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THIRTY YEARS  
OF  
EARLY HISTORY  
OF  
COLD SPRING  
AND VICINITY,  
WITH INCIDENTS.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN A RESIDENT  
SINCE 1819.

COLD SPRING, JANUARY 1st, 1886.

SCULLAM PRINTING HOUSE, NEW PUEBLO.

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SCHRAM PRINTING HOUSE, NEWBURGH

## COLD SPRING, N.Y.

In the spring of the year, in April, 1819, the writer, then a boy 15 ½ years old, came from the town of South East, in this county, an apprentice in the tanning and currying business, under Charles Crosby, who was from the same town. The village of Cold Spring, then not much more than a wilderness, contained very few houses, some of which I will endeavor to mention as best I can from memory.

William Davenport, then a very prominent citizen, lived on the place where Charles Warren now resides.

John Davenport occupied the house where James Mekeel now lives, the terminus of the Cold spring and Patterson Turnpike. This road was built by Frederick Parks, the working of which brought to this part of the county some very prominent men, among which was Seymour Birdsall, father of Lewis Birdsall. I will here say as regards this turnpike, no better road could be found in three river counties, and how it could have been built through such a wilderness has always been a mystery to me. Two gates were placed upon it, one of which was across the Pike near where Caleb Hustis now resides. The other seven miles east. The collections of these two gates was the only source of revenue to build and maintain the turnpike. One or two sloops made regular weekly trips from Cold Spring to New York, carrying wood and some country produce, which came over this model road from the east. No steamers touched here regularly. The writer remembers Gouv. Kemble landing from a small boat sent ashore by a steamer. The fare to Albany was seven dollars. Persons going to New York had to go on a sloop. The writer has been twice to New York in this way; once with his boss to witness the famous race between the horses Sir Henry and Eclipse. Those trips by sloop usually took a week.

While I am near the river, I will mention something about the ferry to West Point. It was conducted by Old Arthur. He was what might be called very eccentric. If you wanted him for anything he would not answer directly but something after this sort: Question. "Arthur will you carry me to Garrison?" Answer. "I have been to Cornwall," or "I have been to West Point;" but he would always get his ferriage. He had a novel way of getting it. Some in spite of him would play sharp on him. I knew of Mr. Gouveneur, (he being a big customer of his,) get in debt to Arthur. One day Mr. Gouveneur went a fishing on the sunken rocks. Arthur took him there at low water and left him to fish until high water; then he went after him. Arthur would not take him in until he paid him for all he owed him.

I will now return to mention more of the houses as there appeared on arriving at the place on that April day. Starting from south East at 8 A.M. with a two-horse wagon load of household goods, with roads bad until we reached the turnpike, we did not get here until 9 o'clock P.M. Here we quartered in a log house, the only building that my boss Crosby had on six acres of land at the fork of the roads of the turnpike before mentioned and the Lobdell road. Near the centre of this plot the Margaret Brook, as it was called, went through. On the east side of the brook and nearly opposite the last house in Mollyville stood the log house before mentioned, and the only one until you get to John Foster's

house, opposite the old Davenport store. At that log house we quartered that night and for six months after. On the West side of the brook we built a house and barn, and on the east side the tan works. Jonathan Hustis and family occupied the foster house at that time. The family consisted of Thomas, Harry and Caleb, and wife of Oscar Speedlin. I passed by one other house, Stephen Snook's, on the Heeley place, now occupied by James Secor. I now pass the Sutoon house, near the widow James', and come back to the old Davenport house, a frame building, a log house and a cider mill; all then on the west side of the traveled road, east three-eighth of a mile from the dock. The log house and the cider mill were soon after demolished, and the frame house repaired; it went in the hands of Benjamin Briggs, and is now in the possession of his heirs, and called the Briggs' house. The old road, as it was called, verged to the west after leaving the grounds where the town Hall stands, crossed the brook and passed in front of the Methodist Church, and then passed on by the old Davenport house and cider mill on the west through John butler's year, an to the east of the Reformed church, then down the hill at the lower part of the vineyard of George W. Purdy to the rear line of the brick house of the widow Wright, and now occupied by Dr. Stanbrough. On the opposite side of this road, on the west, there stood a long frame house, built by the Gouveneur of Phillips family for a half carpenter by the name of Van Houten. He was formerly called Uncle Houten. Here he lived and raised up a large family of girls. The whole family seemed to be subject to the Phillips family, he as a carpenter and the rest of the family as domestics, and they were known to ride back and forth the three miles away.

On the opposite side of the road stood the only school house in this part of the town and school for the three school districts: Nelsonville, Foundry and Cold Spring, and was then kept by Master Bowne, grand-father of George and Martin Bowne.

Those two building were the only ones until you come to the Episcopal church lot. Here were two small buildings, composed of one room to live in.

Then we will pass on down. On the Elwell property stood a similar house of one room as above, on the church lot before mentioned.

The next house on that side is the frame building adjoining the printing office. It was built by a man by the name of Shelton, and used by him as a store. On the opposite then stood the brick store, now occupied by Joseph Terry. It was used as a store then by Samuel Partridge, and built by him or his brother Norton, as I believe.

At that time the Longfield Hotel was building and nearly finished. It was built by a Mr. Swift, who had a son at school at the Minor School in south East, which I will have occasion to speak about hereafter. Those were all the buildings form Griffin Corners to what is now the village of Cold Spring in the year 1819.

I will now take the reader to the West Point foundry. A cluster of houses, called Rascal Hill, was built, and occupied by the families of the workmen of the foundry. The basement of the building nearest the foot of the hill was used as the office of the Foundry. At that time the large molding house, the enormous chimney and furnaces, the large

water wheel, (perhaps the largest in America,) was in full operation. It was called a cannon foundry, and there was no other like it in America.

Allow me now to skip over the Old Post Road, as it was called, and mention some of the old mansions in that vicinity, namely: Richard Arden, Harry Garrison, Maffa Basha Nelson, Capt. John Warren, Croft Hotel, James McCabe, Samuel Jeffords, Harvey Hill, John Wallace, Nathaniel Ladue, the Dykman Place, Penny's Tan Yard place, Nicholas Hustis, Samuel Hustis, Joshua Haight, William Brewster, Snook and Harvey Hustis, Caleb Hustis, William Knapp, Isaac Wright, David Knapp, Harvey Weeks, Simeon Boice, Beverly Haight, and other farms and places in this vicinity.

There were two farm houses on the Lobdell road; one of which was occupied by Samuel Bard.

The houses I have mentioned and a few others were standing in 1819-20. This was the most prominent part of Phillipstown. Then Putnam Valley was part of Phillipstown.

The writer in those days attended town elections at Croft's Corners, the Likely House and Cyrus Horton's. The latter place several times. All these places are now in the town of Putnam Valley or town of Quiney. Before the town was divided he attended at the Croft House and at Griffin's Corners.

