PAGES OF HISTORY

About

Narrowsburg

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF

Narrowsburg, N. Y.

AND VICINITY

Written By

JENNIE L. SKINNER

INTRODUCTION

The articles contained in this booklet are mainly reprints from the Delaware Valley News, as they appeared from time to time. Many requests have been made that a booklet of some sort be printed so that the interesting bits of history of this section be preserved for the coming generations.

Thanks must be extended to Mrs. D. M. Tufts and Mrs. Jennie L. (Milton L.) Skinner for their part in recording the happenings of their own day and also the stories that have been handed down to them from their parents.

Other contributors should also be thanked including Matthew H. Weiden for his article on the History of St. Francis Xavier's Church, and Rev. Raymond Agnew for his story of the St. Paul's Lutheran Church.

The Delaware Valley and its beauties, together with the fond memories of his childhood will always occupy a spot close to the heart of Carl Koerber, who wrote, "The Dear Old Delaware" and the German poem, "Die Blockhutte Im Delaware Thal."

I surely hope that this small book will not alone interest the present generation, but also those who will live after we have answered the call to "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

It is not implied that this book is completed as many more "pages of history about Narrowsburg" can be written, and I hope that some day they will be written.

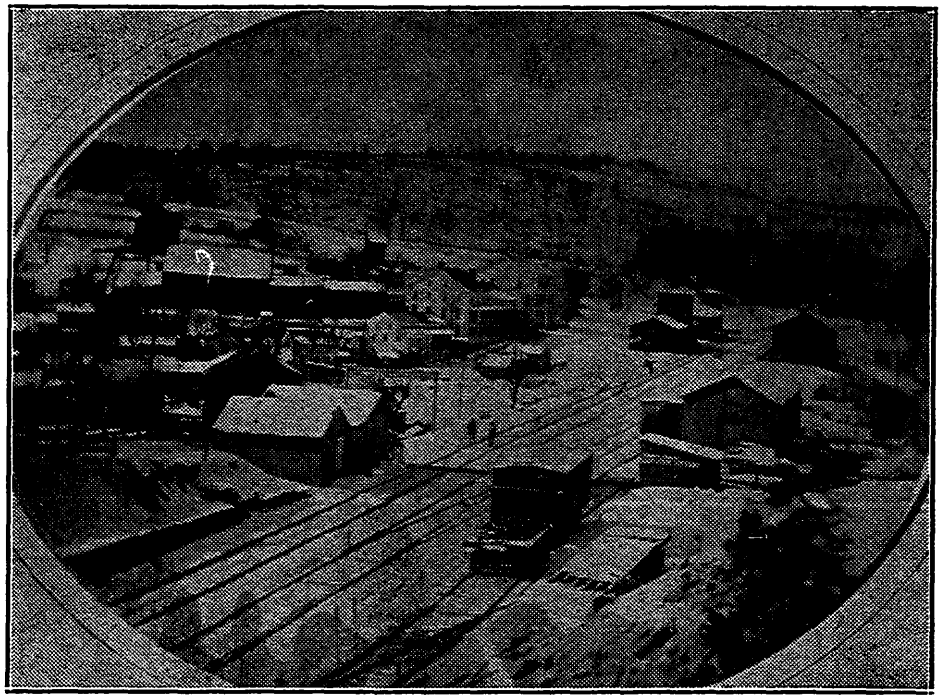
When I came to Narrowsburg in 1929, and began the publication of the Narrowsburg News (later changed to the Delaware Valley News,) I realized that few sections were so rich in interesting history as this section.

Blank pages are to be found within the book and it is hoped that newspaper clippings of particular interest will be pasted on them. The space might also be used to write a family history.

ARTHUR N. MEYERS

October 1, 1932

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A Picture of Narrowsburg Taken About 1850.

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The First White Settlers

The first white settler anywhere near Narrowsburg was on the Pennsylvania side of the river, Helkiah Willis, who built a log cabin near the Eddy. He and his family settled in his crude home, undoubtedly looking forward to the time when prosperity would smile on their efforts and they would enjoy more of the blessings and pleasures of life.

He must have cleared quite a portion of land for his boys were raking buckwheat in the autumn of 1763 when they discovered Indians lurking in the edge of the forest and told their father who was inclined to doubt it. But he decided to take his wife and children to the fort at Milanville for safety, then he and Moses Thomas and Mr. Whittier went out to investigate. As they came up over the bank of Calkins creek they saw Indians, and simultaneously the Indians saw them, and shot Mr. Thomas and Mr. Willis. Whittier hastened to the fort where the women and children were alone without one man to help them in their distress. He placed the guns in the hands of the women and children, and made quite a formidable appearance.

The Indians danced and shouted around the fort all night and after burning every building they finally left the fort. The women and children were taken in canoes down the river to safety.

First Called Homans Eddy

Benjamin Homans is said to have been the first man to settle at Narrowsburg, and the locality was named Homans Eddy. After Homans sold his property there it was called Big Eddy. From a rough place in the Eddy, when the wind blows from the west or south it eddied around so that rafts could not get through until the wind subsided. For many years the rafting industry was very imporant while the shores of the river and far back in the country was one vast wilderness where trees of large proportion were just waiting to be taken to market so that the owners of the land could receive the necessary money to supply their actual needs. There was no other way to market their timber but by the water way of the Delaware River and it meant many dollars to many men and their families. The present generation, few of whom have ever seen a raft, cannot imagine any thing about the magnitude of it. Men and boys enjoyed the trip down the river and were willing to work hard rafting in order to go to the cities and enjoy all they could furnish. It was an education for those times. The country boys learned much and it not only took the country boys to the city but it brought the city people to the country to help develop and both parties were benefited by the change.

A Famous Rafting Jam

The following description of a rafting jam in Big Eddy which was published in a local paper at the time was in the spring of 1876:

"On Thursday morning last the lumbermen along the Delaware were rejoiced at the coming of the looked-for freshet. Rafting had been going on wih unwanted activity for weeks and every eddy from the head of theriver down was filled with rafts, ready to pull out. Thursday, these all started on their journey and the river was so crowded that many rafts wrecked on bridge piers, islands, shoals, etc. Two or three rafts would get crowded in narrow channels and a general stave would result. All along the river wrecked rafts are lying unless their owners have been fortunate enough to get them re-rafted there will be a small fortune lost.

"From Long Eddy to Narrowsburg there were many rafts stove up seriously. Above and in Big Eddy at Narrowsburg the scene on Thursday and Friday was extremely exciting. Rafts passed incessantly through the narrows into the Eddy, and one of the greatest jams on the river continued the best part of two days. Many rafts went to pieces and thousands of damage was done. Rafts piled on top of one another and dove beneath, thundered and crashed beyond description. Below, the river was filled with detachable lumber of all kinds which kept boats and shore watchers busy securing. For nearly a mile above the eddy rafts filled every nook that good fortune and hard polling permitted them to secure.

"It is said that on Thursday night last one thousand raftmen stopped at Narrowsburg and every hotel along the river was filled to overflowing with them.

"Saturday noon between six and seven hundred rafts had passed Lackawaxen."

Homans Sells and His Successors

Homans came to this locality about 1770. After he sold his possessions we find the names of Cole, Goldsmiths, Dunns, Cuddebacks, Dexters and Corwins.

The Dunns at one time owned nearly all the land in that locality. They settled first at Waymart and being warned they fled from there the day before the great Wyoming massacre in July, 1778. They came through the Dismal Swamp, sometimes called The Shades of Death, a plateau of Pocono and Broad mountains, an area including a portion of Monroe, Carbon and Pike county surrounding the head waters of the Lehigh. The undergrowth was impenetrable and swarming with rreeping things while the woods were abounding with wild animals, and many of the fugitives lost their lives on that sad journey.

Quaint Tombstone Inscriptions

The Dunns came from New Jersey to Big Eddy. Thomas Dunn had several sons when he came to this locality and after he had made sufficient provision for his family he enlisted in the Army of the Revolution. After the war was over he returned to his home. The Dunns gave the original cemetery to the village and were among the first to sleep in the hallowed ground set aside for the resting place for those who do not awaken. The stones that mark their graves were brought up the river on durham boats. Any one who is interested may read on those old, old stones today, the following inscription:

"In memory of Su Dunn, who died June 30th, 1833, aged 33 years and 8 months."

"Thomas Dunn, his near and dear wife, Mary Dunn lays here. Mary Dunn was born Oct. 20th, 1788, and died in 1809, and had the good will of everybody that knew her."

"In memory of Mary, wife of Wm. Dunn, who departed this life June 12th, 1813, aged 35 years, 3 months and 8 days."

Psalms, 46 verse, 10th chapter, "Be still, and know that I am God."

First Slave In Settlement

William Dunn owned the first and only slave in this locality. When returning from New York, a negro mother at Cuddebackville, N. Y., asked him to buy her little boy, 4 years old, with the permission that she should have the privilege of seeing her child once a year. She said her husband sold all her children South and she never saw them again. Mr. Dunn brought the little black boy home with him rolled up in a blanket. After he grew to manhood he gave James his freedom and

the little farm below Narrowsburg is known today as Black Jim's farm.

His mother saw him once, or several times a year , by permission, as long as she lived.

