet subjection for one hundred years. After the latter were subdued, they did not raise the tomahawk against their masters as long as they inhabited our hills and valleys.

POPULATION OF THE TERRITORY COMPRISED WITHIN THE ORIGINAL
TOWN OF MAMAKATING FROM 1782 TO 1870:

Year.	Population.
1782	487*
1790	1,763
1800	3,319
1810	6,076
1820	8,455
1830	11,652
1840	14,400
1850	24,855
1860	32,730

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1810	1865	\$183,067	\$170.10	\$241.96
1820	2702	313,094	343.75	638.46
1830	3070	300,935	924.75	1,877.25
1840	3418	288,697	788.61	1,055.37
1850	4107	319,534	926.13	2,194.76
1860	3828	688,329	792.72	4,984.42
1870	4886	507,045	20,187.98	13,170.34

* Including refugees who had left their homes from fear of the enemy. In 1782, Mamakating covered a small part of Delaware county.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF MAMAKATING.

From		To
1743	No record	1774
1774	Benjamin Depuy	1775
1775	No record	1776
1776	Philip Swartwoud	1777
1777	No record	1778
1778	Benjamin Depuy	1781
1781	No record	1782
1782	Benjamin Depuy	1783
1783	Jacob R. DeWitt	1784
1784	Benjamin Depuy	1786
1786	No record	1787
1787	Benjamin Depuy	1788
1788	Peter Cuddeback	1789
1789	Robert Millican	1797
1797	Aldert Roosa	1800
1800	Elnathan Sears	1803
1803	Samuel King	1804
1804	David Milliken	1806
1806	Samuel King, junior	1807
1807	David Milliken	1814
1814	Elnathan Sears	1815
1815	Eli Roberts	1818
1818	Peter Miller	1827
1827	Charles Bodle	1833
1833	James Devine	1836
1836	Jonathan O. Dunning	1839
1839	Verdine E. Horton	1840
1840	Halstead Sweet	1844
1844	William B. Hammond	1845
1845	William Jordan	1848
1848	William Gumaer	1849
1849	Nathaniel Beyea	1850
1850	William Gumaer	1851
1851	Alexander Graham	1853
1853	Alfred Norris	1855
1855	Lewis Brown	1856
1856	Daniel Smith	1858
1858	William Jordan	1863
1863	Rodolphus S. Smith	1864
1864	George S. Smiley	1865
1865	James Graham	1866
1866	George T. Deitz	1868
1868	Stephen Caldwell, junior	1871
1871	Henry M. Edsall	1873
1873	Lewis Rhodes	1874

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TOWN OF NEVERSINK.

The town of Neversink is situated in the north-eastern section of the county, and is bounded northwardly and eastwardly by Ulster county, westwardly by the town of Rockland, and southwardly by Fallsburgh. Across the north angle of the town flows the Williwemoc creek; the Neversink river, from which the town derives its name,* passes over its northern and southern boundary, while the Rondout waters a portion of the north-eastern section, and has several branches of more or less magnitude. There is but one lake—a small sheet of water, located in Lot 247 of Great Lot No. 5. At least, we find it thus located on a map of the county.

The surface of the town is very uneven. Thunder Hill, Mutton Hill, Denman's Hill and other elevations are prominent features. The first has an altitude of 1,550 feet, the second — feet, and the third 2,300 feet.† These hills or mountains, as well as the valleys of Neversink, are equal in fertility to any lands in Sullivan. The agricultural interests of this section do not very materially differ from those of Liberty, and other towns of a similar grade. The incubus of the leasehold-system having

* The first settlers pronounced this word Narvasing. In the Session Laws of 1798, it is spelled Nevisinck; in the act erecting Fallsburgh, Nevisink; in the "settlement deed," it is given as Naewersink, and in Sauthier's map, as Never Sink. English clerks were about as successful in giving the orthography of Indian words as they would have been if they had attempted to write the songs of birds. Our alphabet is not comprehensive enough for Indian orthography. There is but little analogy between the radical sounds of the Lenape and European tongues.

We are familiar with three pretended translations of the word Neversink. 1. It is said to mean mad river. This is expressive of the wild and turbulent character of the stream when it is excited by floods. It is, nevertheless, a modern invention. 2. "A continual running stream, which *never sinks* into the ground so as to be dry in places." (See Eager's History of Orange county.) This rendering has for its base the absurd fact that the name as now spelled is a compound of two English words—never and sink. 3. In Webster's American Dictionary, page 1629, the word is said to mean "highland between waters." This translation is evidently suggested by the Highlands of Neversink on the coast of New Jersey. *Our Neversink* is "water between highlands."

† Testimony of John Kiersted, in suit of Hunt and wife *vs.* Johnson and Teller, folio 549. If Kiersted is correct, Denman's Hill has a greater altitude than Walnut mountain.

been removed, the wealth and improvements of the inhabitants are rapidly appreciating and advancing.

Neversink was made a town by an act entitled "An act for dividing the towns of Rochester and Mamakating in the county of Ulster," passed March 16, 1798. By this act the new town was thus described: "All that part of Rochester, in the county of Ulster, beginning at the N. E. bounds of the town of Mamakating at the distance of $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles, on a course of N. 49 deg. and 30 min. W. from the southerly corner of Rochester where it meets with the north-westerly bounds of the town Shawangunk at the Shawangunk mountains; thence N. 40 degrees E., to the S. W. bounds of Marbletown; thence along said bounds of Marbletown N. W. to the S. E. bounds of Woodstock; thence along the said bounds of Woodstock S. 33 deg. W. six miles, to the division line of Great Lots 5 and 6, in the Hardenbergh patent; thence along said division line to the division line between Ulster and Delaware; thence along said line S. 62 deg. W., twelve miles and ten chains; and thence S. 49 deg. 30 min. E. to the place where it began."

From this it would seem that Neversink at one time covered a part of Denning, Fremont, Callicoon, Liberty, and Fallsburgh and all of Rockland, and that the line between Great Lots 2 and 3 was quite near its southward border. This must also have been an ancient bound of Mamakating, as Neversink was taken from Rochester.

After the towns of Rockland, Liberty and Thompson were made, the convenience of certain neighborhoods required that there should be a change in the original line which separated Rockland and Neversink from the others. Consequently on the 29th of March, 1816, the Legislature enacted that "the south line of Great Lot No. 4, from Delaware county eastward, to the north-east corner of the 4th Allotment of the division of Great Lot No. 3: the east line thereof southward to the bounds of Great Lot No. 2; the north line thereof eastward to the town of Wawarsing; and also the east and south lines of lot No. 6, and the west line of lot No. 5, in Great Lot No. 2," be the division line between the towns of Liberty, Rockland, Neversink and Thompson.

In 1809, Rockland was taken from Neversink, and in 1826, Fallsburgh was made to cover so much of its remaining territory as was south of Great Lot No. 4.

In 1800, when the first census was taken after Neversink was erected, its population was 858, while the number of residents in Lumberland was 733, and Mamakating, although settled for more than half a century, and covering the remainder of our territory, contained but 1631. Probably at least one-half of the 858 were living in what is now Rockland and Fallsburgh; there-

fore, in 1800 there must have been about eighty families within the present bounds of the town.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1800	858	no record	no record	no record
1810	953	\$144,913	\$133.76	\$195.20
1820	1,380	170,219	324.58	355.29
1830	1,257	80,401	713.15	525.29
1840	1,681	69,330	587.00	244.32
1850	2,281	126,351	698.36	1,041.87
1860	2,486	261,996	511.34	1,927.48
1870	2,439	195,293	1,009.72	5,074.60

One of the ancient settlements of Sullivan county was in the present town of Neversink, about two miles below Grahamsville.

Here, about the year 1743, Tobias Hornbeck, Jacob Klyne and perhaps a few others, commenced clearing and improving farms. They bought their lands of the Trustees of Rochester, believing that this region was within the limits of the patent granted in 1703 by Queen Anne to Colonel Henry Beekman, Joachim Schoonmaker, Moses De Puy and their successors, in trust for the benefit of the freeholders and inhabitants of Rochester. Not knowing how far the patent extended, or being disposed, in accordance with the spirit of the times, to make its limits as far apart as possible, the people of Rochester claimed the country to the southward boundary of the town, which ran to the Blue Hills of Liberty.

Hornbeck and Klyne's land adjoined and probably covered a part or all of the Mary Elmendorf tract on the Rondout. Some time previous to 1776, they sold to her, as well as to a man named Abraham Clearwater, who in that year had a farm bounded by the Elmendorf lot. Johannes Osterhout, junior, John Mullen, Cornelius Chambers, Peter Vernooey, Eliza Hornbeck, and Abraham Clearwater were then living in the neighborhood above the settlement line. Tobias Hornbeck was then dead. These individuals, as well as others who had bought lands on the Good Beerkill, in Fallsburgh, purchased of the Trustees of Rochester, and in the final arrangement as to the boundary between the two patents, their titles were confirmed, although it was found that they were located in the Great Patent.

With these and perhaps a few other trifling exceptions, all the town of Neversink lying in Great Lots 5 and 6, was owned in 1778 by Robert R. Livingston and Elias Desbrosses. Desbrosses had acquired his title by purchase of the heirs of Faneuil, the patentee. It has been said that he bought Great Lot No. 5 of Peter Faneuil, who sold it to procure money to complete Faneuil Hall, the Boston "cradle of liberty." This is an error. Peter Faneuil completed the Hall in 1742, and presented it to the "town of Boston." Previous to the year 1749, when the partition took place between the proprietors of the patent, Peter Faneuil died intestate, and his interest in the Great Patent (no part of which had been previously sold by him) passed to his brothers and sisters. There was no Great Lot No. 5 during his life, and consequently he did not sell it. At the time of his decease, he had but an undivided interest in the patent.

Elias Desbrosses died in 1777, when his real estate passed to his nephew, James Desbrosses, by heirship. James died in 1807, leaving two daughters (his only children) one of whom (Elizabeth) married John Hunter, and the other (Madaline) married Henry Overing. Hunter, through his wife, became the owner of Great Lot No. 5. After his death, his son, John Hunter, junior, sold it to Henry R. Low and Leonard P. Miller. Miller subsequently sold his moiety to Low.

During the Revolutionary war the settlement begun by Klyne and Hornbeck was abandoned, and thereafter Neversink was virtually unoccupied by white people until 1788, although it was the scene of interesting events during the struggle for independence.

Late in the fall of 1778, a party of Indians and tories attacked a neighborhood on the frontier of Rochester known as Pine Bush, and succeeded in killing two men named Shurker and Miller, and in burning several buildings. They then precipitately retired, followed by Captain Benjamin Kortrite, with a party of militia under his command. Kortrite pursued the enemy no farther than the Vernooey creek, when he fell back. His descendants say his provisions were exhausted. If this was the case, the food provided for his party must have been scanty, indeed.

At this time there were several hundred troops stationed at a fort on Honk Hill. Their commander, on learning what had occurred, at once resolved to dispatch a part of his men to intercept the savages at the Chestnut Woods, about thirteen miles from Napanoch. Volunteers were called for, when an officer

named John Graham, stepped forward, and offered to go with a sergeant's guard, consisting of eighteen privates and a sergeant and corporal. He was offered more, but refused to take them. But one of those whom he proposed to lead on a hazardous expedition, was an expert Indian-fighter. The name of this man was Abraham Van Campen, and he was a near kinsman of the noted Major Moses Van Campen. The others were from the old settlements east of the Shawangunk, and unused to border-warfare.

When Graham reached the Chestnut woods, he had seen nothing of the enemy, and probably not knowing whether they were in advance or in his rear, he encamped in a valley where Chestnut brook enters the Papacton creek near the late residence of Neil Benson, deceased. At this place, the hills form a triangle, with a space of nearly level ground at the junction of the streams, and narrow gorges leading north, east and west. Here he resolved to wait and surprise the marauders if they passed that way, and while doing so he sent away Van Campen to procure venison.*

No rat ever walked more unconsciously into a trap than did the brave but rash Graham. Without knowing it, he and his party were as completely in the power of the enemy as if they had been a covey of partridges under a fowler's net. The Indians and Tories occupied the elevations on every side, where they were securely posted behind tree-trunks, and awaited the signal of death from their leader. But they were not content with their advantage in position. One of their number approached the whites by the usual path, and drew their fire. As he came in sight, Graham was drinking from the brook. When he arose to his feet, he saw the red man and ordered his men to fire. The Indian fell upon his face, the balls whistled over his head, he jumped upon his feet, and disappeared in the bushes, as a murderous volley was poured upon Graham and his friends from every side. But two beside Van Campen escaped, and it is not known that a single one of the assailants received so much as a scratch. History does not record the name of the commander of the Indians; but his extraordinary skill leaves but little doubt that he was the celebrated Colonel Brant.†

It was considered necessary to send a force of three hundred men to bury the dead. Jacobus Davenport‡ who died in 1856,

* The Van Campens were of an old and aristocratic Dutch family, to whom the Van Camp patent had been granted. They degenerated into hunters and trappers, and were as wild as the Indians themselves. Major Moses Van Campen, the spy and guide of General Sullivan when he destroyed the villages of the Senecas, was probably the only white man who ever penetrated the camp of hostile Indians, and after circulating freely among them, got away safely.

† Indian Narratives.

‡ Davenport lived to the great age of 100 years.

near the scene of Graham's disaster, was one of this party. He frequently stated during his life-time, according to the testimony of his children who are yet living, that Graham's body was naked, and that he had been scalped and disemboweled. His men had also been stripped and scalped. The bodies were falling to pieces from putrefaction, and were so offensive that it was necessary to take up the fragments on pieces of bark, and carry them to the graves which had been dug for their reception.

Several years since, a party came to the Chestnut woods to ascertain the precise spot where the bones of the victims were laid. They did not succeed, although Davenport and others were then living who could have given decisive information. An old man named Anthony Aldrich, it is said, can yet point to the grave of Graham and his men. All agree that it may be found a short distance back of the old school-house near the junction of Chestnut brook and the Papacton. We are assured by Paul Benson that when a lad, he and Harrison Benson and Josephus Gillett, while making a dam across the brook, dug a hole in the ground, and found some bones, which they took to Neil Benson, who pronounced them human bones, and ordered the lads to take them back. This so terrified them that they ran off, leaving the bones with Mr. Benson.*

But little is known of Graham or his antecedents. We do not think that any of the intelligent residents of the thriving village which bears his name can tell where he was born; his age and residence at the time of his death; or the company and regiment to which he was attached. Beyond the fact, that in the warm weather of a certain year, he and his party were slaughtered like bullocks in the shambles, they cannot say much of him with certainty. Who was he, and what was he? He was an officer, and therefore we may infer he was of a rich and influential family; for even in the struggle for independence and liberty, the sons of rich men were generally preferred for prominent positions. There were several families of his name in Ulster and Orange who were and still are noted for respectability and influence. There was a John Graham in Shawangunk and another at Peconisink, in the town of Montgomery. Both were living after the massacre in Neversink. In 1776, there was a John Graham, living in the precinct of Mamakating. He was born at Little Britain in 1736; was a cordwainer by occupation, and belonged to the militia company of Captain John Newkirk. On the 12th of October, 1776, he was mustered into a company of Rangers at Rochester. This company was commanded by Captain Elias Hasbrouck, whose lieutenants

* A log cut on the battle-ground, when sawed into lumber, was found to contain eight bullets.

were Peter Rogger and Moses Youmans. We have found the original muster-roll of the Rangers among the papers of the late Joseph Ellis. The non-commissioned officers are not designated; but from the fact that Jno. Graham, heads the list we believe that he was 1st Sergeant. After long and patient research, we believe that Lieutenant John Graham, who fell on the banks of the Pepacton, was John Graham,* the patriotic shoemaker of Mamakating. He is described as five feet, seven inches in height, of fair complexion, and as having blue eyes and brown hair. Here is a man whose zeal led him to pursue and destroy the enemies of his country, on horseback or on foot, anywhere and everywhere. During the next two years, Indians and Tories several times fell upon the frontiers of Ulster, and after murdering a few inhabitants and burning a few buildings, fled back to Canada with all the speed their muscles and endurance rendered possible. There is no doubt that he had repeatedly chased the skulking savages and dastardly Tories through the woods of Neversink, without catching and chastizing them. Was it not natural that he should hold such a foe in contempt, and that he believed a "sergeant's guard" was sufficient to drive them out of the country? The unexpected appearance of a single man, and even a dog, had previously caused them to run away while they were using the torch and tomahawk. Why should a large and therefore tardy and unwieldy party be sent in pursuit of an enemy that so far had not faced armed men? He may have been imprudent and rash; nevertheless his conduct was the result of substantial and rational premises. He evidently intended to assail them while they were straggling through the woods; but he had to cope with superior numbers under a leader as brave as himself, and who was a superior strategist. Unfortunately, poor Graham supposed that this leader was like others who had led scalping-parties against Rochester and Mamakating, and his mistake led to his death. And because he was less prudent than those who were too timid to pursue with a large party, the story of his death, which has been handed down to us by them and their descendants, is not flattering to his memory. His bones repose in an unmarked and unknown grave. He was undoubtedly a brave and patriotic man, whose blood was shed in a good cause; therefore the record of his life and death should be characterized by kindness and gratitude.

* Among the papers of Captain Elias Hasbrouck, now in the possession of his grandson, John W. Hasbrouck, of Middletown, there is positive evidence that John Graham, in 1776, was first sergeant of Hasbrouck's company of Rangers. As Graham was a brave and enterprising officer, it is probable that he was promoted previous to his death. Captain Hasbrouck was always at the post of honor. During the war he served in northern New York under Generals Montgomery and Schuyler, on the frontier of Ulster as a Ranger, at Ticonderoga, West Point, Ramapo, Morristown, The Clove, New Windsor, etc.

The fate of Graham seemed to impart a lesson of wisdom to the valiant Captain Kortrite. The enemy were not able to entrap him at the Chestnut woods, when he was in ambush there in May, 1779, with seventy men, to catch three Indians and twenty-seven Tories. On the fourth of that month, a party from Canada numbering thirty, invaded the whigs living on the Fantinekill,* and after murdering the family of Michael Socks, and the widow Bevier, and committing other outrages, they retreated. Captain Kortrite attempted to intercept them at the scene of Graham's disaster. He reached this point first, and securely posted his seventy men. The Tories, however, were too cunning for him. Before he was aware of their proximity, they passed silently around his position, and gave him a harmless salute from an unexpected direction. They then retreated, and he returned home, notwithstanding his force was more than double that of the enemy.

In September, 1781, Wawarsing was invaded by four hundred Tories and Indians from Niagara. After killing an old man named Kettle, burning about thirty houses and barns, stealing sixty horses and a great number of sheep, hogs and horn-cattle, they retreated by the way of the Chestnut woods, with all the other plunder they could carry with them. Here they encamped and cooked their supper. Among the things they had taken with them was a quantity of lime or plaster. They were nearly famished, having consumed over four weeks in marching from Canada. Of the plaster they endeavored to make bread. Their disgust at the result may be imagined.

On their way to the settlement, they captured two scouts whose names were Silas Bouck and Philip Hine. These men were scouting on the Neversink about twenty miles south-west of Napanoch, when they discovered the invaders. The leader, whose name was Caldwell, caused Bouck and Hine to be bound and left in the woods until he returned, when he took them to Canada as prisoners. They subsequently escaped and rejoined their friends.

Caldwell's loss in killed, wounded and missing was considerable. Colonel Cantine, with a force of four hundred men, pursued him until he reached a point on the Delaware river in the town of Highland. Here Cantine was close upon Caldwell's heels. The enemy was completely demoralized and disheartened. There were indications that the Indians and Tories were close at hand. A halt of the patriots was ordered, and a council occurred. Captain Kortrite and Captain Hardenbergh were in favor of further pursuit; but Colonel Cantine remembered the fate of Graham and Tusten, and advocated caution and prudence.

* This name is derived from the French word *fountain* and the Dutch word *kil*. "Esopus Dutch" is a compound of the two languages.

While this was going on, a Doctor Vanderlyn of Kingston was seated on a log near by. Having nothing else to do, and being of a busy, active temperament, he cocked his gun, and in consequence of his "fooling" with the hammer, the gun was accidentally discharged. The report caused a panic among Caldwell's savages, who abandoned their plunder and ran away, leaving their commander and the Tories with Bouck and Hine.

Unfortunately, a majority of the council supported Cantine, and the Americans marched back to Warwarsing. Captain Hardenbergh was so indignant that he told Cantine to his face, that "he could not die before his time came;" to which the prudent colonel replied, "If the Indians had their tomahawks above my head, my time would be then."

Caldwell being forsaken by his Indian guides, induced Bouck to pilot him back to Niagara.

The plunder which was left on the banks of the Delaware by the savages was found several months afterwards by a party of American scouts.*

As soon as practicable after the Revolutionary war, the owners of Great Lots 4 and 5, induced tenants to occupy their real estate in Neversink and Rockland. Each owner cut up his tract into farm-lots of convenient dimensions. Poor men, desirous of homes, were induced to take leases, without appreciating the evils of villein soccage, tithes, rents, quarter-sales, and the other feudal requirements of the landlords. About twenty thousand acres were held under objectionable tenures in Neversink alone. These leases were popular at first, but when the simple people who took them found that the resources of the legal profession had been exhausted in devising a system to enrich a few drones and impoverish the great body of workers, these tenures became exceedingly obnoxious. In truth, they promoted no interest—not even that of the landlord—while they blighted industry, freedom and morality.

The first thing necessary to the settlement of a wilderness-country is a road leading from it to established neighborhoods. Previous to the Revolution, a highway existed from Wawarsing to a point in the vicinity of Grahamsville—probably to the Chestnut woods. After the war this road was extended to the Neversink Flats. The Brodhead road was also made, and for a time these were the only two of the town. The first-named thoroughfare passed over an ancient Indian trail.

Previous to 1788, except the few families located in the valley of the Lackawack, it may be said there were no white residents of Neversink. In that year, the owners of Great Lots No. 4 and 5, and those who held large tracts in Great Lot No. 3,

* Narratives of Massacres, etc., on the frontier in Wawarsing.

induced settlers to locate on their lands. Among these settlers were John Hall, Robert Aldrich, Nathaniel and Eleazer Divine, Jonathan Jones, Nowell Furman, Josiah Goldsmith, Peter Donaldson and others of Upper Neversink; John Hall of Mutton Hill, William Parks, Seth Gillett, Henry Reynolds, Jeremiah Drake, Silas B. Palmer, the Grants, Eleazer Larrabee, Phineas Booth, William Alley, Stephen Curry, Ebenezer Reed, Francis Porter, Solomon Hawley, Joseph Pierce, Christopher Darrow, Elmer Gilbert, Samuel Groo, William Caton, Abel Hodge, Joseph Carlile, Doctor Blake Wales, Abraham Cargill, William Denman, William A. Moore, Conrad Sheeley, John Honsee, Benoni Benham, Henry Collins, James Dan, Eliza Kellogg, Robert Nichols, William Wilson, John Wood, Robert Quick, Jerry Smith, ——— Van de Mark, Joseph Wright, Selleck Tuttle, etc.

Nearly all these people came into the town previous to the year 1800, although some of them located outside its present limits.

We do not propose to give a history of each family for obvious reasons.

John Hall came from Marlborough, Ulster county, in 1798, when he was but 18 years of age, and settled below Claryville, on lands now owned by his descendants. Great Lot No. 5, was then owned by Desbrosses, who refused to sell his real estate in Neversink. Robert Aldrich, Nathaniel and Eleazer Divine, Jonathan Jones, Nowell Furman, Peter Donaldson, and others were then or soon after living in Upper Neversink, as the Claryville region was then called. Such of these men as occupied land held leases from Desbrosses.

John Halls's sons were John Hall, junior, Isaiah Hall and Mott Hall. John Hall, junior, was a Member of Assembly in 1825, and for several years a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was also elected to fill many town-offices, and was a Justice of the Peace for fourteen years in succession. Isaiah Hall was the first school-teacher of the neighborhood. How he managed, in this isolated region, to acquire sufficient education to teach others, we have not learned.

For religious services the people were dependent on a Baptist preacher named Gilbert, and Rev. Mr. White, a local Methodist preacher. More should be known of these self-sacrificing missionaries, who labored in this "far country" without fee or reward for the cure of sinful souls, and whose dust is now reposing in unknown graves, "awaiting the resurrection and the life to come."

The pioneers buried their dead on the farm now owned by John W. Hasbrouck, where the Divines, Halls, and other settlers deposited the corpses of their friends, in the simple and affect-

ing mode peculiar to a primitive people, to whom the "pomp and vanities" of modern funerals would have seemed a profanation.

For many years, the settlers were obliged to go to Vernooey's mill, in Wawarsing, to get their grain ground. John Hall, having a team, took the grists of some of his neighbors to Vernooey's and generally charged two days' labor for carting three bushels of rye to and from the mill. Some performed the journey on foot, carrying their grain on their backs.

The temptation to engage in forest-sports was very great. Deer were more numerous than sheep are now, and moose were often shot. John Hall was a moose-hunter, and once saw twenty of these animals together at Round pond. Peter C. Hall, who occupied the old homestead, has a bullet-pouch made by John Hall from a skin taken from a moose killed six miles above Claryville.

Wolves were also very common in the town. As late as 1841, a man named Richard C. DeWitt found a den in which were six wolf-cubs, all of which he caught, and received therefor a bounty of seventy-five dollars.

The number of trout caught in the Neversink during the first years of this century now seems almost fabulous. While their mother was getting breakfast, the Hall boys often took several pounds, without going ten rods from their father's door, and once before the morning-meal, Peter C. and Isaiah caught as many as they could carry. The little fish with which modern anglers seek to line their baskets, were not then considered worth cooking, and when caught were thrown into the river.

James V. Curry, a son of Stephen Curry, owned the land on which Claryville now stands. Those who purchased of him built a tannery, and besides that establishment, there are now in the place a grist-mill, lumbering-establishments, a store, hotel, etc. There is also in the place a Reformed church.

Claryville received its name from Clarissa, the wife of James V. Curry. If the Ogdensburgh railroad becomes a reality, Claryville will be a place of considerable importance.

Stephen Curry came from Tarrytown to Neversink in 1795. He was then twenty-six years of age. Six years previously he had married Anna Vail. By her he had ten children. Although nine of them lived to an advanced age; he survived all but three of them. He died on the 9th of January, 1872, aged 101 years, 6 months and 24 days. His personal recollections extended to the trying scenes of the Revolution. He was ten years old when Benedict Arnold betrayed his country, and saw Major Andre escorted by two hundred horsemen to Washington's headquarters, and previous to his death was one of the few men living who had seen the Father of his country. Mr. Curry

in his infancy was received into the Protestant Episcopal Church by baptism; but after his removal to Neversink had few or no opportunities of attending the Church of which his mother was a pious communicant. Like many other residents of that town, his religious belief was much influenced by the Quakers; but he never became a member of the society of Friends. Until he had seen his hundredth birthday, his mind and body were in a sound state, after which his strength gradually diminished, until the machinery of life was literally worn out, and he died from old age.

While spiritualism and kindred delusions are gaining space in the hearts and heads of the educated of the present day, ancient superstitions still maintain a foothold among the simple. In 1852, while men of high position professed unlimited faith in the gross errors introduced by the Fox family of the city of Rochester, an humble family of Claryville were rendered insane by a belief in witchcraft.

A son of Levi Van Akin of the latter place, while on his death-bed, requested his father to bury him in the graveyard of the Reformed Dutch church. This the senior Van Akin refused to do. Alleging that "the boy had had his own way all his life and now he would do as he pleased," he caused the body to be deposited on his farm. Soon after the old man complained that the spirit of his refractory son appeared to him, and constantly haunted him. This so demoralized his nervous system that he became crazy. His family at this time consisted of his wife, two sturdy sons, and an equal number of strapping daughters, all of whom declared that they were bewitched and possessed of devils. Hearing of a "witch-doctor" in an adjoining town, they went to him, leaving the father at home and bound. The doctor agreed to expel the evil spirits for fifty cents per spirit. To accomplish a cure he put his patients in a room in which he kept burning a mixture of hair and sulphur. Surely, no devil can endure the stench produced by the burning of such a villainous compound! Spirit after spirit left for parts unknown, and half-dollar after half-dollar found its way to the doctor's pocket, until the money of the dupes was exhausted, when they left for home, still possessed by an unknown number of devils.

On their way back, they paid a visit to Cornelius Hornbeck, a brother of Mrs. Van Akin, with whom they concluded to stay all night. Before morning, Mrs. Van Akin got up and commenced dancing on the trundle-bed in which Hornbeck's children slept. As she trampled on their limbs and bodies, they screamed from pain and terror. This awoke their father, who came to their relief. He no sooner interfered in their behalf, than she declared *he* was a devil, and the cause of all their trouble, and that it was their duty to kill him. Assisted by her demented

sons and daughters, she immediately commenced a murderous assault upon him. He was thrown down and beaten upon the head with the heel of a heavy boot until he was insensible.

A man named Abraham Leroy lived in the house occupied by Hornbeck. Aroused by the affray, he came to the rescue of his neighbor; and catching one of the young men by the throat, threw him down, and attempted to hold him. While doing so, the two bewitched girls assailed him furiously, beating his head and face with brands from the fire-place, while their other brother continued to pommel Hornbeck. Both of the men were seriously injured. One of Leroy's eyes was destroyed.

While this was going on, Mrs. Hornbeck seized a dinner-horn, and, running out of the house, blew it to alarm the neighborhood. Fortunately it was heard by several young men who were carousing in a tavern not far off. They immediately proceeded to Hornbeck's, and soon succeeded in subduing and binding all the evil spirits except one of the daughters, who escaped to the woods, where she was found next day ensconced to her arm-pits in a hollow stump, from which she could not escape. She, too, was secured with cords, and, with the other members of this strange family, sent back to Claryville, where they were separated and put under constraint. Thus situated, in time they recovered from their strange hallucination. It is believed that similar treatment would cure two-thirds of the spirit-rappers of our country.

Henry Reynolds, who was among the early settlers in the neighborhood of Mutton Hill, was a native of Westchester county. Being a younger son, he could not inherit a fair share of his father's estate under the aristocratic law of primogeniture, which prevailed previous to the war of the Revolution. Hence he became a merchant's clerk. After he was proficient as a trader, he entered into business on his own account at Peekskill, and also married a Miss Fowler of Throgg's Neck, a descendant of Henry Fowler, one of the patentees of the township of East Chester.* This was about 1769. During the next eight years, his business prospered, and he became the father of five children—the oldest a daughter, and the others boys.

In early life he embraced the dogmas of Fox and Penn; but there was nothing in his religious creed which made him loth to embrace the cause of his country as his own. In the language of that day, he was a fighting Quaker; and so active and prominent was he that, when the British visited Peekskill in 1777, they plundered his store and burned his buildings. He then, with his wife and five little children, went to Smith's Clove, near

* Bolton's History of Westchester County. It is believed that Jeremiah Drake, who married a daughter of Henry Reynolds, was a descendant of John Drake, an original proprietor of the same patent.

the present village of Monroe in Orange county, where he engaged in farming, and also, according to a manuscript before us, carried on "pot-baking;" in other words, he was a farmer and potter.

While here he belonged to an organization of patriots known as "minute men," who were liable to be called into service temporarily on any sudden emergency; and was with the gallant little band, who, under General Anthony Wayne, stormed Stony Point, on the 16th of July, 1779—"one of the most brilliant events of the war."

The ardor and impetuosity of Henry Reynolds would have led him to enlist in the regular army and for the war, if it had not been for his helpless children and their dependent mother. It was his duty to protect and sustain his tender offspring. It was also his duty to assist in defending and securing the liberty of his country. And he was not derelict in respect to his obligations as a father or a patriot. So emphatic was he in denouncing the King of Great Britain and his adherents, that he made himself very obnoxious to the tory ruffraff and reivers of his neighborhood, who on more than one occasion endeavored to murder him. These miscreants had for their leader the notorious Claudius Smith, a particular account of whom will be found in Eager's History of Orange County. Smith and his band were guilty of almost every crime from petit larceny to murder. They had their places of concealment in the mountains, from which they sallied at night to rob, maltreat and murder patriotic citizens. After doing their nefarious work, they retreated to their caves and dens, carrying with them their plunder, and when followed to their retreats, fled to the British army. Leading and influential whigs were particularly the objects of Smith's vengeance. In the fall of 1778, Major Nathaniel Strong of Bloominggrove was assassinated in his own house by these miscreants. So daring and formidable were they, that Governor Clinton offered a large reward for the apprehension of Smith, who, hearing of the Governor's proclamation, went to Long Island for safety. Notwithstanding he was within the enemy's lines, he was followed by Major John Brush and other brave whigs, who took him prisoner and carried him to Connecticut. He was conveyed from there to Goshen, where, on the 13th of January, 1779, he was tried on three indictments for burglary and robbery, and found guilty. On the 22d of the same month, he and several of his accomplices, were executed. The wretch, in his last moments, labored to disgrace his own mother. She having predicted that he would die with his shoes on, like a trooper's horse, he kicked them off while on the gallows, to prove that she was a liar!

Previous to his execution, Smith's oldest son William was

shot by whig scouts who were in pursuit of the gang. After the death of Claudius, the band was led by another of his sons whose name was Richard. James Smith, the third son, about the same time was captured, and it is said hung, but where and when does not appear.

In consequence of these events, the surviving members of the band swore vengeance against all who had been active against them. On the 26th of March, 1779, five or six of the villains, headed by Richard Smith, murdered a whig named John Clark, near the Iron works, and pinned to his coat the following:

“A WARNING TO THE REBELS.—You are hereby warned at your peril to desist from hanging any more friends to government as you did Claudius Smith. You are warned likewise to use James Smith, James Fluelling and William Cole well, and ease them of their Irons, for we are determined to hang six for one, for the blood of the innocent cries aloud for vengeance. Your noted friend Captain Williams and his crew of robbers and murderers, we have got in our power, and the blood of Claudius Smith shall be repaid. There are particular companies of us who belong to Col. Butler’s army, Indians as well as white men, and particularly members from New York, that are resolved to be avenged on you for your cruelty and murder. We are to remind you, that you are the beginners and aggressors, for by your cruel oppressions and bloody actions, you drive us to it. This is the first, and we are determined to pursue it on your heads and leaders to the last—till the whole of you are murdered.”*

These outlaws were not extirpated until 1782, in which year they attempted to kill Henry Reynolds, when the people of Monroe, assisted by some troops of Washington’s army who were encamped about four miles from Monroe, put an end to their depredations. Eager, in his History of Orange County, gives a very meager and imperfect account of the attack on Mr. Reynolds, which he derives almost wholly from tradition.† If

* Eager’s History of Orange County.

† “Benjamin Kelly, one of this gang, was shot in the mountains by a man of the name of June. There were three or four of them secreted in the mountains, and the guards were watching for them. Some person told June that they were at a certain spot playing cards. June started to find them, and when he came in sight they were lying down, but hearing his approach rose up, and as they did so, June shot Kelly. They escaped and Kelly wandered down near a certain large sulphur spring, where he was found dead by Mr. John Henley and his dog, partially covered up with leaves and brush. Near him, tied up in a bundle with a bark-string, was the wedding coat of Mr. Runnels, which Kelly had stolen a short time before. When they went to Runnel’s house, the family were absent, and when they were inquired of who they were, they answered friends. The door was opened by Runnels, and on entering they immediately attacked him. There were three to one, and in the fight Runnels received a cut on the arm which partially disabled him during life. A fellow by the name of Miller was one of the three. When the neighbors came in, the rascals had plundered the house and fled; and Runnels was found, as was supposed, in a dying condition.”

[Eager’s History, page 563.]

he had known that in the town of Neversink, in this county, there was a living witness of the outrage, (Mrs. Phebe Drake,) he would undoubtedly have given a clear and succinct statement of the whole affair. There were hundreds of others in Sullivan county who knew Henry Reynolds well, and had listened many times to his description of the fiendish attempt to murder him, and his almost incredible escape from death. To recollections of conversations with him and his daughter Phebe, are we principally indebted for what follows. They are still fresh in the minds of his descendants and other respectable people, and may be regarded as authentic.

On one occasion the avengers of Claudius Smith surrounded Reynold's house and endeavored to effect an entrance; but the doors and windows were securely bolted and barred. Determined not to be balked, they got upon the roof, and were descending inside the wide old-style chimney, when one of the family emptied a feather-bed upon the fire, and the intruders were literally smoked out. Suffocation in the chimney or a retreat to the open air were the alternatives, and they found the latter most desirable.

A second attempt to enter was made in July, 1782, and was successful. Benjamin Kelley, Phillip Robbin, and several others who were members of Smith's band, went to Reynold's house in the night, and pretending to be a detachment from Washington's army in search of deserters, he opened his door to them, after hastily dressing himself. He then hurriedly proceeded to procure a light, and while engaged at his fire-place with his back toward them, one of them struck him with the flat side of his sword, damned him, and told him to make haste. This conduct at once revealed the character of his visitors. He instantly sprang up, got out of the door on the piazza or stoop, stumbled over something that lay there, and fell. They then caught him, and dragged him back into the house.

Eager says that the family of Reynolds was absent; but his entire household, including his wife, seven children, and a lad who lived with him, were present. When the scuffle began, Reynolds called loudly for this lad, who immediately got up, and came into the room, when one of the gang seized him, threw him upon the floor, and told him if he turned his head to the right or left, they would cut it off. This so terrified the boy that he sat as still as if he had been made of stone. Mrs. Reynolds and some of the children also entered the apartment. She was a timid woman, and pregnant at the time with a daughter who afterwards became the wife of Doctor Blake Wales. When she saw her husband in the hands of ruffians, and as she imagined about to be murdered by them, she fell upon the floor in convulsions, and it is believed was unconscious

for some time, and did not witness the most frightful of the scenes which ensued.

After securing Reynolds, and wounding him in several places with their knives and swords, they proceeded to hang him in the presence of his family, and on the trammel-pole of his fire-place. While they were preparing to do this, his oldest child (Phebe) made a violent effort to prevent them; but they rudely pushed her away.

At this time Phebe lacked one month of being twelve years of age. She was a large, robust girl, and was rapidly assuming the charming outlines of womanhood. Nearly half of her life had been spent amid the dangers and terrors of war, and her experience, instead of adding to the weakness incident to her sex, had made her as fearless as she was robust. This circumstance had much endeared her to her father, who was himself of a bold and frank disposition, and the degree of sympathy and love between them was superior to the instinct of self-preservation.

As soon as the wretches had hung up Reynolds, and they supposed he was writhing in the throes of death, they hastily dispersed through the several rooms, and commenced plundering the house, when Phebe as hastily caught hold of a knife, and cut the rope with which her father was suspended. She also threw the noose from his neck, and managed to get him upon a bed. Almost immediately one of the marauders discovered what she had done, and they again gathered in the room to murder Reynolds. The dauntless girl boldly confronted them, and stood like a lioness at bay between them and the bed. They ordered her to get out of their way, and declared that they would kill her if she did not. She replied that she did not wish to live if they murdered her father. They then menaced her with their swords and knives, when by some means she knocked a sword from the hand of one of them, and in attempting to catch it as it fell, he was badly cut on his wrist. Finding that she would be overpowered, she sprang upon the bed, threw herself upon the body of her father, and clasped her limbs tightly around him, and thus attempted to shield him from their bloody instruments. One of the brutes then lashed her cruelly with the rope. She did not scream, or moan, or even wince, although she was marked from head to foot with broad, angry stripes. At the moment, and for hours afterwards, she was exalted above physical pain.

Finding that this brutality was fruitless, they tore her away by main strength, and once more their intended victim was left dangling in the fire-place, while they continued their search for whatever was worth stealing.

In their haste, they either imagined that they had disabled

the heroic daughter, or that Reynolds was past help; for they paid no further attention to her, and thus gave her an opportunity to rescue her father a second time. After she had once more cut the rope, and was leading him to another room, his strength gave way, and he fell and was unable to get up. She again threw herself upon his body, in which position the wretches found her. They then flew at Reynolds with their knives and swords, and cut and slashed him until they believed that he was dead. Phebe all the time endeavored to cover her father with her person, and protect him at the expense of her own life, and in doing so was herself wounded in her forehead and breast, so that her face was covered and her clothing saturated with blood. After destroying Reynolds' private papers and robbing him of everything they could carry away, they set fire to the house in several places. They also rolled a large stone against the door, which opened outwardly, and threatened to shoot the first one of the family who raised the door-latch. Then they left, no doubt expecting that the house and all within it would be consumed, and thus all evidence of their crime obliterated.

Reynolds had been thrown into a large chest, the lid of which was closed over him. Here Phebe found her father stiff and rigid. He was apparently dead. With such help as her mother and the lad could give, she lifted the bloody form from the chest, and while they were doing so, a groan escaped from it. This led her to hope that he was not dead. She immediately pried open his teeth with the handle of a pewter spoon, and then put into his mouth a few drops of water. This seemed to revive him, and she gave him more water, and proceeded to staunch the blood which was flowing from his wounds.

While she was doing this, her mother was moaning and walking in a feeble way from room to room, and saw that a bed, a hogshead of flax, etc., were on fire. Appalled by this discovery, she cried, "Oh, Phebe, the house is on fire in three places!" "Why don't you put it out?" demanded the daughter. "Oh, I can't, if it burns down over our heads!" "Then come and take care of father, and let me do it." She promptly dashed water on the burning beds, and placed a rug over the flax, and then went back to her father. While she was engaged in dressing his wounds, she told the lad whom we have already alluded to, to go out and alarm the neighborhood; but he did not dare to leave the house; so, after doing all she could for the comfort and safety of Reynolds, she started out herself. Although her body was cut and bruised, her clothing wet with her own blood, and she had passed through a scene of great terror, so cool was she that she noticed the crowing of the cocks of the neighborhood, and knew that morning was near.

The alarm soon spread from house to house, and shortly after sunrise a company of armed men started in pursuit of the ruffians, who were followed to their retreat in the mountains, and four or five of them killed. Three more were seen, one of whom, a young man, swore he had shot—that he was Kelley, the leader of the gang—that he knew he had killed him because he had a good sight of him, etc. This proved to be true; for the body of Kelley was soon after found in the neighborhood, partly covered with leaves and brush. Near it, tied up with a bark-string, was a suit of Quaker clothes which belonged to Reynolds.

They were his wedding suit, as stated by Eager, although he had then been married about fourteen years. His patriotism may be estimated, when we say that he never wished to see or wear the garments again, because they had been on the back of a tory.

The two who got away were afterwards arrested in New Jersey; but Reynolds could not appear against them on account of the injuries he had received; or he would not from his Quaker sense of duty.

While some of his friends were pursuing the marauders, others, including the physicians of the town, were attending to the necessities of the family. Reynolds, it was found, was cut and stabbed in over thirty places. One of his ears was so nearly severed that it hung down to his shoulder. It was put back in its place as nearly as practicable; but healed in such a way as to disfigure him for life. One of his hands also was badly cut, and he never fully recovered its use.

Phebe did not seem sensible of her own injuries until everything possible had been done for her father. On examination, it was found that the wounds in her forehead and breast were of a serious nature, and that her body and limbs were shockingly bruised and lacerated. During the day, she went to her father's bed-side. When his eyes fell upon her bandaged body and head, and her bruised face, he was so much affected that the doctors gave positive orders that she should be kept out of his sight.*

For several weeks, Reynolds was on the brink of the grave; but fortified as it had been by a life of temperance and industry, his fine constitution in the end triumphed, and he lived to see his eighty-fifth birthday. While he was swathed and bandaged so as to resemble a mummy more than anything else, his neighbors were very kind to him. They cut his wheat, gathered his hay, and provided for his family, and so far as they could, made him comfortable. The doctors, instead of exacting fees for their attendance, filled Phebe's hands with silver coin.

* Statement of Phebe Hall.

Kelley, the leader of the gang, lived within a mile of Reynolds' house, and Roblin within half a mile.* From this we infer that they managed to pass in the neighborhood for whigs, while they were secretly murdering and robbing the patriots.

This narrative may seem to some like the device of a novelist; but there are scores of people yet living in Fallsburgh and Neversink, who have heard the facts related by Henry Reynolds himself, as he exhibited his scars. These people have also seen and conversed with Phebe, who afterwards married Jeremiah Drake of Neversink Flats. She died there as late as November 21, 1853, and her remains were placed beside those of her husband, whose decease preceded hers about eight years. We are responsible for the manner in which the story is told; but not for the facts embodied in it. *They* are precisely what has been related to us by respectable and truthful people, who are proud to claim Henry Reynolds as their ancestor; and we hope our narrative will cause all in whose veins flows his blood, to honor his ashes, and place over them a suitable memorial of his worth.

Henry Reynolds' children were: 1. Phebe, who married Jeremiah Drake; 2. Caleb;† 3. Jesse; 4. Jeremiah; 5. Reuben; 6. Daniel; 7. Polly, who married Doctor Blake Wales; 8. Jane, who married Ephraim Griffin; 9. Elizabeth, who died soon after marrying Ezekiel Gillett; 10. Hophni; 11. Catharine and Martha (twins)—Catharine married Doctor David Wheeler—Martha, Zephaniah Thorn; and Benjamin and a twin which died nameless; and one other whose name we have not learned. One hundred years after the marriage of Henry Reynolds, it is estimated that his descendants numbered upwards of one thousand! Such virility and fertility are wonderful.

When the town of Neversink was organized in the year 1798, Henry Reynolds was elected its first Supervisor. At the same time, Josiah Depuy, another worthy patriot, was made Town Clerk. While Reynolds represented his town at Kingston, his numerous scars, as well as his intelligence and worth, made him popular with the leading men of the old county of Ulster, and in 1805, he was elected a Member of Assembly, with Lucas Elmendorf, James Ross and Selah Tuthill.

At Albany he made but one speech, and that was against a proposition of Lucas Elmendorf to grant money to the colleges of the State. Elmendorf contended that without such institutions we would have no citizens fit to represent our country abroad. This remark fired the blood of Henry Reynolds, who arose in his place, and reminded Elmendorf and the House, that

* Letter of Daniel Reynolds.

† Caleb was under General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and was never heard from by his friends afterwards.

George Washington and Benjamin Franklin were not graduates of colleges, and that men of *their* stamp were fit to represent their country at the seat of any government on earth. This speech was greatly applauded by every one but Elmendorf and a few other influential leaders.* They quietly defeated him at the next election, by putting the name of Elnathan Sears in the place of his.

His attachment to the Quaker creed was earnest and without abatement; but he was too independent in his thoughts, words and deeds to maintain a fair standing with the quiet and pacific people who called themselves Friends. "He was not owned as a member, but kept the faith." He pinned his creed to no man's sleeve. In the honest vigor of his soul, he formed his own opinions on such premises as were afforded him, and no earthly power could deter him from following what he believed the path of duty. "He was set in his ways; but always set on the right side," is the testimony of one who knew him many years.

Until his death, he loved his daughter Phebe more than his other children, and as he was breathing his last, he called her to his bedside, and reminding her of the fearful scenes through which they had passed, thanked her for preserving his life at the risk of her own.

The children of Jeremiah and Phebe Drake were: 1. Jane, who married Zachariah Low; Peter; Polly, who married John Van Benschoten; Martha, who married Zopher Gillett; Nancy, who married David Overton; Charlotte, who married John A. Low; Henry; Jeremiah; Phebe, who married Alvah Hall.

Peter was in the army in 1812, and died while serving his country.

Parks and Hall, who settled on Mutton Hill, were from Litchfield county, Connecticut. Elijah Parks, a son of William, was the first white male child, and Sally, a daughter of Hall, the first white female born in that region. The Halls intermarried with the descendants of Henry Reynolds; and Parks, it is said, was a kinsman of Arthur Parks, who was a Senator from the Middle District from 1777 to 1788. William Parks was a Member of Assembly from Sullivan and Ulster in 1816.

Doctor Blake Wales was the youngest son of Nathaniel Wales, 3d, a farmer of Windham, Connecticut, who had served creditably as a Captain in the Revolutionary army, and was present at the taking of Burgoyne, as well as that of Cornwallis. When nineteen years of age, Blake Wales commenced the study of medicine under Doctor Roger Waldo, of Mansfield, Connecticut, and was licensed in 1798. In 1799 he removed to Neversink, and commenced the practice of medicine. He

* Statement of Richard D. Childs.

boarded three or four years with a family living on Mutton Hill; married Polly, a daughter of Henry Reynolds, and purchased the Corgill place of an original settler named William Alley. Here he remained until 1829 or 1830, when he removed to the village of Liberty, where he subsequently died.

In the early part of the present century, the life of a rural doctor had no attraction except the element of respectability. Medicine ranked with law and divinity as a learned profession, and the ambitious young man, when he received his license or diploma, considered himself within the threshold of honor, and entitled to rank as a gentleman. His existence thereafter was full of exposure and unrequited toil. Astride his faithful cob, with a collection of drugs lashed to his saddle, in fair weather as well as in the most inclement, during daylight as well as the dark hours of night, he was subject to the requirements of the sick and suffering. Weary and worn, he retired for rest during the storms of winter; but before morning was summoned to visit a dying fellow-being, and shivering and reluctant, started for some backwoods-cabin miles away, and over snow-filled forest-paths. Rain, sleet, snow and wind—darkness, execrable roads, and a thousand discomforts not necessary to enumerate, were manfully endured by Doctor Wales for thirty years, when he removed from the town without a competence, and continued to practice his profession in another field.

For many years, bears were troublesome to the settlers on Mutton Hill. Many kept sheep. The region became so noted for its flocks that it received its present name. Bruin was very fond of mutton, and indulged his appetite so often that the farmers could not determine whether bears or the landlord's agents were the greatest pests. One old bear waxed so fat, and grew to such huge dimensions, that his memory is still fresh in local tradition. For a long time the Halls, Reynolds, Drakes and others unsuccessfully endeavored to destroy him; but traps and guns did not seem to be effectual. He was never killed; and in time left the neighborhood. Not so lucky was another which made a raid on Silas B. Palmer's hog-pen; for while he was intent on slaughtering Palmer's swine, Palmer himself appeared with his old flint-lock, and while his wife held a light, shot the intruder, and killed him.

Abraham Corgill, who settled on Thunder Hill about the year 1794, was killed while in the woods by the falling of a limb of a tree. He was the father of John and James Corgill.

William A. Moore came into the town in 1805. He had five sons—Benjamin, Comfort, Andrew, William W., and Seaman.

Joseph Pierce, Christopher Darrow, Elmer Gilbert, Samuel Groo, Joseph Carlisle, and several others came previous to the "great windfall."

William Denman emigrated from England in 1798, and settled three miles from Grahamsville. He was the progenitor of a family remarkable for probity, thrift, good sense, and respectability.

The memory of Indian outrages was still fresh in the minds of the people in 1788. Neversink had been the theatre of bloody contests with the red man, and many imagined that the dreaded race might yet return and murder the inhabitants. The young people particularly were on the *qui vive*, and were often alarmed by unusual noises in the woods. A few years after the settlement, a young fellow named Gillett alarmed the inhabitants of Mutton Hill by declaring that his father's house was surrounded by more than twenty whooping savages. Some turned out with their guns; but on reaching the scene of supposed danger, found that there was nothing more aggressive there than several hooting owls.

Phineas Booth in 1795, bought the farm of Eleazer Larrabee, on Thunder Hill. Booth was a mulatto; while his wife was of mixed Indian and African blood. Although he loved whisky and was somewhat profane, he was a prosperous farmer, and a favorite in the neighborhood.

The father of Phineas was an African negro who was brought from his native country when a child by Captain Phineas Booth, the commander of a slave ship. The black lad was not sold with the balance of the cargo; but was kept by the captain as a body-servant, and in time became a pet of his master.

In Booth's neighborhood lived, with her step-father, a young white woman who was engaged to be married to a sailor. The day for the ceremony was fixed; the guests were invited, etc., when her step-father locked her in her room, and told her lover she would neither see nor marry him. This maddened the would-be groom, who forthwith went to sea, without knowing the true state of affairs. After his departure, the girl was released, went to Captain Booth, told her story, and rashly declared she would marry the next man who offered himself, even if he were a negro. The Captain, believing probably that she would not do so, laughingly remarked, "I guess Phin. will have you," and then went to the latter, and told him what she had said. The black lad then called on her with his chapeau under his arm, and with many polite bows and scrapes, offered her his heart and hand. They were accepted by the rash girl. To mortify and vex the relatives who had aberrated the heart of her lover, she married Captain Booth's slave. She afterwards purchased the freedom of her husband, who had assumed the name of his old master, and they gave the same name to this son.

It is said that Phineas Booth, the negro, after he became a freeman by marrying, occasionally assumed the bearing of a

crusty old gentleman; when his wife would quietly say, "Phineas, I bought you of your master," and the demon of anger at once left him. He was finally killed by riding at night against a tree which leaned over a road. The accident occurred on the road leading from Hasbrouck to Thunder Hill.

Phineas Booth, the son of this ill-assorted pair, was well known to the Grants, Drakes, Reynolds, Gilletts and other respectable citizens of the Neversink country, who always esteemed him highly.

Francis Porter came to Grahamsville in 1792, and became the possessor of several tracts of land. The soil for one mile on the east side of the Lackawack was held by fee simple; also for half a mile on the west side. Porter owned some of this. He was the father of Jedediah, Gideon, Francis, junior, and Leonard Porter, besides four daughters. Jedediah and Gideon opened what was known as the Porter road from Liberty to Neversink. It ran by the way of Loch Sheldrake, above Hasbrouck, and on the south side of Thunder Hill, to the old Wawarsing road, and was made soon after the Brodhead road.

Previous to 1809 the people were obliged to get their flour made in Wawarsing at Peter Vernooey's mill. In that year Livingston built a mill at Grahamsville, under the superintendence of Captain Jeremiah Gale.* This improvement was hailed with as much delight as the building of a railroad along the Lackawack would now create; and so pleased were the people that they procured the appointment of Gale as Justice of the Peace. He afterwards married many of the young people of the town.

Vernooey, the Wawarsing miller, was a man of excellent heart. We have received the following anecdote of him from Avis, the widow of Leonard Porter: Her father, Salmon Hawley, soon after moving into the woods on Thunder Hill, was left a widower with seven children. He was by trade a shoemaker, and when not clearing his land, and attending to the necessities of his motherless children, traveled from house to house to make and mend the shoes of his neighbors. Before grain could be raised on his place, he got out of money and provisions, and had nothing which could be exchanged or bartered for food. He went to Wawarsing, and humbly laid his case before Vernooey, asking Vernooey to trust him for some flour, and promising to pay for it in work during the ensuing

* Gale was a captain in the war of 1812. The following persons were among the members of his company: Alexander Brown, Lieutenant; John Hall, junior, and Lee Mitchell, Corporals; Samuel Andrews, Amos Avery, David A. Baldwin, John Bivens, Samuel Couch, Joseph Connor, David Canfield, Luther Drake, Robert Frazer, Jonas Gregory, Zebulen Griffin, Benjamin Homan, Elijah Kinne, Christian Kuschimer, Robert Ray, Francis A. Leroy, Benjamin Low, Bradley Robertson, Hiram Sanford, Abel Sprague, Nathan S. Sacket, Oliver Seely, Uriah Stratton, John Voorhes, David Wynkoop, James Ellison and others, privates.

fall. The humane miller readily let the poor man have what he wanted; but told him not to bring his kit to his house until he had got in his fall-crops. The unexpected kindness of Vernooey so affected Hawley that he never forgot it, and spoke of it so often that it was indelibly impressed upon the hearts of his descendants.

Some time between 1790 and 1795, Abel Downs engaged in business as a merchant on the H. Burr place. His store contained a small assortment of dry goods, together with rum, tea, tobacco and a few other articles. Before he came, the people were obliged to go to the store of I. Dumond, in Rochester, for their goods. Downs soon left, and engaged in business in Colchester, Delaware county, where, by continuing at his craft, he became a wealthy man.

Ebenezer Reed was the town blacksmith as early as 1793. The same man established a tannery in 1802.*

It is said that a doctor named Goodrich was the physician of the Neversink country as early as 1797. He lived with one of the Gilletts, and was succeeded in 1799 by Doctor Blake Wales. Previous to the coming of Goodrich, the wife of Seth Gillett administered to the necessities of the sick. She was an intelligent woman, and had the credit of being a good doctress.

Some time after Downs left the country, David Curtis opened a store on the Neversink Flats, at what has since been known as the Reed place. He afterwards moved to Mutton Hill, where he continued his business for several years. Richard D. Childs was also a merchant of the town at an early day.

The "great windfall" of March 20, 1797, was a remarkable event. It is yet spoken of as a thing of terror, although three-quarters of a century have elapsed since it occurred.

In Rockland and Neversink there had been rain and snow, followed by cold weather; and these alternations had been repeated in rapid succession several times, so that the pines and hemlocks were almost crushed to the earth with the weight of snow and ice which they bore; when a heavy gale set in from the north-west, which blew with unabated fury through the entire night. These things combined, prostrated the timber on thousands of acres.

The sounds of a whirlwind are confined to a limited space by the velocity of the whirling air; but this was no whirlwind; it was a terrific gale, which carried with it, for miles and miles, the accumulating uproar produced by thousands of acres of crushed and crashing forest. The people of the thinly settled country were rendered almost insane by the fearful scene. Some fled from their cabins, fearing that they would be crushed in their

* B. G. Childs' MSS.

beds, and crouched trembling behind the stumps of their clearings. Others in heedless panic ran into the woods, as affrighted horses rush into a burning stable; and pregnant women gave premature birth to expected offspring.

The track of this storm was north-west from the Lackawack to some point in the present county of Delaware. No buildings were destroyed and no lives lost; but the roads were rendered impassable for some time. For many years, hunters, when lost in the woods, easily found their way out by traveling parallel with the track of the great windfall.

William Curry, who died in Neversink on the 24th of February, 1870, was born during this storm, and it may interest the reader if we state that we ascertained the date of its occurrence by consulting the inscription on his tomb-stone.

On the 19th of January, 1847, Anna Barkley, wife of Herman Barkley, killed her step-daughter Amy, and then committed suicide. The family lived about four miles north of Grahamsville. For a long time Mrs. B. had treated the child cruelly. She then suffered remorse for her conduct, and conceived the notion that she had forfeited all claims on God's mercy by her inhumanity. She had told her husband several times that she felt an inclination to kill herself. He believed that this was done to annoy him; that she was sane, and that she would not take her own life. A few days before the tragedy, Amy, in the absence of Mrs. Barkley, went to her father in tears, and said, "I am afraid of mother. I believe she will kill or hurt me." The mother, however, assured him that she did not intend to harm the child, and this calmed his fears. Mr. and Mrs. Barkley had four other children, the eldest a boy of six years. On the 19th, the father rose early and went to a neighbor's on an errand. While returning, he heard the boy scream, "Mother has killed Amy and herself!" Entering the house, he found his wife and daughter with their throats cut. The boy stated that his mother caught Amy by the throat and choked her. The girl screamed. With one hand still hold of Amy, Mrs. Barkley took a razor from a shelf, and opened it with her teeth. The boy sprang for the razor, when his mother pushed him back, and drew it across Amy's throat. He then caught up the youngest (a babe) and ran to the front door; she ordered him to stop, and sprang towards him, when he told her that his father was coming; she looked through a window, saw her husband, stepped back, and then cut her own throat. It is probable that his timely arrival saved the other children from the murderous hands of their insane mother.

Until 1828, there was no post-office in Neversink. At first the people were obliged to get their letters and newspapers from Kingston. As the postal service was extended, new offices

were erected at nearer points; and in 1828, Richard D. Childs received an appointment as postmaster of the new office of Neversink. According to an old map in our possession, it was located near the centre of the town. In that year a mail-route was established between Monticello and Wawarsing. It was a "one-horse affair." The carrier was David A. Baldwin, an old man who was subject to a nervous disease, which caused his head to oscillate rapidly from side to side. He traveled over the route forth and back once a week, with about a peck of letters and papers. On the 31st of March, 1829, the Postmaster-general reported as follows in regard to the offices supplied by Baldwin:

Office.	Postmaster.	Annual net receipts.
Thompsonville.....	Jonathan Stratton.....	\$ 6.45
Fallsburgh.....	Thomas S. Lockwood...	19.32
Woodbourne.....	Gabriel W. Ludlum.....	2.54
Neversink.....	Richard D. Childs.....	8.33
Total.....		<u>\$26.64</u>

There were at that time but sixteen post-offices in the county, the aggregate annual net receipts of which were \$538.71.

In the early part of the present century, the people of Kingston, alarmed at the efforts of Newburgh to attract the trade and travel of south-western New York, projected a great turnpike-route from their village *via* Rochester; Neversink, Liberty, the Cook House and Oquaga, to Chenango Point. It was popularly known as the Lucas turnpike, from the fact that Lucas Elmendorf was one of its chief promoters.* Although large landholders were interested in this enterprise, and its consummation would have enriched them, it was not successful. Part of the road was made stretching from the Hudson river towards the Delaware, but not enough to yield the fruit anticipated.

In 1815, a road was laid out from Wawarsing to the Neversink river in the town of Neversink, by Benjamin Bevier, John Brodhead, junior, and Andrew I. Lefevre, who were commissioners appointed for that purpose. To make this road, all real estate within one mile of it was taxed eight cents per acre, and all

* The title of the Kingston company was the First Great Southwestern Turnpike Company. The receipts of this company were not sufficient to keep the road in good order. In 1826, by an act of the Legislature, the inhabitants who lived along the line of the road from Kingston to Wawarsing, were compelled to expend their highway-tax on it. Subsequently, an act was passed to allow the company to tax lands adjacent to their line for the completion of the road. The owners of real estate appealed to the courts, and obtained a verdict against the company. The latter besieged the Legislature for relief in various ways until 1825, soon after which the project was abandoned.

situate more than one mile and less than two, four cents per each acre.

Our history of Neversink will not be complete without a brief account of the noted suit at law between William Hunt and wife, and James Johnson and David H. Teller. The real parties to this suit were the Anti-Rent Association of Neversink and the descendants of Robert L. Livingston, and its object was to test the Livingston title to Great Lot No. 4, and the validity of the settlement line between the Hardenbergh and Rochester patents.

There is no doubt that the south-westerly bound of the town of Rochester was originally very near the line between Great Lots 2 and 3, and there were some grounds for the belief that the line of the town and of the patent in that quarter were one and the same; but in 1776 the trustees and a committee of freeholders of Rochester, and certain Hardenbergh proprietors who were interested, agreed to establish the line where it now is, and on the 13th of February, 1778, executed a settlement-deed to that effect.*

There was a general acquiescence in this arrangement for about seventy years, during which the owners of Great Lots 4 and 5 leased a large number of farms in Neversink to tenants. These tenants had improved their farms, and very generally had complied with the conditions of their leases, until about the year 1844, when there was a combination throughout the State of those who held land by leasehold-tenures, to resist the rights and pretensions of the landlords.

One of these leagues or associations was organized in Neversink. Neal Benson, one of the Livingston tenants, was its president. Believing or pretending to believe that the settlement-line of 1778 was invalid, he obtained a quit-claim of the right and title of Rochester to lands west of the long established boundary of the patent of that town. Under an alleged right derived from him, Johnson and Teller, the nominal defendants in the suit, cut and removed timber from an unimproved tract known as Lot No. 47, in Great Lot No. 4.

At that time Lot 47 was owned by Elizabeth A. Ridgely, a daughter of Commodore Ridgely, and a grand-daughter of Robert L. Livingston. In February, 1850, Miss Ridgely instituted a suit against Johnson and Teller, for trespass. Archibald C. Niven was her attorney, and C. V. R. Ludington and Wescott Wilkin for the defendants. The cause was tried in September, 1850, before Malbone Watson, a Justice of the Supreme Court, and lasted ten days. The plaintiff claimed title

* One of the trustees died in January, 1778. Hence his name was not attached to the deed.

as heir-at-law to her mother, and adduced a complete chain of title from 1708, when the Hardenbergh patent was issued, down to the commencement of the suit. On the other hand, the defense attempted to prove that the true line between the two patents ran from the Sand Hills in Mamakating to the Blue mountains in the town of Liberty, and that consequently Lot 47 was in the grant to Rochester. After able arguments on both sides, the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, with five dollars damages. A. C. Niven and Samuel Sherwood, counsel for plaintiff; Ludington & Wilkin, T. R. Westbrook, Samuel J. Wilkin and A. Tabor for defendants.

