

Reminiscences of Some
of the
Highways and Byways
of
RED HOOK



By
Edmund Bassett

Edmund Bassett was born in Red Hook about 1865. He studied telegraphy and held various positions with the New York Central Railroad, among them Stationmaster at Tivoli. Later in life he went to New York City where he was very successful.

Like most people who move to a big city life in a small town is remembered with great fondness. Mr. Bassett was no exception and these reminiscences were an expression of his feeling.

Mr. Bassett started his "Reminiscences of Red Hook" in November, 1926. These were published weekly over a period of three months in the RED HOOK ADVERTISER.

The second series, "Reminiscences of Some of the Highways and Byways of Red Hook" were written in 1928 and published in the RED HOOK ADVERTISER over a period of several months from April 10, 1930 to October 9, 1930.

By using the enclosed 1867 maps of Red Hook Barrytown, and Annandale, it is possible to follow Mr. Bassett's travels and identify families, buildings, and roads mentioned in the articles.

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PART 1

The last time, in my day-dreams, I made a pilgrimage through the streets of our dear old village; and once again, visited the walks and haunts of my childhood. In fancy I was back amid the scenes, and among the friends of my boyhood days and my heart sang out:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days O'lang syne?"

But alas! those dear dead days have passed beyond recall, and many of the dear old friends have answered the call that will come to us all, and have passed on to give an account of their stewardship. May they rest in peace.

Again I sit and daydream, and my new pilgrimage will take me through the highways and byways that lead to and from the dear old home Village.

First I will turn to the West, and leave the Village by West Market St. As I stand on the top of the Grouse hill, I look to the West and see the Catskill Mountains in all their beauty towering skyward with Old Round Top leading them all. These old friends are about twelve miles away.

Much nearer, in fact, less than a mile away, is the range of hills, which we called the Big Hill with the stretch of woodland north of the highway, which added to the beauty of the view. But our pilgrimage will keep us nearer to Old Mother Earth, and so we proceed along the dusty road as of old, and we come to the Village line a little west of the old Grouse home. I see off to my right, to the northwest, across a large field, the Old Chamberlin farm house, and a large cluster of farm buildings. In the early seventies, this house was the home of Walter Miller, head farmer for William Chamberlin, Sr. The house and the barn stood on a private

road that ran through the west center of the large estate, from east to west, starting at the Old Chamberlin Lane, now replaced by Linden Avenue, and ran about due west almost parallel with the highway leading to Barrytown.

It passed the coachhouse, the Miller house and farm buildings, to another cluster of buildings, used mostly for sheep, and a house which was the house of John Heyne, Asst. Shepherd to his brother, Carl Heyne, who was Head Shepard for Wm. Chamberlin, who had large herds of a fancy breed of sheep. The road still extended west, and connected with another private road that started at the public highway part way up the big hill and ran north through the fields to the Anthony Straut farm; and from there, to the Nick Hapeman farm; and then through the George Straut farm, to the highway a short distance north of Cedar Hill (now called Annandale).

This highway is a direct route from Upper Red Hook to Barrytown.

Later, the Anthony Straut farm was bought by William Chamberlin, Jr. and the private road was changed. The entrance at the Big Hill was closed.

After the death of William Chamberlin, Jr., this large estate was divided into three parts and sold to three different parties. The east end, including the mansion, was sold to the late Theodore Timpson; the middle part, to the late John N. Thompson; and the west end, including the Anthony Straut place, to the late John N. Lewis, one of Red Hook's grand old men. This ended the private road, which in the old days was often used by the mail carrier when the highway would be blocked by snow. Walter Miller, who lived in the Chamberlin farm house, was the father of Peter Miller, who built the brick building on West Market St. opposite the old Wager place, which has been greatly improved, and is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnett. Peter Miller had a tin and stove store in the building in the early seventies.

Later he moved to Ancram. Another son, George, lived at Livingston, Col. Co. (old name Johnston) and a third son, Reuben, who married one of Judge Paulmier's daughters, worked on the Chamberlin place for many years.

There was also a step-son, Edward Seliswartz, who married a Miss Simmons, and lived in the village. Edward was a good man; but at times, the wanderlust would get the best of him and he would disappear, sometimes for a few months, and once for a year or two. Walter Miller was an uncle of the late ex-supervisor Henry E. Miller, a former member of the old firm of Hoffman and Co., tobacco manufacturers.

When John N. Thompson bought the middle part of the estate, it included this old farmhouse, and he made a driveway from the public highway to the old house which he had remodeled.

The next house, also on the right, was the home of Reuben Miller for a time. This house stood on a knoll west of a small creek. The stream was so arranged that the hot weary horses could be refreshed by a cool drink of spring water, but only single horses could use it, for it was not wide enough for two horses at one time. Later this house was sold and move to the south side of the road on the farm now owned by Howard Sheldon. This farm was called the Waldorf place in the old days. John Gray lived there in the old stone house that stands back in the farm, on the private road that leads to the farm barns. During this time, his horses were burned at the fire on the Fairgrounds at Washington Hollow sometime during the 60's. Later Richard Tompkins, one of Peter Tompkins' sons, bought it as his residence and died there rather early in life.

Carl Heynes, shepard for William Chamberlin, bought the place and retired. After his death, Peter Lasher, of Columbia County, purchased it and lived there for a time. Captain John L. Carnright was the next owner. He planted a great number of

fruit trees on same; but did not live to reap the benefit from the land. The old place saw many changes.

After John N. Lewis bought the west-end of the Chamberlin estate, he had a farmer by the name of Telford living there. His son, Will, was an old school-mate of mine. We now come to the "big hill". They used to tell a story of a young girl who was murdered at or near the bottom of this hill, and how it was haunted. As a boy, I walked this road many times during the hours when ghosts and hobgoblins are supposed to be abroad, and I failed to see one. Live ghosts were the only kind I ever believed in, or was afraid of.

Over the hill one comes to the home of Moses Schaeffer. He was the father of Henry Schaeffer who succeeded Charles Dayton as newsdealer. Henry had a toy and stationery shop on West Market Street and was assistant postmaster for a time.

All who traveled that road on foot must remember the glorious old well that stood near the gate and to which all were so welcome to the water that came from:

"The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket,
That hung in the well."

Speaking of the old oaken bucket, reminds me of a story told to me by the late Judge Gedney. When the Judge was a young man, his Pa, as he call him, was very sick. Several doctors were called in consultation. Anxious about his father, the Judge listened in and overheard the doctors decide his father could not recover. That night was his turn to stay up with father. One of the orders of the doctor was that his father could not have any water to drink. He knew his father was a great lover of a good drink of water direct from the bucker. So in the night, when his Pa craved for a drink of water, the Judge knowing the

doctor's decision, decided that if his father had to die, he would not deprive him of what he craved for so much. He went out to the well, drew up a fresh bucket full of water, and removing it from the chain, he carried the bucket to the bedside of his father and gave him all he wanted direct from the bucket. The water did him no harm, and as the Judge said, in spite of the doctors, his father recovered and lived for many years after and always retained his love for a good drink of water from the old oaken bucket. This dear old man was the one who I had great regard for in my boyhood days.

Going back to the Schaeffer well, Mr. and Mrs. Schaeffer's kindness in supplying glasses or cups to young and old, as well as permitting the use of the well endeared their memory to many and we are sure; He who said "even a cup of water given in My Name, would be remembered, will repay their kindness." Moses Schaeffer had a young apple orchard that was badly stung by the locust when they visited the town in 1877.

The next farm west was the Robert Lown farm. One of the orchards on that place was badly damaged by the same pest when they visited the town in 1860. They were with us in 1894, again in 1911, and now are due in 1928 (this was written in April 1928). We now arrive at Barrytown Corners and the first house on the right was the home of Nelson Lown, brother of Robert Lown. Nelson, or Nell, as he was familiarly called, had several sons and one daughter, Mary, who died recently at Barrytown. One son, Geroge, was connected with the Merchants Dispatch Transportation Co. in New York for many years. His family lived in Red Hook for some years and he was a regular weekend visitor. Later they moved to Hastings on the Hudson so he could be at home every night. He died at Hastings some years ago. Nell and Will were painters and Bill was a "jack of all trades" I believe.

The next house north was the home of Clint Coon, a former wellknown citizen of the town. Mr. Coon was a cripple from birth; but in spite of the handicap he

suffered, he became prosperous. He married and had one daughter and four sons. His wife was a sister of Mans. Fredenburgh who worked for D. W. Wilber at the coal and lumber yard in Red Hook for many years, and whose daughter married Ed. Webber, former station agent at Red Hook. Two of Mr. Coon's sons went west. Courtland, who was also a cripple, became a prominent businessman at Seattle, Washington. Robert A. was a prominent musician at Poughkeepsie and died there in 1927. Edmund died at the old home some years ago. DeWitt is still in the West, as far as I know.