I have endeavored to give a brief history of most of the houses and farms about Cold Spring as they were in 1819-20.

Next I will describe, as best I can, the denominations of Christians that were rising up, and touch on the public schools that were then in existence.

Above the boring mill connected with the foundry was a large room used as a pattern shop. This room was cleared out and swept, and boards arranged for seats. This made a spacious hall for church or other gatherings. All denominations were invited to hold their meetings in it. There were but very few of each denomination then. The Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Baptists accepted the invitation. The Methodists chose to use a private house or the school house on the hill near Dr. Stanbrough's. William Young was the superintendent of the West Point foundry, and being a north of Ireland man, was liberal in all his religious views, although a Presbyterian; so the pattern shop was made free for all. His desire was that we should not be heathens. He induced a countryman of his, Rev. Mr. Owen, who had a charge at Patterson, in this county, to come here once in three weeks and preach. He was quite a favorite with the workman. Daddy Reynolds, so called, was the Methodist circuit preacher. He decided to use either the Sutton House or School House in which to worship. Edler Warren was the favorite with the Baptists. I do not remember of the Episcopalians having a minister. I think the Catholics had no Priest to minister to them. Thus Church matters remained in this way until about 1826.

I have often thought why it was that the ministerial talent should come from the eastern part of the county, unless it was the good road we had that made it easy of access to Cold Spring.

About 1826 a few wise heads, after using the pattern loft for Church purposes, conceived the idea of building a Union church. Meetings were held, and a committee was appointed, composed of Gouv. Kemble on the part of the Episcopalians, William Davenport on the part of the Baptists, Elisha Nelson on the part of the Methodists, and William Young on the part of the Presbyterians. This committee went to work with a will and a site was selected, funds raised, the building commenced, and in eighteen months a famous church edifice was built of stone, with a cedar roof. The building is yet standing and is situated on the rocks east of the steamboat dock, a monument to the exertions of the early Christians of Cold Spring and vicinity before 1830. The whole town contributed nobly to the Church enterprise. The Church being built and paid for as a Union Church, the next consideration was, which denomination of the four should hold the title. A committee was appointed on this subject, consisting of Gouv. Kemble, William Davenport, William Young and Elisha Nelson, who was empowered to report at a subsequent meeting, for its approval or rejection, all matters in relation to the future management of the Church, as well as to secure the title to the ground on which it was built. The meeting to hear the report on the future arrangement of the Churches and the report of the building committee, took place the same evening, and was read by William Young. This was the work of one evening, and a busy evening, as I well remember. The reports were satisfactory and approved.

The committee on future arrangements was, as the Presbyterians were thought the most numerous, placed in their hands. The Presbyterians were to occupy the house the fore part of the Sabbath and other denominations to use the Church in the after part of the day. The Methodists, under Daddy Reynold's advice, chose rather to use the school house or the Sutton house, so they nearly withdrew from the compact. They increased, had revivals and soon commenced the Church that is now in the hands of David Loyd. Thus things remained for a short time.

Now we will return to the Union under the three heads, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist. The three denominations still used the pattern loft until the Union Church was finished. The Baptists and the Episcopalians used the Church under the above arrangement for a few years satisfactory, I believe. Bishop Onderdonk would sometimes occupy the Church in the afternoon, and sometimes Elder Warren. Both of these denominations began to grow, and as they grew became rather dissatisfied with the arrangement of the old report of the committee of four, viz: Gouv. Kemble, William Young, William Davenport and Elisha Nelson. It so happened at one time that Edler Warren was here and his people desired to use the church in the fore part of the day, that he could go to now Putnam Valley in the after part, but under the above arrangement was refused by the Presbyterians, they then had their minister stationed here. This caused the Baptists to wholly withdraw and they soon built the Church which now stands on the hill. The Episcopalians soon after followed and built the chapel that was demolished a few years back on the lot yet held by that denomination. Suffice it to say, all the denominations

grew and prospered. The Catholics also grew and prospered and soon built a church, and became the most numerous, except perhaps the Methodists.

I now return to the Schools. The state of education in 1819 was very limited in this part of Phillipstown and Cold Spring. Master Bowne, as he was called, grandfather of George and Martin, gave nearly all the teaching the young ideas learned how to shoot, as will appear as I proceed.

Capt. John Davenport, who occupied most of the land about Cold Spring, together with the Plumbush land, as a farm, was considered one of the most prominent men, like Capt. John Warren and David Knapp, that was then in this part of Phillipstown, and as will appear, John Davenport having had what little facilities for schooling his father could then give him, with good natural abilities, but nearly destitute of learning. John had grown up and taken the old place at Griffin's Corners and kept a hotel there, and had use for keeping books. He had a customer by the name of David Henyan. He could not spell, yet had some knowledge of writing, and could write some of the letters of the alphabet. His book read after this sort: D. for David, H. for Henyan, B. for bushel, C. for corn. This was a sample of some others willing to educate but unable to on account of the distance to school and lack of teachers to teach. The school houses were two or more miles apart. Indeed I do not recollect of more than four school districts in the western part of Phillipstown; one was near Simon Boice's, one was on the road from Griffin Corners to Cold Spring, but it did not remain there long. It was, I believe, taken apart and rebuilt on the hill by Dr. Stanbrough. As I have mentioned before, there was a house in the neighborhood of the Garrison house or near Capt. John Warren's mill. I am not sure but believe it was at or near the Warren mill. The post office and smith shop were located here, and the stage house also, which made it quite a formidable place. It was the stopping place for stages from New York to this part of Phillipstown. Fare by stage \$3; postage on letters two shillings each. On this road could be seen stages with four horses, two stages going north and two south, besides some extras. I am wandering and will return to the schools. As I have before said, Master Bowne was nearly all the teachers offered, and he for a short time was teacher in the school building just moved to Cold Spring and was thought to be very competent at that time, but soon new-comers came to the place, and Thaddeus Baxter, grand-father of Judson and Henry, took the school and taught for a while. He came from Carmel. Farther on John P. Andrews came from Connecticut. He had been educated for the law. He kept the school for some years in that not very formidable building. Later on a large and commodious building for the school was built in the door-yard of the widow of Robert P. Parrott. Up to this time William Davenport and Gouv. Kemball were the life of the public school system in this part of the town. When this building was completed, a Mr. Burnham was its principal, and remained until the house was destroyed by fire.