A great many points were raised on the trial of the cause, on which the presiding judge had to give opinions; to which opinion exceptions were taken, and the cause was carried to the Supreme Court, where it was argued by A. Tabor for the defendants, and John C. Spencer for the plaintiff. The Supreme Court at General Term ordered a new trial for error of the judge in the admission of certain papers in evidence. From the decision of the General Term the plaintiff took an appeal to the Court of Appeals; but by an alteration of the law regulating appeals, it became necessary to discontinue the appeal, and try the cause again at the Circuit.

In the meantime, the plaintiff had intermarried with William H. Hunt, and by an application to the court, he became a party plaintiff; and in May, 1853, the cause was again tried in Monticello, before Justice William B. Wright, and a jury. About a week was consumed by the trial, which resulted in a verdict of ten dollars for the plaintiff. A. C. Niven and Henry Hogeboom for plaintiffs; Ludington & Wilkin, George W. Lord and S. J. Wilkin for defendants.

The defendants moved for a new trial at the Special Term in September, 1853, on a case made, and the court denied the motion, on which judgment was entered for plaintiffs for ten dollars damages, and \$522.14 costs. From this judgment an appeal was taken to the General Term, where it was argued by Henry Hogeboom for the plaintiffs, and Lyman Tremain the Attorney-general of the State, for the defendants, and the decision of the Special Term affirmed.

The defendants then appealed to the Court of Appeals, which, after hearing Nicholas Hill for the plaintiffs, and Lyman Tremain for the appellants, affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court, and overruled all the exceptions taken by the defendants on the trial.

This was the most important controversy in regard to real estate which ever occurred in Sullivan county. After the final decision the tenants very generally purchased the fee-simple of

the farms which they had cultivated, and the anti-rent excitement subsided.

In 1871, George B. Childs purchased the remaining interest of the descendants of Robert L. Livingston in Great Lot No. 4.

On Sunday, the 24th of July, 1859, fifteen to twenty men engaged in piling and burning brush on the land of James Roper, in the Nauvoo neighborhood. All of them drank rum, but not to excess. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon they quit work, and passed the house of Peter Brehany, where most of them stopped, and several of them were treated to whisky by him. Here Patrick Kane engaged in a quarrel with Peter and Augustus Brehany about an ax, when John Cochrane and Thomas Norton got possession of it, and threw it away. Peter Brehany and Kane got into a scuffle, and Thomas Brehany and William Cunningham into a fight. Thomas threw William, and the latter turned his antagonist, when a man named Dolan fell upon him, and was pulled off by Cunningham's daughter. Then the mother of the Brehany's took a part, and pulled Cunningham's hair, crying, "Don't kill a sick man," meaning Thomas, who seemed to be getting the worst of the tussel. Robert Fitzgerald pulled her off, and the combatants separated. Cunningham started for home; but the Brehanys continuing their quarrel with Kane about the ax, he came back. As he reached the group, several were fighting. Augustus Brehany attempted to stab Kane with a pocket-knife, and made a pass with it at John McCormick and Robert Fitzgerald. With the same knife, he struck Cunningham in the left side, and the blade severed a rib and entered the left ventricle of the heart. Cunningham fell backwards, fighting as he went down, and Edward Norton took him to the side of the road, where Thomas Brehany struck him (Cunningham) on the head with a stone. The latter died in ten or fifteen minutes after he was wounded. Andrew Reynolds, a Coroner, held an inquest. The jury brought in a verdict as long as a bill of indictment, the substance of which was that Cunningham was murdered by Thomas and Augustus Brehany, assisted by Peter Brehany. Immediately after the killing, the Brehanys fled. The Sheriff of the county offered a reward of two hundred dollars for the arrest of Thomas and Augustus. The former, after wandering a few days in the woods, gave himself up to a Justice of the Peace at Parksville. He was tried for his crime. It was proved that the blow on Cunningham's head did not inflict a mortal injury, and he got off with a few months' imprisonment in the county-jail. Augustus was never heard from afterwards, and Peter was no more culpable than half a dozen others who participated in the melee.

In the fall of 1856, a young man named George Garrot com-

mitted suicide near Claryville under circumstances which were unaccountable. He was a resident of Chicago, Illinois, and had maintained an irreproachable character from his boyhood. On the 14th of October, he came to Claryville to consummate a matrimonial engagement with Miss Eliza St. John, an adopted daughter of Colonel Gideon E. Bushnell. The marriage took place on the 15th, and on the morning of the next day Garrot disappeared. His absence excited wonder and distress. Inquiries were made for him throughout the neighborhood; but it could not be ascertained that he had left by any traveled route. His friends searched for him during the next five days, and finally found his dead body in the woods, about a mile from Colonel Bushnell's house, suspended by his cravat to the limb of a tree. It was never known why he hurried from his bride of less than a day to commit self-murder. If he was insane, his conduct led no one to suspect the fact. In marrying, he had apparently followed the impulses of his own heart. No cloud obscured the dawn of the new life before him. And yet, without an explanation or a premonition, he rushed from the blissful relation he had assumed to a suicide's grave.

It is uncertain whether the Methodists or the Baptists organized the first Church of Neversink. We know that the latter formed a Society here under the preaching of Nathaniel J. Gilbert, previous to 1809. It was a branch of the Pleasant Valley Church of Dutchess county, and the Liberty Church was a branch of the Neversink Society. Thus the latter was the branch of a branch. In 1809, Levi Hall was the beloved "Elder and Watchman" of the Neversink Church. How long it had an active existence is unknown. It is believed its prosperity culminated previous to the controversy which divided the Baptists into Old School and New School; and that it thereafter ceased to have an active existence. In 1869, the Society was re-organized at Low's Corners, and a church built. The Society is said to be flourishing, and numbers over one hundred members. The seed sown in early times, though it remained dormant for a season, has evidently germinated with much vigor.

On the other hand, the Methodists claim that they formed the first Church-society, and built the first church-edifice of the town at Grahamsville. This claim is possible; but we would have more respect for it, if the further claim was not added, that the first preachers were Rev. — Nichols and Rev. — White, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nichols was neither an ordained minister nor a Methodist. He was a Presbyterian layman, who sometimes addressed religious assemblages before regularly authorized clergymen visited the town.

The Methodist Episcopal church at Neversink was built in 1843, and was dedicated on the 8th of November of that year. Before the church was erected, the Society worshiped in private houses and the school-house of the neighborhood. This may be said of nearly every Methodist Episcopal Church in the county.

The only Quaker or Friends' meeting-house in the county is at Grahamsville. These quiet and inoffensive people have had a foothold in Sullivan for nearly seventy-five years. Their first meetings were held in the house of a Friend, in Liberty—probably that of Earl, the Quaker, who bought a lot of Eleazer Larrabee, the first settler, in 1797. The meeting was subsequently moved to the house of Doctor Blake Wales, in Neversink; then to the "Round school-house;" next to the house of Wilson Merritt, on Thunder Hill; then to a school-house in that neighborhood, for the use of which they furnished the stove; and finally to Grahamsville, where the "good spirit" moved Leonard Porter to build a meeting-house at his own expense; and the same "spirit" moved the Quarterly Meeting to take charge of the house, and reimburse Friend Porter. The building was erected in 1838. But few have attended the meeting at any time. As old Friends died, new ones were added. The membership has been about the same from time to time. While on Thunder Hill, there was no other religious meeting in the neighborhood, and the people generally attended. Prospects were then encouraging. Although they have not added largely to their numbers, they have succeeded in inoculating many strong minds with some of their peculiar ideas. Passing events, too, have had an influence on the members themselves, as the following anecdote of Hetty Divine and Daniel Reynolds proves: During the late civil war, Friend Hetty continued steadfast in her opposition to slavery, but her voice was for war; while Friend Daniel held to the principles of peace; but abjured abolitionism. The two met—compared views, and had a lively controversy, which terminated thus:

Hetty--Friend Daniel, thee is too much of a slave-man for a Quaker!

Daniel--And Friend Hetty, thee is too much of a war-woman for a Friend!

Which was right, and which wrong?

Rebecca Grant and Nancy Hall have been preachers of "the meeting."

The Reformed Church of Grahamsville was organized on the 1st of July, 1844, with twenty-five members, among whom were Henry Clark, Cornelius H. Sheeley, John Wells and John D.

Dean. The church-edifice of the Society was built during the same year. Since its formation, the Society has had six pastors, viz: Thomas B. Gregory from 1844 to 1848; John W. Hammond, 1849-52; Calvin Case, 1852-53; William R. S. Betts, 1854-56; David A. Jones, 1858-63; John W. Hammond, 1863-67; William E. Turner, 1857.

Another body of the same communion has a Church in Claryville, whose official name is the Reformed Church at Upper Neversink. Its church-edifice is the only one of the place. The Society has thus depended on supplies, and has had no regular pastor. The first was James E. Barnart, from 1851 to 1856. Since the last named year, its pulpit has been supplied by the Church at Grahamsville.

From 1851 to 1854, Mr. Barnart officiated as a stated supply in Brown Settlement.

In 1844, the Mormons or Latter Day Saints made several converts in this town. They held their meetings generally in what is now known as the Nauvoo neighborhood, at a house since occupied by a Roman Catholic Irishman named Patrick Burt. Jedediah M. Grant, who was afterwards Mayor of Salt Lake city, second Councilor of Brigham Young, and a Member of the Legislature of Deseret, was the missionary of the Saints, and presented his faith to the people of Neversink in such a way, that some who were considered intelligent as well as honest, embraced it. Among the converts were Horace Gillett and Isaac Groo and their wives, William L. Brundage, John Hodge and Miles Wheaton. Jedediah M. Grant was succeeded by his brother Joshua and some other propagators of Mormonism. The converts were finally gathered together and started for the fold of Brigham Young at Salt Lake. Groo became a prominent man in Utah. He was appointed a Regent of the University of Deseret, etc., and gave practical evidence of the faith that was in him by becoming the husband of four living wives. Gillett died of cholera on the Plains, while on his way to the land of promise and polygamy. He was much beloved in Neversink. Notwithstanding his dereliction from the faith of his fathers, a long and laudatory announcement of his death appeared in one of the newspapers of the county.

The Nauvoo neighborhood is now generally occupied by industrious Irish farmers, who revere all the Saints of their faith; but who anathematize these Latter Day Saints as the offspring of the devil.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF NEVERSINK.

From		To
1798	Henry Reynolds	1799
1799	No records	1809
1809	William Parks	1811
1811	William Gorton, junior	1812
1812	William Parks	1815
1815	Herman M. Hardenbergh	1817
1817	William Parks	1820
1820	Herman M. Hardenbergh	1823
1823	John Hall, junior	1825
1825	Richard D. Childs	1829
1829	John Hall	1830
1830	Jedediah Porter	1833
1833	Samuel Andrews	1835
1835	Amos Y. Grant	1838
1838	Samuel Andrews	1840
1840	William W. Moore	1843
1843	John Johnson	1845
1845	Daniel Pierce	1848
1848	Joseph L. Moore	1850
1850	Neal Benson	1853
1853	Higby Everett	1854
1854	Arthur Palen	1855
1855	Asa Hodge	1856
1856	John Pierce	1857
1857	Stephen Andrews	1859
1859	Nathan C. Clark	1861
1861	Clark Eaton	1862
1862	Isaac Grant	1864
1864	F. A. Porter	1865
1865	Wilber Lament	1867
1867	George B. Childs	1871
1871	Wilber Lament	1872
1872	George B. Childs	1873
1873	Gordon C. Grant	1874

CHAPTER XV.

THE TOWN OF ROCKLAND.

A bill to take Rockland from Neversink, was introduced in the Legislature of 1809, and was made a law on the 29th of March of that year. It provided that the new town should have an existence on the first day of April, 1810, and that its first meeting should be at the house of Isaac Worden. In the act, the original bounds of the town are thus given: Beginning on the division of Great Lots 4 and 5, and on the division of John R. Livingston, and Robert R. Livingston, in the Hardenbergh patent, and running from thence south twenty-three degrees west to the town of Liberty; thence along the north-east bounds thereof to the county of Delaware; thence along said county easterly until it intersects the division-line of Great Lots 5 and 6; and thence south-easterly along said division-line so far that a course of south twenty-three degrees west will strike the place of beginning.

Rockland is bounded on the north-west by Delaware county; north-easterly by Ulster; eastwardly by Neversink, and south-westerly by Liberty, Callicoon and Fremont. A considerable portion of its area is too broken and rough for cultivation, particularly its highlands; while its river-bottoms and the lowlands along its streams are fertile and easily cultivated. Those who gave it its name were honest when they pronounced it rock or rocky land; but the name was an unfortunate one, because it caused settlers to avoid it, when they could have found within its borders much that was desirable.

No town in the county is noted for more rivers and creeks than Rockland. The Beaverkill is found in the north-west section of the town; while the Williwemoc crosses it from east to west. The latter has numerous tributaries, several of which are of considerable magnitude, and it affords scenery which is highly appreciated by people of culture and fine taste. For many years, these streams have been favorite resorts of artists and men of wealth and refinement, who find an attraction in pure water, invigorating air, and the charms of wild and uncultivated mountains and valleys.

There are in Rockland no less than fifteen lakes and ponds. These vary in size from a few acres to several hundred. A description of them would weary the reader. Among them are Upper, Mongaup and Hodge ponds in the eastern section of the town; Big and North ponds in the south-eastern; Shaw in the southern; Burnt Hill and Jenkins in the western; and Sand, Mud and Knapp ponds in the central.

Until a few years ago, north of the town there was an unbroken wilderness which was of such extent that it required a day to pass across it. This immense forest was occupied by wild beasts only, and was the favorite hunting-ground of hardy and adventurous Nimrods. Perhaps more wolves, bears, panthers and deer have been killed by residents of Rockland during the last forty years, than in all the other towns of the county. We shall give on future pages the adventures of some of the hunters of Rockland.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1810	309	\$108,203	\$116.42	\$146.21
1820	405	69,117	363.33	159.82
1830	547	59,307	478.05	386.63
1840	826	61,753	464.93	250.20
1850	1,175	67,779	646.75	466.61
1860	1,616	125,518	490.19	863.98
1870	1,946	119,197	2,729.88	3,075.19

After the Revolutionary war, if any Indians remained in the county, their wigwams were in Rockland. The great abundance of wild animals as well as fish, and the warm and sheltered river-bottoms where the squaws raised maize and the other cereals known to Indian agriculture, rendered it fit for the subsistence of the red man, and he abandoned it with reluctance. In its natural state it was a savage paradise, and not until Rockland was surrounded by white settlements, did the Lenape hunters abandon it. Even after Nanisinos, their chief, had sold it to Major Johannes Hardenbergh, and he and his associates had received a patent from Queen Ann, they refused to permit the servants of the pale-faced proprietors to visit this land, which was to them a region of abundance. An old tradition relates that a party of white men, headed by a person named Daniel Bonker, attempted to penetrate Rockland for the

purpose of exploring it, and that when near the Falls of Little Beaverkill, they encountered a number of savages, who at once exhibited signs of hostility. The whites fled, and all but Bonker escaped. He, while crossing the stream, fell from a log into the water, and was fired upon and wounded by his pursuers. They took him prisoner, and bound him to a tree, and then left him.* What they intended to do with him is unknown; probably nothing more than deter him from going farther into the country. Some of his party returned and released him, or he probably would have become food for wolves.

It is difficult to decide who was the pioneer of this town. Several families came in during the spring and summer of 1789, and the descendants of each claim that their ancestor was the first white inhabitant. Our sources of information may be limited; yet from all the premises we are inclined to award the honor to Jehiel Stewart and his family, and his brother Luther.

At the close of the Revolutionary war, Jehiel Stewart was living in Middletown, Connecticut. In 1788, he removed with his family to Wawarsing, Ulster county. He remained there about a year, and then, in company with Luther, went to Rockland, which was at that time in the old town of Rochester. His route was along the Lackawack, and across the hills to the Neversink. After fording the latter, he crossed the Shaw place, and proceeded to the Beaverkill. He then traveled down the Beaverkill, crossing and recrossing it twenty-five times before he reached the Big Flats, where he had concluded to settle. He had to cut his way through with an ax, and transported his furniture and family on ox-sleds. Although it was in the beginning of the warm season, when there was no snow on the ground, a rough road thus cut through the woods was better for sleds than wagons. He camped out each night, and consumed nearly two weeks in working his way to his future home. While encamped one evening, he found that his cows were missing, and got upon a high rock to discover them. He saw them, as he supposed, in a distant opening. He told his children to go after them. As the little ones approached the opening, the animals winded them, and ran away, making a singular rattling noise with their hoofs. They were a large drove of elk.

While on his way to the Big Flat, Lydia, his little daughter, strayed away into the woods. Her father and good "aunt Rachel," her mother, hunted for her all night, and their anguish was intense when they heard the howling of the wolves, as well as the noises made by other wild animals. They believed that she had been torn to pieces and devoured, and reproached

* Lotan Smith's MSS.

themselves for having exposed their offspring to the perils of a trackless wilderness; but they continued to search the thickets in the morning, when their joy was great as they saw their lost child coming toward them. When they asked her where she had been, she answered, "Along-side a log sleeping." With child-like faith, she had gone to rest in the wilderness, and slept the sweet sleep of innocence, undisturbed by the fearful sounds around her."*

As soon as he reached his place of destination, Stewart erected a temporary shelter of bark and poles, and then commenced a clearing and the construction of a dwelling. He built the first house and mill, and kept the first inn of the town. Robert Cochran and a man named West, natives of Massachusetts, were added to the settlement in 1789. A Mr. Bascom located one mile west of Purvis post-office, and Thomas Mott, three brothers named Worden and James Overton, one mile south of it. In 1790, Peter Williams and Cornelius Cochran came to the town.

We cannot now estimate properly the trials and hardships endured by Jehiel Stewart and his neighbors. At first they had to transport from Wawarsing on sleds drawn by oxen, or on their own shoulders, every ounce of food they consumed, except the game they found in the woods. In 1790, one of them actually traveled on foot from the confluence of the Beaverkill and Williwemoc to Vernooey's mill in Wawarsing, to procure flour for his family. The distance was forty-five miles, and the journey to and from the mill ninety!

Mr. West did not long endure this kind of life. He died in 1790, and was buried in the neighborhood. Although his decease was thus early in the days of the settlement, he was preceded in his advent to the world of spirits by Sylvanus, a son of Jehiel Stewart. Mr. West has left no descendants in the town. Some may suppose that his name is perpetuated in Westfield Flats; but the supposition will be based on an error; for that locality was thus designated by some of the early settlers, because they came from Westfield, in New England.

James Overton came to Rockland in 1790 or 1791, and settled at Purvis, or, as it was once known, Upper Westfield.

Overton had married, before the commencement of the Revolutionary war, a daughter of Joseph, and sister of William Ellis, of Bloomingburgh. He and Sibylla, his wife, began their married life in a log-cabin about two miles south-east of Bloomingburgh. The Shawangunk frontier was at that time constantly agitated by rumors of Indian raids, and Overton was frequently called upon to perform military duty in defense of his country.

* Hunters of Sullivan.

In the fall of 1777, when Fort Montgomery was taken, the company to which he belonged was marching to the Highlands, when they heard that the Americans were overpowered. It was worse than useless to proceed farther; consequently they resolved to return home after refreshing themselves in the woods by the roadside. While here, a detachment of British light cavalry came dashing up the road, gay and exultant. They were scouring the country in search of Americans who had escaped from Fort Montgomery, and they found more than they were seeking. As they passed the Mamakating company, a galling fire emptied their saddles, and the militiamen rushed from their covert to secure the riderless horses. Overton caught a fine gray mare, on which he rode home, and from which he subsequently reared several colts.

The summer and fall of 1779, were full of terror to the residents of Mamakating. Overton's family then consisted of his wife and three children (Mary, David and Rachel). In the absence of her husband, the young mother sometime abandoned her home at night, and with her children slept in the woods or in a rye-field. Rachel was but a few weeks old, and very cross; but it was observed that on such occasions she was very quiet. For security, Overton removed to the house of Joseph and William Ellis. This house at that time, contained five families. Among them were the wives and children of William Harlow and Lieutenant Thomas Mott, the latter of whom moved into Rockland one year after Overton.

"Love is the master-passion," and young men will enjoy the society of their sweethearts under the most adverse circumstances. Joseph Ellis had two marriageable daughters, one of whom had a lover named Thomas Oliver, and the other a beau named Tompkins Odie. Ellis' house literally swarmed with men, women and babies. There were no facilities for courtship, and yet the combustible hearts of the young men incontinently hovered around the flames which fired them.

While approaching the house one evening, the young men agreed to frighten Harlow, who was on guard. Just before they got within reach of his lead, they made sufficient noise to attract his attention, when he challenged them. Not receiving any reply, he repeated the challenge several times, raising the tone of his voice at each repetition. He then cocked his gun, and was about to fire, when they laughed heartily, and let him know who they were. When they entered the house, however, their merriment degenerated into vexation. The young ladies, alarmed by the noise in the road, had fled to a neighboring swamp to save their scalps! After much hallooing, the trembling fugitives were induced to return, and in time each young

spark took one of the scalps home with him, and it reposed in loving security on his manly bosom for many years.

Overton and others were led to locate in Rockland by John R. Livingston, who offered to sell farm-lots for seventy-five cents per acre, each purchaser to draw for a lot. A lot in Westfield, near the line of Delaware county, fell to him. It did not suit him, and he took another which William Ellis had previously drawn, and which is now owned by Alexander Overton, of Purvis. This lot he cleared and occupied. His first visit to Rockland was made with his son David, who was then a sturdy lad of thirteen years. To the shoulders of each was slung a knapsack, filled with provisions, powder, lead, and other articles, and the father carried a gun, and the son an ax. From Mamakating Hollow they followed a path until they reached the Neversink, in crossing which they narrowly escaped with their lives. The ford was unsafe on account of high water; nevertheless they attempted to reach the opposite shore by wading. While Mr. Overton had hold of his son's hand, David was swept down stream against him. Both lost their foothold. Providentially about twenty rods below the ford was a large rock, against which a tree had lodged, with its roots against the shore and its top in the river. Against this tree both were carried. Mr. Overton had dropped his gun. As he mounted the trunk, he saw the boy clinging to a branch with one hand, while he held the ax in the other. He then hastened to David, who held up the ax, and told his father to throw it to the shore; but the latter dropped it, and rescued his son. They reached the shore, thoroughly drenched, and very glad that they had escaped with their lives, and a pound of unwet powder. On taking an inventory of their effects, they missed two hats, one ax, one gun, and one knapsack and its contents. The contents of the other knapsack (David's) were damaged; but the powder was dry.

There were then living near the ford three or four families. Mr. Overton hoped that one of them could supply him with hats; but was disappointed. However, a woman lent him two handkerchiefs, which he and David used for head-gear. Some of the settlers also let him have a new stock of provisions, and he staid in the neighborhood until the water fell, when the ax and gun were recovered, and our travelers resumed their journey.

There was at that time a road from Denniston's ford to Neversink Flats, where it intersected the route pursued by Jehiel Stewart and other pioneers of Rockland; but it does not appear that the Overtons passed that way. David Overton during his life uniformly declared that they followed a line of marked trees from the Neversink to Upper Westfield. While on their way, they saw a large number of elk.

David Overton lived in Purvis until he was nearly ninety-five years of age. Until a year or two before his death, which occurred in 1872, his memory of old times was very distinct. In the early days of the settlement, he could stand in his father's door, and kill all the deer necessary for family consumption. He saw from thirty to forty of these animals at once, and in broad daylight, in Shandley* pond. Five or six of the bucks seemed to be in a circle, playfully pawing the water, rearing upon their hind legs, and striking at each other with their forefeet. He approached them to get a good shot, but they winded him, and ran away. "It was a common thing to kill as many deer in a single day as a horse could draw! The streams were full of the largest kind of trout." Wild turkeys were not unknown, and if he craved stronger meat, the fastidious pioneer shot or trapped a bear.

James and David Overton planted the first apple-trees of the town. They procured them east of the Shawangunk, and carried them to Rockland on their backs. They also got apple-seeds, and established a large nursery, from which the early settlers of Liberty and Rockland obtained young trees for transplanting. From one of his expeditions to Mamakating, James Overton returned with a white-oak stick which he had used as a cane. He thrust one end of it into the ground, and it took root and grew. It is now two feet in diameter, and probably the only tree of the kind in Rockland. The residents of the surrounding country, when they wished to procure white oak bark for the sick, resort to this tree. It is to be hoped that it will not be seriously mutilated by them.

James Overton's family consisted of five children: Mary or Polly, David, Rachel, Deborah and James, junior. David's children numbered thirteen; six of them were sons, one of whom (Alexander) has furnished us with many interesting facts for this chapter.

The boundaries of Rockland were established by William Parks of Parksville, David Overton, William Parks, junior, and Isaac Jackson. David Overton was a Justice of the Peace for nine years, and held nearly every other town-office, except that of Supervisor.

The first frame-house of Rockland was built at Purvis, and is still standing. As one roof decayed, another was put over it. It has three sets of rafters, the second above the first, and the third above the others.

The first physician of the town was Doctor John Gray, who came from Mamakating in 1808. In a few years he was too old

* This pond received its name from M. de Shandley, a Frenchman, who discovered it while he lived at Purvis.

to practice in a new country; but he continued to live until a majority of residents forgot he was a doctor.

According to David Overton, William Randall, a Baptist, was the first preacher who visited the town. This however, is disputed by others, and what is known of the matter is discussed in another paragraph of this chapter.

On the same authority the statement is made that the first church of the town was erected in Brown Settlement near Debruce. It is a singular fact that, although religion had long been in a flourishing state in more wealthy and populous sections of Rockland, this church was mainly built by men who were not professors of religion. There is now a church at Lower Westfield Flats; another at Shin creek; and another at Purvis. These belong to the Methodists, and it is believed were built in the order in which they are named. Doctor Edward Livingston (a son of John R.) was a liberal contributor toward the last. He was a member of one of the most distinguished families of the State. There was no society, however exclusive and refined, which did not welcome him to its charming circle. He married a lady of his own station in life. Both were rich, and both had reason to anticipate a large measure of the pleasures of this world. But from some unexplained cause, she became hopelessly insane, and spent the remainder of her days in an asylum; while he, less happy than his unhappy wife, because his capacity for suffering was not impaired, buried himself in the woods of Rockland. Except at brief intervals, he lived at Purvis for forty years. He was noted for his liberality to the Church of Purvis; for kindness to the poor, and for spending large sums of money in building and improving the place. And he was remarkable for another peculiarity. When he attempted to make a straight mark with a pen, the general course of the line was straight, although composed of innumerable graceful curves.

The Livingstons, who at first owned about half of the town, were anxious that Rockland should be called Westfield, instead of being designated by its more significant appellation. The following advertisement published in 1808, in the *Ulster Plebeian*, confirms this assertion:

“FIFTY FARMS, lying in the town of Westfield, in Ulster county, to be leased for three lives on the following terms, viz: Three years next after date of the lease, free—The fourth year at the rate of five bushels of wheat per hundred acres—Fifth year ten bushels per hundred acres—After which, and

during the continuance of the lease, fifteen bushels per hundred acres.
JOHN R. LIVINGSTON,* Esquire."

These terms seemed more favorable to many poor people than the fee-simple of the land at seventy-five cents per acre. They did not reflect that the interest on seventy-five dollars was but \$5.25, while the wheat rent after the fifth year was not less than \$20; in addition to which, the improvements in the first case was for the benefit of the occupant, and in the other added to the wealth of the landlord.

The fact that Rockland was settled before Liberty, Bethel and other less remote towns, may be accounted for by the hypothesis that a considerable part of its territory was owned by members of the Livingston family, who had no other property, and that their necessities led them to manage their wild lands in such a way as to receive an income from them at the earliest practicable moment. Jehiel Stewart and others who settled on the Big Flats, which was considered the choicest section of Rockland, paid but seventy-five cents per acre for the fee-simple of their farms.

Until 1800, the people of Rockland had but limited facilities for communicating with the inhabitants of other sections. The old Hunter road was not then made. John Hunter had not at that time an interest in Great Lot No. 5, unless it was a prospective one. The route generally traveled was probably the one opened by Jehiel and Luther Stewart in 1789. As it ran several miles through the woods, over stony ground, and across rapid streams, it must have been literally "a hard road" for even hardy and adventurous frontiersmen to travel. In 1800, the road from Neversink to Westfield by the way of Liberty was laid out and improved, and soon after another, from Nathan Steven's and Brodhead's mills to Westfield, was made. The latter is now but little used.

Abel Sprague, one of the pioneers of the town, was employed by John Hunter in 1815 or 1816, to cut out and make the Hunter road. This improvement was intended to make the lands in Great Lot No. 5 more accessible.

Seed corn was obtained by the Stewarts, Cochrans and others from the Indians on the Susquehanna river. Grain from this seed has been raised in Rockland for eighty years. It is white, and although twelve and sixteen-rowed, is as early as the small eight-rowed Canada maize. It has become a distinct variety,

* John R. Livingston was a brother of Robert R., the chancellor. The latter was the first born of ten children, and on the death of his father in 1775 or 1776, when the law of primogeniture was in force, succeeded to the estate. He afterwards gave each of his brothers 39,000 acres, and each of his sisters 20,000 acres in the Hardenbergh patent. John R. died at Red Hook soon after 1850, aged nearly 100 years. At his decease he still held 9,000 acres of this tract. He had owned it seventy-five years.

and has been considerably sought for by farmers within a few years.

The lumber trade began in the year 1798. It was unsuccessful at first; but experience and gradually advancing prices have made it profitable. Large quantities are rafted to Philadelphia, and saw-mills are found on almost every stream. The tanners, however, will soon destroy the forests of the town, and leave it poorer than it was before their advent.

Could the veteran lumbermen of the Beaverkill and Williwemoc witness the original attempts to run rafts (colts?) it would afford them much amusement. Several were started in quick succession. Some of them were soon aground, even if they escaped being battered and torn apart. Those which were stopped by an obstruction were pried off, and as each started once more down stream, the bold navigators jumped aboard, and guided it as best they could, until it was again grounded, when they went back and started another. In this way, with much labor, fun and excitement, their lumber was got to the better channels of the Delaware, when it glided to a market with comparative ease.*

Like the original settlers of almost every other locality, the pioneers of Rockland had much difficulty in procuring money to buy groceries and other articles usually sold in country stores, and it required considerable exertion to reach the store itself. At first, to procure a pound of tea or a yard of calico, they were obliged to go to Wawarsing, and if they sent a letter by mail, it was necessary to forward it to the nearest post-office at Kingston.

In time a store was started at Westfield Flats by J. Loveland. His advent was hailed with delight as an harbinger of better times. William Sprague, a son of Abel Sprague, an early settler, subsequently became interested in this store. In the fall of 1824, both went to the city of New York to procure their stock of goods for the coming winter. They made their purchases, and had their stock carted to the sloop Neptune, which then plied between Newburgh and New York. In due time the sloop sailed, with about fifty passengers, and heavily freighted. When just below Pollepel's island, and within sight of its place of destination, and as several of the passengers who were on deck were congratulating themselves that the perils of the voyage would soon be over, the vessel was struck by a sudden flaw of wind, and careened. At the same time, a quantity of gypsum on board gravitated to the lowest part of the deck, and prevented the sloop from righting. The result was, she instantly filled and sank. Over thirty of the passengers were drowned.

* Statement of Peter Stewart.

Among the unfortunates were Mrs. Couch and two children of Fallsburgh, (?) J. Smiley of Mamakating, and Mr. Loveland. Of those who escaped were Mrs. John H. Bowers of Glen Wild, William Sprague, and others of Sullivan county. Mr. Sprague was an expert raftman, who had guided many a colt down the Beaverkill. His thews and sinews were Herculean, and if he had lived in ancient days, the thunderous tones of Homer's famous herald would have seemed like the "cooing of a sucking dove" when compared with his. We will not say how far he was heard when he called for boats to rescue the drowning passengers, because none except those who knew him will credit our statement. The loss of so many lives, and particularly the death of his friend and partner, moved him greatly, and, until his excitement subsided, he forgot to limit his voice to its lower tones. We are assured by a gentleman of the highest respectability, that he was in Newburgh at the time Sprague reached there, and that the latter described the disaster to a collection of persons in one of the streets, and was heard distinctly in every other street of the place. Shocking as was the catastrophe, his grief was so boisterous that to many it gave a ludicrous finale to the affair.

Mr. Sprague died but a few years ago. He was throughout his life a good citizen and a kind-hearted man.

The settlers at Westfield were principally from Massachusetts, and had been used from childhood to that food which causes the soul to grow in grace. They missed the ministrations of the gospel to which they had been accustomed, and hungered for spiritual sustenance. Although they were poor, and had little or no money and no way to procure it, they did not long remain in the wilderness without ministerial guides and expounders of the faith. From French's Gazetteer we learn that a Rev. Mr. Conkey, a Methodist, preached the first sermon delivered in the town. Others declare that Rev. Mr. Randall preceded him, and had charge of a small Baptist congregation at Westfield. Again, we are told that the first clergyman who came to the town regularly, was Rev. Alexander Morton, whose son James Morton, was a worthy resident of the town from 1793 to 1863. Rev. James Quinlan, while preparing for the ministry of the Methodist Church, visited this region in 1817, and at his death left the following memoranda in regard to Rockland and his field of labor:

"The last year I supplied the preachers' places on Newburgh circuit, a six weeks' circuit, with three preachers—Stephen Jacobs, Heman Bangs and Earl Bancroft. It extended a distance of fifty miles on Hudson river, and took in Sullivan county almost to the Delaware river. I had a part of Bro.

Jacobs' appointments in Sullivan for two weeks, whilst he was making arrangements for a camp-meeting. A great deal of rain fell, and the rivers were unbridged. Two incidents occurred which I shall never forget. One was swimming my horse through the Beaverkill during a flood. I was not aware of the depth of the water. When I attempted to cross, my steed suddenly made a plunge and was afloat. All but his head was under water, and the rapid current bore us down stream. Without pulling on the reins, I gently got his head around in the direction of the opposite shore, and he swam for it bravely. As we approached it, an apparently insurmountable barrier was in the way. The top of a fallen tree seemed to prevent access to the shore. My noble, high-spirited horse breasted it, and it yielded to his pressure. We ascended the bank safely. My boots and portmanteau were full of water, and my animal almost unmanageable. A quarter of a mile from the ford lived a Mr. Purvis, whose daughter was a member of our Church. He himself was a Swedenborgian. 'Why,' said he as I rode up, 'you have been swimming your horse through the Beaverkill. Why did not the people on the other side tell you that it was not fordable?' I replied that I saw no one there; was not aware of its depth; got into deep water, and concluded to put it through. He thought it next to a miracle that I was not drowned.

"The other incident amused me. One night, after preaching in a school-house, the dear good old sister with whom I put up asked me to sing. I replied I could not. 'O, brother!' she exclaimed, 'how can you think the Lord has called you to preach!'

"The preachers parted that year—Jacobs in the fall—Bancroft in the winter. Bro. Bangs got me to take Bancroft's horse, and go on a six weeks' tour. While doing so, I took cold on cold, which brought on a high fever, and ended in a putrid sore throat. After I got home, I was confined to my room for two weeks, and became utterly discouraged as to becoming a traveling preacher, not considering my constitution sufficiently strong to endure the labor and hardships of an itinerant life. I had before that purposed to apply to our Quarterly Meeting for a recommendation to the New York Conference; but I did not apply to the Quarterly Meeting, which was some fifty miles from my residence, and concluded to abandon the idea of traveling. Bro. Bangs, however, without my knowledge or consent, brought the matter before the meeting. There was some hesitation on account of my poor health; but the Presiding Elder, Rev. P. P. Sanford, remarked that he believed traveling would do me good, and consequently they recommended me. Before Conference I received a letter from Bro. Bangs, stating what had been done

in my case, and asking an immediate answer. After reflecting that Providence had thrown open the door, I dared not decline, and so informed Bro. Bangs. I was admitted, and appointed to Sharon Circuit, which required a ride of three hundred miles to visit thirty-one stations in Schoharie, Otsego and Delaware counties.

"My next appointment (1819) was Sullivan Circuit, with Rev. J. Weston as my colleague. The year before the Sullivan had been set off from the Newburgh Circuit, and Bro. Weston was on it alone. It prospered under his administration, and needed an additional laborer. We had a good revival, and labored in great harmony. His sermons were dry and dull; but in the class and prayer-meetings he was lively and effective. He was extremely grave and sober for a young man, and decidedly pious and devoted.

"This year there was an improvement in money-matters, each of us receiving about ninety dollars. On all the large streams there were no bridges, with one exception—the bridge across the Neversink on the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike. In passing around the Circuit once, we forded the rivers thirty-six times, and in traveling eight miles in Rockland, we were obliged to wade through or swim across the Big Beaverkill five times. I had the honor of preaching the first sermon in a settlement between Beaverkill and Wawarsing.* The entire community—men, women and children—attended. I preached from *Thess.*, 1 ch., 7 and 8 v. Eight souls were brought under conviction, and sought and found the Lord. I had to travel eight miles through the woods to reach the place. There was but one house on the way, which was occupied occasionally by hunters only, while the tracks of almost every kind of wild animals were to be seen around it." †

The almost boundless forests of Rockland were full of noble game, and were very attractive to the bold and adventurous men of the town. The adventures of Peter Stewart, Cyrus Dodge, Benjamin Misner, David Overton, William Woodard, Solomon Steel, Samuel Darbee, junior,* and others of the ancient

* Brown Settlement?"

† Rev. James Quinlan studied medicine under his father, Doctor Thomas Quinlan, a native of the city of Waterford, Ireland, who emigrated to the United States soon after the Revolutionary war, and was well known to the scholars and literati of his day. The son abandoned his profession, and endured the hard labor and received the poor earthly reward of a Methodist preacher for over forty years. When young, he exhibited a decided genius for literature; but had no opportunity to indulge his natural inclinations until he was worn out as a preacher. After he was seventy years old, he wrote a volume of sacred poetry, which he was too modest to print. Considering his age and the other circumstances under which it was written, this volume is a literary curiosity.

* Samuel Darbee, senior, came to Rockland in 1796, with Levi Kimball. The two settled on contiguous farms at the junction of the Beaverkill and Williwemoc. Darbee established a fulling and dyeing-establishment, which he kept in operation until 1826. He was soon after killed by the upsetting of a load of hay at the "dug way," on the Williwemoc.

settlers, as well as the Sheeleys, Appleys, and several other modern residents, would make a volume as attractive to the young as the *Life of Robinson Crusoe*, and have the additional merit of being true.

William Woodard, on one occasion, while roaming through the wilderness alone, discovered the den of a panther. He boldly entered it, and found several kittens, which he thrust inside his tow-shirt, and carried home! If the old she-panther had detected him in purloining her little ones, she would have torn him to pieces.

When Peter Stewart was a young man, he and a friend were hunting deer; but had no success. Game seemed to be scarce. They examined the mountain-runways and the crossings of the soft, spongy valleys without discovering the print of a hoof. While passing a large ledge of rocks, they saw a number of bones of deer and other animals near a hole, and other evident signs that a panther lived there, and brought to its den food for its young. After carefully examining the priming of their guns, they secreted themselves within gun-shot range of the lair, and awaited coming events. In a short time, to their astonishment, a bear issued from the hole with a young panther in its mouth, and speedily crushed it with its jaws. While this was taking place, Stewart's friend leveled his gun, and was about to fire; but the other silently prevented him from doing so. The bear then went back and brought out another kitten, and dispatched it also. As bruin squeezed out its life, it gave a loud squall, which was heard by its mother. Soon there was heard the rapid bounding of muffled feet. This was quickly followed by the appearance of a large panther, rage blazing from its eye-balls, and bristling in every hair of its body. The bear made an awkward attempt to shamle away; but finding that this would not save it from the claws and teeth of its wrathful pursuer, ran up a tree. The latter, however, afforded no safe refuge; for the panther followed so rapidly that the black-coated beast had barely time to roll itself into the shape of a ball and fall to the ground. It then made a second attempt to shuffle away, when the feline monster sprang upon it—fastening its sharp fore-claws into the body of the doomed animal, and with its hindfeet ripping out its intestines. The hunters then both fired at the victor, and killed it, after which they skinned both animals—hung their bear-meat beyond the reach of wolves, and went for assistance to take the carcass out of the woods.

Cyrus Dodge had a thrilling adventure with panthers at Long pond, a beautiful sheet of water once famous for its large trout, and for the number of deer found in its neighborhood. On a summer-afternoon he was watching for deer as they came to water, and stood under some large trees which grew on the

shore. While thus engaged he heard a suspicious noise over his head, and looking up, saw a panther on a limb above him. The animal was watching him intently. Thinking there was no time to be wasted in observing its movements, Dodge brought the butt of his gun to his shoulder and fired. The report of the shot was followed by a dull thud at his feet, and the convulsive boundings of the dying panther, as well as the leaping of several lithe forms in the overhanging tree-tops. Dodge declared that the woods seemed to be alive with panthers, and he felt that he was in great peril. Knowing the aversion of the cat-tribe to water, he instantly sprang into the pond, and waded out to where it was waist-deep. As he loaded his gun, he counted no less than five panthers in the neighboring trees. They were undoubtedly an old she-one and her young. The latter, although weaned and nearly full-grown, had not separated from their mother, but continued to follow her until fully able to provide for themselves. Dodge continued to load and fire until three more had bitten the dust. The other two he failed to see a second time. They were probably frightened by the report of the gun, and ran off. He then went on shore, skinned the four panthers, and struck a bee-line for home, very sensibly concluding that deer-hunting in that quarter was too dangerous for enjoyment.

On another occasion Dodge narrowly escaped being devoured by a pack of hungry wolves. He was engaged, "solitary and alone," in hunting, and made his head-quarters at a cabin near the line between Rockland and Fremont. One evening he went to this cabin, intending to resume his sport in the morning; but suddenly changed his mind, and resolved to go home. The next morning, before daylight, he started. He had not gone far when he heard the howl of a wolf, which was answered by others in such a way that he feared that there was serious work ahead. Soon he saw dusky forms on his track. Hastily examining the priming of his old flint-lock, he fired at the foremost, and killed it. He then reloaded and soon shot another. Before he could load again, he was obliged to club his musket, and beat off his assailants. If the wolves of America were as numerous and ferocious as those of Russia and some other countries, Dodge's bones would have been so polished that they would have glistened in the morning-sun. As it was, he made such vigorous use of the butt of his gun, that his assailants soon left, and he reached home in safety.

A common mode of killing wolves was to catch them in a steel-trap. Peter Stewart and Samuel Darbee had a trap set on Round Hill, and visited it with nothing but hatchets in their hands. When they reached the point where they had left it, the trap was gone. While searching for signs to determine the direction in which it had been dragged away, they discovered a

large wolf with the missing article fast to one of its legs. When it saw the men, it ran off, but the trap soon caught between two saplings, and put a stop to its journey. Stewart then ran to knock the beast on the head. It bristled up and snarled at him, as if ready for a fight; but backed through the saplings, and ran toward the top of a fallen tree close by, with Stewart after it. Both reached the top at nearly the same instant. As the animal entered the branches, the foot fast in the trap came off. Being freed from its incumbrance, it passed quickly through, and ran off. Stewart was obliged to go around the tree-top, and when he reached the other side, the animal was several rods distant, and using its three remaining feet in the best possible manner. Being unwilling to lose the scalp, Stewart, hatchet in hand, and accompanied by a small dog belonging to Darbee, started in pursuit. He was as lithe as an acrobat, as nervous as a race-horse, and as bold as the bravest. He was determined to run the beast down, and kill it. After following it over half a mile, without gaining much in the race, he was glad to see the cur fasten its teeth into the haunches of the wolf, and the latter turn to defend itself. In a moment more he came up, and regardless of the risk, attacked the snarling beast with the hatchet, and soon saw it dead at his feet. Darbee after a little time reached the spot, and as his friend was somewhat blown after his rapid run, skinned the game and went back and found the trap.*

Stewart is a son of one of the original settlers, and was born at the junction of the Beaverville and Williwemoc, in the year 1795. He is still (1873) sound in mind and body. Like many others addicted to forest-sports, he has long been prominent, socially and politically. He has held nearly every office in the gift of his fellow townsmen.

These pioneers, who were by turns lumbermen, farmers and hunters, were a robust, jovial race of men. When at their work, they labored with might and main; when indulging in their favorite sports, they were fearless and full of fun; and apparently enjoyed nothing more than forest-life; but there was one thing they loved more, and that was the home-circle. Samuel Darbee, junior, the friend and companion of Peter Stewart, was very fond of his family, and particularly of his children. With them he was seldom if ever austere or arbitrary. He was their companion, friend and mentor, and it is difficult to decide whether they felt more respect than affection for him.

Late in April, when Darbee's youngest son, William, was ten years old, Rockland was visited by a snow-storm of unusual magnitude. Down—down came the moist, heavy snow, until it

* Hunters of Sullivan.

was between three and four feet deep. It was almost of the consistency of mortar and nearly as heavy. There was danger that the weight would crush the roofs of houses and other buildings. Darbee became alarmed for the safety of his family, and started for his barn to get a shovel to remove the snow from his roof. As he did so, William expressed a desire to go with him. Mrs. Darbee endeavored to dissuade him; but the little fellow was anxious to see his lambs, the father having a score or more which the son called his own, and took great delight in tending. She finally consented to his going, and the two left the house full of glee, while the eyes of the mother followed them glistening with pleasure. On their way, the father made a playful feint to throw the boy into the deep snow, when the latter sprang forward, declaring that he would get to the barn first. He thus placed himself several feet in advance. In reaching the barn, they had to pass a cow-house, and as the boy was doing so, its roof gave way, and William was overwhelmed with an avalanche of snow and broken timbers. The neighbors were alarmed as soon as possible, and with much difficulty reached the scene of the accident. As they approached, Mr. Darbee, who was chopping the fallen timbers in a frenzied manner, shouted to them to run for life; but their help could not rescue the brave, handsome boy from death. He was already crushed and dead. It seemed as if everything had centered upon him to make his fate certain. One hour and a half was spent before the bruised and inanimate body was taken out. After rendering whatever assistance was in their power, all hastened to their own homes to guard against like calamities to their own families.

In December, 1846, Amos Y. Sheeley, who was subsequently a Member of Assembly, discovered the track of a large animal, a mile or two south-east of the widow Darbee's house. He followed the trail of the beast until he found that apparently it was met by another of the same kind, and yet at the point where they met, there was nothing to show that either had gone any farther or left the track. This perplexed him; but on looking a little farther, he found that the animal had taken its track backward to its den. Mr. Sheeley examined the entrance of the latter, but failed to see the occupant. He then returned home. On the next day, he went back with a neighbor named Asa P. Appley. The passage to the lair was very narrow. They thrust into it a torch made of birch-bark attached to the end of a pole. By the light it made, they discovered a very large panther ensconced in a spacious cave. A ball from Mr. Appley's rifle soon put the animal to death, and the two hunters returned home with their game. About a quarter of a mile from the den, they discovered part of a noble buck, which had

been killed by the panther. Both of these gentlemen were expert panther and wolf-hunters.

No sport is enjoyed more by men in robust health than hunting and trapping. It is full of excitement and adventure, and at certain seasons is not free from peril. No person in Sullivan has been fatally injured by wild beasts, but several have perished while in pursuit of them. Among the latter may be classed Nathaniel Kent, of Beech Hill, who, in December, 1812, while visiting his traps, was bewildered, and perished from hunger and exposure to the weather.

The beech-tree was of considerable importance to the early residents of Sullivan. Before a change was produced in our climate by the destruction of our forests, beech-nuts were very plentiful, and large numbers of swine were driven into the woods to fatten upon them. The pork thus produced was not equal to that made from corn, as it was soft and oily; but it cost nothing, and found a ready market. People who lived in other counties, often drove hundreds of swine to our woods, where they permitted them to run several months, and then hunted them up and slaughtered them.

The year 1820, was remarkable for this species of mast. There was such a bountiful crop of nuts, that old people still speak of it as "the great beech-nut year." An enterprising individual who lived west of Rockland, hearing that a hog, if driven into the forests of that town, would increase five dollars in value in one hundred days, ascertained by Dabolls' "rule-of-three" that one thousand hogs taken to the town would afford five thousand dollars of profit in the same time. After much cyphering he found there was no mistake in his figures, and then went to work to secure the five thousand dollars. He bought hundreds of swine, and drove them to the woods near Long pond, where they thrived and fattened amazingly. The anticipated profits of the speculator seemed almost within his grasp, when a single night reduced him to bankruptcy. Cold weather and a snow-storm caused the hogs to collect together, and pile one upon another in such a way that nearly all were smothered and killed. The enterprising owner, with a rueful countenance, skinned the dead animals, and sent the hides to a market by the way of Monticello. The pelts made several wagon-loads. A few of the hogs ran wild. Two years afterwards Samuel Darbee, junior, and Peter Stewart discovered the track of one of them in the snow, and followed it with dogs for two days without success. On the third day, they were joined by John Darbee, and after a chase of several miles, the dogs brought the hog to bay. John Darbee was the first one who came up, and found the dogs and hog chasing each other alternately. The game was very ferocious, and soon tore open the

body of one of its assailants. Mr. Darbee attempted to assist the remaining dogs, when the hog rushed at him in such a fearful manner that he took refuge in a tree. Almost immediately afterwards, the dogs caught the hog by each of its ears, and held fast. This enabled Mr. Darbee to give it a fatal wound with his hunting knife. Before doing so he struck the beast across the back with a club without making the least impression.

This is probably the only wild hog-hunt ever enjoyed in our county. We have not described it fully, because a full account of Mr. Darbee's adventure would challenge credence. The hog, after it was dressed and its head cut off, weighed upwards of two hundred pounds.

A large crop of beech-nuts always brought millions of wild pigeons to our territory. Occasionally these birds roosted or nested in the county, when thousands and tens of thousands were killed. Within the memory of the writer, they nested in a north-west town, where many thousand acres of forest-land were occupied by them. The trees were literally loaded with nests. Often as many as fifty nests were in a single top. Large branches were broken by the weight of the birds. The combined fluttering of hundreds of thousands of wings, and the squeaking of innumerable throats, rendered the human voice inaudible, and the firing of muskets made feeble reports amid the uproar of the little bipeds. Sportsmen could fire all day, and seldom found it necessary to move from one position to another. A blind man could have killed a back-load in a few hours. At break of day the males left the nesting place, and moved off in flocks, stretching from North and South as far as the eye could reach. According to popular belief, they always went to salt-water in the morning. This belief, like many others equally prevalent, has probably no foundation. At 8 o'clock, the males, with few exceptions, were once more in the nests, when the females left, and remained about three hours, after which but few were seen to fly away until the next morning. In lowery weather, these excursions were omitted, when fields, and roads, and woods in the vicinity of the nests swarmed with pigeons. It was amusing to see them in the beech-woods when they were in search of food. In a few minutes, twittering and squeaking so as to nearly deafen the looker-on, they turned over every leaf on acres of ground. If anything disturbed them, they rose from the ground with a noise like thunder. Thousands upon thousands were shot, and immense numbers were caught in nets. The men and boys of the surrounding country were infatuated with the sport of slaughtering pigeons. Some abandoned their farms, and others were deterred from planting, because every laborer was wild with the pigeon-fever.

A great many of the birds were bought by speculators and sent to the city of New York. From eight to ten two-horse wagon-loads, day after day, passed over the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike. Some salted barrels of pigeons for family use, and added largely to their feather-beds and pillows.

When the squabs were nearly old enough to fly, they were suddenly abandoned by the old birds. Soon after the latter commenced leaving, very few except the young birds were seen. After leaving the nests, they flew around a few days, and then disappeared as suddenly as their parents.*

John C. Voorhes settled on the Beaverkill about a mile below Shin creek. No resident of the town enjoyed a higher degree of respect than was freely conceded to him. His death took place on the 28th of April, 1863, and his body was laid beside the remains of several of his descendants, who had been buried in the grave-yard of the Shin Creek Church. This grave-yard was situated on a high knoll, and was considered beyond the reach of floods; yet, on the 18th of September, (less than five months after Mr. Voorhes' death,) the yard was undermined by the water of Shin creek, and all that was left of about forty dead bodies washed down-stream. The coffin containing the corpse of Mr. Voorhes was seen afloat with its lid off, and was taken to the shore, with its contents dry and uninjured. The body, after its ghastly voyage, was again consigned to the earth.

This flood was one of the most sudden and unexpected, as well as the highest, which has occurred in Rockland since its settlement. In the morning, the streams were unusually low, and at 9 o'clock in the evening, they had swelled above their banks. The Westfield Flats were overflowed so that a Delaware river raft could have been run over them in some places, and a "colt" almost anywhere. The damage to tanners and lumbermen, as well as to the roads and bridges of the town, was very great.

On the 17th of July, 1849, James J. Nannery, an adopted citizen, was killed by a man named Elisha Smith. After the commission of the deed, Smith went about two miles, to the premises of Amos Y. Sheeley, a Justice of the Peace, and gave himself up. He was committed to jail by C. V. R. Ludington, and was indicted for the crime at the ensuing October Circuit. At his trial, in May, 1851, before Ira Harris, a Justice of the Supreme Court, the following facts were proven: At the time of the homicide or murder, Nannery was about forty-five, and Smith seventy-three years of age. For several years they had owned adjoining farms, and had frequent disputes concerning a line-fence, the depredations of cattle, and other things. Smith

* MSS. of Lotan Smith.

had repeatedly threatened to kill Nannery. On one occasion he had said, "If Nannery does not leave, I will send him away in a wooden jacket," or "I shall shoot him;" and about two weeks before the fatal deed, he declared his "gun was loaded and would not go off until it shot Nannery." On the 17th of July, at about 4 o'clock P. M., a woman named Prudence Rose called at Smith's house. Smith was at home, with a female who passed for his wife, whose name was Mercy Travers, and Nannery was at work near by in one of his own lots. Soon after David Whitmore, a boy who was working for Smith, came in and said, "Rose, do you want to see an Irishman?" Those in the house then went to the door and saw Nannery with his arms over the line-fence, and his face towards Smith's. He then turned and walked into his own woods. Smith and the others next passed back into the house, when the boy exclaimed, "There he is again, beating your cows!" The old man then took down his gun, and went after Nannery, declaring he would "shoot the damned Irish cuss." Ten minutes afterwards, the report of a gun in Nannery's woods was heard. In a short time Smith returned to his house, and told the woman named Mercy Travers that he had shot Nannery. He next proceeded to Amos Y. Sheeley's, as before stated, and told him he had shot Nannery in the legs—that he had hurt him worse than he had intended, etc. Sheeley did not know at the time that Nannery was dead, and permitted the murderer to go after bail, when the latter returned home and found his neighbors searching the woods for the missing man. He assisted them, and soon pointed out the body, saying: "There he is. I shot him." On examination, it was found that Nannery was shot in the abdomen. The murderer expressed regret for the deed, and uniformly declared that he did not intend to kill his victim; that he meant to shoot him in the legs, etc. But the repeated threats he had made previously, as well as his declaration that he did not believe that an American would be hung for killing an Irishman, prove that the murder was premeditated, and that, notwithstanding his advanced age, he deserved the severest penalty of the law. His decrepitude and gray hairs saved him from the gallows.* He was found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to State's prison for life. George W. Lord defended the prisoner, and Charles H. Van Wyck appeared for the people as District-attorney. The following is a list of the jury to whom the case was submitted: Samuel Grove, Jacob Terwilliger, David D. Cox, Charles McCabe, Garret Voorhes, Jacob Burton, David Tice, Christopher Slee, Joseph Banks, Isaac Furman, Alfred Hartwell and Daniel Budd.

* Judge Harris, in sentencing Smith, declared the evidence was sufficient to convict him of murder.

On the 27th of June, 1867, an accident occurred at Shin Creek Falls which created a profound sensation. Frederick A. Field, with a party of young ladies and gentlemen from Monticello, was engaged in fishing for trout, and while Mr. F. was standing in the water at the head of the Falls, he fell into the basin below, and commenced swimming in an aimless way. At first his friends supposed that his fall was not accidental, and that, after amusing them by floundering in the water, he would swim to the shore; but in a few moments, noticing that his face was ghastly pale, and devoid of intelligence, they became alarmed, and made efforts to rescue him; but without success. The drowning man sank to the bottom of the channel, which is very deep, and his body remained there about two hours, when it was taken out of the water. Every effort to reanimate it was made under the direction of an intelligent physician, (one of the party,) but in vain, although warmth was partially restored, the face became flushed, the pupil of the eye became contracted under the usual tests, blood ran from the nose as from a person in life, etc. These phenomena, it was believed, indicated that young Field was first attacked with some disease which nearly deprived him of breath for a time, and that he was not drowned until he had been in the water nearly two hours! His funeral took place on the succeeding Sunday, and was attended by about one thousand persons, many of whom were Free and Accepted Masons in full regalia, and with funeral badges. Monticello Lodge No. 532, of which he was a "bright and shining light," declared that his Masonic virtues bound him to the mystic brotherhood "by ties more enduring than those which originate in the affinity of blood;" and that he was a benignant, courteous and dignified Master, who ever exhibited womanly kindness and sympathy by the couch of the sick and dying. This declaration may seem extravagant to some; but nevertheless it but feebly portrayed his excellent qualities.

DE BRUCE.—This region was named in honor of Elias Des Brosses, who purchased Great Lot No. 5 of heirs of Peter Faneuil, one of the patentees of the Hardenbergh patent. The purchase was made previous to the Revolutionary war, and so much of the tract as remained unsold, ultimately became the property of Henry R. Low, as we have stated elsewhere. De Bruce is situated at the junction of the Mongaup and Williwemoc. In 1856, its site was a tangled jungle. In that year, Stoddard Hammond and James Benedict contracted with John Hunter, junior, (then the owner,) for the bark on thirty-five thousand acres of land, and commenced the building of one of the most extensive sole-leather tanneries in the country. This tannery

cost \$70,000, and is of sufficient capacity to manufacture sixty thousand sides of leather annually. It gives employment to from fifty to one hundred men, and has added vastly to the importance of the section in which it is situated. Mr. Benedict did not remain long connected with it. In 1864, he sold his interest to his partner, and the business is now carried on by Stoddard Hammond & Son.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF ROCKLAND.

From		To
1810	Israel Dodge	1823
1823	Frederick S. M. Snyder	1824
1824	Israel Dodge	1825
1825	Frederick S. M. Snyder	1826
1826	James Morton	1827
1827	Nicholas P. Hardie	1835
1835	Austin Dodge	1838
1838	James Morton	1840
1840	George D. Kimball	1842
1842	William Fisk	1844
1844	Leroy M. Wheeler	1845
1845	George D. Kimball	1846
1846	Matthew Decker, junior	1847
1847	Leroy M. Wheeler	1848
1848	Seth P. Gillett	1849
1849	Amos Y. Sheeley	1852
1852	Finch Hitt	1853
1853	Jackson Voorhes	1854
1854	Israel I. Dodge	1856
1856	Peter Stewart	1857
1857	Finch Hitt	1859
1859	John S. Mott	1860
1860	Henry R. Osborne	1861
1861	Linus B. Babcock	1862
1862	John S. Mott	1863
1863	Erastus Sprague	1865
1865	Stoddard Hammond, junior	1868
1868	Amos Y. Sheeley	1869
1869	Stoddard Hammond, junior	1871
1871	Matthew Decker	1872
1872	Ambrose S. Rockwell	1874

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TOWN OF THOMPSON.

By an act which passed the Assembly on the 12th of March, 1803, the Senate on the 14th, and the Council of Revision on the 19th of the same month, it was enacted that from and after the first Monday of April, 1803, the territory bounded as follows should be known as the town of Thompson: "All that part of Mamakating, etc., beginning on the line of Rochester four miles westerly from the public highway which leads from Kingston to Minisink; running from thence southerly so as to strike the line which divides the towns of Mamakating and Deerpark four miles and a half westerly of the aforesaid road leading from Kingston to Minisink; from thence westerly along the line of Deerpark to the Mongaup creek; from thence northerly along the west-branch of the Mongaup to where it intersects the line of the town of Neversink; thence easterly along the town of Neversink to the town of Rochester; thence easterly along the town of Rochester to the place of beginning."

The bill provided that the first town-meeting of Thompson should be held at the house of Abraham Warring, who kept a tavern at Thompsonville.

The following memoranda in regard to an ancient settlement in the vicinity of the Dutch pond were made at our request by the late Elnathan S. Starr, who settled on one of the farms spoken of in 1812:

"The first settlement made in the town of Thompson, was on the Z. Hatch and David Gray farms, in the vicinity of the Dutch pond. The settlement extended into the town of Fallsburgh, and included the farms afterwards owned by myself, and subsequently by others. On the latter, there had apparently been a house, and in tilling the land, pieces of a kind of yellow earthenware were plowed up. As early as 1812, when I first saw that section of country, there was a second growth of timber on parts of it, from six to ten inches in diameter, very thick and tall. Among this timber, apple-trees, arranged as

they usually are in orchards, had been growing; but they were then mostly dead, having been overtopped by the dense thicket. There are yet there some scrubby apple-trees which are supposed to be from the roots of the original trees. There were also in the same locality, what were supposed to be graves. They were in the usual order, and the ground sunken, as it always is over bodies which have been buried a considerable time. There was also what appeared to be a mound. This was dug into to ascertain its contents, and when penetrated to the interior, a puff of fetid air came from it, which so frightened the diggers that they left, without making any further examination. It was probably a *cache*, in which the Indians and early settlers stowed their provisions, and had left them there when they removed from the place. In the vicinity of the Dutch pond, there is now standing an apple-tree, which is undoubtedly the oldest one of the kind in the town. It is called the Indian apple-tree; but must owe its existence to these early settlers, whoever they were. It is supposed that these clearings were made by some Dutch people, from whom the pond derived its name, and who were here before the Revolutionary war, and were driven off by the Indians. No arrow-heads or other things peculiar to the savage natives were found; it is therefore quite clear that the improvements were made by white people at an early day, and that they abandoned the country."

In addition to the above, we have learned from other sources, that on the lands of William Tappen, north of Pleasant lake, and near the line which divides Fallsburgh and Thompson, traces of this ancient settlement were found, after the country was permanently occupied by the whites. Broken crockery, scraps of iron, a pickax of ancient form and a cannon-ball, have been exhumed by the plough. The latter would indicate that the settlers at one time had made preparations to hold their possessions in defiance of the savages. Stone-rows were also observed, as if the stones had been gathered from a garden, and deposited on its margin.

We have reason to believe that this ancient settlement was made between the year 1749 and the breaking out of the French and Indian war. In 1749, occurred the partition of the Hardenbergh patent between its owners, and Great Lot No. 1, on which the settlement took place, was assigned by lot to John Wenham, who was naturally anxious to found a community of tenants on his possessions. The old Sandburgh trail of the Indians crossed the Neversink at Denniston's ford, and passed up the Sheldrake and to the Mongaup, or Mingwing, in the vicinity of the Dutch pond. By this trail the first white occupants undoubtedly came.

The preceding paragraph may be well founded or not; but of this we are certain: During the French and Indian war, the settlers found their position in the wilderness dangerous, if not untenable. Consequently they resolved to abandon their new-made homes, and return to a more populous and secure locality. They obtained assistance from the whites who lived in the vicinity of the Shawangunk—took such household goods as they could carry with them, and set out on their perilous journey. They were not permitted to go in peace, however; for they had a brush with the enemy before they were “out of the woods,” and Samuel Gonsalus, the noted ranger and hunter, who, with others, came to assist and protect them, was wounded in the abdomen by an arrow; but not fatally, as he lived to mention the facts here recorded, nearly fifty years after they occurred, to Richard D. Childs, who related them to the author.

These people never returned to the Dutch pond, although a few of them may have afterwards occupied the fertile flats of the Neversink in Fallsburgh; as there were whites there before the Revolutionary war.

There is ground for saying that this ancient settlement extended to Pleasant lake, and that a clearing was made on the farm occupied by David P. Bailey. During the present century, an ancient apple-tree was found there, which must have been planted as far back as 1750.

The first permanent settlement made in this town was by William A. Thompson, a native of Litchfield county, Connecticut. As Thompson received its name as a compliment to him, and he was a remarkable man, we propose to devote a few pages to him.

