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REMINISCENCES

—OF—

Annandale, New York.

A LECTURE

Delivered before the officers and students of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, Dutchess Co., N. Y., at their request,

—BY—

JOHN N. LEWIS.

REPRINT FROM

The American Historical Register.

REMINISCENCES OF ANNANDALE, N. Y.

BY JOHN N. LEWIS.

In narrating to you some of the events that have transpired about Annandale and its vicinity, and in giving you some of the facts, as they have been told to me by my father, concerning the people who have lived and labored here, I trust you will pardon me if I speak occasionally of my own ancestors, for the reason that they have been identified with this neighborhood for nearly a century and a half. My grandfather located where I now live, in 1750. My father succeeded him in 1804, and a part of the house in which I now live, was erected in 1751. Before going into a history of the early settlers of the neighborhood, I will speak briefly of the American Indians who dwelt along this part of the Hudson river valley, as well as of those who were in the habit of traversing this side of its shore, and especially of the tribe which held possession of that part of our neighborhood lying north of the road leading to Cruger's island, and extending north of what is now the village of Tivoli.

About 1700, or after the formation of the "Six Nations," as they were called, embracing the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Mohawks, the Cayugas, the Senecas and the Tuscaroras, a dispute arose among them as to which should hold the supremacy. It was arranged that a battle should be fought between fifty chosen warriors of each tribe, and that the victorious tribe should have the supremacy. The place selected for the conflict, I am told by very good authority, was Magdalen, now Cruger's island. The arrangement was that only one man from each tribe should enter the conflict at a time. So you can imagine it was a long and desperate one. At its close there were only a few of the Mohawks and Tuscaroras left, with the advantage in favor of the latter. The Mohawks fled in their canoes to the island about a mile north, then called Slipsteen, now Goat island. There they lighted their camp fires, and spread their blankets over sticks of wood, stones, etc., expecting the victors to fall upon

them during the night. As they imagined, the victorious Tuscaroras came and proceeded to attack, as they supposed, their sleeping enemies. But they sprang from their hiding places behind the rocks, and in their turn vanquished the Tuscaroras. The Mohawks thus went home victorious, and held the supremacy of the Six Nations.

The old Indian trail from the Delaware river to the Hudson at the mouth of the Rondout creek, is now the route of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. Thence they probably crossed the river to the mouth of the Sawkill, thence across our section of the country over to the Connecticut valley, thence down to the lower part of Connecticut.

About the year 1700, when the present city of Kingston was a small village, called Esopus, a tribe of Indians, who were located about Esopus (now Rondout) creek, became very troublesome to the inhabitants of the village, driving off their cattle, destroying their crops and committing various other depredations. The citizens appealed to the colonial governor of New York, General Dongan, for aid. He finally sent a company of soldiers to suppress the Indians. Learning this fact they fled in their canoes. A portion of them came up the river, passing around Magdalen, now Cruger's island, into the cove near the mouth of the White Clay and Wilderkill creeks, and finally located on the tract of land north of the road, up to and embracing that now owned by Mrs. Kidd, and the village of Tivoli. The tribes which occupied the lands on this side of the river were the Wappinger's from the south, and the Mohicans from the north. The valley of the Hudson was always a favorite rendezvous for various tribes of Indians. The last accounts we have of any tribes located in this vicinity were of those in the northwest portion of the town facing the North Cove, on what are now the lands of Robert S. Livingston, Mrs. Kidd and Johnston Livingston. There they remained long after it was settled by the white people. In some of the old deeds of the early white settlers the lands are described as bounded on the north and west by the Red Man's Corners, and from this (as is the presumption) originated the name of Red Hook. The land they occupied being hook shaped, and in possession of the red men, the Dutch settlers called it Roed Hook, thence Red Hook. The Indians

gradually became less numerous until, as has always been the case, they disappeared before the march of civilization. The last two of whom we have any account, died on our farm, in my father's lifetime, and were buried on the lot just east of, and adjoining the cemetery connected with this church. How true it is, as Sprague has said :

> The doomed Indian has left behind no trace
> To save his own, or serve another race,
> With his frail breath his power has passed away,
> His deeds, his thoughts lie buried with his clay.
> His heraldry was but a broken bow,
> His life a tale of wrongs and woe,
> His very name a blank.