Still further on, three school districts out of the one were formed, viz: cold spring, Nelsonville and the Foundry. Thus they remain to this date. Before I leave this part of the narrative of the schools I am carried back to the fall and winter before I came to Cold Spring. The Swift boy, I remember, gave me lots of incidents and information about Cold Spring, and as my boss Crosby had bought the place at the forks of the roads before

mentioned, and I was engaged as an apprentice to the tanning trade, was all very interesting to me. One was very shocking. The sloop Neptune, which carried wood and produce and some passengers, mostly ladies, when on the up trip, nearing home and this side of West Point, the ladies were sitting in chairs on the deck, near sunset, very joyous, when a sudden flaw of wind without warning struck the sloop without warning and upset her, throwing them all into the river, and seven of the number, nearly all, were drowned; they were Snooks Budds, and Davenports. He also told me of the fine turnpike that was building, and the large Cannon foundry just built, the large chimney, the large water-wheel, but not much of any schools, hence his father sent him a pupil to the Minor boarding school in the town of South East. He said his father was building a large hotel and had got the kitchen built before he left home. This was the old Longfield house, as is now called, in this village. He told of what fun we could have on the water, the wild ducks we could kill, &c. But I had such a charge from my mother before leaving home to not go near the water, it put such a check on me that I never joined my old school-mate in the fun he had anticipated for me.

I will not return to the Foundry again, and describe as best I can, the mechanics and their qualifications, and what they could manufacture, as I have said in the beginning of my narrative, 1819. Here I must be permitted to go back more than thirty years to before the War of the Revolution, when the United States was a Colony of Great Britain, and had a seven years war with the mother country, England, and which resulted in the separation, though very reluctantly by England. Before this she had imposed upon her colony in various ways. One case I will mention as having a bearing on this little work, was the introduction of slavery in the different States of the colony, making her like Pharaoh of old, loth to part with her infant Colony. Hence a constant hindrance was always manifest, and is so to this day. The war of 1812 to 1815, for a trifling cause was brought on, but terminated in the success of the United States, leaving a still worse feeling between the two powers than during the thirty years of peace.

I have described some of the sayings of young Swift. He did not tell of the difficulties of the great Cannon foundry, the anticipated company not having been formed. Mechanics must be had. How can they get them? They must come from Europe. The war of 1812 had just ended. The right of search of vessels leaving English ports prevailed and they were watched very closely, and I suppose one of their unjust laws, as well as others, was that laboring men, but not mechanics could leave Europe. It required sharp practice for mechanics to leave. Consequently a company of laboring men was put on board a ship in the harbor of Belfast, Ireland, to sail to the United States, but on the eve of starting mechanics were substituted for the laborers. The trick was slow to leak out, but it was said they were pursued by a war vessel to bring them back, but they landed safely on the shores of "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Mr. Kemble had been to Europe, being a man of means and enterprise, to learn, as best he could, what he could enter into, and report, as I believe, to a company. He found that ordnance for the Government was the most available of any he could find. The present site had been selected, and a Scotchman by the name of Morehead, a thorough mechanic and millwright, together with Erastus Mowett and Basha Nelson, with William Young,

superintendent, built the large moulding house, the boring mill and the large wheel, as I have said before. Then they commenced to make the large cannon for the government. They had a good a set of mechanics as could be found in Europe. I will mention the most o them as I remember their names: Loyd, McDowell, Short, Broom, Doherty and others; the most of which had families, which they brought with them, or that followed them soon after. With such a corps of mechanics, who could doubt the capacity to make a cannon foundry a success. They went to work with a will, and soon the twenty-four and thirty-two pounders were turned out. The capacity for manufacturing all kind of ordnance thus far proved a success. They made at least two cannon of the largest size weekly. This was encouraging to the company and the community at large. The guns were turned out rapidly. Now they must be proved before they are accepted by the Government. A lot of them was duly arranged for proof with certain proof charges specified by the Government. An inspector was sent here, then unusual explosions were heard low down near the foundry. These proof charges proved too severe for the guns, and six of them were burst on their first trial. This was heralded about the community and the nation at large. Thus the attempt to make ordnance in America was apparently a failure as regards large guns. Small guns had been made in the United States, it is true, but none to even compare with those made at the works of the West Point Foundry, now in operations. This failure, as it was thought to be, I well remember cast a gloom on this part of Phillipstown. Some who had cast their lot in this part of Putnam County were almost sorry they had come here, depending principally on the success of the Foundry. But was the iron will of Mr. Kemble and his associates discouraged? Not at all, as the sequel will show, for the inspector sent here did not understand his business, or was influenced by some undercurrent, or influence home or abroad, for it was discovered that he used rifle powder instead of cannon or rock powder. This being rectified courage took the place of despondency, and no more bursting of cannon took place. I have never heard who the loss of the cannon fell on, but presume it was on the Government; certainly it was its fault. Seeing all this, and looking back to 1812, the commencement of the last war between the United States and Great Britain, though a boy nine or ten years old, and having friends in that war stationed at New York, I was sent two or three times a week to get the war news, three miles away. It made me a very interested party in that war. I saw about that time passing on the road in the town of south East several twenty-four pound cannon mounted on heavy four wheel wagons, each drawn by four horses. They were on the way to the Canada borders. Oxen were sometimes used for transporting cannon, but mainly they dawn by teams of four Pennsylvania horses. These horses were never put in stables. The tongue of the wagon was fixed with a rest, and a feed trough, like a large pig trough, was put lenthways on the tongue, and a pair of horses were fed on each side. They would travel twelve or fourteen miles a day. The same could be seen on the old Post road through Phillipstown, as I was told subsequently. All this was very interesting to a boy of my age. It was so at least to me. Three years after the war, coming as I did, and the looking upon the making of cannon similar to the ones I had seen being transported toward Canada, I could see that Mr. Kemble was right in his views in starting this enterprise of manufacturing cannon, for I suppose in times of peace all the guns I had seen were brought from Europe, and in all probability cost the government two shillings per pound, for it was currently reported here that Mr. Kemble got that price from Government.

I will now come back to the village, as I found it in the spring of 1819. The cannon having been burst wrongfully, things looked prosperous at the Foundry. Besides ordnance, other articles were made. I think they run on box stoves, with simply an oven easily fitted up. I remember seeing some of their make. Some machinery was rough made from 1820 to 1826, and sent to New York to be finished. Went by sloops in summer and by teams in winter. This was kept up until the Hudson Rail Road was finished. About this time a large number of inhabitants came from all parts of the country as well as from our own county. The foundry still prospered, and more additions were made to the buildings. The New York finishing shops enlarged their capacity for work, and Mr William Kemble was superintendent there. He was a younger brother of Gouverneur. He was styled one of the smartest and best business young men of the day. It was said of him that he could converse with you for any length of time on any topic and at the same time write letters and make calculations in figures. Who could doubt the success of the enterprise thus started in New York and cold spring with three such heads as Gouv. Kemble, William his brother, and William Young.

A new line of work was inaugurated at the foundry and machine shops, viz: Sugar machinery for the southern part of the United States and the West India Islands. This kind of work had before this been manufactured in England and Scotland to some extent. But the enterprise of our wise heads diverted it here. It was said to be very profitable.