William A. Thompson was born at Woodbury, on the 15th of June, 1762. His father, Hezekiah Thompson, was a respectable lawyer of that town, whose ancestors came from London in 1637 with Governor Eaton, and settled in New Haven. His mother, Rebecka, was a daughter of Isaac Judson, a descendant of one of the original European proprietors of Woodbury. For more than a century, both families had been rigid Presbyterians. Hezekiah Thompson was a gentleman and a man of the world, much given to historical and philosophical research, and was apt at satirical remarks. Many of his sharp sentences were repeated by his fellow-townsmen years after his death. He had four sons and four daughters. William A., of whom we are writing, was the first-born; James, the second, after graduating at Yale, studied law, and practiced at Durham, N. Y.; was elected to the Assembly of New York in 1806; re-elected in 1807, and about 1816 became a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Samuel, the third son, received a classical

education and studied medicine; but, although of a fine genius, became intemperate, and died aged thirty years, in the Island of St. Thomas. The youngest, Charles, was also a lawyer, and died at Monticello in 1817. The sisters were Polly, Hannah, Rebecka and Amy, all of whom married respectably.

William A., who was a weak, puny child, much afflicted with salt-rheum, was early sent to the English school of his native town. This he attended, occasionally doing light work on a farm owned by his father, until his thirteenth year, after which he studied with Rev. John R. Marshall, an Episcopal clergyman of the place, who undertook to prepare his pupil for college. At this time he was very fond of angling, and like many other lads of good promise before and since, he indulged his inclination for this amusement during the hours not devoted to his books. On one occasion, while thus engaged, he nearly lost his life. He was fishing for trout below a mill-dam of Woodbury, and in order to occupy the best place to stand, perched himself in the centre of an overshot water-wheel. Here he was seen by a mischievous boy named Asabel Bacon, who hoisted the gate and let down upon the wheel a flood of water. The wheel at once revolved rapidly, causing young Thompson to exercise his wits and his utmost agility to escape broken bones and perhaps a dislocated neck. Here he remained until he was exhausted by the water and the motion, when he was providentially cast into the current of water in such a place and manner that it threw him on the shore. He was thoroughly drenched and frightened; but not otherwise harmed.

In 1778 he entered college at New Haven, where he studied and graduated under President Ezra Stiles. During his first year there, the British landed at New Haven, and plundered the town and the college. The furniture of his room was destroyed by them. He witnessed the principal engagement between the British and Americans in the vicinity of that city, and was so near that a cannon-ball, in plowing up the earth, covered him with dirt. In his third year, he brought on a serious illness by imprudence in bathing. A cutaneous disorder prevailed among the students, for which a mercurial ointment was used. Proud and sensitive, he wished to get rid of the affection as soon as possible, and used the remedy very freely. As he was doing so, he walked rapidly two miles, and while he was perspiring freely, went into the water. The result was a violent fever. He was so ill that his physician pronounced his case fatal. Thirty years afterwards he thus wrote of the illness:

“I remained in this desperate situation for several days, when my fever broke, and I began to recover. I had my senses,

however, the greater part of the time. My distress of body was intolerable; but my distress of mind was still worse. I had no settled principles of religion; but had read a number of deistical writers that raised such doubts in my mind concerning the truth of Christianity, that I had nothing to support me in the hour of my death, which was supposed to be near at hand. I then thought that, if it should please God to restore me, the principal and the first object of my life should be to settle my religious principles, and to live up to them; but still, after thirty years of reflection, I cannot say that I am fully satisfied, and cannot fully reconcile all the mysteries of Christianity to my weak reason. I pray God for further light and more faith, and must rely on the mercy of the Author of my existence after my pilgrimage in this life."

We leave the reader to make his own comments on this singular record, with the single remark that it contains a warning to the young not to indulge in an inquisitiveness which was attended in his case with deplorable results.

After leaving college he studied law, first under his father; then under John Canfield, an eminent lawyer at Sharon; next with Governor Griswold at Lyme; and finally with his father. In 1784, he was licensed to practice, and opened an office in Norwalk; but soon after went to Horseneck, a place then noted for litigiousness. Here he had a large run of business, the profits of which laid the foundation of his future fortune; and here, on the 17th of July, 1785, he was married to Fanny, a daughter of Israel Knapp. She was tall, genteel, 16 years old, and much marked with the small-pox. Her uncommon strength of mind, great elegance of manners, and lovely disposition, completely veiled her misfortune from the eyes of the scholarly young gentleman who made her his wife, and always sanctified her memory in his heart. On the 11th of June, 1788, she died of consumption, leaving him with two children.

On the 7th of September, 1791, he was married in the city of New York, by Bishop Moore, to Amy, the sister of his first wife. This marriage caused him to remove to this State from Horseneck, of which Israel Knapp, the father of Fanny and Amy, was a resident. In Connecticut, he could not marry his deceased wife's sister without suffering a severe penalty. His youthful ardor led him to sacrifice his business there, and seek a new home among strangers. He opened a law-office in Water street, New York, with Peter Masterton; but finding his partner too convivial for business purposes, dissolved the partnership, and practised alone with tolerable success. But severe mental labor, with physical inactivity, was rapidly undermining his constitution. They produced, as they always do with certain

temperaments, nervous debility. He was painfully conscious that his disorder would cause him to lose his professional position, if it did not result in mental coma, and for relief took several excursions into the country upon different objects of speculation. In 1794, he bought large tracts of land—then worth about one dollar per acre—in Thompson, Neversink and Bethel, and in the spring of 1795, finding a permanent residence in the city of New York impossible, determined to commence an improvement on his lands in Great Lot No. 1, of the Hardenbergh patent, and to erect a saw-mill and grist-mill on the Sheldrake creek. Early in the season he built a small log-house about thirty rods south-east from the grist-mill now (1870) owned by John Billing, and moved his family into it. They had been living in a decent house in Cherry street, with all the surroundings of comfort and respectability, and this was their first experience of pioneer-life. They arrived on the 5th of May, and brought with them five or six mill-wrights, who at once began to clear the ground for the foundation of the saw-mill. In about four months, this mill was completed, when the grist-mill was commenced. The latter was finished in the summer of 1796. It was a small concern, and was facetiously dubbed Thompson's samp-mortar by the early settlers; nevertheless it was as large as the circumstances of the region warranted. After a few years it was accidentally destroyed by fire, when it was rebuilt by Mr. Thompson, on a somewhat improved plan; but it was so badly constructed that venturesome boys fled from it when the stones were revolving. The machinery caused the whole affair to quake and shake so that it seemed that the establishment would speedily become a heap of rubbish.

John Knapp* and his wife remained in the settlement during the first winter. Mr. Thompson returned to New York with his family, the hardships of a forest-life in the season of snow and frost being deemed too formidable for them. In the spring they went back to the Albion Mills, as he styled his improvements, and continued to spend the time there except in winter until 1801, when he moved his family and furniture to a comfortable frame-house on the hill north-west of the grist-mill, and became a permanent resident.

In the winter of 1803, the town of Thompson was incorporated, and received his name—a compliment of which he was justly proud until his death, especially as it was the only town which bore the name of a citizen of the county. In 1802, he was appointed by Governor George Clinton one of the Judges of Common Pleas of Ulster county, and in 1803, First Judge of

* The ancestor of the Knapps of Thompson and Fallsburgh. He was a Commissioner of Roads of Mamakating in 1797.

the county. The duties of the latter office he discharged creditably until the county of Sullivan was erected, when he became its Chief Magistrate, and remained so until 1823, when he became ineligible by reason of his age, and was succeeded by Livingston Billings.

Thompson's official duties did not prevent him from attending to his private affairs. He was proud of being the owner of an extensive landed estate, and carefully improved it. Among his other property were several farms, which he managed with good judgment.

On the 13th of August, 1807, Amy Knapp, his second wife, died, the mother of seven children, one of whom survived her but a few weeks. His second bereavement plunged him into profound sorrow. Writing of Amy Knapp several years after her demise, he says, "My affection for her was unbounded." Subsequently he married Charity,* daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Guyer and widow of Shadrach Reed, with whom he lived in perfect amity and comfort until September 13, 1841, when she died. He was then disabled by paralysis from making an entry in his journal, and remained so until April 20, 1845. On that day, finding that he could use a pen, in characters which indicate his age and disease, he wrote a feeling tribute to her memory.

In 1810, Judge Thompson built his mansion-house, in Thompsonville. He had an instinctive proclivity for the cultivated classes of Great Britain, and in many respects resembled the high-toned, chivalrous English gentleman. His mansion externally was imposing, and its interior arrangements, with its corniced rooms, ornamented mouldings, and carved panels, were the local marvels of that day. It far surpassed any other building in the county, and was considered fit for the residence of an English nobleman. He therefore named it Albion Hall—a name he intended his embryo village should bear;† but was defeated by his neighbors, who persisted in calling it Thompsonville. It was his ardent desire that this mansion should always be owned and occupied by one of his male descendants, and if it had been possible he would have entailed upon its occupant a fair estate, so that the name of Thompson of Thompson would have been perpetuated in the town, respected and honored, and the old-time hospitality of the house continued through future generations. He thought it was his duty to do what he could to secure the continuance of the mansion, and a

* Miss Guyer's father died while she was young. Her mother afterwards married Samuel Lord, and the daughter was sometimes known as Charity Lord. Shadrach Reed was elected Town Clerk of Thompson in 1805, and died soon after. He was an admirable penman, as the records of the town prove.

† Deeds given by Judge Thompson prove this. See Deed Record No. 1, in Sullivan County Clerk's office.

competent provision against poverty, to one of his sons, because the town bore his name, and after he had in a moment of inadvertence conveyed a considerable part of his property to several of his children, leaving less than he deemed necessary to maintain the honors of his house, he expressed sorrow for what he had done.

In the spring of 1811, Judge Thompson visited England and France, and remained in those countries several months. He passed from the former to the latter in the U. S. frigate *Constitution*, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, and during his absence from his native land, associated freely with Americans of high position who were then abroad, as well as with the higher classes of the countries he visited. We have heard it asserted that he was taken for his cousin, Smith Thompson, of the United States Supreme Court; but this report is undoubtedly the offspring of malevolence and envy.

After the termination of his official career as Chief Magistrate of the county, he turned his attention to scientific and philosophical studies and researches, to which he had inherited an inclination; and when he had mastered a subject, communicated his observations and the theories he deduced from them, to *Silliman's Journal of Science*, then a magazine of high standing. His dissertation on "Diluvial Action as shown by Grooves made on the Solid Rocks that have been covered by the Earth," and an article on the existence of certain brachiopods found in rocks and beneath the surface of the earth, where they have lived in a state of torpidity for thousands of years, attracted the attention of the learned men of both America and Europe. His opinions on the latter subject were received as the true ones, and have been and are still maintained by men of science. For these and other writings, he was elected an honorary member of the Geological Society and of the Royal Institute of France, (two organizations under the patronage of Louis Philippe,) and received diplomas of membership. But two other persons in the United States were then members of these institutions, one of whom was Professor Silliman. These were honors as gratifying as they were unexpected; but they were not the only ones of a distinguished character accorded him. The city of New York voted him a silver medal, and enclosed it in a box made of wood from the first boat that passed from Lake Erie to the Atlantic ocean, and to do him still further honor, made him a pall-bearer at the grand funeral obsequies of General Andrew Jackson, in that city. In his diary he says, "It was the grandest pageant ever witnessed in the United States. The procession extended two miles and a half from the City Hall. We rode in four barouches beside the coffin and urn, with a large spread eagle over the urn that stood on the coffin."

Judge Thompson, like many men of his stamp, had his peculiarities. It has been said of him that if an Assessor of his town placed too low a value on his property, he was very indignant; that he did not want worms to devour his body after his death, etc. To avoid being food for such disgusting things, he was anxious to have a tomb hewn out of the solid rock, and sealed up after his remains were deposited in it. These eccentricities became more and more apparent as the infirmities of age weakened his physical and mental faculties. For the last five or six years of his life, he was partially paralyzed, as were several of his ancestors, and had but little use of his limbs. Under date of April 20, 1845, he says, "I have been unable to write for six years until this day. Six years ago, I fell from my horse, and injured my head. It brought on the palsy, which affected both my hands and feet. I have been unable to dress or undress myself, or walk about. I cannot read more than an hour at once. I have traveled every year to New York, New Haven and other places. Traveling is beneficial to my health, and amuses my mind. I attended the College Commencement at New Haven last summer; but I could find none of my Class living." After this he closes with a feeling allusion to his wife Charity, with whom he had "lived thirty-three years in the enjoyment of every blessing. She was a person of uncommon dignity and elegance of manners, joined with beauty and the charms of an expressive countenance." Her death was caused by getting wet while attending to her flower-garden, which brought on a fever that terminated fatally.

On the 9th of December, 1847, Judge Thompson died, peacefully and without a struggle, at his residence, in Thompsonville. His children were—by his wife Frances Knapp—1. Charles Knapp, born May 12, 1786; 2. William Augustus, December 11, 1788. By Amy Knapp—3. Adeline Augusta, September 28, 1793; 4. Julia Margareta, June 11, 1795; 5. Louisa, January 16, 1798; 6. Cornelia, January 4, 1801; 7. Caroline, January 28, 1802; 8. Harriet, February 11, 1804; 9. James Knapp, May 26, 1806. By Charity Guyer—10. Francis William, December 25, 1809; 11. Helen Maria, July 15, 1811; 12. Louisa Elizabeth, February 23, 1813; 13. Samuel Guyer, September 4, 1814; 14. Maria Antoinette, January 17, 1818; 15. Ann Augusta, March 29, 1821; 16. Catharine Elizabeth, October 28, 1823.

In 1806, Judge Thompson was a candidate for Representative in Congress. Although he received every vote of the town in which he resided, he was defeated by his opponent, Barent Gardinier of Kingston.

After the completion of Albion Hall, Judge Thompson, proud of his residence, and naturally hospitable and fond of polite society, induced many of his metropolitan friends to spend

weeks and months with him, when it was his delight to crown his generous board with haunches of venison, flanked with such trout as we do not often see in modern days, as well as wine of choice brands and ancient vintage. Tradition says that on one occasion he caused a buck to be roasted whole, and that his visitors as well as his rural friends had a grand feast. Display and profusion characterized the day, and it was long the theme of conversation. These things, of course, excited envy, hatred and malice among some, and caused ill-natured remarks. Thompsonville was long known as "the city," a sobriquet bestowed on the place because Albion Hall generally had in it visitors from the city of New York.

Judge Thompson acted more wisely than many other founders of settlements. It has been already seen that his first act was to provide a shelter (necessarily a poor one) for himself and family; he next built a saw-mill, without which comfortable and decent dwellings, etc., could not be constructed; and then a grist-mill, which was a great inducement to those who wished to occupy new farms. This grist-mill was, at an early day, destroyed by fire, as we have already stated, and until it was rebuilt, the pioneers of Thompson were obliged to carry their grain to Wurtsborough. Although it has been thrice burned to ashes, it has been rebuilt each time on an enlarged and improved plan, and is now (1871) owned by John Billing.

The first merchant of the place was David Reed. He was succeeded by Richard D. Childs, (a son of Timothy Childs, an early settler,) Daniel Hultslander, David Goodrich and Jonathan Stratton, in the order in which they are named. The latter discontinued the business, when, for a time, there was no merchant in the place. There are now (1872) several who appear to be doing a thriving business.

A small tannery was established here early in this century by Isaac Warring, who sold the concern to Anthony B. Hawk. Subsequently a new one was built by Elias Morgan. In 1826, the latter, in connection with wealthy leather and hide-dealers of "the swamp," put up what was at that time the largest in the county. The main building was eighty feet in length. This passed into the hands of Loring Andrews, who sold it to Jonathan Stratton and Richard and Howard Haight, who carried on the business for several years.* Finally Samuel G. Thompson, first with a man named Wells, and then with a Mr. Bowers, owned the concern. When bark became scarce, the business was abandoned by Thompson & Bowers.

* On the 26th of August, 1836, this tannery was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$3,000. Insurance, \$1,800. It was then owned by Stratton & Haight, and was soon after rebuilt.

Wool-carding and cloth-dressing was commenced in 1810 by Nathan Couch. The mill was afterwards owned by David Goodrich, a merchant of the place. Goodrich died, when William E. Cady, his executor, purchased the property, and in time sold it to John H. Hack, by whom and his family it was owned for many years.

Abraham Warring kept a tavern at Thompsonville in 1798, the first in the town. It was on the lots now owned by George Degroot and Stephen Crissey.

Stephen Stratton moved on what is known as Thompson's Neversink Flat place about 1810. Afterwards he bought the farm now owned by Harvey Gardner. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and died at Thompsonville on the 26th of January, 1842, aged 90. From him sprang the respectable Stratton families of Thompson and Fallsburgh.

In June, 1828, a post-office was established in the place, with Jonathan Stratton as postmaster.

The Records of Mamakating prove that John Brooks occupied the Demarest farm in 1797. In September of that year, he had a cleared and enclosed field. Brooks was succeeded by Jabez Wakeman, the father of Talcot, Uriah, Damon, Jabez, junior, Banks and George Wakeman. Jabez Wakeman also had three daughters, one of whom married Doctor Apollos B. Hanford of Monticello.

Captain Isaac Rundle lived on the "Mount Prospect farm" now (1871) owned by Samuel Warring.* It is situated on the most elevated ground in the neighborhood, and commands a beautiful view of more than half of the county. The soil of this high region is very fertile, and it is one of the few places between the Neversink and Delaware where walnut-trees grow spontaneously. The original road from Thompson's Mills to the Falls of the Neversink ascended this mountain, and ran along its hog-back summit. The route was the worst that could be found. We cannot imagine why it was adopted unless Judge Thompson was the owner of Mount Prospect, and knew that he could not sell it, if the road was laid on the low ground or either side of it.

The first land cultivated on this farm was managed after the manner of the Indians. The underbrush was cut down, and then men ascended the trees and trimmed them from the tops downwards. The trunks were left standing. The ground was thus strewn with rubbish, which became very dry in summer, so that when fire was applied, everything except the tree-trunks was consumed. When the first "trimmer" got to the top of a

* Mount Prospect is in the town of Fallsburgh. From its proximity to Thompsonville, we give its history here.

tree on "Mount Prospect," he was amazed, and exclaimed, "Gosh! I can see all God's creation!"

These white dwellers in the woods were not often sick, yet occasionally they needed some one to set a bone, apply a lotion, or attend to a gaping wound made by an ax-blade. In 1803, Captain Isaac Rundle offered Doctor Josiah Watrous, a nephew of Ananias Warring, six acres of land if he would open an office on Mount Prospect. The doctor was then practicing in Albany county, and was a man with a family. The lot had cost Rundle but thirty-three dollars; yet it was a sufficient inducement to cause Watrous' removal to Sullivan. He had a monopoly of the pill and potion business for years; but never got rich enough to own and keep a horse. When he was sent for, the sender was obliged to provide a horse for the doctor to ride. Watrous remained with his patients for days and weeks—until they recovered or died—without visiting his family. This pioneer of the medical craft was long since released from his toils. He died on Mount Prospect, and his widow married a man named Asahel Frisbee, who kept a cake and beer-shop forty years ago, on the lot where stands the handsome residence of John C. Field, in Monticello.

There was a blacksmith-shop near Thompsonville in 1805, owned by Ebenezer Sweet. Sweet died at an early day, leaving two sons, John and Ebenezer, who became well-known citizens of the town. His wife survived him, and died May 26, 1857, aged 82 years.

Although William A. Thompson claimed that he founded the first permanent settlement of this town, there were a few scattered pioneers within its present boundaries when he came here in 1795. The cabins of these adventurers were far apart, and intercourse was difficult. Hence Judge Thompson did not believe that there were settlements or communities in the town previous to his advent.

John Brooks lived at Wakeman's ford as early, probably, as 1787. Our authority is an old lady who knew him well, and often saw him at her father's house, in Mamakating Hollow, when she was about ten years of age. Brooks was a native of the old town of Mamakating, and his name is among those who took the Revolutionary pledge there in 1775. He must have come by the way of Sandburgh to Denniston's ford, and then traveled down the river to the point where he built his house. Although he was then the only white inhabitant of the territory now embraced by our town-boundaries, he had neighbors at no great distance; for at that time there were families farther up the river. He brought with him a pair of small mill-stones, which he operated by hand, and thus made his own samp and meal. One of these stones, a few years since, was owned by

Samuel G. Thompson, of Thompsonville, who used it in his grist-mill for some purpose. We regret that it is lost—probably destroyed by the burning of the mill while owned by Thomas Billing.

Brooks loved forest-sports, and took great delight in relating his adventures. He used a rifle of long range when hunting, and a bow of marvelous length when describing his own exploits. Some of his stories would have delighted David Crockett. As his relations were of the Munchausen order, we will not repeat them. It is enough to say, that he declared that, while hunting, he shot a bear through its hind-legs, breaking both of them; and that he then seized hold of its stubby tail, and drove it to his home with less difficulty than if the beast had been a steer. On another occasion, a very powerful bear attempted to hug the breath out of his body. He could not get away, and so was compelled to measure his strength with Bruin's. One or the other must die. In this emergency, Brooks gave the beast a tremendous embrace, and squeezed all the entrails from its body. After it was thus turned inside out, the animal considered further effort useless, and abandoned the contest.

Soon after 1790, Francis Tarket settled on the east bank of the Neversink river, near Edward's island. In those days, from causes not well understood, when floods occurred, the water rose much more rapidly than at the present time. In its natural state, the surface of the earth is more porous, and should absorb and retain a greater quantity of water than when cultivated. Hence, as a country is improved, and cultivated fields increase, floods *should* become more and more disastrous. This, however, is not the case. The true cause may be found in the fact that the average annual rain-fall decreases as the forests of a country are destroyed; and the additional fact that when mills are erected on our large streams and their tributaries, the dams of these establishments are reservoirs. Until the latter overflow, the courses below them cannot be as full as if there were no obstruction to the natural running of the water.

Mrs. Tacket's cow pastured upon the island opposite the clearing made by her husband, and on one occasion while the faithful animal was quietly cropping the grass there, the volume of the river began to increase rapidly. There was danger that the cow would be swept away, and Mrs. Tarket waded across to drive her home. The river was high when she went over, and was still deeper when she was ready to return. As she stood irresolute, the flood became more angry and threatening. Higher and higher rose the waters, roaring and foaming, and threatening to destroy any one who should attempt to pass through them. As the river often swept over the highest point

of the island, her situation was not enviable. She hallooed; but to no purpose. No one was near to aid her. After reflecting a moment, she hit upon a novel expedient by which to escape from her dangerous situation—an expedient which should identify her name with the island forever. Providing herself with a good whip, she seized the cow by her tail, and drove her into the stream. In a moment the mad waters swept over them; but by dint of swimming the cow reached the main land, towing her mistress, drenched and almost drowned, safely to the shore.

Tarket lived here but three or four years, when he sold his claim to Benajah Edwards, and moved northerly about one mile to the farm since owned by Joseph R. Clark.

Edwards built a grist-mill opposite the island, on the east bank of the river, which was in operation several years; but finally was abandoned.

About 1792, Ananias Sackett cut open the road which bore his name. It extended from Mamakating valley to the Kinne brook, in the West Settlement of Thompson, and was afterwards made to Cochection by Captain David Dorrance. Sackett and Dorrance were both employed by the proprietors of the land through which the road ran. The former received a tract of seven hundred acres of land for his work, and located it south-west of the corporation limits of Monticello. It covered wholly or in part the farms since owned by Rumsey, Hatch, Litts, Varnell, Ahiel Decker, Oran Royce, and perhaps others. Johannes Masten and some of his neighbors of Mamakating valley assisted Sackett. Captain Dorrance was paid twelve dollars and fifty cents per mile. A portion of this road is still used: but the greater part of it is covered by the Newburgh and Cochection turnpike and the Monticello and Wurtsborough McAdamized road.

The Sackett road ran very nearly from Wurtsborough to the residence of William Marshall, the Clements' or Davis place south of Lord's pond, the Haviland farm and Bridgeville, where the river was forded a short distance above the bridge. It then ascended the hill between the Methodist church and the old Hezekiah Howell building, and passed to the Barnum saw-mill, the farm of Mr. Wright, and then turned south of Monticello through the farm of Cornelius Hatch to the old David and Nathan Kinne farms, and Mongaup valley, where the stream was forded above the Tillotson grist-mill; next to the old Cochection spring south of White Lake, and to the village of Bethel, the Halsey tavern, etc. The route was much better generally than that subsequently adopted by the Newburgh and Cochection Turnpike Company, as it avoided many of the hills over which the turnpike was made.

About the time the Sackett road was begun, Reuben Allen moved to lot number 39, in Great Lot 13, where he died on the 6th of December, 1848, after a residence of fifty-six years. He was probably the first white man who remained permanently in the town, and left descendants here after him; for Brooks, who preceded him, ceased to be a resident soon after Judge Thompson moved to Thompsonville. He was 29 and his wife 25 years old when they commenced a life of privation and hardship which few would dare now to encounter. In an unbroken forest, almost beyond human aid and sympathy, they made their home, and labored to render it pleasant. For a time he was unable to raise sufficient food for his family, and when want stared them in the face, he left his wife and children in the woods, and went beyond the Shawangunk to earn a few shillings, with which he bought food, and then carried it home on his shoulders. Wages at that time were in summer from four to six shillings per day, and from seven to nine dollars per month. In winter no one wanted laborers at any price. Self-denial, industry and persistence finally conquered all untoward surroundings. The traveler who passed from Monticello to Wurtsborough forty years ago, will remember that Reuben Allen's residence was one of the neatest on the road.

The Sackett road caused other families to settle in the town, as the following extract from the Records of Mamakating prove. On the 10th of October, 1797, Elijah Reeve, of Mount Hope, and John Knapp, of Thompsonville, laid out a public road from Johannes Masten's to Sackettborough, which they described as follows:

"From Johannis Masten's on the Esopus road, two miles below the old Mamakating farms, beginning at the place where Sackets sat out with the road, and runs as he cut the Road until it came unto a small Brook near the high hill now known by the name of Spy Hill, then turns out of the now cut road to the right round the hill ast the ground would best suit until it strikes the now cut road again; then along said road again as near as the ground will admit until it strikes the Neversink Kill, and across the said Kill and on the road forward a little to the north of Matthews, and along said road to where Wheeler now lives or occupies a little to the south of his house, and on as the ground will suit to Annanias Sacket's, and on to the place called Sacketsborough."

Spy Hill is southerly from the middle gate of the Monticello and Wurtsborough Plank Road Company, and was so called because hunters could espy game a long distance from its summit.

John Matthews occupied the farm now owned by Charles Barnum, and subsequently moved to North Settlement. In 1797, Amasa Matthews was living on the east bank of the Neversink, above Bridgeville.

Wheeler was David Wheeler,* the original occupant of the farm subsequently owned by Seth Allyn, and now the property of William Wright.

Ananias Sackett lived south-west of Monticello, and Sackett-borough was west of his location, and on the road made by him. This borough was intended to perpetuate his name and deeds; but amounted to nothing more than a frail monument of the vanity and folly of human hope and ambition. No one can now point out the location which once bore the name of Sackett-borough; and no individual now residing in the county can claim the once respectable patronym of Sackett. Ananias Sackett settled about the year 1794 or 1795.

On the 29th of September, 1797, Reeve and Knapp established another public road, and had the following description of it recorded by the Clerk of Mamakating:

“Beginning at the foot of the hill near the Neversink river, on Sackett’s road, turn out to the north, and runs up said river to an enclosed field occupied by Amasa Matthews, and along the back side of said field on a high piece of ground inside of the fence, and runs out to the bank of the river, up s’d river near John Brooks’, and then across the said river, and upon the west side of the river until it gets above Brooks’ inclosure, and then left the s’d river to the north east, and runs north west as the road is now cut and travelled unto Thompson’s Mills, to be four rods wide.”

John Simpson lived on the Jonathan Hoyt farm (Lot 25) as early as 1797, and according to a manuscript found among the papers of Billings Grant Childs, William Denn settled at Bridgeville previous to that year, and kept a tavern there. That Denn was there previous to the year named we doubt. He was there soon after, however, and was undoubtedly the predecessor of John Wetherlow, whom we shall have occasion to mention hereafter. Reeve and Knapp do not mention Denn in their road survey of September 29, 1797. If he had lived there then they would have done so.

When Johannes Masten assisted Sackett in making the road from Mamakating Hollow to Kinne brook, he discovered some

* David Wheeler took the Revolutionary pledge in Mamakating in 1775; but in what part of the town he then lived is a matter of conjecture.

good land on the tract secured by Sackett, and bought it. This land he gave to his sons-in-law, Daniel Litts and Evert Terwilliger, the first of whom married Martha, and the other Sarah Masten. Litts and Terwilliger moved to this land in February, 1797, with their families. Mrs. Terwilliger was then forty-one and her sister twenty-two years of age. They had been accustomed to border-life, and, although their father was a wealthy man, had constitutions made robust by healthful labor. With the steady purpose of men of Holland blood, the brothers-in-law cleared land and made improvements. They were assisted in all suitable ways by their wives and children. With them industry was a cardinal virtue, physical labor and the acquisition of wealth the major objects of life. While the muscles of their children were developed by constant use, the brain was not trained to wield its instruments intelligently. As a logical sequence of their youthful training, the offspring of these two families have lost ground, while those of once less wealthy parents have outstripped them, thus illustrating the truth of the apothegm that "industry without intelligence is like a ship without a helm."

The children of Daniel Litts were noted for their great strength. Even his daughters were more powerful than ordinary men. It is said that one of his girls has been known to lift a barrel of cider by its chimes and drink from its bung. We are assured that she once saw three or four able-bodied men attempt and fail to place a heavy mill-iron upon a wagon, when she threw them right and left with her hands, telling them to get out of her way, and then unassisted and with ease lifted the iron to its place on the vehicle. In his young days, one of her brothers was considered an expert wrestler, and sporting men from a distance came to measure their skill and strength with his. One of these was a famous wrestler of the city of New York. When he called, young Litts was from home. Seeing Miss Litts, he made known his business to her. "What!" exclaimed she, "wrestle with mine brother?" and she eyed him as if taking his calibre. "Why, you are foolish. Go back and save your money; for I can throw you mineself." She continued to jeer at and banter him, and finally dared him to the encounter in such a way that he accepted her challenge. He found her strength, skill and petticoats, too much for his science. Her feet and ankles were protected by the drapery which surrounded them from the advances of his heels; but they found no obstruction when she attempted to trip him. She sent him to grass twice with such celerity and force that he retired from her father's door-yard vanquished and crest-fallen. He returned to the metropolis without delay, believing that if

Sullivan county produced such girls, it was folly to contend with the men.*

In 1797, Nathan Kinne settled at the end of the Sackett road as it was then made, and at the same time, or soon after, his brother David joined him. The Kinnes were of the Connecticut race of Yankees. Many of the name were among the adventurers who formed the Susquehanna Company, and attempted to extend the possessions of Connecticut from the Delaware river to the Pacific ocean. Those who have read Stone's History of Wyoming, cannot fail to appreciate properly the respectability and enterprise of the Kinnes of the last century. Nathan Kinne cleared the first farm in the West, or Kinne Settlement, on which he lived thirty-three years. He was much respected in his day, and received many testimonials of the confidence of his fellow-townsmen.

In 1802, Uzziel Royce started from Mansfield, Connecticut, intending to go to the Susquehanna river with his family. He had heard much of the fertility of the land of that region, and regarded the Susquehanna valley as the land of promise and prosperity. On his way he stopped at Newburgh, where he was persuaded to change his destination. Work on the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike had been commenced, and every one who had taken stock in that concern, was enthusiastic as to the value of the country through which the road would pass. Mr. Royce was convinced that it was better to locate within fifty miles of the Hudson river, on land which would soon increase in value, and where he would soon have an outlet to a market, than to go one hundred miles farther into the woods. He came to Thompson, and purchased a tract of land in the vicinity of Nathan Kinne, and cleared the farm since owned by John C. Holley. His removal to the town was important, as it led to the settlement here of Thomas, Solomon, Roderick, and Cholbe Royce, who were his kinsmen, and among the highly esteemed residents of the county. On the 23d of May, 1833, Uzziel Royce died on the place where he settled in 1802. One of the local public journals of that time paid a handsome tribute to his memory.

In 1804, Solomon Royce bought a lot in the same neighborhood, and commenced clearing it. Other members of the family settled in the town subsequently. Solomon Royce was a farmer and land-surveyor. His property was small until he was sixty years of age, when he commenced speculating in land, and soon accumulated a handsome fortune. Like all the first settlers of his name, he was a man who enjoyed the confidence and respect of his neighbors.

* B. G. Childs' MSS.

John and Samuel Lord came to Sullivan in May, 1803, from Weston, Fairfield county, Connecticut, and brought with them their families. They crossed the Shawangunk on nearly the route adopted by the Newburgh and Cochection Turnpike Company, and remained all night at Johannes Masten's. He was then a wealthy Dutch farmer, and owned one thousand acres of fine land, several negroes and a large stock of horses and neat-cattle. His aldermanic body was surmounted by a hat with a monstrous brim, and when he was vexed by a mischievous boy, he had an odd habit of flogging the yonker with his tile; but was careful not to injure his hat, or hurt the lad.

The Lords followed the old Sackett road from Mamakating Hollow to the valley of the Neversink. There were no families living on the road until they came to the Davis place, where Richard Page kept a tavern. There was then but little cash in the country, and white-pine shingles were bartered for drams. Our informant remembers seeing the thirsty wending their way to Page's log tenement, each carrying under one of his arms the requisite number of shingles to procure a drink of whisky.

A little beyond Page's, and where the road crossed Grassy or Clark's brook, was a tavern kept by a woman who was known as Granny Strong. The next house was on the premises now (1871) owned by John and Benjamin Lord. It was then occupied by a squatter whose name is forgotten. At Bridgeville lived Jehiel Sherwood and John Wetherlow. During the year, James Millspaugh moved in and occupied the Haviland place. Wetherlow lived at the ford, a short distance above the bridge.

Our informant was then a lad less than eight years old, and had heard much of the bears, wolves and panthers of the Neversink country, and was consequently looking for those animals with fear and trembling. His apprehensions were startlingly confirmed at Wetherlow's. A steer of Mr. Wetherlow had been, a few days previously, killed but not devoured by a panther. The young animal had been missed and its body found partially covered with leaves and other rubbish. One of the Wakeman's, who was a noted hunter and trapper, knowing that, as soon as the panther was hungry, it would return to the carcass for a meal, set a loaded gun so that it would lodge sundry buckshot into the first animal that disturbed the remains. In a few days a monstrous panther was found by the side of the dead steer, a victim of Wakeman's ingenuity. It was skinned, and the skin stuffed and arranged as natural as life, in a tree before Wetherlow's house. When the children of the Lords saw it, with its fearful teeth, they were seized with a panic and ran to their parents for protection.

From Wetherlow's the two families traveled up the river to

Denniston's ford, passing Hezekiah and Jabez Wakeman's places at the Wakeman ford. They settled near the present premises of James O'Neill, where Samuel lived many years. His brother John remained there until 1806, when he removed to Lord's pond, on the Newburgh and Cohecton road. He there put up one of the roughest log-tenements of that day, and opened a tavern and commenced clearing land. In a few years he built a better house, and died there in August, 1830. His son, Captain Alson Lord, previous to his death in 1872, furnished the writer with the following in regard to his father's last illness: In June, 1830, John Lord visited his brother's family near Denniston's ford, and while on the road got very wet from a sudden shower of rain. He exchanged his wet garments for dry, spent a pleasant evening in company with his friends, went to bed at the usual time, and on the succeeding morning was apparently in good health; but was somewhat disturbed by a remarkable dream he had had during the night, in which he imagined that he was sick; that his legs swelled to a large size, and burst open and mortified; that the flesh dropped from them, and that he died. His dream was a prevision of what actually took place. Soon after he related it to our informant, and the other members of his household, he was taken sick, and all he had dreamed really occurred.

We have no more faith in dreams than we have in witchcraft, and would not admit the above paragraph, if our informant was not, during all his life, of unquestioned intelligence and truthfulness. The circumstance is remarkable as a strange coincidence for which human wisdom can furnish no satisfactory explanation.

Alson Lord, when a young man, had an encounter with a bear in the woods near his father's residence. He was felling trees with a companion, when he heard his dog barking in an unusual manner. He proposed to the person who was with him, that they should ascertain what the dog was after, and said he believed it was a bear; but the man was a coward, and refused to go. Lord then went alone. The dog was at the foot of a tree in a dense thicket. Lord did not see the bear until he had nearly reached the foot of the tree, when he discovered it about twelve feet from the ground. He went boldly forward until the animal suddenly curled itself into a ball-like shape, and tumbled down within reach of the ax he carried. Lord instantly dealt it a stunning blow, which laid it out apparently dead. He was fortunate in doing so, as, if he had waited a second or two, the beast would have been on its haunches, when it would have been impossible to hit it. All old hunters know that bears are the most expert boxers in the world, and that they will knock an ax or club from the hands of a man so quick

that no one can see how it is done; after which, if the beast is exasperated, it will be upon its assailant in an instant.

Mr. Lord shouted that he had killed the bear, when the timid fellow came to him readily, and the two proceeded to haul it out of the thicket. While they were doing so, the black brute began to exhibit signs of life. A few more blows of the ax, however, made it quite safe to handle it, and the creature was got out of the woods without further trouble, except the labor of carrying it. It was large, and had a very beautiful pelt.

Bears were very numerous in this neighborhood. The writer well remembers that, when he was a school-boy, they had a runway across the turnpike, a short distance west of Gales, where they were frequently seen with their cubs, passing from one swamp to the other.

William Sears was an early resident near Lord's pond. He was elected as an Assessor before Sullivan was a county, and was active in matters affecting the interests of the town. Seth Sears was living in the neighborhood as early as 1804. They came from Fairfield county, Connecticut.

In 1803, Lewis Hoyt occupied a lot west of the Neversink, at Bridgeville. He remained in the vicinity but a short time, and was a brother of Jonathan Hoyt, of whom we shall next write.

Lot 25, in Great Lot 13, was occupied by squatters previous to 1803. Reuben Allen first made a small improvement, and then left it, probably because he found it difficult or impossible to get a warranty-deed for it. John Simpson then occupied it, who built a log-house, and cleared some land. In 1803, Jonathan Hoyt bought Simpson's improvements, for \$1,050, getting with the 213 acres a potash-kettle. As soon as practicable, Hoyt acquired the fee-simple, which cost him about \$1,000 in addition.

Hoyt was then a married man, with two or three children, and lived in Norwalk, Connecticut. In April, 1804, he started with his wife and children for his new home. He brought with him a span of horses, a yoke of oxen, and an immense butterfly-cart. In the flaring box of the cart were bestowed his household goods, and an assortment of other articles which were deemed necessary, including sundry small canvass-bags which were filled with silver coin, and placed inside the family chest. On the top of all, when on the road, were perched the wife and children, who climbed to their elevated position by a ladder, which was an indispensable accompaniment of the vehicle, as, without it, no one could surmount its funnel-shaped sides.

The family, with their chattels, proceeded to Old Well, where they got or were put on board a sloop, and proceeded to New York city and the Hudson river. In due time they reached Newburgh, where they disembarked, and where the more seri-

ous dangers and sufferings of the journey commenced. The horses and oxen were attached to the cart, and started westward on the Newburgh and Cohecton road. The turnpike, so far as it was completed, had been made but recently—the road-bed was composed of surface-soil—the frost was gone but partially from the track, which was but little better than a mass of mud, and a succession of bottomless slough-holes. Often one wheel of the cart would stand firm on the partially thawed track, while the other would sink nearly to its axle, causing the elevated wings of the vehicle to lurch with the energy of a catapult. So forcible was this sidewise movement that the chest was broken to pieces, and the silver money it contained scattered over the bottom of the cart-box. Fortunately the latter had been made of tough material and by a good workman, so that there were no crevices through which the coin dropped into the mire of the road. The money was all in the bottom of the cart-box when they reached the Neversink.

When the wheels sank deep in the slough-holes, the horses and oxen could not proceed, and it was found necessary to procure extra motive-power, or remove from the cart a part of the load. This consumed so much time that but five miles a day were accomplished.

In the afternoon of the sixth day from Newburgh, the party descended the west side of the Shawangunk mountain, and in doing so discovered what appeared to be a broad and turbid river in the valley. Mr. Hoyt did not know what to think of this, as he had not heard of or seen anything more than a medium stream there. They reached the foot of the Shawangunk, and there was a wide and muddy river, sure enough. The rain and melting snow had swelled the mountain streams, so that there was a flood in the Bashas kill. For some distance the turnpike was submerged, the bridge alone appearing above the water. To cross at that time was impossible, and there was no house or even barn on the western side of the mountain. But one thing could be done, and that was to stay until the next day where they were; so they camped in the mud, and remained there during the long and dismal night, no doubt homesick and heart-sick, and contrasting the wilks of Sullivan with their old and pleasant home in the land of plenty and comfort.

At daybreak they found the flood was subsiding. At nine o'clock, the water had fallen two feet, when Mr. Hoyt mounted one of his horses, and crossed to the opposite shore, and went in search of assistance. He was afraid to ford the stream with his two teams, fearing that the cart would get fast, and that he would be unable to get it to the other side.

During the previous year, the turnpike had been made as far

as the west side of the valley, and there an enterprising individual had erected a new house, and opened a tavern. The building was near the site of the old Pine-house, and nothing is remembered of its owner except that he became disgusted with his business or with his life generally, and to rid himself of his calling and existence, hung himself. Of him Mr. Hoyt obtained an extra team, and returned to his family and cart. With three teams he was able to get all over the falling waters, and as far as the new tavern, where he remained until the next day, when he reached Granny Strong's inn at the Grassy brook. After another night's rest, they proceeded as far as the east shore of the Neversink, where they learned that the cabin at their new home would afford them no shelter. The snow of the previous winter had broken down its bark-roof, and it was no better than a ruin. Besides this, it is probable that the river was too much swollen to be forded. Learning that there was a small building on the hill east of the Neversink, in which a school had been kept, and that it was then vacant, he concluded to take possession of it. Here at the close of the ninth day from Newburgh he found a temporary resting-place.

He resolved to build a new frame-house on his place without delay. There was then a saw-mill on Clark or Grassy brook, at Katrina Falls, owned by a firm entitled Baker, Osborn & Co. How long this mill had been built we cannot say. It may have been erected immediately after the opening of the Sackett road. If so, it was the pioneer mill of the town; if not, it was the second, William A. Thompson's having been put up in 1795. This mill was on the table-rock of the Falls. Slabs from it were thrown into the gulf below, and we are assured that at one time they formed a "pile" as high as the Falls. Mr. Hoyt at once commenced hauling white-pine lumber from this establishment. Help was scarce, but money was a great inducement. Mr. Hoyt brought with him a good supply of coin, and men were found who were willing to abandon their own clearings to get it. In two weeks Mr. Hoyt had a new house so far completed, that he could move his family into it.

Mr. Hoyt continued to occupy this place until his death, and it is still in the possession of one of his descendants. For several years, wolves annoyed him, and he found it very difficult to rear young cattle or keep sheep. On one occasion they killed eighteen of the latter near the entrance of his door-yard, and it was quite common to find the dead carcasses of yearlings in his fields, and to have cattle come home with fatal wounds inflicted by the blood-loving and stealthy brutes. Unlike many of the first settlers, he has left numerous descendants in the town. His children were seven in number, viz: Elnathan, Squires M., Jonathan, Sarah, Leander, Sally and Walter.

In 1803, Chancellor Livingston, owned Great Lot 12, in the southern tier or range of the Hardenbergh patent. He was then in France, and no one could purchase or lease his lands; consequently those who lived near the traveled road east of Bridgeville were squatters. Some of these sold to others; but gave no title. They disposed of their improvements and right of possession only.

Daniel and Lewis Ketcham moved to Bridgeville in 1805— Daniel into the Wetherlow house at the ford, and Lewis into a house which stood on a lot now owned by Walter Hoyt. Daniel Ketcham, senior, their father, came at the same time, and bought Lot 31 of one of the Ludlows. He reserved one hundred acres for himself, and, according to a previous arrangement, conveyed the balance to various persons who had settled on the lot as squatters. Daniel, senior, died at Bridgeville, after which one of the sons removed to Miller Settlement. Branches of the family are now living in Thompson and other towns. Frederick Ketcham, a descendant of Daniel, senior, invented the first mowing-machine. As an inventor he was ingenious and successful; but failed to reap the pecuniary advantages which should have been awarded him. The Ketchams of this county are of the same stock as the noted financier and the able lawyer and politician of that name.

The old Barnum place, now occupied by Charles Barnum, was originally held by a person who had no title. In 1802 or 1803, Samuel Barnum bought it, and within two or three years erected a saw-mill. This mill is mentioned in the Town Records of 1806, and is the third of the town. A gentleman who was present when the frame was raised, informs us that a sufficient number of persons could not be got together to put it in its place on the first day; and that reinforcements had to be sent for. Several of the hands employed by Mr. Wheat, who was building the Neversink bridge, went up with their tackles, when the task was performed easily. Samuel Barnum was a man much respected in his day, and was often called upon to fill important trusts in the town. He was elected Supervisor in 1807 and 1808, and was preceded in that office by Samuel F., and succeeded by John P. Jones.

Johannes Miller of Montgomery, Orange county, commenced operations at Glen Wild before the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike was completed over the Barrens. He bought a considerable tract of land, and built two saw-mills above the Falls. One of these was where Bowers' lumbering-establishment now is, and the other was farther down the stream. He also built a large house on the lot now owned by Benjamin Howes. This house was Miller's residence, as the Records of Thompson prove. He sold it to Henry Snyder. The mill-property

finally passed into the hands of John H. and William F. Bowers, sons of Zephaniah Bowers, one of the early residents of that section of the town. John H. was a prominent democratic politician, and represented Sullivan in the Assembly of 1838. Luther, another son of Zephaniah, owned a saw-mill on the outlet of Lord's pond, near Edwards' Island, in 1822. Of Jannah R., another son, but little is known.

Johannes Miller was a man of note. He was one of the principal promoters of the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike, and lost his prestige as a man of property through personal sacrifices to secure the success of that enterprise. It is said he was a rough, daring man, who was ready to use his fists when provoked to anger. There was a feud between him and the Jones brothers, which grew out of the location or construction of the turnpike.

Glen Wild was originally known as Miller Settlement. Samuel Adams and Simeon Misner were among its early residents.

The fine arched bridge at Bridgeville, from which the valley takes its name, was completed in 1807. At the time it was made it was considered the best structure of the kind in the State. A marble tablet was inserted in the parapet on the eastern abutment with the following inscription:

<p>“ Jacob Powell, Pres't; George Monell, Treas'r; William H. Weller, Sec'y; Jonathan Hedges, Charles Clinton, Levi Dodge, Daniel Stringham, Jonathan Fisk, Cyprian Webster, Reuben Neely, Daniel C. Verplank, Hamilton Morrison, David Crawford,</p>	<p>“Directors—1807.”</p>
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Salmon Wheat, Architect.”

Nearly sixty-six years have elapsed since the massive white-pine arches were made, and they are still unmarked by decay, and firm upon their foundations. They will undoubtedly last for hundreds of years, if properly protected from fire and water.

It is conceded that Rev. Luke Davis was the first clergyman of the town. He also prescribed for the physical ailments of the people. When the Newburgh and Cohecton road was run across the Barrens, that improvement caused the Sackett road

to be abandoned as the main route through the county. Consequently Richard Page, who kept a tavern south of Gales, where he exchanged whisky for shingles, found that his vocation was gone. He then sold whatever right he had to the tavern and farm, and Luke Davis became the occupant and owner. Thereafter from the old Page tavern issued what was considered "the pure milk of the Word" for the soul, and wholesome, though drastic and emanant potions for the body. Luke Davis was a Baptist, and made several converts to his faith. Among his flock were the Comstocks, the Warrings, the Reynolds, the Holmes, and other citizens of respectable standing. His own life was a sacrifice in the cause of his Master. For him there was no stately church, with its ornate exterior and luxurious seats and carved pulpit. He held forth in school-houses, barns and private residences, and contributed to his own physical support by the labor of his hands. He lived to a great age. His last residence in the town was at Bridgeville, from which he removed to New York, where he died on the 9th of December, 1852, aged 92 years. We shall notice in another place the Society he organized.

Caleb and Peter Howell, who were brothers, bought a lot on the turnpike west of the bridge, in 1806 or 1807. On this Peter Howell put up the frame of a large hotel-building, which he enclosed and partially completed. He was a bachelor. The property fell into the hands of Hezekiah Howell, a son of Caleb, and has since been owned by several persons. Herry W. Howell, the brother of Hezekiah, was elected County Clerk in 1810. The name of Howell is not now borne by a resident of the town. Before his death, Hezekiah became a monomaniac on the subject of internal improvements, and other matters. The old hotel was destroyed by fire in 1871.

John S. Jenks, who studied medicine with Doctor Samuel Dimmick of Bloomingburgh, was a practicing physician at Bridgeville for several years, commencing with 1809. He was of irregular habits, and a cessation was put to his labors in this town by death or voluntary removal to some other sphere of action.

Otto William Van Tuyl, who became famous as the would-be navigator of the Neversink, and received as his reward disaster and reproach, in 1811 was living in the house built by Peter Howell. He, soon after this year, erected the old Van Tuyl mansion on the east bank of the river. In 1832 or 1833, this became the property of Lewis E. Bushnell, who built a large tannery below the Jonathan Hoyt place. The tannery was carried on by Bushnell & Van Horn and Tremain & Howard.

A store has been kept on the Van Tuyl lot for more than fifty years: First by O. W. Van Tuyl; 2. Lewis E. Bushnell;

3. Munson L. Bushnell; 4. William A. Rice; 5. George Howes; 6. Jehiel Clark.

David Haynes built the old Anson Gale tavern-house; on the turnpike, east of Lord's pond. He was a squatter, and claimed that the premises he occupied were not in the Minisink or Hardenbergh patent; that there was a gore between the two, and that the land covered by this gore was State land. He was a man of some means; but spent his entire estate in litigation with the Livingstons, who finally ejected him, and had the benefit of his improvements. Then Anson Gale, who was a native of Columbia county, and lived near the family-seat of the Livingstons, at Clermont, bought the property, and kept a hotel which was of excellent repute for many years. A post-office was established here in May, 1834, which received his family-name, and of which he was the postmaster.

About 1827, a gentleman named Clarkson, who had married a daughter of Robert L. Livingston, built a fine stone-mansion, on a commanding site, near Lord's pond. Here it was his intention to live like a lord of the manor among the tenants of his father-in-law, who were bound by their leases to deliver annually to the owner or his agents certain substantials and luxuries. But the tenants did not contribute enough for his support, and to escape starvation he left the town, and to this day has been living in elegant idleness at Saugerties. The next occupant was John Eldridge, who, in 1831 and 1832, built a large tannery on the outlet of the pond, and shortly after failed. The house is still owned by the Livingston family, but is little better than a ruin.

Nehemiah Smith came to Pleasant lake in 1803, and bought a tract of land of a man named Richard Kelley, who had made a small clearing, built a log-house and constructed barracks in which to store hay and grain. The lot then purchased by him has since become a part of the David Gray place, and has been known as the Reed farm. On it was the encampment of the 143d Regiment N. Y. S. V., until the regiment left to join the forces employed to crush the Southern Confederacy. Kelley, the man whom Mr. Smith succeeded, had a brother-in-law named Amos Whelpley, who lived on an adjoining lot. These two men were here as early as 1798.* Kelley settled on the Hyde place after selling to Smith. A man named William Baker also lived near the lake, and owned six acres between the Samuel Gray place and the shore. John Matthews, who came from Haverstraw, owned and occupied the farm which subsequently became the homestead of the Smith family, and is now the property of Ambrose D. Smith. West of Matthews'

* In 1806, Whelpley had on his place an orchard of bearing apple-trees.
[Statement of Samuel Warring.]

were two Welsh families, one of whom was named Robert Roberts. From them the region got the name of Welsh Settlement, by which it was known for many years. Kinne brook, as far as it runs in that locality, was once known as Welsh brook.

After sowing some winter-grain, Mr. Smith returned to South East, to which he had previously moved from Middlesex, Fairfield county, Connecticut. He and his wife were natives of the latter place.

In February, 1804, he started once more for his new home in the woods. He brought with him his wife, two children, and a nephew named Smith Benedict. The latter, who became a well-known citizen previous to his death, was then a lad aged 13 years, and lived with Mr. Smith. Mr. S. was accompanied by Titus Lockwood, Eliud Lindley, and Joseph Godfrey, who also brought with them their families. They crossed the Hudson river at Newburgh, where they hired horse-teams to take them to the end of their journey. The Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike was then in good order as far as Montgomery. On the Barrons they stayed all night at the house of a man named Seth Sears. The accommodations were rather too narrow for so large a party; but good nature and Yankee ingenuity either found a remedy for deficiencies, or ignored their existence.

On the next day, they followed the Mamakating road to Thompsonville (then known as Thompson's Mills), where they remained all night at Abraham Warring's, who had kept a tavern there five or six years. Thus far they had passed over nothing worse than the semblance of a highway. Although the road had been five years on the Records of Mamakating as running from Thompson's Mills north of Pleasant pond to the Mongaup,* but little had been done on it beyond removing from its track some of the fallen trees, and marking its locality by blazing and scoring the growing timber by its sides. Our informant (a lady then 23 years old) at the age of ninety-one, retained a vivid recollection of the incidents of that day (March 1, 1804). The snow was deep and unbroken; the route so rough and unimproved that they could not have taken their household-goods over it except on their shoulders, if it had been bare; the party were obliged to look sharp for the marked trees to avoid going astray; and in many places the evergreen foliage was so dense overhead that the sky could not be seen. Slowly the jaded horses plodded through the snow—sometimes sinking to their

* March 22, 1799, David Dorrance and John Knapp, Road Commissioners of Mamakating, laid out a private road "Beginning at the Esopus road at the Long Bridge [Quere: Summitville?] south-west of the house of John Allen; thence a westerly course near as the road now runs to Bush Hill; thence as the road now runs to Archibald Jarr [Farr] across the Neversink to William Thompson's mills, as the road now goes; thence a northwesterly course, as the road now goes, north of the Pleasant pond, as the road now goes, to the Mongaup River, as the ground will best admit."

[Records of Mamakating.]

bellies, and occasionally plunging over the sides of a cradle-hole, or the concealed trunk of a tree. When there was danger of upsetting a sleigh, there was a panic among the women and children; but the courageous voices and strong arms of the stalwart men of the party soon made all right. Although the distance was not great, and none of the families were much overburdened with household-stuff, the teams dragged their loads with great difficulty, and it was found necessary to leave Eliud Lindley's in the woods, where it remained until its owner afterwards returned with some friends, and got it through to his log-house.

Lindley, Lockwood and Godfrey located at that time near the Four Corners, north-west of the Gray place.* When they came, there was no house where Monticello now stands, and not even a line of marked trees to that point. Samuel F. and John P. Jones, however, moved there during the year (1804).

The house into which Smith put his family, like the others of the settlement, was a log-structure, with a bark-roof. As there was no saw-mill nearer than Judge Thompson's, at Thompsonville, the floor must have been made of puncheons. The fireplace was a commodious affair, without jambs, into which a log six or eight feet long could be rolled, and made to serve as a foundation for the fire. There was no cellar under the floor. Potatoes and other vegetables were stored in holes or dirt-cellars close by the house. A goodly mound of earth was heaped over these depositaries, which seemed to be a favorite resort for wolves. The widow of Nehemiah Smith remembers (1870) seeing them there at night when the moon made them visible. They were a great terror to women and children, particularly when they rendered the dark and otherwise still hours hideous with their howlings. Sheep were then absolutely necessary, as their wool was the only thing to be relied upon for winter-clothing; but it was impossible to keep them unless they were put in a safe enclosure every night. If a wolf got among a flock, it was not content with killing and eating a single sheep. Its instinct led it to rush from one to another, giving each a snap in the throat, which was always fatal. In a few moments, the ferocious beast would thus secure food enough to supply itself for weeks. Bears never annoyed the Smiths. Their neighbor, James Bailey, was less fortunate. He also came to Pleasant lake in 1804. He was from Westchester or Putnam county, where many of the name are yet residents. Mr. Bailey settled on the

* In 1805, on the road from the lake to Roberts' lived John Matthews, Titus Lockwood, Joseph Godfrey, Israel Disbrow, Enoch Comstock and Eliud Lindley. At the head of the lake were Ananias Warring, James Bailey and William Baker. West of the lake were Nehemiah Smith, Amos Whelpley and Mr. Kelley.

[Statement of Smith Benedict.

farm where his son, David P. Bailey, now lives. Bruin seemed to have a fancy for this locality, and probably wintered on the lowlands which there border the lake, while he perambulated the high hills of the vicinity in summer, as he was often seen passing up or down through Bailey's premises. The hirsute brute seemed to be partial to swine's flesh, and occasionally visited Bailey's hog-pen to indulge his epicurean propensities. Once, when Mr. Bailey was absent all night, a large bear got among his shoats, which gave shrill warning of what was taking place, when Mrs. Bailey sallied forth to their rescue, armed with blazing brands, and frightened the hungry intruder away.

In the vicinity of Pleasant lake deer were very plenty. It was a common thing for Smith Benedict and the sons of Ananias Warring* to kill them in the water, to which the animals came in warm weather or were driven by dogs. When one was seen swimming in the lake, it was easy to reach the animal with a canoe, and knock it on the head.

Samuel Warring discovered a large deer near the residence of Major Strang. He fired at it, and it fell apparently dead. Very thoughtlessly, he ran up to it, and caught it by its hind legs, intending to turn it on its back so as to get at its throat more conveniently, when it sprang up suddenly and attempted to escape. He was a muscular youth, and had sufficient strength not only to maintain his hold, but to keep the animal's rear feet in the air, while the deer made frantic efforts to run with its fore feet. It dragged young Warring after it at a rate which threatened to bring him to the ground; but he managed to keep upon his feet. Finally the deer jumped across a fallen sapling in such a way that Samuel pressed its legs across the sapling, and by bearing his whole weight upon *his* end, kept the other end from getting away. He then hallooed for help. But as no one was near, no help came. The deer, however, bled to death, and its captor had all the glory of the adventure, although he was minus a suit of clothes, which were torn to shreds by rapid locomotion through the bushes and briers, and the deer's hoofs.

Sometimes the deer-hunter met with unexpected game. Ananias Warring, while chopping near Dutch pond, discovered that venison was very plenty in that quarter, and that two runways passed within rifle-shot of a boulder some six or eight feet high. He made up his mind that that rock afforded a capital standing-place, and that a deer-hunt by moonlight would be both novel and interesting. Accordingly, after speaking to his

* Ananias and Jonathan Warring, in 1805, bought 150 acres on the east side of Pleasant lake of William A. Thompson, and settled there. The tract then owned by them covers part of the Trowbridge place. Fifty acres of it is owned by a grandson of Ananias. Jonathan soon removed from the town.

family about the matter, he took his rifle and went to the boulder, where he expected to watch all night, and return in the morning in time to have venison-steak for breakfast. There was snow on the ground and a bright moon overhead, so that he could see a passing object very distinctly. He watched the two run-ways closely for some time, but saw no game, and heard no sound except the hooting of an owl. His vigil was becoming dull and tedious, when, pat pat, came the sound of rapid steps, and a dark object was passing along one of the paths. Without pausing to discover what it was, he fired, when the animal rushed at him furiously, and attempted to jump upon the rock. It would have reached him, and the snarling jaws would have buried their white fangs in his flesh, if he had not made a vigorous thrust with his rifle, and pushed the brute back. Again it leaped, and again, with no other result, when it ran one way and Warring another. He reached home at an unexpected hour; but brought with him no venison. Visiting the boulder next day, with his boys, he discovered by the tracks and blood around the rock that he had shot at and wounded a very large wolf. These animals were numerous in that vicinity in early times; but it was not common for them to be as pugnacious as the one Warring fired at.*

Talcot Wakeman in his young days often hunted with the Warrings, and knew just where to go to start a deer, and have it run into Pleasant lake, where it was usually killed with a paddle—a way of securing the animal not now considered sportsmanlike—but was then held to be exciting and full of fun. Ah, how joyously would the young men of that period spring into the old-style dug-out, how vigorously would they apply the paddle! how keenly would they watch the chances of heading off the antlers, moving silently and steadily for the opposite shore! how carefully would they “balance” as they gave the fatal blow, to avoid an upset of the dug-out, and a floundering in the middle of the lake! and how glad was the halloo when the blood of the antlered monarch dyed the crystal waters!

In September, 1816, Wakeman came to Ananias Warring's, and proposed that they should have a hunt on the west side of the lake. Warring was always ready for sport when he had no pressing business, and it was soon arranged that his visitor and Samuel Warring, (who was then a young man,) should go to Dill's hill, with two good dogs, and rouse the game, while Ananias watched the lake and managed the dug-out. Young Warring did not take with him a gun.

The drivers found their work rather unpleasant. They were obliged to pass through jungles of rhododendrons, and when

* Statement of Samuel Warring.

they reached the foot of the hill back of Orran D. Shaver's, they sat down to rest, while one of the dogs scoured the woods. Soon they heard his bark on the summit, when the other dog ran up the hill. Wakeman, who understood the language of dogs, declared that a bear had been treed, and both men hurried forward. Sure enough, there was one of those animals about forty feet from the ground, in a hemlock, watching the dogs. Wakeman fired, and the game tumbled down, and lay upon its back quivering as if it was dead. Shouting "Keep off the dogs!" he ran toward one of them to hold it; but he was not quick enough: for both animals caught the bear by the neck, when it grasped them with its fore legs and held them as in a vice. Wakeman, intent on saving the dogs, told Warring to take hold of one of the bear's hind feet, while he took the other, to drag the beast down hill, hoping to make it let go of the dogs. It was like hauling a butchered cow, but answered the intended purpose. The bear released the dogs, and made a vicious pass at the men, who dodged and got beyond bruin's reach very quickly. It then ran up a hemlock, and did not pause until it was partially concealed in the thick foliage of the top, where it was difficult to hit it with a rifle. Wakeman fired at it again. There was a trickling of blood down the rough bark of the tree; but bruin did not fall. He shot into its carcass, one after another, until he had expended seven balls, and had but one imperfect one left. He then retired a short distance, and determined to wait for the bear to fall or to come down. In about half an hour it descended stern foremost, and as it reached the ground, one of the dogs seized hold of it, and was instantly in the powerful arms of the bear, and its bones snapping and cracking. Wakeman, however, lodged his last bullet in the brain of the black brute, and killed it. On examination, it was found that seven bullets had entered the shaggy hide back of the fore shoulder, and that the palm of a hand would cover all the holes at the same time; but that none of the bullets had penetrated the heart, although all passed close to it.

The animal was very poor, but so heavy that the hunters found it very difficult to carry it out of the woods, and get it to the house of Mr. Comstock, who lived in the neighborhood. The carcass was entirely destitute of fat; but the skin was very large and fine. It was estimated that, if the animal had been in good condition, it would have weighed at least five hundred pounds.*

On more than one occasion, the Smiths found themselves literally without a roof above their heads. Once while Mr. Smith was absent, there was a great storm of wind and rain.

* Statement of Samuel Warring.

The bark-roof of the hut was blown away, and the rain speedily saturated everything in the house which would absorb water, which was several inches deep on some parts of the floor. Mrs. Smith placed her little children where they were partially sheltered, and was diligently sweeping out the water, when her neighbor and kinsman, Eliud Lindley, came to her relief, and, with Smith Benedict,* assisted in "putting things right" once more.

On another occasion, the family were gathered around their ample fire-place, in which glowed a huge section of a tree which would have put to shame the famous yule-logs of our British ancestors. The labors of the day were over—a day remarkable for a heavy fall of snow—and they were calmly awaiting the hour of retiring to rest. Silently but rapidly the feather-like flakes descended. The storm without was unheeded because all was comfortable within, when they were startled by suspicious sounds above them. Snap! crack! The roof was giving away under the weight of snow which had fallen! Mr. Smith slowly and cautiously ascended the ladder by which the loft was reached—stairs were then unknown at Pleasant lake—when there was a crash. One-half of the roof slid over one side of the enclosure, while the other half, with two feet or more of snow, descended to the puncheons of the upper floor! What a catastrophe for a stormy winter-night, when the woodland-roads were impassable to almost every one of the family! All lived through it, however, and in after-days, surrounded by every comfort, related the adventures of that dreary time to their descendants.

As a community, the pioneers of North Settlement were remarkable for rigid morality. Sathanus should not have had a lodgement in the neighborhood, and yet he found it as easy to get there as he had to scale the walls of Eden. At Pleasant lake the devil entered, clothed in the petticoats of Mrs. Baker—a stout, adipose matron, destitute of beauty and not even comely. Thereafter her ambition seemed to be to lead captive the husbands of the vicinity. In this category her own was not included. To him she was a trouble and torment. Her first attempt was on James Bailey; but not meeting with that degree of success to which she aspired, she cast her net for John Matthews. He was caught in her toils, such as they were, and the two disappeared simultaneously, and it was said went to Canada.† She was the first coquette of the town, and more consistent than modern females of that class.