About 1680 Colonel Peter Schuyler purchased from the Indians a tract of land lying over against Magdalen island, and in 1688 obtained therefor, from Governor Thomas Dongan, a patent, in which the boundaries are thus defined. "Situated, lying, and being on the east side of Hudson's river, in Dutchess county over against Magdalen island, beginning at a certain creek called Metambesen (now the Sawkill), running thence easterly to about two miles southeast of Upper Red Hook, thence northerly so far, till, upon a due east and west line, it reaches over against Sawyer's creek, from thence due west to the Hudson river, and from thence southerly along said river to the said creek, called Metambesen." This deed was not recorded until 1784, but a confirmatory patent was obtained November 7, 1704, and recorded in the office of the secretary of State, in Albany, the same year. It is a fact, well worth recording, that the descendants of Peter Schuyler, four or five generations later, now occupy the island, then called Magdalen.

About the year 1720 Barent Van Benthuysen purchased from Colonel Peter Schuyler the front part of this tract, beginning at the mouth of the Sawkill and running to the Post road, and north to the original line and then west to the river, including Magdalen island and the Vly between the island and the mainland. Schuyler reserved the three water falls for mill sites, being the one at the river, the one where the mill now stands and the one where the ruins now are, at the upper pond, with eight acres of land in connection with each, and the privilege of cutting and hauling timber over any of the adjoining lands, for

the erection of a mill or mills thereon. This would show that there were no highways in this vicinity at that time except the Post road. For many of the facts given above I am indebted to Mr. Smith's history of the town of Rhinebeck. The first house on this tract was built by said Barent Van Benthuysen, about halfway down the clay hill, on the road leading to Cruger's island. The place where the house stood can easily be determined, at the present time, by a hollow in the ground, near the gate at the entrance to the Bartlett meadows. A brother of his, Garrett, built a house at Upper Red Hook. Both of these houses were occupied by their descendants for years. The family burying ground was in the meadows on the Bartlett estate, where there are now a few locust trees standing. The last one who occupied the house on the road leading to the island, was a maiden lady, named Gertrude, who died in the old house, and was buried in the family burying ground in said meadow. I have heard my father speak of her as a most excellent person, of strong religious principles, and charitable to the extreme. She had one striking peculiarity, a great fondness for cats, of which she would always keep just twenty-one, and if the number should increase, Pomp, the negro slave, was informed that the kittens must be drowned. The last one of the family living at Upper Red Hook, died within my remembrance, almost a pauper during his last years, more from imbecility and shiftlessness than from any other cause. Their lands had all been sold as money was needed. We find in the old records a number of mortgage sales of the old Benthuysen estate, showing how easy it is to get rid of our ancestral acres.

We will now commence with Tivoli, where, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, there was living Philip Livingston. He, with a Mr. Hoffman, and my grandfather, and a few others established the first place of religious worship in this town. This was known as "The Old Dutch Reformed Red Church," and was for some years the only place of religious worship in this section. The first services of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the town were held in the house of Palmer Cook. He was a woolen manufacturer who came from Connecticut and built a factory just north of the village of Tivoli. He had been educated in the Episcopal faith, and, with the co-operation of Mr. Edward P. Livingston, started the church

services in his own house. This was soon followed by the formation of a parish, and the erection of the old St. Paul's Church. The corner stone was laid in 1815, and the church was opened for religious services in 1816. It was for a long time the only Episcopal church in this town. The new church was built in 1870. The Rev. Dr. Platt, who has recently resigned, was, for thirty-five years, its faithful rector. Mr. Livingston had two sons the first he named Robert Gilbert, and the second Gilbert Robert. The place has been in the Livingston family ever since. The present occupant, Mr. Louis Livingston, is a man of great culture.