The next house north was the scene of a sad tragedy some years ago. A family by the name of Darrow lived there and several children were poisoned by eating what was supposed to be mushrooms. The mother and one child escaped as they did not eat any, but the others all died. Next to this house in the old days, was a blacksmith shop. Mr. Darrow was the blacksmith at the time he met with such a sad and untimely end. Later John Daw was proprietor of this shop. He was a brother of the late Mrs. Robert Norton and an uncle of Edward and William Norton, two well-known citizens of this town. This shop has long since disappeared and very few, if any, even remember its having been there.

The next house was the home of Charles Gibson and family and is now owned by his granddaughters, the Misses Rollins. One of Mr. Gibson's sons was in the employ of James Gordon Bennett, Jr., son of the founder of the New York Herald. He traveled the world over with Mr. Bennett and the tales he could tell were thrilling, if not all edifying, of the doings of the idle rich and would be rich. After all his travel, he came back to Barrytown Corners, world weary, and spent his last days in peace and quietness amid the scenes of his childhood.

The next house was the home of the Edison family for many years until they moved to Prince St., Red Hook. Mr. Edison was a painter and some of his sons followed that trade. Three of them went to New York - Ed, Charles,

and Will; George went to Rhinebeck and Al, the oldest, died at Red Hook. The daughter became Mrs. Lewis Pulver of Red Hook.

The next building is the Episcopal church, which was built in the early seventies by Mrs. Jane Aspinwall, widow of the late John Aspinwall, one of the builders of the first railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. In the early days this was commonly called the Aspinwall church.

The house on the southwest corner was the home of Robert Barringer, who was a blacksmith. His shop stood south of his house and is still standing. He had one son, Richard, who married Miss Schultz of Red Hook, and three daughters. Louise and Bell married two brothers, James and William Cramer, whose home was on the Post Road about two miles south of Red Hook village.

George Cramer who ran the meat market in Red Hook for many years was another brother. At one time Mr. Barringer rented his corner house to a Mrs. Morrison of New York who had been boarding at Red Hook for some years. She lived there for some time with her four children. Her oldest daughter, Fanny, died while they were living there. Later they moved to Rhinebeck and Mr. Barringer rented the place to other people. He had moved to the third house, which he also owned, and which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Staley.

Mrs. Staley was Ida Barringer, Mr. Barringer's youngest daughter; and Peter Staley was an old Red Hook boy. His father, Christ. Staley, lived in the house next to the Hobbs' house that stands on the corner of Church and Fraleigh Streets, at one time. Peter was a cigar maker and worked at the tobacco factory years ago and lived on West Market St. in the house next to the Methodist Parsonage. Later he moved to Barrytown Corners and made cigars in the upper part of the building used by Mr. Barringer as a blacksmith shop. Mr. Barringer did not return to the corner house. Years ago the

third house was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eckert and family. Mr. Eckert was a mason by trade, and Mrs. Eckert was a daughter of Nelson Barringer and a niece of Robert Barringer. When I was a small boy, this Eckert family lived at Red Hook on No. Broadway and had two girls, and they may have had a small son at the time.

Mr. Eckert died and the family moved to Brooklyn, where Mrs. Eckert lived to a good old age when she passed away some few years ago. At the time of her death she lived in the Fort Green section of the city with her son John. John was born at Barrytown and became very prosperous in the insurance business. He died in 1929 at St. Catherine's hospital, Brooklyn, after an operation.

The second house was the home of Bub (General) Fredenburg and his brother and sister. Bub, who was quite generally called the "General" was some character. In fact, all three were.

The fourth house was the home of John Daw and his mother and sisters for a time; also the home, for some years, of Richard Wood and family. He had two sons and four daughters. Mrs. J. Lewis Day of Red Hook was his youngest daughter, Helen.

The next house was the home of Israel Snyder. He had a small store near the school house and he also sold fish in season. I remember when I was a small boy he had a sign reading:

"Fresh fish with their eyes wide open".

Later he had a cooper shop and supplied apple barrels to the farmers. He had two sons who became dentists and located at Lowell, Mass. I believe Mr. Snyder was the uncle of Mina Bragg, a popular young lady of the old days. She made her home with him for a time after the death of her mother.

We now come to the Barrytown school where a number of bright boys, who became bright men in various lines, first laid the foundation of their future success. Among the old teachers was

Mr. Fairchild and a Mr. L. L. Stillman, who taught there for many years. Mr. Stillman came there a young man and married one of the daughters of Gus Martin. In the early eighties he moved to Red Hook where he had been engaged as the principal of the Red Hook school, succeeding the much lamented Mr. Brown. Mr. Stillman was greatly esteemed by many of his old pupils of the Barrytown school. Among the assistant teachers of this school was Miss Emma Martin, daughter of Robert G. Martin, Postmaster at Barrytown for many years. She married Virgil Coon, one of Sandy Coon's sons. They moved to Chicago about 1886 and she died there about three or four years ago. She had a lovely personality and was loved by all who knew her. Among the other assistant teachers in the old days were Miss Lenora Lown, daughter of Robert Lown, and Miss Louise Barringer, daughter of Robert Barringer.

The next house is a new one, built by Mrs. Jane Aspinwall for her daughter, Helen, who had married an Episcopal minister, the Rev. Francis E. Shober, who was pastor of the Aspinwall church at Barrytown Corners. Mr. Shober had been a student at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, and was very popular. As a minister he was a hard worker and his health was injured. He went south for a time, and his health improved, so he returned home. Dark clouds arose, and this once happy couple drifted apart regardless of their family of little children. Mr. Shober was deposed and later Mrs. Shober received a divorce, and after due process of the law resumed the name of Aspinwall, with all her children. Mr. Shober went to New York where he entered newspaper work and later was elected to congress for one term. He married again and then faded from the public view. Mrs. Shober also married again, to a Mr. Redfield and was living in New York City until her death last year.

Next to the Shober house was Sylvania Chapel, built by Robert G. Donaldson, and in charge of the minister at the Stone Church. Opposite to Sylvania Chapel was the entrance to beautiful Massenia, the

home of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Aspinwall and family. This was one of the fine places along the Hudson river in the old days. It was owned at one time by a Mr. deWhite and was also in its day one of the many Livingston places, although it was not part of the original Livingston Manor grant which covered the east bank of the Hudson River, from a point opposite the mouth of the Saugerties Creek to another given point opposite the mouth of the Catskill Creek, and extended east to the Mass. State line, and consisted of about one hundred and eighty thousand acres.

The last Livingston to own Massenia was John R. Livingston, the father of Charles Livingston who lived on the west side of the view, near Barrytown in the early nineties. They were relatives of Mrs. Thomas Barton, the former owner of Montgomery place which is connected with Massenia on the north. The beautiful old mansion on Massenia with the large colonial pillars and its two wings was burned down in the eighties. I well remember the day when word came from Barrytown that the Aspinwall house was burning. A fire occurred in the daytime and was caused by a defective flue. A fire started in one of the furnaces of shavings and wood only, brought about the disaster. Many beautiful old and valuable articles were destroyed.

The new house built by Mrs. Aspinwall was smaller and of entirely different style from the old one. Mrs. Aspinwall's son, John, also built a house on the place up near the cove. He is now living at Newburgh, N.Y. and is very prosperous. He is, or was, connected with the Crowell Mfg. Co., makers of noted lawn mowers.

Massenia was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Kipp, and that ended the Aspinwall reign, and is one more proof of the truth of the old adage "that Vanity is Vanity and all is Vanity".

During the Aspinwall ownership, the place was kept up well and after Mr. Aspinwall's death,

Mrs. Aspinwall's brother, Samuel Breck, came from the west to manage the place for her. He lived in the beautiful Gate House at the west entrance. His son, Lloyd Breck, came east also and lived in the old White Stonehouse on the Cedar Hill road at first, and later he lived at Barrytown Corners in the house north of the Coon house.

This was in the seventies. Samuel Breck died very suddenly and was buried at Annandale; but later his remains were taken west to his old home at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. His son, Lloyd, returned to the west about the same time. Many noted people visited Massenia in these days. Theodore Roosevelt, former president of the United States, visited there as a boy and played with some of the Barrytown boys while there.

There used to be a large number of people employed on Massenia during the Aspinwall time. A few of the many I can recall are Arthur Kimber, who was head gardner. He had a son, Arthur, who became an Episcopal minister and was connected with one of the large and wealthy Episcopal churches in New York. William Kehoe, who succeeded Mr. Kimber as gardner, had a very sad tradegy happen to his family while living at Barrytown. They went out one evening, leaving their five or more children at home. The house took fire somehow and all the children were burned except the oldest and the baby. The baby grew to manhood and everybody at Barrytown knew Tommy Kehoe, forty years ago.