* Smith Benedict was an adventurous and fearless boy. While living with Nehemiah Smith, he caught a bear several months old, and brought it home in his arms, not regarding its teeth and claws as inconvenient impediments.

† Matthews was spritely, intelligent and handsome, while his guilty companion was gross in mind and body.—*MSS. of B. G. Childs.*

Previous to leaving, Matthews sent his wife, a young and attractive woman, to her friends at Haverstraw, under the pretense that her *accouchment*, which was near, would not be safe at their home in the woods, where no physician could be had. Apparently this was kind and considerate on his part; but it was a more trick, to get her out of the way. On the 7th of December, 1805, while she was at Haverstraw, he sold his farm to Smith for about \$900. As his wife did not then sign the deed, he left one-third of the purchase money in Smith's hands, directing the latter to pay the amount to her when she relinquished her right in the place. He then left with Mrs. Baker. Smith was afraid he would have trouble with Mrs. Matthews, but the poor woman had no spirit for a legal contest, and on the 3d of April, 1806, appeared before Judge Thompson and added her name to the deed of sale. She then returned to her friends with the babe which never saw its father, and one or two of her eldest children, and never visited North Settlement again. Matthews took with him a part of his children, selecting those not old enough to talk.

Mr. Smith moved to the Matthews place as soon as he bought it, and continued to reside there until his death, which occurred May 25, 1854, when he was 83 years of age. For many years, he was a deacon of the Presbyterian Church of Monticello. During a residence of half a century in the town, no member of the agricultural class of Thompson, enjoyed a higher degree of respect.

Eliud Lindley lived for five years in a log-house in the orchard of what has since been known as the DeVoe farm, at the cross-roads, in North Settlement. He then moved to a log-house opposite the gate that leads to the Miner Benedict house, now (1870) owned by Samuel Stickney. This log-house was a very primitive affair. There was not a window in it. In summer light was admitted through the door, when the weather was pleasant enough to leave it open; and in the winter it was not lighted at all, except by the fire necessary to warm it, and by a few stray beams that found their way down the chimney through the smoke. Here Mr. Lindley managed to live comfortably for six years. He then moved to the farm since owned by his son, Rufus B. Lindley, where he lived during the remainder of his life.

Eliud Lindley was a very industrious and prudent man. Those who did not imitate him in this respect, but sneered at his careful management, generally became better acquainted than he ever was with constables and sheriffs.

In his latter days he was singularly afflicted. He became deaf, and blind, and bed-ridden. Finally life remained, and that was all, for his mind was a blank. Filial hands administered

to his necessities with patience and kindness until he saw the light of another world, and he awoke from what to him was a night of existence on earth to the realities of the future. He died February 2, 1859, aged 86 years. His wife Elizabeth, who was two years younger, survived him but six days.

For several years after Mr. Lindley settled in the town, there was no road from the North Settlement to Monticello. After John P. Jones commenced selling groceries and a few other articles, there was a line of marked trees between the two neighborhoods. This was not always a safe guide; for on a cloudy day, Mr. Lindley, with Nehemiah Smith and Titus Lockwood, went to Jones' place to buy a few necessary articles, and while on their way back, lost the line of trees, and not being able to see the sun, did not know which way to travel. After wandering around until they became tired, they managed to make a fire, with the aid of steel, flint and punk, and prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible. Lockwood, who was a light-hearted, jovial man, seemed to imagine that it was his duty to keep up the spirits of the party. He made the woods echo with all the comic songs he could remember, and presented their dilemma in the most ludicrous phases he could imagine. His companions laughed heartily at his sallies, and all spent a rather pleasant night—much more so than did their friends at home, who were greatly alarmed, and continued to blow horns until a late hour, hoping the lost ones would hear, and be guided out of the woods by the noise. The next morning, when the sun rose, Lindley and the others had no difficulty in getting home.

Enoch Comstock, Joshua Foster and Enoch Crosby emigrated from South East soon after Nehemiah Smith and Eliud Lindley, and settled in North Settlement. The new comers were men of excellent repute. Two of them became deacons of the Churches to which they belonged, and the other, on account of his moral worth, was called a deacon by general consent. The life of each was conspicuous for usefulness and probity, and each lived beyond the average number of years allotted to man. Crosby in many respects was quaint and original. We have heard the following anecdote of him: He bought a mare which the seller warranted to be with foal. Crosby had reason to anticipate a fine colt; but great was his surprise at finding by her side, one morning, a young beast the like of which he had never seen. It was a diminutive, misshapen thing, with monstrous ears, one of which reposed on its neck, while the other pointed straight at Crosby, as if in derision! He was astonished—disgusted, and called loudly for his gun, declaring that such a "critter" should not remain on his farm! And it did not.

Baker, Kelley and Whelpley removed from the town. Roberts, the Welshman, went to the city of New York to visit friends who lived there, and when returning on a North river sloop, was drowned.* His widow married an old man named Matthews, the father of the John Matthews already mentioned.

In time, James Holmes, Nathan Burnham, Andrew Comstock, Garret Tymeson, Aaron Benedict, John Gray, Stephen Trowbridge, and others, were added to the settlement. Tymeson helped build the Neversink and Delaware bridges.

In addition to William A. Thompson, Cornelius Ray was a large landholder in the north part of the town. Ray lived in the city of New York.

A majority of those who located in the North Settlement, were induced to do so by the first-named gentleman. On the 2d of May, 1811, he sold one hundred acres to Amasa Crane and another hundred to Stephen Hamilton. On the 14th of the same month, Z. Hatch, Joseph Huntington, and Jared Huntington each bought a lot of him, as well as others at an earlier or later day. This land cost Thompson about one dollar per acre, and he received \$5.50 for it. He owned a tier of lots running from the Neversink almost to the Mongaup by the way of Thompsonville, Pleasant lake and Dutch pond.

Monticello was founded by Samuel Frisbee Jones and his brother John Paul Jones. They were natives of the town of Goshen, Litchfield county, Connecticut, where their father, Samuel Jones, was a farmer. He was a patriot of 1776, and served in the Revolutionary army as an ensign. While his sons, Samuel F. and John P. were young, he removed to Lebanon, Columbia county, where he died in 1836, aged 84 years.

Of the early history of Samuel F. we know nothing. The other was a merchant's clerk, and, before coming to Sullivan, engaged in trade. The first was an active, energetic man, of quick, decided utterance, when he did not stutter. In his early days, his mind was sound and vigorous, and his executive talent of a superior order. His intellect fathomed a project promptly, and he was at once ready to engage or avoid participating in it.

John P. was of slow and hesitating speech. As a business man he was tedious and tardy; but sure to reach a safe conclusion so far as his own interests were involved. He was cautious and sagacious, slow and sure. He never engaged in any matter which he did not understand thoroughly. He saw a cause, and traced it to its logical end with infinite pains and unerring persistency.

* Roberts occasionally went to Orange county to work for farmers and others. Once, while returning he encountered a large number of skunks, seven of which he killed with a sickle. He said, "Dey stink so, I could not schmell 'em at oll!"

[MSS. of B. G. Childs.]

The two were as much unlike as a mastiff and a sleuth-hound.

Soon after the Newburgh and Cohecton Turnpike Company was chartered, Samuel F. Jones became interested in its affairs. In 1802, he explored the forests west of Mamakating valley for a feasible route, and came to the conclusion that when that road was completed, a new county would be formed from the southwestern territory of Ulster, and that there would be a very considerable influx of settlers to the region thus opened. Believing that the capital of this new county would be on the important thoroughfare from the Hudson to the Delaware, he decided that its present location was a favorable point, and in March, 1803, bought of John Johnston, the executor of Gulian Verplanck, deceased, 1,415½ acres in the east half of Great Lot 14. The Verplanck family had owned this land for more than half a century. Land in this quarter had been a drug in the market; but was now considered worth about four dollars per acre, in consequence of the projected turnpike; nevertheless, Johnston, whose sister had an interest in Verplanck's estate, was so eager to dispose of the tract, that he accepted an offer of Jones to give \$2,831 for it. The latter explained his object to his brother, John P., and that individual soon after bought of Charles McEvers of New York, an adjoining tract in Great Lot 13, containing 445½ acres for \$1,782. He also bought of his brother an undivided half of the 1,415½ acres.*

The brothers determined to commence making improvements without delay. As Samuel F. Jones was occupied in making the turnpike road, these improvements devolved on John P. The latter came here in 1803, with eleven men,† (one of whom was a mill-wright) and a cook. The first thing done was to put up a temporary shelter west of the village. This was made of logs, poles and bark, and in it the party slept and the necessary food was cooked.

Work was then commenced on a saw-mill, the site of which was between the foundry of Eli Fairchild and the tannery of E. L. Burnham & Son.‡ Help to raise the frame of the mill

* When the Jones brothers first came to view the site of their future village, while wandering in the swamps and through the laurel jungles, they lost sight of each other, and did not get together again until night. They were terribly frightened and nearly exhausted. One of them had made a fire, by which he expected to remain solitary and alone all night, and the other was about to drop upon the ground, helpless and worn out, when he discovered his brother's fire, and joined him.

† One of these was Samuel Mitteer, who died in the town of Fallsburgh, November 17, 1870, aged 94 years. He came to the United States from France (of which he was a native) when seven years old. In his youth he became a carpenter and joiner, and worked for Aaron Burr at the time Burr shot Alexander Hamilton. Before the duel, he saw his employer practice with his pistols until he had filed a post in his back-yard with lead. Mitteer helped build the first houses in Monticello, and William A. Thompson's mansion in Tompsonville.

‡ The stream on which this mill was situated, was once known as Saw-mill brook. Now it has no name above the Willett place, where it is called Smith Meadow brook.

was obtained with much difficulty, and it was found that so few persons were present that the work could not be done in less than two days. Sawed lumber could not be procured nearer than the Albion mills, at Thompsonville, and the only route to reach the latter place was by the way of Bridgeville and Wake-man's ford. Even there a sufficient quantity for purposes absolutely indispensable could not be bought at any price, and the workmen were obliged to split and hew plank for the mill-flume. John P. Jones has recorded the fact that while erecting this mill, two of his workmen, in attempting to go to it from the log-house, lost the path near where the Methodist church now stands, and wandered through swamps and laurel-thickets for eight hours, without knowing where they were. In such bad condition was the Sacket road at that time, that he was compelled to pay ten dollars for the transportation of six hundred pounds of material over it.

The mill was so far finished by the 1st of December, that it could be used for sawing lumber, when John P. Jones and his brother returned to New Lebanon, where they spent the winter. Early in April, John P. came back, and after putting the mill in operation, cleared and seeded lands on Lot 77, west of the village.

The brothers soon after built a grist-mill a short distance above Burnham & Son's tannery. It was a small affair, and intended for their own use principally.

The route of the Turnpike Company through Thompson was not determined until the spring of this year, (1804). Thompsonville (or Albion, as it was then called,) was a flourishing settlement, and its founder, who had recently been appointed a Judge of Ulster county, was a gentleman of standing and influence, the owner of 20,000 acres of land, and the interests of a large majority of the residents of the town were identified with his. Judge Thompson and his friends and dependants wanted the road to run through their settlement. They did not apprehend formidable opposition from the Jones brothers, who were new comers, and who could command comparatively little local influence. But the residents of Thompsonville were mistaken. They underrated these obscure strangers, who had a few months previously erected an insignificant saw-mill in the woods. Samuel F. Jones' connection with the Turnpike Company, and his frequent intercourse with those who controlled its affairs, gave him a preponderating influence. The road line was run and established precisely where Samuel F. Jones desired to have it. The brothers then located their intended village, and before there was even a log-hut in it, surveyed the streets and the "public square," the lines of which they marked on the forest-

trees! At the same time, they gave the name of Monticello* to their unbuilt village.

For beauty Monticello is not surpassed by any village of an equal population. Its main or principal street is one mile in length, eight rods wide, and straight. Its park or green is central, on the side of a gentle elevation, the summit of which is crowned with the Court-house, Clerk's office and Presbyterian church. Its private residences are located back from the street, and generally have pretty yards in front, adorned with flowers and ornamental trees, and the buildings themselves indicate that their owners are wealthy and refined people. All these things (except the last,) are the result of a fixed purpose on the part of two apparently utilitarian Yankees, who were not considered remarkable as lovers of the æsthetic, and this purpose was formed when the village-site was literally a cover for wolves and bears! Their rival, Judge Thompson, planned a noble mansion for himself. They founded a beautiful capital for the county—a splendid monument of correct taste and far-reaching enterprise, and stamped upon it indelible characteristics which will proclaim their wisdom and worth to future generations.

After surveying the principal streets of the village, the brothers advertised in the newspapers of Dutchess and other counties that they would give mechanics and others, village-lots of one acre each if they would build and settle on them. John P. Jones then selected a lot for his own residence, and, although not an expert ax-man, on the 4th of September, 1804, cut down the first tree with his own hands, believing that the time would come when the act would entitle him to as much distinction as if he had laid the corner-stone of a fine edifice. With his hired help, he cleared the lot, and built the house, which was ready to be occupied early in December. This building was subsequently enlarged and improved, and continued to be his residence until the time of his death.

Others soon settled in the place, as we shall more particularly set forth as soon as we give a brief statement of the subsequent history of these enterprising brothers.

Samuel F. Jones was the first postmaster and one of the first Judges of the County Court of Sullivan. He also was elected Supervisor for several terms. Unfortunately, he was convivial in his tastes and habits, and in the end gave free indulgence to his appetite for spirituous liquors. His wife followed his example, and sometimes became so crazed with rum that she appeared publicly in a nude condition. His real estate gradu-

* Monticello is from two Latin words, signifying Heavenly Mountain. It was given to the place because Samuel F. and John P. Jones were ardent admirers of Thomas Jefferson, who invented the name, and gave it to the place of his residence.

ally passed into the hands of his brother. He became poor, and died in the prime of his life. His wife survived him until June 21, 1832. They left two children—a son and daughter. The latter was living in Port Jervis several years since. Henry, the son, an amiable and inoffensive man, early became a sot, and died, August 24, 1838, almost friendless and alone, at the age of 33 years, in a small building which stood on the lot now occupied by the dwelling of Thornton A. Niven.

John P. Jones was the first Clerk of the County, and held the office for about ten years. He was also a Supervisor of his town; postmaster from 1812 to 1840; a State Senator from 1835 to 1838; and a member of the Electoral College of New York in 1856. Until his death he did not cease to labor for the interests of Monticello, and perhaps no one felt more than he the disappointment and indignation which was manifested in the interior of the county, when the New York and Erie Railroad was located in the valley of the Delaware.

Previous to 1804, he married a young lady who was remarkable for her beauty of mind and person; but she soon died childless.

Soon after coming to Monticello, he married Phebe Ecker of Newburgh.* By her he had two sons and several daughters. One of the sons (Samuel) died in childhood; the other (William) married, and was for a time a merchant in Monticello. He died in Newburgh in 1841, leaving one son (John P., jr.) and two daughters. John P. jr. married Mary, eldest daughter of Col. I. P. Tremain, and died in November, 1865, without male issue. With him died the last descendant in the male line of either of the founders of Monticello.

After the death of his wife Phebe, John P. Jones married again; but, as we have already intimated, had no children by his last consort.

Platt Pelton, a young tanner of South East, Putnam county, N. Y., having heard of the flattering prospects of Monticello, came here in the summer of 1804, to satisfy himself in regard to its advantages. He found a saw-mill and a temporary shanty; but not another building of any kind—not even a barn. He saw enough, however, to induce him to come to the place, with his amiable and beautiful young wife, in 1805, and build the second house erected in Monticello. That house still stands on the corner of Main street and the road leading to Burnham & Son's tannery. He also constructed a tan-yard, and cleared

* Mrs. Phebe Jones was a daughter of Wolfert Ecker, a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary army, and chairman of the Committee of Safety of Newburgh. He removed from Sleepy Hollow to Newburgh in 1772, and died there in 1799. Sybout Ecker, his father, was a son of Wolfert Ecker, the proprietor of "Wolfert's Roost," ("Sunny Side,") the subject of one of Washington Irving's Sketches.

[See Bolton's History of Westchester County, and Ruttenber's Newburgh.]

land south of the village. He was an energetic and useful citizen, and was one of our most respectable residents until his death. He held several offices of trust and responsibility, was well-read and intelligent—a Judge of the County—and the father of several sons and daughters whom he trained so as to honor his name. It is not probable, however, that his family will be perpetuated here.

In this year (1805) John P. Jones built a large blacksmith-shop, and cleared and cultivated several acres of land. Miles Curtis put up a house, and made the turnpike-road through the embryo village. Besides this, Curtis Lindley commenced building a hotel—the tavern since kept by S. W. B. Chester, Amos Holmes, David Halsey, George Wiggins, Ira Weed, Asa C. Berry and Legrand Morris. The Courts of the county were afterwards held in this building until the Court-house was completed.*

Previous to 1805, there were settlers south-west of Monticello besides Terwilliger and Litts. On the 22d of March, 1805, Samuel Pelton and John Knapp, two of the Road Commissioners of the town,† met at the house of Abraham Waring, and “resolved that road district No. 16 contain the road from the Sacket road near Hog Back Ridge; thence past the house of Mr. Letz, Samuel Pelton, Isaac Wells and Jared Jones; from thence to where it intersects the Sacket road near the Mongap stream.” These Commissioners were elected in April, 1804.

One of these Commissioners (Samuel Pelton) bought a lot of land near the Sackett pond in 1802, and built on it a rude log-cabin, into which he moved with his young family in April, 1803. He was a native of Montgomery, Orange county, New York, where he was born on the 25th of March, 1776. His parents were pious people, and were connected with the Presbyterian Church of Goodwill. “In his third years he was brought very low by sickness, and when the disease seemed almost at a fatal crisis, his father, to whom the boy was very dear, retired to his closet to plead for the life of the lad.” While thus engaged he felt that he was premonished that his child would recover and become a pious and useful man; and so clear was his belief that this would be so, that he went to his wife, who was weeping over the cradle in which the infant was apparently “nigh unto death,” and comforted her, assuring her that he felt a conviction that their babe would be spared, and become a worthy servant of the Almighty. The child lived; and the communication which he declared he had received as a response to his supplication was indelibly impressed upon his mind, as well as upon the mind of the mother. It was this, it is believed, that induced

* The first Circuit was held in Bloomingburgh.

† Johannes Miller, of Miller Settlement, was the other Commissioner.

them to give Samuel a classical education, so that he would be fitted for the ministry of the Church, if God, as they believed he would, should call him to serve as a teacher in his sanctuary.

But little more is known of his childhood. It is believed, however, that he was conspicuous for good conduct and intelligence; for when he connected himself, before his majority, with the Goodwill Church, his pastor, Rev. Andrew King, strongly advised him to commence without delay the study of theology. Mr. King was seconded by Samuel's father, who offered to aid his son with all that was needful. The young man at first hesitated, and finally expressed his aversion to the scheme of his pastor and father.

When he was twenty-one years of age, he married Eleanor Moule, a young lady of pious parents. She was a woman of great moral worth, and lived with him in amity and love for more than sixty years. During the first four or five years of their married life, they resided with his father, and performed their full share of the labors of the farm. Being as robust in body as he was in mind, he eventually resolved to remove to the wilds of Sullivan, and hew his way to a competence. This project met with decided opposition from his parents, and especially from his mother. They regarded it as a "wild undertaking; and she for the first time told him of his dangerous illness; of his father's prayers; of what they regarded as a Divine assurance; of his recovery; and of his solemn dedication to God. Then addressing him tenderly, she said: "A part of that which was so intimated to your father we have lived to see fulfilled; but now you are going to bury yourself in the woods, where you will never be of any use in the world."

Her words and tears did not prevail. He went to the wilderness, and afterwards declared that, if he had accomplished a good work, "the woods" was his starting-point.

He did not leave his religion behind him. "He lifted up axes upon thick trees;" he leveled the forests, and made arable land of his wild acres; he took an active interest in the civil affairs of his neighborhood; he also labored to give shape and consistency to the moral elements of the community in which his lot was cast. Strong arms and unflagging energy were necessary to reclaim the natural wastes around him; a soul actuated by the most lofty motives was necessary to plant and cultivate the seeds of virtue in the scattered clearings of a wilderness-country, where moral ties were weak, and evil influences powerful.

Not long after his settlement in Thompson, he began operations for the improvement of the people by gathering them at suitable places on the Lord's day, by praying with and exhorting them, and by giving them religious instruction; and there being no ordained Presbyterian minister in the town, he was soon

called upon to officiate at funerals. His efforts must have been acceptable and successful; for in 1810, and under his supervision, a Church was organized at White Lake; and soon after another at Monticello. Of the last he was one of the Ruling Elders who were first ordained. About this time also, he assisted the people of Liberty and Cohecton in securing Church-organizations. At considerable loss of time and means, he often represented his Church in the Hudson Presbytery, where he eloquently described the dearth of grace which prevailed in Sullivan, and the methods adopted to supply the spiritual necessities of the people. So earnest and successful was he in his labors, that he may be styled the father of Presbyterianism in Sullivan.*

He continued to labor as a farmer and lay-missionary until 1814 or 1815. At some time previous to 1814, there was a remarkable awakening on the subject of religion in this region. The revival was a general one, and was confined to no particular denomination. The Baptists of the town were then numerous and influential, owing perhaps to the exertions of the Rev. Luke Davies, an early missionary whose life was devoted to farming, and the cure of bodies and souls. Mr. Pelton took an active part in this revival. He was a shrewd observer of character, and seemed to have a prescience of the future standing and influence of the several converts. As he could not hope to catch all in his net, he endeavored to secure those whom he considered the most important. By conferring with these "in season and out of season," he gathered them into what he considered the true fold, while the Baptists secured the others. The subsequent history of the two societies in this town shows the measure of his foresight, and that the wisdom of the serpent will sometimes be lead to more important results than the harmlessness of the dove; albeit, the Christian character cannot approach the Divine Exemplar unless it be tempered by both knowledge and innocence.

When he was nearly forty years of age, some of the leading members of the Hudson Presbytery, among whom was his old pastor, Rev. Andrew King, being well convinced that he would be most useful in holy orders, strongly advised him to pursue a course of study to fit himself for the ministry. He yielded to their advice, and in a few months completed his theological course, and was licensed to preach.

He soon after received a call to the Churches of Hempstead and Haverstraw, in Rockland county. This call he accepted. His advent in those places was followed by a revival, which so built up the congregations under his charge that for many years they were harmonious and flourishing.

* Sketch of the Life and Death of Rev. Samuel Pelton, by Rev. Ralph Bull.

About the year 1834, he engaged in a controversy with a Methodist preacher on the subject of Calvinism and Arminianism. The debate lasted several days, and was published by Mr. Pelton in a small volume, which was much admired by his friends. His pastoral relations at Haverstraw and Hempstead were uniformly happy and continued unbroken until the 64th year of his age, when he received a stroke of paralysis, which so impaired his physical and mental faculties, that he resigned his charge, and soon after returned to his old home near Monticello, where he continued to reside from 1840 to July 10, 1864, when he died, aged 88 years.*

In his prime, Mr. Pelton's intellect was vigorous and its emanations original. He was bold and honest. What he believed he advocated in open day, and regardless of consequences to himself. His course as to the cause of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages is an illustration. He believed that a temperate use of them was lawful, and not condemned by the Word of God. As a clergyman he stood alone on this subject; but this fact did not deter him from avowing his opinions whenever and wherever they met with opposition. We believe he even published a book, in which he condemned the principles and conduct of the temperance societies of the day.

Jared Jones was an uncle of Samuel F. and John P. Jones. In 1804, he settled in the woods near Sackett's pond. He was a slave-owner and a man of property; but lacked the energy and enterprise of his nephews. He has left no descendants in the town, and none of his acts have caused him to be remembered. He was well known to William Morgan, Platt Pelton, Daniel Litts and others as an honest, companionable man, who loved to wander in the woods in search of game, accompanied by his favorite negro servant. This slave was a large, stout, bold fellow, who could throw the carcass of a deer or bear across his shoulders, and tramp with it for miles by his master's side.

Jones' principal hunting-ground was the big woods between his cabin and Monticello. He killed many deer near the track of the Monticello and Port Jervis railroad. In the spring of 1805, he and his black man were in these woods, and intended to camp out and remain two days; but for some cause the negro returned home before the first night. In the evening, Mr. Jones built a fire, and passed the night very comfortably. The next morning was cloudy, and there was a prospect of a rainy day. Uncle Jared, as he was called by his friends, not liking a deer-hunt in a stormy day, concluded to return to his home, and started as he supposed in the right direction; but, after travel-

* Rev. Ralph Bull.

ing an hour or two, came to the place where he had spent the night. He started again, hoping to keep in a straight line, but was unsuccessful. As night was near, he reached his old camping-place, and at once realized his situation; he was lost and bewildered. He rebuilt his fire, and hungry and weary, laid down by it on his couch of hemlock-boughs, where his sleep was disturbed by the howling of wolves. At day-dawn, fearing that he would never be extricated; that he would die from exhaustion, and his body be devoured by wild beasts, he cut his name on the trunk of a tree, and once more commenced his weary travels. In the afternoon he laid down in despair and, as he supposed, to die. But succor was at hand. He was missed. The few men of the region were alarmed, and went in search of him. He was found by William Morgan, whose widow related these facts more than half a century afterwards to the author of the "Hunters of Sullivan."

A few years since, John S. Fraser, of Monticello, while hunting for cattle, became bewildered near the scene of Uncle Jared's adventure, and was missing about the same length of time.

Isaac Wells, who lived between the clearing of Jared Jones and the house of Samuel Pelton, was a respectable resident, and a man of note, as appears from the ancient records of the town. He left no descendants in this section. A small stream in his neighborhood was named Wells' brook.

Nathaniel Goldsmith assisted in opening the Sackett road, and in 1801, settled on the farm now owned by Aaron Young.

In 1805, Daniel Clark bought 287 acres about one mile north of Monticello, on the Liberty road, for which he paid one thousand dollars. He soon became dissatisfied with his location. He thought it was too far from the turnpike; that it occupied too much time to go to and from the settled parts of the country, etc. The Messrs. Jones, learning his troubles, offered him one hundred acres on the north side of the village for eight dollars per acre. He examined the land, and decided that it was too rough for him, and soon afterwards bought the Webster farm, on the turnpike west of Monticello. He next sold this, and, after living at Bridgeville sometime, finally settled down for life on the east side of the Neversink, near the creek which bears his name, but which was previously known as Grassy brook, where he engaged in farming and lumbering, and where he did not enjoy increased facilities of intercourse with the outside world. Mr. Clark was a man of respectable abilities, and was often called to fill important positions. He was several times a Supervisor, and was a Member of Assembly in 1814 and 1819, and a member of the Constitutional Conven-

tion of 1821.* Besides these he held several minor offices. He was a man of grave and severe countenance, and was so reticent that he was never known to utter a foolish remark. He was much esteemed by the leading citizens of the town, and certainly deserved their good opinion.

When Daniel Clark moved to the West Settlement, David Hammond was living in a log-tenement east of his (Clark's) house. Hammond had been unsuccessful in business, and came here to better his condition. He never became wealthy; but his descendants have been amongst the most prosperous businessmen of Sullivan.

We have said on the preceding page that Daniel Clark settled in the woods about one mile from Monticello, on the Liberty road, and left there because he was so far from neighbors. One of those who owned the place after Clark's removal was Andrew Comstock, a dashing, impulsive man, who had at one time many friends as well as some enemies. The latter were generally close and careful dealers, a class of men whom Comstock despised and ridiculed. It would have been well for him and his family if he had been more like his enemies, for by too great liberality, he squandered his estate, and became very poor. Comstock liked fine domestic animals, and generally had horses, etc., of extra quality. One of his sheep—a wether—was of unusual size, and the pride of his heart. He was never weary of exhibiting it to visitors, and declared it was as large as a yearling-steer.

At night his sheep were yarded behind a barn nearly opposite his house, where it was supposed they were safe from wild animals. But a bear entered Comstock's fold, and killed and partly devoured his big wether, and then retired to the swamp through which run the upper waters of Kinne brook. Comstock found the tracks of the offender, and made up his mind that if bruin undertook to wear shoes, nothing short of number twelves would answer. Soon the news spread that the big sheep was killed by a monstrous bear, and that Comstock had procured a steel-trap large enough to hold a buffalo, and after baiting it with the remains of the wether, had set it near his barn. In a day or two, the trap and the log to which it was chained were missing, and the Stoddards, Lindleys, Smiths and others gathered at Comstock's to join in the search for the missing articles, and to help kill the bear. They soon found what they looked for in the swamp near by, when all paused in awe at the sight of the huge animal. Its travels had ceased because the log to which the trap was fastened had met with an

* Charles Baker, the eccentric Bloomingburgh lawyer, was a candidate opposed to Mr. Clark; but was defeated.

obstruction. Finding farther flight impossible, the beast gallantly faced its pursuers, and, seated on its haunches, was ready for battle.

Comstock was a colonel of militia. Brilliant and gay with tinsel and lace and feathers, and mounted on a steed made frantic by his merciless spurs, he had a truly martial bearing when at the head of his regiment. He was reputed a brave as well as dashing officer, and here was an opportunity to place his reputation beyond cavil. When his neighbors paused, the colonel promptly advanced, with a well-charged "horse-pistol" in either hand—pistols, the handsome butts of which had so often protruded from his holsters as his war-horse pranced, and curveted, and vaulted on the village green before admiring thousands. He knew that the trap held the bear securely, and hence boldly advanced with a military step, until he was within a few feet of the animal, when, with a steady eye and firm hand, he coolly took aim with both pistols, and fired. One of the balls struck the bear in the nose, (the nose of a bear is as sensitive as a hog's) and down bruin dropped, apparently dead. The colonel was jubilant and exultant. With a shout, he sprang forward, and jumped astride of what he supposed a breathless carcass. But the bear was not dead. The bullet had for a moment disarranged its nervous system, after which it uttered a sound compounded of a snort and a grunt, and quickly got upon its legs, with Comstock on its back. Comstock dismounted so hastily that he never knew exactly how he accomplished the feat. He performed a journey of about two rods through the underbrush, in the twinkling of an eye, and in doing so went heels over head, "on all fours" and head over heels. When he got upon his feet, his face was ghastly, his clothes soiled and torn, and his hair in great disorder.

After this misadventure, others who were present shot and dispatched the bear, which was very fat, and weighed upwards of four hundred pounds.

Sixty years ago, bears were very numerous in the swamp where this adventure occurred, and on the neighboring hills. As late as the 17th of May, 1850, a very large one was seen there, and was pursued and shot at by several hunters of Monticello; but escaped. Its track measured six by four inches.

In January, 1805, William Morgan and family moved into the town. Though he was never revered by the worshipers of wealth, he was a good man, whose memory should command respect and excite lively gratitude. On one occasion, Electa, his wife, rode a horse from Monticello to Bloomingburgh, following the old Sackett road, and carrying in her arms a sick child,

where she took it for medical advice and treatment.* He lived and died a poor man—his only capital a good name and the ability to labor for his daily bread. He died on the 26th of November, 1838, aged 62 years. His widow survived him twenty-two years. His only son (William) committed suicide by drowning in Lord's pond.

During the same season, Seth Conant, of Mansfield, Connecticut, became a resident of Thompson. From that time until his death in 1840, he lived in the county. He filled a number of offices, civil and military.

In 1806, John P. Jones built an addition to his house, and recommenced business in it as a merchant. His manner of giving credit was characteristic of the man. When one of his customers bought a bill of goods, for which he was not ready to pay, he was required to give a written acknowledgment of indebtedness in the shape of a note or due-bill. In this way, disputations in regard to accounts were avoided, and the seller was entitled to interest from the day of sale.

John P. Jones also erected the first part of the house now occupied by A. C. Niven. This was for his brother, who was too much occupied with the turnpike to attend to his own affairs.

Major Abraham Brownson, an officer of the Revolutionary army, who had come into possession of a considerable tract of land east of the village, made his residence where Seth B. Allyn now lives (1873). Major Brownson was a native of Vermont, where he resided in 1776. In May, 1830, he and a Major Joseph Shaw, of Jefferson county, made personal application to Congress for relief. A bill was introduced in the Senate granting each one hundred acres of land, an annual pension of \$120, and several hundred dollars of back-pay, and it was taken up out of its order and passed unanimously. It was then introduced in the House of Representatives and placed in its regular order at the bottom of the calendar. This, at the heel of the session, was tantamount to rejection, unless it could be taken up out of its order. Leave to do so was asked by Hon. Charles G. De Witt, of Kingston; but his motion was defeated by the dissenting voice of a single member. Mr. DeWitt then made a moving appeal for the aged patriots, and demanded why they should be detained longer? "They are this present moment in the gallery," said he, "listening with extreme anxiety for their doom." Here he pointed to them, and both stood up side by side. All eyes were turned to their venerable forms. The effect was electrical. Cries of "leave! leave!" rang through the hall; the bill was passed *nemine contradicente*, and the veterans, bowing respectfully, withdrew.† In 1835, Major Brownson was prostrated by

* Hunters of Sullivan.

† Washington *Telegraph*, June 1, 1830.

a painful disease, which he bore with great fortitude for nearly two years, when he died, aged 78.

In 1806, Ezra Reynolds erected the old James Brush house east of the village, where such men as Livingston Billings boarded, and made their head-quarters. Daniel Clark built a house on the Webster place, and Simeon M. Jordan became a resident of the West Settlement. Mr. Jordan was a man of estimable character; and was remarkable for his life-long admiration of John P. Jones.

Livingston Billings was the first lawyer of Monticello, and came here from Poughkeepsie before Sullivan was a county, or Monticello much more than a forest. Tradition says that he came here on horseback, expecting to find a thriving village, and that he rode through Main street and over the westward hill without suspecting that he had passed the place. He continued his journey until he had nearly reached Uzziel Royce's, when he made inquiries in regard to the future capital of a future county, and was informed that he had already passed through it.

He opened an office in the old James Brush house soon after, and subsequently built and occupied the law-building now owned by Clinton V. R. Ludington. None of its subsequent owners and occupants, (Randall S. Street, Alfred B. Street, William B. Wright and C. V. R. Ludington,) have laid a Vandal hand upon one of its features. It remains now precisely as it was when death closed prematurely the honorable and useful life of Livingston Billings. If he could return, he would not recognize the imposing structures which have replaced other modest edifices of 1820; but he would at once know the old law-office. It is not probable that Mr. Ludington will ever modernize this ancient relic. It should be preserved with religious care.

Our list of those who have occupied official positions in the county will exhibit the estimation in which Mr. Billings was held by his cotemporaries of Sullivan.

In 1807, a school was opened in a log-house built by a negro, on lands now owned by Henry R. Low, and west of the residence of Reuben B. Towner. Seth Conant was its teacher. It was afterwards removed to the lot owned by the heirs of James A. Bullard, deceased, where Asa Hall taught for a time. Subsequently it was established on the lot where the district school-house is now located. The old district school-house was struck by lightning on the 18th of June, 1832, while the teacher, whose name was Ethan Crandall, and several pupils were in it. The west gable was almost torn to pieces, and the lath and plaster thrown with great velocity across the hall, and a portion through the door into the school-room, and through the windows in the opposite end of the building. Mr. Crandall

and one pupil were injured by the flying rubbish. About ten years afterwards the house caught fire and was burned to the ground. A new one was then built, which is still standing.

In 1807, Samuel F. Jones made a large addition to his dwelling-house, and having nearly finished the turnpike-road, turned his attention to the erection of a new county. With others, he made an unsuccessful application to the Legislature of 1808. At the session of 1809, it was renewed, and although it met with some opposition from the citizens of Ulster, the act erecting the county of Sullivan was passed on the 27th of March, 1809.

Previous to 1811, many who lived in the interior of Sullivan were obliged to travel or send to Montgomery, Orange county, to mail or receive letters. There was not a mail-route or a post-office in the county. In 1811, a post-route went into operation from Newburgh to Ithaca, by way of Monticello, Binghamton and Owego, and a post-office was established at Monticello, with Samuel F. Jones as postmaster. During the next year he vacated the office, when his brother, John P. Jones, was appointed to fill his place. The latter retained the position until General Harrison was made President, when he was superseded.

The establishment of a mail-route from Newburgh through this county gave great satisfaction to the people of Sullivan, some of whom remembered the time when there was not a post-office between the Hudson and Delaware rivers, above the Highlands and the Water Gap.*

Soon after the act to organize Sullivan as a county became a law, David Hammond built a part of what is now the Mansion House. This building has been owned by him, Stephen Hamilton, (his son-in-law,) John C. Holley, William Crandall and Solomon W. Royce, and additions were made to it from time to time until it was the largest hotel-building in Sullivan, Orange, Ulster, and Delaware counties. In early times as well as recent, it was the head-quarters of the staging-business, and was enlivened by the expert Jehuism of John Codington,

* In 1792, Cornelius C. Schoonmaker represented Orange and Ulster in Congress. On the 9th of February of that year he wrote to his friend, Captain William Cross, of Montgomery, that Congress had established a post-route from "Rynbeck to Kingston, Ward's Bridge, Goshen, Sussex Court House," etc., and said: "The establishing of this post-road will, I am in hopes, conduce much to the circulating of News Papers and other useful information through our State on the west side of the Hudson. The inconvenience of which we have long experienced." This act took effect on the 1st day of June, 1792. Previous to that date, Schoonmaker found it necessary, when he wrote to his wife or neighbors, to send his letters to the care of Captain N. Strong of New York city, who forwarded them to Montgomery or Shawangunk whenever he had an opportunity.

William Morgan, junior, Richard Munson, Joseph F. Coit, and other dashing despots of the whip and reins.*

Henry Reed and David Goodrich also put up stores and dwellings; Clinton Barnes a house and shop, and several others various buildings. Curtis Lindley added to his tavern-house a dining and sitting-room on the first floor and a court-room above. In the latter the County Courts were held, as well as the Circuits when His Honor the Judge did not compel litigants, witnesses, jurors and lawyers to go to Bloomingburgh, so as to save himself a journey to the central town of the county.

The village increased gradually. In 1813, there were twenty dwellings, besides stores, shops, a school-house, the court-house, etc.

The act of March 27, 1809, led to a triangular contest between Liberty, Thompsonville and Monticello. Each place was anxious to secure the county-buildings.† The people of Liberty were the most active and influential in competing with Monticello; but the latter had the advantage of being situated on the great thoroughfare from the Hudson to the Delaware, and, while it was as near the territorial centre as Liberty, it approximated closer to the centre of population. Besides this, it cannot be denied that Samuel F. Jones was at that time the most influential man in the county, as well as the most subtle and sagacious. When it was covered by a dense forest, he had determined that Monticello should be the county-seat, and for years he had labored to make it so. Every step he had taken was an approach to a successful consummation of his plans; and he was determined that no competitor should suddenly spring up and grasp the prize.

The site of the court-house and jail, under the law, was to be determined by Commissioners appointed by the Governor of the State. Samuel F. Jones went to Albany to secure the favorable action of Governor Tompkins. The latter was not disposed to be hasty, and probably wished to hear all the claimants. Jones returned home, and, it is said, met on the road a delegation from Liberty, whom he advised to go back, *as the matter was already determined*. This was true, perhaps, in one sense; but in another it was not. It may have been a foregone conclusion for years;

* On the 3d of August, 1871, the Mansion House was destroyed by fire, together with all its outbuildings, (including two large barns,) a store-house belonging to the estate of Nathan S. Hamilton and occupied by Frederick S. Newkirk, the store-house of William H. Cady, (a very fine structure occupied by Abraham Olmsted,) and the barn of Mr. Cady. At the time of the disaster, the Mansion House contained several stores and offices. In 1872, it was rebuilt by Solomon W. Royce & Son, and now surpasses in every respect any other structure, public or private, in the county, and is a splendid monument of the mechanical proficiency of Alfred W. Sears, its builder. In the same year, A. C. Niven purchased the adjoining lot (east) and erected a beautiful three-story brick-edifice, which is occupied as a store, law-office, etc.

† Johannes Miller of Miller Settlement endeavored to have the county-seat on his lands, where he had laid out village streets, and selected commanding positions for public buildings.

but it was not yet an accomplished fact. The Liberty gentlemen returned; and so did Jones—to Albany, as soon as he had attended to some private affairs which required his immediate attention. The Governor soon after appointed William Ross and Joseph Morrell of Orange county, and Abraham H. Schenck of Dutchess, and the Commission decided in favor of Monticello. Ross was a well-known lawyer and politician of Newburgh, who was in the Assembly several years, and was the presiding officer of that body in 1811; Morrell was a Member in 1810; and Schenck, who lived at Fishkill, had been in the State Legislature a short time previously, and was afterwards a Representative in Congress. There is no doubt that all three were interested, directly or indirectly, in the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike, and warm friends of every measure which would promote that work. They very naturally decided in favor of Monticello.

The site was secured, but not the court-house. A majority of the Supervisors of the new county were hostile to Monticello, and in 1809 and 1810 neglected to raise money to erect the county-buildings. To encounter this obstacle, application was made to the Legislature for an act to require the Board to raise the money necessary for building the court-house and jail, and to appoint John Lindsley, of Bethel, David Hammond and Malachi Foot, of Thompson, Darius Martin, of Liberty, and John Newkirk, of Mamakating, Commissioners to superintend the erection of the buildings. The act passed and became a law on the 22d of March, 1811; nevertheless, the work did not progress rapidly; for, although the building was of wood, and could have been put up in six months, it was not ready for occupation until January, 1814, nearly five years after the erection of the county.

On the first day of June, 1809, Governor Tompkins and Council appointed the following officers for the county: William A. Thompson, First Judge; Samuel F. Jones and Elnathan Sears, Judges; John Conklin, Jabez Wakeman and David Hammond, Assistant Justices; Uriah Lockwood, Sheriff; John P. Jones, County Clerk.

The following persons were appointed Justices of the Peace in their respective towns:

MAMAKATING—Henry Patmer, Samuel Smith, Henry Newkirk and Robert Crawford.

THOMPSON—Enoch Comstock, Francis Andrews, and Comfort Castle.

LUMBERLAND—William Brown, Jonathan Dexter, Elisha Hecock and Paul Horton.

NEVERSINK—Daniel Elmore and Jeremiah Gale.

LIBERTY—Darius Martin.

On the first Tuesday of October following, the first term of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions was held at the house of Curtis Lindley, in Monticello. Present, William A. Thompson and Samuel F. Jones, Judges; John Conklin and David Hammond, Assistant Justices; Uriah Lockwood, Sheriff; John P. Jones, Clerk. Livingston Billings and Charles Baker were admitted to practice as attorneys and counselors of the courts of the county. There being no grand jury and no business to attend to, the Court adjourned to the second Tuesday of January, 1810.

On the same day and at the same place occurred the primary meeting of the Board of Supervisors of the county. The members were William Parks, of Neversink; David Milliken, of Mamakating; John P. Jones, of Thompson; Darius Martin, of Liberty; and John Conklin, of Lumberland. David Milliken was elected Chairman, Livingston Billings, Clerk of the Board, and William Brown, County Treasurer.

On the second Tuesday of January, 1810, the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace for the trial of causes was held in Monticello. William Ross, Samuel R. Betts and Herman Ruggles were admitted to practice as attorneys and counselors. The Court adopted a seal, consisting of the rising sun and the words "Sullivan Common Pleas." The following persons composed the grand jury: Abraham Brownson, foreman, Samuel Smith, Daniel Clark, Abijah Norris, Jonathan Dexter, William Brown, Matthew Northrop, John Griffin, Samuel Barnum, Adolph Van Duzer, Enoch Comstock, Garret Tymeson, Nathan Kinne, Solomon Royce, Jesse Crocker, Charles Irvine, Nehemiah Smith, Platt Pelton, Jonathan Hoyt, Jehiel Sherwood, Robert W. Crawford, Oliver C. Sager, Samuel B. Stickney. Comfort Castle was fined ten dollars for default in attendance as a grand juror.* Judiah Hais, of pugnacious memory, had committed an assault and battery upon a citizen of the county, for which he had been bound to await the action of the grand jury. After organizing, the jury indicted him for the offense. The following in regard to his case claimed precedence of all others:

"The People of the State of New York }
against } Indictment for assault
 Judiah Hais. } and battery.

"Def't being called, made
 default. Ordered that the recognizance be respited until the

* This juror was brought into court by virtue of an attachment, and failing to purge his contempt, was fined. As Judge Thompson ceased speaking after ordering the Clerk to enter the fine, Castle stepped up to the Bench, and thus addressed his Honor: "Say, Judge, how'll it suit ye to charge that fine, *and wait tül after sugaring-off for your pay?*" Our informant does not state what the Judge's answer was; but we infer that he waited. [Sullivan County Republican.]

next term of this Court, to be holden in this place, on the first Tuesday of October next."

The case of William Van Tuyle stands at the head of the bail deliveries:

"*Sullivan County, ss*: October term, 1809—William Van Tuyle is delivered to bail on the taking of his body to Israel Dunbar, of the town of Lumberland, yeoman, and John Doe of the same place, gentleman, at the suit of Samuel B. Stickney, in a plea, &c., taken and acknowledged before me, this 15th day of October, 1809.

ISRAEL DUNBAR.

Sam'l F. Jones."

And the following is judgment number one as appears by the Record in the County Clerk's office:

<p>"Thos. Wilson <i>ads.</i> Neil Anderson, July 11, 1811.</p>	}	<p>Damages and costs thirty-one dollars and ninety-four cents.</p>
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CHAS. BAKER, Att'y."

In 1814, it was believed that there would be a chain of turn-pikes from the North River *via* Liberty to and beyond the Susquehanna, and that these roads would result in evil to Monticello. To preserve the interests of Monticello, a project was broached to tap the great south-western route in Liberty, and divert its trade and travel to the capital of the county. With this object in view, a charter was obtained for the Monticello Turnpike Company, of which Johnston Ver Plank, Samuel F. Jones, Joseph Coit, Livingston Billings, Richard R. Voris, David Hammond, John P. Jones, Luther Buckley and Josiah Sandford were made charter-members. The route was designated as from some point between the court-house and the forty-first mile-stone of the Newburgh and Cohecton road, northerly to the Orange and Ulster Branch-road at some point within one mile of the west line of the town of Thompson. Capital \$15,000. This road was not made, either because the amount of its capital was never subscribed, or the Great South-western route was a failure.

Norris, Northrup, Griffin and Sager, as well as several others whose names have already appeared in this chapter, were residents of Thompson in 1810. The Town Records show that the following persons were then or soon afterwards living in the town: Sillick Adams, Jason Adams, Isaac Alston, Seth Allyn, Jesse Bradley, Major Bailey, Thomas Brille, William Bates, Levi Barnum, Andrew Comstock, Anson Cook, Joseph Coit,

Cyrus A. Cady, John Crawford, Levi Downs, Joseph Dill, Benajah Edwards, Asahel Frisbee, Nathaniel Goldsmith, Solomon Hait, Elisha Heacock, Peter F. Hunn, John Hatch, Joseph Jemp, Epenetus Lounsbury, Cyrus Lyon, Samuel Loring, Isaac Lounsbury, Zachary Monroe, Asa McKee, Abial C. McKee, Daniel C. Norris, Wooster Neal, Timothy Perry, Lewis Rumsey, Benjamin Rumsey, Simeon Rice, Thoms Royce, John E. Russell, Selah Smith, Isaiah Smith, John St. John, Eli Seger, Cephas Stodder, Comfort Starr, Seth Stoddard, Shadrack Schofield, Thomas Tryon, Jesse Towner, John M. Towner, John Van Luvan, Richard R. Voris, Isaac Whelpley, Isaac Warring, Thomas Wheeler, Seth Whitlock and Claudius Webster.

There were others whose names should be mentioned, although they do not appear in the old archives of Thompson. Among these we record Horace Wheeler, William and Hugh Atkins, Joseph Connor, Nathan Bullard,* Elias Olmsted, Burr Beers, Alex. Alby,* Samuel Loring,* John Garrett,* James Bull, Ephraim G. Bassett, John James Stewart, John Bedford, John Holley, George Taylor, James Ronald, Ozias Smith, Increase Pelton, James G. Terry, John McMillen, John Carman, James Clements, Solomon Dewey, Peter I. Scriver, James Brush, Matthew Hornbeck,* Amos Wheeler, Ezekiel Masten,* John Young, Harvey Hamilton, Eliphalet Stratton,* Jeremiah Gale, Marcus Millspaugh, Solomon Avery, Elder Henry Hait, Lyman Bates, Isaac Newman, Daniel Mapes, Nathan Burnham, Samuel Crummell, Aaron Lovett, Augustus S. Reynolds, Seth Stoddard, Anson Mills, William Ruddick, and Nirum Coger.

To give anything like a circumstantial account of all the families represented by these names, would swell our chapter on Thompson to the magnitude of a volume. We will therefore limit ourself to a brief account of a few of them only, not because the names selected for particular mention are the most deserving; but because we have been fortunate in getting information in regard to them:

Joseph Coit came from Litchfield, Connecticut, about the time the turnpike was completed, and became the owner of a considerable tract of land north of Monticello. It was bought of the Jones family, and ten dollars per acre was paid for it. Mr. Coit was a physician, but his friends considered him too infirm in health to practice his profession, and his object in coming here was to better his condition by making an investment in real estate, and engaging in mercantile pursuits. He built the dwelling-house which was subsequently owned by Giles M. Benedict, and burned on the 13th of January, 1844. He also erected a store and dwelling on the lot now occupied by

* Revolutionary Soldiers.

the National Union Bank; but never opened the store for trade. He continued to live here, doing little or no business, until about 1835, when, finding himself financially lame and impotent, he joined the Revolutionary army of Texas as a surgeon, and was soon after bitten by a poisonous insect of that country, and died. One month afterwards, and before she had heard of the death of her husband, his wife Mary died at Sing Sing, in this State.

Cyrus A. Cady was a practicing physician of the town in 1810. He left two sons, William E. and Henry V. The first was a merchant—a man of rare social proclivities who was much esteemed as a man and citizen. He was elected County Clerk in 1834, and died in March, 1851, aged 49. The other brother (Henry V.) was a printer, and died young.

Malachi Foot, M. D., came from Connecticut in 1809 or 1810, and bought a tract of land about one mile west of Bridgeville. Here, on a very picturesque site, he built a large house. He also cleared a part of his land, and cultivated it, in addition to his other pursuits. His farm and dwelling were subsequently sold to the county, and "the house on the rocks" became the county poor-house. It was destroyed by fire several years since, when the farm was sold to Thomas Neal.

Benajah Edwards built a grist-mill on the Neversink at Edwards' Island. He was in that vicinity in 1802, and his mill is mentioned in the Town Records of 1812.

Peter F. Hunn opened a law-office in Monticello not long after the organization of the county. He was a resident from 1816 to 1838, and was for a time a Master and an Examiner in Chancery, and the Surrogate of the county. He was also a Clerk of the Board of Supervisors and a Justice of the Peace. When the *Sullivan County Herald* was established, he furnished its leading editorials until William B. Wright became a resident of the county. He was an active member of the Masonic fraternity until the formation of the Anti-Masonic party, when he joined the latter; but after his removal to Newburgh about ten years before his death, he attempted to revive Masonry there.* He died in Newburgh in the summer of 1847, leaving a wife and several children. His wife was the daughter of Captain John Griffin, an early resident of Monticello. Mr. Hunn was literally "learned in the law," a man of fair scholastic attainments, and of more than average talent. He was grave without being austere; a ready and chaste writer, and much given to French literature, as well as Anglo-Saxon. Although at one time his professional practice was considerable in this county, he was elbowed aside by energetic competitors. This probably led to his removal to Newburgh, where his success as

* Ruttenger's History of Newburgh.

a lawyer was not equal to his expectations. He was a busy and useful member of the Historical Society of Orange county, and collected considerable material which was incorporated in Eager's History of Orange.

Joseph Jemp was an eccentric man, and the father of several eccentric sons. He was killed by being thrown from the stoop of the Mansion House by Hugh Atkins, in a good-natured scuffle.

Thomas Royce was for many years a physician of Monticello. His medical preceptor was Doctor Samuel Dimmick of Bloomingtonburgh. He commenced business here in 1810, and continued his labors in Monticello until his last sickness in 1828, in which year he died. He was much esteemed, and was buried with Masonic honors.

John E. Russell was a merchant of Monticello, and was associated in business with William E. Cady. His death occurred on the 14th of September, 1830. He was a gentleman of probity and worth, and left a highly respectable family, none of whom remain in the county.

Jesse Towner was for many years Treasurer of the county. He was of proverbial integrity, and was an accurate and careful financial officer. A deficit in his predecessor's accounts, amounting to a large sum, had escaped the vigilance of the Supervisors, whose duty it was to make an annual examination of the Treasurer's books, papers and vouchers. This was detected by Mr. Towner, and led to a full investigation of the matter.

Richard R. Voris was the second lawyer who opened an office in Monticello. His name appears in the Town Records of 1813, and it is probable he commenced business here one or two years previously. He was a good lawyer; but rather intemperate until the last years of his life. He was the local agent of several large landholders, a man of imposing manners, and, according to an effete school of politeness, assumed a lofty and pretentious manner.

Claudius Webster was a farmer, and exhibited many of the traits of the old-school native of New England. He was an industrious and thriving man—a rigid Presbyterian—a liberal supporter of the Church of his choice, of which he was a deacon—and was noted for his quaintness and originality. When the temperance-reformation swept over the land, carrying in its bosom nearly every professor of Christianity, the deacon was solicited to sign the total-abstinence pledge. He was well stricken in years, and believed that a little stimulus was a benefit to him; yet he wished to lend the weight of his name to the good cause; so he made a compromise between his inclination and his duty. He signed his name to the pledge; but added the saving clause, "so far as is consistent with my age and infirmities!"

Deacon Webster generally gave of his substance freely for the support of the gospel; yet sometimes he declined—probably when he had a sum of money to raise for an impecunious borrower. One day, when he was financially reticent and costive, he was called upon by Charlotte, the last wife of John P. Jones, who requested him to contribute to some church purpose. He mildly answered, "No, Miss Jones." Surprised at this, she urged him to do so earnestly. "I won't do it, Miss Jones!" Still more astonished, she vehemently assailed him, and demanded that he should do his duty; when, with an air of vexation, the deacon pronounced her worse than the devil! Shocked and astounded by such a declaration from such a source, the good woman cried, "Dea-con Web-ster!—Why; Dea-con Web-ster! What—do—you—mean?" With a quiet twinkle in his eye, the deacon replied, "The good book tells us that if we resist the devil, he will flee from us; but if we resist Miss Jones, she will fly right at us!"

William Atkins, Hugh Atkins, Joseph Connor and William Ruddick were among the first Irish farmers of the town, and were men of intelligence—probably equal in that respect to the best of their Yankee neighbors. Their farms were in the Sackett pond region. Hugh Atkins was for many years the only Andrew Jackson man in his school-district, and when it was necessary to appoint delegates to attend a town caucus, he proceeded to the school-house, officiated as chairman, and secretary, offered and seconded resolutions, and elected himself delegate.

John James Stewart was an eccentric man of whom we have written in our chapter on Forestburgh. He built the house owned by John S. Fraser, was familiarly known as Uncle Jack, and was a most decided believer in universal salvation.

James Ronald was, with his brother, a leading bookseller of New York until he differed with his relatives as to what was proper in social and domestic matters, when they compromised with him, they agreeing to pay him a stated sum annually as long as he refrained from visiting the city of New York. He was a man of much intelligence, and most respectably connected. His first wife, *who survived him*, was a daughter of Mr. Lorillard, one of the leading business-men of the metropolis, and he was well known to Irving, Paulding and other literary men.

Ozias Smith was one of the early pillars of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Monticello, and was a good old man, who enjoyed the esteem of his fellow Church-members. He was a brother-in-law of one of the leading newspaper publishers of Philadelphia.

Solomon Dewey was a native of Bolton, Connecticut, and was

an officer of the United States in the war of 1812, when he was stationed in the fort at New Haven. Soon after the declaration of peace, he removed to Bridgeville, where he had a chair-factory until his death in 1855. For many years before his decease, he was a warden of St. John's Church of Monticello, and during his residence in Sullivan was noted as an upright man and good citizen.

John Young was for many years a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church of Monticello, and came into the town in 1818. He was a native of Scotchtown, Orange county—a man of cheerful and guileless life, who made religion attractive by his pleasant ways and correct deportment. He died at his homestead on the 14th of December, 1858.

Jeremiah Gale was from Columbia county, New York. He was among the early residents of the county, and was the trusted agent of the Livingston family for about half a century. Before coming to Thompson, he lived in Neversink.

Elder Henry Hait came from Stamford, Connecticut, in 1825, and located in the North Settlement. He was of the Baptist Church, which had a considerable foothold in the town in his day; but lost its influence from various causes.

Lyman Bates was a simple-hearted man, whose principal solace was in his religious exercises, which were of the robust and demonstrative kind. He was literally a "shouting Methodist," and always ready to endorse whatever he considered God's word with an emphatic amen. With sore misgivings he went, when an old man, to hear a Mormon preacher, and was much surprised when the Latter Day Saint opened with a prayer full of pious ejaculations. "Uncle Lyman," as he was termed, got warm and noisy, and his "amens" became more and more fervent, until the preacher asked the Lord to banish error from the world, when Bates seconded the petition with such emphasis that the Mormon made a sudden pause, and declared that responses were out of order in *his* meetings! The profane asserted that at camp-meetings the old man was wont to

"Chase the devil round a stump,
And kick him every second jump."

The assertion was a satanic emanation. He was noisy; but not gymnastic or pugnacious.

In 1832 and 1833, a sect known as Protestant Methodists, established a "circuit" in Sullivan county. One of their preachers was the Rev. Samuel M. Henderson, a man of good talents and respectable character, who soon after became President of the New York and New Jersey District of his Church. A Rev. Mr. Timberman was his coadjutor here, and we believe Rev. Richard J. Crosby, now, (1870) of Ellenville, one of his successors. Under Timberman's harangues, the denomination was in a

chronic state of revival in Monticello. Nirum Coger, a one-legged harness-maker, whose

“Shop was right o’er

Opposite Nate Hammond’s store,*

was the principal lay-member of the Church, although he had a sharp competitor in a young convert named John C. C. Darling. Notwithstanding their zeal and efforts to add to the membership of the society, the sect in Thompson suffered a sudden and unexpected dissolution. Coger had business in New York, and a neighbor sent a sum of money by him to pay a bill. The money did not reach its destination, and Coger was heard of no more. The principal exhorter wanted to preach, and because he was refused a license, became a blasphemer. These and other disasters were fatal to the society, and it soon ceased to exist. While it was in existence, it held several camp-meetings near the Crystal brook, on land now owned by James H. Foster and Seneca Dutcher.

From 1815 to 1825, there were but few incidents which claim a place in the history of Thompson, although during this decade commenced the careers of two persons who were remarkable as business-men, and whose success as merchants has since been paralleled by several others.

In 1818, Nathan S. Hammond was elected a Constable and Collector of the town. It was during the days of imprisonment for debt, when merchants and others did not scruple to ruin their customers by precipitate and wholesale prosecutions. Men worth many times the amount of their indebtedness, knew that if one to whom they owed money sued them, all would pounce upon them, and that in the general scramble, their assets would be sacrificed, and they be thrown into jail, or upon the limits. Constables and Sheriffs reaped rich harvests. It is said that Mr. Hammond as Constable, made 800 dollars, besides paying expenses, in a single year. With this and a moderate sum furnished by his father, David Hammond, he commenced business as a merchant in 1819 or 1820. In about twenty years he retired with a fortune of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. He was for many years President of the Union Bank—was a man of unostentatious habits and manners, and temperate in all things. After he became wealthy, he loved to relate his early experience as a merchant, and had a vivid remembrance of the first thing sold by him over the counter—a codfish to one James Pinckney.

The other was Hiram Bennett, who, from limited resources,

* Coger was a man of enterprise, and advertised his business in the village paper. Besides this he was unconsciously a rhymist. He brought a business card to the office of the *Watchman*, of which the lines quoted are a specimen. The editor read it, and then exclaimed, “Why, Nirum, this is poetry!” when that individual replied with naive simplicity, “So my wife tells me!”

created a business from which not only he acquired a handsome fortune, but Daniel B. St. John and Frederick M. St. John, who successively carried it on. Mr. Bennett several times represented his town as Supervisor, and was twice elected to the Assembly.

His successor, Daniel B. St. John, besides being elected to minor positions, was chosen Member of Assembly in 1840 and afterwards a Representative in the 30th Congress. He was also appointed the first Superintendent of the Banking Department, and organized the business of that branch of our State government. Besides this he received appointments to one or two important positions under the Federal Government, which he declined, and was a candidate for Secretary of State; but was defeated.

George Bennett, who also became a wealthy man, received his commercial training from Hiram Bennett. The Bennetts and St. Johns, after acquiring fortunes, removed from Monticello.

During the decade commencing with 1815, Eli Fairchild and Ephraim Lyon Burnham became residents of the town. They are yet with us, and the history of their labors and successes is familiar to all.

Perhaps no other resident of Sullivan ever commenced life with such flattering prospects as George O. Belden. He was of the Connecticut family of that name, who had intermarried with the Ogilvies of New York—a family of aristocratic pretensions in the Colonial period of our history. He studied law with Charles Baker of Bloomingburgh, and those who were not intimately conversant with his habits as a student, predicted that he would occupy an exalted position as an advocate. He was of fascinating address, and had a most wonderful command of language—two traits which caused the multitude to regard him with unbounded admiration. In addition to this, he had the faculty of fraternizing with all classes—a most subtle element of popularity. After completing his legal studies, he commenced the practice of his profession, and entered political life. In his 30th year he was elected a Representative in Congress from the Ulster and Sullivan district, and occupied his seat in 1827 and 1828. On the 13th of August, 1831, he was chosen General of the 23d Brigade of Infantry of New York, he receiving eleven votes and all others six. But his sun of prosperity had already passed its meridian. His attention to political and military affairs, as well as his social and convivial habits, had caused him to forget what legal knowledge he had acquired when a student, and he avoided law-books. We have heard old lawyers say that, when he was entrusted with the interests of a client, instead of consulting the standard authorities of his profession,

he habitually "pumped" his competitors of the law, by introducing suppositious or moot questions in his daily intercourse with them. In this way for a time he managed to get along as a lawyer; but this method of acquiring information could not be resorted to permanently. The Monticello counselors soon detected him, and by a general understanding they would no longer be "pumped," pumped he "never so wisely." He could no more raise an imposing structure of words on a foundation laid by others. He was poor; his only resource for subsistence was his professional income, and that in the end failed him. On the 9th of October, 1833, he died, aged 36 years, and leaving a wife and several children in destitute circumstances.

Mrs. Belden opened a select school in Monticello after the death of her husband. Although she was much esteemed, and offered to teach each of her pupils for \$1.50 per quarter of thirteen weeks, her school was not successful. In two or three years she left the county, and was heard of no more by her old friends of Sullivan.

One of his sons became a lawyer, and was noted fifteen or twenty years ago as a political orator in Connecticut. It is said that he inherited his mother's excellent traits, as well as some of the brilliant characteristics of his father. But the story of his life was cut short by an early death.

The life of Archibald C. Niven affords a strong contrast to that of George O. Belden. The two were fellow-students. Belden made a brilliant start, and ascended like a rocket, dazzling the eyes of spectators; but his force was soon expended. He was a quarter-horse—good at the start; but deficient in stamina. He died young; nevertheless he outlived his popularity and his professional importance, and left an inheritance of poverty to his children. The other has been prominent in political, social, religious and financial affairs. He has not sacrificed the duties of life to its pleasures. It is not the province of the local historian to write freely of the living. Hence we will not dwell longer on his acts and character; but must content ourself with recounting the official positions he has occupied. In 1828, he was appointed Surrogate and continued to hold the office until 1840. About the same time he was made a Master in Chancery, and held the position until the Court of Chancery was abolished. In 1837, he was elected General of the 10th Brigade of Artillery of New York. Previous to this he had been defeated when a candidate by a competitor who resorted to disreputable means, and was cashiered. In 1844, he was appointed by Governor Bouck, Adjutant General of the State. Subsequently he was elected a Representative in the 29th Congress, and served in that capacity in 1845, 1846 and 1847, during which he was on the Military Committee of

the House—an important post, as, while he occupied it, the war with Mexico took place. In 1847, he was elected District Attorney, and in 1864, a member of the State Senate; but was displaced by Henry R. Low, who contested the validity of his election.