I will now return to the growth of Cold Spring. As I have said, large accessions were made to its inhabitants (sic), say from 1826 to 1830, and they scarcely knew where to lay their heads. Houses must be built, and carpenters were in great demand. Houses rose up mushroom-like. Building materials were very cheap in those days. A good pine board could be had for one shilling, joist from eight to ten cents, shingles \$3 per thousand, and lime in proportion. The price of nails was the highest.

Wood was then the only fuel used; I do not recollect the price. Coal was unknown in those days, except what was brought from the Cumberland Mountains in Maryland, to melt the iron at the foundry. This coal is what the Smiths now use in their shops. The houses being put up, a lull in building followed. In the years before 1830 some began to settle down on business. Henry Johnson, I believe a ship carpenter from the East, after working a while at house building, commenced getting ship timber for the ship builders in the city of New York. He had only to go on the mountains adjacent to Cold Spring. Webb, the father of William H. Webb, and a builder by the name of Burgh, were rival ship builders in New York, and this start of Johnson took some of the young men of Cold Spring and vicinity to enlist under him in traversing the mountains to get ship timber. This was seen, further on, to be a formidable business. After getting all the ship timber about the mountains here, they went to the Shawangunk Mountains. Elisha Baxter, uncle of Judson and Henry, set up the business on his own account and continued in it for several years. Jesse Nelson father of James, was the next to embark in this business. The two Baxters and Nelson, who had been with Johnson, took each a corps of men, and from them came the knowledge of getting ship timber, and subsequently

became a very large business. They went to Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and at least one hundred men went to those states every winter for several years. It was very profitable. But some would meet with loss occasionally by putting some of their sales in bad hands. The writer was a martyr to one of that class.

Benjamin Dykman was the first butcher. He kept a stall in Market Street and done his dressing in the old barn used by Stephen Mckell in Nelsonville, and continued until after 1830.

Shoemakers and tailors came in soon after 1826.

A blacksmith was located at Nelson' Mill. John Ferris, or "Jack," as he was called, was located somewhere in the vicinity of the ten Davenport Corners,

William Davenport was the milk pedlar in 1820, and for some time after.

The reader will wonder where the people got their shoes and their garments. In this way. A shoemaker would go from house to house with his tools, or "kit," and make up the family shoes, and the tailor would do the same. The circuit would be made about twice a year. This was a joyous time with the boys and girls, for a pair of new shoes was a god-send to them. This mode of shoeing and clothing families was prevalent and universal the country over in 1820.

I will now return to the Foundry. Then no bell was used to call the men to work, but a horn was used. The horn would blow for the men to go to work at six o'clock, and at half-past six for breakfast; then again at seven to go to work. It would blow at twelve for dinner and t one to work. At six it would for the men to leave work. A store was built of wood where Mr. Groundwater's shop is. It was called a store, and some groceries were kept, but it was not much more than a drink shop for the men. This was continued three or four years. The superintendent seeing his men were not benefited by the drink, the work was neglected, and families suffered, the drink was abolished. This was about 1825. The store was replaced by the present brick building, and a famous store of all kinds of goods were opened. The Foundry continued to enlarge its works, and shops were filled with castings for the New York shop. They were shipped weekly, in summer by boat and in winter by four to eight teams. This was done until the Hudson River Railroad was built; then castings went by this road.

I will now return to the Churches. By 1832 they all had places of worship, and nearly all had their choir of singers. Timothy Candee, a popular singing master from Connecticut (sic), a brother-in-law of John P. Andrews, made the teaching of Church music a business. He established many schools, and his fame went abroad. The Churches have had correct singing ever since. I well remember how he astonished the old inhabitants by his mode of teaching and the tunes he introduced. One was Montgomery and one Ocean. His first school for singing was in the house near Dr. Stanbrough's, and I think he kept school in some other part of the district.

All I have written thus far is from memory, no record or diary having been kept, so I hope I will be excused if I have erred in some particulars.

I have the Session book of the Presbyterian Church in its first days before me, and I will make some quotations from it: The Reverends Blair, Johnson, Ostrom and Welton were appointed by the North River Presbytery a committee to repair to Cold Spring, and if the way was clear to organize a Church, in that place. They convened at the Rev. Mr. Blair's on Tuesday, December 9<sup>th</sup>, 1828. The following persons appeared before the committee: Nicholas Hustis, Peter Lewis De St. Croix, Phebe Travis, Lucy Candee, Eunice Andrews, Catharine Roat and Philema De St. Croix, and related their experience, which being satisfactory to the committee, it was Resolved, on the following day to organize them into a church. Previous notice having been give, the congregation met in the meeting house at 11 o'clock A.M. when Rev. James Ostrom preached a sermon from Psalms 46:4. The Rev. William Blain read the articles of faith and the covenant, to which the before named persons gave their assent, and Nicholas Hustis and Philimia De St. Croix being baptized, the Rev. John Johnson declared they were constituted a church of Jesus Christ, and after prayer and benediction adjourned. Rev. Alonzo Welton addressed the new church. Mrs. Deborah Chapman was received by certificate from the church of south East. January 14<sup>th</sup>, 1829, Peter Lewis De St. Croix was ordained an elder in this church.

January 9<sup>th</sup>, 1829, the Session convened, and Miss Elizabeth Nelson and Euphimia De St. Croix were received as members of the church, and Mrs. Sally Mariah Blain was received by letter from the church of Johnstown. Sabbath, January 11<sup>th</sup>, 1829, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time in this Church.

The Session met April 25<sup>th</sup>, 1829, Rev. Mr. Blain, moderator, and P.L. De St. Croix, elder. The following persons were admitted to the church: John P. Andrews, Martha Hustis, Susan Davenport, Phebe Haight, George Armstrong and Mary his wife.

October 31<sup>st</sup> the Session met, Rev. Mr. Blain, moderator, P. L. De St. Croix, elder. William Young and Susan McClelland were admitted on confession, and George Leitch and Sarah his wife, and Jane Jenkinson were received by letter from the Spring Street Church, New York. George Leitch being already an elder of the church, was voted as such in this church.

February 5<sup>th</sup>, 1830, Session met. Present, Rev. William Blain, moderator, and George Leitch and Peter L. De St. Croix, elders. Daniel Muleneux and Susan his wife, Samuel McLelland, John Short, Jr. and Margary McDowell. This was a preparatory Lecture. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved by the Church, (including the Session,) that no person should be admitted as a member of this Church who manufactures, deals in, or uses ardent spirits.

At a meeting of the Church on the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, 1830, William Young was chosen an Elder, and John P. Andrews a Deacon, and on the following day were ordained as such.

May 8<sup>th</sup>, Session convened, Rev. William Blair, moderator, and P.L. De St. Croix, George Leitch and William Young, elders. John McDowell, Samuel McDowell and Mrs. Ann Kerr were duly accepted into the church.