Grist Mills Were Far Away

In the early days of the settlement the inhabitants of Big Eddy were obliged to take their grain to Carpenters Point to get it ground. Later there was a mill at Milanville, and they forded the river at the Joe Guinnip (now Beatty) place when the water was low enough to cross. They went either to Newburgh for their provisions and other necessities which took a week's trip; or to New Jersey with transportation on durham boats.

Roads and Village Streets

The Mount Hope and Lumberland Turnpike Company was chartered in 1812 and incorporated. It was completed to Narrowsburg or Big Eddy and extended to Honesdale.

The first telepgraph through Narrowsburg, went from New York to Goshen, from Goshen to Narrowsburg, thence to Honesdale, along the plank road. There were blue glasses resembling drinking glasses on every pole. Charles Minet was the first man to place the telegraph along the Erie railroad, in 1851, and ran the trains successfully by that method. It at first ran 14 miles, then it was gradually brought into more use.

The roads were maintained by the travelers paying tolls. At certain distances along the plank and other roads were stationed houses where travelers were obliged to stop their horses and pay for passing over the road.

I, (Jennie L. Skinner) have a deed of Narrowsburg dated Jan. 20, 1814. The deed is from Oliver Calkin and his wife Hannah to Charles and Jesse Drake of Damascus for the sum of $1,927.50. The place is laid out in streets, named as follows: Front, Main, Oliver, North, First, Second, Third and Fourth streets. The streets were to be 30 feet wide. It states, "Whereas the said purchase was designed for a site of a village, which survey and allotment has been done."

The names mentioned in the deed are: Thomas Dunn, George Wickham, Chauncy Belknap, Daniel Belknap, William Taylor, Wm. W. Sackett, Samuel Watkins, Jonathan Dexter, Jeremiah Lillie, Brown French, John Conklin, all of whom must have been residents of Narrowsburg in 1814.

First Hotel and Stores

In 1840 Abraham Cuddeback came to Big Eddy and built a hotel. Andrew Hendrix did the carpenter work. It was built at the end of the railroad bridge, now known as the Engelmann house. History claims that Mr. Cuddeback was mainly instrumental in bestowing on the place its present name, Narrowsburg. In 1843 Mr. Cuddeback sold the hotel to Richard Warren Corwin, and later Mr. Corwin sold it to George Swartz, after which Charles Hughes occupied one part of it for a store. Later John Hughes moved into the bridge house and used the front room as a store. This was the first and only store in Narrowsburg in 1845. After a few years Mr. Hughes built the store owned later by L. N. Stanton and at the present time it is occupied by Mrs. E. Purcell.

After Mr. Hughes, the early merchants as I can learn were: Moon and Branning, C. C. Murray, Jacob Bivens, Corwin and Stanton, Wm. H. Decker, Wm. Burcher, E. O. Green, Charles Martin, Edward and Frank Branning, Kinnie and Schneider, J. I. Baird furniture store

which he sold to N. P. Rasmussen. Valencourt Seeley was postmaster.

In 1872 and later the familiar names at Narrowsburg were Baird, Sanger, Bedford, Van Scoy, Dexter, Gordon, Green, Murray, Corwin, Engelmann, Gebhart, Hendrix, Branning, Knapp, Sackett, Stanton, Kirk, Burcher, Schryver, Rockwell, Gulnac and Schneider.

School Room and Books Used

From 1841 to 1844, a room in the dwelling house owned by David Guinnip was used as a school room. The house was on the farm now known as the Jerry Partridge place. It was the first school at Narrowsburg. Later a school building was built on the Pennsylvania side of the river, opposite the Beatty homestead, and the second school house was placed above, or north of the home of James Kirk.

The books used in the first school were Dayball's Arithmetic, Kirkham's grammar, Woodbridge's geography, English reader, and Webster's speller.

Narrowsburg's Disastrous Fires

Narrowsburg, like all towns has had its joys and its sorrows, its good times and its disappointments. There were four serious fires in the village not easily forgotten.

On the last Sunday in August, 1866, eight cars loaded with huge tanks of kerosene oil were standing on the main track at the crossing at Narrowsburg, when a freight train moving on the same rails collided with the oil cars and crushed them, causing the oil to run down the hill and onto the pond of water. The oil instantly took fire and everything inflamable within its reach was a mass of flames. The pond of water presented the appearance of a sea of fire. Several buildings were destroyed.

The second story of one of these buildings was occupied by Charles Williams and his family, consisting of his wife and two small children and a maid. The stairs which came down from the building lead down to the roadway which was a mass of flame. Mrs. Williams and the maid jumped from the porch and were not burned. Mr. Williams feared injuring the children if he jumped from the porch. Taking a child under each arm he started down the steps, he dropped one child and stopped to pick it up, they all inhaled the flames. The little girls died almost immediately. Mr. Williams lingered until the next Wednesday when death ended his suffering. That night Frances Williams was born. She is the wife of William Menner.

The houses of Joseph Bivens, Andrew Hendrix, and Charles Williams were destroyed. The estimated loss was $80,000.

Murray's hotel and dwelling house were destroyed by fire April, 1889, and many thousand dollars of damage was done.

On Dec. 27, 1893, a disastrous fire broke out about midnight in Uch's hotel and burned a number of buildings. They were Gutheil's hotel, barn and outbuildings, Uch's hotel, E. O. Green's store, Decker's mill, Dr. Crocker's drug store and the dwelling house of Mr. Coon, and the dwelling of Wm. H. Decker.

In a short time the unfortunate men were busy rebuilding. Wm. Decker erected a large mill and feed store now owned by J. C. Branning, and Mr. Decker built a large house, the basement of which was used for a store. Gutheil rebuilt his hotel, and E. O. Green soon completed a new store building.

The Narrowsburg station was built in 1850, when the Erie railroad was completed from New York to Binghamton. It was destroyed by fire February, 1918 and the freight office was made into a depot

for passengers.

The new buildings that have replaced the old, are larger and better. The free bridge, the telephone and electricity have come. The new bank and postoffice, the Community house and all the fine stores give Narrowsburg the appearance of entering upon an era of prosperity.

Churches and Religious Services

Religious services in the early days were held sometimes in the homes of the people and sometimes in the barns. William Dunn was a member of the church at Cochecton and one of the deacons, while Elder Owen often preached at his house and at the house of David Guinnip. Religious services were also held at the home of Walter Knapp, who lived very near the bridge. His funeral was held on the bridge, the house being considered too small for his many friends to pay the last debt of kindness to their departed friend.

A HISTORY OF THE ERIE

In reading a history of the Erie railroad, I find that in 1829 William Redfield published a pamphlet entitled "A Sketch of the Geographical Route of a Great Railway." This proposed a route to connect the canals and navigable waters of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana with adjacent territory, opening a free communication at all seasons of the year between the Atlantic and the Mississippi.

Meeting to Discuss Erie

The first public meeting for the discussion of Redfield's proposed route was held at Monticello, Sullivan County, N. Y., July 29th, 1831; and the company was afterward incorporated by an act of the New York legislature April 24th, 1832. The charter fixed the capital at ten million dollars, all to be subscribed, and five per cent of it paid in before the company had power to organize.

The question under discussion was whether the power should be animal or steam, and was difficult to settle.

To Narrowsburg, 1848

The survey was begun in September, 1832, under Dewitt Clinton. The railroad was finished to Narrowsburg in December, 1848, and a locomotive called the Elezar Lord was run to this village and remained here several weeks. A time card of 1848 shows two trains of passenger cars leaving Jersey City daily. Quite a contrast with the present time.

Penna. Charged $10,000.

In 1835 the company was reorganized and 40 miles were put under contract. Various financial embarrassments, necessitating state aid and increased subscriptions, and involving the relinquishment by the original stockholders of one half the amount of stock held by them, confronted this gigantic enterprise and retarded its accomplishment, so that its final completion to Dunkirk was not effected until 1851. The road was opened to Dunkirk on May 14, 1851. Finding it difficult to construct the road on the New York side of the river, the company solicited the right of way for a short distance from Pennsylvania, and for this privilege and the substantial benefit, the company was subjected to the annual tax of ten thousand dollars.

The railroad was completed April 19, 1851, when the last spike was driven at Cuba, N. Y., eleven years after the first one was nailed.

First Regular Trains Arrive

The triumphal hour came at eight o'clock, May 14, 1851, when two passenger trains, carrying 300 pas-

sengers, started over the completed route. I have often heard my parents (who were among the number of people who went to see and greet the first train at Narowsburg) tell of the great interest awakened by the building of the Erie railroad. Wherever the people congregated the chief topic of conversation was railroad, and every progressive man and woman entertained a very personal interest.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, My native railway?

One can easily imagine a crowd impregnated with that spirit would do justice when the opportunity was presented so when the good news was heralded abroad that the trains were actually coming, great excitement prevailed. There were stay-at-homes, only from illness and infirmity. Men, women and children for many miles around went to see the strange sight and extend their hearty greetings. Numerous and appropriate banners were waved with vigorous enthusiasm.

Two trains were run closely together, I presume as a guard in case of accident. As the engine came around the curve, below Narrowsburg, the cheers were loud and long.