In 1832, General Niven married Jane, a daughter of Alexander Thompson, of Orange county. His children are Alexander T., Mary C. and Thornton A. General Niven's oldest son (Alexander T.) was lost at sea when the steamer Arctic foundered on the 27th of September, 1854. Young Mr. Niven was born in Monticello, on the 31st of December, 1834. A notice of his career, written, as we learn, by an officer of the College of New Jersey, appeared in a Philadelphia paper at the time of his decease, from which we learn that, at the age of nine years, he was placed at boarding-school in Ulster county for three years; then attended an academic school at Newburgh for one year, from which he entered the sophomore class at college. In 1852, he graduated. To quote the language of his tutor: "In every department of college-study his success was brilliant. The talents, which he felt were from God, rapidly matured, and commanded universal admiration. He was a severe, discriminating and profound student." After graduating, he entered a theological seminary to prepare for the Christian ministry, the profession of his early choice, and remained two years; then went to Europe to complete his theological course; but concluded, after reaching the continent, to spend sometime in traveling, and witnessing whatever was worth seeing in the old world. His letters written at the time, and published in the *Republican Watchman*, were full of interest, as many who had an opportunity of reading them will remember. He spent a few months in traveling, but was lost, as before stated, on the return-voyage. The culture and natural volume of his mind excited admiration. His moral graces won love. Though one of the most unobtrusive of mankind, he occupied a warm corner in the heart of every one who knew him and who was capable of appreciating virtue. When the news of his death reached his native town, almost all mourned as if they had lost a son or brother, and on the succeeding Sunday, the pastor of every Church in Monticello spontaneously alluded to his death in a pointed and affecting manner. A funeral discourse was also delivered in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church of Mongaup Valley. No certain account of his last moments was ever received by his friends; but from the narrative of one who escaped, they were led to believe that, while clinging to a floating timber, he attempted to relieve a fellow-sufferer, and immediately thereafter died. Truly, if, as we are bound to believe, charity is the sum of Christian virtues, this young

man's faith triumphed over the bitterness of death. Every trace of egoism must have been obliterated from his heart, when, in the pangs of dissolution, he forgot his own sufferings while ministering to the necessity of a stranger.

In 1825, Randall S. Street and his family removed to Monticello from Poughkeepsie. Their social position and the literary fame of one of his sons—Alfred B. Street—fully warrant the propriety of the following pages. We are aware that in awarding unqualified praise to Alfred B. Street, we transgress our rule in regard to commendation of the living; but in this case we but echo a universal sentiment, and therefore do not fear censure.

Alfred B. Street was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, on the 11th day of December, 1811. He is a descendant of the Rev. Nicholas Street, who was the pastor of a Church in New Haven, Conn., in 1659, a few years after he reached this country from England, and whose son, Rev. Samuel Street, filled the same office in Wallingford for forty years. Several of their descendants were also clergymen. But few of the family removed from Connecticut, in which State the name is a common one among those who follow the various pursuits of life.

General Randall S. Street, the father of Alfred B., was a Major in active service during the last war with Great Britain, and was District-attorney of the Third District, under the Constitution which was in force until 1821. He also represented Dutchess county in Congress. About the year 1825, he removed to Monticello with his family, where he continued to follow the profession of law until his death.

The maternal grandfather of the poet was Major Andrew Billings of the Revolutionary army, who was present at the battle of Quebec. His maternal grandmother was the daughter of James Livingston. She married first a Mr. Van Kleeck, and at his death became the wife of Major Billings.

Alfred B. passed through an academical course of education while residing in his native town. He began to write when he was eleven years of age; but did not publish his youthful rhymes until he was fourteen, when he contributed "March," "A Winter Noon," and other poems to the *New York Evening Post*, which were much commended. From that time he has been an occasional writer for the leading monthlies of the United States.* Several of his poems were delivered before literary societies—among them the English Society of Geneva, and the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Union College. In 1841, Union College conferred the degree of A. B. on him.

* *Graham's Magazine.*

In 1845, his poems were published in an octavo volume of more than three hundred pages, by Clark & Austin of the city of New York. A complete edition of his metrical compositions would now occupy probably five hundred pages. None of his stanzas written during the last twenty-five years are superior to those issued from the press of Clark & Austin.

Mr. Street has also written several volumes of prose, in which he has portrayed life in the woods, and a work on law, which has passed through several editions.

On the publication of his volume of poetry, the book was reviewed by the eminent critics of England and the United States, who unhesitatingly declared that "as a descriptive poet, he was at the head of his class," and that he should rank with Bryant, Longfellow and Halleck.

The *Foreign Quarterly Review*, an eminent British periodical, after condemning nearly every American poet except Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck and Emerson, says of Mr. Street:

"He is a descriptive poet, and at the head of his class. His pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness; sometimes too wild and diffuse, but always true and healthful. * * * His poems are very unequal, and none of them can be cited as being complete in its kind. He runs into a false luxuriance in the ardor of his love of nature, and in the wastefulness of a lively, but not large imagination; and like Browne, the author of the 'Pastorals,' he continually sacrifices general truth to particular details, making unlikeness by the crowding and closeness of his touches. Yet with all his faults, his poems cannot be read without pleasure."

The following paragraphs are taken from an article published in the *Democratic Review*, when the *Review* was second to no serial published in the United States. It is said that the article is from the graphic pen of H. T. Tuckerman:*

"Dante and Petrarch have done much to render Italy beloved. Beranger has given no inadequate expression to those feelings which bind soldier, artisan and peasant to the soil of France. Here the bard can only draw upon brief chronicles; but God has arrayed this continent with a sublime and characteristic beauty, that should endear its mountains and streams to the American heart; and whoever depicts the natural glory of America, touches a chord which should yield responses of admiration and loyalty. In this point of view alone, then, we deem the minstrel who ardently sings of forest and sky, river and highland,

* *Graham's Magazine*.

as eminently worthy of respectful greeting. This merit we confidently claim for the author of these poems, [Alfred B. Street]. That he is deficient occasionally in high finish—that there is repetition and monotony in his strains—that there are redundant epithets, and a lack of variety in his effusions, we confess, at the outset, is undeniable; and having granted all this to the critics, we feel at liberty to utter his just praise with equal sincerity. Street has an eye for nature in all her moods. He has not roamed the woodlands in vain, nor have the changeful seasons passed him by without leaving vivid and lasting impressions. These his verse records with unusual fidelity and genuine emotion. * * * * * He is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their verisimilitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn-light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine-boughs, are present to our senses. In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second-hand linner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet. His range is limited; but he has had the good sense not to wander from his sphere, candidly acknowledging that the heart of man has not furnished him the food for meditation, which inspires a higher class of poets. He is emphatically an observer. In England, we notice that these qualities have been recognized; his 'Hunter' was finely illustrated in a recent London periodical—thus affording the best evidence of the picturesque fertility of his muse. Many of his pieces, also, glow with patriotism. His 'Gray Forest Eagle' is a noble lyric, full of spirit; his forest-scenes are minutely, and, at the same time, elaborately true; his Indian legends and descriptions of the seasons have a native zest which we have rarely encountered. Without the classic elegance of Thomson, he excels him in graphic power. There is nothing metaphysical in his turn of mind, or highly artistic in his style; but there is an honest directness and cordial faithfulness about him, that strikes us as remarkably appropriate and manly. Delicacy, sentiment, ideal enthusiasm are not his by nature; but clear, bold, genial insight and feeling he possesses to a rare degree; and on these grounds we welcome his poems, and earnestly advise our readers to peruse them attentively, for they worthily depict the phases of Nature as she displays herself in this land, in all her solemn magnificence and serene beauty."

George A. Colton, the accomplished editor of the *American*

Review, has written an exquisite criticism on Street's poems, from which we copy the annexed :

“In the use of language, more especially in his blank verse, Mr. Street is simple yet rich, and usually very felicitous. This is peculiarly the case in his choice of appellatives, which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equaled, by any poet among us—certainly by none except Bryant. What is more remarkable—quite worthy of note amid the deluge of diluted phraseology bestowed on us by most modern writers—is the almost exclusive use, in his poems, of Saxon words. * * * Descriptive poetry, to be of any force or felicity, must employ them; and it was this, no doubt, that led Mr. Street—unconsciously, it may be—to choose them so exclusively. For the same reason, Byron, who in power of description is hardly equaled by any other English poet, used them to a greater extent, we believe, than any other moulder of verse since Chaucer, unless we may except Scott in his narrative verse. Wordsworth, on the other hand, whose most descriptive passages have always a philosophical cast, makes constant draft on Latinized words, losing as much in vigor as he gains in melody and compass. In all Mr. Street's poems the reader will be surprised to find scarcely a single page with more than three or four words of other than Saxon derivation. This extraordinary keeping to one only of the three sources of our language—for the Norman-French forms a third—is owing, in great part, to the fact that his poetry is almost purely descriptive; yet not wholly to this, for any page of Thomson's ‘Seasons,’ or Cowper's ‘Task,’ will be found to have four times as many. It is certain at least, that the use of such language has added immensely to the simplicity, strength and picturesque effectiveness of Mr. Street's blank verse; and as a general consideration of style, we recommend the point to the consideration of all writers whose diction is yet unformed, though we hold it a matter of far less importance in prose than in poetry.”

The editor of *Graham's Magazine*, to whom we are indebted for much of the material of this article, thus speaks of Street's residence in Sullivan :

“The beautiful village of Monticello, to which his parents removed when he was fourteen years of age, is situated in a picturesque region of wild hills, smiling valleys and lovely streams. Everything around [in 1825] bore the impress of recent cultivation struggling with the rudeness of primitive nature. Forests were interspersed, waving in broad grandeur—the plow was guided between unsightly stumps—in all directions was the crouching roof of the log-but—the fallow-fires glistened

in the spring, and the charred trees stood amidst the grain-fields of autumn. Early association with such a life gave the first scope and impulse to our poet's mind. In the midst of these secluded hills he beheld the phenomena of the seasons, as they successively unfolded, with the vivid beauty and extreme alternations of our climate. He saw the trophies of the hunter displayed in the streets of the village, and in his vigils he was often serenaded by the distant howl of the wolves. With a mind of quick and true observation, Mr. Street under such circumstances became a devoted student of nature, particularly in her wild and uncultivated aspects, and found a delightful recourse in embodying his impressions in language."

Professional critics never express unqualified admiration. They assume an air of superiority, commend cautiously, and always see, or pretend to see, imperfections in the most beautiful and exquisite creations of genius. As a class they are pretenders, and pretenders would feel abased if they expressed a just and loving appreciation of the truly beautiful. They must carp at something or lose prestige. The rainbow to the owl seems brilliant; but it is nevertheless to him too gaudy; and the song of the hermit-thrush, beautiful and melodious, but lacking in volume and compass. Thus the English critic places Street at the head of his class, and then says that he "runs into a false luxuriance," and makes "unlikenesses by the crowding and closeness of his touches." Here is just praise; but it is very absurdly qualified. It is worthy of its author, who was accustomed to the hedge-rows and park-like forests of Old England; but, who had never seen a luxuriant American forest, so "crowded" with grand and lovely objects as to be almost impassable, except to the wild denizens of the woods. An Arab who had never been beyond his native sand-hills and deserts, would not consider truthful a description of a land abounding in streams, and densely clothed with vegetation. All the world to him would be sand and rocks, with a horizon like the cope of a glowing oven.

Mr. Street removed from Monticello in 1839, and became a resident of the city of Albany. For nearly thirty years he was State Librarian. In 1841 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Smith Weed, a retired merchant of that city. Except when on brief excursions to the country, his official duties and other circumstances have confined him to Albany since 1839. This is to be lamented. His life should have been passed among the scenes he loved so well, and which he delineated with such remarkable fidelity. His poetry is but a reflex of his daily walk in Sullivan. He saw what prosaic eyes did not discover until he furnished a medium. He opened the arcana of beauty to

their sight, and was to them a revelator. He should have been rewarded in such a way that he could have made the study and portraiture of nature his great aim. The dull routine and stupid details of business are as unfavorable to the poet as the painter; and no one will fail to see that there never would have been a great master of the latter art, if those who have excelled in it had been compelled from necessity to devote but one hour in ten to their favorite pursuit.

What he saw here he described. For instance, the incidents of the "Walk and Pic-Nic" were of actual occurrence, and he pictures the scenery between Monticello and Pleasant lake precisely as it was thirty years ago. "James," whose thoughts were in the clouds, was Street himself; Cady was the late William E. Cady; Hull, who

* * * "took immediate seat,
Complaining in bass of the dust and the heat,"

was William B. Wright; the

"Friend, sleeping now in the valley of shade,"

was Granger C. Royce, deceased; gay Martha, whose "sweet, ringing laugh was heard," was Miss Crissey, afterwards Mrs. William B. Wright (now dead). Kate, Mary, etc., were then among our village-belles.

In "A Visit to Mongaup Falls" may be found the adventures of another merry party. "The Smithy" was Hugh Orr's blacksmith shop, on the corner of Main and Liberty streets; "The Seat in the Rock" is a well-known natural curiosity south of Monticello; "The School-House"

"In a green lane that from the village-street diverges,"

was burned down several years since; and was rebuilt by our citizens.

Twenty-five years ago, Street's poems were pictures of all that was worth seeing in and around Monticello, and of almost everything in other localities of Sullivan which had a local reputation. Since then, the bark-peeler and lumberman have made sad wrecks of our "Forest-Nooks," and "Forest-Walks;" our "Rambles" and woodland "Temples;" our "Camps in the Forest" and "Forsaken Roads."

In 1831, and during three or four subsequent years, Monticello and other localities of Sullivan were much enlivened by Francis L. Waddell, who professed to be a wit and a poet, and was one of the most eccentric of men. He belonged to a respectable

family of New York city, and in features and form was a noble model of an Apollo of Belvidere. It was said that his peculiarities were the result of an accident. While yet a youth, and before his education was fully completed, he was walking through Pearl st., when a heavy sign fell, striking him on the head, and prostrating him on the sidewalk, apparently dead. He was restored to bodily health; but to the day of his death was erratic, eccentric, and averse to all regular habits of life. Previously to the falling of the sign, he was remarkable for nothing except his splendid physique; but was ever afterwards noted for grotesque mirthfulness, which was so contagious that it was impossible to be within the sound of his voice and not join in his merriment. His irregular ways caused his family to send him to the country, where his sallies would not annoy them. From some cause, he came to Sullivan, and lived there, except during short intervals, until his marriage in 1834. Here he was in the habit of staying until his wardrobe was no longer fit for a gentleman, and his purse was empty, when he would make a descent on his city friends for a new supply, in which he was always successful. Then back he would come, arrayed in the height of fashion, and in personal appearance "every inch a lord." He had a fund of absurd stories of Tom Quick, etc., which he had in part picked up in the country, and in part invented himself. These he related in his own inimitable way, to the great amusement of himself and others, wherever he happened to be, and once gave them on the stage on a minor theatre of New York. His mother bribed him not to repeat the theatrical performance, and he was heard to boast repeatedly afterwards, that if he wanted a hundred dollars, all he had to do was to tell his mother that he was under the necessity of going upon the stage again. He regarded such questionable conduct as a master-stroke of wit. The "*Republican Watchman*" and the "*Sullivan County Herald*" published many of his stanzas and puns. We annex specimens:

"Some aristocratic Anties* were endeavoring to slur our respectable elected Congressman, Mr. Bodle, because he is a *wagon-maker*. 'It is no matter,' says a Jackson man, 'he will make a good *spokes-man*.'"

"ON THE MARRIAGE OF CHARLES B. ROOSA TO AMELIA E. FOSTER.

" May the *Rose* now *Foster* the maiden,
 The maiden *Foster* the *Rose*,
 And their lives with pleasure be laden—
Rose-buds to lighten life's close."

* Anti-Masons.

On the marriage of Richard Page,* aged 84, to Mary Culver, aged 18, Oct. 3, 1832:

“ Lord, help the aged and the young
 Their labors to perform;
 May youth support declining age
 A hundred years to come:
 Then Richard Page will be of age,
 Well clad in guilt and sin;
 Prepared like sage to quit the stage,
 Well stored with rum and gin.”

From the " Watchman of June 3, 1832.

“ A horse was lately found tied to a tree, in Ulster county, starved, near the Walkill.

“ A riderless horse and barkless tree,
 Who shall unravel the mystery?
 May Walkill waters never show
 A murdered man from rocks below!

“ Mysterious sight! oh who can tell
 Who tied the steed, or what befell
 A traveler lone? Oh, from this corse
 Were heard the yells of a starving horse!

“ The awful neighing reached the ear
 Of the chopper, startled by thrill of fear!
 He dropped his ax by the fatal green,
 And went an idiot from the scene.

“ A broken bit and severed rein
 Were thrown across the horse's mane;
 His feet were worn to the very bones,
 And fetlocks strewed the gory stones.

“ And not far off a horseman's cloak,
 A saddle with the girth-string broke;
 The murderer left the steed to die
 In a skeleton damned captivity!

“ The noble horse had stamped a tomb,
 In agony of dubious gloom;
 Alternate day and night betrayed
 Some succor that the echo made.

† Page lived in the town of Mamakating, and was over 100 years of age at his death. His wife Mary had several children while living with him.

“Lives there a man with dastard soul,
Whose bosom shunned the high control
Of reason, in the hour of strife?
Oh, may the wretch so end his life!

“Ye lonely wilds and lonelier shades,
Is the murderer hid in your silent glades?
Ye balmy winds, the sight unveil,
And tell this sad, mysterious tale.”

Waddell always read his absurd stanzas to the editor, and accompanied the reading with an equally absurd commentary on his favorite lines. Thus, when, with his peculiar intonation and emphasis, he repeated such as this—

“In a skeleton damned captivity,”

he exclaimed, “Ha! ha!! ha!!! That’s a devilish good idea, DeVoe! Put an *admiration* point there! Ho! ho!! ho!!!”

“Well, but really, Mr. Waddell, I don’t quite understand”—

“Not understand—ha! ha!! ha!!! Don’t stand, sir! Sit down! It’s the greatest idea of the piece. Put *two* admiration points after it! Ho! ho!! ho!!!”

His poems (if we may so pronounce what he wrote) were not always incoherent, fantastical and extravagant. Here is a gem. It is not highly polished, and has one or two slight fractures, as had its author’s cranium; nevertheless, it is worthy our admiration. It is taken from Stanzas on Winter:

“Nature’s glorious garment of the spangled snow and frost,
Sits like a maiden’s coldness o’er her bosom careless toss’d,
When ’neath the icy breast of the bleak world’s sparkling snow,
The warmer springs of water like the softer feelings flow,
To gladden the sweet spring-time: so love, when passion born,
Gives radiance to womanhood as sun-bursts give to morn.”

The following, from the *Sullivan County Herald* of August 20, 1835, shows that he acquired considerable skill in rhythmical composition; and that, if he had continued to write, and had kept away from the haunts of the dissipated, he would in the end have been ranked as a true poet, and that his shattered brain would have ultimately regained its normal condition:

“COCHECTON.

“Have you seen the vale Cochecton, where the hemlock-waters
run,

When the mist is on the mountain, at the rising of the sun?
 There, like smiles of joyous woman, laughs the rippling Delaware,
 ware,
 As the sunbeams kiss the wavelets, and the mists of upper air.
 There the light song of the raftsmen echoes through the vocal
 hills,
 And the music of bright nature answers from the gushing rills.
 There the stag with scornful bearing, snuffs the perfume of
 the breeze,
 And the dew-drops sparkle brightly on the flowers and on the
 trees.
 Oh! if there is peace 'neath Heaven, sure her calm abode is
 here:
 May my life flow ever onward, gentle stream, like thy career."

He wrote much for one or two public journals of the city of New York until the editors found that his contributions did not add to the reputation of their columns, when they declined his favors. We have heard that he then offered to pay them for printing his articles, and by doing so, sometimes succeeded in getting his squibs, puns and rhymes before the public. His stanzas on Poland he regarded as his master-piece, and after its publication uniformly wrote "A. P." after his signature. When asked what the terminal initials stood for, he always affected the greatest astonishment, and with a joyous but patronizing laugh, exclaimed: "Bless me! Don't you know? Why, *Author of Poland*, of course!"

He was never known to be sad or despondent, and when in an awkward dilemma, always got out of it triumphantly in his own merry way. On one occasion, he went to a ball in Monticello during the hot weather of summer. Because of the heat, or from some whim, he did not wear the then conventional dress-coat, with gilt buttons; but put on a complete suit of yellow nankeen. His pants were a close fit, and were strapped down; his suspenders were not of the elastic kind worn at the present day; and his coat was without skirts or tails, and was what was then styled a "sailor-coat." As he entered the ball-room, he greeted the ladies politely and fervently, and made a profound regulation-bow, which was disastrous to his nankeen pants. There was a rupture of the fabric, at the point where the strain came, for at least one-third of their circumference! This would have overwhelmed any other man with confusion and shame; it gave him an opportunity to perform one of his greatest exploits. The scene may be thus epitomized:

Enter Waddell—"Good evening, ladies!"—a bow—a tear—ladies' fans converted into screens—gentlemen in dismay—a bow—"Good evening, ladies!"—backward movement of the

right foot—another bow—"Good evening, ladies!"—backward movement of the left foot—and so on, until he left the presence of the ladies as he would have left the presence of a king. He did not turn his back to them, or make an unusual manifestation until he passed from their sight, when he sent forth peal after peal of laughter.

On the 5th of July, 1834, Waddell was married to Louisa, daughter of Thomas H. Smith, deceased. The father of his wife had been one of the great tea-merchants of New York—had failed, compromised with his creditors, and saved from the wreck of his fortunes enough to make his daughters desirable to matrimonial speculators after his death. As long as the property he acquired by marrying lasted, Waddell lived a gay and fast life. He made an annual visit to Saratoga Springs in a coach drawn by four fine horses, and lived like a nabob throughout the year. He soon squandered her fortune, and then resorted to his old tactics to "raise the wind," but on a larger scale. When his father-in-law failed, one of his friends became interested in his affairs as an assignee, or something of the kind. Waddell believed, or pretended to believe, that this friend was guilty of retaining a large part of the property committed to his care by Mr. Smith, and threatened to commence a suit to recover his wife's share of it. The accused was wealthy and a gentleman of high character in commercial circles. From some cause—probably to prevent scandal—he paid Waddell considerable sums of money at various times, until his persecutor died, the victim of his own follies. For some time previous to his decease, whenever he was met by one of his Sullivan county friends, he was intoxicated.

"The last of earth" to poor Frank was worthy of a Christian and a poet, however his life may have been characterized by frailties and follies. The scene as described to us by a gentleman who was his early friend, proves that as the light of this life faded away, his soul was illumined by the rays of truth. As his breath began to fail, he exclaimed, "Oh, the majesty of death!" and then lovingly and solemnly repeated the Lord's prayer. After the final "Amen," he died.

The following incidents portray the manners and the temper of the times in 1831 and 1832:

In the fall of 1831 and the succeeding winter-months the pulpit of the Presbyterian church of Monticello was temporarily filled by Rev. Stephen Sergeant. By some he was esteemed a saintly man; by others sour and severe—one of that class who would rebuke the Saviour for speaking kindly and affectionately to the sinful and erring. He was bitterly opposed to social enjoyment, and regarded the long faces of the dyspeptic and desponding as

unerring indicia of holiness. He was not in favor of clothing the bodies of Christians in hair-shirts and putting peas in their sandals, as were the ascetics of medieval times; but he was inclined to lacerate their souls with immaterial tortures, and render them unhappy during their earthly pilgrimage, so that they would be entitled to bliss in the next world. He denounced vehemently the frivolities and frailties of the day, and inveighed against dancing as if the immortal souls of all who indulged in it were lost in its mazes. Great was his indignation when he learned that the young gentlemen of the village, regardless of his admonitions, had issued invitations for a ball at the hotel then kept by Samuel W. B. Chester. In his next sermon he hurled at the offenders not only the phials of his displeasure, but an entire demijohn of wrath, and capped the climax of his stormy rhetoric by declaring that, if invited, he would open the dance with prayer! He did not dream that the offenders had sufficient audacity to take him at his word; but in this he was mistaken. Some of them were present; and although it was Sunday, the sun was not down before the managers gave Mr. Sergeant a formal invitation to attend the ball. This invitation was delivered by Edwin Eldridge, then a medical student, and since a successful financier in one of the southern counties of New York.

The reverend parson was caught in a trap. He was pledged to attend the dancing-party, and there was no avenue of escape.

The evening for the ball arrived. The hotel was brilliantly lighted, and the "long room" resounded with the strains of the violin. Fairy forms were flitting here and there clothed in dancing-drapery, which then covered feminine heels but not feminine-shoulders; while the gentlemen were arrayed in "long-tailed" blue coats, with brilliant brass buttons, and their lower extremities were covered with white pants and stockings and calf-skin pumps. One after another, the invited came, and finally the Rev. Mr. Sergeant himself. He was met at the hall-door by the managers, who ushered him into the parlor on the first floor, where he was treated with dignified courtesy. Here his embarrassment was so great that the young disciples of Mephistopheles took pity on him. They informed him that the religious part of the performance would take place, not in the ball-room, but the parlor. Mr. Sergeant then made a short but somewhat incoherent prayer, while his hearers conducted themselves with apparent gravity and reverence. After the service, he was politely attended to the door, when the eccentric lawyer, Charles Baker, who had witnessed the whole affair with tipsy dignity, made a profound genuflection, and with a wave of his right arm, exclaimed, "We can dispense with your company,

sir! Go home you — fool! Sir! we can dispense with your company!" This broke the camel's back of their sobriety. The clerical victim departed, the laughter caused by Baker and the merry notes of the violin sounding in his ears.

In 1832, the Fourth was celebrated in Monticello. George O. Belden was Marshal; William A. Thompson, Reader; and Alfred B. Street, Orator. R. S. Street, A. C. Niven and F. A. DeVoe were the committee to prepare toasts for the occasion, which duty they performed. The seventh regular toast adopted by the committee read as follows:

"The American System—that system alone deserves the name, which proposes to guard the rights and protect the interests of *each* and all."

After the work of the committee was done, General Street, in whose hands the toasts remained, saw that the above contained an implied censure of Henry Clay's "American System," which, in the eyes of such men as Niven and DeVoe, proposed to promote the general welfare by guarding and protecting certain class-interests which needed the fostering care of the government. He, therefore, in conjunction with his son, William I. Street, changed the toast so that it read thus:

"The American System—A system which proposes to guard the rights and protect the interests of *each* and all."

R. S. Street notified DeVoe that he had changed the phraseology of the toast, and asked him to call at his office and examine it; but DeVoe failed to do so, and the altered toast was read at the toast-table. It was a complete endorsement of Clay's "system," as it was then styled, and caused much indignation among the friends of General Jackson. Niven and DeVoe published a card denouncing the change, to which Alfred B. Street replied in a handbill. A very angry controversy ensued between DeVoe and the Streets, in which the charge of "*deliberate falsehood*," "*willful and malicious misrepresentation*," etc., was made, and the friends of the parties were inquiring, "What next?" when Joseph T. Sweet, a lad employed in the *Watchman* office, put an end to the quarrel by issuing a poetical handbill, of which the annexed is a copy:

"I, master Joseph Sweet,
Do challenge master Alfred Street,
To mortal combat with a pistol,
Or with a mullein stalk or thistle.
'Tis true, he hath not me offended;
But then his brother has, you know,
And as our quarrels are all blended,
I'll fight him, or my name's not Joe!"

This poetical challenge was written by a young man named Charles A. Comstock. He and Sweet printed it without the knowledge of any of the parties, and posted it throughout the village at night. It put a very hilarious end to a very angry quarrel, and relieved the disputants from an unpleasant dilemma. "Pistols and coffee for two" had but recently been fashionable in some parts of the country in settling questions of veracity; and canes and horsewhips in such cases were yet common. The whole village greeted Sweet's doggerel with laughter, in which the belligerents joined heartily, and were no doubt much gratified with the ludicrous termination of the trouble.

A. C. Niven, (then a Colonel of Artillery,) although a party to this controversy, was apparently a passive one. His absolute reticence was the result of delicacy. Two or three years previously a son of General Street, who was a midshipman in the United States navy, had made a personal assault on Niven for a fancied insult. Niven, in directing a note to young Street, had omitted the proper title of the latter, and Street considered this an affront for which a horse-whipping alone could atone. He procured a rawhide, which he concealed about his person, and, meeting Niven, informed him that he wished to see him privately. The two then walked toward the school-house from Main street. Amos Holmes was then County Clerk, and his son James had charge of the office, and was sitting in it with the door open. He saw Niven and Street walking together, and knowing something of the dissatisfaction of the latter, watched them. There was then a large boulder in front of the school-house near the middle of the street. As they approached it, Niven told his companion that they had gone far enough; and that whatever he had to say could be said then and there. Street then pulled out his rawhide, and letting the other know his purpose, raised it to strike, when Niven caught it from him, and whipped him with it unmercifully until Holmes ran from the Clerk's office to the school-house, and put an end to the flagellation. Street was terribly cut up. As soon as his wounds were sufficiently healed, he left the village, and did not return to it until he came home a few years afterwards to die of consumption. He was a young man of fine attainments—a poet—linguist, etc., and notwithstanding his misadventure, was highly esteemed.* If the assault had had a different result, who can say what effect it would have had on the life of A. C. Niven?

* December 1, 1837—Died, in Monticello, Mr. Sanford A. Street, aged 33 years. His disease was consumption, contracted whilst attached to the American navy. * * * His mind was vigorous, polished by study, and chastened by refined taste. By much industry and perseverance, he had acquired a critical knowledge of the English, French, Spanish and Italian languages, and, until prostrated by disease, was eminently fitted for usefulness. He was a poet, and would have excelled in the realms of imagination if ambition had impelled him to win the poet's crown.—*Watchman*, December 7, 1837.

This affair no doubt led the latter to avoid all cause of further controversy with the family of General Street. It is due him to say, that he has never willingly alluded to it since its occurrence. During a somewhat intimate acquaintance of more than thirty years, we have never been able to induce him to even speak of it.

On the 9th of February, 1830, Hiram Bennett, John P. Jones, Levi Barnum, William E. Cady, John E. Russell, George O. Belden and Amos Holmes gave notice of an application to the Legislature for an act incorporating Monticello, with power to procure apparatus for extinguishing fires, and to keep the streets clear from obstructions. On the 20th day of the next April, the act became a law. By it the corporation-limits extended one half mile east, and the same distance west from the centre of Main street opposite the front door of the court-house; and its width was made one half mile. It empowered the tax-payers to elect Trustees from among the freeholders, together with three Assessors, a Collector, and a Clerk. It also authorized the laying of a tax for the purchase of fire-engines, and made provisions for the enactment of by-laws, prohibiting horses, cows, oxen, young cattle, hogs, sheep, geese, etc., from running at large, as well as the depositing of rubbish of any kind upon the streets.

On the 4th of May, 1830, the first election was held at the court-house, when a full set of village-officials were chosen.

A fire-engine was soon after purchased, and a small engine-house built. Laws were also passed to keep the streets free from animals, old wagons, wood-piles, lumber, etc.

At that time there were no side-walks in the village. There was a foot-path on each side of Main street, which served a very good purpose in dry weather; but when moisture prevailed, was no better than a channel filled with mud and water. Domestic quadrupeds occupied the streets at all times, as well as dooryards and lawns whenever and wherever a gate was left open; and it was not uncommon for those who were in the streets at night to stumble over a cow, or to disturb the nocturnal repose of a litter of pigs and their dam. The streets themselves were always rendered filthy by the excrements of the animals which occupied them, and no grass-plot was safe from the rootings of swine. Besides this, sleighs, wagons, wood, lumber, and a hundred other things were deposited upon the streets, where they remained during the pleasure of the owner.*

* In May, 1839, the only newspaper of the place declared that the village presented a dilapidated appearance. Many of the houses were unpainted, and a considerable number of them were owned by non-residents, who received but little income from them, and permitted them to gravitate to ruin. Main street was choked with rubbish. There were no sidewalks and but one school, which was of a low grade, and languishing. Cows, hogs, geese and old horses defiled the paths and highways. The corporation was asleep or dead, and every project for a bank, an insurance-company, an academy, etc., abandoned.

Every attempt to abate one or all of these evils was sure to arouse a nest of hornets around the ears of the village-authorities. The people were the sovereign proprietors of the highways and streets, and regarded every man as an aristocrat who attempted to restrict them in the free and unrestrained use of the common domain. The rich man whose swine were plowing up the village-green was indignant if any one suggested that he should confine them to a yard or pen; and the poor man whose cow was disturbed while cropping and defiling the greensward of the streets, claimed that he was the victim of oppression, if his animal was impounded.

For ten years, except at spasmodic intervals, the by-laws were not enforced. In 1842, a thorough reform was inaugurated, principally through the exertions of A. C. Niven, who, regardless of consequences to himself, caused the laws to be executed. This led to much ill-feeling, and the formation of two parties in the village—one of which supported and the other opposed the new order of things. The late Stephen Hamilton was regarded as the leader of the opposition. There were involved in the controversy many ancient personal and political grievances and prejudices. Niven and Hamilton were like the opposite poles of an electric battery. They never came in contact without disturbing the equanimity of themselves and their respective friends. One was an alkaloid, the other an acid. When thrown together, there was a commotion in village-affairs—a foaming and bubbling of uncongenial elements. Hamilton was a man of varied pursuits, who gave employment to a considerable number of men, whom he handled with the precision of a martinet. He was not devoid of public spirit and local pride; but had long controlled others; and when a corporation of one-horse power attempted to dictate to him, he rebelled. For several years, whenever there was a village-election, the opposing forces confronted each other, and there was a contest for victory. The improvement-party generally won the day; and there was a kind of guerilla-warfare during the next twelve months, which resulted in nothing more important than the capture of a few roving hogs and horn-cattle. In the end, there was a cessation of hostilities. All were satisfied that the village-regulations were reasonable and right, and now nothing would create so much dissatisfaction as a return to the disorders of old times.

Soon after the village was incorporated a census of its residents was taken, by which it appeared that there were 59 heads of families residing in the place; 186 males and 190 females. Total number of inhabitants, 376.

In 1833, there were two hotels in Monticello—one kept by Amos Holmes, and the other owned by Stephen Hamilton. Hiram Bennett & Co., Nathan S. Hammond, William E. Cady,

Charles M. Pelton and J. A. Howell were merchants. Jairus H. Dunning and Preston Durant were hat-manufacturers. They made silk and beaver-hats, and brought with them from Danbury, Connecticut, several journeymen—one of whom, a man named Odle, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, while suffering with "megrimms" and from the effects of a debauch. The place contained two tailors—Thomas Fitzgerald and Isaac J. Southard—who were well patronized, as no well-dressed man would don a suit of ready-made clothing. Randall S. Street, Peter F. Hunn, Archibald C. Niven and George O. Belden were lawyers; but one of whom found enough to do to "keep the wolf from his door." Daniel M. Angell and Roderick Royce were physicians and surgeons, with limited incomes from their professional labors. Mrs. O. Wheeler & Co. and Miss E. Gray were milliners and mantua-makers, who cleaned and dressed white and black Leghorn hats for their lady customers—sold Navarinos, (a paste-board imitation of Leghorns,) and cut and made cloaks, coats, habits and dresses. There were also a few shoemakers, blacksmiths and other mechanics.

Hiran Bennett soon after sold out to his partners, Daniel B. St. John and Walter S. Vail. Pelton removed to Poughkeepsie and Howell to New Orleans.

On the 23d of September, 1835, a highway-robbery was committed a few rods west of the residence of Reuben B. Towner. A man named Cornelius Low had sold a load of butter in Newburgh, and was returning home with the proceeds. He passed through Monticello in the evening, and was stopped by unknown persons west of the village, who took from him three hundred dollars. The robbers were never discovered.

On the 13th of January, 1844, the court-house and County Clerk's office were destroyed by fire.

The weather was intensely cold. The ground was covered with snow, on the surface of which there was a crust so thick and strong that it would bear a man of ordinary weight. The wind blew from the north-west with so much force that people found it almost impossible to stand still; and to walk was impracticable, except in beaten roads and paths, and *with* the gale.

At 3 o'clock, in the afternoon, there was an alarm of fire. The house of Giles M. Benedict, a few rods W. N. W. of the court-house, was on fire. To the rear of the main building, there was an "addition," or lean-to, used for a kitchen. The roof of this was lower than the eaves of the house, and through it ran a pipe from the kitchen-stove. From this pipe, fire was carried by the wind some five or six feet to the neighboring cornice. Almost instantly it was in a blaze, and in a few moments the hurricane caused huge tongues of fire to lap over and around, and dart

through the building. In an almost incredibly brief time, it was in ashes, with nearly all its contents.

A few persons seeing that Benedict's house could not be saved, ran to the court-house to protect it, if possible. Little danger was apprehended to the house itself, unless a small barn close to it caught fire. Hence the combustible material in and around the barn was at once drenched with water. Two men were also sent up to the belfry to watch the roof. They began to congratulate themselves that the public buildings were safe, when it was discovered that the court-house was on fire in an unexpected quarter. It was burning on the west side, between the dry pine siding and the equally dry ceiling, where it was impossible to get at it in time to check it. At once there was a roaring column of flame from the foundation to the roof. So rapid was the progress of the fire, that one of the persons (an old negro) in the belfry, escaped with difficulty.*

There was but one prisoner in the jail at the time. He was let loose; but instead of leaving the village, worked faithfully with the residents of the place in their endeavors to check the fire.

From the court-house the flames leaped over the County Clerk's office to the Presbyterian church, which was soon in a blaze.

The Clerk's office was a substantial brick building, with a wooden roof. The books, records, etc., were removed, and nothing of importance lost, although those engaged in taking them to a place of safety had but a few minutes in which to accomplish the work.

A fiery blast seemed to sweep over these buildings, obliterating all that was combustible from the face of the earth. The lower part of the village from the Mansion House seemed doomed. The air was full of burning coals, and cinders, while blazing shingles and fragments of siding were driven by the gale rapidly over the smooth crust of the snow for at least a mile. Piles of household-goods, which had been removed from exposed buildings, barns, etc., were momentarily catching fire, while the citizens were exhausted by their efforts. Among the barns which caught fire were the following:

Captain Hamilton's, on the Mansion House lot, now owned by Solomon W. Royce & Son.

William Morgan's, on the premises now belonging to William H. Cady.

* In descending, he was obliged to pass through the attic; then a trap-door, and down a ladder about a dozen feet to the floor of a jury-room. In the dense smoke, he could not find the trap-door readily, and crawled around rapidly on his hands and knees to find it. Coming to it unexpectedly, he fell head foremost into a basket of feathers. If it had not "been for" his thick skull and the feathers, he would have been stunned, and burned to death.

[*Watchman*, January 24, 1844.]

A. Billings Royce's, now belonging to C. V. R. Ludington.

George Wiggins', now belonging to Morris Brothers.

Platt Pelton's, now owned by George M. Beebe.

Reuben B. Towner's, now owned by Eber Strong.

Mr. Royce's was burned. The others saved.

Captain Hamilton's barn was on fire for nearly an hour, and it required almost superhuman exertions to arrest the flames, which burst from a large quantity of hay. To this point the exertions of a large crowd were directed; for if the fire had gained the mastery here, all exertions to arrest its progress would have been in vain. "Lines" were formed from the neighboring wells to convey water to the barn. The fire-engine, (an insignificant affair) was used to drench the outside of the building, while the people inside poured a constant stream on the burning hay. Whenever the fire gained on them, as it sometimes did, a despairing cry went up from the weary crowd; and when the danger was decreasing there were heard shouts of encouragement; so that those who were watching and guarding their property in the lower part of the village knew from the tones which were borne to them by the gale the precise degree of danger which menaced them at each moment. At last, the hay was completely saturated with water, and little better than a mass of charcoal, and the danger was passed.

At sundown there were piles of movable property in the streets and in the fields; but their owners were unable from fatigue to guard them. Ira Dales and Roderick Royce, who were then Justices of the Peace, appointed a police from among those who came to the village from the adjoining neighborhoods, with strict orders to arrest all who disturbed the exposed property. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the police shrank not from the duty required of them. But one arrest took place—a young man named Hulse from Orange county—who was sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars.

The prisoner who was let out of the jail, and assisted in "fighting the fire," so far won the gratitude of the people of Monticello, that he was put in charge of Elijah W. Edwards, with a tacit understanding that if he choose to run off, he could do so. We believe he availed himself of the privilege.

The losses by this fire were as follows: G. M. Benedict, \$1,200, insured for \$400; Lucius B. Fobes and William C. Cogswell, boarders of Benedict, \$300; Thomas Stevenson, do., the papers necessary to establish his right to inherit a plantation in the West Indies; Thomas Daley, a laborer of Benedict, \$100; Shapley Stoddard, a tenant, of do., \$50; the court-house, original cost \$7,000; Clerk's office, do., \$1,500; Presbyterian Church, \$3,000; Felix Kelly, under-Sheriff, \$500; Stephen Hamilton

\$500; Wm. E. Cady & Co., \$500; W. E. Cady, \$100; A. B. Royce, \$200; George Wiggins, \$150.

Before the ashes of the county-buildings were cold, it was apparent that there would be a formidable attempt to change the site of the court-house and Clerk's office. In some of the towns there was an obstinate prejudice against Monticello and its prominent inhabitants. This prejudice originated on social, business and political grounds, and at that epoch of our history was natural.

It was charged that, while the people of Monticello were in no respect better than their neighbors, they assumed social superiority, and that, with the exception of a few families of other towns, who were as exclusive as themselves, they did not associate with those who were outside the narrow circle of the village. For a quarter of a century, there had been in Monticello about a score of men and an equal number of women whose costume and bearing were regulated by the prevailing mode. A majority of them were intelligent, but not remarkable for intellectual capacity. Each paid a sixpence at Cady's circulating library for the privilege of reading the last new novel, and hence had some knowledge of current literature. Each patronized a fashionable tailor or milliner and mantua-maker. All danced cotillions, except those who had conscientious scruples; but the exceptions had no objections to a rough amusement which was at that time in vogue. All considered contra-dances vulgar. These people had a certain polish of manner; they held rudeness in disesteem; rigidly discountenanced gross immorality; endeavored to enforce the rules which govern genteel intercourse as they understood them; regarded manual labor as disreputable; and were generally free from vulgarity, except arrogance and a degree of pride which was often farcical. Beside this we may say that a majority of them were too timid to acknowledge as equals those who had not obtained an *entree* to their set or circle, and some of the young and weak-brained too often made their fancied superiority offensively manifest.

Since that day, the "school-master has been abroad," and there are but few towns of the county which do not contain social coteries in every respect more accomplished than that of Monticello of thirty years ago.

Monticello was at that time the most important point in the county west of Mamakating for the sale of merchandise; but rival establishments were springing up in every direction, whose proprietors naturally imagined that the more odium they could heap upon the merchants of the "county-town," the greater would be their own business. The hotels of Monticello were prosperous. It was believed that they reaped a rich harvest from jurors, witnesses and others who were compelled to pat-

ronize them, and that the time had come when other tavern-keepers should have this kind of patronage. Besides this, it was charged that the money-lenders of the place, by exacting usury, "ground the faces" of those who were compelled to borrow. Yet Monticello was no more amenable to this charge than any other village of equal wealth.

Active and influential politicians who lived at the county-seat naturally exerted a great influence in their respective parties. County conventions, at which men were nominated for office, were held there, and it was asserted that too often candidates were selected by the Monticello politicians in advance of the conventions. At least, the disappointed were apt to attribute their lack of success to the central power, and as not more than one in six applicants for official honors received what they expected and desired, this was a fruitful source of ill-feeling toward Monticello.

Application was made to the Legislature of the State for a law to remove the site of the county-buildings to Halfway Brook or Barryville, where the people pledged ten acres of land, and three thousand dollars towards the cost of the necessary edifices; to the lands of John Holley, in West Settlement, who promised a site and one thousand dollars; to the Neversink Falls in the town of Fallsburgh, where the people pledged nothing, but asked for the annexation of the town of Wawarsing to Sullivan, probably to make the Falls nearer the centre of the county; to the village of Liberty, where the applicants claimed that they would give a site and erect the court-house and jail free of expense to the county; to Wurtsborough and to Forestburgh, on the same conditions. In Wurtsborough and Liberty subscription-papers were circulated to secure the money necessary for rebuilding, and considerable amounts pledged. The first named village, it was understood, took the lead by subscribing the largest amount. It is doubtful, however, whether its people entertained a hope of success.

In Forestburgh, a public meeting was held, of which Coe Dill was chairman and Archibald Mills secretary, and which appointed E. A. Greene, Charles Penny, Coe Dill, A. Mills and D. M. Broadhead a committee to ascertain what property-holders of the town would execute a bond for "the erection of the public buildings free of expense to the county generally." This committee reported at an adjourned meeting that John Penny, A. S. Dodge, A. P. Thompson, J. Bonnell, Coe Dill, William F. Brodhead, Andrew Stranagan and Nathaniel Greene would do so, provided that the court-house and Clerk's office were located in that town. The same committee also reported resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the meeting, in which it was conceded that Monticello was the best location for the

county-seat; but that, if another site should be selected, they asserted that Forestburgh possessed advantages equal to those of Liberty in every respect, and superior so far as mail and stage-routes were concerned, etc. Daniel M. Brodhead and his brother William F., were the moving spirits of this meeting. Neither of them hoped to secure the site for their town; but both hoped to prevent a removal to Liberty. The allusion to mail and stage-routes was considered a happy one, as there was a daily stage-coach running back and forth between Middletown and Narrowsburgh, *via* the Mount Hope and Lumberland turn-pike road, while Liberty could boast of no such advantage. Whether this jibe led to the running of a daily stage-line between Liberty and Ellenville, at a subsequent period, we will not pretend to say. It is enough to point to the fact that that village at the present time can suffer nothing by a comparison as to mails, etc., with Forestburgh.

In addition to the above, a witty writer for the *Watchman* (William H. Grant, First Assistant Clerk of the Assembly) suggested that the most eligible spot for the court-house was Brown's Settlement, in the town of Rockland, where it would accommodate eight or ten families of the Shandaken mountains who were unable to find a way out to attend court, and where John Hunter and other large landholders would unquestionably build it at their own expense.

A long and animated controversy ensued which did not end until the Legislature enacted a law compelling the Supervisors to rebuild on the site now occupied by the county-buildings.

On the 25th of January, (twelve days after the burning of the court-house) a special meeting of the Board of Supervisors was held at the Mansion House, in Monticello, at which were present Joseph Young, of Liberty; James C. Curtis, of Cohecton; Daniel B. St. John, of Thompson; Mathew Brown, of Bethel; Coe Dill of Forestburgh; Austin Strong, of Fallsburgh; William Fisk, of Rockland, and Olney Borden, of Callicoon. Halstead Sweet, of Mamakating; Charles S. Woodward, of Lumberland, and John Johnson, of Neversink, were absent. Joseph Young, James C. Curtis and Daniel B. St. John were appointed a committee to get a plan, receive proposals and procure the passage of a law authorizing a tax on the county for building a new court-house, jail and Clerk's office. The draft of a law was submitted and informally approved, which was sent to the Legislature. In this draft there was nothing authorizing a change of location. The opponents of Monticello hoped to effect a removal by a separate and distinct legislative act. After transacting other business, which was not of an important character, the Board adjourned until the committee should call its members together again.

The friends of Liberty committed a grave mistake at this session, in not taking a bold stand for a location at that place. As the site was already legally at Monticello, the passage of a simple law at an early day to authorize rebuilding, gave Monticello an advantage which was not overcome.

On the 8th of February, "An Act to provide for rebuilding the court-house and jail in Sullivan county," was passed by the Legislature, and became a law. The act was in the precise language adopted by the Supervisors, except that in the original draft no location was specified, while, as adopted, the Board were authorized to rebuild *at Monticello*. This caused much dissatisfaction among those who advocated a removal, while the friends of Monticello asserted that the addition of the words "at Monticello" was immaterial, as the location was determined by a law almost as old as the county.

By the act of February 8, 1844, the Supervisors were required to designate suitable rooms in the new building for a Clerk's office. A new edifice for that purpose was not then contemplated. One or two rooms on the first floor of the present house were intended for the Clerk of the County; but were subsequently found to be wholly unfit and inadequate, when the building now occupied by him was erected.

On the 13th of February a new Board was elected, as follows :

WHIGS.

Mamakating, William B. Hammond ;
Fallsburgh, Thomas Hardenbergh ;
Thompson, Daniel B. St. John.

INDEPENDENT.

Bethel, Mathew Brown, Dem. ;
Liberty, Joseph Young, Whig.

DEMOCRATS.

Neversink, John Johnson ;
Rockland, Leroy M. Wheeler ;
Callicoon, John Hankins ;
Cochecton, James C. Curtis ;
Lumberland, Charles S. Woodward ;
Forestburgh, E. A. Greene.

Mathew Brown had supported F. A. DeVoe for Sheriff, when the latter ran against William Gumaer ; but had succeeded in securing but eleven votes for him in Bethel. This was owing to the action of Charles B. Roosa, by whose advice mainly, the entire whig vote of that town was cast for Gumaer, DeVoe's competitor. DeVoe was very obnoxious to Roosa, because, while editor of the *Republican Watchman*, he had published several articles in which whig relatives of Roosa were severely

lampered. After DeVoe's defeat, Roosa, who was a shrewd politician, caused the whigs of Bethel to vote in a body for Brown whenever he was a candidate for Supervisor. All the anti-Monticello democrats of Bethel also supported him. From these causes he was uniformly successful as a candidate.

Joseph Young owed his election to the *Republican Watchman*. The editor of that paper had advocated reform in the financial affairs of the county. Mr. Young professed to be in favor of the proposed reforms, and, notwithstanding he was and always had been a whig, the political friends of the *Watchman* adopted him as their candidate for Supervisor in Liberty, and elected him.

Notwithstanding the democratic party had a clear majority of the Supervisors, the court-house question enabled Young and Brown to control the Board. Mr. Young found nothing to reform except the bill of the proprietor of the *Watchman* for printing. He, with Mr. Brown and Johnson, and the whig members, joined in allowing one-half of the legal fees for printing; but the proprietor, unwilling to accept the usual reward of reformers, sued the county, and in the end got what he demanded.*

These facts show what effect the burning of the court-house, and the agitation in regard to rebuilding, had on our local politics.

The new Board held a special meeting in Monticello on the 7th of March. All the members attended.

The plan of the court-house as made by Thornton M. Niven, was accepted. *Ayes*—Curtis, St. John, Brown, Hammond, Hankins, Greene, Woodward—7. *Nays*—Young, Hardenbergh, Johnson, Wheeler—4.

On motion of Mr. Young, further action was postponed until the 25th of the ensuing April. *Ayes*—Curtis, Brown, Young, Hardenbergh, Hankins, Greene, Johnson, Wheeler—8. *Nays*—St. John, Hammond, Woodward—3.

Eli Fairchild, John P. Jones and Platt Pelton were authorized to repair the old Clerk's office, the expense of which was limited to seventy-five dollars. Against this only Young, Brown and Wheeler voted.

Previous to this meeting the inhabitants of Monticello had not made a formal demonstration in their own favor. The action of the Supervisors alarmed them. A meeting was held on the 12th of March, at which A. C. Niven, Daniel B. St. John, E. L. Burnham, Eli Fairchild, N. S. Hammond, John P. Jones, James E. Quinlan and others were appointed a committee to

* Ambrose Spencer and A. C. Niven were the attorneys of Quinlan, the proprietor of the *Watchman*; and William B. Wright for the Supervisors.

“submit to the public a brief statement of facts relative to the location of the county-buildings.” In discharging their duties, they recited the action of the Commissioners who, after a full investigation, made Monticello the capital of the county at an early day; the destruction of the court-house, etc., by fire; the action of the Board; the passage of the act for which the Supervisors applied, with the addition already noted, which the committee argued was immaterial, as the location had long been “at Monticello,” etc. In language marked by unusual asperity, they charged that, while measures were maturing for the speedy restoration of the county-buildings, a few individuals at Liberty, with the intention of enhancing the value of their own property, had been constantly engaged in prejudicing, and “arraying the people of other towns against their brethren here, thus inciting them to commit an act which in all time to come they would deeply deplore.” The committee then asserted that Monticello was nearer the geographical center of the county than Liberty, as well as the center of population; that the facilities for reaching Monticello were superior; that it had a daily mail; that the proposition of Liberty to erect a court-house was fallacious, as no such arrangement could be enforced legally; and that if that place could do what was offered, the advantages would be trifling when compared with the inconveniences which would follow to the inhabitants of Cohecton, Bethel, Lumberland, Forestburgh, Mamakating and Thompson. They then made a statement showing the amount a tax-payer assessed for \$250 would have to pay for the erection of a new court-house, as well as those assessed for larger amounts, and concluded by saying that they desired the whole matter should be laid before the people in candor and truth, without false coloring, and unbacked by fallacious promises. If this was done they were willing to abide by the result.

We have given but the substance of what this committee incorporated in their address to the people of the county, omitting what would even now give offense to some. If we could procure a copy of the memorial sent to the Legislature by those who favored Liberty, we would, as an impartial historian, insert it here.

The committee of the Assembly to whom were referred the Liberty and other petitions for a removal, reported unanimously that “the site for the former buildings was located by a Board of Commissioners duly authorized by law; that since such location no alteration had taken place in the bounds of the county, and that no unforeseen contingency had rendered a removal necessary or expedient.” The report concludes in the following words:

“With these facts before them, the committee are of opinion that nothing but needless expense and unmitigated evil would result from further agitation of the question. Trusting that, on mature reflection, all parties concerned will see the subject in the same light, they can but hope that when a transient excitement shall have given place to cooler counsels, they will cheerfully acquiesce in the decision at which the committee have arrived, to wit: That the prayer of the petitioners ought not to be granted.”

Immediately after Liberty was thus defeated in the Assembly, one of the most prominent and influential citizens of the county, whose opinions had decisive weight in Monticello, made the following suggestion in the *Watchman*:

* * * * “The people of Liberty are full of enterprise, and if the northern towns increase in the ratio they pretend to anticipate, and the roads be correspondingly improved, it would be worthy of consideration whether they should not have that town a half-shire town.” * * * *

This offer, emanating as it did from the victorious party, was liberal and magnanimous; but it met with no favor from those to whom it was made. They received it with sullen silence, and prepared themselves for another encounter.

Monticello became fully aroused, and through its friends at the State capital, gave its enemies a fatal blow. An amendatory act was prepared empowering William Gillespie, of Bethel, Joseph Grant, of Liberty, and Platt Pelton of Monticello, or any two of them, to rebuild the court-house on the old site, provided the Supervisors did not make a *bona fide* contract on or before the 20th day of May, 1844. This act became a law on the 22d of April. On the 25th the Board met, and on motion of Mathew Brown, all action in regard to rebuilding was deferred until the next annual meeting. *Ayes*—Wheeler, Johnson, Hardenbergh, Hankins, Brown and Young—6. *Nays*—Woodward, Curtis, Hammond, Greene and St. John—5. In vain were the members informed of the passage of the law appointing commissioners. They believed, or affected to believe, that the act of the 22d of April was a myth; and the citizens of Monticello were attempting to perpetrate a *ruse* to secure the site at that place similar to the one resorted to by Samuel F. Jones during the first controversy concerning the public buildings. They were determined not to be caught napping *this* time. Nothing less than an official copy of the law would convince them that all hope had perished. Such a copy had not been received, and if the law had been adopted, perhaps Gillespie, Grant and Pelton would not dare to act under it. The Board adjourned, and on the 30th, Messrs. Gillespie and Pelton advertised for sealed proposals for constructing the court-house, agreeably to

the plan and specifications of T. M. Niven. They also announced that on the 21st of May, the first day they could lawfully do so, they would enter into a contract for building.

Here was an entertainment which Mathew Brown and his coadjutors had not anticipated. The geographical position of Bethel rendered its interests identical with those of Thompson; but Mr. Brown was bitterly hostile to Monticello and all its interests, and with extraordinary ingenuity and persistency labored to vex and humiliate certain of its leading men. He was an Indian in his enmities, a Yankee in cunning, a Scotchman in craftiness, and struck just when and where he could reach a vital point. We have never had in Sullivan a public man who could bend the most adverse circumstances to suit his purposes as did Mathew Brown. With an entire community arrayed against him, he could so manage his cards as to win almost every game he undertook. Although Bethel was within one hour's ride of Monticello, and the means of intercourse between that town and Thompson, were unsurpassed in the county, he so worked upon the passions of his fellow-townsmen, that they were willing to bring upon themselves almost any calamity, if by doing so they could thwart the "dictators" of Monticello, and ruin that village. The court-house question was a potent engine with which he was determined to advance his political interests, and hence it was his policy to keep it unsettled as long as possible. Through it he had an opportunity to control the county-conventions of his party, and to secure such nominations as pleased him and mortified his democratic enemies, and to have it thus put at rest by a bold and unforeseen movement of the Monticello clique, as he stigmatized them, was a personal disaster.*

Finding that the court-house would be put under contract, either with or without their agency, a special meeting of the Board was called by Billings Grant, their Clerk, at the request of a majority of the Supervisors. This meeting was held on the 7th of May, and was attended by the representatives of every town. Its first act was to make Mr. Brown permanent chairman. It then resolved to *reconsider* the vote of the previous meeting deferring action in regard to the court-house until the annual meeting; but from ignorance of parliamentary law, they did not reconsider it; but leaving it unrepealed, they appointed Messrs. Brown, Young and Hankins a committee to rebuild, and instructed them "to enter into contract on or before the 20th instant." Every member of this committee was hostile to the Monticello location. It was feared at first that they

* Both Hankins and Johnson were at first bitterly opposed to Brown; but by skillfully manipulating their vulnerable points, they became entirely subservient to his purposes.

would cause to be erected a cheap and useless edifice ; but this contingency was guarded against by the law of April 22d. On the 9th of March, the Board had adopted the plans and specifications of T. M. Niven. This plan was for a stone-building, each and every part of which was specified or described ; and the law providing for Commissioners to rebuild, authorized them to proceed with the work if the Supervisors *did not make a bona fide contract by the 20th of May, "for the building of said court-house and jail according to the plan and specifications already adopted by the Board,* etc.*

After transacting the business for which they had met, the Board adjourned to the 20th of May.

On the day of adjournment, a full Board was again present. Messrs. Brown, Young and Hankins reported that they had contracted with Samuel Bull, of Orange county, to build the court-house according to the plan of T. M. Niven, for \$6,500. This sum was \$1,500 less than the estimated cost. The Treasurer was authorized to borrow five thousand dollars on the credit of the county as part of the cost of building. Fifty dollars were allowed T. M. Niven for his plan—just one-half the amount originally authorized to be paid for it. Probably resentment more than economy determined the reward he received. Messrs. Brown, Young and Wheeler were appointed to superintend the building, with power to appoint an agent residing in Monticello, and Messrs. Brown, Young and Hankins were continued a building committee.

The Superintendents appointed John P. Jones their agent, and made it his duty to require the contractor to construct the building in a workmanlike manner.

Mr. Bull commenced the job without delay. He at once proved that he was a rigid economist. He put up a barrack-like shanty of rough boards on the north line of court-house square, where he fed and lodged his workmen. He imported his own provisions, and brought with him a company of energetic, industrious workmen. A man who was a laggard, or required a moment's rest from early morn to sundown, could not remain in his employment a single day. The work was performed in a manner advantageous to himself. Mr. Jones was not satisfied with it, and in his hesitating, stammering way, found much fault. "A—ah—Mr. Bull," he would say, "these—ah—stones will not—ah—make a good wall ; and—ah—this mortar has not—ah—enough lime in it." Mr. Bull would not pause an instant in what he was doing ; but would look at the agent, smiling blandly and with a cunning' twinkle in his eyes, "O, yes, I see, Mr. Jones !" And everything would go on in

* This is the precise language of the resolution.

precisely the old manner. His workmen annoyed Mr. Jones in every conceivable way, no doubt to the secret satisfaction of their employer, so that the visits of the agent became "few and far between."

At the annual meeting of the Board in November, the office of agent or superintendent was discontinued; and the building-committee and committee of superintendence were consolidated. Messrs. Brown, Hankins and St. John were chosen to discharge the duties. From this time, Mr. St. John practically had charge of the building. But his appointment was too late. He was fearless and energetic, as well as a good judge of such work as Mr. Bull was engaged in, and if he had had an oversight of it from the beginning, the irregularities of the contractor would have been regulated, and the necessity for expending many hundred dollars subsequently for repairs, would not have existed.

In November, 1845, the building was completed; but the roof leaked so badly that the Board refused to accept it, or pay Mr. Bull the full amount specified in the contract until the defect was remedied.

In addition to \$6,500, Mr. Bull received \$290 for extra work, making altogether \$6,790.

While the old safety-fund system prevailed, several attempts were made to establish a bank in Monticello; but without success. This resulted from several causes. 1. The principal moneyed men of the place were merchants, whose capital was profitably invested in trade, yielding them twenty-five per cent. profit on sales, with seven per cent. on all overdue accounts. 2. There was a lack of unity among those who were able to take stock. 3. There was not a sufficient amount of surplus-funds to start a bank, without the aid of neighboring towns and villages. The principal source from which subscriptions were expected outside of Monticello was Bloomingburgh—a place then deemed of much importance financially—and Bloomingburgh desired a bank of her own. 4. Those who had money had invested it in bonds and mortgages—then a favorite method of loaning it. Money loaned on such security generally escaped taxation, and earned seven per cent., and too often commanded more than legal interest.

One of these movements to found a moneyed institution at the county-seat was made in 1832. On Christmas of that year, a meeting was held at the Mansion House of Stephen Hamilton, the object of which was to "petition the Legislature for the incorporation of a Bank" in Monticello. John P. Jones was chairman, and Peter F. Hunn, secretary. Apparently the gentlemen who attended were unanimously in favor of the project. Hiram Bennett, R. S. Street, A. C. Niven, George O. Belden and Peter F. Hunn were appointed a committee to procure informa-

tion as to the necessity for a Bank, which, with the petition, was to be laid before the Legislature. At this time the people of Bloomingburgh were anxious to establish a Bank in their village, and had taken steps with that object in view, for which they were censured by the *Monticello Watchman*. That journal expressed fears that a Bank at Bloomingburgh would be controlled by the capitalists of other counties, and boldly declared that it might as well be located on the summit of Shawangunk mountain as at its eastern base. Beyond this, it does not appear that much was done at either place, at that time, to create such an institution, and the matter remained in abeyance until January, 1839, when the subject was again agitated, and it was proposed to establish in Monticello a Bank with a capital of \$100,000, under the general banking-law. The proposition, however, was fruitless.

In January, 1840, Benoni H. Howell, jr., of Buffalo, announced his intention to establish the "Liberty Bank of Rockland, in the village of Rockland," with a capital of \$100,000, and the privilege of increasing the same to \$5,000,000. The necessary papers were filed by him in the County Clerk's office; but he was deterred from proceeding further in the matter, by an exposure in the newspapers. It was evidently his intention to have his Bank located nominally where bill-holders would not find it easily, while its owner or owners transacted its business in Buffalo. The project was as shallow as the Bank would have been fraudulent.

Our financial mountain had suffered from parturient pains for nearly twenty years; but owing to congenital perversity, there was no issue of bills, great or small, when a private individual commenced the business of banking in Monticello, without the croaking and cackling which usually precede important events in villages of limited magnitude. The owner of this bank (Frederick M. St. John) was a junior clerk in his brother's store *after* the first effort was made to start a bank in the village; had grown to man's estate; engaged in business, and made a comfortable fortune, while the magnates of the county-seat were devising a method to establish such an institution. This fact is not a pleasant one to contemplate; but it may serve as a beacon to guard against the evils which grow out of personal piques and enmities where the interests of all would be promoted by harmony and good will.

The new institution was known as the Sullivan County Bank. Its capital was \$51,159.69. It would have done a very profitable business, if it had continued to occupy the ground alone; but it soon had a rival. We will not stop to inquire whether this rival would have had an existence if St. John had not gone into the business. It is sufficient to say, that nearly all the

wealthy men of the place, with some of the neighboring towns, came promptly forward and subscribed to stock of the Union Bank of Sullivan County, amounting in the aggregate to \$115,000. On the 11th of December, 1850, a meeting was held, of which A. C. Niven was president and John D. Watkins, secretary. The articles of association were signed by those present, and ten per cent. on upwards of \$100,000 promptly paid in. The following gentlemen were then elected directors: Nathan S. Hammond, Archibald C. Niven, Gad Wales, Ephraim L. Burnham, Giles M. Benedict, James H. Foster, George Bennett, Henry F. Wells, Sheldon Strong, John D. Watkins, Nathaniel Gildersleeve, Charles S. Woodward, Spencer M. Bull, Austin Strong, Stephen Smith and Richard D. Childs. Nathan S. Hammond was chosen President. On the 27th of January, 1851, the capital stock was all paid in. George Bennett was elected Cashier, and John A. Thompson, Attorney. On the 24th of March, the bank commenced business, and has continued to do so until the present time.* During its existence it has had but two cashiers (George Bennett and Israel P. Tremain.)