September 6<sup>th</sup>, 1830, Session convened. Present, George Leitch, William Young and P.L. De St. Croix. It was resolved that P. L. De St. Croix be Clerk of the Sessions, and also that William Young be appointed to represent the church at the coming meeting of the North River Presbytery, and as the meeting was not pro forma, it was not opened and closed with prayer.

September 1, 1830, Mrs. Sally Blain having applied to the Session of the Church, through the Rev. W. Blain, for a dismissal from the church, and she being a member of the church in good and regular standing, her request was granted, and a certificate given to the Church of Goodwell. By order of Session. G.L. De St. Croix clerk.

William Young declined to represent the church to convene at Cold spring next day, George Leitch was appointed in his stead.

The proceedings thus far were duly approved in Presbytery at Cold Spring Sept. 22d, 1830. James Thomas moderator.

The foregoing records were transcribed from an old book kept by me. P. T. De St. Croix.

September 24<sup>th</sup>. Jacob Helfenstein became the pastor of the church at this time.

I now leave the record of the church, which continued to prosper, as well as all the churches in the place, until after 1852.

A rupture took place about this time in the Presbyterian Church, for causes not easily seen, which resulted in the organizing of a Dutch Reformed Church, now called "Reformed." A church was built, which would be a credit to any place, and is in full operation to this day.

I take leave of church matters, at least for the present, and go back to before 1826. The Foundry continued prosperous, cannon were manufactured in abundance, orders came in fast, and it was no uncommon thing for them to get from fifty to one hundred for cannon of the heaviest kind yearly, with orders for shell and shot to correspond. I have told the reader before that the first guns made were burst by being proved. I think on reflection that some few were burst here or elsewhere, which induced the government to be more particular and exacting in their gun proving. A stronger iron must be had. The strong iron from the Greenwood works would not half supply them. A blast furnace must be built somewhere to make pig iron, so the West Point Foundry Association conceived the plan of building a furnace. They erected one between the two dams. The ruins of the old stack can be seen to this day. This was also the work of wise heads, and sufficient pig was made for their future purpose. Iron ore and charcoal were found within a distance of

eight miles. The mines and the woods were full of workmen. The furnace once in blast must be kept up. One hundred men were employed year in and year out; some cutting wood, which was very heavy, some coaling it, some in the mines under ground, and many teams hauling the material, when properly prepared in the woods; others, not a few, must roast the ore and stamp it fine for the furnace; others stack up the coal in huge rough buildings; the coal must remain as dumped twenty-four hours before housing lest fire might be smouldering in it. This went on for several years, until the wood for making the charcoal was exhausted. I used to hear of their making forty tons of the finest charcoal iron in existence each day in the year. This you might say was business. Mr. Kemble appeared in his glory when making ordnance for the government. He was elected to congress two terms, and was a candidate for a third term, but was defrauded out of it by his opponent, who was a lawyer.

I will now take the reader to Cold Spring for a while. I have already told of the flood of inhabitants that poured into the place about 1830. Every available house in the vicinity was doubly occupied I might say. The work had increased at the Foundry, and they had spread out their works. The demand for work for Cuba increased. Apprentices to the iron work and wood work were taken, I might say by the hundred, and a perfect knowledge was taught them. A boy learning his trade at the West Point foundry was a sufficient recommend to get work any where. I am wandering. It was now apparent that more dock room at Cold spring was needed, so a sluiceway was made from a small dam below the town hall, the water turned from its natural course, and the hills west of the present road cut down and the road straightened to the dock. By filling in the cove in time of freshet the land was formed which is now covered by the McCoy, the Patterson, the Riley, the Trusdell hotel, on the left from Market Street, the brick store, James Howell, the saloon next door, the Duffy hotel buildings and the coal yard of Baxter. Before filling in the cove vessels were laid up there in winter, and if luckily they did winter, if not they were wrecked there. I remember of two that were wrecked, one is under the house now occupied by widow McCoy, the other further down. All the ground on which the buildings I have mentioned stand, is made ground, and was the head work of William Davenport, who was the general superintendent of the Gouveneur estate, which was very large. He was assisted by Robert Williams, who I shall take the liberty to speak of hereafter. Whenever a freshet occurred, Davenport and Williams could be seen, hoe in hand and a gang of men with shovels forcing the dirt and gravel into the cove; then at other times with carts filling in until the present dock was built. This gave relief to dock room. Subsequently the foundry dock was built and is a convenient accession to the Foundry. Their wares now go to their dock by rail, with a dummy, crossing the Hudson River Railroad.

I have not quite done with the foundry. As I have already said the most of the castings for machinery were rough cast, and sent to New York by water in summer and by land in winter. They then conceived the idea of moving the finishing and smithing works to Cold Spring. Here they had plenty of room of their own. But where could they get houses for their men to live in. Houses must be provided. Mr. Gouveneur was consulted, and was assured that if he would put up a number of houses they would be rented at a profit by the foundry. Accordingly about 1837, a contract was made to build twenty-four

double houses; some to be built at Nelsonville, but mostly at Cold Spring, near the houses belonging to James Sterling and Selah Post in Furnace Street. The houses occupied by Michael Craton and Alexander Spalding are among them. Then preparations were completed to receive the families of the workingmen of the finishing and smithing departments from New York. This moving made a large increase in the traffic and general business of the place. Two hotels were established – one was kept by George W. Travis, the Cold Spring House; the other by Walter Simonson, the Pacific Hotel, and were located on or near the new dock. A new hotel was opened in Nelsonville, called the Alhambra house. Dr. Burke had before started a saloon in what was called the barracks. He died before or about 1835. Davy Calahan, a house waiter to Mr. Kemble, took the Burke house, saloon and stock in trade. He soon became intemperate and in a few years died. His brother Tommy, who took his place at Mr. Kemble's, took Davy's place in the Burke saloon, with his stock in trade. He, as was said, became intemperate and also died. Thus in the space of about twelve years three persons occupying the same place went to their long home. Mr. Samuel Bryant took the saloon which Burke and the Callahans had occupied. He manufactured and sold small or spruce beer and cider for a few years. For several years those four places were nearly the only ones where drink was sold.

The population at this time was about as large as at the present day. The New York shops had all been removed to Cold Spring. A better set of mechanics could not be found – they were the pick from all the shops in New York. If I should attempt to mention their names I would fail to think of all, so I forbear to mention any. They were a general rule of the best character and were an honor to the community. The twenty-four houses built by Mr. Gouveneur were soon occupied, and others came and built houses for themselves. The price of building lots at this time was as low as \$4 per foot. In a few years the price went up from \$12 to \$15 per foot.

The brook that was so beneficial in filling in the basin before mentioned, by Davenport and Williams, became an occasional damage to the inhabitants and still continues so. It has baffled the ingenuity of all wise heads to devise a plan to remedy it, and hence a remedy has never been found.