Two Men Seriously Injured

In some way two men had been quite seriously injured and as the train stopped and the two apparently lifeless bodies were carried from the car, it somewhat cooled the ardor of the enthusiastic crowd of spectators.

The injured men were carried into the basement of C. C. Murray's dwelling house. Dr. Wm. Appley, father of Dr. W. W. Appley of Cochecton, who had come to enjoy his first ride on the cars immediately gave them the benefit of his skill and in due time they recovered. Dr. Appley was the railroad surgeon for many years, followed by his son, who served 50 years of his life as the Erie railroad surgeon.

Visitors Were Badly Frightened

The late Walter Corwin, first station agent at Narrowsburg, took great delight in telling the following story: When the Erie railroad was first opened through the Delaware Valley in 1848, but few people in this section except raftsmen had ever seen an engine or cars, and they came a great distance to see the sight. Narrwsburg was then a dining station. Trains remained here for twenty minutes, which time gave the curious and the inquisitive a good opportunity to gratify their curiosity.

On one occasion, a party of three couples came for that purpose and had gathered around the engine. One of the men, in order to gratify his conceit, stepped on the pilot of the engine and was explaining the workings of the machinery of which he knew very little, when the engineer arrived. Taking in at a glance the unsophisticated instructor's greenness, he stepped on the engine and opened the steam whistle.

To them the unearthly scream and rushing of steam was terrible. The instructor, with one scream and a desperate bound, cleared the pilot, yelling as he did so: "Run gals, run! She splodes! She splodes!" He and his party were soon out of danger without further ceremony, at least they made the best time possible on hands and knees or any way to get from the terrible thing, regardless of mud or anything else that might be in their way.

Boom Came and Plank Road

The railroad was a great boom

to the country. Before this the canal boats had taken all goods to Honesdale and for the towns farther on. Many of the rails for the roadbed in this locality were brought to Honesdale in this manner and then drawn across country to the Delaware alley.

The Honesdale and Big Eddy plank road was organized and chartered on May 3rd, 1850. The road was built from Honesdale to Narrowsburg and was formally opened Friday, Sept. 19th, 1851. C. C. Murray was president of the company. The Honesdale, Big Eddy plank road was built of planks fourteen feet long. As the planks wore out, they were replaced with new, and it made a very good road for many years. Afterward nearly everything was brought to Narrowsburg on the cars and carted across country to Honesdale.

Great Stage Coach Traffic

Commodore Murray had built a large hotel at Narrowsburg which was burned. It was opposite the station and had been leased to Mr. Fields. Great preparations had been made for the entertainment of Erie officials. The hotel was decorated with a sign which read as follows:

"Hnnesdale, Carbondale, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre Stage House."

The Stage coaches conveyed the passengers for those points across country. There were always two or more four-horse stages, and often there were three and four of them loaded inside and outside. The children used to sit on the stone walls and eagerly watch for their coming. Some times the faces were sour or sad, but generally they were a jolly crowd, and always interesting to us. How they envied them. That ride on the top of the coach drawn by four such attractive looking steeds was the desire of their lives.

One stage conveyed the passengers to Honesdale where they were entertained over the night; then another stage with different horses carried them to Carbondale, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. It is sixteen miles from Narrowsburg to Honesdale and the same distance from Honesdale and Carbondale to Scranton.

After the plank road was built it was alive with traffic, teams and teams carting goods to Honesdale and adjoining towns, vehicles of every description. In the fall and spring the canalers and their mules were many, coming from and going to their boats, where they were left when the ice called a halt to their travels on the canal.

String of Bothersome Tramps

When the railroad was in construction there was an endless string of tramps, which were a great terror to the housewives who lived along the new road. One day when my grandmother was visiting at my home, the women saw a lot of tramps coming and all of the women started to hide, but grandmother was too frightened to get in the little room and she hid in the corner of the kitchen behind the broom. The tramps looked in the room, saw her and smiled, and continued on their journey without further annoyance.

The first Express Company at Narrowsburg was "The Merchants." Richard Murray was the agent and the office was in his father's store. Shortly after this The United States Express Company established an office in the depot, with E. Schryver as agent. Sometime in the eighties, when Walter Corwin was agent the second time, the office was changed to Wells Fargo.

First Post Office 1837 and Name

The first post office at Big Eddy was established in the year of 1837, and John Pintler was the first postmaster. I, (J. L. Skinner) have two letters before me dated, May, 1840, addressed to Big Eddy. One dated 1843 to Narrowsburg Post Office, Town of Lumberland, which proves that the name had been changed to Narrowsburg. Jacob Bivens was postmaster in 1855.

The name Narrowsburg is thus named because it is located on the narrowest place in the Delaware River. In 1830 a charter was granted to the Narrowsburg Bridge Company, for a construction of a bridge across the narrows. It was built in 1832 and destroyed by a flood in 1836; rebuilt in the same year. The last wooden bridge was a covered wood construction, suspension, bridge, structure 32 feet wide, 35 feet above low water mark, and 250 feet long. In one place I found the following (Supposed to be the longest wooden span in the world): The bridge was built by Eliphalet S. Rose. The timbers were from 40 to 60 feet long. They were hewn out with an ax and were taken from the upper end of Swamp Mills Pond, floated down to the lower end of the pond and loaded upon wagons. Each stick made a load for a four horse team. They made two trips a day. In later years the wooden bridge was replaced by an iron structure.

In 1862 Narrowsburg contained two churches, three hotels, five stores, three blacksmith shops, a carpenter shop, a harness maker, an undertaking establishment, a hop house, a half mile trotting course, 57 dwellings and 338 inhabitants.

Andrew Hendrix was the first undertaker, then J. I. Baird who was followed by N. P. Rasmussen.

THE ACTIVITIES OF

Tom Quick
Famous Indian Slayer

IN THE

DELAWARE VALLEY

Written By

MRS. D. M. TUFTS

It may be of interest to the News readers to read a sketch of Tom Quick's life and adventures on the old Delaware River. His father, Thomas Quick Sr., was a Hollander, who emigrated from the fatherland in 1733, coming to the colony of New York, and taking the oath of allegiance in Ulster county; but afterward located in Upper Smithfield, now known as Milford, Penna.

Thomas Quick Sr., like many other immigrants of the time, was a man of influence and high respectability, to which was added a spirit of indomitable enterprise. According to lengendary testimony he was the pioneer of Milford or Upper Smithleld, as then called.

The Indians until then had held undisputed possession of the Delaware and its tributaries and though, at first, they may have regarded Quick as an interloper and trespasser, yet they did not openly express animosity toward him, his attitude toward them disarming their fears if indeed they suspected his motives as being hostile.

Thomas began at once to erect a log cabin for his temporary home, after which he undertook the felling and the burning of tree trunks, the fallow fires making ready the soil for planting of wheat, rye and maize.

Excellent crops followed in due season and these together with the evidences of established friendly relations with the Indians, gave him a feeling of security and future prosperity.

The courageous spirit of Mrs. Quick added to the well-being of the little household, and when Thomas Jr., was born in 1734, the happiness and content of the Quicks seemed to have reached the acme of desire. They were Chirstians of the highest type and gave to the Indian hospitality and friendship.

Tom was a bright and lovable little fellow, the delight of his parents, and the playfellow of the Indians whose language he soon learned and whose sports they early taught him. Also in taking the otter, beaver, muskrat and mink they made him proficient and they became his pastimes. He became a skillful hunter under their tutelage and imbedded a love for the savage life induced by association with these, his only companions.

Two sisters and two brothers came later, but Tom's affiliations were more with the "wild" brothers than those belonging to him by natural ties.

Prior to the French and Indian war Tom had trailed to their main sources nearly all the tributary streams and most of the Indian trails in the neighborhood of the Minisink, Shawangunk and Cushetunk woodways. The knowledge gained in this way enabled him later to waylay his enemies and shoot them from ambush.

The Indians, once so friendly, were now becoming hostile toward the Quicks and the few settlers who had joined the settlement. As many of them however, had been welcomed, housed and fed by the Quicks, their loyalty to the white families was not questioned, even after neighboring tribes had evinced enmity; but subsequent events proved their error.

Although Tom's father had been a benefactor to the Indians with whom he lived in friendly relations, yet, when suspicions were aroused as to the good intentions of the white settlers, they regarded the Quicks as the first to encroach upon their lands and this fact with incoming settlers increasing the number of aggressors, they saw their

possession endangered. They accused the whites of defrauding them in land deals, of getting them drunk and then robbing them of their rights.

By wish of Tom's father, he gave up the Indian life for awhile and helped on the farm. In one of their duties of gathering hoop-poles from a distant field. Tom and his two brothers engaged with their father in the work when the father was shot in the back by one of his friendly (?) Indians and brutally treated. The three men, unarmed, were obliged to leave the murdered father behind and escaped with their lives by means of the knowledge gained from the Indians.

Tom, horrified by this act of the Indians, vowed to never let an Indian live so long as he could find a way to kill him by bullet or knife and tradition says that he fulfilled his vow.

This valley, so peaceful now, was once his path of vengeance and it has been stated by early dwellers on the Delaware that the cave above the bridge was one of Tom's vantage points. That he was ruthless in his vengeance, cruel as were the slayers of his father, showing no pity for defenseless wives and children of the enemy, is stated in history which I have at hand. As there is no name of publisher or writer of this history I cannot assure the readers of its authenticity; but, as a child I was shown the marks on the rock where the cave is, and told that Tom Quick used to shoot his enemies from there as they canoed down the Delaware.