The place just below his, formerly occupied by one of the sons of Philip, was afterwards owned by Mr. Tillotson, then by Mr. Auchmuty, Mr. Toler, Mr. Leroy and the Rev. Henry de Koven. At present, it is again in possession of the Livingston family, being owned by Mr. Johnston Livingston, and occupied by his son-in-law, Mr. Redmond. Next comes the place of Miss Ham, one of the descendants of the Hoffman family, who purchased the tract of land next north of the Van Benthuysen's. Then comes the present home of our friend and neighbor, Mrs. Kidd. The house was erected about 1790, by a Mr. Parndon, of whom I know very little. He purchased the land from the Hoffman patent, and sold the place to John C. Montgomery, the father of the Rev. Dr. Montgomery, of New York. By him it was sold to William Barker, son of the famous Jacob Barker, the Quaker, who was noted for great shrewdness as a banker and shipper, and who always answered a question with a question, when it was possible to do so. Robert S. Livingston once told me the following story in confirmation of this fact. When Livingston was a law student in New York in the office of Ogden Hoffman, Washington Irving was a fellow student. One afternoon, as they were leaving the office, they saw Mr. Barker coming up Broadway. Livingston said to Mr. Irving, "I will bet you the tickets for the Broadway Theatre to-night, that you can ask that man any question you like, and you will fail to get a direct answer." "Done," said Mr. Irving. "Mr. Barker, what is the Consolidated Gas stock worth to-day?" "Does thee want to buy?" was the answer. On one occasion one of his ships was greatly overdue. He went into an insurance office, stated the fact, and also that he was quite anxious concerning her, and

said that he would like an additional insurance of eight thousand dollars on vessel and cargo. "All right," said the President, "but owing to the fact of her being overdue, we shall be obliged to charge a higher rate than usual." "All right," said Mr. Barker, "make out the policy." That night he heard from the ship, and the next morning, going into the office, he said, "If thee has not made out that policy yet, thee need not do it. I have heard from the ship." The President turned to one of the assistants and asked whether Mr. Barker's policy was made out. "Yes," said the clerk, "here it is." "Ah, well, all right, how much is the premium?" On being told, he counted out the money and put the policy in his pocket. "What have you heard from the ship, Mr. Barker?" was asked. "She is lost," was the reply.

Another illustration of his shrewdness is told of him. During a great stringency in the money market, when specie was very scarce, he walked into his bank one day and requested four hundred dollars in specie. When the teller told the cashier, he said, "Give him those bags of small change." The teller set out a bag of five-cent pieces, one of ten-cent, one of quarters, and another of fifty-cent pieces. Mr. Barker looked at them very deliberately, and opening one, took out a handful, and then did the same with another and another, until he had taken a handful out of each. Then he hesitated, and said, "By the way, I think I can get along with what I have. Thee can count the change and charge me with what I have taken." Mr. Barker sold his place to Mr. Kidd, of Albany, and Mrs. Kidd and her family now occupy the lovely home.

"Almont," the estate of our neighbor, Mr. Livingston, was purchased from the Van Benthuysens, at the close of the Revolutionary War, by General John Armstrong of Revolutionary fame, a brave soldier and a cultivated gentleman. He built the house, the ruins of which are still to be seen, and sold the property about 1800, to Colonel de Veaux, a most extraordinary man in many respects. He was of French origin, yet had served in the British army, where he obtained the rank of colonel, but threw up his commission and came to this country. He also held estates in the West Indies, from which he derived large revenues. which he dispensed with a liberal hand. He added the north and south wings to the Armstrong house, the south

one of which was finished in a gorgeous manner, the cornices being composed of silver stars and half moons, with a representation of the Goddess of Morning on the east side. I have often heard my father speak of his peculiarities. One of these was his manner of settling his bills. He paid once in six months, when his income came from the West Indies. He would then take his bag of specie in his carriage, going from house to house where he had accounts unpaid, and, calling for the amounts, would pay in coin and drive on. There was a merchant at Upper Red Hook, with whom he dealt quite largely, and who would at times make advances for him. On one occasion, about the time his funds arrived, he was taken quite ill. Upon his recovery Mr. Sharp called upon him. He received him most cordially, although still in bed. He said, "Mr. Sharp, I suppose you have bills against me. There is my bag"—pointing to the side of his bed—"help yourself." This novel mode of settling bills would scarcely answer at the present time, when the law is, "every man for himself." Colonel de Veaux always lived in fine style, usually driving four in hand, and often tandem. He was a great lover of animals, and had kangaroos and monkeys for his amusement. He was a kind neighbor and most devoted friend to those whom he liked, but implacable in his dislikes. His wife was a lady of great culture and benevolence. The family consisted of two daughters, who inherited the gifts of both father and mother. Colonel de Veaux, died from lockjaw, occasioned by a fall from his piazza, when he struck his head on the stone base of his house. This happened on July 4, 1812, and he died on the 11th of the same month. My father was with him, most of the time during the last week of his life, which was one of intense suffering, which he bore with perfect resignation. His remains were interred at Upper Red Hook. The inscription on his tombstone is this:

> Hospitality and benevolence characterized his life.
> Faith and resignation crowned his death.