I pass to notice some strange incidents that took place in Cold Spring and vicinity along up to 1845 – '50.

Robert Williams, as I have before mentioned being in the employ of M. Gouveneur, asked the hand in marriage of Caroline Warren, a graceful and beautiful woman, a sister of the wife of Elisha C. Baxter, of Nelsonville, and they having a married sister as I believe in the State of New Hampshire. Caroline went there and Robert Williams followed after her, his intended bride. He left the City of New York in the dead season of winter, leaving his house he had provided in Cold Spring for the return of his supposed bride, proceeded on his journey on the Steamer Lexington, which was burnt in the middle of Long Island Sound, leaving none to tell the fate of the passengers and crew. I well remember the consternation that prevailed in Cold Spring on receiving this shocking news. The journals of the day commented on it, and all that could be gathered of the fate

of the steamer was that a vessel was seen burning on the Sound that night. It was the coldest weather of that year. Thus perished Robert Williams.

Caroline returned to Cold Spring soon after the sad fate of her intended and went in the millinery business and continued in it for a few years. She made frequent journeys to New York to purchase goods. It was said that a respectable young man living in New York would see her safe on board the evening steamer for Cold Spring. The last time he conducted her to the boat, and an affectionate farewell parting had, the steamer proceeded on her journey. A heavy storm of rain and wind sprang up, and it was late in the evening before the boat reached Cold Spring. The rain was then coming down in torrents. A large Albany steamer was lying at the dock for repairs, occupying the whole front of the new dock, so the incoming steamer had to land its passengers over the deck of the boat at the dock. Caroline was the only passenger landed. She was not seen after that, and no clue to her fate could be obtained. Mr. Baxter's family remained up waiting for her until very late, and not arriving they retired. Soon after falling to sleep a knock was heard at the door. Mr. B. sprang up, supposing it was Caroline knocking, but to his surprise no one could be seen. He went to bed again, but soon a knocking was heard again. He hurried to the door, but no one could be seen or heard. It was a sleepless night after this last knocking for the Baxter family. Mr. Baxter started out to find Caroline. It could not be ascertained whether the steamer had landed at Cold Spring that stormy night, so Mr. B. went to New York to see her friend. He told Mr. Baxter he had seen her safe on the steamer, as was his custom. He next repaired to the steamer where he learned that she had been landed alone on the deck of the steamer at the dock. The excitement now became intense in the whole town. Could she have fallen in foul hands? Could she have, in crossing the deck of the boat at the dock, walked off its gangway into the river? Or could she have landed safely on the dock and then fell in foul hands? All these theories were fully discussed. All the hands and waiters on the steamer were sought out. At length the pastry cook was found, and some clew was discovered from her. She was in the kitchen when the boat landed, felt it strike, and soon after thought she heard a splashing in the water and a scream between the steamer and the dock. From this some thought she was foully handled and thrown in the dock. Others that she was foully handled after she got on the dock. All agreed that the splashing and the scream was that of Caroline Warren.

At times the knocking at the Baxter house door and windows continued, the excitement became very high, and the family would get very uneasy over it. Others visiting, there would hear knocking and get frightened away. They were finally visited by their pastor, Rev. Mr. Bancroft, who spent the night there. He had been a seaman and had been in much peril at sea. The knockings were frequent during the night, and when he heard them would quickly go to the place from whence the sound seemed to come, but nothing could be discovered. I heard him say all this seemed very strange to him and he could not account for it. He alluded to it in church.

Caroline's body was never found. The river was raked thoroughly but to no purpose. Something like wearing apparel in scraps was found in the raking, but could not be

identified as belonging to her. It was evident that the river was her grave, but the cause of her getting there is still an unsolved mystery.

The cholera has visited this town at two different times. Once it was very severe. One day three funerals were seen in one procession. Strong and healthy men that were in that procession, were on the morrow cut down, and they too were borne to the grave. I might mention other incidents that happened about this time – such as the murder of Abram Wanzer by George Denny, who paid the penalty by execution the 25<sup>th</sup> day of July, 1844. I will refer the reader to Blake's History of Putnam County for a full account.

About 1848 the Hudson River Railroad worked its way up to Cold Spring, and at the time set for cars to reach here a mob had gathered to stop it. The cause, as was understood at the time, was that a subcontractor had failed to pay his men, and they had combined to stop the train. But by an unavoidable delay miles below, it did not come as was expected on that day. This delay put a stop to any resistance by the mob.

About August of this year, a notice appeared in the local papers of the county calling a public meeting at Carmel. Only two persons from Phillipstown attended, the writer being one. The object of the meeting was to form an Agricultural Society for the county of Putnam. I remember meeting Reuben D. Barnum there. He observed to me: Why, they are building a Railroad along the river. I answered they were. He said we are building the Harlem road up through South East to Albany. Oh well, if they have a mind to throw away their money like that, let them do it, I don't care. They don't need a railroad along the river more than a dog needs two tails. The Hudson River Railroad was built notwithstanding, and your humble servant rode to the City of New York for fifty cents, they regular fare. It remained at that price for a while, then the regular fare was increased to 62 ½ cents, and continued at that for a long time, and finally went up to \$1.04 in summer and \$1.30 in winter. At this time by commuting the fare can be had for 85 cents.

There is one other incident I have thus far overlooked. The Commandant of West Point before 1819 was Capt. S. Partridge. He had three sons, Newton, Milton and Samuel. The latter I have had occasion to mention as keeping the brick store of Joseph Perry. Milton built the store and occupied it as such for a while, then Samuel took it. Milton was a great searcher after minerals. This seemed to be his main study. He was most of the time in the hills and mountains. The three boys at that time were bachelors. Nothing would be thought if Milton did not return home at night, as he was often absent. At length his dead body was found at the base of butter Hill. It is supposed that in his searchings for minerals, in attempting to climb the steep part of the mountain lost his balance and fell where he was found, a mangled corpse. I do not know where Newton went. Samuel married and went west to Elmira.

About this time Cold Spring and Nelsonville were incorporated as villages, and so remain to this day.

The first Masonic Lodge was started in the dwelling house afterwards owned by William Davenport, in Nelsonville, and for several years after 1826, and then finally went down.

It was revived again by and under a new number, in the room over the store of Samuel Shelton, adjoining the printing office of the Cold Spring Recorder, and is now going on successfully.

A Know-Nothing Lodge was started in the place, and went on quite successfully for a few years and then failed to exist.

About 1830 a Temperance Society was formed in the village and became very numerous, and a sons of Temperance Lodge was organized. The building now used by Pilson and his bake shop was erected. It also failed to exist. Several attempts were afterwards made to revive it, but all failed. No license could easily be carried in those days in the town elections. Churches were freely used for the people to meet, and like St. Paul, to reason of righteousness and temperance. This continued up to the breaking out of the Southern rebellion. Since that time the political parties have had control, and manage affairs as they see fit. License can be carried at the present day in Phillipstown, seven to one.