Not many years ago bones were discovered on the flat land, said to be Indian bones. In 1762 it is stated that there was a settlement at the mouth of the Ten Mile River where there was a block house which the Indians laid waste by fire and tomahawk. Not a white settler escaped the masscre. On the night of the attack, Willis, who had a clearing and a log house at "Big Eddy," now Narrowsburg, near the Peggy Runway Inn, below the block house, which was on the hill near the spot where Behling's cottages are now, sent his boys to his farm to thresh buckwheat.

The boys came back with the tale that Indians were coming up the river below the bend where now rests the Inn building. Feeling secure, after a period of friendly contacts with the Redskins, Willis and two friends, Witters and Thomas, neighbors, placed no dependence upon the boys' report, but the women and children went to the block house. The three men incautiously reconnoitered down the river and discovered that the boys' report had been true.

The Indians seeing the men fired upon them, killing Thomas and Willis. Witters reached the block house in safety preparing at once to defend the women and children within its walls. He sent a boy of 12 or 13 years, Moses Thomas, 2nd, to warn the settlers above and procure aid for themselves. The boy Scouts of patriotic interest may read this lad's name on the battle scroll of fame at Minisink field where, recently they went to share in the celebration of the battle. He was one of the lads who perished in the battle.

Tom, for a time seems lost to view, but after terms of peace were partially restored, Tom again visited his old haunts carrying in his soul a spirit of undying vengeance for the murderers of his father and going to a tavern in the vicinity of Neversink, he encountered a drunken vagabound Indian, amed Mushwink, who was one of his father's slayers. The Indian tried to make

friends with Tom, who refusing to drink with the vagabond, at the same time calling the Indian a vile name, which at once aroused the venom in the savage's nature. Now deep in liquor he boasted of his deed and displayed the sleeve buttons taken from Thomas Quick after the murder. He even mimicked the grimaces of the victim while in the agony of death.

This aroused the devil in Tom's heart and forcing the Indian to precede him, Tom forced his victim to a secluded spot, placed the muzzle of his gun against the Indian's back and sent a heavy charge of slugs, killing the savage, and afterwards as some say, cutting the head from the body.

He took the silver sleeve buttons from the body of the Indian. Whether the seeds of savagery were implanted in Tom's breast by early association with the Indians, his chroniclers find themselves wondering; for though considering the red men so barbarous, he was equally savage himself in his revengeful methods.

It is not known that he killed the little children of his enemies except in one instance. His only desire seemed to be the extermination of the red man; but once, coming in contact with one of the Indians whom his father had befriended and who assisted in the elder Quick's brutal murder. Tom killed the father, mother and two children at once—the youngest, and innocent smiling babe he almost saved from his death but considering that, as he said, "nits make lice," he brained the poor little babe.

After many years of Indian killing by Tom he began to feel the infirmities of years coming on although he was as yet full of cunning and bravado; but at the last he fell into the hands of the enemy, having attained the age of 51 years.

The Indians were only rarely seen in the vicinity of Tom's later years' sojourn and he made his headquarters on a farm once occupied by Benjamin Holbert. The Indians, however, were still seeking to capture him and in an unguarded moment Tom's retreat was found. He was captured with every prospect of death imminent. The Indians' yells of triumph echoed through the forest; their insults directed toward him were received by Tom with equanimity gave them cause to believe that their victim was completely intimidated.

They ransacked his place, found fire water and drank it, this making some of them morose, others exhilarated, while the shrewder ones, fearing to lose the pleasure of torturing Tom, decided to remove Tom beyond the maddened, bloodthirsty members. They tied him in thongs made of deerskin and secured him to a rafter from which there seemed to be no possible escape, but for a fortuitous circumstance. One of the Indians, mad with fire-water, after the others had fallen into a drunken sleep, crawled up the ladder, knife in hand, with intent to kill Tom and forego the torture which gave such fiendish delight to the savages. By a misstep the Indian fell to the floor striking his head against a beam, which caused his death. Fortunately the savage's knife had fallen near to where Tom lay and securing this, Tom cut the thongs and escaped through the attic opening while yet the enemy was in a drunken stupor and again became free.

He lacked but one scalp to make his number of killings one hundred —so says tradition.

A POEM

The Dear Old Delaware

Written By

CARL KOERBER

It gives my heart a joyous thrill
To listen to the whip-poor-will;
To seek the dear old Delaware—
Forgetting worry, work and care—
And dream along its rocky shores
About the happy days of yore,
About the willows by the brook
And many joys that I partook
Among the pines of Holbert's wood
Where once the little schoolhouse stood.

I see the little Dexter farm—
Its cottage neat, its rural charm—
Our homestead in the days of old,
The scene of many joys untold.
There's still the 'Eddy' and the bridge,
And up beyond the Plank road ridge
The "Ross Farm," with the sacred spot
Where stood my little infant cot.

I pass along the river road
Where stood the lumberjack's abode,
And follow in my happy dream
The rafts that floated down the stream
To see their little journeys end
Around the Peggy—Runway bend.

I see the little village near,
With wooded mountains to the rear,
The rocky narrows from whose fame
Old Narrowsburg derived its name.
There's Murry's Flat, the one time scene
Of thriving hop fields, trim and green
And there's the little bridge of wood
Where years ago the tannery stood,
And where the boys had lots of fun
Along the little sawmill run.
There's Peggy Runway, grand and wild,
Whose haunts I knew when yet a child.

"A glorious sight" you'd all agree,
A little world of joy to me,
To stroll among the evergreen
And view that charming woodland scene,
To drink from Peggy's purest spring,
And hear my old friend Cat Bird sing.

And how I love to see once more
Old "Peggy" in the charms of yore,
It's Indian caves and chasms deep,
Its towering cliffs and rocky steep.
The falls of Peggy—Runaway brook.
The mystic glen where dwelt the spook,
The crumbling cliffs, the mountain rills,
The pretty lakes far up the hills,
The wilds of Peggy—Runaway bend,
The steep McDowel's brook descent,
And everywhere the glorious sight
Of rhododendrons, pink and white.

I love to pass along the hill
Where flows the little wayside rill,
And seek the lonely mountain trail
To roam about the hill and dale,
And tarry at the rocky crest
Where once the fishhawk had its nest,
And view the pretty landscape there
Afar and near the Delaware—
A realm of beauty, charm and glory—
And now you've heard my little story.

A HISTORY OF

St. Francis Xaviers' Church

IN NARROWSBURG

Written By

M. H. WEIDEN

St. Francis Xavier's Church At Narrowsburg

By M. H. Weiden

The history of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis Xavier at Narrowsburg is closely interwoven with that of other parishes. In 1786, after religious liberty was assured by the constitution of the United States, St. Peter's Church was established on Barclay St., New York City. For a good many years this section, as well as all of lower New York and parts of the adjoining states were under its spiritual jurisdiction. However, the earliest that we are positive of Catholic families living in what is now Narrowsburg is the year 1848.

The building of the railroad brought Irish and German immigrants. Many of these were Catholic. Likewise had the building of the D. and H. Canal brought Irish immigrants at an earlier date, and so it is that we find the establishment of parishes following the line of the canal.

A mission was established at Port Jervis in 1840. In 1854 this was formed into a parish by Rev. Edward Briody who also visited this section occasionally until about 1875. The Obernberg parish was formed in 1852 and its first resident pastor, Rev. Joseph Roesch later also took care of Narrowsburg.

Mass was celebrated by him in the house now owned by Henry Buch about one mile east of the village. At that time it was owned by Mr. Koferl, one of the members of the pioneer congregation. Finding the room used for this purpose too small, the upper floor of the old tannery building, which still stands near the Deep Hollow Brook, a short distance from the Buch home, was arranged to serve as a church. Mass was celebrated here for some time and it was here that the children of some of the early families received their first Holy Communion.

From a summary written in 1927 we find that the parish had the first church of its own in 1862, and that it was built by Father Roesch. What was then the church is now the home of Walter Lillie, and there are still a number living who recall attending mass there. Among the names of these early days we find among others, those of Engelmann, Gebhart, Botens, Koferl, McHugh, Smith, Kirk, Rinn, Moran and Welsh. A small room in the attic of this building served as living quarters for Fr. Roesch while here.

On May 18, 1867, five acres of land were conveyed to the Rev. John McClasky, Archbishop of New York for the use of the parish. This included the present cemetery and the land now belonging to Mr. Walter Lillie. The latter parcel was later sold to help provide funds to build a new and larger church, down in the village.

About 1875 the Callicoon parish received its first resident pastor, Father Huntman and to him was entrusted the spiritual care of the Delaware Valley, from Port Jervis to the extreme end of the New York Diocense at Long Eddy. In those days the Catholics of Narrowsburg considered themselves fortunate to hear mass once a month or even less frequently. "The priest had to make his missionary journey either on foot or by horse. It was no strange sight to see Fr. Huntman riding his horse along the banks of the railroad, as that afforded him a more direct way to the towns to which he was called."