His widow survived him four years. She died in 1816, and was buried beside her husband. After the death of Mrs. de Veaux, the place was purchased by Robert Swift Livingston, of New York, who lived there until his death, which occurred in New York City, about thirty years ago. After his death the place was bought by his grandson, Robert S. Livingston.

We now come to Magdalen island, which, as previously stated, also came from the Schuyler grant, and was sold to the Van Benthuysens. The earliest account that I have found concerning it, I obtained from the Rev. Dr. Andrews, of Guilford, Conn., whom I met a couple of years ago. He had made Indian history a study, and in the course of conversation, knowing that I was from the Hudson river, he asked me if I could tell him where Magdalen island was located. He said that prior to the Revolution there was a trading post located on it, and that many supplies were furnished to the Indians from it, in exchange for peltries of various kinds. When Hendrick Hudson sailed up the river in the *Half Moon*, he anchored off the north end of the island, and passed a night there. The earliest authentic knowledge my father had was that it was purchased from the Van Benthuysens by Dr. John Masten, at that time a young physician of Kingston. He was a young man of great promise, but had the misfortune to marry a rich wife. Being a lover of ease, he gave up a lucrative practice in Kingston, purchased the island, built a house (whose cellar walls can still be seen) at the south end, near where the Pavilion now stands, and gave himself up to a life of ease and luxury. In my boyhood I used to go there frequently with my mother, and was always in great fear of the old Doctor, who was a very tall man, and always spoke in a very loud tone of voice, quite appalling to a child. They had three sons, who were educated at Union College. Two of them studied law, and located in Buffalo, and shortly after induced their parents to sell the island and go to Buffalo, which they did in 1835. I remember quite distinctly going with my father and his men to move their goods into a scow which was lying just north of the pavilion. When their goods were all on, the family went on board, and one of the most impressive recollections of my childhood is the picture of the old Doctor standing in the stern of the boat as it was pushed off, with hat in hand, his white hair ruffled with the wind, saying, "Farewell, Magdalen, Farewell." He was never permitted to see it again. The boat was rowed to Tivoli, where it was taken in tow by a steamboat and towed to Albany, and thence by the Erie canal to Buffalo, quite a contrast to our present luxurious mode of traveling. Two of the sons became very prominent men. One was mayor of Buffalo, the other a judge. As for the third, I cannot speak so favorably.

Mr. John C. Cruger then purchased the island, but did not spend much of his time there for the first few years, though his father, Mr. Peter Cruger, was there most of the time. Mr. Cruger was exceedingly fond of the island. He loved its quietness, and, with his love of nature and fondness for books, he found it an ideal home. He built the house now occupied by his daughters. He died in New York City, November 16, 1879, a few days after his return, with his family, from Europe, beloved and lamented by every one. I felt that, in his death, I lost one of the truest friends I ever had. His wife, a lady of rare gifts both of mind and body, was the daughter of Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany. She died April 27, 1888, and was buried beside her husband, under Trinity Church, New York City.

The present Bartlett place was also purchased from the Van Benthuysen estate by William Allen, who built the original house. He also owned a tract of land north of the residence of the Rev. Dr. Platt and extending along the west side of the road leading to Madalin, as far as the road leading to Mrs. Kidd's. That tract of land is now owned by our young friend, James H. Kidd. Mr. Allen, as my father expressed it, was a charming man, and to know him was to know a gentleman. One of his relatives, who has graced our neighborhood for the past thirty years, has recently gone from us, but her memory will always be cherished by us all. Mr. Allen sold the place to Mr. Tillotson, whose mother was a sister of Chancellor Livingston. He occupied the place till about 1862, when he moved to Rhinebeck, where he died a few years later. Four children, two sons and two daughters, still survive him, all living in New York City. Mr. Bartlett then bought the place, but was permitted to enjoy it only a few years. He lived long enough, however, to endear himself to the whole neighborhood, and died in 1866, mourned by everyone. His widow spent the remainder of her life on the place in great seclusion, until a year ago last July, when she, too, left us, and the place is now unoccupied.

Early in the present century Mr. Thomas Harris built a house, where Dr. Olssen now resides. He left two sons, Peter and John, both of whom settled in this neighborhood and were well known to many of us. Mr. Peter Harris was the father of our neighbors, Messrs. Aaron and Thomas Harris, and Mr. John

Harris was the grandfather of the present janitor of this college.