Michael Slyman, was coachman at Massenia for many years, and when he became too old, he acted as second coachman until his death.

Other coachmen were John Phillips and Patrick Quin. Joseph Quin was injured while second coachman and his injury brought about his death. Other old timers at Massenia were Nelson Stickle, Jacob Shoemaker, Patrick Flynn and Richard Wood. They have all passed on, and by but few are even remembered.

The west entrance to Massenia was near the old road that led to the original railroad station. There was a fine gate house at this entrance. The road that was east of the railroad bridge and went down a steep hill to the railroad crossing south of where the old station used to stand, has been changed to the west side of the bridge. Just at the railroad bridge and the old road, stood an old building used by Old Tom Brown as a kind of store years ago. He was an odd old character and I understand he was an uncle or a brother to Judge Paulmiver's wife.

We will now return to Sylvania Chapel and the south side of the public highway. The next two houses are new. One was built by James Woods and the other by Willet Harris. The next two were owned by the Nelson Barringers who lived in one and used the other as a cooper shop. The next four houses that stood on the Martin property have all disappeared. In the old days, the two smaller ones were occupied by Arthur Quin and John Higgins families; another by the father of Irving and Oscar Stickle and another family; and the red brick house which was falling down when I was a small boy was used as a stable. Some time prior it had been occupied by four families at one time.

The next house was also of red brick and was the home of L. L. Stillman while he taught school at Barrytown. The next house was the home of Captain Tyler, the owner of the upper dock property. His mother lived in a house on the west side of the railroad track. There was a small private foot bridge connecting the two places built by the railroad company. The house on the west side of the track was burned at the time of the big fire of 1871 (or 1872).

There was a small private cemetery on the Tyler property; enclosed by an iron railing. A large monument stood in the cemetery but I fail to remember the inscriptions on it. Another brick house is on the Tyler property now, just east of the railroad track. Built after the fire, this was used as a hotel some years ago.

We now come to what was once the business section of Barrytown. It was a very busy section in the old days. There were two busy docks, with the Catskill night line stopping daily at the lower dock and the Saugerties night line making daily stops at the upper dock. The barge "Sarah Smith" made weekly trips to New York, heavy laden with county produce of all kinds. In the old days there was a paper mill between the two docks which used a great quantity of straw brought in by farmers from far and near.

There were two large ice houses that gave a great deal of employment, both winter and summer. The Mulford house was at the lower dock and Henry Arnold of Staatsburgh was the man in charge.

The Livingston house stood north of the upper dock. There were two hotels, three stores, a post office and many houses on the west side of the railroad track. All have been swept away by the many fires, except for the few on the north end along Maiden Lane. This is the road running north at the railroad bridge.

There are a few houses left there. This street was named Maiden Lane by one of the bright boys who lived there at one time. There were two maiden ladies living there at the time he gave it the name; one on each end, hence the name.

There was once a beehive factory at the north end, but the building has been turned into a dwelling house.

The old railroad station stood in this part of the Village and the street started north on the east side of the railroad track and crossed same just south of the station. There was a very steep hill on the east side of the track and the trains from the south were entirely out of sight as they approached the crossing of any one descending the hill, owing to the large embankment and wall of the bridge over the tracks at this point.

The bridge was for the highway leading to the docks. In the early seventies Nelson Barringer and John Cosgrove, two well-known residents of Barrytown were killed at this crossing. Their wives brought suit against the railroad company and after years of litigation recovered damages. Later the station was moved to the present site, and some years later the crossing was abolished and the road changed and made safe.

The upper dock is now owned by the Standard Oil Co. and covered by several large tanks. It is now the distributing station of oil and gasoline for a large section of the surrounding country.

A new dock built just north of the old one by the Saugerties Steamboat Co. is the only shipping point now. The old "Sarah Smith" has long since ceased to ply her weekly trips to New York and has gone into discard as have all the other river barges. They are now but a memory of the past. The house now owned by Sylvestre Kisselback was the home of Robert Martin, who was postmaster at Barrytown for a number of years. He and his family moved to Chicago, Illinois about 1885. Mr. Kisselback has enlarged and improved the house very much. It would make an ideal summer boarding house for any one whose ambition leads that way, and I think it could be bought right.

Next north is the James Stoughtenburg house now owned by the Saugerties Steamboat Co. James Stoughtenburg was formerly supervisor of the town, but I do not know the years he served. There are two or three other houses left in Maiden Lane.

Fires have practically destroyed the part of Barrytown west of the railroad. The first fire I remember was about 1871 or 1872 and was very destructive. It occurred in the daytime and I can remember the large amount of smoke.

Again in the early eighties there was another destructive fire that swept the lower dock, the lower ice house, hotel, store, and some houses. They

were mostly all rebuilt, only to burn again at a later date. Other fires have followed until little is left of old prosperous Barrytown. Years ago there was a tannery located there but it passed before my time. Some of the men who used to be connected with shipping business in the old days were Abe Staats, Sumner Curtis, Capt. John F. Carnright, Col. McCarthy and old Mr. Peister, father of Albert Peister, former owner of the old Red Hook Journal. Others are Capt. Tyler and Allen B. Hendricks. Hotels were managed by John W. Hoffman, Sandy Coon and his three fine sons, Silas, Virgil and Robert. Others were George Shoemaker, Ed. Vincent, Joseph Sullivan and others later. Stores were conducted by Walter Martin and his son Richard, Thomas Slyman and Capt. Tyler, Mr. Stroble and Robert Coon.

The upper ice house was owned by James and Louis Livingston of Rhinebeck.

There was a cove south of the lower dock and on a projection of land that formed the south shore of the cove, stood the old mansion of Edgewater. This was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donaldson and their five children, two sons, Robert and William G., and three daughters, Eliza, Isabella and Mary.

Mr. Donaldson owned Annandale estate and sold it to John Bard before he bought Edgewater. Mrs. Donaldson was the daughter of the noted Judge William Gaston of North Carolina. Judge Gaston was one of the very prominent men of his day. He was the first student of Georgetown University and set a very high standard for his fellow graduates to follow. Mrs. Donaldson met with a very sad and sudden death. She died from an overdose of ether while having some teeth extracted.

Mr. Donaldson died some years later. Robert, the oldest son, died in China, and William died at Barrytown a few years ago. He never married. One daughter, "little Mary", died a few years after the mother, and Miss Eliza died in 1897. Miss Isabel married a Mr. Brown and is now a widow living at

Summit, N.J. Edgewater was sold some years ago to Mr. John J. Chapman who built a new mansion on the site east of the railroad tracks and changed the name to Sylvania.

The old mansion of Edgewater was the home of Mr. Chapman's mother for some years prior to her death and is now said to be owned by his son, Conrad Chapman.

We now come to the new railroad station. The road leading to it branching off the old road at the Shober house, was built by Mr. Robert Donaldson and used to be called the White road. The first station agent I remember was Jimmie Green. Others before him were Mr. Morgan, and a Mr. Greenwood. Mr. Greenwood married a lady from this town, Miss Lucinda Pulver, a sister of Mrs. Daniel Van deBogart. Mr. Daniel O'Connell followed Mr. Green as station agent, and was there for many years. He was loved by everyone. He was a loving husband, a wise father, a loyal friend, a true neighbor and a sincere Christian. He died very suddenly at the station in October 1916. Mr. John Jay Chapman wrote a beautiful tribute to him and it was published in the old Red Hook Journal under the heading of "Lament for O'Connell". There were fifteen verses, and the first one read as follows:

"There's gloom in the Village, there's grief at the station,
Black sorrow is hung in the air like a pall;
For each habitation has lost a relation. O'Connell
the friend and the helper of all."

It was a beautiful tribute, but the Recording Angel alone knows his goodness and the many acts of kindness, both great and small, done by Dan for anyone in need of help. He left a loving wife and helpmate and three children to mourn his untimely end.

His son, I am sure, is a worthy son of a worthy father, and his two daughters, who are devoting their lives to teaching the young, will instinctively pass

on to their young charges many of the lessons they learned from their wise father and thus will his wisdom live after him.

The first house on the hill, just east of the station, was the home of Gus Martin, a brother of the late Edward and Joseph Martin of Red Hook. He had four daughters; one became Mrs. Scott of New York, another married L. L. Stillman, and the other two remained single, and both died in the old homestead some years ago.

Gus Martin married Miss Margaret Benner, daughter of the late Judge Benner, whose home was in the southwest section of the present limits of Red Hook Village. Benner St. or Benner Lane, as it used to be called, starts at the old Group place on West Market St. and runs south, was named for the Judge.