Under his direction the second church was built in 1878 on a lot 48 ft. by 206 ft. acquired on Nov. 2nd, of that year, of John Engelmann, the parish having been incorporated on the previous June 11th.

A tin box containing a list of the names of the contributors was placed in the cornerstone.

In the year 1895 the Franciscans were given the territory covered by Father Huntman who was assigned to a city parish.

St. Francis Xavier's parish continued to show a steady growth. Mass was said every second Sunday until about 1907 after which it was celebrated every Sunday and Holy day. By 1925 this church again proved itself too small, especially on account of the large summer congregations. The old plot and church were sold to M. T. Clark and a larger plot of about 200 ft. by 370 ft., purchased of him Jan. 1926. On this the present church was built during the pastorship of Fr. Cuthbert Cotton. It was dedicated by Cardinal Patrick Hayes on Sept. 6, 1925.

After serving the parish for the period from 1920, with the exception of about 2 years, Fr. Cuthbert was transfered to Crogan, N. Y. in 1931 and Fr. Felix Reitlingshoefer appointed to take his place. Among the Franciscans who served this parish in the past we find the following: Fr. Bernard, Fr. Aloysius, Fr. Solanus, Fr. Angelus, Fr. Bonaventure, Fr. Luke, Fr. Valentine.

The parish has grown to be the largest of the ten missions now under the care of the Franciscans at Callicoon. To accommodate the large Summer congregations two masses are said each Sunday from June until October and quite often at one of these the church which holds about 400 is filled to capality. The spacious parking plot on the church property is used frequently during this time by more than 100 cars for the two masses.

In the year 1929 a plot adjoining the church grounds on the east was purchased of Mr. Rahaley in anticipation of the future needs of the parish.

Note: For some of the details related in connection with the parish during the time of Fathers Roesch and Huntman, I am particularly indebted to Mrs. Christine Neiger, Mrs. Amelia Gebhart and Charles Engelmann, who knew both priests.

1839-1932

The Methodist Episcopal Church

IN NARROWSBURG

Written By

MRS. D. M. TUFTS

A short history of the Methodist Church in Narrowsburg from 1839 was revised in January, 1901 by the Rev. Geo. M. Bell, who found the church records in a state of incomplete preservation.

The first minister of the M. E. Church that preached at Narrowsburg, (then called Big Eddy) was the Rev. T. J. Lyons. The services were conducted in the home of Commodore C. Murray, July 1839.

In April, 1840, Big Eddy was made a two weeks' appointment connected with the Lumberland and Port Jervis circuit, Waterloo District, New Jersey Conference. The pastors were Rev. T. J. Lyons and J. N. Pierson. The Rev. Manning Force was the Presiding Elder.

In the spring of 1842 the circuit was named Port Jervis, the Revs. W. M. Burroughs and W. Smith pastors. In the fall of that year protracted meetings were held at Big Eddy in an old log house about one-fourth of a mile northeast of the, then, District School House. Many converts were made who joined the church. A class was formed with Oliver Vail as leader.

In 1843 the Revs. J. D. Blair and C. C. Maybe labored in the circuit, for one year.

In 1841, the circuit was divided into Port Jervis and Lumberland. Narrowsburg (as I shall now call it, not knowing when the change of names occurred) was connected with Lumberland. Rev. Jacob Mott served the charge for two years.

In 1845 Rev. J. Felch was made Presiding Elder of the district.

In 1846 Rev. Reuben VanSykle was pastor and was succeeded by Rev. W. Wiggins, after a year. In the year 1847, the name of the circuit was changed from Lumberland to Barryville.

To Narrowsburg was apportioned fifteen dollars a quarter for preacher's salary. In 1848, Rev. C. P. Cooke was appointed to the circuit but owing to ill health he gave up his pastorate which was filled out by Rev. O. Green. The Sabbath School dates from the year 1848, when in the home of Mr. Murray a collection was taken to purchase books etc., the sum of ten dollars being raised. Oliver Carmichael was the first superintendent.

In 1849-50, Rev. Amos H. Belles was pastor and Rev. W. F. Wilmer Presiding Elder until 1853.

In 1851 Rev. L. Bradbury traveled the circuit and James S. Rodman received his preacher's license during the year.

In 1852 Rev. B. T. Walters was pastor of the church. In 1853 Revs. B. S. Wilson and George Van Horne traveled the circuit. In 1854-55, Rev. J. W. Surain was pastor.

The first quarterly conference held at Narrowsburg was on Aug. 4th and 5th, 1855. At this meeting $32 were collected for Dickinson College and at about this time the inception of a church edifice entered into the plans for the Society's future.

At the quarterly conference at Barryville on Jan. 20, 1855, C. K. Gordon was elected Steward for Narrowsburg. Mr. Gordon was the first steward of the church. The quarterage had reached the sum of $39.

In the spring of 1856 Narrowsburg became the head of a circuit with Rev. G. A. VanHorne, pastor. There were four preaching places: Narrowsburg, Swamp Mills, Beaver Brook and Wells Ayres School Rooms.

The church was built in the summer of 1856. The lots were given by Dr. Von Wackerborth. The dedicatory services Nov. 13, 1856,

were conducted by Rev. B. W. Pearson and Rev. J. R. Adams of Port Jervis. Protracted services with good results followed the dedicatory services.

In 1858 J. S. Switzer was pastor and during 1859-60 J. H. Runyon. Rev. Runyon's pastorate was marked by a successful revival.

In 1861 G. T. Jackson was appointed to Narrowsburg which had become a station. He stayed two years and was succeeded by Rev. Elbert Clement, who also stayed two years, from 1863 to 1864. At about this time Narrowsburg was changed from the Newark Conference to the Wyoming.

In 1865 Rev. H. H. Dresser was pastor and in 1866-67 Rev. C. W. Todd acted. During the second year of his pastorate, 1867, the parsonage was built at a cost of $800. The lots for the parsonage were given by C. K. Gordon. The home of Herman Engelmann now occupies the site. The date of the deed for these lots is recorded Jan. 3, 1868.

Some of the other pastorates were as follows:

1868, C. A. Ward pastor for one year; 1869 Rev. W. M. Cooley pastor for two years; 1871-72 Rev. J. D. Woodruff; 1873 Rev. Varcoe who stayed three years; 1876 Rev. R. Hiorms who stayed two years and was succeeded by Rev. J. M. Mott who stayed one year.

As the question of moving the church into a more central place in the village was given discussion in 1879, a decision to change the location was met by a financial arrangement to do without a pastor for one year in order to have funds for making the change. John I. Baird and Edward R. Schryver canvassed the township for subscriptions meeting in every place with generous cooperation which enabled the society to move the building from the "Church Hill", to the present site, the lots having been given by Mr. Murray.

By removal from the Hill lot, which under the Von Wackerborth conditions divided the possession of the church property, under the new arrangement the Murray lot become the absolute possession of the M. E. Society.

In 1880 Rev. R. Varcoe was appointed pastor for the second time; he was succeeded by Rev. L. L. Cole who stayed three years. In 1888 Rev. George B. Stone came to the church on his first charge. In 1890 Rev. David Evans was the pastor serving the charge for five years. In 1895 Rev. J. B. Wilson became pastor and he served two years.

In 1897 Rev. G. M. Bell was pastor and during the second year of his pastorate the church was completely renovated at a cost of $480. Reopening services were conducted by Rev. A. W. Cooper of Hawley on Nov. 29, 1898. All indebtedness was cancelled prior to the occasion.

In 1901 Rev. Wm. McAlpin succeeded the Rev. G. M. Bell, and was transferred to Mahoppony in Sept. of 1904 on account of the death of Rev. C. P. Tiffany. Rev. W. D. Greenleaf flled the vacancy until April, 1906. when Rev. J. D. Garretson became pastor. In 1907 Rev. W. Walker became pastor and he remained until 1910. Rev. W. Fallis Hunter acted from 1914 to 1917. Rev. Seymour and Rev. P. H. Hunt followed as pastors. In 1918 Rev. Morrison became pastor until 1921. Rev. L. G. Freeman was pastor from 1922 until 1926 and from 1926 to April 1930 Rev. Wm. Jones was pastor.

Rev. John Robinson is our present pastor, his pastorate having started in 1930.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF

St. Paul's
Evangelical Lutheran Church

IN NARROWSBURG

Written By

REV. RAYMOND E. AGNEW

A Brief Sketch of St. Paul's History

It was on the 25th day of August, 1869 that the Lutherans in and about Narrowsburg laid the cornerstone of their beautiful church where for over sixty years they have worshipped God in the beauty of Holiness.

Indeed it is to be regretted that we do not have more specific details concerning the beginnings which were made in the year 1868. We are able to gather from the meager records, however, that a farmer by the name of George Kelz called Pastor J. Goetz, of Honesdale, Pa., to baptize his child. He told the pastor of the number of Germans living in and around Narrowsburg. The pastor, availing himself of the opportunity, gathered these scattered Lutherans together and conducted services in the German language. These services were continued by pastor Herman who succeeded pastor Goetz in Honesdale. Then for a short period, pastor Frankfort of Hawley, Pa., conducted services once a month.

Somtime in the year 1868 these Lutherans decided to organize as a congregation. They extended a call to pastor Detzer of Paterson, N. J., to become their shepherd. Through the courtesy of the board of trustees of the Methodist Church services were held in their house of worship. This small but aggressive group of Lutherans felt however, the immediate need for their own house of worship. The plans were soon ready.