1846. The first Sewing Machine was introduced in the place by David H. Ketcham, now of Westchester County.

1840. Lehigh coal was first introduced in Cold Spring by John Simonson, who kept lumber and other building materials, in the Baxter yard.

The war of 1815 had ended, and the social and holiday sentiment had somewhat changed in the United States since that time. Christmas being a favorite holiday by the English, anything English was frowned upon by the people of the United States, so that New Years day was the favorite holiday here for several years after the war. Any eatables that could be had were reserved for the New Year.

1822. This year, the day after Christmas, as providence perhaps designed it, a messenger came from the Lobdell road to Nelsonville and reported that tracks of some wild animal were seen in the light snow that had lately fallen. This report spread like wildfire, and a company of twelve heroic men was formed, with gun in hand, and with as many dogs, started for the field of battle under the captaincy of William Henyon, uncle to James, of Nelsonville. William was familiarly called Bill. On and on they went, sure of the conflict that was soon to come. The tracks in the snow were sure to be reliable. The dogs were put in front of the van. By noon they had come up with their enemy. The conflict then commenced. Capt. Bill issued his orders, and before a gun was fired he put the battle in array, with the dogs in the front ranks. They led the attack, but failed and fell back. The captain was not to be foiled in his first attack. The enemy still holding their entrenchment in the rocks, another attack must be made; this time with powder and ball. The captain, taking part in the ranks, orders were given to fire. This led the enemy to quail, three of their number being mortally wounded. The captain ordered his company to reload. This done the attack was renewed, and the enemy conquered, which proved to be a bear and her two cubs nearly as large as their mother. Thus the battle ended, resulting in the triumph of our heroic captain and his gallant company. The trophies captured that day were borne in triumph to Nelsonville the same evening. The bears were

very heavy and as fat as butter. Then came the question – what shall we do with them? The butcher in the place was not slow in answering, for he wanted something savory for his customers and bought the lot. His stall was now complete for the New Year's holiday. Mr. Gouveneur secured the skins to make a sleigh robe. The captain was ever after this called a hero and a brave man. The question would be asked him, who killed the bears? "I killed the bears." The town was well supplied with Bear meat on that New Year's day, which was pronounced excellent. Most of the ladies enjoyed the unusual meat. Well they might, for the butcher was an expert at his business, and knew how to cut it in a very delicate way. The claws and tail I suppose were made into soup, ox-tail soup. The choice pieces were probably roasted or fried and served on toast. What could be better than bear on toast? I did hear of some very delicate ladies being determined not to like it, but after it was given them with other meats, not knowing what they were eating, pronounced it good.

Spring, 1822. A very curious bird made its appearance in town and perched on an old chestnut tree on the gravel bank half way from the Town Hall to the Methodist Church. Its songs were rare and delightful. Traps were set to take it alive, but to no purpose. It was visited by all the people of the town. The visits ended when cold weather came in the fall. It was the size of a robin.

Elisha Nelson, or uncle Elisha as he was called, was impressed with the idea that he could find Capt. Kidd's treasure that was so much talked about then and to this day. He would dream and dream again, and was so sure of finding the treasure that he made several attempts secretly to find it. Finally he openly engaged George Barton, an expert at digging and handling rocks, to superintend the excavating and removing the rocks in different places of the town which Nelson had an idea the treasure was buried, but all to no purpose, for the treasure was not found. The delusion continued to be impressed on his mind up to the days of his old age that he was sure of finding it.

About 1835, the wise heads of the West Point foundry conceived the idea of vessel building, consequently they took a contract to build a seventh ton vessel. They engaged the services of a man by the name of Lockwood to superintend its building. I believe he was a ship builder from Derby, Conn. And was an expert at any thing he undertook. Whether he had witnessed the making of wooden hams, wooden nutmegs and wooden pumpkin seeds I do not know. But certain it is, that on one occasion he actually made a whistle out of a coon's tail. He selected the plant for his building ways about ten rods east of what is called the boat house at the foundry cove. This was the only large vessel built. I do not know why this branch of their enterprise stopped so suddenly, unless it was that Johnson, Baxter and Nelson had nearly exhausted the finding of ship timber in the mountains near by.

About 1844, a Village Charter was drawn up by William I. Blake, for the future government of Cold Spring Village, and submitted to the Legislature of the State. It passed that body, and was returned to be submitted to the people for sanction or rejection. It was passed. It worked quite smoothly for a time, and then became partizan and still continues so. For several years past the management has been in the hands of a very

limited number. There is a strong feeling for the substitution of a new charter, making it less political. I think this will be done in the near future.

Nelsonville was chartered as a village a few years after Cold Spring and still remains so.

At the request and in sympathy with a much respected family, I have seen fit to overreach my thirty years to make this one insertion in this little work, and will first pen a few lines of poetry, written by some kind friend of the family residing here.

#### THE LOST CHILD

Come listen to his course of danger;  
Many hearts besides my own  
Can tell about the blue-eyed stranger,  
Traveling through the woods alone;  
How near the hemlock's shading branches,  
Streaming with celestial glances,  
Dreaming of a mother's love,  
His gentle spirit soared above.

Where the mountains breeze is singling,  
O'er the lakelet's silvery breast.  
Where the forest pine is swinging,  
There his tiny footsteps pressed;  
The wildwood rabbit around him playing,  
Down his cheeks the teardrops straying,  
Still gazing at the starry deep,  
The little wanderer sank to sleep.

Where the vine was drooping meekly,  
There he viewed his leafy bed;  
Where the stars were smiling sweetly,  
There he laid his weary head;  
Where the laurel boughs were twining,  
Where the silvery moon was shining,  
Where the murmuring watery play,  
There he breathed his life away.