The old Benner farm is now owned by Robert W. Chanler. This was Mr. Martin's second marriage and after his death, Mrs. Martin lived at Red Hook.

The next house was built by George Gibson, later owned by Nelson Stickle, and then by the late lamented Daniel O'Connell. It was here he brought his bride, Miss Mary Cummings, daughter of Mr. M. Cummings, station agent at Staatsburgh. It was here their children were born, and there they spent the happy years of their married life together. Mr. O'Connell was an ideal host and helpmate and they made their friends welcome to their model home. They named their home Darynane, which was most appropriate, as that was also the name of the home of his great namesake.

The next two houses, one on each side of the road were owned by Mr. Donaldson. They were octagon in shape and made rather a quaint appearance. The one on the south side was the home of the former station agent, James Green. He left Barrytown to become agent for the West Shore R.R. at Saugerties when that railroad opened up for business. The one on the other side was bought by Patrick Flynn who later built on it and spoiled its quaintness.

He also built two other houses on the property. Next is the James Maloy house built of brick. James was baggageman at the station for many years. The next house was built by Daniel Ryan, who worked for many years on the Delano place.

The next house was built by Jacob Kisselback, track foreman for the N.Y.C. for many years. He had two sons, Sylvester and James, and at his death, his son Sylvester succeeded him as foreman.

Next stands the Catholic Church, which was built in 1875. The first services were held on Christmas day, 1875. It was a mission church connected with Rhinecliff and the Rev. James Fitzsimmons was the first pastor. He was an uncle of the present rector at Barrytown, Rev. Cornelius Fitzsimmons. This was the church home for the Catholics of Red Hook village and the surrounding country. Later the Rev. William McClure, brother of the noted lawyer, David McClure of New York, was appointed rector. He built the rectory and the hall and made other improvements and then was transferred to Stapleton, R.I.

He was succeeded by Rev. Daniel Cronin who later went to Liberty, N.Y. and was succeeded by Rev. Hugh McCullum, now of Suffern, N.Y. The next rector was Father Scanlon who died while pastor of Barrytown. Others have followed but they are new. The land for this church was donated by the Donaldson family.

Some time later all the land owned by the Donaldson estate east of the church and north of the highway was divided into building lots and sold. A new street was cut through and several new houses were built.

The builders of the houses on Main Street were Jerry Sullivan, Richard Lown, Mr. Van Way, father of Alfred and Charles Van Way. The next was Alfred Van Way who is the only one still living in the home he built. Still east of him were Mr. Stroble, John McAuliff, David Cosgrove and George Bickerstaff, who had been gardener on the Edgewater estate a number

of years. Starting on the east end of the new street the houses were built by John Kelly, an old Civil War veteran who was employed by the New York Central for many years. The next was built by Miss Maloney, then Frank Harris, Charles Osterhoudt, Jacob Shoemaker and Lester Van Steenburgh. Lester Van Steenburgh's house used to be filled with summer boarders when it was first built.

Just where the new road to the railroad station turns off the old road, is the upper entrance to Sylvania, the estate of Mr. John Jay Chapman. The mansion stands some distance to the south and is a beautiful white house in a splendid setting. Sylvania meaning "of the woods", is a perfect name for same.

The approach to the house from the western entrance is the most beautiful from my point of view. This entrance is near the station and it also leads to Rokeby, the old home of William B. Astor.

Mrs. Astor was Margaret Rebecca Armstrong, daughter of Brig. Gen. John Armstrong and his wife, Alida Livingston Armstrong, and sister of Col. Henry Beekman Armstrong, who lived at this estate "Wayside" on South Broadway, Red Hook, over fifty years ago. He was the father of Henry and James Armstrong who lived and died at "Wayside" a few years ago. Major Gen. John Armstrong of Revolutionary days was the grandfather of Col. Armstrong and Mrs. Astor and they were members of an old-fashioned family, having four brothers, making in all five boys and one girl. The names of the four brothers were Major Horatio Gates Armstrong, Capt. John Armstrong, Robert Livingston Armstrong, and James Kosciusko Armstrong. William B. Astor was the son of the original John Jacob Astor, founder of the Astor family in America. I believe Mr. Astor willed Rokeby to his great-grandson, John Armstrong Chanler, but it is now the home of his sister, Mrs. Margaret Chanler Aldrich, who lives there at present.

Mrs. Aldrich's mother was Margaret Ward, granddaughter of William B. Astor, and sister of that

noted woman, Julia Ward Howe. Rokeby was the boyhood home of Henry Astor, who married a Miss Dinehart, the daughter of a farmer who lived on the old Ecclestone place south of Red Hook on the old Sipperly Road next south of the old Norman Proper farm, and just east of a part of the Hooker woods.

Henry Astor lost caste with his class but he was true to his wife, who was a pretty girl and lived at Copake, Columbia county, to a good old age. We now return to Barrytown Corners and turn south. The first house was the home of Robert Lown.

Mr. Lown was a farmer who was a great lover of horses -- that is, good horses. He always had one or more race horses in this stable. He found some pleasure but no profit in same. Mrs. Lown was a sister to Clint Coon and Mrs. Robert Barringer. They had three daughters, Laura, Elvora, and Cora, and four sons, John, Will, Rob, Fred, as the boys of their day used to say it.

The next house on the other side of the road was the home of Ike Olivit. Later it was the home of Leonard Proper and family. At one time he had a tenant by the name of Hylan, who built the rock face stone wall for Mr. Delaney of that day. The next house was the home of the Chapman family. Peter Troy, Sr., bought it about fifty years ago and Lee and his family lived there for many years and now Peter Troy, Jr., has improved it and made it a real showplace. The next house on the left was back in the lot some distance from the main road and was the home of the Wenzel family. Adelaide and Peter are the only ones I remember by name. David Henion lived south of the Wenzel place. He had two sons, Charles and Alfred. Mrs. Henion had a brother who at his death left the two boys quite some money and made life easy for them, but Charles died rather early in life.

Alfred had a position at the Rokeby for many years but he resigned it when fortune smiled on him and he moved to Red Hook and was living on Church St.

the last I heard of him, enjoying life, now that he was free from the hard toil of his younger days. His wife was a daughter of David Cole, and a sister of the Rev. Philip Cole, the most noted graduate of the Red Hook School. He graduated in the days of the lamented Mr. Brown.

There were one or two other houses near David Henion, but I do not remember who owned them. I think one was occupied by a Griffin family. Somewhere below on the other side was an old stone house known as the "Old Stone Jug". This was the home of old George Bell, the bone-picker, a very noted character in my boyhood days. This house disappeared and the Bell family also, and in later years the property was bought by Patrick Galvin, who built a very fine house on it.

The next place on the east side of the road was the Ed Moore farm. Ed Moore died early in life, as did his son, Lester. Mrs. Moore and the younger son, Elmer, came to Red Hook and lived there for a time and then moved to New York. This farm is now owned by the Coon brothers.

We now come to the Triangle, and the three roads that lead to Rhinebeck going south; Red Hook going east and Barrytown and Annandale going north.

There are two entrances to Rokeby, a little south of the triangle. The first leads to the farm buildings and the second to the fine old mansion. If this old house could only talk, what entertaining tales it could tell, and of what noted people it could speak. This house was remodeled about thirty-five years ago. McKin, Mead and White were the architects and Sanford White came personally to inspect the work. This was some time before he was shot by Harry Shaw.

George Spellman, a young architect from the New York office, was personally in charge of the work at Rokeby. Later, Mr. Spellman married one of Barrytown's most beautiful daughters and carried her away with him to New York. The gatehouse at Rokeby was the home of old Mr. House who had worked at Rokeby for many years.

His son, Charles House, was boss farmer for a long time.

The next place south was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Delano. Mrs. Delano was a daughter of William B. Astor, of Rokeby. They had no children and spent much of their time abroad. At Mr. Delano's death, his nephew, Warren Delano, succeeded him. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Delano were greatly loved by everyone and it was a great shock to the community when Mr. Delano met with such a sad and tragic death at Barrytown station a few years ago. Lyman Delano, a son, succeeded his father and he proved to be a worthy son of a worthy father, for he and Mrs. Delano were thought of even more highly than his father and mother were.

To avoid the invasion of Rhinebeck, we turn back to the triangle. Before going east on the Red Hook road, we see a bridle path or roadway leading to the southeast, that goes into the heart of the Hooker woods. If we let our curiosity lead us into the woods and we follow this roadway far enough, we will reach Swamptown. You may have invaded Rhinebeck if you go so far, but I am not sure where the line runs. Swamptown was the home of a number of boys, forty or fifty years ago, who made good in after life.

Forty years ago it was noted as the home of that two-piece orchestra, "The Swamptown Rasps". They did in their day what Daddy Eldridge did in an earlier day, played the old-fashioned tunes in the old fashioned way. As the young people danced the old fashioned dances in the old-fashioned way.