But they had the unfortunate experience just at that time to lose their pastor. The outlook was rather discouraging. But with a determination that was based upon the fact that they were about their Father's business, they decided to go ahead with their plans. Being actuated by that love for the Gospel as it is proclaimed by the Mother Church of the Reformation, those staunch Germans in the true spirit of a Luther of old, went diligently about their work contributing what they had in the way of means and muscle. For the church as we behold it today is in its essential parts the physical expression of their handiwork, as well as a living monument to their spiritual ambitions.

Nor were they alone, for God provided them with another leader in the person of pastor C. Starker, who laid the corner stone in the new church building on August 25, 1869. The building was ready for service and consecrated on the 4th Sunday in Advent of the same year.

Another progressive step was taken during the pastorate of pastor J. F. Wilken, who succeeded pastor Starker. At a congregational meeting on September 28, 1872, a resolution was passed to join the Synod of Pennsylvania. The congregation withdrew from this Synod at a later date in order to affiliate itself with the Ministerium of New York upon whose territory it is located. Pastor Wilken also deserves credit for building the Sunday School room, he himself advancing the money without interest. But suddenly he passed away and he was burried among his people.

Pastor Borchard became his successor. In 1879 the New York Ministerium sent pastor George Buch to Narrowsburg. During his time the friendly parsonage was built. Since 1879 several pastors served the congregation; pastor Carl Schmalz, 1879-1881; pastor J. M. Steiner, 1881-83; pastor J. J. Dietrich, of Suspension Bridge, 1883-85. In 1885 the Rev. Otto Posselt returned from the mission fields of South

Africa and came to Narrowsburg. His successor was pastor Lorenz, 1887-89.

The situation changed then. The pulpit was supplied from the year 1889 until the year 1910 by pastors residing at Port Jervis or Middletown, New York. Pastor William Drach of Middletown, N. Y., became his successor. The young people came forward with a request to have one service conducted in the English language to which pastor Drach readily responded. The successors of pastor Drach were: pastors Trebert, Meinecke, Theodore Posselt, a son of Otto Posselt, a former pastor, and pastor Schaffer.

While this arrangement provided for services yet it was unsatisfactory. Consequently the congregation decided to elect a regular full-time pastor. Pastor Henry Meyer, who had become well acquainted with the congregation while still a student at Mt. Airy Seminary was called to become the first full-time pastor after a lapse of many years. During his ministry the Ladies' Aid Society was organized. His pastorate occupied a period of about three years, 1810-13. A new organ was purchased by the congregation while pastor Theodore Palleske was the minister, 1913-14. In June, 1915, pastor F. W. Otten began a four-year pastorate, 1915-1919. It was productive of much good work. During this period the fiftieth anniversary was celebrated. The beautiful church windows we all admire so much were secured through pastor Otten's efforts. The Rev. H. A. F. Kern, D. D., became pastor in June, 1920, and remained with the congregation until October, 1922.

The Rev. Conrad R. Reisch, a senior in the Mt. Airy Seminary, received a call from this congregation and became pastor after his graduation in May, 1923. His resignation, which was received in October, 1927, was accepted in a deep spirit of regret. During this period of a little over four years he had won his way not only into the hearts of his people, but into the life of the community as a whole. A farewell dinner given to him by the church and the people of the community on his departure was indeed a fitting testimony of their love for the pastor and the man. During his pastorate the old parsonage was sold and the house next to the church was purchased for that purpose. The budget system and the every member canvass were introduced. Electricity and new electric fixtures were installed during this period.

The pastorate of Rev. Raymond E. Agnew, began on June 1, 1928, immediately after his graduation from the Seminary in Philadelphia, Pa. Large accessions characterized his work. A good attendance at services became the rule rather than the exception. The interior of the church and Sunday school was renovated during his pastorate so as to present a most pleasing and religious appearance. Keeping up with the times, we now find the English language used in the services. However, an occasional German service is still held for the benefit of a few of the older people.

THE DAYS OF

The Erie

Dining Station

Written By

MRS. D. M. TUFTS

Having been asked to contribute an article of possible interest to the local readers of our village paper, the subject suggested being the once prosperous eating station, as one of the many enterprises associated with Narrowsburg's earlier business projects, I will recount as much as possible of the few years of successful restaurant business.

This enterprise, though sanctioned by official favor, was a new venture for the Murray Bros., whose former activities had been more in the merchant line and intermittent occupancy of the Murray Hotel, which, during long and short periods of non-tenantcy, required that they assume its business control.

The Murray Eating House was the second one which had been opened to the railroad public at this point and the fourth in the railroad's history.

Of the two others, I will make mention later.

The unfinished condition of the station building for dining-room service made it necessary, for a few days, to serve meals in the dining room of the hotel across the street..

On the day of the opening it was some task to meet the anticipated demands of a supposedly famished public whose gastronomic possibilities could only be guessed at by these tyros in public service.

It was with some tradition, therefore, that the "Boys" as they were familarly called, took their positions when the signal blew at the long switch, a mile below, announcing that No. 1 was about to discharge her cargo of hungry passengers.

Into each mind, for a moment there flashed the troubled querry, "Will it be a failure or a success?" As if in response to the silent question as the train stopped, there was a rush and a dash for the dining room, giving assurance to the speculative minds that one day's profits would not fall below their expectations.

The first passenger to cross the threshold after the conductors' initiative, was Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, enroute to Elmira and following him came the "Divine Patti" with Strakosh, her manager who had with her, the members of her Opera Company. It was a kindly crowd of professionals and laymen who gave contradiction to the frequent assertion that arrogance and rudeness work the attiture of artists and exalted personages toward those who serve them.

A second eating house, conducted by the Murrays was opened in October, 1877, and continued in business until the changing policies of the Erie, replaced refreshments stations with dinning cars on their trains.

For eleven years this enterprise was the means of making Narrowsburg a first class station, all day express trains stopping and No. 1, 2 and 4 taking meals daily.

As a regular stopping point, it also became a means of produce distribution for the nearby farmers whose butter, eggs and poultry found a ready sale and shipment.

As there were no local butchers equal to supplying meats in variety and of sufficient abundance, the Murrays purchased beef, bacon. pork, sausage and lard at Buffalo. Fish and very nearly all sea foods came from the New York markets.

It may be interesting to compare some prices of that period with the prices of today.

Beef at wholesale, best joints, were bought at six cents a pound and retailed at not more than ten cents. Fresh cod, now 25 cents and more a pound, cost then 5 cents a pound. Eggs were 6 cents a dozen in large quantities. Calf

liver, sweet-breads, giblets and fish roe were given to the good customer.

The best butter was even then 40 cents a pound. The Hiram Tyler, Calkins and Stanton dairies received higher prices. Many other butter-makers of that period, whose names I do not recall, made butter that was ambrosial to the taste and left a memory of food delight in those bread and butter days, well worth the avoirdupois which the consumption of the goodies engendered.

The first refreshment room or eating place was located at Turners, about 30 miles from New York city. Peter Turner was the proprietor who gained wide notoriety as a caterer. His meals were proclaimed far and near as "sumptuous," and his place during the Gould and Fiske regime was popularized by their generous patronage.

When the railroad was finished to Binghamton, the first eating station at Narrowsburg was established. It was conducted by Major Almiron Field, who was also proprietor of the Narrowsburg Stage House which became the distributing point for all passengers enroute to Honesdale, Hawley, Carbodale and Scranton in later years when people were transported over a well-built plank road by means of a Concord stagecoach of gorgeous trappings by 4 horses driven by Hank Hoose, a noted man of that time.

Hoose alternated, we belive, with Wm. Startup, also an excellent "whip" whose cogomen of "Bill" made him seem to be the pal of all his fares.

At this hostelry on Dec. 27th, 1851, the railroad, then completed to Dunkirk, gave a wonderful banquet to celebrate its completion. This most eventful dinner had as guests many national celebrites, among them the famous Daniel Webster and President Fillmore, with an accompanying list of socially distinguished citizens.

The after-dinner speeches of "Mine Host" Major Field are said to have been so fraught with eloquence that they are still echoing down the corridors of time to nothing less than an immortal conclusion.

The banquet was a momentuous event in the history of the Erie, emphasizing by its distinguished assemblage and accomplished purpose, the message from the Ocean to the Great Lakes, uniting Dunkirk, the Erie terminal with New York city, the most important distributing point of the United States as well as fast becoming the Mecca of immagratory impulse toward the new world.

Major Field was succeded by A. H. Russell, the eating station continuing until Mr. Russel removed to Middletown in 1863. When the depot was, in part, transformed into a dwelling place for Mr. Schryver, the station agent. After Mr. Schryver's removal to Hancock, the unoccupied rooms gave the idea to the Murrays to remodel and open a dining hall at Narrowsburg, which, meeting with favor by the Erie officials, was again opened for public patronage.

THE STORY OF

THE BATTLE OF THE MINISINK

- TAKEN FROM THE BOOK -

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

Tom Quick, The Indian Slayer

Count Pulaski had been stationed in Minisink with a battalion of cavalry; but in February previous to the battle, he was ordered to South Carolina. Minisink, which was one of the most exposed points of this region, was thus left to the mercy of the invader whenever he chose to make a descent upon it.