Though his soul in heaven is breathing,  
Though his life on earth was brief,  
Who is there among the living  
That can tell the mother's grief;  
Dreaming how her darling weary,  
Wandering through the wildwood dreary,  
Mourning hopes that failed to save  
Her helpless darling from the grave

The 16<sup>th</sup> of March, 1861, Mrs. James Jamison left the City of New York to visit her father and other friends in Cold Spring, taking her two boys, Thomas eight years and Joseph six years, enjoying the pleasant anticipation of meeting father, grandfather and cousins. Little Joseph regretted that his father should be left behind. March 17<sup>th</sup>, St. Patrick's day, arrived, some went to church, leaving the two boys with a cousin, at the grandfather's on Foundry hill, with instructions to the two oldest boys to go to the

foundry and get some water for dinner, but Joseph followed them. This was 10 or 11 A.M. The two oldest passed through the foundry to the water spout. Here they lost sight of Joseph. They returned with the water. Joseph was gone, and they knew not where. Search was at once made at the foundry and at the ponds. Hundreds of people were aroused and all sorts of conjectures discussed. Search continued, all near-by houses and out-buildings were visited, and the ponds were drained without success. The services in the churches that afternoon were dismissed. Just before evening a man was seen who said he saw a boy of that description on the marsh crying. He appeared to be bending his course toward the house on the island. Thinking the boy belonged there took no further notice of him as he was on the right way home. Here was a clew. The march(sic) was searched but Joseph was not found. Night came on. Torches and lights were procured. The roads above the march(sic) and the hills around Mr. David Moffat's were searched, and a track in a small patch of snow was seen. This was another clew. The track indicated that the boy was going eastward toward cat hill pond. The searchers took courage, thinking they could soon make the rescue. On they went, taking a wide extent of country towards the cat pond. Cat hill was searched, although getting through the underbrush and briars made it very difficult. The searchers becoming tired and worn out and their lights exhausted, were obliged to give up the search at the very late hour in the evening and return home, not knowing whether little Joseph had walked into the pond or had wandered farther on. The gray of Monday morning found a large number of searchers on the alert. The lost had not been found. The foundry bell was rang for the morning work hour, but none had a heart to work, and some of the shops dismissed their men to enable them to take part in the search. They repaired to the pond. Would they find him drowned, or would they find him a frozen corpse, or perchance had he got farther on and had found the house of some farmer who had taken him in. In the patches of snow the footprints were plainly to be seen by day. In the thickets of Cat hill and nestled in the thick leaves Joseph was found a frozen corpse. Oh that some Benjamin could have known and lifted him from his pit of leaves before life wax extinct. It was found that they had passed near the spot several times where little Joseph was found, the night before, when their lights went out. By ten o'clock A.M. the news came that Joseph was found frozen to death, and that they were bearing him home to his mother. The writer, with Andrew McIlravy, the boy's uncle, with others, went to the house of the mother. I was requested to break the news of the finding to her, but how could I do it. We found her agonized, but recovering somewhat, she says to me, Do you think I will ever see Joseph alive? I had to tell her I thought not. While still in conversation, Epenetus Nichols was bearing the lifeless corpse home to her. Thus ended the most thrilling and painful incident I ever experienced.

In August, 1844, a lady by the name of Ferguson, with a small child, was landed from one of the Albany and Troy day boats at West Point, and was ferried from there to Cold Spring. About two o'clock P.M. she was seen to go through Market Street to about equal distance between the Presbyterian and Catholic churches with what was supposed to be a small child. She soon returned again without it. The next day a small infant was found in the cove between the two churches. The child was nearly nude when found in the water. An inquest was held on the body. I forgot the verdict. The public was much excited. Suspicion soon rested on a Miss Ferguson, the nearly stranger in the place. She had a

distant relative here, and had not left. The infant was laid to rest in a respectable manner by the authorities. Investigation was demanded to ascertain whether she was the mother of that child, or was some other one its mother; was she guilty of placing it dead or alive where it was found. She was duly arrested, and through her counsel plead not guilty. Examination was deferred until next day, and she was put in the custody of a constable for safe-keeping. But before the time the defendant had been rescued from the officer, or had rescued herself, and was at large. Search was made in and about the place and of the different modes of escape. A clew was soon had. A buggy with a young man and young lady had crossed the ferry at Fishkill to Newburgh, bearing the description of the young lady and her counsel, and a couple had been seen riding about Orange County at an unusual hour that night. Thus the stranger that had appeared so strangely disappeared through the laxity of the officer having her in charge. She was never found.

I have not spoken of the general healthfulness of the town and village. They have been very healthy in the main. There was a time between the years 18 -- and 18 ---that chills and fever prevailed to an alarming extent, so much that nearly every family within two miles of the village were afflicted with the scourge. The cause was sought out as best it could be. Peekskill, Fishkill, Poughkeepsie and other places on the east side of the river were clear of the chills. How could it be that Cold Spring, nestled as it is in the midst of the highlands, should be so afflicted and other places escape. This could not be easily solved. People would come to the village with the idea of settling, but would pass on to other locations. Henry W. Warner, a prominent lawyer, came to town and bought the marsh meadows, with some other land adjacent, with the idea of making the marsh meadows into tillable land. His plan was to repair an old dyke that was there, and to build a new one at the north end, and to put in gates to let off the surface fresh water from the marsh and adjacent hills, and at the same time keep back salt water and high tide entirely. It was nearly certain that this draining the marsh was the cause of the prevalence of the chills and fever among us. Mr. Warner was sought after to induce him to remedy the evil, but did not believe the complaint was well founded, and refused to let the salt water reenter his gates freely. The public suffered this supposed wrong for six or eight years. The courts were resorted to , and the public sustained in the supposed wrong. Mr. Warner was still urged to gratify the Opublic, but still persistently refused. As a last resort Gouveneur Kemble took a posse of his men from the foundry, with shovels and picks, and leveled several rods of the dyke at the north end of the meadows. This movement on the part of Mr. Kemble ever after made enmity between him and Mr. Warner. They had law cases I believe for some trifling offenses after this. The leveling of the dyke was one of them. Health was gradually restored to the village, and now no healthier place can be found in the Highlands than Cold Spring. The enterprise of Mr. Henry W. Warner was certainly very commendable in restoring the three hundred acres of the meadows to tillable land, like some of the swamps and marsh meadows of New Jersey, which have already been reclaimed and the cranberry extensively cultivated. Years to come the west side of the road form the hammock to the island, fifty to seventy-five acres, with the help of the sand carted off form the foundry by rail could be utilized and made a cranberry bog, as it is called. And in time the whole three hundred acres could be reclaimed without sickness to the town.

I must now return once more to the Foundry, and as I have said, 1837 to 1839, the New York shops had all moved up and were going on prosperously. An addition was made to the wise heads of Kemble and young, in the person of R.P. Parrott, who a few years previous married a sister of Mr. Kemble. Mr. Parrott was a graduate of West Point, and became vice President of the West Point Foundry in 1842 or '43. He was appointed first Judge of Putnam County, and has been called Judge Parrott since. The two families often receive visits from the Presidents of the United States and from cabinet officers yearly.

In and about the years 1845 to '50, William J. Blake issued a work called "The History of Putnam County" and is in the hands of a large number of inhabitants of Phillipstown. So I have not been so particular in giving to the public all I might from 1840 to '50, but leave the reader to further consult Blake's History of Putnam County.

I now take leave of further writing of this little History of Cold Spring and Vicinity, which will take in about thirty years of its early history. And I will here say that I have not consulted any record or history save one, the Session Book of the Presbyterian Church. All incidents other than the one are from memory, and I believe I have not erred much. If others think I have in some little particulars I beg their pardon, and leave the further history to those coming after me, in coming years, from the year 1850.

M. WILSON.

Cold Spring, February 22, 1886.