We now turn east through the north end of the woods. In a very lonesome part we again in fancy feel the cold shivers pass down our spines as we pass under that long bare limb of a tree that stood by the roadside. We were told that a man hanged himself on that limb years ago. We would not believe in ghosts, but such gruesome tales, told to one so young, would get our nerves on edge, and the

cold shivers would come in spite of ourselves.

As we come to the east side of the woods, we pass the spot where Alfred Henion built his home. Later he sold it to Robert W. Chanler and some time later it was burned. We soon came to the David Come home. It was an old-fashioned frame house with the old style door in two parts, top and bottom separate.

The next house on the same side of the road was Gus Cleaswell's tenant house.

On the other side was the Eugene Traver farmhouse. Mr. Traver was a hard working farmer who had the misfortune to lose an eye somehow. His hard work and thrift had taught him to be economical and he sought to impress that trait on others for their good. I remember when a boy, I would attend the school meetings and I was always glad to see Mr. Traver there, as he always added pep to the meetings by his objections to anything that appeared superfluous. It might be a benefit to the taxpayers now if some of the meetings had a few Mr. Travers to act as the watchdogs of treasurers. This farm was the boyhood home of the Traver brothers who succeeded Ben Teats in the livery business at Red Hook. The daughter became Mrs. Arthur Shook.

We now come to the Gus Cholwell homestead. Mr. Chowell was a bachelor and his maiden sister lived with him. This place is now part of the Robert W. Chanler property. We next come to the old Judge Benner place. First the little tennant house on our left, and the old Benner homestead on our right. John Johnson bought the place from the Benner estate over fifty years ago and lived there for a while. He had one daughter, Ada, and two sons, Will and Frank. Frank was a trainman on the New York Central some years ago. This place has changed hands some and is now owned by Robert W. Chanler, or Sheriff Bob, as he was called for a time.

The next farm was the old Peter Gilbert Fraleigh, or better known in the bygone days as Gil Fraleigh's place. This place once covered a large part of the

southwestern part of the village of Red Hook. The Methodist church stands on land that once was part of this farm and all land south and west of it. The best part of the following streets were cut through part of the old Fraleigh farm -- Church, Phillips and Benner Streets, running north and south, and Prince, Fraleigh and Garden Streets running east and west. The last owner of the present farm was the late Daniel Van deBogart.

This is the end of Part One of my pilgrimage.

PART TWO

Again I sit and day-dream and in fancy I wander along the highways and byways of the dear old home town. In order to resume my wanderings methodically, like the witches of old, I mount my broomstick and passing over hills and dales I again reach Barrytown Corners.

There I turn to the north and with my broomstick as my staff, I resume my pilgrimage towards Old Cedar Hill. Passing along the old inside road, as we used to call it in the old days, I come to a part where the grass on the east side is quite wide; and I remember when there were two wells there, not far apart. They were stoned up level with the ground but had no covers or curbs. I was told they were used to water cattle, but why the two so near was never made plain to me.

This reminds me of the story of the strange disappearance of little Willie Nelligen that aroused this section of the town some years ago. The story is as follows:

Mrs. Nelligen, a widow-woman who lived at Barrytown, sent her little son, Willie, to Cedar Hill with a pair of shoes to be repaired. It was in the winter and after the boy had left home it began to snow. The storm proved to be a heavy one and the wind began to blow, so that travel become somewhat difficult. Willie Nelligen did not return home that night, but his mother did not worry for she had friends at Cedar Hill and she was sure they had induced the boy to remain for the night on account of the storm.

When he failed to return the next day, she became alarmed and made inquiries of her friends at Cedar Hill and Annandale for her son, but none of them knew ought of the boy. He had left the shoes at George Smith's, the shoemaker, and then dropped from sight as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. The months rolled by but no word from the missing boy. The poor mother was most frantic

with the grief that only a mother knows and no one could help her, but all of her neighbors did what they could to console her, even the Job's comforters who, like the poor, we have always with us. As spring drew near, the snow banks began to crumble and melt. A cap was found which proved to belong to the missing boy. The search was then renewed and the poor little fellow's body was found standing upright at the bottom of one of the wells. It was supposed that the snow had formed a crust of ice and snow on top of the well, which was wholly unguarded in any way and was usually filled to the top with water, that the boy's cap blew off, and in running for same he ran on the snow covered well and broke through the crust and was drowned. Somebody's carelessness in not having these wells protected cost the poor boy his life, and his mother a lifetime of grief and anguish, such as only a real mother knows when such a tragedy enters her life. Thus it is with the careless match burner, cigarette smoker, auto driver, and others by their carelessness they bring numerous tragedies and untold misery into the lives of others.

We move on from this spot of sad memories and come to an old white stone farmhouse. This is an old landmark and is said to date back before the Revolution. One story has it that it suffered some at the time of the Revolution from cannon fire. It now stands on land which is part of old Massenia and was once an old Livingston place. The land connected with this old house was also known as the old Moore farm.

I remember when Mr. and Mrs. Shanley lived there with their two sons and three daughters. One daughter died. The others live in New York and are prosperous. One of the sons, William Shanley, has a fine position with the New York Central.

Many other families lived there from time to time. About the last I knew were Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Quinn and their two daughters and one son. They all moved to Yonkers, where Mr. Quinn died last March. The oldest daughter is a teacher in the New York

schools; she married a New York teacher. The son married also; and the youngest daughter lives with the mother who was an old Red Hook girl before her marriage to Mr. Quinn.

We pass on and come to the entrance of the old historical "Montgomery Place". We pass down the long avenue to the old mansion that was the home of General Montgomery of Revolutionary fame. It was here the young and gallant Irishman left his young wife, who was sister of Chancellor Livingston, and went forth to battle and to die for his adopted country. After the death of Mrs. Montgomery, the place became the home of her brother, Edward Livingston and his wife, Madam Livingston, of New Orleans, Louisiana. Edward Livingston was one of the noted men of his day and was a great friend of President Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory) and was a member of his cabinet, and resigned as Secretary of State to go to France as American Minister to that country. He was a younger brother of Chancellor Robert Livingston, who was American Minister to France in 1804 and negotiated the purchase of Louisiana from France. Edward Livingston died at Montgomery Place in 1836. When Lafayette visited this country in 1828, he spent a night at Montgomery Place.

It was Madam Livingston who secured the post office at Barrytown from Postmaster General Barry and she promised it would be named Barrytown in honor of the Postmaster General himself. The post office came, and it was so named.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Livingston had only one daughter, who married Dr. Thomas Barton of Baltimore, Maryland. Later they lived at Montgomery Place where Mrs. Barton died, having survived her husband by some years. Having no children, she left Montgomery Place to her three cousins, Mr. Carlton Hunt, and his two sisters, Miss Louise Livingston Hunt and Miss Julia Barton Hunt with a life lease of two of them. On the death of two, it reverted to the present owner, Miss Julia Barton Hunt, the last surviving cousin, now resides at Summit. New Jersey.

Alexander Gilson, who lived in Red Hook some years ago, was formerly connected with Montgomery Place. He was the gardner for many years and his mother, Aunt Sally, as she was known, lived her whole life on the place; and his sister Cornelia was maid for one of the young ladies. Aunt Sally took care of Madam Livingston, Mrs. Barton's mother, at the time of her death. She was supposed to be 102 years old when she died at her home in Red Hook.

Some years ago when Alexander Gilson retired from Montgomery Place he bought the old Proper place on the corner of Fraleigh and Church Streets and lived there until he death some years later. He bought a large greenhouse from his old home and filled it with a fine selection of plants.

Henry Osterhoudt, whose father, John Osterhoudt, was an old employee at Montgomery Place, came with him and worked there for some time. Later the greenhouse and plants were sold and Henry Osterdoudt went to Poughkeepsie and accepted a position there.

The sister, Cornelia, survived her brother several years.

One of the treasures at this old place was the sword of Lafayette.

General Montgomery was killed at the battle of Quebec, but his remains were brought to the country and interred at St. Paul's Chapel at the corner of Broadway and Fulton St., New York City. His resting place is under the front end of the Church building and I have often read the inscription that was cut in the stone on the Broadway end of the Church.

The Saw Kill Creek forms part of the dividing line between Montgomery Place and old Annandale, once the home of John Bard, but now called Blithewood and so named by the new owners, Captain Zabriskie and his wife. There is a beautiful falls on this stream and there used to be a very artistic rustic foot bridge just below the falls that connected the two old places.

Old Annandale was once the home of Mr. Robert Donaldson, who sold it to Mr. John Bard and bought the Edgewater near Barrytown station. I understand he bought it before the railroad was put through.