As I wish to leave Annandale till the close of these remarks, we will now go to Barrytown. This place was established some time before the Revolution as a landing for sloops, for freight and passengers. I have often heard my father speak of taking the sloop from there and being six days in reaching New York. It was then called Red Hook Landing. The name Barrytown was given to it in honor of Postmaster-General Barry, who granted the petition of the inhabitants for a postoffice about 1807. The place just below Barrytown, now owned and occupied by the Chanler family, was bought by General John Armstrong, who built the first house, which still stands, though with many additions. After his return from France, where he had served as minister by appointment of James Madison, he sold it to his son-in-law, William B. Astor, and moved to the village of Red Hook, where he built the house now occupied by his grandsons, Henry and James Armstrong.

The Donaldson place, just across the track from the depot at Barrytown, was built by Captain Brown, a son-in-law of John R. Livingston, who at that time, 1816, owned the place now known as Massena. All the property about Barrytown, and up to Montgomery place, was originally included in the Schuyler patent. During the Revolution, when the British troops came up the river after the burning of Kingston, they burned the storehouse in connection with the landing, which had a large quantity of wheat stored in it, and stood where the large ice-house now is.

The house on the Aspinwall place was owned by a man named Philip Livingston, and was also burned by the British at the same time. After the war the place was sold to John R. Livingston, a brother of the Chancellor and of Edward. He lived there until his death, about 1850. His heirs sold the property to Mr. Henry Dwight, who improved it very much, but, owing to great financial losses, he felt obliged to sell, when it was purchased by Mr. John L. Aspinwall, who lived there until his death in 1873. His life, as well as the history of the place, is too familiar to us all to need comment. His worth, as well as that of his estimable wife, who so recently left us, is well known to all. In this little retrospect of our neighborhood we are sadly impressed by the ravages which the past twenty-five or thirty

years have made in our midst, especially among those most prominent at that time.

At Barrytown Corner, in 1790, there were only a blacksmith shop and three houses. From there up to this place the land was principally in woods, with the exception of a clearing, where the old stone house stands, now occupied by Patrick Quinn. It was then in the possession of the Moore family. The head of the family was in the Revolutionary War, and during that time his wife and the slaves carried on the farming. At the time of the burning of the storehouse at Barrytown the British also made a raid on this place and carried off whatever they could find. This farm remained in possession of the family until it was purchased by Mr. Aspinwall, and remained a part of Massena until bought by Mr. Quinn. The descendants of the Moore family now live at Upper Red Hook.

We now come to Montgomery Place, which is identified in a measure with our national history, having been the home of the widow of General Richard Montgomery, as well as of Edward Livingston. The first Livingston who came to this country located near Albany and obtained in 1686 an immense grant of land from Governor Dongan and by treaty with the Indians, in Rensselaer and Columbia counties. This grant was in 1715 confirmed by a royal charter of George I. He hoped to establish a great manorial estate by leaving it to his eldest son; but his second son, Robert, discovered a plot on the part of the savages to massacre the whites. He communicated this to his father, who at first regarded it as a hoax, but, at the urgent request of the son, prepared to resist it. The attack was made at night, as the boy had predicted, but, owing to their knowledge of it, they were able to frustrate it and severely punish the savages. As a reward for this act he gave the son an immense tract of land in the southern part of Columbia county. After he reached his majority he took possession of his manor and built a house at the mouth of Roelof Jansen's kill, now Livingston creek. After a few years he built a house on the lower part of his manor, which house was burned by the British, and, after the war, rebuilt, and is now occupied by Mr. Clermont Livingston. His son, Robert R., married Margaret Beekman, daughter of Henry Beekman, of Rhinebeck, who owned the Beekman patent,