In 1852, the Sullivan County Bank commenced winding up its affairs, and soon ceased to exist. Mr. St. John was its sole manager, and at the same time carried on an extensive mercantile business.

In 1842, it may be said, commenced an era of improvement. The corporation of the village was revived, its by-laws enforced, and the construction of sidewalks commenced. A course of lectures was also delivered on scientific, speculative and historical subjects by residents of the village. The list of lecturers embraced such men as Rev. James Adams, William B. Wright, Andrew Hamersly, Rev. Edward K. Fowler, and Daniel M. Angell, as well as William J. Clows, John W. Myers, William C. Gogswell, James E. Quinlan, and others. The lectures were free, and were attended by large audiences. As the attractiveness of the village increased, non-residents found purchasers for their houses and lots, old edifices were modernized, new ones built, and a steady and healthy, but not rapid growth has continued until the present time.

Perhaps nothing will illustrate more vividly the spirit which formerly prevailed among the residents of Monticello, than a brief account of the various efforts made by them to construct a plank-road from that place to some point on the line of the New York and Erie Railroad.

The plank-road project originated in 1849. On the 24th of February of that year, a meeting was held at Wiggins' hotel, at which James E. Quinlan, Munson L. Bushnell and George W.

* It has been re-organized as a National Bank.

Lord were appointed a committee to collect and report facts in regard to plank-roads ; Nathan S. Hammond, William E. Cady and James H. Foster to ascertain the amount that could be secured to construct a road from Monticello to the New York and Erie railway ; and Stephen Hamilton, John P. Jones and Eli Fairchild to ascertain the most practicable route. The several committees were requested to report at an adjourned meeting on the ensuing 9th of March. None of the committee-men performed any of the work assigned them except James E. Quinlan, who gave a history of plank-roads ; the mode and cost of their construction and maintainance ; facts to show their utility ; an estimate of their profits to stockholders and the public ; a synopsis of statutory provisions respecting them, etc. His report was mainly based on legislative documents. We would give it in full, as it had an important bearing on the formation of several plank-road companies ; but these enterprises were, without exception, unfortunate. In not a single case were the plank relaid, and when the road was not abandoned, it was reconstructed of other material.

After the reading of the report, Stephen Hamilton, Eli S. Pelton and William R. Stewart were appointed a committee to explore routes and obtain subscriptions to stock ; George W. Lord, James E. Quinlan and Frederick M. St. John were chosen to collect funds to defray incidental expenses. The meeting then adjourned to the first Monday of April ; but it failed to meet again on that day. Sometime during the month, however, Monticello and its neighborhood were canvassed, and it was ascertained that capitalists and others were willing to subscribe an aggregate amount of about \$20,000, if the road was made to Otisville, Port Jervis, or Cuddebackville.

On the 8th of June, books were opened for subscriptions. Fourteen thousand dollars of stock were taken, and five per cent. paid. The following named persons were chosen directors : Nathan S. Hammond, president ; William E. Cady, treasurer ; Archibald C. Niven, clerk ; Stephen Hamilton, John P. Jones, John W. Swan, Watson W. Gilman, Lewis W. Cuddeback and J. Howard Tillotson.

W. B. Vedder, a competent engineer, was soon after employed to survey the route, who reported that the best location was by the way of Gilman's and Cuddebackville to Otisville. This did not materially interfere with the road of the Mount Hope and Lumberland Turnpike Company. On the 20th of September, the directors adopted this route, Messrs. Jones, Niven and Cady dissenting on account of assurances which they had given to the people of Port Jervis. A contract for the purchase of a part of the turnpike was then made with Abraham Cuddeback.

In January, 1850, the citizens of Otisville and Cuddeback-

ville had subscribed their required quotas of stock; but a few shares were not yet taken in Thompson. The prospect was so encouraging, that the directors advertised for 3,000,000 feet of plank and timber. Soon after proposals for construction were issued. But unexpected difficulties were encountered. Cuddeback repudiated his contract. The directors differed about the location of the road and other matters, and when a responsible contractor offered to make the road for less than the estimate of the engineer, a portion of those who controlled the company's affairs declined to proceed further in the matter. The Monticello directors claimed that the derelict portion of the company resided in Cuddebackville and Otisville, and a meeting was held on the 22d of May, at which the people of Thompson threatened to avoid both places by running the road to a point four miles west of Otisville; but the threat had no effect on those at whom it was directed.

After this, until the summer of 1852, impotent efforts were made to secure a plank-road to Port Jervis, to Otisville, *via* Tannersdale and Westbrookville, etc. Meetings were held, and pronouncements issued through the village-press, duly verified by substantial chairmen and expert secretaries; which were as barren of results as a useless expenditure of blank cartridges. In the meantime, the Port Jervis and Mongaup Valley Plank Road Company was organized, and the construction of its road pushed vigorously, and the scheme openly avowed of extending it to Liberty. The Middletown and Bloomingburgh road was completed, and an extension under way to Wurtsborough, and a further extension advocated to Westfield Flats, *via* Sandburgh, Fallsburgh, Liberty, Parksville and Purvis. Thompsonville also caught the fever, and in conjunction with citizens of Glen Wild and Wurtsborough, formed a company. Eighteen thousand dollars were subscribed, and Monticello was invited to raise enough to make a road to connect at Thompsonville; but Monticello failed to unite with her sister-village. The proposed capital of the company was \$20,000. Ostensibly, the company failed to undertake the construction of its contemplated improvement because \$2,000 of its stock were not taken.

In the summer of 1851, there was a decided inclination in Monticello to make the road to Wurtsborough. James H. Foster, Stephen Hamilton, John P. Jones and A. C. Niven called a meeting on the 11th of August, when the "books" were re-opened, and a committee in a single day obtained subscriptions nearly sufficient to complete the work. William W. Reeve was employed to survey the route, and on the 25th of November, John Dougherty, Eli S. Pelton, Simon Krum and Harvey R. Morris were chosen directors. Having accomplished this much, the chronic disposition to squabble about the route manifested

itself afresh. Some were for the Port Jervis, some for the Otisville, and others for the Wurtsborough terminus. As the disputants were generally magnates in village and town-affairs, it is probable the controversy would have been carried on until the consummation of sublunary affairs, if rival roads had not been projected and in progress of construction in the quarters already noted.

On the 5th of May, 1852, another meeting was held in Monticello, and the ever-opening "books" again brought forward. It was announced that this was the "last effort;" but these final attempts were like the wares of Peter Pindar, the razor-strop vender—there was always one more left.

On the 28th of July, a final meeting *was* held, at which a plank-road company was organized by the election of a board of directors composed of the following named persons: Nathan S. Hammond, president; Richard Oakley, treasurer; Spencer M. Bull, secretary; Harvey R. Morris, James Graham, Archibald C. Niven, and Edwin K. Gale. The purchase of the turnpike between Monticello and Wurtsborough, including the Neversink bridge, was recommended, and the terms proposed by the turnpike company approved.

From this time there was concert of action, and the work was soon after put under contract. In due time it was completed.

When their improvement was finished, it was found that the company was several thousand dollars in debt. The earnings of the road, however, discharged all liabilities. No dividends were paid for several years in consequence of this indebtedness, and the conversion of the road to a stone road. This change was made because it was found that a planked thoroughfare, although admirable at first, soon became rough and uneven by the unequal wearing of the material of which it was constructed; that the expense of re-planking was too great for profit; and that a McAdanized road was in every respect preferable.

The affairs of the company have been managed with admirable prudence. Its road has been one of the best in the county, and for many years it is believed that its dividends were large. As to this, however, nothing is known with certainty beyond the fact that those who owned stock considered it so desirable that they did not offer it for sale.

The life of William B. Wright does not afford an example of successful industry or brilliant genius. He was a man of talent, but indolent. In him, with a mind broad and deep, there was a natural tendency to stagnation. A breeze disturbed its placidity; but it required an earthquake to move its depths.

He was of Irish blood, the son of Samuel and Martha Brown Wright, and was born in Newburgh, New York, on the 16th of April, 1806. His father was a mechanic, and a man of small

means. The son was early sent to the glebe-school of Newburgh, where he continued until his twelfth year, when he attended an academy for a short time. After this he was employed in a book-store. When fifteen years old, he was apprenticed to Ward M. Gazely, a printer and publisher of his native town. Here he labored at the case and press for several years, and spent what leisure he had in miscellaneous reading. From doing press-work at this period of his life, it is supposed he acquired a slight physical deformity. This he carefully concealed. It was known to but few except his tailor, whose art was employed to make his customer's shoulders appear symmetrical.

After the expiration of his apprenticeship, he commenced the study of law with Ross & Knevels, who were leading members of the bar of Orange county. How he managed to pay his expenses while a law-student is unknown to us. As he was a ready and vigorous writer, and an expert compositor, it is not improbable that the means of his support were drawn from the printing-offices of the place.

After studying the prescribed time, he was licensed as an attorney, and for a short period practiced law in Newburgh. It does not appear that his success was remarkable, for he engaged soon after in editing "The Beacon," an anti-Jackson paper. His articles were keen and severe, and much applauded by his political friends. In a few months "The Beacon" was discontinued.

In 1831, he removed to Goshen, and practiced law in the office of Samuel J. Wilkin. He also became the editor of the "Orange County Patriot." As a writer he displayed much ability. He was caustic and forcible, and, like nearly every editor of that day, resorted to personal vituperation. Few journalists could lash a political opponent more severely than William B. Wright. In the heat of controversy, he applied the scourge with a vigor and will which were never lessened by the contortions of the unfortunate victim. It is said that he assailed Mr. Chaffee, a rival editor of Goshen, with such severity, that the latter was prostrated by paralysis, from which he never recovered.

Mr. Wright, perhaps, regretted the necessity of these excesses. They were then an essential ingredient of editorial life. The mass of mankind were so depraved that a journalist was contemned who did not cater to vitiated appetites. His own party despised him if he did not use the weapons of a blackguard. Even in our own time, too many Christian parents who guard their children against the debasing influences of the rat-pit, the race-course and nude theatricals, will place in the hands of their offspring journals which assail private character and reek with

vulgarity and obscenity. Brutal sports are not as debasing as brutal literature. Ruffians who assail each other with hands and feet and teeth, are no worse than the creatures who, with a public press at their control, and their hearts convulsed by demoniac passions, seek to blast and blacken each other's reputation. In the commission of such offenses, we have been a sinner among sinners; but it affords us pleasure to say, that we have seldom met an editorial brother who did not privately deplore his offenses against good taste and sound morality; and who did not regret that editorial intercourse was not governed by the same rules which control the conduct of the cultivated and refined.

In April, 1835, Mr. Wright opened a law-office in Monticello, in the building now occupied for the same purpose by Judge Bush. At that time, Randall S. Street, Archibald C. Niven, Peter F. Hunn, Seth W. Brownson and William B. Wright were the only lawyers in Monticello. Indeed, there was but one more in the county, (Alpheus Dimmick, of Bloomingburgh). There was but one of these gentlemen who earned more than his expenses. Street soon after died, Hunn removed from the county, and Brownson closed his office. The legal business of the county, it may be said, was monopolized for several years by Niven, Wright and Dimmick. Nevertheless, Wright remained poor and Dimmick did not get rich. For fifteen years previous to the adoption of the third Constitution of New York, there was a dearth of legal business in Sullivan. This will appear from the annexed memoranda of the courts of 1845:

CIRCUIT COURTS.—Two terms. No causes on the calendar, and none tried. Grand Jurors' fees, \$112; Petit Jurors', \$115; Sheriff and Constables', \$42.50; Crier's, \$6. Total, \$275.50.

COUNTY COURTS.—Two civil causes during the year. Both tried. Aggregate amount of verdicts, \$85. Two *certioraris* decided—one affirmed—one reversed. Judge's fees for attending County Courts, \$126; Oyer and Terminer, \$460; Grand Jurors' fees, \$120; Petit Jurors', \$171; Sheriff and Constables', \$100; Crier, \$18.75; County Clerk, \$38.06.

Surrogate's fees, \$508.88. Supreme Court Commissioner's, \$10. Fees of Examiners in Chancery, \$178.96.

Number of judgments docketed in Court of Common Pleas, 62; damages, \$32,288.29; costs, \$1,350.57.

In January, 1847, there was not a convict from Sullivan county in State Prison.

Those were Arcadian days. The people imagined they could be improved. They made radical changes in the organic law of the State, and brought upon themselves a host of official

locusts, whose greed increases, year after year, in geometrical progression.

Mr. Wright was not successful as a lawyer. A dearth of litigation and his love of ease, sufficiently account for his failure. He was unfitted for the every-day business of his profession. He was so slow in his movements that A. C. Niven, his principal competitor, outflanked him and outmanœuvred him in almost every contest.

The last three or four of his professional years were the darkest of his life. To indulgence of habit he added indulgence of appetite. In 1844, he lost the office of Surrogate, to which he had been appointed in 1840. It had enabled him to "keep the wolf from his door." He was now glad to take the office of Supervisors' Clerk. Its salary, (one hundred dollars,) not the work and honor, was the inducement. He was also Justice of the Peace. His necessities were limited. Throughout his life he had found it necessary to stint himself in money-matters. He was scrupulously honest in business-affairs. Hence he sought these insignificant positions—insignificant, at least, for a man of his ability. He was poor, and his disregard of sanitary laws caused the seeds of disease to germinate in his system. Poverty and death threatened to terminate his days. Respectable physicians pronounced his case beyond their skill. Apparently his life was a failure—his sacrifices and struggles to emerge from poverty and obscurity fruitless. As the regular medical faculty had abandoned him, he abandoned them, and put his life in the hands of a quack, whose prescriptions were not in vain. There was a gradual improvement in Mr. Wright's bodily condition, although for several years his arms were partially paralyzed.

While his prospects were worst, two or three things occurred which gave an upward tendency to his life: The New York and Erie Railroad company endeavored to violate their promise to locate their road through the county, which caused much indignation in the interior towns, and Mr. Wright became the champion of the discontented. The anti-rent controversy took place. General Niven became the attorney of the landlords. He had been regarded as the leader of the democracy. The whig leaders took advantage of this fact, and it enabled them to control the anti-rent vote, which was uniformly cast for the local candidates of the whig party. Sullivan had been a strong democratic county; but the democracy were rendered impotent by the hostility of the anti-rent party, and the foolish jealousies and bickerings of its prominent members.

Under such circumstances, Mr. Wright became the candidate of whigs and others for the Constitutional Convention of 1846. His opponent was Charles S. Woodward. Mr. Wright was elected

by a majority of 55. The vote stood for William B. Wright, 1,304; for Charles S. Woodward, 1,249; for Robert Maffit, jr., 19. As a member of the Convention, he occupied a respectable position, although we believe he did not succeed in engrafting upon the constitution anything which he originated. He made several speeches which compared favorably with those of men who enjoyed a much wider reputation, and which added much to his importance in the eyes of his constituents.

At the November election of 1846, he was again a successful candidate for office. He was then run for Member of Assembly by the whigs and anti-renters against Jonathan Stratton, the democratic nominee. Wright's friends claimed that he was also the anti-railroad company candidate. Their representations had great weight with the friends of the central route. It was notorious that he could make a sound and able argument, and that in this respect no member of the legislature would excel him. The influence of oratory on legislation was then held in undue importance, and the fact was entirely ignored that there were other and more efficient agencies, (while they were equally honorable,) by which favorable enactments could be secured, and unfavorable ones defeated. Wright received 1,728 votes; Stratton, 1,387. The history of the Assembly of which Wright was a member, proves that he was not as influential in advocating the interests of Sullivan, as Members who preceded him. They had defeated the efforts of the New York and Erie Railroad Company; the company procured the legislation they desired during his term of office. He made unanswerable arguments in favor of the interior route; but a paid lobby rendered his speeches of no avail, and afforded another evidence of the fact that a half dozen whipper-snappers who are acquainted with the ways of legislation, can defeat the efforts of those who possess massive but inert brains.

At the Judicial election held on the 7th of June, 1847, William B. Wright, Ira Harris, Malbone Watson and Amasa J. Parker, were elected Justices of the Supreme Court of the Third District. By allotment Wright's term of office was two years, Harris' four, Watson's six and Parker's eight years. In 1849, Wright was re-elected, and served a full term of eight years. In 1857, he was elected for four years *vice* Malbone Watson, deceased.

In 1861, he was nominated by the republican party for Judge of the Court of Appeals, and was elected. He served in that capacity until the January term of 1868, when he died. At the time of his decease, he was the Chief or Presiding Judge of the court.*

* "The judge of the Court of Appeals elected by the electors of the State, who shall have the shortest time to serve, shall be the chief judge of said court."
{ *Laws of 1847, chapter 280, § 5.*

In consequence of Mr. Wright's death, there was a meeting of distinguished lawyers at the capital. Alex. S. Johnson was called to the chair. Lyman Tremain, John K. Porter, William M. Evarts, and others were appointed a committee to report appropriate resolutions. Alfred B. Street delivered an eulogium on the deceased. The committee, through Mr. Tremain, their chairman, reported among other things that "from the position of a lawyer, attracting but little attention beyond the range of a local bar, he (Judge Wright,) suddenly rose into distinction, and for more than twenty years maintained his eminence, until he reached the highest position known in our administration of justice. The qualities which evoked these results are worthy of our attention and admiration.

"Never brilliant, flashing no coruscations of wit or eloquence upon his auditory, and exciting no wonder by any outbreak from the ordinary level of life, he was yet steadily, uniformly and always characterized by unvarying good sense, sound judgment, instinctive integrity, and an exemption from those personal influences which so often warp the minds of even the greatest men from their true balance.

"So thorough was the conviction of all men who knew him of the existence of those qualities, that unshaken confidence in the uprightness of his course attended every man whose interests, whether of life, liberty or property, were submitted to his determination; and his example teaches us that while we may struggle against the power of genius and wit, we yield without reluctance to the charm of good sense and sound integrity."

Ward Hunt, who became Chief Judge on the decease of Mr. Wright, announced his death to the Court of Appeals, and declared that "his enduring monument will be found in the reports of the decisions of this Court. Patient, laborious, learned, clear-minded and discriminating, he ranks honorably in that long line of distinguished men who have presided on this bench.

"The steadiness and evenly balanced character of his mind was its prominent feature. He was never deluded by sophistries or deceived by subtleties. Unembarrassed by speculative tendencies, his strong native sense at once cut the Gordian knot which he could not untie. His instinct condemned the fallacies which he could not readily refute, and time and deliberation enabled him by reason and authority effectually to explode them. He grasped the strong points of his case, clung to them with tenacity, and vindicated them with learning and ability.

"In personal character and manners Judge Wright was singularly unaffected and unostentatious. I know of no man more eminently *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*. Under a some-

what austere demeanor, he was kind and gentle, yielding much to others, claiming little for himself, cordial to his associates, familiar and unreserved in the social circle."*

Judge Wright's funeral was attended by the Governor of the State, the Judges of the Court of Appeals, and a large concourse of distinguished citizens.

In a previous paragraph we have alluded to the fact that Mr. Wright's necessities were limited. This was the natural result of the narrow means at his command in early life. We do not believe that his income ever amounted to a thousand dollars per year until he was made a Justice of the Supreme Court. After his elevation to the bench, his good fortune did not make him profuse in his expenditures, except for religious purposes. He lived respectably, but avoided vulgar ostentation. As his means increased, he led a better and purer life; and his contributions to the Church of which he was a pious communicant and an honored warden, were large, and made without reluctance.

It is said that at his death he left a very comfortable fortune, which he acquired from his salary as Justice of the Supreme Court and Judge of the Court of Appeals.

For several years previous to his decease he was a resident of Kingston, N. Y. Before his removal from Monticello, he married Miss Martha Ann Crissey, by whom he had but one child, a daughter, who married Leru, a son of Rev. James Adams. Judge Wright and young Adams both died but a few days after the marriage.

On the 17th of September, 1857, a whirlwind passed from the farm of Coe Durland, in Kinne Settlement, to Thompsonville. It destroyed a part of Durland's orchard; unroofed the cow-house of Cholbe F. Royce; destroyed a barn of Peter B. Webster, and prostrated his orchard; wrecked a barn of Stephen Hamilton, moving it with sixty tons of hay from its foundation; ruined the fences, fruit-trees, house, barn and sheds of Truman Smith; mowed a swarth one-eighth of a mile wide through the woods of Shelden Strong, M. L. Bushnell, Coe Dill and Philip Shafer; carried a house of William McCullough several rods, and dropped it upon the ground, where it was torn to fragments; greatly damaged the house of James Welsh, a shed of Philip Shafer, and the mill and turning-shop of Robert T. Hall; and left little except the cellar of the dwelling of William Kane. Beyond this point, trees were blown down, crops destroyed, etc.; but no buildings injured. Of such tremendous force was the hurricane, that it thrust pieces of boards two feet in length at least twelve inches perpendicu-

* Tiffany's New York Reports, volume 37, page 693.

larly into the ground—removed heavy stones from walls, etc. The path of the storm was from a point a few degrees south of west to a corresponding point north of east, while the uprooted trees laid almost directly across the track, showing that the current of air was from the south-east, near the earth's surface. At Kane's six persons were eating supper, when there was a sudden shock, and the next moment the building had disappeared, and its late occupants were scattered over an adjoining field, bruised and bleeding. Although several persons were wounded, no one was fatally injured.

John Quinn and John Price, while going to their work in the woods near George W. Barnum's mills, on the 20th of January, 1863, were induced to leave the road they were on by the barking of their dogs, and found that the animals had discovered a large bear. The latter was at the entrance of its lair, where it had four cubs, which it guarded with great ferocity against the approaches of the dogs. Having nothing but axes with them, Price went after a gun, while his companion remained to watch the bear. The dogs in the meantime "skirmished" with bruin. One of them approaching too near, was caught and would have been speedily killed by the bear, if the other cur and Quinn had not taken an active part in the fight. Quinn struck the monster with his axe, when it made a rush at him. In attempting to avoid it, he exposed his rear, when the animal, with a sweep of one of its paws, carried away his coat-tail. At this moment, he was in great peril, and would have lost his life, if one of the dogs had not laid hold of the brute's haunches, causing the bear to turn "right about" and face its four-footed assailant. Quinn then managed to give it a heavy blow on the head with his axe, which put an end to the fight. His friend soon after returned with a gun, when they fired two charges into the body of the disabled monster. They also secured the cubs.

Quinn's weight was but 125 pounds, while the bear's was 300.

On the 6th of September, 1865, William Wigley and Joseph Turner were suffocated in a well. This well was on the farm of John Waller, senior, about four miles south of Monticello. It had been dry some time. On the 1st day of the month, Wigley, in company with Joseph Conklin, descended to its bottom, and, after removing some rubbish, drilled a hole, and attempted to explode a blast. Owing to the unsuspected presence of foul air at the bottom, the fuse would not ignite. The well was then covered and remained covered until the 6th, when Wigley again went down to gather the straw, etc., which had been used to fire the blast. While thus engaged, and after he had been at the bottom about fifteen minutes, he fell upon his face, as if he had fainted. Mr. Waller, who was an infirm old man, immediately alarmed the neighbors. Mr. Turner was among

the first to reach the spot, and immediately went down with a rope to Wigley's body, and then retraced his steps until he had reached within three feet of the top, when he swooned and fell. No one then dared to descend, and no means were at hand to expel the deadly gas from the well. Every plan which could be thought of, however, was tried to raise the bodies, but without success until three hours had elapsed. The unfortunate men continued to breathe for about one-third of this time. They were both young men of exemplary character. A few weeks previously Wigley had been mustered out of the army, in which he had served creditably for four years without receiving a scratch.

For several years previous to 1866, one of the *habitues* of Thompson was Joel W. McKee, an insane Methodist preacher. In early life, he was of average ability and standing; but from inherent causes his mind ultimately became unbalanced, when a conflict arose between him and his ecclesiastical superiors—he believing that he should labor energetically for the conversion of sinners, and *they* knowing that he should rest. Proceedings were about to be instituted to silence him, when, with a shrewdness which often characterizes the insane, he denounced his old associates of the Church as “punkin-heads,” withdrew from the society, and joined the Independent Methodists, of which Rev. John Newland Maffit and others were the founders. After this he had no followers and no rivals in Sullivan. He was the only member of his Church in the county, and got into as many dilemmas and scrapes as he pleased. A hundred anecdotes could be related of his queer sayings and acts. He was zealous in preaching; but his hearers generally were limited to a few irreverent young men and mischievous boys. After being incarcerated twice in insane asylums, and wasting a comfortable sum of money, which he had saved in his better days, he found a home in the poor-house, where he died.

Nearly every locality of this town was once known as a settlement. These settlements have been severally mentioned in this chapter except Strong Settlement, which received its name from Adina Strong, who came from Southbury, Connecticut, in the spring of 1809, with his three sons, Nehemiah, Truman and Sheldon. The father died in the winter of 1824-5. The sons continued to reside in the neighborhood for many years. A man named John Bedford was added to the settlement in 1826, and subsequently Whitman Carr and others.

Glen Wild received its name from a remarkable glen or canyon in its neighborhood, through which runs the outlet of Lord's or Foul Woods lake. At the head of the glen is a beautiful waterfall, which adds much to the impressive wildness of the scene. On each side of the stream the ascent is so abrupt that

the locality was avoided by the lumberman and bark-peeler until a few years since, when, at considerable expense, a road was made to penetrate the gulf. Glen Wild is in what was originally called Miller Settlement.

DUTCH POND.—A company of Hollanders settled near this sheet of water previous to the Revolutionary war, and were driven away by the Indians. Hence its name. The first permanent white settler on its banks was Zephaniah Hatch, a native of Connecticut. Mr. Hatch brought with him but a few hundred dollars, and, although he never followed any business except that of farming, he bought, improved and paid for three or four large farms. In his old age, he returned to his native place, where he died.

SACKETT POND.—One of the Sacketts, while engaged in surveying land for the Livingston family, discovered this sheet of water, and, by common consent, it was named Sackett pond.

PLEASANT LAKE.—This beautiful sheet of water bore its present name as early as 1799, when the Commissioners of Highways of Mamakating put on record the road running from Thompsonville to the Mongaup. The name was probably given it by William A. Thompson, who then owned the greater part of the land in that vicinity. It covers an area of three or four hundred acres, and it is said was known to the Indians as *Kiamesha*—an alleged word of the Lenape tongue signifying clear water. We suspect that the aboriginal cognomen is a modern invention. The pike of this lake have been pronounced equal to those caught in Germany, and superior to those of England. Black-bass, mullet, perch, suckers, catfish, eels, etc., are found in its waters, and give great satisfaction to the epicure.* Pleasant lake affords beautiful sites for country villas, and it is generally believed that it will be surrounded by them. The Hyde farm was once a favorite resort of the Indians, where arrow-heads, etc., have been found since its occupation by whites. Other relics of the original inhabitants have been discovered in the neighborhood—stone pestles, scalping-knives, etc.

OLD ENGLISH POND.—About one mile south-west of Lord's pond is a natural sheet of water anciently known by this name,

* Brook-trout of very large dimensions formerly abounded in Pleasant lake. Josi Warring, a son of one of the early settlers, was famous for taking them. Some of them weighed from four to seven pounds. He caught from twenty to thirty of this size annually previous to 1832. At certain seasons of the year, they visited the north shore near the inlet, when Warring shot them. The sport was more exciting and required more skill than fly-fishing.

and more recently as Mud pond. An Englishman settled here before the Sackett road was made; but solitude and privation were too much for his endurance, and he left. Its bed is of mud, and it is about one-fourth the size of Lord's pond. It has never attracted much attention, and is almost unknown to the public.

LORD'S POND.—This is the largest sheet of water in the town. It was once surrounded by a dense jungle of rhododendrons, and to a considerable extent by marshes, upon which was found the somewhat rare plant known as the Indian Pitcher. The pond was discovered by a hunter named Gonsalus. He and his companions, when they visited the Barrens, found nothing to impede their wanderings; but west of their hunting-ground the woods were almost impassable. Hence they termed the latter the Foul Woods. The pond being in these woods was called by them the pond of the Foul Woods. It retained this name until 1806, when John Lord opened a log-tavern near the house of Charles Van Waggoner, when the old appellation was no longer the common one, and the lake became known as Lord's pond. The pond is now owned by the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, and it is used as a feeder of the Wurtsborough level. Its bottom is composed of finely comminuted vegetable matter.

WOLF POND is near the Neversink and near the line between Mamakating and Thompson. The origin of the name is given in the name itself. The waters of this pond are as clear as crystal, and abound in pike, perch, etc., of a superior quality. Wolf pond is a reservoir of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, and the neighboring hills are devoted to the production of whortleberries.

The loose stones in the vicinity of Wolf and Lord's ponds are principally the quartz conglomerate of the Shawangunk mountain. If the great north-west current of geologists scattered boulders from the Shawangunk over Orange county, what agency carried stones from the same source over the summit of the Barrens, and deposited them on the banks of the Neversink, near Wolf pond?

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1810	1,300	\$294,500	\$218.10	\$398.15
1820	1,897	301,384	561.65	643.88
1830	2,457	228,646	865.70	1,448.12
1840	2,610	220,500	660.53	740.21
1850	3,198	180,216	815.20	1,779.29
1860	3,834	724,118	651.30	5,807.20
1870	3,517	436,301	17,560.22*	11,240.88

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MONTICELLO.—Presbyterianism in Thompson is almost coeval with the settlement of the town. As we have already stated, Samuel Pelton, a member of the Goodwill Presbyterian Church of Orange county, settled near Sackett pond in 1803, and soon after commenced holding religious meetings, wherever a few pioneers could be gathered into the log-houses of his own and other neighborhoods. It was probably at his request that the Presbytery of Hudson appointed supplies for Monticello as early as April 25, 1807.

The Church was formally organized on the 5th of September, 1810, by the Rev. Daniel C. Hopkins, a missionary from the General Assembly. It was constituted of twelve persons, seven of whom joined by letter, and five of whom were received on profession of their faith: Jacob Smedes, Susannah Smedes, Sam'l Pelton and Cyrus Lyon brought letters from the Wallkill Church of Orange county; Horace Sedgwick, Sarah Hoyt and Sarah Reynolds brought letters respectively from Hartford, Connecticut, Norwich, Connecticut, and Rutgers-street Church, New York; Garrett Tymeson, Eleanor Pelton, Martha Ketcham, Hannah Allyn and Margaret Goldsmith "had never before made a public profession of religion."

Messrs. Samuel Pelton and Cyrus Lyon were ordained and installed Ruling Elders, October 6th, 1810, the Rev. Andrew King officiating by appointment of Presbytery. The Church was organized, the Elders ordained, and the Lord's Supper first administered in the "long room" of Cartis Lindley's hotel, where the County Courts were also held until the court-house was erected.

* A considerable part of this sum was to pay interest on the bonds given for the construction of the Monticello and Port Jervis Railroad, to prevent the payment of which a suit is pending.

For more than eight years from its organization, the Church appears, from the imperfect records kept, to have been without a regular pastorate or even a stated supply, only as supplied by Presbytery, or whoever the session was able to secure. April 20-22d, 1819, a call was presented to the Rev. Eliphalet Price for one-half of his time. He accepted the call from Monticello and Wappings Creek, and was installed July 1, 1819, at 2 P. M. The Rev. Mr. Osborn preached the sermon from Isaiah, 40: 1. His pastorate was of one year's duration.

On the 18th of April, 1820, Rev. John Boyd of the Presbytery of Newton, received a call for one-half of his time. He was installed July 5th, 1820, and was the pastor of the Church for nearly five years. On the 23d of June, 1827, he was succeeded by Rev. William McJimpsey. During his pastorate the first church-edifice of the society and of the town was built. It was finished in December, 1828, and dedicated on the 9th of January, 1829, and immediately afterwards Mr. McJimpsey preached a farewell-sermon. His farewell, however, was not a "long" one; for on the 23d of June, 1829, he was again installed pastor, and continued as such until September, 1830.

And here we should make a note in regard to the site of the church-building—the most beautiful and commanding position for a public edifice in Monticello.

In 1804, when John P. and Samuel F. Jones laid out the streets of Monticello, and in doing so cut their way through dense rhododendron-thickets, and marked their lines on the trunks of huge hemlocks, they set apart the village-green as the site of a court-house and a Presbyterian church, or an academy. Soon after the formation of the county, they executed a deed to the Board of Supervisors to secure the objects for which they had originally dedicated the land. Neither of them at that time was a communicant of any Church. Samuel F. became intemperate, and died several years before the church was built. His bones moulder in an obscure grave. John P. lived a sober and abstemious life, and saw the first and second church-edifices erected on the spot selected by his brother and himself before there was a house in Monticello. Many years before his decease, he was added to the fold of the visible Church, and finally died full of years and honors. His remains repose in our first village-graveyard which was selected by himself when he was young, and which was full to repletion when he died.

From November, 1831, to October, 1832, the Rev. Stephen Sergeant appears to have had charge of the pulpit. Mr. Sergeant was of the Congregational order both before and after his labors in Monticello. Exactly what relation he bore to the Presbyterian Church of this place we cannot now determine, although we believe he was neither its pastor or a stated supply.

He was succeeded by Rev. James Adams, under whose administration the society prospered. This gentleman's useful and blameless life should receive at our hands a suitable memorial.

Rev. James Adams was born near the village of Bath, Beaufort county, North Carolina, in the year 1801. While yet a youth, he made a profession of religion, and soon afterwards felt it his duty to devote his earthly life to the service of his Church. In 1819, he became a pupil of the Bloomfield (N. J.) Academy, and remained there two years. He next entered Princeton College, where he graduated in 1825, and then completed his preparatory studies in the Theological Institution at Amherst. After his ordination, he labored three years zealously and usefully as a missionary at Dundaff, Pennsylvania. On the 12th of September, 1833, he was installed pastor of the Presbyterian society of Monticello. The congregation had been without a settled minister, and had suffered from dissensions. His uniform kindness, gentleness and piety, tempered, as they were, by a rigid sense of duty, endeared him to the people of his charge. During his pastorate, that "peace which passeth all understanding" prevailed among them, and the Church steadily increased in numerical as well as spiritual strength. As a laborer, he was faithful and untiring. In addition to preaching twice on Sunday, he superintended the Sabbath-school, lectured frequently in some remote school-house in the evening, and also during the week. These school-house services, it has been asserted, laid the foundation of the disease of which he died. The heated and impure air; the exertion necessary to preach under such circumstances, and the sudden transition to the frosty atmosphere of winter, in which he was obliged to travel with clothing dampened by perspiration, were too much for a constitution naturally delicate and feeble. Of these things he never complained, but with that sublime patience which is seldom seen on earth, labored on, willing to "spend and be spent" in the Master's service. His salary was never large; but he accepted it with cheerfulness and thankfulness, remembering that dumb beasts were more comfortably fed and lodged than the Divine Exemplar, who, when on earth, though he had power to summon legions of angels to minister to His necessities, chose for our example, humility and poverty. While Mr. Adams exhibited the harmlessness of the dove, he also manifested the wisdom of the serpent. It is related of him that, while he was a resident of Monticello, he inherited several slaves by the decease of a relative in the South. The sale of these slaves would have placed within his reach many things which he sorely needed: books, which a scholarly gentleman holds so dear; means to educate his children, which a fond parent of a cultivated intellect will strive so hard to win; rest and recuperation,

so grateful to an overworked brain; and a hundred other things to which we might allude. But to those who knew Mr. Adams it is not necessary to say, that he did not sell the bondsmen who thus were thrown upon his hands. He judiciously refrained from making public the fact that he owned this species of property, for to some of his people it would have given offense. He caused his negroes to be taught trades, and as soon as he believed they were fitted to shift for themselves, he endeavored to manumit them; but his benevolent intentions were frustrated by the negroes themselves. They refused to accept their freedom, and under the laws of the State in which they were, he could not, without the consent of his slaves, confer the boon so highly prized by many. He was an involuntary slaveholder until he died, although we have been told he derived no benefit from the earnings of his chattels. They remained under the guardianship of a relative of Mr. Adams, while the latter was under a contingent liability for their support.

On the 14th of September, 1853, in consequence of failing health, Mr. Adams resigned his charge in Monticello, and within the ensuing twelve months removed from the place. After this he preached occasionally, but was chiefly employed in teaching until the fall of 1856, when he was obliged to suspend all labor. On the 7th of February, 1857, he died at Union Church, Miss. "He gently closed his own eyes and mouth; then folded his hands on his breast, as if to engage in some act of devotion, while a celestial smile settled on his countenance, and every feature expressed the serenity and meekness of his soul." Thus patiently, hopefully and meekly, he died, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 13th of January, 1844, the church was destroyed by fire. Within less than one year, it was rebuilt. The new edifice was dedicated on the 2d of January, 1845. While the congregation was without a place of worship of their own, the rector of St. John's Church, with the sanction of the wardens and vestrymen, tendered them the use of their building during the afternoon of each Sunday, and for nearly twelve months Rev. Mr. Fowler and Rev. Mr. Adams officiated within the same church. For this act of Christian courtesy, the Presbyterian society presented the Episcopal with a very handsome copy of the Holy Scriptures.

After Mr. Adams' resignation, the pulpit of the church was temporarily occupied by various persons until May 11, 1854, when the Rev. Richard C. Shimeall was installed pastor. Mr. S. was a gentleman of considerable talent, and some idiosyncrasies. His connection with the congregation terminated on the 7th of October, 1857.

The next pastor was the Rev. John N. Lewis, who continued

from September 9th, 1858, to April 7, 1861. His wife was a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, and possessed some of the peculiarities of her celebrated ancestor.

On the 17th of September, 1862, the Rev. Samuel B. Dod was ordained and installed. His pastorate continued until October 6th, 1864.

From May 16, 1865, to April 1869, the Rev. Robert A. Davison was the incumbent. The church was then vacant eighteen months. The next pastor, Rev. T. Madison Dawson, was called in August, commenced his labors on the 1st of November, and was installed pastor December 6th, 1870. In the fall of 1872, his pastorate terminated. He was succeeded by the Rev. Henry A. Harlow, the present pastor.

Since its organization there have been twenty Ruling Elders in the Church. The present session consists of Messrs. Luther Pelton, Joseph Wallace, Ambrose D. Smith, James H. Strong, Daniel H. Webster and Levi C. Lounsbury. The membership of the Church from the beginning has been 643. The present number of communicants is 166, nineteen of whom were added in April, 1872. Its Sabbath-school numbers about 125. Some time previous to 1832, the Church owned a parsonage on the corner of Liberty and Main streets. This was sold a few years ago. In connection with the great re-union movement in the Presbyterian Church, to raise a Memorial-offering of Five Millions of Dollars, in March, 1872, the Church purchased a memorial-parsonage at the corners of Main and Pleasant streets, for which they have raised five thousand dollars.

BAPTIST CHURCH OF THOMPSON.—Soon after the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike penetrated Thompson, George, Joseph and Samuel Davies moved to the town from Newburgh. At the latter place, they were members of the Baptist Church. In their new home in the wilderness, they naturally longed for what they believed to be the true privileges and ordinances of the Gospel. Here they were visited by their relative, Elder Luke Davies, who was also a member of the Newburgh society, and he was induced to preach for them and their nephews. He was so well liked that an arrangement was made under which he preached for them once in three weeks during the years 1809, 1810 and 1811. In the winter and spring of the latter year, a remarkable revival of religion took place in the town. Almost all the citizens seemed to manifest anxiety in regard to the welfare of their souls. Elder Davies and Samuel Pelton, a Presbyterian, were the main instruments in producing this "religious stir," and the two fell out by the way as soon as an attempt was made to gather the fruits of the revival. A furious controversy ensued. Leading Presbyterians were determined

that Mr. Davies should no longer preach in the town, and put in circulation reports about him which his friends declared were "fals and schirilous."* As he was in part supported by the Baptist Board of Missions of New York, and had a considerable number of adherents in the town, it was not an easy task to drive him away. He continued to visit Thompson regularly until the summer of 1817, when he became one of its residents. He also labored at Peenpack, Mamakating Hollow and Forestburgh.

The first step to form a Baptist Church in Thompson was taken on the 29th of April, 1811, when a number of Christians convened in the log-house of Enoch Comstock, in North Settlement. After singing a hymn and prayer, a sermon was delivered by Elder Davies. William Strawbridge, of Marblehead, was made chairman, and Enoch Comstock, clerk, when the following persons expressed a desire to enter into fellowship as a Baptist Church, viz: Uzziel Royce, Jonathan Reynolds, Jesse Bradley, Abigail Bradley, Enoch Comstock, Ananias Warring, Mary Warring, Shadrach Schofield, Abigail Schofield, George Davies, Ann Davies, Mercy Davies, Joseph Davies, Samuel Davies, and Betsey Smith.

On the 12th of May, eight of these persons were baptized, it is believed, in Pleasant lake, and on the 16th of July, there was a gathering in Nehemiah Smith's barn to organize the infant Church. Elders Davies, Ball and Hall were present, as well as several members of the Newburgh and Liberty Churches. Elder Ball preached in the forenoon, and Elder Hall in the afternoon. The articles of faith and Church fellowship were then read, when Elder Hall gave the right hand of fellowship, and the consecrated symbols of His broken body and precious blood were eat and drank by those who ranked among true believers. Truly, these simple people had vivid reminders of the birth as well as the death of the Saviour of His people! And in this connection it may not be amiss to say, that, while at the first supper of our Lord there was one Judas, at this, judging from subsequent events, there were about half a dozen! Uzziel Royce was excommunicated because he believed in open communion; Jonathan Reynolds because he wronged a brother; Jesse Bradley, for intemperance; Ananias Warring walked with the brotherhood until he was an old man, when he came to the conclusion that the Baptists of Thompson were a bad set, and he was cut off; Shadrach Schofield, during a controversy as to keeping the first or last day of the week holy, concluded that all days were equally sacred, and worked on Sunday; and Ann Davies believing that the Church of Thompson dealt harshly and

* Church Book of the Baptist Church of Thompson.

unjustly with her husband, was honest enough to say so, for which she was expelled from the fold. Even the good Elder himself was for a time denounced by this congregation as a child of the devil, and was driven from the sanctuary as if he were a moral leper.

On the 24th of August, 1811, the members met at the house of "Brother Shadrach Schofield," and chose Jonathan Reynolds and Enoch Comstock, deacons. Comstock was also elected clerk, and held the office until 1823, when he resigned on account of his age. He lived after this act more than forty years. The deacons of this Church have been: Jonathan Reynolds, ex-communicated; Enoch Comstock, removed to Newburgh; Amos Holmes, removed to Michigan; Benjamin R. Comfort, expelled for heresy; Sylvester Wheeler, now living; Miner Benedict, now living.

Elder Davies was the pastor of the Church until 1823, when his flock turned against him. He excited their ill will, according to their allegations, by giving up to Mr. Brown, an Episcopal priest, his regular appointment, and standing in the pulpit with Brown to worship God; by receiving a letter from the Board of Missions, which he did not place before the Church; by telling the brethren that they should employ a Rev. Mr. Smitzer in his place, and then declaring that he only wished to pump them; by consulting an "irreligious lawyer" in regard to his difficulties; by charging that the members had met to injure him; that the Baptist Churches of America were too republican, etc. The Church spoke to him about the letter and his courtesy toward Mr. Brown, when he very frankly told the brotherhood that "it was none of their business," and left the meeting "in a great rage."*

On the 10th of September, 1823, a council was held in Monticello, composed of elders and laymen from seven Churches, to investigate all the matters in dispute between Davies and his accusers. This body declared that Davies had "done violence to duty" in withholding the letter from the Board of Missions, "and that the Church had just cause for grievance."

The unfortunate Elder attended the next Church-meeting, at which he claimed that the council had cleared him of all charges except the one in regard to the letter. The Church, however, thought otherwise, and a stormy scene ensued. Everything then proceeded from bad to worse. All the old charges were renewed, and this record (full of the infirmity of human passion) was put upon the Church-book:

* The malcontents told Davies that Platt Pelton and some other villagers would double their subscriptions if Smitzer were employed. Mr. Pelton and others declared to Davies that if he (Davies) left, they would not give a cent.

“Mr. Davies has from first to last of our difficulties shown a wicked, malicious disposition toward the Church. The Church by a large majority agree to withdraw their fellowship from him.”

Davies then found that he was outside of the Church and shorn of his ministerial functions. He could not, unless restored to membership by the Church of Thompson, administer the ordinances or preach, and apparently an untamed wolf had a better prospect of being admitted to the sheep-fold than the expelled elder.

In this emergency, Deacon Thomas Stokes came up from New York, and poured oil upon the troubled waters. He induced Davies to make an acknowledgment, which was considered satisfactory. He was taken back, and immediately applied for a letter of dismissal, which was reluctantly granted, the members giving him a parting shot by declaring that “God only knew his heart.” A short time afterwards his wife was expelled because she had espoused the cause of her husband, and continued to justify herself in all she had done. She had been very useful as a midwife, and for several years had officiated at births in a large circle of country. Often, to visit the sick, she had traveled for miles on horseback, over the obscure roads of the town, when it was so dark that she could not see her horse’s ears. Two of her sons were Baptist preachers, one of whom (Rev. Henry Davies,) is now a resident of the town.

Elder Luke Davies died in the city of New York, on the 9th of December, 1852, aged 92 years. At that time the Church which he founded contained about the same number of members as at the date of its organization.*

The decisions of this Church were not always infallible. Among its early members were William Williams and his wife, who came from Poughkeepsie, where they had been members in good standing. Mr. W. was a consistent and active member of the Thompson Church until 1821, when his wife was expelled for joining the Methodists; deceiving N. S. Hammond in the

* Elder Luke Davies was born in the city of London, where he studied medicine, and became a druggist. After he emigrated to the city of New York, he engaged in the drug-business, prescribed for the sick, and was a preacher connected with the Mulberry-street Baptist Church. He subsequently moved to Newburgh, and then to Thompson, where his income as a physician was small, because some could not comprehend how a man could be a physician and a preacher at the same time, and others imagined that a minister of the gospel, if a doctor of medicine, ought to prescribe for nothing. When the difficulties of the Baptist Church of Thompson commenced, he was anxious to return to New York, and once more vend drugs and prescribe potions. After his removal from Thompson, he again became a preacher of the Mulberry-street Church, and engaged in his old business of selling drugs, etc. As a physician, he was much esteemed by Doctors Mott, Post and others of the same grade. He was a gentleman of enlarged and liberal views, and his ability as a preacher and his practical piety were undoubted, except by his flock in Thompson, and a few others who were members of rival Churches.

sale of some rags, and defrauding Mrs. Hammond out of several runs of yarn. He believed that her expulsion was unjust, and was himself expelled, for saying so. Some four or five years afterwards, the Church acknowledged that the charges against her were unfounded, and restored her, and also her husband; but required him to make an ample apology!

For three or four years after its controversy with Elder Davies, the Church had no regular administrator. It was visited occasionally by Elders Ball, Warren and others; but few were brought from darkness to light, and several were cast out.

In 1826, an Irishman named Ventry Hozier, joined by letter from the Particular Baptist Church in Swift's Alley, Dublin. He was a preacher, and was cordially received; provision was made to board him, and he at once became very popular. A council was hastily called to ordain him; which decided that the Church had been too precipitate; that Hozier was right so far as they could see; but that the ordination should be postponed until the parties were "more acquainted." This gave offense to the sensitive Irishman, and caused him to demand dismissal from the Church. In vain the brethren "reasoned with him." A letter was voted; but before it could be written, he "got in a violent passion," and behaved in such an unseemly manner that the vote was reconsidered, when "he left the meeting in a great rage."

In February, 1823, Elder Philip C. Broom, the pastor of the Liberty Church, agreed to preach for the Thompson society every Sabbath after the regular Church-meeting.

On the 9th of February, 1833, Elder Henry Hait became the third and last pastor. Although he was a good man, the society gradually lost ground, and in the end virtually ceased to exist.

The records of this Church show that 104 persons were admitted as members, 23 of whom were expelled, and about an equal number dismissed by letter. The others died, moved out of the country, or are still living in the town.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, MONTICELLO.—St. John's parish was organized on the 11th day of November, 1816, while Rev. James Thompson, a brother of William A. Thompson, was temporarily in the town. The meeting for this purpose was held in the court-house. William A. Thompson and John E. Russell were elected wardens, and Levi Barnum, Ira E. Smith, Livingston Billings, William Woods Sackett, Charles Thompson, Otto William Van Tuyl, John Lord and Luther Buckley, vestrymen. The certificate of incorporation was signed by James Thompson,

William W. Sackett and Cyrus A. Cady, and was attested by William A. Thompson, First Judge of the county.*

Previous to this time, through the voluntary labors of Samuel Pelton, a number of Presbyterians had been gathered and organized in Monticello as a Church, and he had been ordained a minister, and had taken the spiritual charge of a congregation in Rockland county. The Presbyterians of Thompson were too poor to maintain a pastor, and hence on the removal of Rev. Mr. Pelton were like sheep in the wilderness. The Episcopalians were also unable to support a presbyter. Under these circumstances, the proposition was made to consolidate the two Churches, and secure Rev. James Thompson as rector. Mr. Pelton, although he had left Sullivan, and was an active and influential minister of the Presbyterian Church, favored this plan, and continued to speak of it for many years in terms like the following:

"I thought it might be for the best."

"I saw no prospect of the Presbyterians being able to build a church or support a minister."

"I feared some errorist might come among them, and scatter them, and the Church go down entirely."

"If they were all united under an Episcopal pastor, they would be a greater power for good," etc.†

This project was favored by Episcopalians and some Presbyterians; but was defeated by the Jones family and others, who refused to sanction prelacy and the Book of Common Prayer.

After reading prayers and preaching a few times, Mr. Thompson returned to Greene county, of which he had been a resident many years, and where he labored as a clergymen of the Episcopal Church until his death.

Soon after 1816, Rev. John Brown, rector of St. George's Church, Newburgh, took charge of the infant parish, and continued to perform divine service in Monticello once in three months for about ten years.

On the 22d of December, 1826, Rev. Edward Katon Fowler took charge of the Church, and continued in charge for nearly forty-three years. He was born in East Chester, N. Y., about 1799. His parents were of the Dutch Reformed Church; but from reading an account of the Nestorians, he became a convert to Episcopacy, and was led to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. After the necessary preparatory studies, he became a student in the Theological Seminary of New York. While there his health failed, and by the advice of his Bishop, he left the institution, and continued his studies under

* Deed Record No. 2, of Sullivan county, page 639, etc.

† Statement of Luther Pelton.

Rev. Seth Hart, and officiated as lay-reader at Huntington, L. I. In 1823, he was ordained deacon, and in 1824 was admitted to the priesthood. He continued at Huntington until his removal to Monticello, officiating at Cold Spring Harbor and Oyster Bay as well as the first-named place. These localities are now thriving towns, and each has a flourishing parish with a settled pastor. His health continued to decline, and it was feared that there would soon be an end to his clerical labors as well as his life, when Bishop Hobart advised him to go to Monticello, where he would have the benefit of mountain-air. Here he at once became a favorite with Episcopalians and the public; but refused to be installed rector of the parish because he wished to be so situated as to leave at once if his health became worse. The atmosphere of Monticello proved beneficial to him; but he was never made rector in the regular way.

When he came to Sullivan in 1826, he found but little material of which to form a congregation.* The people generally were of Puritanic ancestry, with strong prejudices against the Episcopal Church; nevertheless, by untiring industry and judicious effort, added to rare social qualities, and a sound head and good heart, he gradually overcame the prejudices of some and aroused others from apathy and indifference. In the end he surrounded himself and the Church of his affection with many warm friends. His first sermon in Monticello was to have been preached in the old school-house; but the Baptists got possession and held it. Prior to this the court-house had not been used for religious purposes. Mr. Fowler was urged by Messrs. John P. Jones, David Hammond and others to hold service there, and by their advice he and his friends repaired to the court-room, where he read prayers and preached not only then, but on almost every Sunday until 1835, when the present church-edifice was erected. The church-lot cost \$250, and was bought of John A. King, who was subsequently Governor of the State. Trinity Church of the city of New York donated \$1,500, and \$1,500 (besides \$217 of the money paid for the site,) were raised by the personal efforts of Mr. Fowler.† Mr. Fowler, William E. Cady and Marshall Perry were the building-committee.‡

On stated days Mr. Fowler preached for many years at Middletown, Liberty, Thompsonville and Bridgeville. Besides this, he officiated at irregular intervals at other points.

* Mr. Fowler's Register shows that in 1827, there were but eleven communicants in his parish, viz: Luther Buckley, Robert Youngs, Fanton Sherwood and James Davidge, of Liberty; John Lord, of Lord's Pond; William Van Tuyl, of Bridgeville; Charity Thompson, of Thompsonville; Maria Hanford, John E. Russell and Sally Cady, of Monticello; and Lucretia Morris, of —.

† *Sullivan County Republican*, October, 1869.

‡ Mr. Fowler paid for the bell of the church from his own limited means; with his own hands transplanted the trees which stand on the church-lot; and by acting as sexton, saved money enough (\$260) to pay for the communion-service.

His fidelity to St. John's parish has been remarkable. He sacrificed not only his pecuniary interests, but permitted his domestic ties to be severed for the sake of his flock. In his prime, he received nearly a score of invitations to accept other charges, where the tempting line of better pay was held before his eyes; but he refused to accept them. At one period his salary was so insignificant that his vestry came to the sage conclusion that it was wrong to keep him longer, and a committee was appointed to advise him to seek another parish. With grave and sorrowful faces the committee discharged their trust, when he asked them why they wished him to leave? "Because we can not pay you as much as you deserve." "Is there any other reason?" "No! There is none else." "Then, gentlemen, attend to your own affairs, and do not meddle with mine."

In 1842, Mr. Fowler was married to a widow Thompson of the city of New York. He had proposed marriage to her several years before; but she rejected him because, as she said, they were too poor to marry. Subsequent events proved that her refusal was but a spur to drive him to a parish where he would receive a larger salary. He, however, failed to do what she evidently desired him to do, and did not repeat his offer. A short time before his marriage, she did what ladies are supposed to do in leap-year, viz: she proposed marriage to him, and informed him that her own fortune had increased to an extent which made their union prudent. By a pre-nuptial arrangement, he relinquished his prospective interest in her estate, and she informally agreed never to ask him to leave Monticello. If he had avoided widows it would have been well for him. His marriage was every way unfortunate. His wife soon required him to seek a more desirable charge, and so belabored him with economical precepts and lectures, that her society was a grievance. In less than a year, she left him and never returned, and it is believed that he never opened the door of reconciliation. With a single exception, the communicants of his Church believed that he was blameless in everything except in marrying her. This marriage caused him to contract a large debt, which, by several years of severe economy, he paid.

Some four or five years previous to the acceptance of his resignation in the fall of 1869,* he was prostrated by paralysis. He continued to discharge his clerical duties, however, although his voice was impaired, and he suffered from great physical infirmity and weakness, until he dropped as if dying in the chancel of his church.

* Mr. Fowler's resignation is dated July 6, 1868; but it was not accepted until the fall of 1869.

According to his Register, while the incumbent of St. John's Church, he baptized 542 persons; admitted to the eucharist, 345; performed 409 marriages; and attended 304 funerals.

In October, November and December, 1869, Rev. Arthur N. Wrixon had temporary charge of the parish. Mr. W. was remarkable for his learning and piety, and (although an Irishman) for broad Yankee accentuation. The congregation became very much attached to him, and would have retained him as their rector; but on account of the severity of the climate, he left, and became a Professor in a south-western college.

In April and May, 1870, Rev. Mr. Pieritz, of Hardwich, England, being temporarily in the diocese, at the request of its Bishop, officiated in this parish.

On the 3d of July, 1870, Rev. George Dent Silliman, an alumnus of the General Theological Seminary, who had recently been admitted to deacon's orders, on the unanimous call of the vestry, became the rector of the Church. Mr. Silliman's report for the conventional year ending in 1871, exhibits the following summary: Families, 68; individuals, 277; baptisms, 43; marriages, 7; burials, 8; communicants, 140; of whom 23 were added during the year; catechumens, Sunday-scholars, etc., 160; divine service, 406 times; contributions, other than for rector's salary, \$1,236.45.

In the spring of 1873, Rev. Mr. Silliman resigned as rector, and was succeeded by Rev. Charles Fobes Canedy, A. B.

On the 23d of July, 1871, the corner-stone of the church of St. Mary, of Thompsonville, was laid by Bishop Potter. This church is within the bounds of St. John's parish. It has since been inclosed, but not completed.

For many years, the Methodists were more numerous in Sullivan than any other class of professed Christians. Their preachers penetrated every nook and corner. No neighborhood was exempt from their visitations. They carried the gospel as they understood it to the people, and carried the people with them. Their preachers spoke a language that was understood by all. They did not expend their powder in firing blank cartridges at an angle of forty-five degrees; but sent their red-hot missiles directly into the magazines of sin. Their opponents charged that they were uneducated and boisterous; but no one can deny that their rude eloquence was more effective than the elegant but drowsy platitudes of many of their assailants.

We have been unable to find certain information in regard to the early labors of the devoted itinerants who, for less than the earthly compensation of a respectable mechanic of their times,

threaded our woodland-paths and forded our rivers, and daily warned sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." After holding their meetings for many years in private houses and school-houses in Thompson, and seeming more anxious to plant their Church in the hearts of the people than to rear elegant edifices, they centralized their operations by building houses for worship at points where their members most abounded. The church in Monticello was built in 1843, when Rev. S. M. Knapp and Rev. James Birch were on the circuit. It has since been remodeled and much improved. A handsome hall has been put up, principally at the expense of Mrs. Hannah, widow of Nathan S. Hammond, and the society are now engaged in erecting a brick parsonage at an expense of \$4,000—\$3,000 of which have been contributed by Mrs. Hammond.

The Methodists, Episcopalians and Baptists of Bridgeville, held their religious services in the old school-house at the junction of the Thompsonville road and the turnpike. A new school-house was built between Bridgeville and Tannersdale, after which the old one was known as "the chapel," and was used exclusively for the meetings of the neighborhood. Hamilton Childs says: "The M. E. Church at Bridgeville was organized with fifty-nine members, in 1849, by Rev. Adee Vail, its first pastor." Classes existed here and at Lord's pond before 1825. The church was built in 1869. Rev. Adee Vail was a plain, unpretending man, and a good preacher. Like some men of his profession, he loved and owned a fast horse. The animal was a vicious brute, and was quite unmanageable when first taken from the stable, unless its reverend owner first subdued it by the vigorous application of a hoop-pole. Before Vail came to Thompson, some sporting-men of Newburgh noticed that his steed "devoured the road" in fine style, and this led them to take the animal from the parsonage-stable, and test its speed on a race-course by moonlight. To their astonishment, the horse, without any training, trotted a mile in 2:40. A few days afterwards, Mr. Vail was offered \$1,500 for his nag; but refused to sell, saying that "a Methodist preacher was entitled to a good horse as well as other people!" It was said that his true reason for not selling, was, that he feared his favorite roadster would be used for sporting purposes.

The Methodist church at Mongaup Centre (Strong Settlement) was built in 1860, when it had sixty members.

ST. PETER'S (Roman Catholic) CHURCH OF MONTICELLO was completed in 1867, when it was consecrated by the Archbishop of New York. The clergymen who visited or were pastors of this Church were the same as those of St. Joseph's of Wurtsborough, until the death of Rev. Daniel Mugan in 1872, when

it was placed under Rev. J. Nilan of Port Jervis. When St. Peter's was completed it was in debt, and could not be consecrated until the debt was paid. Hence two pious laymen mortgaged their farms to raise the amount. They have not yet been re-imbursed; though it is understood that Mr. Nilan has devoted certain perquisites which rightfully are his own to the payment of the liens upon the farms of these self-sacrificing Christians.

MONTICELLO ACADEMY.—This school succeeded the Sullivan County Institute, and it may be said that the latter brought the academy into existence. The Institute was a seminary of respectable grade, and was established by Henry R. Low, who had won a reputable position at Loch Sheldrake as an educator, as had John F. Stoddard, who was Mr. Low's predecessor as teacher of a select school at that place. Mr. Low, like many others, regarded teaching as a lower rung in the ladder of prosperity. He occupied the school-room until he was able to ascend to what seemed a loftier position, and has since become widely known as a lawyer, financier and politician, as well as one of the originators of the Midland railroad. Under him, as well as under Louis A. Brigham, Benjamin Low and J. Mason Crary, the Institute was highly successful, and gave so much satisfaction to the residents of Monticello, that they determined in 1850 to erect suitable buildings, and make the school permanent, under as favorable auspices as was possible. For this purpose a joint stock company was formed, and about four thousand dollars subscribed, in sums varying from fifty to two hundred dollars. A building-committee consisting of Westcott Wilkin, Alexander T. Bull, William H. Cady, John A. Thompson, Richard Oakley and Eli W. Fairchild,* was chosen, a site purchased, and the main building, which was designed for a boarding-house and school-purposes, put under contract. The stockholders elected the following persons as trustees: John P. Jones, Alexander T. Bull, Cornelius Hatch, Richard Oakley, A. C. Niven, Stephen Hamilton, Eli W. Fairchild, E. L. Burnham, Westcott Wilkin, Munson L. Bushnell, James E. Quinlan, John A. Thompson, and William Henry Cady. The academy was opened on the 18th of May, 1852, under the charge of Henry Gallup, A. M., as Principal. He was a man of fine classical attainments, and had studied French in Paris and German in Berlin; yet with these advantages, he was not successful as the Principal of Monticello Academy. He speedily made himself unpopular with his pupils, who annoyed him in a hundred ingenious ways, and with parents and guardians, whom he wearied

* The proverbial disposition of the *old* men of Monticello to disagree about trifles, caused the establishment of the academy to be entrusted to the *young* men of the place.

with his trivial and tiresome complaints. He was a jaded and worn-out individual, without energy, suavity, dignity, or any other quality which commands respect, love or veneration, and the trustees and patrons of the school felt relieved when, at the end of two years, his connection with the institution terminated.

Mr. Gallup was succeeded by D. Jerome Jones, A. B., a graduate of the State Normal school, who paid but little personal attention to the school, the greater part of his time being devoted to studying law. The consequence was disorder in the institution and dissatisfaction on the part of its patrons. As Mr. Jones was nearly through with his legal training, he made no effort to retain his position at the termination of the first year. He then left for Michigan, where he commenced the practice of his profession.

James W. Breakey as Principal of the Male, and Mrs. Mary B. Agnew as Principal of the Female Department, next had charge of the school. Perhaps at no other period of its history did it deserve a higher reputation as a literary institution than at this time. Mr. Breakey was a man of fine attainments as a thinker and writer, although he had never enjoyed the advantages of an institution more exalted than a common school. Under him the pupils of the academy made rapid progress in the various branches of education, and several of them exhibited unusual aptness as writers both of prose and poetry. But some imagined that the Principal should be of a higher grade, and he, that it was his duty to enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Under such a state of feeling it was not hard to dissolve the connection.

Rev. J. H. Northrop was then installed as the head of the institution. He proved worse than any of his predecessors. As we can say nothing in his favor, we will at once dismiss him and introduce John B. Nixon, A. M., who was popular as Northrop's assistant; but owing to ill-health and other causes, not in high esteem as his successor.

The Academy was in debt. The trustees had thus far been so unfortunate in selecting teachers that it was feared by some that the school would be closed, and the property be sacrificed and pass into hands which would pervert it to private purposes. To avert such a calamity, one or two of the Trustees made an arrangement with Mr. F. G. Snook, who stood high as a teacher of Liberty Normal Institute, through which he eventually became the owner and Principal of the Monticello school.

Here ends the history of Monticello Academy, because here terminated the troubles of the trustees. We will add, however, that the trustee who was mainly instrumental in making the arrangement by which the continuance of the school was insured, was ignominiously excluded from the next Board.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF THOMPSON.