Returning by the avenue to the old inside road, we go north to the farmhouse of Montgomery Place, before we come to an old by-road that leads to the old Swiss Cottage, so called from its style of architecture, and to a house that stands further in and was the home of John Osterhoudt and Cass Lown, two old employees of Montgomery Place.

The Swiss Cottage was the home of many families and as there were many changes from time to time a great many families lived there in the years gone by.

We now come to the old woolen mill, on the right just before you come to the large bridge that spans the Saw Kill Creek at this point. In 1881 the old mill was being used to grind paint.

George Near, a former resident of Red Hook Village, lived in a house on the west side of the road and was in charge of the paint grinding, and was also interested in same financially. He married a Miss Duntz, who was the daughter of a former farmer on Montgomery Place. Mr. Duntz moved to Red Hook, and built a house on the north side of St. John Street many years ago. George Near died early in life. He was enterprising and had engaged in many business ventures. He built the building where the Red Hook Post Office had been located for some years. He had the coal and lumber yard at Barrytown, and was burned out the day after his insurance expired, which he had overlooked renewing. This points a moral, dear reader, don't neglect yours. He was a contractor for some years. In the early seventies, he ran the large carpenter shop that was formerly run by William Phillips, on the corner of Phillips and Prince Streets. Later he bought the Power Wheel and other machinery in this large shop, and moved it to a shop on his property on West Market Street. His widow and two daughters lived in Red Hook for a time after his death,

and then moved to Philmont.

The ore that was ground into paint by Mr. Near came from the John Fraleigh Feller farm northeast of Red Hook. The old mill was formerly used as a woolen mill. A Mr. Spear ran it some years ago, and gave employment to quite a number of people. After Mr. Spear's death, Mrs. Spear lived in Red Hook on East Market St. in the house later owned by Lewis Smith, father of the late Everett Smith. She died there in the late seventies, if my memory serves me right. They had no children, but there was a nephew Joe Spear, who lived with them at Cedar Hill, but I do not know anything about him later.

The mill building burned two or more times, and was rebuilt. This property was part of Montgomery Place.

We will now cross the big bridge and the first place on the right is a hotel built by James Conway, a former gardner of Almont, the old Judge Livingston place. Mr. Conway was a more successful gardner than a hotel keeper, so he retired to his former business.

John Plass succeeded him, but later retired and the place was remodeled and moved back from the road-way, and is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson. Mrs. Thompson was a daughter of the late John Plass, at one time owner of the property.

The next house on that side was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frayer. Some time after the death of Mr. Frayer, Mrs. Frayer moved to Red Hook where some years later she married a Mr. Teator. She died years ago, but she was known to the last by those who knew her as Mrs. Henrietta Frayer.

Mrs. Frayer sold her house in Cedar Hill to Henry Rifenburg who had been coachman for Mr. Robert Donaldson for some years. When he moved to Cedar Hill he opened a trucking business. He was the father of Phil and John Rifenburg, Mrs. Robert A. Coons and Mrs. Jacob Plass.

The next house was the home of Mrs. Gibson, who had three sons and four daughters. After Mrs. Gibson's death they all went to the city. They were cousins of the Gibsons who lived at Barrytown Corners.

The next house was owned by Howard Ellsworth of Red Hook, at the time he was running a blacksmith shop at Cedar Hill. He sold the house to the Regan family and the blacksmith business to John Regan later, when he moved to Red Hook.

John Regan lived in this house with his mother and brothers and sisters for some years and then they all moved to New York and later to Brooklyn, where he became a prominent businessman in the Eastern District or Bushwick section of Brooklyn, and a near neighbor and friend of former Mayor John F. Hyland.

The next house was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Croft friends of Mr. and Mrs. Speer. While living there a tragedy entered their lives that sadden their whole future. They had two young and charming daughters about fifteen and seventeen years of age. They went bathing in the old swimming hole, a point in the Saw Kill Creek below the Fritz Flour mill. One sister was taken with cramps and the other went to her rescue. Both were drowned. This sad happening cast a gloom over the whole community for a time. Some time later, Mr. and Mrs. Croft and the one little daughter that was left to them after the tragedy left Cedar Hill. The house was sold to Walter Kilmer, who was a teamster at Cedar Hill for many years. He had two sons and one daughter. One son, Sam, died in early manhood and the daughter, Annie, died as she was nearing womanhood. Webster, the other son, lived there after the death of his father and mother. He was a boss carpenter for the N.Y.C. & H.R.R.R. for a number of years. He died very suddenly one day while on the job some years ago.

The next house was owned by Captain Wiggins, who had a store in the lower part of the building. He was married to Lydia Fraleigh, a daughter of Conrad

Fraleigh, who lived in the next house. The Captain and his wife lived in the same house with Cooney Fraleigh, as he was called.

There were some characters from the stories handed down on their doings and sayings. Cooney Fraleigh was a veteran of the War of 1812 and received a pension from the government.

He was very old, and very comfortable financially, but very penurious. He was somewhat of a wood carver and in his old days made wooden spoons and ladles for pasttime. He had a son, Thomas, who lived on Prince Street, Red Hook in the early seventies. He was sick for a long time and when he died, he left a large family. His wife, Margaret Palmatier, was a very kind mother and very good neighbor and much respected by all who knew her. She lived many years after her husband. Some of her children still live in the old town. A daughter of Cooney Fraleigh married John Pulver of Red Hook, one of the five Pulver brothers, and was the mother of Frank, Charles, and John Pulver, some of the boys of the old days. Charles is still living in New York and has been going back to the old hometown each year of late, after an absence of forty years. They used to tell a story of his first trip to New York when he was quite a young man and how homesick he was at the time, but his absence of forty years is proof that he forgot how to be homesick. I wonder if any of his old acquaintances made him feel at home by greeting him by his old nickname. We have all heard of the Annandale Music Club, even though we have never had the pleasure of listening to the beautiful selections rendered at their meetings, but few of my readers will remember Cedar Hills first musical organization, the Trio Fife and Drum Corps, composed of George Smith, Old Dan Chase and Old Mr. Frayer. They filled the air with martial music and aroused the patriotism of both old and young as they marched up and down in the evening.

We now come to the point or fork, where the road divides into two, one going north, and the other turning to the northeast, or the east road as it used

to be called.

At this point, Charles Robinson had a grocery store and a wholesale and retail liquor place. Mr. Robinson was a very popular man, but later he moved to Poughkeepsie, where he prospered in the liquor business, with about the usual result of prosperity from such a source.

On the west side of the road, between the bridge and this point, were two houses and a building used as a blacksmith shop owned by P. C. Fritz, who also owned the large flour mill that was west of the point. When the late Charles W. Massonneau of Red Hook was a young man, he kept a grocery store in one of these houses for a time. Cedar Hill (now called Annandale) was a very busy place for its size at one time. The flour mill and the woolen mill employed a lot of people when booming. The farmers brought the grain and the flour was shipped away by team to Barrytown docks, so there were humming times.

There were two or three stores and three grog shops in the old days where now there is but one store. Thank God the grog shops have passed and I hope there are no speakeasies anywhere around, but I fear I am hoping for too much of a good thing.

The flour mill was west of the point and the large dam here made quite a large pond between this dam and the dam of the other woolen mill, but the pond above the dam of the woolen mill was very much larger. The flour mill burned during the ownership of P. C. Fritz. A young German who worked in the mill at the time had a room in the mill where he slept. He got out all safe, but remembered he had left his savings behind in his room, rushed back to get them, and was burned to death. His poor sister, who worked for P. C. Fritz at the time claimed his poor body, but they could only find a few bones left. The poor girl gathered same in a small box and buried them in the Rhinecliff cemetery. She then returned to her home in Germany, heart-broken by the sad fate

of her dear brother.

P. C. Fritz had a very interesting family of seven children. He had four girls and three boys. Mary, the oldest, married a Rev. Mr. Upjohn, who was the son of a noted architect of the day. Lizzie, a most charming girl, died young. Addie went to New York and married and had two daughters who are school teachers. Carrie, the youngest girl, also went to New York and was connected with the Child's Welfare Department of the City of New York the last I heard of her. Phil, the oldest son, was very popular as a young man. He married a Miss Crauser of Rhinebeck and lived there for many years. He died there a few years ago. George was in New York for some years but settled in Rhinebeck late in life, where he also died some years ago. Ed, I understand, went railroading and we have not heard of him for years. There was another boy who met a sad fate when he was quite young. He was missed one day and after searching everywhere, his little lifeless body was found in the millrace. It was supposed he was playing at the edge of the mill pond and falling in he was drowned and the current had carried his little body into the millrace.