On the 20th of July, 1779, Brant and his wife and red warriors attacked the settlement, and after massacreing many of the inhabitants, burned their dwellings, and made a hasty march back to Grassy Brook, where he had left a part of his followers. The attack was begun before daylight, and so silently and stealthily did the wily and crafty Mohawk chief approach his victims, that several families were cut off before an alarm was made. The first intimation which the community received that the savages were upon them, was the discovery that several houses were in flames. Dismay and confusion seized upon those who had escaped the first onslaught.

They were altogether unprepared to defend themselves. They were without leaders and scattered over a considerable area, although it is to be presumed they were not altogether unarmed. The first movement a large part of them made was to flee to the woods with their wives and children, thus leaving the enemy to plunder them of their property, or to destroy it, as they preferred. A few of the inhabitants gathered into one or two of the block houses, which were not assaulted.

James Swartwout whose father and brothers were killed the preceding year, escaped narrowly. He was in the blacksmith shop with a negro, when he discovered the Indians close at hand. He at once crept up the chimney of the shop, while the negro remained below, not fearing the savages, knowing probably, that they would not harm him.

When the Indians entered, they commenced throwing things about the premises, and selecting such as they fancied. Finally one of them went to the bellows, and began to blow the fire at a rate which proved very uncomfortable to Swartwout, who was nearly strangled with the smoke and the fumes of the burning charcoal, and had great difficulty in retaining his place in the chimney. The Indian became weary of the spot after a little, or was induced by the negro to go at something else. After they had gone off, Swartwout came down from his uncomfortable quarters and escaped.

A man named Rolif Cuddeback was pursued some distance into the woods by an Indian, and found it impossible to outstrip his pursuer. When nearly overtaken, he stopped suddenly and the Indian hurled a tomahawk at him, which, hitting a bush, missed its mark. Cuddeback at once grappled with the supple savage, and they had a furious battle with the weapons of nature. Both struggled for a knife which was in the Indian's belt; but which finally fell to the ground. Neither could safely stoop to pick it up, and so they continued to struggle for life or death in the natural way.

Cuddeback was the most athletic of the two; but the savage had besmeared his limbs and body with grease, so that he could slip from Cuddeback's hands whenever the latter laid hold on him. Cuddeback, however, gave the red skin such a buffeting, that, after a while, he was glad to beat a retreat. It is said that he never recovered from the rough handling he received from the white man; but died subsequently from the injuries inducted by Cuddeback. The latter escaped.

Eager, in a history of Orange

county, says that the savages visited the school house, and threatened to exterminate one generation of the settlement at a blow. Jeremiah Van Auken was the teacher, and they took him from the house, conveyed him about half a mile off and then killed him. Some of the boys in the school were cleft with the tomahawk; others fled to the woods for concealment from their bloody assailants; while the little girls stood by the slain body of their teacher bewildered and horror struck, not knowing their own fate, whether death or captivity. While they were standing in this pitiful condition, a strong muscular Indian came along, and with a brush dashed some black paint across their aprons, bidding them to "hold up the mark when they saw an Indian coming, and it would save them," and with a yell of a savage plunged into the woods and disappeared. This was Brant, and the little daughters of the settlers were safe.

The Indians, as they passed along and ran from place to place, saw the black mark, and left the children alone. The happy thought, like a flash of lightning entered the minds of these little sisters, and suggested that they could use the mark to save their brothers. The scattered boys were quickly assembled, and the girls threw their aprons over the clothes of the boys, and stamped the black impression upon their outer garments. They in turn held up the Palladium of safety as the Indians passed and repassed, and these children were thus saved from injury and death to the unexpected joy of their parents.

Col. Stone in his life of Brant says that no sooner had the fugitives from Minisink arrived at Goshen with the intelligence, than Dr. Tusten, the colonel of the local militia, issued orders to the officers of his command to meet him at Minisink on the following day, with as many volunteers as they could raise. The order was promptly obeyed, and a body of one hundred and forty-nine men met their colonel at the designated rendezvous at the time appointed—including many of the principal gentlemen of the country.

A council of war was held to determine upon the expediency of a pursuit. Col. Tusten was himself opposed to the proposition with so feeble a command, and with a certainty, if they overtook the enemy, of being obliged to encounter an officer combining, with his acknowledged prowess, so much of subtlety as characterized the movements of the Mohawk chief. His force, moreover, was belived to be greatly superior to theirs in numbers, and to include many tories as familiar with the country as themselves.

The colonel, therefore, preferred waiting for the reinforcements which would be sure soon to arrive, the more especially as the volunteers already with him were but ill-provided with arms and ammunition. However, others were for immediate pursuit. They affected to hold the Indians in contempt, insisted that they would not fight, and maintained that a recapture of the plunder they had taken would be an easy achievement.

Town meeting counsels, in the conduct of war, are not usually the wisest, as will appear in the sequel. The majority of Tusten's command were evidently determined to pursue the enemy; but their deliberations were cut short by Major Meeker, who mounted his horse, flourished his sword, and vauntingly called out —"Let the brave men follow me; the cowards may stay behind." It may be readily supposed that such an appeal to an excited multitude would decide the question, as it did.

The line of march was immed-

iately taken up, and after proceeding seventeen miles the same evening, they encamped for the night. On the morning of the 22nd, they were joned by a small reinforcement under Col. Hathorn, of the Warwick regiment, who, as the senior of Col. Tusten, took command. When they had advanced a few miles, Halfway Brook, they came upon the Indian encampment of the preceeding night, and another council was held there. Colonels Hathorn, Tusten, and others, whose valor was governed by prudence, were opposed to advancing further, as the number of Indian fires, and the extent of ground they had occupied, removed all doubt as to the superiority of their numbers. A scene similar to that which had broken up the former council was acted at this place, and with the same result. The voice of prudence was compelled to yield to that of bravado.

It was the opinion of some of the officers that the best way to attack the enemy was to fall upon them at night while they were encamped and asleep. This project was discussed at the council, but was finally abandoned because it was feared that in the confusion and uncertainty of a night attack, the Americans would be as apt to destroy each other as to kill the Indians.

Captain Tyler, who had some knowledge of the woods, was sent forward at the head of a small scouting party to follow the trail of the Indians, and to ascertain, if possible, their movements, as it was evident that they could not be far in advance. The captain had proceeded but a short distance before he fell from the fire of the unseen enemy. This circumstance occasioned considerable alarm, but the volunteers nevertheless pressed eagerly forward, and it was not long before they emerged upon the hills of the Delaware, in full view of that river, upon the eastern bank of which, at a distance of three-fourths of a mile, the Indians were seen deliberately marching in the direction of a fording-place at the mouth of the Lackawaxen. This discovery was made at about 9 o'clock in the morning. The intention of Brant to cross at the ford was evident, and it was afterwards ascertained that his booty had already been sent thither in advance.

The determination was immediately formed by Colonel Hathorn to intercept the enemy at the fording place, for which purpose instant dispositions were made. But, owing to intervening woods and hills, the opposing bodies soon lost sight of each other and an adroit movement on the part of Brant gave him an advantage which it was impossible for the Americans to regain.

Anticipating the design of Hathorn, the moment the Americans were out of sight, Brant wheeled to the right, and by threading a ravine across which Hathorn had passed, threw himself into his rear, by which means he was enabled deliberately to select his ground for battle, and form an ambuscade. Disappointed at not finding the enemy, the Americans were brought to a stand, when the enemy disclosed himself partially, in a quarter altogether unexpected.

The first shot was fired upon an Indian, who, as the Americans came to the bank of the river, was crossing the Delaware with a portion of the booty, and who was mounted on a horse which had been taken from a farmer of Minisink. The savage fell upon the neck of the horse, but managed to keep his seat in the saddle until he had reached the opposite bank, and joined such of his friends as had crossed before

him. It is said that he died not long afterwards.

The belligerents soon engaged in deadly conflict; when, above the whooping and yelling of the savages, the hurrahs of the whites, and the reports of the fire arms, Brant was heard, in a voice which was never forgotten by those who were present, commanding all who were on the opposite side of the river with the plunder, to return. They at once dashed into the river, and soon fell upon the rear of the Americans, who were thus completely surrounded and hemmed in, except about one-third of their number, whom Brant in the early part of the engagement had managed to cut off from the main body. The enemy was several times greater in number than the militia, who were ultimately driven in and confined to about an acre of ground.

Being short of ammunition, Hathorn's orders, in imitiation of those of Putnam at Bunker Hill, were strict, and that no man should fire until very sure that his powder would not be lost.

The battle commenced about 11 o'clock in the morning, and was maintained until the going down of the sun; both parties fighting after the Indian fashion, every man for himself, and the whole keeping up an irregular fire from behind rocks and trees as best they could.

The militia were completely cut off from water, and suffered greatly during the day from thirst. About sunset their ammunition gave out, and the survivors endeavored to escape, breaking through the circle of blood-thirsty savages. Many of them were cut down while making the attempt.