comprising all the land south of the estate of Mr. Delano, to the southerly part of the town of Rhinebeck. She, too, was an only child, and the two immense estates were united in one. They had a large family of children, among whom were Robert, the chancellor; John R., who owned Massena; Mrs. Garretson, whose husband was a Methodist minister; Mrs. Peter R. Livingston, Mrs. Morgan Lewis, Mrs. Montgomery and Edward, the youngest. I trust you will pardon this digression from our subject, if it be a digression, for we, as a neighborhood, are proud to claim a personal, as well as historic, interest in these men and women. Richard Montgomery, as you all know, was a native of Ireland, and held a commission in the British army. In 1757, when only a youth of eighteen, he was ordered to America for active service, where he won great distinction. In 1763 he revisited England, sold his commission in the British army and returned to America. Shortly afterwards he married Miss Janet Livingston and settled on his wife's estate, "Grasmere," near Rhinebeck. When hostilities commenced between England and the colonies he warmly espoused our cause. His gallantry and fall at Quebec are historical facts with which we are all familiar. When he was ordered to join Arnold at Ticonderoga and proceed to Canada, his wife accompanied him as far as Lake Champlain. His last words, in bidding her good-bye, were: "You shall never blush for your Montgomery." She was never permitted to see him again, for he fell within a few weeks, while leading the advance on Quebec. His remains were buried within the walls of the city. His widow then sold her estate, "Grasmere," at Rhinebeck, and bought the estate, which we now call "Montgomery Place," of Abram Van Benthuysen. She immediately built the house now occupied by the Misses Hunt, where she spent the rest of her days in quiet and comparative seclusion. About forty years after the death of General Montgomery his remains were conveyed to St. Paul's Church, New York City. A suitable monument is about to be erected on the spot where he fell, which, up to the present time, has been marked only by a sign with the words: "Here Montgomery fell." I have heard that when the boat which bore his remains down the river reached the point in front of Montgomery Place they fired the national salute and anchored there for an hour. It is said that

Mrs. Montgomery requested to be left alone on the piazza, and that after the boat had gone she was found in a swoon. She made many improvements and beautified the place greatly. The locust trees, which line the road from the entrance gate south, were planted by her direction from seeds brought from Livingston manor. She died there in 1828, leaving the place by will to her youngest brother, Edward Livingston, who at that time was in the United States Senate. He was so closely identified with the political history of his time that I cannot refrain from a short sketch of his life, which may not be familiar to all of you. He was born in 1764 at Livingston manor, where his boyhood was passed. He was in school at Kingston at the time that place was burned by the British. When the school, under the supervision of Domine Doll, as he was called, was moved to the village of Hurley, some six miles away, he used to be rowed across the river every Monday morning to West Camp. From thence he would walk to Kingston, returning the same way, every Friday afternoon, to spend Sunday at home. He was graduated from Princeton College and studied law in Albany. When admitted to the bar he started the practice of his profession in New York City. He was elected to Congress in 1794, and served two terms with great credit. In 1801 he was elected mayor of New York. During his mayoralty the city was visited by yellow fever, when his faithfulness to duty, in looking after the city, nearly cost him his life. His private affairs now became so involved through the dishonesty of others that he resigned his offices and went to New Orleans. While in New York he had married Miss McEvers, by whom he had three children, a son and two daughters. Lewis, the son, was sent to France, after completing his education, in care of his uncle, General Armstrong, with the hope of regaining his health, which had become very much impaired. But he gradually grew worse, and, at the request of his father, was sent to his home, which he was not permitted to reach. He died on the ship, and was buried at sea. The daughters also died early of consumption, and also his wife. In New Orleans he again started the practice of law and met with great success. He was soon able to pay his entire indebtedness, in New York City, with compound interest. While in New Orleans he met Madame Moreau, a young widow, and

married her in 1805. She was a refugee from St. Domingo, who had fled thence during an insurrection of the slaves. During his practice in New Orleans he acquired a large tract of land about the city, which eventually became very valuable to him, and still more so to his family, later. It was in defending his title to these lands that the memorable correspondence took place between him and Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States. In 1823 he was elected to Congress from Louisiana, and, after the expiration of his term, was elected United States Senator. At the battle of New Orleans he served as aid-de-camp to General Jackson. In 1831 he succeeded Mr. Van Buren as Secretary of State, and in 1833 was appointed, by President Jackson, Minister to France. His great fame rests on his code of criminal law, called "The Livingston Code," which he completed in 1824; but, when ready for the printer, both copies were burned at night in his library. He immediately set to work to rewrite it, though sixty years of age, and in two years it was again complete. This great scheme of philanthropy made him illustrious all over the world. It was no sooner published in America than it was reprinted in England, in France and in Germany. The government of Guatemala translated one of his codes—that of "Reform and Prison Discipline," and adopted it word for word. Many of the most prominent statesmen of the world wrote to him in words of appreciative commendation.