Mr. Fritz sold the two houses on the west side of the road between the bridge and the point to the Hackett family, who built two more houses, but since then there have been many changes. Mr. Fritz failed in business and they moved to Virginia where they remained for nine years. They they returned to Cedar Hill and Mr. Fritz again ran the old mill for some years and then they moved to Rhinebeck and he ran the mill south of the village.

While living in Cedar Hill the first time, he owned and lived in the large white house north of C. P. Robinson's store. Just west of the store was the blacksmith shop of the late Howard Ellsworth. He ran same for some years after his return from California. He was one of the old Forty-Niners, but he returned to the East to find his riches. He sold the business to this apprentice, John Regan, who after

some time moved the business to a new shop on the East Road, next to the Cooney Fraleigh place.

Just opposite the new shop was a house. This house was the home of Philip Farley and family at one time, and a family by the name of Gleason also lived there. Annie Farley, a daughter of Philip Farley, is living at Rensselaer; she never married.

The next house on the east road was one owned by William McKee, who sold it to William Kelly, the father of Sergeant Peter Kelly who bought the property a few years ago and remodeled the house and now has an up-to-date home on the spot where he spent his boyhood.

The next house was a farmhouse, the home of George Straut. He was the father of Mrs. Luella Straut Pockman, who lived in the Hobbs building (formerly the Crane building) for some years.

Beyond George Straut's is the road that leads past Thomas Elmendorf's place to Upper Red Hook, so we will return to C. P. Robinson's point -- and going past the white house of P. C. Fritz, we come to a house owned by John Harris, and next to that was a house that was the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Tyler at one time. This house has been torn down. George Tyler was the son of Captain Tyler of Barrytown and his wife was Anna Stroble, daughter of Rev. Mr. Stroble, one time pastor of the Lutheran Church at Red Hook (in the 60s) and in later years pastor of the Lutheran Church at Rhinebeck. She was a sister of the late Mrs. Robert L. Massonneau of Red Hook.

We now come to what used to be called Annandale. Since the post office was moved from the college property to old Cedar Hill, it has all become Annandale, and the old name is a memory of the past. Annandale was the name of John Bard's country residence, and when they put the post office at the college, they called it Annandale and Mr. Fairburn was the first postmaster.

One house stood on the west side of the road and was the home of Prof. Oliver in the early days of St. Stephen's College. Prof. Strike lived in this house for a time also.

The next house on this side was the gatehouse of old Annandale (now Blithewood).

The first house on the east side was owned by Anta Sagendorf at one time; later it was owned by, and was the home of, William Plass, one of the many brothers. There was a rhyme about the brothers that was something like this:

John Plass, Jake Plass, Al and Josiah;

Phil Plass, Bill Plass, Horace and Uriah.

The young lady who composed the rhyme later married one of the brothers and he made her a very good husband.

William Plass was a good citizen, a good husband, a kind father and good neighbor. He had a nice home and a fine family.

There were some other houses between the Plass home and the Sands place. One was owned by the late Oliver D. Rider before he moved to Red Hook in the seventies. He sold it to his brother-in-law, Ed Harris, who later sold it to Mrs. Scullion.

We now come to the Charles Sand place. Mr. Sand was a very fine man and well-liked by all who knew him. He was elected supervisor of the town of Red Hook one year, when Red Hook was the banner Democratic town of Dutchess County. He defeated Edgar L. Traver for re-election and was defeated for re-election himself by Phillip E. Stickle, the father of Alva Stickle, who was supervisor of the town for a number of years. One of the things used against Mr. Sands when he was defeated was the fact that he had a sign on his place "No Tramps Allowed". This was true and therein hangs a tale.

The cook had baked a pie for dinner and in order to have it cool enough, put it in an open basement window. One of the upstairs girls for a joke on the

cook took the pie from the outside and ate it and in order to divert suspicion placed the pan down by the front fence. As they were sure the pie was stolen by a tramp, Mrs. Sands insisted on having the signs put up and Mr. Sands had to accept the blame. Some time later the Sands family moved to Hastings-on-Hudson where Mr. Sands died a few years later.

The estate Annandale was the home of a wealthy gentleman named John Bard. He was interested in education and did much toward founding St. Stephen's College in 1860. He gave the land and some money, I believe. One of the first wardens was Dr. Seymour who later became the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of part of the State of Illinois for many years. The Rev. Mr. Rickey followed him for a short time and then came Dr. Fairburn, who was warden for many years. The college prospered under his administration until the great upheaval, I will call it. I remember when I was a boy of the outbreak, when the students gave the water cure to one of their numbers who had become too confidential with one of his friends. Some of the boys were acting very wild at the time and conducting themselves in a manner very unbecoming to young men of their prospects in life, this young student thought and he wrote a letter to a friend lamenting the fact. This friend, without his permission, took the letter to some of the trustees in New York and they brought the matter to a climax.

When the story came out the student was called a tattler and he was treated accordingly. One day by prearranged plan while they were at dinner, a large number of students who were organized, picked up the tattler and carried him to a pump and pumped water on his head until he was nearly dead. This was the last straw and a large number of students were expelled. The leader of this student band and one of those who were expelled was named Parkerson, who in after life very much was in the public eye as one of the leaders of a New Orleans mob who hanged a number of Italians without recourse to the due process of the law.

After this upheaval at the college, the number of students was greatly reduced and again after Dr. Fairburn's death, the number of students was the lowest for many years. Dr. Cole succeeded Dr. Fairburn and Dr. Rogers followed Dr. Cole. When Dr. Rogers was warden there was talk of closing the college, but Dr. Bell has improved matters under his management.

Years ago they had a parochial school taught by the Misses Schriver who were from Catskill. After some years this school was discontinued.

Dr. Fairburn, the old warden, was stationed at Catskill at the time he was selected to head the college. He had two daughters and one son. One daughter married and the son, Henry, became a noted physician in Brooklyn, where he died a few years ago.

The next estate to Annandale was Merrymont, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett. Mr. Bartlett was one of the promoters of the Panama railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. This place was owned by the Tillison family, one of the most prominent families of Red Hook in the old days. Thomas Tillison was Secretary of State of the State of New York in 1801 and again in 1807 and Robert R. Tillison filled the same office in 1816.

The next estate was Almont, the home of Judge Livingston. The old Judge, as he was called, was a noted character in his day and had the reputation of being somewhat of a Bluebeard. He was said to have several wives, and his youngest daughter, Alice Livingston Fleming, was very much in the limelight in New York some years ago when she was charged with poisoning her mother. They failed to prove the charge and she was to be pitied for being put in such a position as her mother, Mrs. Bliss, who had married again, was her best friend and no cause could be shown for her doing such a deed.

Two of the Judge's grandsons, Charles and Robert Livingston, lived at Annandale for some years.

West of Almont was Cruger's Island, the home of the Cruger family for many years. This was originally what its name implied, an island, but a roadway was built years ago which made it possible to drive to and from the island at any and all times. Col. Van Rensselaer Cruger, at one time very prominent in the Republican party in New York City, and the State, was a son of the family. When I was a small boy I heard him deliver an address at a Republican meeting at Massonneau's Hall in Red Hook Village.

Almont has been sold several times and at last, along with Cruger's Island, the Kidd Estate, and the Hamm Estate, just located within the limits of the Village of Tivoli, have become Ward Manor, a home for the worthy poor, founded by Ward of the Ward Bread Company fame.

Merrymont has become part of Clothwood, the home of Mrs. Andrew Zabriskie. John Bard was owner of Annandale at the time President Lincoln was shot. He had in his employ at the time a very good, simple-minded man (simple but not ignorant) by the name of Jimmie. Mr. Bard was speaking to Jimmie on the morning after the assassination and was surprised to hear Jimmie say, "Good job, Sir; Good job, Sir". Knowing they were not Jimmie's personal sentiments, and asked him: "Who said so?" and Jimmie replied, "Big Tom Shook, sir". Big Tom Shook was head man on the place and what was known in those days as a copperhead, on account of their opposition to the war. Big Tom had kept his sentiments concealed from Mr. Bard, but gave vent to them among others, including Jimmie. Big Tom was out of a job and Mr. Bard was looking for another man that day.

Among the many visitors at Merrymont in the early days of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett's residence was Mr. Harris, Mrs. Bartlett's grandfather. He used to shake hands with the children and then tell them that they had shaken hands with a man who had shaken hands with George Washington. There were a number of houses between the college and the turn to Cruger's Island. Some have disappeared and some changed. One was changed into a school house and two or three others have gone, including the "Old Crow's Nest". Tobias Grant, father of Virginia Grant, used to live just above the college and he was the bell-ringer.

Mr. Wood, father of Annie and Ella Wood, had charge of the Annandale post office years ago and Annie Wood was very popular on account of her kindly ways to the patrons of the post office. Later she became Mrs. Carnright, wife of Capt. John F. Carnright, and mother of Jim and George Carnright, both well-known to the people of Red Hook.