Dr. Tusten was engaged behind a cliff of rocks in dressing the wounded when the retreat commenced. There were seventeen disabled men under his care at the moment, whose cries for protection and mercy were of the most moving description. The Indians fell upon them, however, and they all, together with the doctor, perished under the tomahawk. Among the slain were many of the fine citizens of Goshen; and of the whole number that went forth, only about thirty returned to tell the melancholy story. Several of the fugitives were shot while attempting to escape by swimming the Delaware.

One of the militia who escaped was so exhausted he could not run far. He followed in the direction his friends had taken, until he could go no further. He then got out of the path, near which he remained some time. In a little while he saw the Indians one after another running in the direction the whites had gone. None of them looked towards the place where he was, until finally a very powerful savage discovered him. The Indian's eye no sooner rested on him than the white man fired his last shot and fled. The Indian did not follow, and it was supposed he was killed or wounded. The name of the white man, we believe, was Cuddeback.

There was one, (Major Wood) who, during the battle, saved himself by means which Brant said were dishonorable. By some process or other, though not a freemason, he had acquired a knowledge of the master mason's grand hailing signal of distress; and having been informed that Brant was a member of the brotherhood, he gave the mystic sign. Faithful to his pledge, the chieftain interposed and saved his life. Discovering the imposture afterwards, he was very indignant. Still, he spared his life, and the prisoner ultimately returned to his friends after a long captivity.

There is another reason given

why Wood's life was spared by Brant. Eager says the sign was accidentally made by him, and further that on the evening after the battle, when Brant was about to tie him, lest he should escape, Wood remonstrated, and said he was a gentleman and promised not to escape. They did not tie him, but directed him to lay between two Indians, who informed him that if he atempted to escape they would tomahawk him.

The blanket on which he slept caught fire during the night, and he dare not move from his position to extinguish it, lest he should experience the reality of the threat, and be tomahawked. At last the fire reached his feet, and he kicked it out. The blanket belonged to Brant. Wood was harshly treated by Brant ever after, and when asked the reason of his conduct, he said: "D—n you, you burnt my blanket." Wood resided in the county many years and was a very respectable citizen.

But we are of the opinion, from all circumstances of the case, that Wood was not a free mason, and from the reason of the enmity of Brant, as expressed in the above anecdote, that Wood was innocent of any fraud upon Brant, and that the suggestion was a slander.

Among the killed was Moses Thomas, 2nd, a son of the gentleman of that name who was murdered by the savages near the block house in Cochecton. He was slain by a tory named Case Cole.

Forty three years the bones of these victims of savage warfare were permitted to bleach upon the bleak hill side where the battle took place. But one attempt had been made to gather and bury them, and that was made by the widows of the slain, of whom there were thirty-three in the Presbyterian congregation of Goshen. They set out for the battle ground on horseback; but finding the intervening country too rough and broken for them to proceed, they hired a man to perform the pious duty, who proved unfaithful to the trust, and never returned.

In 1820, the remains of these martyrs of freedom were gathered together, and, with all the eclat which attends eloquence, and the pomp of military and civic display, deposited in the burying grounds at Goshen. A merited though long delayed token of respect for the ashes of the dead, whose conduct had made it manifest that they were both brave and patriotic! A monument has been erected over the grave.

A GERMAN POEM

DIE BLOCKHUTTE IM DELAWARE THAL

Written By
CARL KOERBER

DIE BLOCKHUTTE IM DELAWARE THAL

Aus Kindestagen,
Meinen lieben Eltern gewidmet
Von Carl Koerber

Im Delaware Thale, so lieblich und schon,
Bei Narrowsburg, was einst ein Huttlein zu sehn,
Ein uraltes Huttlein, bescheiden und klein,
Das barg meine Wiege, das Mutterchen mein;
Hier hat sie uns Kinder bei Tag und bei Nacht
In sorgender Liebe so treulich bewacht.
Wie konnt ich's vergessen, das Huttlein im Thal,
Die Berge und Thaler, hie Blumen zumal,
Die Vogel, die immer mein Herze erfreut,
Du Traum meiner Kindheit, o gluckliche Zeit!

Ihr Berge und Thaler, so lieblich und schon
Ihr rauschender Bache, ihr waldigen Hoh'n
Ihr felsigen Schluchten, zerkluftet und wild,
Von Bachen durchrauschet, o herrliches Bild,
Ihr Hemlocks und Tannen, so schlank und so grun,
Ihr machtigen Eichen, Ihr Felsen so Kuhn,
Ihr sprudelnden Quellen im lauschigen Grund,
Ihr Vogel des waldes, ihr Blumen so bunt,
Wie habt ihr mein Herze entzuckt und erfreut?
Nie konnt ichs vergessen, die gluckliche Zeit.

Das Huttlein bescheiden stand mitten im Thal,
Wie sangen die Vogel, wer kennt ihre Zahl!
Im Felde - das schmettern der Drossel erklang,
Im Baume beim Huttlein tont' Wachtelgesang
Mein Vater besorgte mit kundiger Hand
Die Aecker und Wiesen, er baute das Land
Mein Mutterchen pflegte - den Garten geschickt,
Da immer manch Blumlein - das Auge entzuckt
Nie kann ich's vergassen, ich freu mich noch heut
Des Huttleins im Thale, - der gluck-lichen Zeit.

Ihr Berge und Thaler, so lieblich und schon
Welch singen und rauschen, welch frohes geton,
Wohin ich nur schaue ist lauter entzucken,
Herrscht jubel und Freude, ist frohes Erquicken,
Die Tanne die trotzig am Felsen sich reckt,
Das Blumlein, bescheiden im Moose versteckt,
Das Rauschen des Wassers am felsigen Hang,
Das Summen der Bienen, der Vogel Gesang
Noch heute mein Herze bewegt und erfreut
Und nimmer vergesz ich die gluck-liche Zeit.

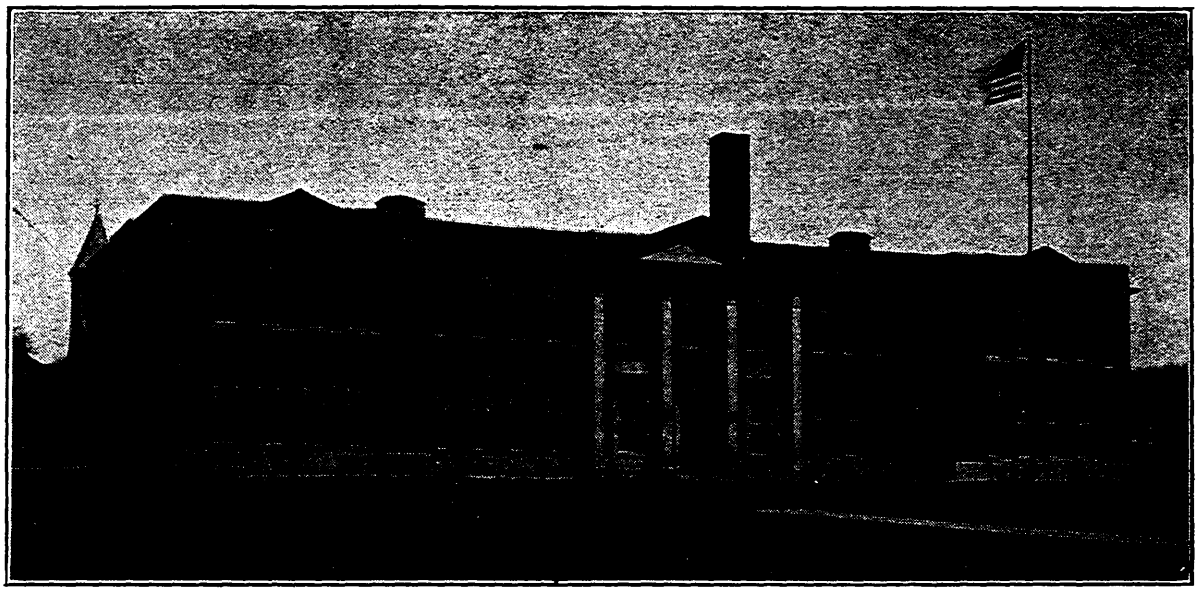
Das Huttlein im Thale, so lieblich und schon,
Das Huttlein, bescheiden, ist nimmer zu sehn;
Doch rauschen die Bache noch immer durchs Thal,

Noch nisten die Reiher am Felsen so kahl,
Noch rauschet und tont is im Waldesdom machtig,
Noch bluhen im Felde die Blumen so prachtig,
Noch ragen die Felsen so trotzig und kuhn,
Rhododendrums und Veilchen am Bache noch bluhn,
Mit Wehmut und Freude gedenk ich noch heut
Des Huttleins im Thale, der glucklichen Zeit.

The "Blockhutte im Delaware Thal", mentioned in these verses which the author has dedicated to the sacred memory of his beloved parents and the days of childhood flown, was a little log cabin of the type built by the early settlers of this country. It stood on the Ross Farm about a mile north of the village of Narrowsburg and was replaced about 65 years ago by the present structure, now occupied by Irving Brink.

The Ross Farm, located in one of the prettiest spots along the Delaware River, in those days, was owned by Commodore Murray, father of Charles Murray whose beautiful home just across the river, near the Delaware Bridge, has been a well known landmark for over half a century.

CARL KOERBER.



Narrowsburg Central Rural School Building — Built in 1929.