After the death of Mrs. Montgomery he spent as much time as his numerous public duties would permit on Montgomery Place, where he died in 1836. His widow survived him until October, 1860, when she died, leaving the place to her only child, Mrs. Thomas Barton, a most estimable lady, of whom I have most grateful personal recollections. She was my first Sunday-school teacher, and for six years I had the benefit of her instruction. I shall always cherish the memory of her instruction, as well as of her true personal friendship, which lasted until her death in 1873. At her death she left the place to the present occupants, the Misses Hunt, and their brother Carleton, of New Orleans. The Sunday school of which I have spoken was at that time held in the old school-house on the hill; though Miss Donaldson, a sister of Robert Donaldson, had previously taught a small school, in an upper room, in the cottage now occupied by Mr. Livingston.

Last page.

We now come to Cedar Hill, as it was called in my boyhood. Just south of the bridge and near the first dam, in my earliest recollection, there was a woolen factory, and I have a very distinct remembrance of the man who ran it. His name was Owens, and his appearance was quite remarkable, his height and circumference being about equal. The factory was twice burned, and the last time it was not rebuilt. On this side the bridge, as I first remember it, there were only three houses and they have all been taken down. Those now standing have all been built within my recollection. Where Livingston's mill now stands was a small flour and saw mill, operated by an Irishman named Huddleston. These mills were both built by General Armstrong, and by him sold to Mr. Cruger. They were subsequently bought by Mr. Fritz, and soon after they burned. A fine new one was erected, which also was burned, as also the mill-house, standing a little north of the mill. After this, the present mill was built by Mr. Fritz, who soon after failed, when it was bought by Mr. Livingston. Since that time it has not been used to any extent. The old school-house on the hill was for many years used for the district school, the basement being used for Sunday school and for religious services conducted, alternately, every Sunday afternoon by Baptist, Lutheran and Dutch Reformed clergymen. A part of the house in which Dr. Malcom now lives formerly stood on the west side of the road, directly opposite the present entrance to his place, and the barn was just south of the gate-house. They were used by Mr. Cruger, who then owned the place, as the farm-house and barn. This place was sold by Mr. Cruger to Robert Adams, a nephew of Mr. Donaldson, and a bachelor. He lived there several years, and sold to Mr. Charles E. Sands, who was closely identified with the neighborhood and its progress, until about ten years ago, when he removed with his family to Hastings-on-the-Hudson, where he died in 1883.

Annandale, the cradle of St. Stephen's College, about which this neighborhood now centres, was the name of the estate, now owned by Mr. Livingston. It was bought by General Armstrong from the Van Benthuysens, after he sold Almont to Colonel de Veaux. General Armstrong lived there till about 1800, when he sold it to John C. Stephens, of New York. Mr.

Stephens was a great sportsman and yachtsman. Two of his yachts, the *Trouble* and *Black Maria*, were built in the cove. He also had racing stables, and a race course, the upper curve of which was where the chapel now stands. How suggestive the thought! Surely the world is progressing, when we think of the change the present century has wrought in our neighborhood. This beautiful structure for the worship of Almighty God, and with a view to training young men for His sacred ministry, stands on the very spot once used by sportsmen for developing the speed of their horses. Mr. Stephens sold the place to Mr. Cruger, who lived there some years before he bought the island, after which it was purchased by Robert Donaldson, of North Carolina. He lived there until about 1850. Mr. Donaldson did much to improve and beautify the place. In my boyhood, where now the entrance is, there was a public highway leading down to the cove, where there was a grist mill, the rear part of which was so near the water, that, at high tide, the flour could be loaded directly into scows, and taken to the landing, either at Barrytown or Tivoli, and sent by sloops to New York. I have very tender recollections of this old mill, and especially of the miller's wife, who used to tempt my boyish appetite with sweets and dainties. When Mr. Donaldson bought the place, the old mill was taken away, and moved to Cedar Hill, where it was burned, as I have previously stated. The road was then closed as a public highway. You are all so familiar with the history of the place, after Mr. Bard bought it, that I need not recount it here. Suffice it to say that to him and his noble wife we owe, under God, whatever Annandale is, or in the future may become. And as this place gave Annandale its name, and its owners were the founders of whatever there is to be proud of, we may well feel a sort of reverence for the old place, and venerate it and its beautiful surroundings, as well as the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Bard.

I have tried to give you, though very imperfectly, some few facts relative to the past history of this neighborhood, but its future is still an unwritten book, and doubtless the writer of future reminiscences will find many more, well known to history and to fame, who can trace their scholastic renown to the instruction received at St. Stephen's College.