There were five families by the name of Harris and several by the name of Lewis, and several others that lived between the college and John N. Lewis. Prof. Hopson lived west of the college and Prof. Nobel and Prof. Stryker lived between Cruger's turn and John Lewis' turn. Prof. Olsin also lived in this row. Peter Van Dyke built two of the houses between Cruger's turn and not far from the entrance to Almont I remember the old gate house which has now disappeared.

The avenue leading to the old mansion was straight and lined on both sides with beautiful trees. The old mansion was burned in the late seventies, over fifty years ago. I was a small boy at the time but I remember the fire well; but we did not know until the next day what place had burned.

We go east past "Abie's Bush" as it was called in the old days and come to the Lewis homestead, the former home of the late John N. Lewis, who was a most prominent farmer and at one time President of the Red Hook National Bank. Mr. Lewis was a very able man and a citizen the town could be proud of. His wife was a Miss Nelson of Upper Red Hook. They had an interesting family. The oldest son, Nelson, was a prominent engineer and held a high position in New York City. He lived in Flatbush until his death a few years ago. John, the next son, became a prominent minister of the Episcopal church and I believe his son and namesake are ministers of the same denomination. Henry, the youngest son, remained on the farm with his father until his untimely death. The daughter, Mary, married an Episcopal minister who was a rector of a church in Poughkeepsie for some years.

We turn north and pass a house on the Lewis place. Next we come to the John Barringer place. He had five children, who are all dead except one daughter, Mary, who lives on Garden Street, Red Hook, and is the wife of Charles Proper and the mother of Sylvester Proper and Mrs. Lettie Proper Albrecht.

We next come to the old manse, the home of Rev. Dr. Platt, the pastor of the Episcopal church at Tivoli on the "Woods Road". Dr. Platt has been pastor of this church for many years. The Doctor had one son and two daughters. The son retired from business and has been living in the old manse for some years. I knew him quite well and was sorry to hear of his death about two weeks ago. Miss Estelle Platt and Mrs. Blackwell are still living.

We now come to the Tanner place. Mrs. Tanner was a daughter of Henry Staats. They had one daughter, Kittie Tanner, who married Dr. Brown. They always remained on the old place. They had no children and the doctor lived some years after the death of his wife. The place is now in the hands of a stranger.

Here at the Tanner place we take the road going east, but bearing to the south the further we go. We now come to the Henry Staats home, and it was a fine old place in its day. Henry Staats made his money and his sons spent it for him. Had he made less, they might have been better men, and more of a comfort to him in his old age. As it was, one son met a sad death and poor Abe went to pieces through drink. It was said at one time that Henry Staats was the richest farmer in Dutchess County. He owned many farms and had started a poor boy. It was told that he had said the happiest years of his life were when he was paying for his first farm. In addition to his two sons, he had two daughters, Mrs. Tanner and Mrs. Col. McCarthy. Abe became interested in the shipping business at Barrytown and became addicted to drink and he spent the money that his father had saved. Henry Staats' last days were sad days and at his death little was left of his fortune. While Abe had money, his friends were legion, but without money, his friends were few.

The next house south was the beautiful place of the son, Abe. That was lost with the rest. A family from New York lived in this house for a while but later it became the home of Sheridan Shook. Mr. Shook was an old Red Hook boy who had gone to New York to seek his fortune, and he was one of the very few who found it. He secured money, but as to happiness, that is another question. Money and property are all very well, but happiness and contentment alone count.

The next house was one that stood near Pitcher Lane. I know a man in New York whose parents lived in this house for a time and he was born there in 1857. When I first knew about this place was in 1876 and Jonas Barringer, son of John Barringer lived there.

The next house was the home of Thomas Elmendorf. Mr. Elmendorf was a bachelor and the place passed to a daughter of his brother, Edmund Elmendorf, at his death.

On the next corner was that noted building "Tom Elssendorf's School House", as it was called in the old days. Many men and women received the foundation of their education in the little "red"

(brown) school house which enabled them to achieve the success which was theirs in after life.

Next was a small Episcopal Chapel, built by the earnest efforts of some of the students of St. Stephen's College who held services there.

Going south from the school house and chapel, we come to the Peter Tompkins farm. The house stood some distance from the road. Mr. Tompkins was a sturdy man in his day. He had five sons and three or more

daughters. Richard was a farmer and died early in life. Warren entered the drygoods business and was successful the last I heard of him. Irving, the youngest, went west, and Egbert and Charles did not appear to make a success of farming and seemed to engage in various things then I was a boy. One of the girls married a man by the name of Coopernail and was the mother of my old friend, George Coopernail, of Bedford, Westchester County. One or more of the girls were living in Red Hook for the past few years.

Next south on the same side of the road was the old Knox Farm. In the early seventies, there was an auction on the Knox farm which closed the Knox reign there. The farm was purchased by Mr. Tompkins and added to his already splendid farm.

The Knox family, what was left of them, ceased to be farmers and one branch became hatters, as the once well-known Knox Hats show. This business was founded by one or more members of this family. One of their factories, where the Knox Hats are made, is located on Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn.

The next farm on the west side of the road was part of the Henry Staats holdings. There was an old stone house on the west side of the road and the farm barns were on the east side. The old stone house has disappeared, but the barns were in the same place the last time I passed that way. Johan Rowe and family lived in the old stone house and worked the farm. When the place was sold, the Rowes moved away to Stattdsburg, I believe. Lewis Saulpaugh, who lived just east of Madalin, bought this place, but later it was sold to Henry Best, who built the fine new house which stands some distance north of the barns. Henry Best was the father of the present owner. Mr. Best was at one time a druggist in Hudson and later he had a farm at Linlithgo which he sold to the Burden Ore Company before he purchased this place.

Just below this place is the Saw Kill Creek that formed the boundary line between the Chamberlin estate

and the Henry Staats estate. Here is the old Chamberlin bridge and the bathing pool for the boys, both young and old, of Red Hook Village.

Between Elmendorf's Corners and the bridge were three houses on the east side of the road in the old days before Mr. Best built his new house. Col. McCarthy who married a daughter of Henry Staats had a fine house surrounded by spacious grounds which was nicely arranged with trees and shrubbery and made it a very pretty home. They also had a small tenant house and John Pulber, one of the graduates of the Tom Elmendorf school, had a comfortable house not far from his alma mater.

As we cross the Chamberlin bridge sweet memories return of the dear dead days that have passed beyond recall that we spent fishing and bathing in the dear old Saw Kill.

We now pass up the old Chamberlin Lane and come to the house where the Chamberlin coachman, James Riley, lived with his wife and four little sons that were my playmates in 1871 and 1872. Two were older and one younger than I was at the time. The oldest one died about 1872 at ten years of age and a little later they moved to Pawtucket, R.I. and are now only a memory. James Anderson succeeded Mr. Riley as coachman and remained until the death of William Chamberlin, Jr. when the family closed the big house and went to Europe and all the servants left at the same time.

After passing the coachman's house, we come to the gate where you enter the road that runs straight thru the estate to the end at the big hill.

Next we come to the north and south driveways that lead up to and around the big house. This section of the lane was lined with beautiful large shade trees that made the lane very shady and cool in hot weather. The lane runs into West Market Street directly opposite Phillips Street, but there was a triangular grass plot at the junction with one roadway turning east and one

turning west. This lane was closed by permission of the town board, by William Chamberlin, Jr. and a new road opened up opposite the old Clearwater place. This is the road called Linden Avenue on account of the linden trees on both sides of it. The old lane brought me to the end of my second pilgrimage and to the dear old home of my childhood.

"Home again! Home again!

From a foreign shore;

And oh it fills my heart with joy;

To greet my friends once more."

ANNANDALE

Town of Red Hook, Dutchess Co NY

Res.
E Bartlett
"MIRAMONTE"

J. Bard

Green House

Res. of
J. Bard.

ANNANDALE

Annandale P.O.
Parish School
Chapel of
St. Stephens
College

Bell Tower

St. Stephens
College

C.R. Sands

Gate House

CEDAR HILL

R. Harris

J. Bard

A. Sayendolph

C. Sh.

C.R. Harris Jr

A. Fritz

N.P. Robinson

P.C.F.

C.R. Sands

G. Mill

D. Fritz

Cohu

H.S. Sh.

A. Fritz

J. Conner

M.P. L. Barton

C. Keatleigh

W. Hillmer

W. Legan

W. Gibbon

D. Freyer

Woolen Mill

Ellis & Co

H. Stuart

N.S. Hayeman

Scale 40 rods to the inch

BARRYTOWN

Town of Red Hook, Dutchess Co. N.Y.

MASSENA

J.L. Aspinwall

Scale 3/4 Rock to the Inch.