From		To
1803	No record	1806
1806	Samuel F. Jones	1807
1807	Samuel Barnum	1809
1809	John P. Jones	1811
1811	William Morgan	1813
1813	Abraham Brownson	1814
1814	Samuel F. Jones	1815
1815	Daniel Clark	1823
1823	David Hammond	1826
1826	Jabez Wakeman, junior	1828
1828	Hiram Bennett	1829
1829	Joshua P. Royce	1830
1830	Cephas Stodder	1831
1831	Samuel W. B. Chester	1832
1832	Hiram Bennett	1833
1833	Nathan S. Hammond	1835
1835	Stephen Hamilton	1838
1838	John Roosa	1840
1840	Daniel Clark	1841
1841	Naaman W. Rumsey	1842
1842	Gideon Howard	1843
1843	Daniel B. St. John	1847
1847	Naaman W. Rumsey	1850
1850	Elijah H. Dewey	1851
1851	John C. Holley	1853
1853	Israel P. Tremain	1854
1854	Frederick M. St. John	1855
1855	David Gray	1857
1857	Naaman W. Rumsey	1859
1859	Walter Hoyt	1860
1860	Nathan S. Hamilton	1861
1861	S. W. Royce	1862
1862	John C. Holley	1864
1864	Clinton V. R. Luddington	1865
1865	Stephen W. Royce	1866
1866	Solomon W. Royce	1870
1870	Charles T. Kilbourne	1874

CHAPTER XVII

THE TOWN OF TUSTEN.

The western and southern parts of Tusten are characterized by hills, while the eastern portions are less uneven, and may be said to be marked by plateaux. The estimated average height of the town above the Delaware is 750 feet, or 1,400 above the ocean level. Ten Mile river rises north of the Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike, in Bethel and Cohecton; and after crossing Tusten falls into the Delaware below Narrowsburgh. It has several affluents, and affords a large amount of power, which has been used for seventy-five years to convert the forests of the town into lumber. This stream has received its name, not because it is ten miles in length; but from the circumstance that its estimated distance from some other point was in early times ten miles.

There are other streams in the town, and among them Grassy Swamp brook, which furnishes numerous sites for saw-mills. Beaver brook crosses the east boundary of Tusten below the locality known by that name.

It has several ponds or lakes, of which Canfield, Davis and Halfmoon are worthy of mention. Its Assessors report that it contains 26,251 acres. About two thousand acres are improved. Its area is less than that of any town in the county.

POPULATION—VALUATION—TAXATION.

Year.	Popu- lation.	Assessed Value.	Town Charges.	Co. and State.
1860	871	\$122,146	\$213.44	\$884.17
1870	1,028	116,885	236.00	2,570.81

From 1743 to 1798, Tusten was a part of the old precinct and town of Mamakating; from 1798 to 1853 it was in Lumberland.

In the latter year it was erected by an act of the Board of Supervisors of the county.

Tusten covers lots 71 and 72 of Great Lot 18 of the Hardenbergh patent. With this exception it is in the Minisink grant.*

Until the adjustment of the controversy between New York and New Jersey in 1769, the latter colony claimed and at times exercised jurisdiction over so much of the town as is covered by Division 7 of the Minisink patent.

About the year 1757, a settlement was founded by the Delaware Company, under the Connecticut claim, at the mouth of Ten Mile river. There were also at that time one or two settlers in the valley of the Delaware near Narrowsburgh.

The town was named in honor of Colonel Benjamin Tusten, who was killed in the battle which was fought in Highland, between the militia of Goshen and a marauding party of Tories and Indians under Colonel Joseph Brant. We will therefore be pardoned for giving a short biographical sketch of that individual.

“ Doctor Benjamin Tusten was a native of Southhold, on Long Island. He was born on the 11th December, 1743, and was the only son of Colonel Benjamin Tusten, a respectable farmer of that place. His father removed into Orange county, in the year 1746, bringing with him his son, and settled on the banks of the Otterkill, two and a half miles from the village of Goshen, on the patent granted to Madame Elizabeth Denn. Such was the respect in which he was held, that he was soon appointed one of the judges of the county court, and promoted a colonel in the regiment of militia on the west side of the mountain, including at that time all the county of Orange, north of the Highlands, from Hudson's river to the line of New Jersey. His son Benjamin he had intended for a farmer, being then in possession of a large tract of land; but not being of a hardy constitution, he relinquished that design, and determined to fit him for a profession. For that purpose he sent him to an academy to obtain a classical education, at Jamaica, Long Island, there being none in Orange county; there he obtained a thorough acquaintance with the mathematics, and a good knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. At the age of nineteen he returned, and commenced the study of medicine with the late Doctor Thomas Wickham, of Goshen, whose character as a physician and teacher of medicine stood unrivaled in his day. Med-

* All that part of the town of Lumberland, consisting of lots number seventy-one and seventy-two of Great Lot No. 18 of the Hardenbergh patent, and Lots number one to thirteen inclusive of the Seventh Division of the Minisink patent, is hereby erected into a separate town, to be hereafter known and distinguished as Tusten.

[Session Laws of 1854, page 1095.]

ical books at that time, were difficult to be procured—none were published in this country, and as they were bought only by one profession, importations of them were scarce; indeed, most of the physicians imported their own libraries. From this circumstance the libraries of physicians were small, especially those who resided so far back in the country. This induced young Tusten, at the end of a year, to leave Doctor Wickham, and go to Newark, New Jersey, where he spent another year with Doctor Burnet. Here he became acquainted with a Miss Brown, whom he afterwards married. There were at that time no medical schools in this country, and he was induced to finish his education with Doctor Thomas Jones, a celebrated surgeon in the city of New York. In 1769 he returned home and commenced the practice of physic at the house of his father. Although he had availed himself of every opportunity of acquiring medical knowledge which the times would allow him, yet he commenced practice under unfavorable circumstances,—within three miles of his first preceptor, Doctor John Gale, in the village of Goshen, (if village it might then be called) and Doctor Pierson, in the East Division, not three miles distant, all of whom had their friends and employers; he performed some operations in surgery which gave him a degree of celebrity, (Doctor Gale being the only one who pretended to do anything in surgery). Doctor Tusten was mild, modest and unassuming in his manners, pleasant to his patients, and affable with all; he was also well acquainted with all improvements in surgery up to his time, which gave him a decided advantage over his competitor in that department of science.

“Inoculation for small-pox had never been practiced in this country; indeed it was violently opposed and never resorted to but when circumstances had rendered it imperiously necessary. Doctor Tusten commenced inoculation in the year 1770. For this purpose he hired four houses in as many neighborhoods, where he inoculated about eight hundred persons, with such success as entirely to destroy the prejudices of the people against it. He kept these houses two years, after which inoculation was admitted into private families, and pock-houses were considered no longer necessary. He continued the practice of physic with success and deserved reputation, until the year 1779. During this time he married Miss Brown, by whom he had two sons and three daughters.

“In the year 1775, the discontent which had long rankled in the bosoms of Americans, began to break out in open opposition to the British government. Their cruel and oppressive measures in regard to these colonies became matters of serious complaint, and excited a spirit of resistance, which called forth the energies of all citizens, who had a just sense of the injuries

they had received, and of the duties they owed their country. Doctor Tusten early evinced a spirit becoming a freeman; he took a decided part in favor of the revolution, which had at that time just begun to unfold itself; he risked his all in support of that declaration, wherein the signers pledged to each other and to their country, 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor;' and he redeemed that pledge by the sacrifice of his own life. By riding and exercise he had become more healthy; active and enterprising, he had gained the confidence of his countrymen. In 1777, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Goshen Regiment of Militia, under General Allison, and in 1778, he was appointed a Surrogate of Orange county, which office he held at the time of his death."—[Address of Doctor David R. Arnell before the Medical Society of Orange county, July 4, 1820.

Narrowsburgh was once known as Homans' Eddy. It received its name from an early settler, named Benjamin Homans.* After he ceased to live here, the place was called Big Eddy.

The name of the first man who made a clearing near the Eddy was Willis. His cabin was on the Pennsylvania side of the river. He was killed by Indians near the Cushetunk blockhouse, in the year 1763, after which time his family left the valley. Old settlers point out the place where stood his cabin, and the lot is yet known to some as the Willis lot. During the Revolutionary war, three Indians were killed and buried on this lot. In 1856, the skeletons of two of them were dug up, and in 1868 the other was uncovered by the washing away of the river-bank. The skull of the latter was broken to pieces by an Indian-hater!

Mr. Homans was the original settler on the New York bank of the river, according to a statement of Jeremiah Lillie, son of Jeremiah Lillie, senior. At what time Homans came is not known; but it was probably before the Revolutionary war, as Moses Van Winkle and Jonathan Decker, two of his neighbors, left for Minisink at the time of the Graham massacre. His successors were John and Benjamin Thomas, who with Jonathan Dexter and John Cole, were living at the Eddy in 1792. Simon Peter Cole also had his home in the neighborhood. He was probably a relative of John Cole.

Some of the old inhabitants say that during a very severe winter seventy-five years or more ago, the hay and straw at Homans' Eddy were all consumed, when Simon P. Cole and one Richard Rider sallied forth on snow-shoes day after day, *and*

* This Homans was a friend and associate of Tom Quick; but it does not appear that he participated in the crimes of the Indian-Slayer. In his old age he exhibited a rifle which he asserted Quick took from one of his red victims and presented to him (Homans).

killed enough venison to keep their cattle alive until spring! That by putting salt on the meat, the horned cattle became fond of it! Whether this story is true or not, those who are better versed in natural history than we are must decide. We cannot refrain from saying, nevertheless, that its author evidently belongs to the Munchausen family, and that his fable is intended to illustrate the abundance of venison rather than the dearth of hay.*

Jeremiah Goldsmith was another pioneer of the place. John Van Gelder of Van Gelder's Eddy; Stephen Emerson of the Pennsylvania side of the river, and Jeremiah Lillie, senior, who settled at the foot of Hog Island, came to this region previous to 1800.

Jonathan Decker and Peter Van Auken settled on the Ross place, on the west side of the river, soon after the Revolutionary war. A man named John Summerfield lived on the same farm. Oliver Calkins was an early settler, and occupied the old block-house on what is known as the upper farm, where he kept a small store and a tavern. The latter was called the Raftsman's Hotel.

One of the most intelligent of the early inhabitants was Jonathan Dexter. He was one of the Justices of the Peace first appointed after the passage of the act erecting the county; was a member of the first grand jury, and represented Lumberland in 1810 in the Board of Supervisors. He was subsequently a Judge of the County Court.

The Wickham family of Orange county possessed three-fourths of the town. They owned the Oliver Calkins place, for which they traded lands in Ohio. This they sold to a family of Dunns, consisting of Thomas Dunn, his seven sons, and a nephew. These men were enterprising and industrious, and became large landholders in the town. We have no certain account of the origin of this family; but think they were from New England, as the father, Thomas Dunn, senior, settled in Wyoming, under the Connecticut grant, previous to the Revolutionary war. He seemed to have stopped on his way to Wyoming at Flat Brook, New Jersey, where he married Susannah Sweezy, the daughter of a native of Holland. He was living on the outskirts of the settlement from Connecticut, and had five children in July, 1778, when the celebrated massacre occurred. One of his grandchildren is still living (1870) near Narrowsburgh, who has often heard Susannah Dunn relate the horrors she witnessed on that occasion.

When the savages commenced their bloody work, Thomas Dunn was hoeing corn in one of the fields. His wife heard the

* It is a well established fact that the inhabitants of the hyperborean regions of Asia feed fish to their horn-cattle and horses, and that these animals thrive on the unnatural food.

distant firing of guns, and leaving their children in their cabin (one of them a babe) she went to her husband and told him they must leave the valley at once, or the Indians would be upon them. He was very busy with his corn, the hoeing of which had been somewhat delayed, and was anxious to go on with it, and believing that she was unnecessarily frightened, he laughed at her alarm, and chided her timidity; but while he was doing so, he too heard the firing. At once he dropped his hoe, and returned with Mrs. Dunn to the house, where he packed up all the clothing and necessaries he could carry in a bed-tick, and started with his children and wife for the nearest settlement in New Jersey. Mrs. Dunn, in addition to her youngest child, carried a small iron kettle; but finding the latter burdensome, threw it into a mill-pond. Their route was through what became known as the "Shades of Death," from the fact that so many perished there from starvation and exposure, as well as the tomahawk of the savages. Here they were joined by some of their neighbors, who were homeless fugitives and wanderers in the wilderness like themselves. On the first night they were in the woods, they could see the camp-fires of the Indians; but did not dare kindle a fire themselves. While they were resting for a short time in the dark, damp woods, one of the women of the party, from fatigue and fright, was taken sick, and gave premature birth to a child, which never opened its eyes to the misery of the time. The poor mother soon became oblivious to woe and suffering, and died before morning. So great was their danger—so near the foe, that it was not considered safe to remain there long enough to bury the dead, and the husband of the poor woman was obliged to leave the bodies of his wife and child where they would become food for the wild beasts. In due time the party reached Flat Brook, New Jersey, without further loss. Mr. Dunn, after providing for the safety of his family, enlisted in the army under Washington, and served his country faithfully. After the declaration of peace, he and his wife went back to Wyoming; but not to live there. She, like a thrifty housewife, attempted to find her kettle; but the mill had been burned, and the dam broken down, and she failed to recover it.

For a few years, the family continued to reside in New Jersey. In 1800, when William, one of the sons, was eighteen years of age, he wandered up the Delaware as far as Big Eddy, where he engaged to work for Benjamin Thomas for six dollars per month. Here he labored one winter. In the spring, Thomas who had not paid for the land he occupied, but had made some improvements, asked young Dunn to buy out whatever right he had. Over a year previously Dunn had married Mary Pintler, of Flat Brook. At the time of his marriage, he was a mere school-boy;

indeed he continued to attend school for a year after it took place. He at once made up his mind that the proposition of Thomas was a good one, as there was abundance of choice pine and other timber on the tract, and much of the land was desirable. In the spring he returned to Flat Brook, and consulted his father and other relatives about accepting the offer made by Thomas. The result was that, before another winter, the entire family was located at Big Eddy, as well as one of William's cousins and a young man named Peter Young, who came with them. The following is a list of the family at this time: Thomas Dunn, senior, and his wife Susannah, William, John, James and Thomas, junior, and their wives; Abel, Asa, Harrison and Caleb, who were unmarried, and one of whom was the cousin already alluded to. The entire party came on horseback by the way of Carpenter's Point, and followed the Cochection road to Mapes' mills; then an Indian trail to Deep Hollow brook; then through the Laurel-swamp, and from that to the Delaware at the point where the Narrowsburgh depot stands. One of the boys was known as Doctor Dunn, because he was the seventh son; but it does not appear that he practiced and was a successful physician on account of the order of his birth. They settled first on what is known as the lower place, just below the village; next they bought the middle place, which covers the site of Narrowsburgh. We are told that they purchased these farms of Mr. Wickham, but will not vouch for the truthfulness of the information. They soon after got the upper or Oliver Calkins farm from Wickham. Of this there is no doubt. They thus had three large tracts of land. Excluding the village property, their farms embraced the farms now (1870) owned by C. C. Murray, Mr. Senger, Mr. Stanton and Mr. Yerks. When they came, there was but little land cleared. The country was literally wild. They at once commenced making improvements, and there being nine of them, nearly all of whom were rugged men, they made rapid progress. There being several families of them, they could not all live in the largest log-house which was ever erected; consequently they occupied several. The first was on the site of C. C. Murray's residence. It had a cellar-kitchen, which is still preserved in the present new and more commodious edifice. Another of their log-tenements was near the house of C. K. Gordon; the third was where A. S. Hendrix lived before the great oil-accident on the Erie railway, in August, 1867;* the fourth where E. A. Green resides; and the fifth at the saw-mill. These were all of logs, except the house at the mill. They built the latter, and it was standing until the summer of 1869, when, it having become the property of the Erie

* This was built and originally occupied by Mr. Homans, the first settler.

Railway Company, it was demolished. They owned a sixth house on the upper place—the Raftman's Hotel, where "Uncle Billy" officiated in the three-fold capacity of lumberman, farmer and tavern-keeper. He was very popular with those who frequented the river, and many an old man boasts of having rafted and staid all night with "Uncle Billy Dunn." The family also had real estate in Pennsylvania and at Beaver Brook. In 1858, the Raftman's Hotel was torn down by Mr. Hendrix, who owned it at that time.

William Dunn was a slaveholder. In 1807, he bought a colored boy of Jacob Chambers, of Cuddebackville, who was probably of the same family as Cobe Chambers, who was implicated with Tom Quick and Ben Haines in the murder of Canope. This boy served him faithfully as his slave until he was freed in 1827 by the operation of the law of 1817, and continued to work for him afterwards. "Like master, like slave" was a true saying when applied to the relation which once existed between the whites and blacks. A kind and humane master was pretty sure to have good slaves, if he raised them himself. This negro assumed the family-name of his last owner, and is known to this day (1873) as James B. Dunn. He lives a short distance below Big Eddy, and is a civil, well-bred old fellow, who always refers to his master in terms of respectful affection, although the latter has been dead about forty years. It is singular that the name of Dunn has nearly disappeared in the neighborhood where the family was once so numerous and had such large possessions, and that this venerable negro alone keeps the name alive, the descendants of Thomas Dunn, at Big Eddy, being females. When he, James B. Dunn, came to Narrowsburgh, the greater part of the land on which the village is situated was heavily timbered, and covered by a dense undergrowth of laurel.

Oliver Calkins was the first Justice of the Peace at Big Eddy, William Dunn the second, and Jonathan Dexter the third. Some of the descendants of Judge Dexter are still living on the banks of the Delaware. Moses Dexter who lives on a lot once owned by Wickham, four miles above Narrowsburgh, is one of them.

At an early day, the Lassleys, Brannings, Drakes and Cases settled in the neighborhood, but on the west side of the river. Of these, John Lassley was drowned in the Delaware, at Big Eddy, in the year 1798.

David and Joseph Guinnip, natives of New Jersey, settled near the Eddy, but at what time we have not learned. John Bross located on the Deep Hollow brook about the year 1810. Timothy Tyler, who was remarkable for some of his exploits, and has been immortalized by Alfred B. Street under the

nom of Tim Slowwater, lived at one time in a log-house where the Narrowsburgh Hotel now stands.

In the early days of the settlement, the people had to go to Carpenter's Point to get their grain ground. They procured the largest part of their provisions in New Jersey, and hauled them up on the ice in the winter, when the river was frozen. They bought their dry-goods in Newburgh for a time, and it took a week to go there and return.

The day and year when the elder Thomas Dunn, died is unknown. He was buried at Big Eddy, and a common sandstone placed at the head of his grave, with this inscription and nothing more: "To the memory of Thomas Dunn." After his decease, William bought the right of his brothers in the upper and lower farms, and James became the sole owner of the middle farm. Several of the brothers then moved to Ohio.

On the 21 of December, 1830, William Dunn was killed under very distressing circumstances. He was felling trees with several hands. As one he was cutting himself began to topple over, he, through a strange fatality, got under it, and was crushed to the earth. James B. Dunn, his faithful colored friend, was present, as well as John Johnston and some others. As soon as practicable, they removed him from beneath the tree-trunk, when he said, "Boys, I want to go to sleep," and died. In the morning, full of manly life, and animated by laudable enterprise, he went from his home to attend to the business of the day; at night he lay a mangled corpse, cold and still, surrounded by an inconsolable family and sorrowing neighbors. The *Republican Watchman* of the succeeding week contains an account of the accident, to which the editor appended the remark: "He was in the prime of life, and was esteemed a good citizen." Old people of that locality still speak of him kindly, and declare that he was a good neighbor, and never turned the poor and afflicted away empty.* He was married twice. By his first wife, Mary Pintler, he had seven children, four of whom died young. One son and two daughters are still living. Their mother died on the 12th of June, 1813. About seven years afterwards (1820) he married Elizabeth Sweezy, the daughter of O. Sweezy, a Revolutionary patriot of Sussex county, New Jersey. By her he had two sons and an equal number of daughters.

In 1831, James Dunn sold the middle farm to Richard W. Corwin (now deceased) and moved with his family to Lyons, Wayne county, N. Y., where he died. His widow and descendants live there and at Penn Yan, and are among the wealthy

* Elizabeth Dunn, his widow, afterwards married William Decker, of Deckertown, New Jersey. She survived Decker ten years, and died in 1856, aged 73.

citizens of those villages. On the 10th of January, 1835, Mr. Corwin's house was destroyed by fire, by which he suffered a loss of \$1,500. There were but few houses in the county at that time worth so much money.

Susannah Dunn, the widow of Thomas Dunn, senior, died at Big Eddy, on the 30th of July, 1833. During her life she became entirely blind, without an apparent cause, and continued so for eighteen years, at the end of which her sight was restored, and continued good until her decease.

A family named Hawks settled at Little Cedar Bridge at an early day. We have endeavored to gather information in regard to them; but without success.

The Mount Hope and Lumberland Turnpike Company was incorporated in 1812. George D. Wickham and John Duer, of Goshen, Benjamin Woodward, Benjamin Dodge and Benjamin B. Newkirk, of Mount Hope; and William A. Cuddeback and Abraham Cuddeback, of Deerpark, were directors. Work was commenced about the year 1815, and the road was subsequently completed as far as Narrowsburgh. Under an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the work was extended to Honesdale.

Two years previously, (April 5, 1810,) a charter was granted to the Narrowsburgh Bridge Company by the Legislature of this State, Jeremiah Lillie, Jonathan Dexter, Chauncey Belknap, Thomas Belknap, Samuel F. Jones, William A. Thompson, William W. Sackett, Samuel Preston and Francis Crawford were named in the act. They were authorized to build a substantial bridge, twenty-five feet wide, "across the Delaware river, at the Narrows, in the Big Eddy, in the county of Sullivan," and to collect the following tolls: For a four-horse carriage, \$1.00; two-horse do., 75 cents; one-horse do., 37½ cents; foot passengers, six cents each, and the same for cattle. Considering the value of money at that day, these rates were certainly high enough to suit the most avaricious stockholders.

For some cause the bridge was rebuilt in 1832. The new structure was pronounced a fine one. It was destroyed by a flood in 1846, and was replaced by the present structure—a covered suspension-bridge of 250 feet span, and 22 feet in width. It is elevated 35 feet above the water.

These improvements were for the double purpose of providing an outlet for a territory of Sullivan rich in valuable timber, and to bring toward the Hudson the agricultural products of the country between the Delaware and the Susquehanna, to be exchanged for merchandise. The territory that this road would have accommodated would have supported the turnpike, had it not been for the construction of the Delaware and Hudson canal. When that was made, the hauling of lumber over the road was nearly all that was done on it, and the work was abandoned,

except the bridge across the Neversink at Oakland. By law, the company were authorized to collect tolls for crossing the river at that point, which lumbermen and others have considered onerous. Efforts at one time were made to render the bridge free, but without success.

In our country, the Methodists generally propel the great breaking-plough which ameliorates the new fields of Christian enterprise; but the Baptists seem to have preceded them in the upper valley of the Delaware. It is generally conceded that that denomination were the first who held religious meetings in Tusten; but when we inquire the name of the Elder who came in advance of the others, there is "confusion in the craft." Some reply Elder Curtis; others Elder Leach; and a third party declare Elder John Miller was the missionary who first unfurled the banner of the Cross in the wilderness of the Delaware. We were at first inclined to accord the honor to Miller, of whom we find the following account in Hollister's History of the Lackawanna Valley: Elder Miller was born in Windham county, Connecticut, on the 3d of February, 1775. When twenty-nine years of age, he removed to Pennsylvania, where he bought 326 acres of land, for which he gave twenty dollars in cash, ten dollars worth of maple-sugar, and (being a tinker, like Bunyan, and a tin-peddler, like many Yankees of his time) ten dollars worth of tin-ware! In June, 1807, he began to preach, and from that time until his death in 1857, he married 912 couples, immersed 2,000 persons, and officiated at 1,800 funerals. Truly his labors were manifold, and the fruits he gathered abundant. Some may think that he should have stuck to his trade of tinkering. Others will contend that the number of converts who sought the sanctuary under his administration attests the validity of his commission as an evangelist. In reply to this it will be said, Mahomet and Joe Smith were a thousandfold more successful as preachers than Elder Miller. They were impostors. St. Patrick, a Bishop of the Primitive Church, converted an entire nation in a single life-time. St. Patrick would have anathematized the Elder as a heretic; while the Elder would have excluded the Saint from his communion as an unbaptized sinner. St. Patrick would have regarded the tin-vending Yankee preacher with depressed lip-corners; Miller would have looked upon the frog-destroying, if not frog-eating French priest, as a servant of Babel.* Both were earnest and successful missionaries; but which was orthodox?

It seems that Miller did not preach until 1807. He undoubt-

* Miller, like Bunyan, was a tinker; Patrick, like the sweet singer of Israel, was once a shepherd-boy.

edly visited the upper valley of the Delaware, and perhaps sold his wares to the ancient inhabitants; but in 1807 there was a well established Baptist Church at Damascus, of which Elder Enoch Owen of Cohecton, was the pastor.

Elder Owen occasionally visited Ten Mile river and Homans' Eddy. The Dunns of the latter place were adherents or members of his Church. William Dunn was one of its deacons, and occasionally accompanied the Elder when the latter visited remote neighborhoods. Owen sometimes preached in barns—sometimes in the Raftman's Hotel, which now, like Deacon William Dunn, its former owner, exists only in the memory of old times. While it was owned by David Guinnip, Mr. Maltby, of Hurd Settlement, with his long beard and seamless coat, preached in the upper barn. Some of the young men of the neighborhood, believing that his apparent sanctity was assumed, tested it in a mischievous way. In the morning, when they got out his horse, they concealed several raccoon-skins under his saddle. As he was about to mount, he discovered the pelts, threw off the saddle, and gravely handed them to his host, remarking, "Brother Guinnip, these are not mine." He then re-adjusted his saddle, and started for his next appointment. The boys, after this incident, believed that a man could be eccentric and honest at the same time. Many meetings were held in that old barn, and many who worshiped there have gone where it will be made clear whether the professions there made were genuine. Sometimes when the weather was pleasant, religious meetings were held in the saw-mill which was near the site of the depot. Elder Stolbert, who preached in the place many years, is yet living.

Not far from 1840, Abraham Cuddeback came to Big Eddy, and built the Narrowsburgh hotel. He was mainly instrumental in bestowing on the place its present name (Narrowsburgh). Big Eddy was an appropriate appellation on account of a local peculiarity; Narrowsburgh is equally so for a similar reason. The river is said to be less in width here than at any point below, as well as above for many miles. In 1843 or 1844, Mr. Cuddeback sold his hotel to Richard W. Corwin.

The construction of the New York and Erie railroad had a very important bearing on the prosperity of Narrowsburgh. Before it was commenced, there were but five houses in the place, and two of them were hotels. When it was announced that the road would probably be located in the valley of the Delaware, the residents of that then secluded region shook their heads, and pointed to the rugged precipices and rapid rivers in the way; but the brain of the engineer and the muscle of the laborer surmounted all obstacles, and the work, however it may be derided by its enemies, is a noble monument of American

science and industry. At least men have reason to think so, who, forty years ago, ascended the river by poling or paddling a canoe against the current, or floundered along the vile roads of that period; but who now glide over the route in a sumptuous palace-car almost with the speed of the wind.

In the fall of 1848, the road was opened as far as Narrowsburgh, and the engine known as the Eleazer Lord was run to the village, where it remained several weeks. Soon after the rails were laid, John S. Hughes, a merchant of the village, had some goods brought by the canal to the Lackawaxen. As he was anxious to get them as soon as possible, he went after them with a horse and car, and brought them to Narrowsburgh. No other freight had then been carried over the road to the village. Hughes was assisted by a man named John Bannister.

No passenger-train passed through the Delaware and Susquehanna valleys before the 27th of December, 1848. Two trains were run on that day, much to the amazement of bipeds and the consternation of quadrupeds. Notwithstanding there was a furious snow all day, the people of the valley generally turned out to witness the novel spectacle. Of course, their eyeballs projected somewhat, and the shrieking iron-horse made tympanitis probable. It was said jocosely at the time, that some of the benighted natives, hearing the screams of the engine, shouldered their rifles hastily, and ran to the river, believing that sathanus or a panther was loose.* Horses and horn-cattle were unusually excited, and inclined to decamp, while dogs ran off or made a dash at the cars, according to their cowardice or pugnacity.

On the 1st of January, 1849, a time-table was issued, and from that day the trains ran regularly. Walter S. Corwin was the first station-agent at Narrowsburgh.

In June, 1852, the road was opened to Dunkirk, and the event duly celebrated in the presence of Millard Fillmore, Daniel Webster, General Scott, William H. Seward, and other distinguished guests.

Narrowsburgh, should have been a place of as much importance as Susquehanna or Port Jervis. When the New York and Erie Railroad was opened, the company proposed to establish here the connecting link between the Eastern and the Susquehanna Divisions; and probably would have done so if the owners of real estate had not placed too high a value on their property. The adjacent territory was cut up into village lots, for which exorbitant prices were demanded, and a wild spirit of speculation prevailed. If the company had been presented

* This story was invented by a conceited scribbler. The raftsmen of the Delaware were more familiar with railroads at that time than any other class of our citizens.

with land free of cost sufficient for their purposes, dreams of eventual prosperity and wealth would not have been baseless, and as the area of the village increased in extent, the fancy-prices of 1848, would in time have become sober realities. As it was, it became an easy matter for Port Jervis to secure the coveted advantages. This at first seemed like a wet blanket upon the prosperity of the place, and threatened to cool its enterprise and defeat its growth. But its natural advantages were great; and from the three dwelling-houses and two hotels of 1846, it has increased in population until its friends claim that its residents number six hundred souls. Besides its churches, it has four hotels, five stores, (besides four devoted to the sale of lager) fifteen to twenty mechanics' shops, *and fourteen widows!* How far the Erie Railway has been instrumental in producing the latter *dangerous* element of society we are unable to say; but we presume when the strong-minded of the physically weaker sex secure to their sisters the right to operate the road, the bereaved ladies will not preponderate over the bereaved lords.*

There is a mystery about the original settlement at the mouth of Ten Mile river, which after twenty years of patient inquiry, we are unable to solve. We know that it was made under flattering circumstances; that it was broken up by the Indians in 1763, and that every one of the residents was massacred. Beyond this we can say nothing of it with certainty. Perhaps some future historian, by examining the musty and moth-eaten archives of Connecticut and New Jersey, will find a key which will unlock its yet untold story. *Tempus omnia revelat*; but will it ever bring to light the sad tale of those whose blood was shed on the banks of Ten Mile river in the fall of 1763?

There is a tradition in the neighborhood that the saw-mill and grist-mill which Chapman says was in the Cushetunk colony previous to 1763 were here. A gentleman of the town claims that half of one of the stones used in the grist-mill forms a part of his fire-place, and that the other half is at the bottom of the river. It is also said that a Mr. Evans was one of the first settlers, and that one John Moore owned the mills and a house, as well as ten thousand acres of land on which they were constructed. Moore, it is alleged, exchanged his property for whisky. The allegation may be founded in truth. It must have taken him many years, however, to swallow so fair an estate; whereas, in the fifth year of the settlement, every resident was killed. All such traditions are very unreliable, especially in a town like this, where there were but few permanent inhabitants. Besides this,

* We are indebted to Mr. James D. Appley for a considerable portion of what is written concerning Big Eddy.

we have positive evidence that John Moore was living peaceably and quietly on the banks of the Delaware as late as 1792. In that year, Peter E. Gumaer, one of the Collectors of Mammaking, traveled from Peenpack to Ten Mile River to collect of him the sum of three shillings and one-half of a penny—a tax which seems insignificant in these days; nevertheless, John Moore's was the largest in the old town of Lumberland, with a single exception.

Loton Smith, in his unpublished history, says that Webb, who surveyed the Minisink Patent, in 1762, declares that there was then a saw-mill at the mouth of Ten Mile river. According to Smith, it was known as Reeve's mill, and was the property of Elijah Reeve, who died at Otisville, in 1814. This, if true, is important. We believe, however, that the mill owned by Reeve was not the one mentioned by Webb and Chapman, although it may have occupied the same site.

For many years, Ten Mile River was considered the central point of Lumberland. There town-meetings were held, and the business of the town transacted. Samuel Hankins was a merchant of the place at an early period.

Beaver Brook has been noted for the enterprise of those who have resided there. Among these we may mention Richard W. Corwin, one of the Swartwouts, N. T. Rodman and H. P. Shultz. The two last named gentlemen were largely engaged as manufacturers of lumber. Doctor John Conklin, of Port Jervis, owned an extensive tract of land there, and carried on the same business. Charles S. Woodward also lived there several years, and was prominent as a business-man and a politician. To his perseverance and pertinacity is due the honor of compelling the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company to pay taxes in the county, like other property-holders. That incorporation claimed immunity from taxation; and but few men were found with sufficient nerve to brave the force of their wealth and influence. Mr. Woodward was one of them, and after a long contest, compelled the company to discharge the duty it owes to the towns through which it passes.

A former resident of Tusten says: "Joseph Carpenter was the first resident at the mouth of Beaver brook of whom I have knowledge; but there were others there before him. William Wells, of Halfway brook memory, lived from about 1812 to 1820 at what we called Beaver Brook Mills. Where Charles S. Woodward resided was a wilderness in 1825, as well as a large part of the town. Elijah and Elisha Reeve of Mount Hope owned a saw-mill on the outlet of Big pond as long ago as 1810, and there were also at that time one or more mills on the west branch of Beaver brook near where Woodward lived. In 1800, George D. Wickham, as had his father before him, owned three-

fourths or more of what is now Tusten. Both father and son were extensively engaged in lumbering. John Duer owned a large lumbering-establishment on Halfway brook. The lands of this region at that time cost next to nothing, and these men were shrewd enough to reap the benefits. Hardly an owner of lands of any prominence resided in that part of the country. Proprietors seldom even visited their possessions. They generally operated by agents, and were satisfied with the wealth acquired at the expense of the town, the value of which was reduced as its forests of choice timber were consumed."

In June, 1845, there was a ruinous fire in the woods near Ten Mile river. Large quantities of valuable timber were consumed, as well as several saw-mills. The principal sufferers were Hankins & Bennett, Charles S. Woodward, Roberts & Barnes and Dodge & St. John.

On the 11th of December, 1847, a formidable riot occurred at Narrowsburgh. Contractors on the New York and Erie railroad had reduced the wages of their laborers, which greatly exasperated the latter, not only against their employers, but against all who considered the reduction just. An inn-keeper named John Verschau rendered himself very obnoxious to the hands, about one hundred of whom, armed with deadly weapons, assembled and sacked Verschau's house, destroyed his furniture and other loose property, and burned the building. Seventeen of the rioters—all Germans—were arrested and committed to jail in Monticello. At the February Sessions of 1848, they were tried for the offense, and ten of them sentenced to ninety days imprisonment and to pay a fine of fifty dollars each.

At times there has been observed a peculiar ebullition of the water at Big Eddy. At some points where the river is not deep, the agitation resembled boiling water over a very hot fire. In the summer of 1854, Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, and several other learned gentlemen who were temporarily at Narrowsburgh, had their attention directed to the phenomena of the Eddy, and concluded to investigate them. They found that the bubbling and boiling was caused by the escape of an inflammable gas from the bed of the river. By a simple contrivance they collected the gas and burnt it, and found that it afforded a steady and brilliant light. One of their experiments had a ludicrous termination. They procured a hogshead, removed one of its heads, and inserted a lead-pipe in the other. They next put the open end of the hogshead over a place where there was a great uprising of the gas, and got a man to stand on the other end to keep the vessel stationary. After waiting a proper time, fire was applied to the farther end of the pipe, when there was an unexpected upheaval of the hogshead and the man who

stood upon it. The gas had exploded, throwing both several feet into the air.

There has been no attempt to explain the mystery, although the gas is probably due to a large quantity of vegetable matter which has been submerged by the drift of the river.

These and other indications led to the belief that petroleum would be found at this point by deep boring, and in 1865, a company was formed and some capital sunk as a result of this opinion. No oil was found.

On the last Sunday of August, 1866, eight cars loaded with oil were standing on the main track of the railroad at Narrowsburgh, when a freight-train, moving on the same rails, collided with the oil-cars, and crushed them, causing the oil to run over the adjacent grounds and mill-pond. The oil instantly took fire, and every inflammable thing within its reach was enveloped in flames, as well as the pond of water, which covered several acres. Several buildings were destroyed. The second story of one of these was occupied by Charles Williams, with his wife and two children. Williams seized the children and rushed through the flames in front of the house. While doing so, he dropped one of them, and stopped to pick it up. All three were so badly burned that they died. Mrs. Williams escaped by jumping from a second story rear-window, where there was no fire, and within an hour afterwards was delivered of a child. The train of cars was entirely destroyed, as well as a house of Joseph Bivens, another of Andrew Hendricks, the building occupied by Williams, a carpenter's shop, 50,000 feet of lumber, etc. The loss of property was estimated at \$80,000.

There are in this town a Methodist Episcopal, a Baptist, and an Evangelical Lutheran Church.

A class of Methodists was formed in 1839, at Narrowsburgh, under the preaching of Rev. Thomas J. Lyon, who afterwards abandoned the ministry of his church, and became a lawyer and politician. In 1855, the society erected a church-edifice at a cost of \$2,000.

The Baptist Church of Ten Mile River was organized in 1840 by Rev. Henry Curtis of the Damascus society. Their house of worship was built in 1856.

St. Paul's (Lutheran) Church was formed and its edifice built in 1869.

The Roman Catholics also have a place in which they worship at Narrowsburgh.

Exclusive of the latter, there are one hundred and fourteen professed Christians in the town.

SUPERVISORS OF THE TOWN OF TUSTEN.

From		To
1854.....	Charles S. Woodward.....	1855
1855.....	John S. Hughes.....	1858
1858.....	Albert H. Russell.....	1859
1859.....	Commodore C. Murray.....	1864
1864.....	Elisha A. Greene.....	1865
1865.....	William Darling.....	1866
1866.....	Commodore C. Murray.....	1870
1870.....	Elisha A. Greene.....	1871
1871.....	Lewis N. Stanton.....	1874

CHAPTER XVIII.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL.

Our country owes this great work to the farseeing intelligence of William and Maurice Wurts—gentlemen who were at first deemed fit subjects for an insane asylum, because they labored to convince the public that anthracite coal would become an article of necessity.

As early as 1812, William Wurts, who was then a young merchant of Philadelphia, commenced exploring the coal-beds of Luzerne county. With compass and pickax, he attempted to trace the coal up the Lackawanna valley, and from thence to the Delaware river; but as he approached the latter, he encountered the sand-rocks which underlie the coal-measures, rocks in which no valuable seam of coal can be found. He abandoned his search for this valuable mineral in the immediate vicinity of the Delaware; but did not resign his project of making that river a highway for transporting coal to the seaboard. He examined the eastern gaps of the Moosic mountains to find a practicable route to the head-waters of the Lackawaxen, upon which he believed coal could be floated to the Delaware, and in 1814 purchased large tracts of land, one of which covered the present site of Carbondale. In the same year, he transported coal to New York and Philadelphia for exhibition, to which places it was taken by the western route.

Eight or ten miles from his coal openings, at the opposite base of the Moosic range is a narrow, sluggish stream known as Jones' creek, a tributary of the Wallenpaupack, as the latter is of the Lackawaxen. The summer of 1815 was spent in removing obstructions from the first-named stream, and during the fall two sleigh-loads were hauled over the mountain, and placed upon a raft. After a heavy rain, when the water was high, the primitive craft was started for the Delaware. The attempt was a more decided failure than was Van Tuij's first endeavor to navigate the Neversink. After passing down stream for about a mile the raft came in contact with a rock, and the shining freight lodged in the bed of Jones' creek.

Mr. Wurts next hauled coal with oxen to the Wallenpaupack, twenty miles distant. It was then rafted to Wilsonville Falls, around which it was carried on wagons to the Eddy in the Lackawaxen; then re-loaded in arks, and if the latter survived the perils of the Lackawaxen and Delaware, it was taken to Philadelphia, "where nobody wanted the black stuff as all the blowing and stirring given to it did not make it burn."* The public were not only ignorant of the utility of this kind of fuel, but the expense of getting it to a market was ruinous. Consequently but little was taken over this route, and the enterprise of rafting coal on the Wallenpaupack was regarded as a failure, and Mr. Wurts as a monomaniac.

In 1822, Maurice Wurts became interested with his brother William, and the two proceeded to Carbondale, with a number of workmen, where they camped in the woods, and slept on hemlock-boughs, transporting their provisions for miles on horseback. Here, at great expense, they mined about eight hundred tons of coal, which they intended to haul to the Lackawaxen during the ensuing winter. They determined to substitute pine-rafts in the place of the more frail arks, and believed that the sale of the timber and coal together would yield a handsome profit. But the finest schemes of man are often thwarted by unexpected contingencies. The ensuing winter was unusually mild; there was but little snow; instead of taking eight hundred tons of coal to the Lackawaxen on sleighs, they were able to haul but one hundred; coal was worth from ten to twelve dollars per ton in Philadelphia when they commenced mining at Carbondale; but the quantity sent from the more accessible Lehigh region reduced the price so that there was no margin for profit to the Messrs. Wurts, at least while they transported coal over mountains on sleighs, and down wild rivers on rafts.

Intellectual dwarfs shrink and wither in peril, while the giant mind acquires magnitude in proportion to the dangers which arise and threaten disaster. Without competition and with fair profits on the fuel and the lumber they sent to market, William and Maurice Wurts probably would have continued the coal business on a small scale, and been contented with their primitive mode of transportation, and their limited revenue from the business. At that time, in a single year, six thousand tons of anthracite glutted the markets of all the cities of the Atlantic coast of the United States. Maurice Wurts, knowing this fact, proposed to send to the city of New York alone one hundred thousand tons annually, and to provide a way to do so, broached the project of scaling the Moosic mountain with a railroad, and

* Hollister's Lackawanna Valley.

constructing a long canal through a rugged and almost unexplored country, from the interior of Wayne county, Pennsylvania, to the Hudson! It is not surprising that the boldness of the proposition caused many who could see but the necessities of the hour to regard Maurice Wurts as wild and visionary, if not absolutely insane.

William Wurts, who readily adopted the views of his brother, undertook to explore a route for the canal, and followed the valley of the Lackawaxen and Delaware until he reached the Shawangunk. Thus far there was no obstacle which was a bar to the project; but here he met a rocky barrier which seemed too formidable for a communication by water to the point which he wished to reach in the vicinity of the Highlands of the Hudson. In this emergency, he was advised by Abraham Cuddeback, of Cuddebackville, to explore the valley west of the mountain.* Here he found an abundance of water and everything else favorable except public opinion. The entire route was feasible. When this was ascertained, the brothers determined to devote all their energies to the consummation of their enterprise.† Through their efforts, the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and New York enacted necessary laws. Residents on the route were then asked to contribute toward the preliminary survey, but very generally declined to do so. The Messrs. Wurts then employed Benjamin Wright, who was considered the best engineer of the country, to locate the canal and road, and make an estimate of the cost of the work.

Mr. Wright made his report in 1824. He pronounced the improvement practicable, and estimated the expense at \$1,300,000, a sum so large that its realization seemed almost hopeless, especially as capitalists looked upon the project as a chimera worthy of hobby-riders and hot-brained enthusiasts. After this report, a greater number of their friends expressed grave doubts as to the sanity of William and Maurice Wurts, and the latter were obliged to decide whether they would abandon the enterprise, and be classed among visionary schemers, or vindicate the wisdom of its conception by securing its completion and demonstrating its utility. They knew, from the experience of communities older than our own, that a period was approaching when our forests could not be relied upon for a supply of fuel for dense centres of population, and that even then true economy proved that anthracite should be substituted for wood.

* Hollister's Lackawanna Valley.

† Eager says *Maurice* Wurts traversed Orange county in search of a practicable route for the canal to Newburgh; but he found the Shawangunk an insurmountable obstacle. Abraham Cuddeback led him to examine the valley leading to Kingston, where a good route was found. Hollister, who gives a better account of the labors of the Messrs. Wurts, declares that *William* made the exploration.

Public opinion was against them; but the minds of the ignorant and prejudiced were enlightened by these energetic and enterprising brothers, who erected, in New York and Philadelphia, stoves and grates suitable for burning Lackawanna coal, and thus established the fact that it was cheaper, more convenient and every way preferable to wood and charcoal. The press, then influential because not sensational, was enlisted in their favor, and rapidly the mountain of prejudice, more formidable than the Moosic range, was removed. There was a favorable change in public sentiment. The plans of the brothers were matured. They proposed that a company should be formed with a capital of \$1,500,000; that the company should surmount the Moosic by the way of Rix' Gap (800 feet in height) by means of inclined planes; that their railway should extend to the nearest point at which a sufficient supply of water could be commanded for canal navigation; that they should mine, carry to market and sell their own coal; that they should embark in the business of banking; and that they should engage in real estate speculations at points on their canal where land was certain to appreciate in value. A wise economy permeated every part of their undertaking.

Books of subscription were opened in New York, and every share of the capital-stock taken. The brothers were no longer half crazy adventurers—the sport of shallow-brained wits—but the acknowledged heads of a powerful organization, with means to test fully and fairly the merits of their project.

The canal and railroad were commenced in 1826 and completed in 1828.* On the 3d of December of the latter year, a fleet of six canal boats, laden with one hundred and twenty tons of coal, (the first from the head of the canal,) passed through Mamakating Hollow (now Wurtsborough), on their way to the Hudson. The ancient Dutch residents, and the more recent Yankee importations, turned out with their families to witness the cheering spectacle. The sleep of ages was broken by the roaring of cannon and the lusty cheers of the people. The canal was considered a great public blessing—quite equal to anything in the history of the country, not excepting even the birth of the nation; for we find the good people of the valley on the ensuing Fourth of July engaged in celebrating “American Independence and the canal,” on which occasion Colonel Jacob Gumaer officiated as Marshal; Eli Bennett, as Reader; John Dorrance, as President, and Lyman Odell as Orator.†

Said Mr. Odell, “The genius of free government is peculiarly

* In some places on the summit-level, the bottom of the canal was made of coarse gravel, and in a few hours all the water that could be commanded leaked through and disappeared.

† *Watchman*, July, 1826.

adapted, no less to public than social improvement. Already have our citizens caught the enrapturing flame, and accomplished more in the great field of public enterprise, than centuries have been able to produce under the despotism of foreign power. * * * * Suffer me to roll back the tide of time for a few short years, and contrast the past with the present condition of this county. Then the towering summits of the Shawangunk mountain, piled up in massive sublimity as if to hold converse with the clouds, stretched an almost impassable barrier along her borders, and seemed to laugh in sullen silence upon every attempt of her citizens to communicate with the rest of the world by toiling over its rocky surface. Then the wealthy feared and the enterprising shrank back from the privations and seclusions of this familiarly denominated wooden country. At length the scene is changed. A faint ray of light begins to illuminate her dusky horizon; and the great project is conceived of mingling the waters of the Delaware and Hudson together through the medium of an artificial channel! Heaven fired the breasts of a few public-spirited individuals with a fortitude which no obstacle could shake, and having ascertained the feasibility of the project, and made the necessary arrangements, the first decisive blow was struck! But four years have elapsed, and while *timidity* has faltered at the hazardous undertaking, and *incredulity* has pointed the finger of derision at the 'wild and visionary project,' the work has been steadily prosecuted, with a rapidity which outstrips all former example, to a successful completion!! The gloomy silence which heretofore reigned along the base of these mountains is broken by the busy din of commercial enterprise; and our daily avocations are cheered with *the shrill music of the bugle*, announcing the arrival and departure of boats laden with the produce and the wealth of this hitherto wild and neglected region. No longer is Sullivan shut out from the free and easy communication with her sister counties; and the spell of the *Mountain God* which has so long locked up her resources is 'shorn of its influence' forever!"

At first the canal was intended for boats of thirty tons burthen; subsequently its capacity was so enlarged as to admit vessels of fifty tons, and finally improved so as to pass boats of one hundred and thirty.

The first locomotive engine in America was imported from England and used on the road of this company at Honesdale. It was intended to be employed in the place of horse-power on the level east of the Moosic. The hemlock trestling over the Lackawaxen was considered too frail for the great weight of the engine, and almost every one predicted that the strange machine, with the bridge and the engineer, would be precipitated

into the river at the first attempt to cross. Major Horatio Allen was the only one who dared to pass over the structure with the iron steed, and his passage was witnessed by a multitude of spectators, who were happily disappointed; for he crossed in safety, and triumphantly disappeared in the narrow vista which was then bounded on either side by laurels and hemlocks. The road, as originally made, however, was found too weak for this engine, although sufficient for horse-cars, and the pioneer locomotive of the western world was thrown from the track, and for many years was a broken rusty wreck, "unhonored and unsung."* It is somewhat singular that Barnum did not gather the interesting relics and degrade them by placing them among such curiosities as the Woolly Horse, Joice Heth, and the "Happy Family" of morphinized birds and beasts.

With the completion of the canal, the Messrs. Wurts hoped that their toils and anxieties would terminate; but their hopes were baseless. Years of labor—such labor as they alone could furnish—were yet necessary to place the work beyond the possibility of failure. Disaster threatened it, and on its success depended not only their fortunes, but what is dearer to such men, their good name.

The embarrassments of the company arose from several causes. 1. Their engineer had greatly under-estimated the cost of the improvement. A heavy indebtedness was the result. The Directors had borrowed of the State of New York the large sum of \$800,000. 2. There was at first but a limited demand for coal, and much competition on the part of rival organizations. 3. The small quantity of coal taken to New York in 1828 and 1829, was surface-coal which had been exposed to deteriorating agencies for many centuries, and was quite worthless. This furnished plausible grounds for the slanders of enemies, who asserted that the fuel from the Lackawanna valley was valueless, and that if it were otherwise, the canal and railroad were so illy constructed and perishable in character, that they were incapable of passing a sufficient amount of tonnage to pay interest on their cost. 4. The absurd cry of monopoly was also raised to prejudice the ignorant and superficial against the company.* 5. No dividends were paid, and stock which had cost the holder \$100, was a drug in the market at from \$60 to \$70. 6. Legislative bodies were invoked to crush the company by hostile action.

Maurice Wurts, who had resigned the position of Superintendent in 1828, resumed that office, and his brother, John Wurts, then a prominent Representative in Congress and a member of the Philadelphia bar, assumed the presidency. These gentlemen devoted the remainder of their lives to the company's in-

* Hollister's Lackawanna Valley.

terests, and the proud position it has attained is principally due to their anxious care, laborious industry and practical good sense. Under their management the debts of the company were honorably paid, its capacity increased fourfold, and its good name placed on an enduring foundation. The stock of the company, once worth but sixty cents per dollar, ran up to one hundred and forty, and instead of carrying one hundred thousand tons of coal to market per annum, they lived to announce that the number considerably exceeded one million!* The capital-stock of the corporation is no longer limited to \$1,500,000; but has been raised to \$7,000,000, and even now its affairs are exempt from the spirit of speculation and fraud which, vampire-like, is draining the life-blood of too many communities and incorporations. The latter fact is due to the policy established by the Messrs. Wurts, to employ no subordinates except men of well-attested honesty, sobriety and capacity, to pay them liberally but not extravagantly, and to employ them during good behavior.

How ecstatic and extravagant would have been the sentences of Lyman Odell, the Wurtsborough orator of 1829, if he could have foreseen the time when vessels larger than the sloops of his day, would be constantly gliding back and forth through the valley of Mamakating, and that the aggregate tonnage of the canal would amount every year to many millions of dollars in value!

The effect of cheap and easy transportation on localities is important. Notwithstanding good roads were opened to and through the county previous to 1830, the increase of population was but 6,256 during the preceding twenty years. From 1830 to 1850, the increase was 12,728. The wealth of Sullivan advanced in a greater ratio in the latter period. Three years after the canal was constructed, John Eldridge, Rufus Palen and one or two other large tanners commenced operations here, and they were followed by other men of their calling as the bark of Greene, Schoharie and Ulster was exhausted, until this county was considered the most important sole-leather manufacturing-

* In 1870, the principal companies engaged in mining and transporting anthracite reported that they brought to market 14,448,958 tons, of which the

Reading Railroad Company delivered.....	3,668,371
Schuylkill Canal,	502,812
Lehigh Valley Railroad,	3,515,481
Lehigh Navigation and Railroad,	1,713,208
Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad,	2,247,689
Delaware and Hudson Canal,	1,752,099
Pennsylvania Coal Company,	1,044,298

14,448,958

The total amount of anthracite, bituminous and semi-bituminous coal taken to market in the United States, during the year, exceeded 17,000,000 tons!

district in the world. Without the canal, this interest would not have been developed previous to 1850.

But the benefit of this canal to Sullivan is a mere bagatelle when compared with its benign influence on the coal-region of Pennsylvania, on New York and other cities, and on the country at large. Its success led to other works for a similar purpose, which now minister to the comforts of the poor, and add to the wealth of the rich. Destroy the coal-fields of the Lackawanna, and the public improvements which have been made to convey the carbonaceous deposit to those who consume it, and you will bring upon an immense number of the human family an evil not exceeded by famine and pestilence. From such a contingency only could we learn truly to estimate the benefits conferred by William and Maurice Wurts, whose memory should be honored by all good men.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

In the first years of the present century, there was a project for opening a national road from the Hudson to the great West. It was originated by General James Clinton, and was favored by many leading men of that period. It was known as the National Appian Way. One of its proposed routes was across Mamakating, Thompson, Liberty and Rockland, and from thence westward through Oxford, in Chenango county. In June, 1807, the citizens of Newburgh dispatched John DeWitt, Francis Crawford, Samuel Sackett, and Daniel Stringham to explore this route, and raised £30 to pay their expenses. These gentlemen commenced their labors at the Blue Mountain on subdivision 4 of the Fourth Allotment, and followed very near the route of the Midland railroad until they reached the Delaware county line. It was then deemed that the country was too weak in its resources to engage in works of such magnitude, and the scheme failed. But it is believed that to the bold and comprehensive views then expressed by General Clinton may be traced the birth of Dewitt Clinton's love of internal improvements.*

Subsequently the Appian Way was received under a new name. The State canals were constructed to the manifest injury of the southern counties of New York, whose people, nevertheless, acknowledged their general importance and were proud of the distinction acquired by the State in consequence of its enterprise. The effect of these improvements on our county is worthy of brief consideration. Before they were consummated, our region attracted men who were searching for cheap homesteads. Of what the superficial esteem wealth they had but little; but in muscle, energy and industry, they were rich. Our land was productive. Wheat was a common crop. On soil largely occupied by stumps and rocks, forty bushels of rye or buckwheat per acre was the usual yield. This resulted from the humidity of the atmosphere caused by

* Report of Railroad committee, Legislature of New York, 1832.

extensive forests; the protection against severe winds afforded by the woods which surrounded almost every field, and the large amount of potash—one of the best fertilizers—which was made by burning fallows. Grain was then exported not only from Sullivan, but from regions more remote. The lofts of our country-stores literally groaned beneath the breadstuffs which were stored in them. Our county was gradually acquiring a most valuable population, because here land was cheap and productive, and not too remote from a great avenue of commerce. The Erie canal was proposed. Far-seeing and sagacious men saw that it was practicable, and its construction sooner or later certain, and thenceforth the tide of population tended to Central New York, and the fertile regions beyond. Public opinion formed a phalanx of such determination as to defy opposition, and not only the Erie but the lateral canals were completed in a time which surprised their projectors. These works were a blessing to the State at large, and especially to the region in which they were located. Farm-lands in their vicinity, which, in 1804, commanded a less price than ours, forty years later were worth from seventy-five to a hundred dollars per acre, while ours decreased in value from four to two dollars. This was the case even in the neighborhood of the county-seat. How could it be otherwise? To the interior of our county there was but one route, which surmounted two dreary mountains, and which afforded no flattering prospect to the immigrant. By the time he overcame them, he disliked the country. Frequently he did not reach the Neversink river; but, retracing his steps, took a steamboat on the Hudson for Albany; from thence a canal-boat, at an expense of one cent per mile, and reached the productive West almost without expense or fatigue.*

These facts were patent to every intelligent resident of Sullivan, and while no one complained of the burthens which these improvements caused to be imposed, it was claimed that the State should contribute a fraction of its bounty to promote the welfare of the secluded regions. Hence when McAdam demonstrated that a stone-road was superior to all others then in use, and it was apparent that there could not be a continuous water-communication through the "Southern Tier," the State was urged to build a McAdam road from the west to the Hudson. A controversy ensued as to the eastern terminus, which led to an unfavorable result in the Legislature, and while the scheme was in abeyance, it was discovered that an iron-road was better than any other, and that steam could be applied on it as a motor. Thenceforth Appian Ways and McAdamized

* Platt Pelton, in *Watchman*, January 3, 1832.

roads were dismissed from the minds of our citizens, and they clamored for a railroad from Lake Erie to the Hudson through the southern counties.

The earliest proposition to build a railroad through Sullivan was made in the fall of 1829, when the railroad men of Baltimore invited Members of Congress to ride in cars furnished with masts and sails, and moved by wind. This proposition was in a pamphlet, in which the writer advocated the making of a railway from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. We have no more than a few extracts from this pamphlet, which were copied into a newspaper at that time, and do not know the name of its writer; but he who wrote it had a resolute and comprehensive brain, and an eye which saw in the future the results of a wonderful invention, which was then like an infant Hercules in its cradle. He pointed out the route of the proposed railway from the vicinity of New York city, across Sullivan to the Delaware river, up the latter to where the Erie now crosses to the Susquehanna; thence to the Tioga, Lake Erie, the State of Ohio, etc. His arguments to show that it was of national importance would not be appropriate in a local work like ours; but we cannot refrain from copying the following sentences, because, when they were first given to the public, they seemed like the fumes of a diseased brain; but less than half a century has proved them the essence of wisdom:

“The Atlantic and Mississippi Railway would, when completed, be far more beneficial in its effects on the intervening country, and on our national prosperity, *than to turn the Mississippi itself into the same course.* Free from the inundations, the currents, the rapids, the ice, and the sand-bars of that mighty stream, the rich products of its wide-spread valley would be driven to the shores of the Atlantic with greater speed than if wafted by the wings of the wind; and the rapid return of commercial equivalents would spread life and prosperity over the face of the finest and fairest portion of the habitable world.”

To accomplish the work he claimed among other things, that it should be undertaken by incorporations, aided by grants of money or lands from the general government, the very plan adopted more than forty years later, to secure the construction of the Pacific road.

On the 27th of August, 1831, a meeting was held at the house of S. W. B. Chester, in Monticello, to consult in regard to the survey of a railroad from the Hudson river to Ohio. This meeting resolved that the survey was worthy of attention, and then adjourned to the 30th of the same month. In the published proceedings the name of no person who attended it appears.

At the adjourned meeting, there was a declaration in favor of a road as far as Elmira, and John P. Jones, Platt Pelton, Hiram Bennett, Randall S. Street and Archibald C. Niven were appointed a committee to promote the project.

On the 20th of December, 1831, a convention of delegates from all the southern counties except Orange and Rockland, was held at Owego. George Morell, of Otsego, was president. This body took ground in favor of a railroad from Lake Erie to the Hudson, and resolved to apply to the Legislature for a charter. From that time the people of the counties bordering on Pennsylvania took definite action in regard to a communication through their territory by railroad.

During the Legislative session of 1832, the company was incorporated. Among the incorporators were three citizens of Sullivan—John P. Jones, Randall S. Street and Alpheus Dimmick.

The original intention was to make it a railway suitable for the use of horses, so that the inhabitants who lived on the route could employ their own cars and motive power. "Animal power," said the managers, "may be considered the natural power of the country; and on long routes, where great inequalities in the amount of transport and travel will occur; where the commodities to be conveyed, instead of presenting a regular supply, will probably amount to many times as much some months as others, the use of horses may be expected, for a time at least, to be practically cheaper than steam." A road for locomotives, it was agreed, would cost from \$12,000 to \$14,000 per mile, while one for animals could be made for \$5,000 or \$6,000, and on the latter the company would be at no expense for engines, carriages, &c.

On the 9th of July, 1833, books were opened for subscription to the capital-stock to the amount of one million of dollars. This amount, it was believed, was enough to complete a single track from the Hudson to the Susquehanna, with a sufficient number of turn-outs to render the desultory movements of the horse-cars of farmers and others practical. The managers anticipated embarrassment from excessive subscriptions, and published a proviso showing in what manner they would reduce the total amount to one million.

In the light of ripe experience, their plans were all puerile and childish. Nevertheless they were approved by Benjamin Wright, whose reputation as a civil engineer was pre-eminent.

The amount required was subscribed; but a large part of the stock taken was by a nominal arrangement with a man named William G. Buckner, who, on the last day and at the last moment, took all that was not secured by others. Another year passed, during which the company did not receive enough from

its stockholders and others, to make necessary surveys. In 1834, the people directly interested again appealed to the Legislature, which granted \$15,000 to enable Benjamin Wright and his subordinates to examine the route, and report the result. This was done, and his report may be found in the Assembly Documents of 1835. It established the fact that a practicable route existed even through Sullivan, which, until this time had been considered the most unfavorable region.

Mr. Wright's labors did not give vitality to the project. The company lacked material resources, and capitalists were unwilling to venture an amount adequate to the magnitude of the undertaking. In 1835, the State was petitioned to become a stockholder; but declined to grant further aid. In 1836, the application was renewed, when an issue of State-stock to the amount of \$600,000 was authorized on the completion of a track of the road, within the State, from the Hudson and Delaware canal to Binghamton; of \$700,000 when it reached the Alleghany river; of \$300,000 when it extended to Lake Erie; of \$400,000 when completed from the Hudson to the Hudson and Delaware canal; and of \$1,000,000 when a double line was made within the State from one terminus to the other.

The act of 1846 did not exert a salutary influence on capitalists. Men of wealth still refused to promote the enterprise by liberal subscriptions. It is alleged that their financial costiveness resulted from a lack of confidence in those who had the affairs of the company in charge. However this may be, in 1848, further legislation was solicited and a more liberal act passed, by which the State agreed to invest one dollar for every two expended by the company, the State appropriation not to exceed \$3,000,000.

It is said that the passage of this act was due to the unwearied and persistent efforts of Hon. John P. Jones, one of the founders of Monticello, who was then in the Senate, and that his action was enlivened by a pledge of the company that, if he succeeded in securing the passage of the act, they would locate the road on what was then known as the Brownson route. This route was the most favorable to Monticello, to the interests of which he was ardently attached until his death. Some may doubt that he was a man who could influence a legislative body, as he was of slow and hesitating speech, exceedingly dull and tiresome, and without a spark of magnetic power to excite favorable action. Yet he was shrewd, and had some qualities nearly allied to cunning and craft. In saying this of him, we disclaim any imputation on his character for integrity and honor. We believe he was influenced by justifiable motives, and wished to secure to the county an important and vital interest.

Still there was but little if any progress. The resources of

the company continued to be limited, and small as they were, were squandered in paying large salaries, in making extensive and incomplete surveys, and in partially constructing here and there useless fragments of their road.

From the Port Jervis Union.

MONTICELLO AND PORT JERVIS RAILROAD.

STAIRWAY BROOK, Jan. 31, 1869.

D. HOLBROOK, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR:—In your issue of Jan. the 22, you have a long article in relation to the Port Jervis and Monticello railroad, I would like to make known some facts to you which ought also to be known and acted upon by all of the people interested in that road.

In the winter of 1835-6 the Erie Railway company asked from the State of New York a loan of one million and a half of dollars. The bill was introduced in the Legislature at Albany, by John P. Jones, of Monticello, at that time member of the Senate, and with indefatigable perseverance and determination on his part, the bill was carried through and became a law. While this bill was pending the managers of the road gave their plighted faith to Jones that they would locate and put under contract that portion of the line between Cuddebackville and the forks of the Mongaup, by way of the Brownson route, passing one and a half miles east of Monticello. And I was ordered to get the line ready with as little delay as possible, which I did, fixing the maximum grade at 68 feet per mile. This steep grade extended for a distance about five or six miles, commencing near Clow's Bridge or what is now called Oakland, and extending in the direction of Monticello. The line was got ready but was never put under contract in consequence of some wrangling between the people of Monticello and Thompsonville. In consequence of which this one million and a half dollars, together with one million and a half more from the Company was squandered on other portions of the line between Binghamton and Dunkirk by building it on piles which cost about as much as a graded road, and which in the end proved perfectly useless and was abandoned altogether. So you will perceive that the people of Monticello as well as other portions of the county have been wronged out of what their Senator labored so long and ardently for. Now if this road is to be a tributary to the Erie road it is but just, and they have a right to ask and demand their assistance and aid in the building of the Monticello railroad. It is but just and the people should look into it and act accordingly. If the Erie road can lease or buy hundreds of railroads out west, they ought at least do something for this road where their plighted faith has been given, and especially

where they have received one and a half millions of dollars. I would add that this one and a half millions was afterwards given to the company, out and in full.

My object in writing this is that the people may know these facts, and perhaps they may act in such a way as to get the assistance of the Erie railroad in the construction of their own.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

C. L. SEYMOUR.

In 1839, the people of the southern counties feared that the company would never succeed in accomplishing the enterprise, and the company itself seemed inclined to relinquish the undertaking. The State was importuned to assume the work. A bill for that purpose passed the Assembly, but was defeated in the Senate. It was deemed unwise for the State to embark in such enterprises.

In 1840, the effort to make the road a State-work was renewed unsuccessfully. The State, however, agreed to loan the company \$100,000 for every \$100,000 previously expended in the construction of the road, and for every \$50,000 thereafter paid from the funds of the incorporation, the Comptroller was directed to issue stock to the amount of \$100,000. No more than \$3,000,000 were to be thus contributed.

This law was considered highly favorable, and enabled the directors to commence work with apparent vigor. The people of the southern counties who had importuned the Legislature for benefactions to the company, now hoped to witness a speedy consummation of the long-sought improvement; but their hopes were soon dashed to the ground. Everything was mismanaged. The State-stocks were forced upon the market at unfavorable times, and sold for less than their nominal value. The proceeds were wasted in speculation, and in testing wild theories. Among the latter was a crotchety idea that railroads could be made to span valleys and other depressions of the earth's surface, by upholding the track with posts and piles. Instead of experimenting on a limited scale and at a small cost, the plan was tried on a magnificent basis and at enormous expense, and resulted in a corresponding failure. Three millions received from the State, and all that was paid by stockholders was gone, and but fifty miles of the road in operation, while the company was bankrupt. The State had more than paid for all the work done, and had a prior lien upon it for \$3,000,000. The franchise of the company and all that had been accomplished by and through it were not worth that amount, and the difficulty of obtaining further subscriptions, while the road was thus pledged

to the State for more than its value, was insurmountable.* The company affected not to perceive this difficulty; but gave another and unfounded reason to account for their troubles. They pretended to discover in 1841 that the public had no confidence in their work on account of the obstacles to be overcome in Sullivan and other counties adjacent to the Delaware and Susquehanna!

Previous to this time, there was no pretense that the interior route from the Shawangunk to the Delaware was impracticable, and it could not be said that the line on the banks of that river was even suggested in such a way as to alarm the people of the county. The company was pledged to run the road by the way of Brownson's, and had made the necessary surveys. In 1840, the President of the road informed the citizens of Monticello that it had been determined to immediately file locations of the interior route.

About this time the citizens of Thompsonville urged the superiority of the route in which they were interested, and this gave the company a very bald excuse for not immediately performing their promise to John P. Jones and others of Monticello. Probably they had never intended to do so. They had done considerable work above the mouth of the Callicoon, but little or none in Sullivan below that point. This is strong proof to establish their falsehood and treachery.

Early in 1841, our citizens were informed that the company had determined to adopt the Delaware river route, a route which, it was alleged, they had not then even surveyed, and the proposition was made to Monticello that the railroad-managers would contribute ten thousand dollars toward making a turnpike-road from that place to the nearest point on the Erie road. This proposition was indignantly spurned, and a contest ensued in the Legislature of the State which continued several years.

From 1841 to 1845 the company annually applied to the Legislature for the privilege of constructing a portion of their road on the Pennsylvania side of the river, and made exaggerated statements in regard to the interior route. These statements were warmly combated by the people of Sullivan and other counties. The company also asked to be released from the State-lien. The latter request was finally granted conditionally,

* The most shameless frauds were committed. The old stockholders were called upon to pay no more instalments. Each contractor was required to take pay in stock to the amount of one-third of his contract, and the company agreed to pay him nearly one-third more than his work was worth. When he had gone sufficiently far with his contract, certificates of stock were issued to him, and affidavits made that the work had been paid for from moneys collected of stockholders. Armed with these affidavits, the managers demanded of the State double the nominal expenditure made. In this way the State paid for nearly all that was done.

and in the same year (1845) the application to carry the road into Pennsylvania was defeated, or rather withdrawn when it was found that there was but a minority in its favor, and a section substituted appointing Orville W. Childs, John B. Jervis and Horatio Allen, engineers, to locate the road through the interior of Sullivan, and if necessary through a portion of Ulster, if they found a practicable route, the adoption of which would not be greatly prejudicial to public interests; but in case they did not so locate, the company were authorized to construct a portion of the road on such route as the directors should decide, through said counties of Ulster and Sullivan.

The friends of the interior route considered this practically a triumph, and congratulated themselves that it had been won without the aid of the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company, which had co-operated with them until 1845, and then compromised with the railroad-company.*

The commissioners appointed by the act did not enter upon their duties until late in the fall of 1845, and consequently their labors were not concluded when the Legislature of 1846, convened. This gave the company an opportunity to apply for a modification of the law of the previous session, and an additional act was passed, by which the Commissioners were to decide whether there was a practical route through Sullivan "on which the company could construct their road without great prejudice to the public interests of this State, and the interests of the citizens of this State, who, in their judgment, would be affected by the construction and location of the road collectively considered." And in case they should decide otherwise, then the company were authorized to locate in Pennsylvania, subject, however, to the reserved power of the Legislature of 1847, to direct otherwise. The act also added Frederick Whittlesey, Jared Wilson, Job Pierson and William Dewey to the Commission.†

During the ensuing season the Board caused hurried and incomplete surveys to be made through Sullivan, and found that the ascending and descending grades were better than had been reported by the engineers of the company, and much more favorable than the grades east and west of the county; that the distance was about two and a half miles greater than by the way of the more southern route; that the curvature was more objectionable on the interior line than elsewhere; and that the latter could be made for \$401,480 less than the other. It was claimed by the friends of the central route, that it was susceptible

* The railroad company consented to a perpetual injunction being entered, prohibiting them from making their road on the bank of the river occupied by the canal.

† See "Report of the Minority of the Committee on Railroads, in relation to the location of the New York and Erie Railroad." [Assembly Documents, 1847.]

of improvement as to curvature and distance; but their suggestions were unheeded by the engineers, who naturally were inclined to favor the side from which they could expect a preponderance of employment.

On the 5th of August, 1846, the commissioners (except Mr. Pierson) met at the court-house in Monticello, to hear what could be said for and against the rival routes. Thomas McKissock of Newburgh appeared for the company, and William B. Wright for the people.

At this meeting Mr. Wright made a fine exhibition of forensic ability. He had been a needy editor and afterwards a more needy attorney and counselor; had been chiefly remarkable as a caustic writer* and for a love of ease and the pleasures afforded by gratifying his palate. In conducting trivial law-suits he had been out of his element, and was as ungainly as an elephant attempting a jig among a brood of chickens which he was required not to crush. He had great natural ability; but had had no opportunity, and perhaps had been too inert to exhibit the best phases of his character. His argument before the commissioners was reported in full for the *Republican Watchman*, and was much admired. From that time his advancement was rapid. He was soon after elected Member of Assembly, then a member of the Constitutional Convention, and at the first election under the third Constitution of the State, was chosen a Justice of the Supreme Court, and held that position until he was made a Judge of the Court of Appeals. While holding the latter office he died.

Soon after the Commissioners met in Monticello, four of them decided in favor of the Pennsylvania route, while three (Messrs. Whittiesey, Childs and Pierson) declared themselves for the interior route. This was a sore disappointment to the people of Sullivan, who declared that the decision of the majority had no moral weight, because one of them (Horatio Allen) had accepted an office at the hands of the company, and was in its pay as consulting engineer. A county-meeting was held on the 19th of September, at the Mansion House, kept by Stephen Hamilton, to consider the injustice done the people of the county by the majority of the commissioners. John P. Jones was chairman and C. V. R. Ludington, secretary. On motion of A. C. Niven, a committee was appointed to prepare and publish a notice in the State paper and other journals, setting forth the determination of the people to apply to the Legislature for

* While Mr. Wright was the editor of a paper published at Goshen, he assailed a rival with terrible severity. The person attacked was almost immediately prostrated with paralysis, from which he never recovered. Mr. W. believed that the disease was caused by what he had written.

relief. Daniel M. Angell, Platt Pelton and Edward Palen were named by the mover as such committee.

William B. Wright was soon after nominated by the whig and anti-rent parties for the Assembly, and his election was rendered more certain by the prominence he had acquired by his argument before the commissioners. His opponent was Jonathan Stratton, a gentleman without a tithe of Wright's talent, but who possessed better qualifications as a successful advocate in a body like the Assembly. Wright could make an admirable speech; but almost any agent of the company could vanquish him in the lobby.

Without waiting for further legislative action, the Directors put the Delaware section of their road under contract, and the work was in progress while the Legislature was in session. They also published a large edition of the Report of a majority of the Commissioners, to which they added a map of their own, in which the alleged obstacles in Sullivan were greatly exaggerated, and set forth in such a manner as to be an outrage on truth and decency. This they scattered broadcast before the Legislature and the people.

At this stage of the controversy, the citizens of the river-towns, moved by as good motives, no doubt, as those of the interior, took a lively interest in the affairs of the company. A respectable meeting was held at Narrowsburgh, of which James C. Curtis was president; John Hankins and Samuel Hankins, vice-presidents; and John C. Drake and Chauncey Thomas, secretaries. This meeting emphatically approved the report of the Commissioners, and the conduct of the company.

The citizens of Bloomingburgh were induced to believe that they would be favored with a branch of the Erie road, and, although warned that they would be disappointed, took an active part against the interior route. When the struggle with the company ceased, their project died from inanition. This Bloomingburgh diversion was engineered by Alpheus Dimmick, T. C. Van Wyck, C. H. Van Wyck, J. O. Dunning, V. E. Horton, C. Wood, E. M. Hunter and others.

On the other hand, a large and enthusiastic county-meeting was held in Monticello—John P. Jones, president; Platt Pelton, Edward Palen, Stephen Hamilton, Z. Hatch, Eli Fairchild and Arthur Palen, vice-presidents; F. M. St. John, C. V. R. Ludington and G. Wales, secretaries. A. C. Niven, chairman of the committee for that purpose, reported a series of resolutions which were adopted. Meetings were also held at Grahamsville, Neversink, White Lake, Liberty, Fallsburgh, Wurtsborough, Thompsonville, Rockland, and Phillips Port, at all which the proceedings of the company and a majority of the

Commissioners were denounced, and justice to the county demanded.

But the hopes inspired by what was considered the justice of their cause, and the able advocacy of William B. Wright, were of short duration. The Senate approved the Pennsylvania location by a vote of 17 to 1, while the interior route commanded but 24 votes in the Assembly. Thus terminated a contest of years carried on by the citizens of Sullivan against a powerful and unscrupulous company. Subsequent events have proved that the allegations of the latter were unfounded, and there is much on which to base the charge that the final location of the road was intended to subserve private speculations.

CHAPTER XX.

NEW YORK AND OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILROAD.

The magnitude of this enterprise—its connection with the interests of Sullivan, and the fact that some of our prominent citizens have been identified with its origin and progress, warrant us in devoting a chapter to its history.

In 1853, a party of engineers came into the county, and spent several weeks in making explorations. It was reported that they were searching for a new railroad-route across the county, and that they succeeded in finding one which was considered feasible. But little interest was taken in their work, and soon after they disappeared, the memory of their labors almost faded from the minds of our citizens. These surveys were made under the direction of Colonel Edward W. Serrell, a distinguished engineer. They led to no substantial result at that time, because the project was based on a flimsy financial basis. Tradition says that the failure of an unimportant moneyed institution made the project an abortion.

In the summer and fall of 1865, when the reverberations of our great civil war were yet "booming through the land," a correspondence sprang up between leading citizens of Norwich, Delhi and Monticello, setting forth the advantages and necessity to their secluded inland-counties of better means of intercommunication, and urging early co-operation to attain the desired object. This correspondence led to a call for a meeting of persons interested at Delhi, on Wednesday, October 4th, in that year. This was the first concerted gathering in behalf of the proposed enterprise, and the self-appointed delegates from the county of Sullivan were Henry Reynolds Low, Hezekiah Watkins, Samuel G. Thompson, William D. Stratton, and William A. Rice.

The 3d day of October was dull and uninviting. It ushered in the first snow-storm of the season, and if anything had been needed to bring vividly to mind the advantages of railway communication, it was supplied to these gentlemen on their journey, by the sharp winds, the driving snow-storm, and the Brock mountain highway.

The assembly came together about noon the next day, in the court-house of Delhi. Charles Hathaway of Delaware county was chosen chairman, and Robert H. Atwater of Ulster, and James Appleton of Onondaga, secretaries. Besides delegations from the counties along the line from Oswego to Middletown, there was an influential representation on behalf of Rondout, and it soon became manifest that the harmony of the meeting would be disturbed by the discordant elements of conflicting and rival routes.

On behalf of Rondout or Newburgh it was urged that the proposed road should seek the Hudson river at the nearest practicable point, and thus secure for its freights easy and cheap water communication to the city of New York; that a line through Sullivan was not feasible; that the engineering obstacles in that direction were insurmountable—the grades impossible, and the series of tunnels endless—the population sparse and poor; and that, while such a route would furnish neither business nor subscriptions, Rondout, on the other hand, through Major Cornell, one of its wealthiest citizens, stood ready to pledge itself for \$500,000 of the stock of the new company.

The friends of Sullivan combated these statements as well as they were able, by declaring that a diversion of the road to the Hudson at any point above the city of New York would prevent its becoming a trunk-line, and cripple its usefulness during the suspension of river-navigation; that a river-terminus would have to be abandoned as the Erie company had abandoned Piermont; that the county of Sullivan was *not* a wilderness, but was rich in agriculture, lumber and manufactures; that its people were *not* paupers, but would contribute liberally to the new enterprise; that a railroad *could* be built through the county; that surveys had been made and routes found which were entirely practicable; that there was no such obstacle from one end of the line to the other as would be met in undertaking to go over or under Pine Hill; and that all they asked was a fair hearing and time for consideration—the appointment of a committee to make surveys and procure subscriptions; and they pledged themselves to accept the result of an honest and thorough investigation.

The discussion waxed warm. The friends of the Pine Hill route had rallied in large force from the adjoining country, and were somewhat in the majority. Led by their earnest champion—a wealthy butter-dealer of Andes named Dowey—they were anxious to press to a decision the determination of a route, and commit the new project to the interests of Rondout. Through the skillful engineering, however, of Samuel Gordon—from the first a firm advocate for the line through our county—a recess for dinner was carried, and the day, as events proved,

was thus lost to Pine Hill; for, upon the re-assembling at four o'clock in the afternoon, it was found that the "Dowey" party had been largely depleted by loss of many whose farm-duties had called them home, and that it was now in the minority. Great battles are sometimes lost, and the status of an entire people reduced, because a military leader has "dined and wined" too freely. Here, it seems, empty stomachs and a few barnyard-chores led to results which will forever add to the wealth and importance of Sullivan.

On motion of Mr. Gordon, the following resolutions were readily adopted by the meeting:

"Resolved, That a railway from Oswego, through the counties of Onondaga, Madison, Chenango, Otsego, Delaware, Ulster or Sullivan, and Orange, on or near the surveys made some twelve years ago, to some point on the Hudson river, is a State and local necessity, for the transportation of merchandise, manufactures, agricultural and mineral productions—and *must be made*.

"Resolved, That the said surveys and the topography of the country demonstrate it to be the most direct, cheaply constructed and easily graded road of its length and importance in the State; while the resources of the country through which it passes, and the great need of more railroad-facilities for transportation from the West to the East, and from the sea-board to the Lakes, through the State of New York, offer unsurpassed inducements to capitalists and the people along its route for investment in the proposed great internal improvement.

"Resolved, That we, in common and in co-operation with the people of the territory between Oswego and the Hudson river at the point of intersection, and all others who may choose to join in the enterprise, will do our utmost to accomplish the great object in view, and that we will not cease our efforts until it be done."

The resolutions were characterized by the energy and determination of their earnest and eloquent author. Long may he live to hear the shrill whistle of the locomotive at his beautiful home among the mountains of Delaware.

On motion of Judge Low, the following resolution was also adopted:

"Resolved, That a committee of one from each county interested, be appointed by this meeting, to make the necessary examinations, and report to an adjourned meeting, to be held at this place, on the 4th day of January, 1866, a route through the counties of Oswego, Onondaga, Madison, Chenango, Otsego,

Delaware, Sullivan or Ulster, and Orange, to the city of New York, for the proposed railroad, and a plan for the organization of a company to construct the same, for the consideration and approval of said meeting; such road to commence at Oswego, and terminate at some point on the Hudson river; and also to report the amount of stock which can be subscribed, and the advantages of the several routes. Said Committee is also empowered to call meetings in the different counties along the route, solicit subscriptions and make necessary surveys, with full powers to fill vacancies in this Committee, and do such other acts as may be necessary to facilitate the work for which they are appointed."

The following committee was accordingly appointed by the meeting:

- For Delaware, Samuel Gordon, of Delhi;
- " Sullivan, Henry R. Low, of Monticello;
- " Onondaga, J. V. H. Clark, of ———;
- " Madison, L. B. Kern, of De Ruyter;
- " Chenango, B. B. Andrews, of Norwich;
- " Oswego, D. C. Littlejohn, of Oswego;
- " The city of New York, Samuel B. Ruggles.

The meeting then adjourned, to meet again at Delhi, on the 4th of January, 1866.

It will be observed that no appointments were made upon this committee for the counties of Ulster and Orange. The county of Orange was not represented at the meeting, and the Ulster delegation, failing to secure the adoption of the route to Rondout, withdrew and went home, determined to build a railroad for themselves. It is believed that the inception of the Rondout and Oswego Railroad dates from this convention at Delhi.

The delegation from Sullivan returned home high in spirits, firm in faith, and full of hope. Had they foreseen, as some of them saw afterwards, how little they had accomplished—how long and toilsome was the way before them to the consummation of their enterprise—how few such eggs as had been just laid are ever hatched—and how few of the hatchlings do not sicken and die before their tail-feathers appear, perhaps the firmest and most hopeful among them would have shrunk disheartened from the labors and struggles of the future. Fortunately for the Midland project, their confidence was unbounded; for there was at least one among their number who was destined to be of vital importance to the new enterprise.

Immediately upon their return, and under date of October

5th, 1865, the following notice was published through the county-papers:

“SHALL WE HAVE A RAILROAD?—The undersigned having attended the railroad-meeting at Delhi on the 4th instant, and learned somewhat of the arguments used against the line through Sullivan county, as well as those in its favor, and the objections made against its feasibility, deem it proper, in answer to numerous inquiries, to say to the people of Sullivan county, that it is now in their power to have a railroad through their county, if they will go to work immediately, and display the same industry, perseverance and public spirit that the people of other counties are exhibiting. That a railroad will be built is more than probable—nay, almost certain; but whether on the route through Ulster county by the way of Pine mountain, or through Sullivan, will depend upon ourselves.

“What is now urgently needed is that the routes through Sullivan county be immediately and carefully surveyed; that the necessary funds be raised to accomplish this; and that the right of way be secured, and such inducements be offered as may be in our power.

“Sullivan lies immediately in the route of a great central railroad from the Lakes to New York. Parties hostile to us charge that our route is not feasible, nor practicable. This is not so, and we need the surveys at once to demonstrate it. Our route has better grades than any road except the Central, and is *shorter than any other route*, and capital can be easily interested at this time in our favor.

“To facilitate these objects, a meeting has been called to be held at Monticello, on Tuesday evening, the 17th of October instant, at 7 o'clock P. M., when it is earnestly hoped that all of our citizens interested will be present. It should be remembered that with us, it is *now or never*.

“If we, by our neglect, lose this opportunity, we shall hardly have another very soon. This fact should be heeded by our business-men, especially as they are perhaps most interested, and can soonest combine for action.

SAMUEL G. THOMPSON,
WILLIAM D. STRATTON,
HEZEKIAH WATKINS,
HENRY R. LOW.”

The situation called for prompt and liberal action. The convention at Delhi had adjourned to meet again at that place on the 4th day of January, when the surveys through Sullivan and her promised subscriptions were to be submitted. What was to be done needed to be done at once. The fall weather was

rapidly passing away; scarcely a month suitable for field-operations could be counted on; engineering-parties were to be engaged and organized; several and remote routes to be surveyed and mapped; and, above all, money must be obtained; for the new enterprise was destitute of credit. In this emergency, one or two of the more sanguine adherents of the cause became personally responsible for the expenses of the survey, and the work went forward. Meanwhile, public meetings were held in various towns of the county—committees appointed—routes discussed, and personal subscriptions solicited.

At this time, the new scheme was regarded with indifference and disfavor by many. Some in our own county even assailed it with derision and ridicule. A few words will show why this was so.

Judge Low, its Sullivan champion, was known mainly as a rising young lawyer and a successful politician. He had repeatedly been a candidate for office, and had manipulated the cards of partisanship in a way which secured for himself and his friends all the honors and profits at stake. This greatly exasperated his political opponents, who, smarting under defeat, placed a low estimate on his motives in bringing forward this railroad project.

It was believed that he was a candidate for re-election to the Senate, and that the proposed road would temporarily add to his popularity.

He owned a large tract of wild land in the northern section of the county, which he had bought for speculative purposes, and which he was anxious to sell. The new project would increase the value of these lands, as well as the number of buyers.

A large majority of the projectors were young men, who had never been identified with railroad-interests. The magnitude of the work, and their apparent ability to command capital sufficient to build the road within two or three decades, were absurdly disproportionate.

Thus far there had been no braying of orators and but few sensational newspaper-paragraphs on the subject. The idea that a great trunk-line could be built without the preliminary expenditure of a vast amount of "fuss and feathers," had never entered the public mind.

As was anticipated, Judge Low sought and received the nomination for Senator of the political party to which he was attached. The election took place about four weeks after the railroad-meeting at Delhi, previous to which the Midland road was a dormant embryo in the womb of time, with which the fructifying element of life had never come in contact. Therefore it was not strange that the friends of the opposing candidate regarded the project as a sort of moon-calf, and that they de-

rided it as "Low's railroad;" nor that, when the election had taken place, and Low was successful, it was declared that the road was engineered and operated for the sole purpose of carrying him to the Senate-chamber, and that his opponent was the only individual who had been or ever would be killed by the road. We believe that these and other jibes greatly annoyed Judge Low at the time; but it is not probable that they would disturb his equanimity now.

In view of the inaccessibility of Delhi during the winter-months, and the advantages of having the new enterprise regularly and legally organized prior to the approaching session of the Legislature, it was deemed wise to change the time and place of the adjourned meeting, which was accordingly called by Mr. Gordon, the chairman of the General Committee, to meet at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in the city of New York, on Wednesday, December 13th, at 12 m. Large delegations were present from the localities interested, and the doings and deliberations of the convention occupied two full days.

The importance of the subject justifies us in giving a full report of the proceedings of this meeting:

"IMPORTANT RAILROAD CONVENTION.

"Pursuant to the call of the chairman of the General Committee appointed at Delhi, October 4, 1865, a convention of delegates from the various counties interested in the proposed railroad from New York to Oswego over the midland route, assembled at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in the city of New York, on Wednesday, December 13, 1865, at 12 m.

"Samuel B. Ruggles, of New York city, was appointed chairman, and B. Gage Berry, of Chenango county, secretary. The following delegates were admitted:

"*Oswego County*—DeWitt C. Littlejohn, A. P. Grant, G. Mullison, E. P. Burt, A. P. Wright, R. K. Sanford, W. Johnson, S. Avery, Joseph Gilberts.

"*Onondaga County*—A. C. Powell, G. P. Kenyon, George Burns, D. P. Phelps, E. B. Judson, O. Vandenberg, D. H. Eaton, Anson Bangs, James Appleton.

"*Madison County*—L. B. Kern, Joseph W. Merchant, A. F. Smith, Erastus Abbott, H. P. Hart, E. C. Litchfield, B. F. Ferris, O. W. Sage, C. L. Chappell, S. W. Ledyard, Charles Crandall, Alpheus Morse, G. B. Mowry, A. N. Wood, A. M. Holmes.

"*Cortland County*—N. Randall.

"*Chenango County*—B. Gage Berry, George Rider, Warren Newton, John Shattuck, John A. Randall, A. J. Carpenter.

"*Delaware County*—Samuel Gordon; C. S. Johnson, Samuel Gordon, jr.

"*Sullivan County*—Henry R. Low, Edward Palen, W. Kiersted, Samuel G. Thompson, William Gillespie, Chester Darbee, Horace Utter, John H. Divine, David Clements, Nathan S. Hamilton.

"*Orange County*—Homer Ramsdell, R. A. Forsyth, A. M. Sherman, W. L. F. Warren, James Bigler, Enoch Carter, E. P. Gumaer.

"*Otsego County*—James H. Gilbert, D. G. Hayes.

"*Ulster County*—Thomas Cornell.

"*New York City*—Samuel B. Ruggles.

"On invitation of the chairman, Henry R. Low, of Sullivan, addressed the convention at length, giving a history of the origin of the enterprise, and of what had been thus far accomplished. He also read a carefully prepared paper, embracing much valuable statistical information, and showing that the proposed railroad was a great necessity to the people of the midland-counties, as well as to the cities of New York and Oswego, and the State at large.

"Colonel Edward W. Serrell exhibited to the convention the maps and profiles of the proposed route as surveyed in 1853, with new preliminary surveys recently made by him upon the eastern part of the route. He stated that the grade would not exceed fifty feet to the mile; that the topography of the country was favorable; and that along the entire route material for the construction of the road was abundant, except iron.

"A. C. Powell, of Syracuse, who surveyed the western portion of the road, made an equally favorable report.

"The convention was addressed by Messrs. N. Randall, Samuel Gordon, Homer Ramsdell, D. C. Littlejohn, A. P. Grant, and the chairman, after which Messrs. Littlejohn, Powell, Gordon, N. Randall, Low, Ramsdell and Ruggles were appointed a committee to report articles of association, and nominate directors.

"After a recess, Mr. Littlejohn reported the articles of association organizing the 'New York and Oswego Midland Railroad Company,' with a capital of ten millions of dollars, which were unanimously adopted. The committee also nominated the following gentlemen as directors: DeWitt C. Littlejohn, Oswego; John Crouse, Syracuse; Elisha C. Litchfield, Cazenovia; Joseph W. Merchant, DeRuyter; Edward I. Hayes, Norwich; John A. Randall, Norwich; A. C. Edgerton, Delhi; Samuel Gordon, Delhi; Henry R. Low, Monticello; Edward Palen, Fallsburgh; Homer Ramsdell, Newburgh; Nathan Randall, Homer; G. P. Kenyon, Syracuse.

"On motion of Mr. Low, the directors and delegates present

were appointed a committee to secure the necessary subscriptions and report at a subsequent meeting.

“On motion of Mr. Shattuck, a copy of the paper read by Mr. Low was requested for publication, and the secretary was directed to have the same, together with the proceedings of the convention, printed in pamphlet form for general circulation, and that an abstract of the same be furnished to the city papers for general circulation.

“On motion, Messrs. Randall, Low and Kenyon were appointed a committee to confer with other railroad companies in relation to the business of this organization.

“On motion of Mr. Randall, the convention requested the Legislature of the State to enact a law enabling the towns on the route to raise funds upon bonds or otherwise, to aid in the construction of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, and that a copy of these proceedings be forwarded to the members in either House from the counties interested.

“The books were then opened for subscriptions, and several delegates and others who were present subscribed for the stock of the company, after which the convention adjourned.”*

The location of the route—whether by the way of Pine Hill, or through the county of Sullivan—was yet undetermined; and at this convention, Cornell still advocated the claims of Rondout, and Messrs. Sherman and Ramsdell those of Newburgh. Some acerbity in discussion was displayed, and Gordon, always the unflinching friend of the line through Delhi and our county, commented sharply on the good faith of the adherents of the river line. He said: “It was never intended by the Hudson river friends of a road that it should reach Delhi; they meant to survey and squint around Pine Hill, Palmer Hill, Peach Pond and Andes, and then shoot off to Moorsville—head of the Delaware—and God knows where—and finally land in John Brown’s wilderness among the bears! The right men had got hold of it now—men who would not sell out to the Central, or any other road; an air-line can be built without reference to intermediate location; no dodging to hit this or that locality; and no right angles to strike the Hudson, or please anybody, or aid any interest. What was wanted was an independent, and the straightest line between the two cardinal points named, (Oswego and New York).”

The paper read before the convention by Judge Low was printed, extensively circulated, and eagerly read. It not only established beyond cavil the superior advantages of the direct route from Oswego to New York as to grades, distance and

* *New York World*, December 15, 1865.

cheapness of construction, as well as the importance of the local or way-business it would secure; but that a diversion of the line to Rondout or Newburgh would destroy the distinctive character of the project, and crush in the bud every advantage which was anticipated from the construction of the road. His facts and figures outweighed the golden arguments of such capitalists as Cornell and Ramsdell, who promised the greatest amount of material aid, but failed to show that their favorite routes were better than the line through Sullivan. Thenceforward the Rondout people expended their capital and vexation in pushing forward their "branch" through the mountains of Shandaken, and in publishing absurd reports in regard to the work in Sullivan.

No legal organization of the company had as yet been perfected. True, the articles of incorporation had been formally drawn up and subscribed; but they had not been filed with the Secretary of State, and the ten per cent. of the amount of subscriptions, required by law to be paid in cash, had not been raised. The convention separated, and the directors returned to their towns to supply this need.

On the evening of Tuesday, December 26th, a spirited and enthusiastic meeting assembled at the court-house in Monticello, of which Austin Strong was chairman and Thomas Cray secretary. Stirring addresses were made by John H. Divine and others, and a committee appointed to apportion among the several towns the amounts of stock necessary to be taken to secure and complete the organization of the new company. The apportionment was as follows: Thompson, \$18,000; Fallsburgh, \$12,000; Liberty, \$12,000; Rockland, \$6,000; Neversink, \$4,000; Bethel, \$5,000; Forestburgh, \$2,000; Mamakating, \$2,000; Callicoon, \$2,000. Committees were appointed to secure these subscriptions, collect the ten per cent., and pay it to Edward Palen, who was to be ready with our quota at a meeting of the directors in Albany, on the 10th of January, 1866.

At this meeting in Albany, the details of organization were carefully carried out, and Dewitt C. Littlejohn was thereupon unanimously chosen president of the company. This selection was auspicious for the new enterprise. Long one of the leading men of the State—for successive terms Speaker of the Assembly, and familiar with the details of legislation—of polished and winning address—with wonderful readiness and skill in debate—with a capacity for continuous labor and despatch of business, and a comprehensive business-knowledge and experience, he was able to guide the company through the financial struggles and embarrassments which were to surround its future.

And now that the Company has been incorporated and has chosen its President, let us look at what its organizers proposed to do, and at their means in hand. They are to build four hun-

dred miles of railroad across the States of New York and New Jersey—to cut through hills, cross valleys, bridge rivers, tunnel mountains, and lay down forty thousand tons of iron rails. Surely they have adequate means at their disposal? “Give me where to stand,” said Archimedes, “and I will move the world.” The gift was not bestowed, and therefore the order of Providence was not disturbed. The president and directors, with apparent Archimedean hopelessness, were seeking “where to stand.” Forty millions of dollars were needed to complete their work, and their sum total of money was not as many thousands! It is mild to say, that they were rushing in where archangels of finance would have feared to tread. A standing-place must be found, or the work would end in failure, and be remembered as a prematurely exploded bubble.

Mr. Littlejohn was then a Member of Assembly and Judge Low a Senator. They were authorized by the board of directors to devise a plan of operations, and procure needed legislation.

A bill which was afterwards known as the “town-bonding law,” was prepared by Senator Low, and introduced at an early day. It provided for the apportionment, on application of twelve or more freeholders, of three commissioners for each town to be traversed by the new road, who were authorized, on obtaining the written consent of tax-payers who were assessed for a majority of the taxable property of such town, to issue its bonds to an amount to be specified, and not to exceed thirty per cent. of the assessed value of the property of the town, and to dispose of them at not less than par, and invest the proceeds in the stock of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad Company—the money, thus realized to the company, to be used in the construction of the road, and for no other purpose. The bill also provided for the exemption from taxation for ten years of the property of the company.

It is not to be supposed that such important legislation and such privileges were to be granted without opposition. The bill was bitterly contested at every stage of its progress. It was urged that it proposed to confer extraordinary powers and privileges; that the policy of permitting localities to burden themselves with taxation for such enterprises was novel and dangerous; and that it was unjust to other companies to exempt from taxation the property of this corporation.

The influence of rich and powerful railroad companies, so potent in our halls of legislation, was arrayed against the proposed measure, and it was only after great strife, untiring perseverance and energy, with unceasing vigilance, that the friends of the bill, by a bare majority, secured its passage, and it became a law on the 5th of April, 1866. Its importance to the undertaking cannot be over-estimated. It secured the needed ful-

crum, and the world was now to be moved—literally *to be* moved—for the new law merely gave the towns authority to bond; the promoters of the project had yet to persuade them to do so.

The field of active operations was then transferred from the Legislature to the towns to be traversed by the Midland road. The proper information was collected from the various assessment-rolls—apportionments made of their quota to the respective towns and villages, and measures set on foot for an active canvass of the Midland counties from Oswego to the State line of New Jersey.

The amounts for which it was proposed to ask the towns to bond were as follows :

City of Oswego,	\$600,000	Town Pittsfield,	40,000
Village Norwich,	75,000	“ Sidney,	50,000
“ De Ruyter,	20,000	“ Walton,	165,000
“ Oneida,	40,000	“ Hamden,	100,000
Town Volney,	300,000	“ Delhi,	250,000
“ Hastings,	80,000	“ Liberty,	108,500
“ West Monroe,	40,000	“ Rockland,	34,200
“ Constantia,	87,500	“ Mamakating,	175,000
“ Scriba,	20,000	“ Fallsburgh,	99,500
“ Vienna,	68,500	“ Wawarsing,	250,000
“ Stockbridge,	143,000	“ Wallkill,	300,000
“ Eaton,	150,000	“ Plymouth,	100,000
“ Lebanon,	125,000	“ Otselic,	83,700
“ Smyrna,	120,000	“ Lincklaen,	20,000
“ North Norwich,	100,000	“ DeRuyter,	102,300
“ Norwich,	371,600	“ Minisink,	75,000
“ Oxford,	200,000	“ Cuyler,	64,000
“ Guilford,	180,000	“ Buxton,	124,000
“ McDonough,	20,000	“ Hancock,	100,000
“ Pharsalia,	25,000	“ Lansing,	100,000
“ New Berlin,	150,000	“ Genoa,	75,000
“ Brewton,	20,000	“ Venice,	75,000
“ Columbus,	40,000	“ Scipio,	100,000
“ Edmonton,	40,000		
		Total,	\$5,606,800

Public meetings and discussions were held from one end of the line to the other, and railway information was diffused through every school-district from Oswego to Middletown. The powerful influence of the local press, almost without an exception, was enlisted in behalf of the project. The benefits to accrue from the building of the road were depicted, and arguments of such force brought to bear on the minds of the tax-payers,

that within a few months from the passage of the law, every town except Colchester determined to avail itself of the provisions of the law. Town-bonds amounting to \$5,606,800 were thus placed in the hands of the town-commissioners.

During the summer of 1866, preliminary surveys were made along the entire line ; but the final location was not definitely determined.

To secure the several towns against a diversion of their contributions, a provision had been inserted in the bonding-law, that the proceeds from no portion of the bonds of a town should be expended outside of the county in which it was situated, until at least ten thousand dollars had been paid for each mile of road within such county.

The bonds were still in the hands of the towns, and capitalists and moneyed men were holding large amounts of Government-securities upon which no income-tax was assessed. It was foreseen that, without the aid of additional legislation, it would be difficult to convert these town-bonds into cash without loss. The company was not yet ready to commence the work of actual construction, and wisely determined to defer the effort to convert its securities until it should be seen whether further advantages could not be secured through law.

A provision to exempt from taxation the town-bonds, to be issued in aid of the road, had been prepared by Senator Low in his original bill, and reported favorably from the railroad-committee of the Senate ; but such a storm was raised in committee of the whole, that its friends were forced to allow this provision to be thrown overboard, lest the whole bill should founder. The effort to secure this desired exemption was renewed during the session of 1866-7, and on the 15th of May, 1867, a law was passed exempting the bonds from taxation for county, town or municipal purposes, while in the hands of corporations of, or persons resident in any county along the road, and authorizing the banks of the State to invest in them. The town-commissioners were also authorized by this act to *exchange* their bonds for the stock of the company at par. The power to negotiate the bonds being thus given to the company, they were mostly placed, during the succeeding year, through the agency of its able and experienced treasurer and financial manager, Walter M. Conkey, of Norwich, in the hands of investors of the Midland counties, so as to net the company their par value. It is believed that a negotiation of equal magnitude and success cannot be instanced in the history of any other railway-enterprise.

In the beginning of 1868, the Midland company, after more than two years of comprehensive and persistent labor ; of "harmonious counsel in the management, and cordial support and assistance from the commissioners and stockholders," stood

fairly upon its feet. Besides its resources from town-bonds, a considerable amount of personal subscriptions had been secured; and with over six millions of dollars at command, the directors looked hopefully forward to the day—not far distant—when they might wisely put the road under contract, and enter upon its actual construction. Final surveys having been made, and the road located on the Northern Division from Oswego to Sidney Plains, the contracts for that work were accordingly awarded on the 2d day of June, 1868.

On the 21st day of June, 1868, at Norwich, in Chenango county, amid public rejoicings, and the firing of cannon, earth was first broken, and from September following the work went vigorously forward.

At a meeting of the Board, held at Oswego, in July, 1868, the location of the line was fixed as far north as Centerville, and in November following to Liberty.

Other portions of the line were placed under contract as follows: New Berlin Branch, September 7th, 1868; Middletown to Centerville, September 28th, 1868; Ellenville Branch, September 28th, 1868; Shawangunk Tunnel, October 1st, 1868; Delhi Branch, February 3d, 1869; Centerville to Westfield Flats, February 3d, 1869; Norwich to De Ruyter (Auburn Branch), June 4th, 1869; Sidney to Walton, September 10th, 1869; De Ruyter to Truxton (Auburn Branch), July 21st, 1870; and actual construction speedily followed.

The contract for the making of the Shawangunk tunnel was awarded to Stephens, Bennet & Co., of Oneida. Work upon the approaches was begun in November of 1868. The heading of the tunnel proper was not reached on the east side until the 15th of February following; and at the west end, owing to the unfavorable character of the quicksand encountered, it was the middle of the following summer before the same advance had been attained. "Nothing connected with the enterprise," says President Littlejohn in his report of 1871, to the stockholders of the company, "has been so persistently used by our opponents to discourage subscriptions and throw discredit on the management as this tunnel."

There were many people at Monticello who naturally desired that the road should pass through that place; or, if it failed to do so, that it should follow down the Neversink river by way of Bridgeville to Port Jervis. Considerations of cost, grade, direction and subscriptions determined the selection of the line by the way of the Sandburgh and the Shawangunk tunnel to Middletown. This led to dissatisfaction, defection and hostility on the part of some of the residents of Thompson, Forestburgh and Deerpark. The inhabitants of Monticello believed that the location of the road would result in disaster to their beautiful

village, unless they secured the construction of a railway from that place to Port Jervis. This led to the organization of the Monticello and Port Jervis Company. They had no expectation of making the latter a rival of the Midland; but, believing that the latter would not be completed in many years, they hoped, by promptly connecting Monticello with the Erie Railway, to make it a center of travel and traffic for a time, and thus give it an impetus which would avert the consequences which otherwise would result to Monticello from the location of the Midland. It is not our purpose to discuss the wisdom of their conduct, or to consider here the strife and litigation which followed; but it is not foreign to our purpose to say that some converted the Shawangunk tunnel into a bug-bear. The tunnel could never be completed—the resources of the company would be exhausted before the great bore was fairly begun—the directors were making merely a pretense of progress—scarcely more than a dozen men were employed—and after more than six months of boasted blasting and boring, the work was visited by a party of scientific gentlemen, who reported that they had found a hole in the mountain of not to exceed six feet!

Considering the interests at stake, the stupendous magnitude of the undertaking, and the imperfections which are inseparable from humanity, the exaggerations and distrust which were exhibited were natural.

A passage-way twenty-two feet wide and twenty-two feet in height was to be hewn for nearly five thousand feet through the solid rock. Two million cubic feet of rock was to be dislodged from its primeval bed, and carried forth from the bowels of the mountain. Making no account for interruption from cases not to be foreseen, it would require one thousand days to complete the work.

The tunnel went steadily forward. Far from the sunlight and from the din and turmoil of unceasing travel overhead—through the night-watches and the glaring day, which were alike to the smeared and grimy toilers by the lamp—the drill and the blast were ceaselessly and with tireless pace approaching the heart of the mountain from either side, and remorselessly carrying forward the great work to its consummation.

The work for the tunnel was laid out under the supervision of Anthony Jones, an accurate and careful engineer who is now employed by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. As the work progressed simultaneously on both sides of the mountain, it was a matter of some moment to the reputation of Mr. Jones, as well as to the interest of the company, that the two advancing lines should not miss each other in the dark recesses of the mountain, and wander on indefinitely. The difficulties—not great in a tangent line and horizontal tunnel—were here

increased from the circumstance of a curve extending into the tunnel from the east a distance of six hundred feet, and a double incline. The ends might therefore in the dark run over and under, and pass each other, and lead thus to infinite disappointment and embarrassment. The result, however, proved that no error was made by Mr. Jones.*

Besides the Shawangunk tunnel, the Neversink tunnel, the bridge at Liberty Falls, the trestle-work near the village of Liberty, etc., deserve especial notice; but the limits of our work warn us that we have already devoted as much space as we have to spare for the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad. We will therefore close this chapter with the statement, that, on the 9th of July, 1873, near Westfield Flats, the last rail was laid and the last spike driven, by E. P. Wheeler, of Middletown, a former vice-president of the company, amid a salvo of cannon, music and the cheers of a multitude of people.

* The first *thing* which passed through the tunnel was a drill, which James V. Morrison secured by stratagem. As Judge Low was more identified with the "great bore" than any other individual, he was awarded the honor of being the first man who traveled from one approach to the other. Mrs. James V. Morrison was the first lady who performed the same feat.

APPENDIX.

SURROGATES OF SULLIVAN COUNTY.

James S. Dunning.....	Appointed	June 1, 1809
Livingston Billings.....	“	Mar. 5, 1810
James S. Dunning.....	“	Feb. 5, 1811
Livingston Billings.....	“	Mar. 19, 1813
James S. Dunning.....	“	Feb. 13, 1815
Peter F. Hunn	“	Feb. 12, 1816
Archibald C. Niven.....	“	Mar. 11, 1828
William B. Wright.....	“	Feb. 20, 1840
Robert S. Halstead.....	“	Feb. 20, 1844
After 1847, the County Judge performed the duties of Surrogate.		

FIRST JUDGES OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

William A. Thompson.....	Appointed	June 1, 1809
Livingston Billings.....	“	Feb. 5, 1823
Alpheus Dimmick.....	“	Feb. 3, 1826
Gabriel W. Ludlum.....	“	Jan. 20, 1830
William Gillespie.....	“	July 17, 1835
James C. Curtis.....	“	Jan. 6, 1844

COUNTY JUDGES.

Alpheus Dimmick.....	Elected	June, 1847
Westcott Wilkin.....	“	Nov., 1851
Henry R. Low.....	“	Nov., 1856
William M. Ratcliff, vice Low, resigned,		Jan. 1, 1862
Isaac Anderson.....	“	Nov., 1862
Albert J. Bush.....	“	Nov., 1866
Timothy Bush.....	Appointed	Mar. 1872
do do.....	Elected	Nov. 1872

DISTRICT ATTORNEYS.

Lemuel Jenkins.....	Appointed1818
Peter F. Hunn.....	“1823
Alpheus Dimmick.....	“1836
Archibald C. Niven.....	Elected1847

DISTRICT ATTORNEYS—CONTINUED.

Charles H. Van Wyck.....	Elected	1850
William J. Groo.....	"	1856
Isaac Anderson.....	"	1859
John A. Thompson.....	"	1862
Edward H. Pinney.....	"	1865
Benjamin Reynolds.....	"	1868
Alpheus G. Potts.....	"	1871

COUNTY TREASURERS.

William Brown.....	Appointed	1809
Jesse Towner.....	"	Oct. 3,	1826
David Hammond.....	"	Nov. 16,	1832
Jesse Towner.....	"	Nov. 12,	1833
Frederick A. Devoc.....	"	Nov. 13,	1838
William E. Cady.....	"	Nov. 13,	1844
Daniel M. Angell.....	"	Nov. 11,	1845
Munson L. Bushnell.....	"	Nov. 9,	1847
James H. Foster.....	"	Dec. 14,	1848
do do.....	Elected	Nov.	1848
James Williams.....	"	Nov.	1860

SPECIAL JUDGES.

Robert L. Tillotson.....	Elected	Nov.	1854
William M. Ratcliff.....	"	Nov.	1860
James Matthews*.....	Appointed	Nov. 18,	1862
John G. Childs.....	Elected	Nov.	1862
James Matthews.....	Appointed	Jan.	1863
John G. Childs.....	Elected	Nov.	1863
E. H. Pinney.....	"	Nov.	1869

STATE SENATORS.

Under our second State constitution, the following citizens of Sullivan were members of the Senate:

John P. Jones, of Monticello, from 1835 to 1838;
Harvey R. Morris, of Wurtsborough, in 1847.

And under the third constitution the following:

James C. Curtis, of Cochection, in 1850 and 1851;
John D. Watkins, of Liberty, in 1854 and 1855;
Osmer B. Wheeler, of Forestburgh, in 1858 and 1859;
Robert Y. Grant, of Liberty, in 1860 and 1861;

* Vice Ratcliff, resigned.

STATE SENATORS—CONTINUED.

Henry R. Low, of Monticello, in 1862 and 1863;
 Archibald C. Niven, of Monticello, in 1864 and 1865,
 whose seat was contested by Henry R. Low, to whom it was
 awarded January 17, 1865.
 Henry R. Low, of Monticello, in 1866 and 1867.

MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY.

Previous to the adoption of our second State constitution, Ulster and Sullivan formed one election-district, and elected each year several Members. In the following list we publish the names of Assemblymen who resided in our territory only:

From	To
1802 Elnathan Sears, of Mamakating.....	1804
1805 Henry Reynolds, of Neversink.....	1806
1806 Elnathan Sears, of Mamakating.....	1807
1807 John Conklin, of Lumberland.....	1808
1810 do of Bethel.....	1812
1812 Elnathan Sears, of Mamakating.....	1814
1814 Daniel Clark, of Thompson.....	1815
1815 Darius Martin, of Liberty.....	1816
1816 William Parks, of Neversink.....	1817
1817 John Conklin, of Bethel.....	1818
1818 Samuel Smith, of Mamakating (?).....	1819
1819 Daniel Clark, of Thompson.....	1820
1821 William Gillespie, of Bethel.....	1822
1822 William A. Stokes, of Thompson.....	1823
1823 John Lindsley, of Bethel.....	1824
1824 Peter Miller, of Mamakating.....	1825
1825 John Hall, jr., of Neversink.....	1826
1826 Thomas Crary, of Liberty.....	1827
1827 Hiram Bennett, of Thompson.....	1828
1828 Alpheus Dimmick, of Mamakating.....	1829
1829 John Lindsley, of Bethel.....	1830
1830 Herman M. Hardenbergh, of Fallsburgh*.....	1830
1831 James C. Curtis, of Cohecton.....	1832
1832 Hiram Bennett, of Thompson.....	1833
1833 James C. Curtis, of Cohecton.....	1834
1834 Anthony Hasbrouck, of Fallsburgh.....	1835
1835 James Eldred, of Lumberland.....	1836
1836 Samuel G. Dimmick, of Mamakating.....	1837
1837 George S. Joscelyn, of Rockland.....	1838
1838 John H. Bowers, of Thompson.....	1839

* Died during session of 1830.

MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY—CONTINUED.

From		To
1839	William F. Brodhead, of Forestburgh.....	1840
1840	Daniel B. St. John, of Thompson.....	1841
1841	William F. Brodhead, of Forestburgh.....	1842
1842	Matthew Brown, of Bethel.....	1843
1843	Jonathan Stratton, of Thompson.....	1844
1844	Amos Y. Grant, of Neversink.....	1845
1845	Harvey R. Morris, of Mamakating.....	1846
1846	Richard Oliver, of Fallsburgh.....	1847
1847	William B. Wright, of Thompson*.....	1847
1848	James F. Bush, of Liberty.....	1851
1851	Jonathan Stratton, of Thompson.....	1852
1852	Elisha P. Strong, of Fallsburgh.....	1853
1853	James K. Gardner, of Highland.....	1854
1854	Amos Y. Sheeley, of Rockland.....	1855
1855	William H. Buckley, of Liberty.....	1857
1857	David B. Luckey, of Mamakating.....	1858
1858	Asa Hodge, of Neversink.....	1859
1859	Gideon E. Bushnell, of Neversink.....	1860
1860	Abram W. Decker, of Lumberland.....	1861
1861	S. St. J. Gardner, of Highland.....	1862
1862	Benjamin L. Ludington, of Thompson.....	1863
1863	William Gillespie, jr., of Bethel.....	1864
1864	James Matthews, of Thompson.....	1866
1866	Alfred J. Baldwin, of Thompson.....	1867
1867	David G. Starr,† of Thompson.....	1869
1869	J. L. Lamoree, of Neversink.....	1870
1870	Frank Buckley, of Fremont.....	1872
1872	George M. Beebe, of Thompson.....	1873

SHERIFFS OF SULLIVAN COUNTY.

Uriah Lockwood.....	Appointed	June 1, 1809
John Roosa.....	“	Mar. 5, 1810
Uriah Lockwood.....	“	Feb. 5, 1811
John Roosa.....	“	Mar. 19, 1813
David Hammond.....	“	Mar. 6, 1815
Elnathan Sears.....	“	Mar. 2, 1819
Mahar W. Horton.....	“	Feb. 14, 1821
do do.....	Elected	Nov. 1822
David Hammond.....	“	Nov. 1825
Richard D. Childs.....	“	Nov. 1828
Mahar W. Horton.....	“	Nov. 1831

* Resigned in July, 1847.

† Elected December 18, 1866, to fill vacancy of Baldwin, deceased.

SHERIFFS OF SULLIVAN COUNTY—CONTINUED.

Joseph Grant.....	Elected	Nov.	1834
John G. Childs.....	"	Nov.	1837
Felix Kelley.....	"	Nov.	1840
William Gumaer.....	"	Nov.	1843
Neal Benson.....	"	Nov.	1846
James S. Wells.....	"	Nov.	1849
John C. Holley.....	"	Nov.	1852
Ares B. Leroy.....	"	Nov.	1855
William H. Curtis.....	"	Nov.	1858
Benjamin W. Winner.....	"	Nov.	1861
Clark Eaton.....	"	Nov.	1864
Benjamin W. Winner.....	"	Nov.	1867
James D. Decker.....	"	Nov.	1870
Benjamin W. Winner.....	"	Nov.	1873

COUNTY CLERKS OF SULLIVAN.

John P. Jones.....	Appointed	June	1, 1809
David Reed.....	"	Mar.	5, 1810
John P. Jones.....	"	Feb.	5, 1811
David Reed.....	"	Mar.	19, 1813
John P. Jones.....	"	Feb.	13, 1815
do do.....	Elected	Nov.	1822
James Lockwood.....	"	Nov.	1825
Amos Holmes.....	"	Nov.	1828
Jesse M. Foster.....	"	Nov.	1831
William E. Cady.....	"	Nov.	1834
Darius Martin.....	"	Nov.	1837
Hervy W. Howell.....	"	Nov.	1840
do do.....	"	Nov.	1843
Matthew Decker.....	"	Nov.	1846
Gad Wales.....	"	Nov.	1849
Philander Waring*.....	"	Nov.	1852
William J. Groo.....	Appointed to fill vacancy		
James L. Stewart.....	Elected	Nov.	1854
William Hill.....	"	Nov.	1857
John D. O'Neill.....	"	Nov.	1860
Henry R. Osborn.....	"	Nov.	1863
Charles L. Morris.....	"	Nov.	1866
Friend W. Johnston.....	"	Nov.	1869
do do.....	"	Nov.	1872

* Died in office.

REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

Until 1812, Ulster, Greene and Sullivan composed the 5th Congressional district; from 1812 to 1842 Sullivan and Ulster were the 7th; from 1842 to 1851, Orange and Sullivan were the 9th; from 1851 to 1861, the 10th; and from 1861 the 11th district. The following residents of this county have been members of the lower House of Congress:

	From	To
Samuel R. Betts, Bloomingburgh.....	1815....	1817
Lemuel Jenkins, do	1823....	1825
George O. Belden, Monticello.....	1827....	1829
Charles Bodle, Bloomingburgh.....	1833....	1835
Rufus Palen, Fallsburgh.....	1839....	1841
Archibald C. Niven, Monticello.....	1845....	1847
Daniel B. St. John, do	1847....	1849
Charles H. Van Wyck, Bloomingburgh.....	1859....	1863
do do do	1867....	1871

CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

From	To
1809 David Milliken, Mamakating.....	1810
1810 John Conklin, Bethel.....	1817
1817 Darius Martin, Liberty.....	1819
1819 John Lindsley, Bethel.....	1829
1829 Herman M. Hardenbergh, Fallsburgh.....	1830
1830 Josiah C. Hook, Bethel.....	1835
1835 James C. Curtis, Cocheton.....	1843
1843 Joseph Young, Liberty.....	1844
1844 Matthew Brown, Bethel.....	1845
1845 Charles S. Woodward, Lumberland.....	1846
1846 James F. Bush, Liberty.....	1847
1847 Charles S. Woodward, Lumberland.....	1850
1850 George G. DeWitt, Callicoon.....	1851
1851 Reuben Fraser, Bethel.....	1853
1853 Charles S. Woodward, Lumberland and Tusten.....	1855
1855 Aaron Fraser, Callicoon.....	1856
1856 Osmer B. Wheeler, Forestburgh.....	1857
1857 John R. Kilbourne, Liberty.....	1858
1858 Daniel M. Brodhead, Bethel.....	1859
1859 Robert Y. Grant, Liberty.....	1860
1860 Nathan C. Clark, Neversink.....	1861
1861 James D. Decker, Lumberland.....	1862
1862 John C. Holley, Thompson.....	1864
1864 Billings Grant, Liberty.....	1865

CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS—CONTINUED

From	To
1865 James D. Decker, Lumberland.....	1871
1871 H. M. Edsall, Mamakating.....	1872
1872 George E. Knapp, Cochection.....	1873

CLERKS OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

From	To
1809 Livingston Billings, Thompson.....	1824
1824 Peter F. Hunn, do	1828
1828 Darius Martin, Liberty.....	1832
1832 Peter F. Hunn, Thompson.....	1835
1835 Seth W. Brownson, Thompson.....	1837
1837 John F. Avery, Cochection.....	1839
1839 Billings Grant, Liberty.....	1841
1841 Henry Martin, do	1843
1843 Billings Grant, do	1844
1844 Hiram Dales, Thompson.....	1845
1845 William B. Wright, Thompson.....	1846
1846 Jonathan O. Dunning, Mamakating.....	1847
1847 Reuben Fraser, Bethel.....	1848
1848 James T. Martin, Liberty.....	1849
1849 James E. Quinlan, Thompson.....	1852
1852 Heroy W. Howell, do	1853
1853 Billings Grant, Liberty.....	1855
1855 A. Grant Childs, Neversink.....	1856
1856 Melvin S. Wells, Thompson.....	1857
1857 William M. Ratcliff, Liberty.....	1858
1858 Benjamin L. Ludington, Thompson.....	1859
1859 Stephen C. Agnew, do	1862
1862 David G. Starr, do	1867
1867 William B. Niven, do	1871
1871 J. M. Maybee, do	1872
1872 Charles Ennis, Mamakating.....	1873

MISCELLANEOUS.

1820, David Hammond, of Monticello, was a Presidential Elector ;			
1824, Samuel Smith, of Bloomingburgh,	do		
1828, John E. Russell, of Monticello,	do		
1856, John P. Jones,	do		
1820, Daniel Clark, of Thompson, was a member of the Constitu-			
tional Convention ;			
1846, William B. Wright, of Thompson,	do	do	do
1867 } C. V. R. Ludington, do	do	do	do
} Gideon Wales, of Cochection,	do	do	do
1844, Archibald C. Niven, of Monticello, Adjutant-general.			

MISCELLANEOUS—CONTINUED.

- 1843, Thornton M. Niven, of Bloomingburgh, was State Prison Inspector.
 1848, Alfred B. Street, of Monticello, State Librarian.
 1851, Daniel B. St. John, do Superintendent of the Banking Department.
 1847, William B. Wright, of Monticello, Justice of the Supreme Court.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS OF SCHOOLS.—John W. Myers, of Monticello; John D. Watkins, of Liberty; Chauncey M. Lawrence, of Grahamsville.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.—A. Grant Childs, Richard L. Divine, Hiram B. Eller, Edwin Darbee, Benjamin Reynolds, Albert Stage, Reuben K. Scudder, Charles Barnum, Isaac Jelliff.

TANNERS AND TANNING.

Pounds of sole-leather manufactured in Sullivan county during the year ending June 30, 1865; its value, and the amount of United States tax paid on it.

Names.	Pounds.	Value.	Tax.
Wales, Gad, & Co.,	225,815	\$67,793	\$3,598.25
Wheeler, O. B.,	121,711	42,437	2,324.43
Gilman, W.,	246,252	63,730	3,379.54
Wales, Gideon,	303,938	97,896	5,063.94
Hammond, S., & Son	826,280	279,778	14,545.06
Morss, Medad,	324,866	102,699	5,316.81
“ “	341,239	100,453	5,257.78
“ “	206,849	66,370	3,442.88
Miles & Miles,	88,527	27,784	1,389.20
Clark, E. A., & Co.,	600,051	243,461	12,366.60
Horton, Knapp & Co.,	247,309	74,811	3,808.43
Babcock, L. B.,	184,329	62,517	3,238.52
Buckley & Lapham,	207,795	75,572	3,633.32
Buckley, B. P., & Son,	312,292	80,637	4,212.93
Utter & Paen,	161,212	54,806	2,865.06
Babcock, A. E.,	149,367	57,987	2,941.55
Inderlied, F. J., & Co.,	107,584	31,469	2,699.30
Horton, Clements & Co.,	286,393	71,490	4,300.27
Cochrane & Appley,	100,058	29,372	1,508.09
Hoyt Brothers,	265,653	92,688	4,897.87
Inderlied, Henry,	12,413	3,238	193.63
Young & Crary,	146,665	47,528	2,704.52
Palens & Flagler,	464,757	149,133	8,596.88

TANNERS AND TANNERIES—CONTINUED.

Names.	Pounds.	Value.	Tax.
Snyder & Bushnell,	326,792	\$94,431	\$4,569.12
Palen & Co.,	373,299	112,422	5,853.65
Castle, Philip A.,	87,654	41,508	2,072.44
Gildersleeve, J. & N.,	103,198	32,961	1,649.60
Stevens, D. T.,	157,979	42,810	2,299.92
Johnston, John,	74,196	22,530	1,093.53
Hammond, Stoddard,	199,032	65,265	3,350.49
Grant, O. B.,	189,190	31,877	3,032.45
Dutcher & Decker,	110,929	36,266	1,901.85
W. Kiersted & Co.,	513,405	161,104	8,271.06
Fobes, Edwin,	192,147	59,504	3,052.51
Snyder, John B.,	25,597	14,220	773.60
Kuykendall & Knapp,	61,511	27,079	1,369.73
Denniston, G. W.,	68,411	28,310	1,659.89
Bowers & Morris,	6,914	3,107	170.41
Dietz, G. F.,	29,879	11,346	599.91
Total,	8,567,872	\$2,609,289	\$142,893.92

CONCLUSION OF THIS VOLUME.

The printer of this volume is so well pleased with its contents, that he has asked us to supplement it with a work to be entitled "ADDENDA TO THE HISTORY OF SULLIVAN COUNTY." We have already prepared about two hundred manuscript pages for the new volume, and have material for about fifty more. In these pages the following subjects are considered:

"*Patented Lands of Sullivan,*" embracing an account of Captain John Evans and his lordship and manor of Fletcherdon; the Indian Deeds and Royal Patents for the Minisink and Hardenbergh patents; the Partition of 1749, etc., with sketches of Robert Livingston and other large landholders, etc.

"*The Newburgh and Cohecton Turnpike:*" Organization of the company; construction of the road; anecdotes of prominent individuals connected with the work; staging, etc.

"*Slaves and Slave-owners of Sullivan,*" with several amusing accounts of Africans who were held in bondage in our county, (among others, of the manner in which Samuel F. Jones plowed a newly cleared lot in Monticello, with a spiked team, composed of a negro and a yoke of oxen).

"*Neversink Navigation Company.*:" A history of the efforts of Otto William Van Tuyl and others to render the Neversink navigable from 1816 to 1830; proving that a golden egg may contain a very inferior chicken.

"*The Newspapers of Sullivan,*" from the establishment of the *Sullivan Whig*, in Bloomingburgh, in December, 1820, to the present time.

"*Rafting.*:" The lumbermen of the Delaware and its tributaries; great floods, etc.

"*A History of the Temperance Reform in Sullivan,*" with a circumstantial account of the rise and fall of total abstinence.

"*Hunting Adventures of William Woodard, David and James Overton, Peter Stewart, Joshua P. Kinch and their Companions,*" (a very amusing chapter).

For this new volume, we solicit from any and every one information similar to that which is found between the covers of this book. If the reader believes that we have thus far omitted important facts, he will confer a favor by writing for us a full statement of what is lacking, and forwarding it to us by mail or otherwise. The material thus furnished will not be lost; for, if from any cause we should not consummate our present design, we will cause our new material to be placed in the hands of another and perhaps better historian.

THE END.

Addenda.—Egbert A. Clark, of Jeffersonville, was chosen a Presidential Elector in 1868, and Arthur C. Butts Special County Judge in 1872.

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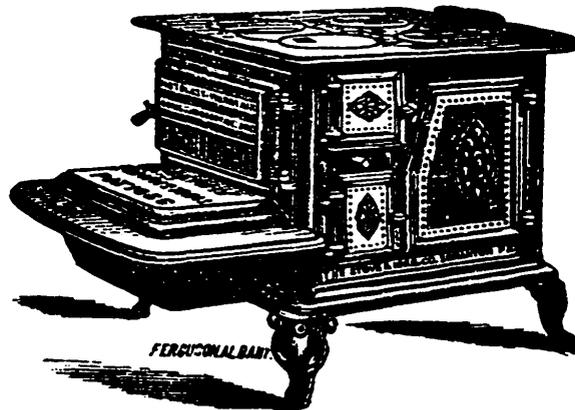
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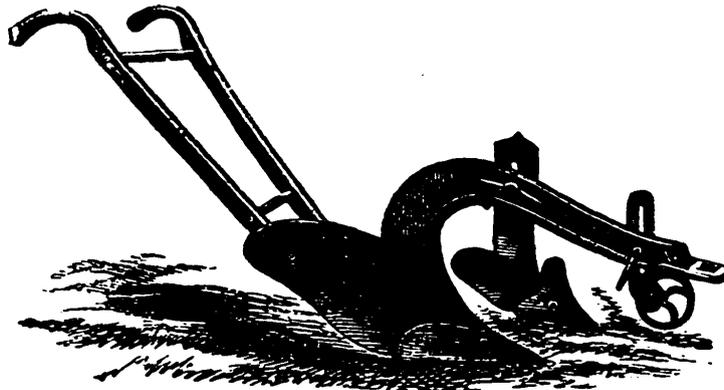
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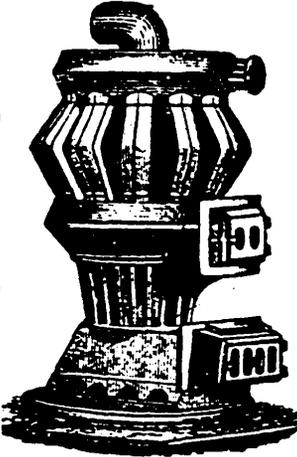
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