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**CENTENNIAL**  
**OF**  
**OLD CAMBRIDGE.**  
**1773-1873.**



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Dear Achnumal

With kindest  
regards of

Henry Lane













PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE  
OLD TOWN OF CAMBRIDGE.

COMPILED BY

SMART & NOBLE.

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WASHINGTON COUNTY POST,  
CAMBRIDGE, N. Y. :  
1874.

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## CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

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The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the founding of the old town of Cambridge was first suggested by Hon. Anson Ingraham, of the present town of Cambridge, in a brief letter dated February 28, 1873, addressed to the editor of the WASHINGTON COUNTY POST, calling attention to the fact that we had entered on the one hundredth year of the history of the old town, and suggesting that the event be commemorated. This letter was published, with editorial comment, seconding its suggestions, and recommending that at the ensuing town meetings, then at hand, in the three towns comprised in the boundaries of the old town, five gentlemen be appointed from each town, there to form a central committee to arrange for the proper observance of the occasion. This recommendation was acted on and the following gentlemen appointed:

CAMBRIDGE—Thomas S. Green, William Dimick, Cortland Skinner, Berry Long, John Ashton.

WHITE CREEK—R. King Crocker, John Larimon, W. I. Perty, George Barker, James Ellis.

JACKSON—George McGeoch, Thomas B. Lourie, William Thompson, William McMillan, William Watkins, J. E. Robertson.

These gentlemen met for the first time on the 13th of March, 1873, at the office of Hon. R. K. Crocker, and organized by electing Cortland Skinner, Chairman, John Ashton, Secretary. The committee effected its permanent organization by electing Cortland Skinner chairman and R. K. Crocker secretary. The desirability and expediency of a celebration was discussed, and the committee was unanimous in the conclusion that the event that had called them together was too important to pass unnoticed, and that the work of preparation should be begun at once. The idea of having a celebration was a new one, and consequently those interested had two difficulties to contend with,—first, to awaken the interest of the people, and second, to arrange some suitable plan for the exercises; that both difficulties were met and happily overcome is a matter of history that, for the honor of the town and the committee, should be recorded. After due deliberation the following plan was adopted, to hold the centennial anniversary exercises on the 29th day of August, in Fuller's Grove, in the village of Cambridge, to have a sketch of the history of the town prepared, to have addresses by eminent sons of the town who had gone out to do their work in a wider field, to have a town dinner at which the entire assemblage who should gather on that day should sit down; in fine to make the day not one of pomp and parade, but one of hearty, though homely, good cheer, a large family gathering at which all the sons and daughters of the old town of Cambridge should sit down in kindly remembrance of the hardships of their ancestors, which, through the providence of God, had turned to such blessing to their descendants. The

general committee in charge appointed to assist in carrying out the idea the following committees :

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Cortland Skinner, George Mc Geoch, William Eldridge, Dr. John Ashton, R. King Crocker.

ON FINANCE—J. L. Hunt, William McMillan, James Ellis.

ON INVITATIONS—Charles D. Warner, E. J. McKie. T. B. Lourie.

ON REFRESHMENTS—T. C. Gifford, William Eldridge, Clark Woodard, Julius Collins, T. D. Oviatt, L. C. Fuller, S. W. Crosby, William Randles, A. B. McNish, C. E. Stroud, William Dimick, John Gow, Edward Cramer, A. H. Comstock, J. H. Merchant, William Kenyon, Dr. T. C. Wallace.

ON GROUNDS—L. Fletcher, S. Fuller.

ON DECORATIONS—A. I. Porter, James Cady, G. M. McKie.

ON VOCAL MUSIC—John Shiland, Andrew McLean, C. O. Valentine, A. S. Fassett, Mason Prentiss.

ON BAND—Edward Whiteside, James S. Smart, Henry Ackley.

ON TOASTS—Henry Noble, H. K. Sharp, David Burch, James E. Robertson.

ON RESOLUTIONS—D. M. Westfall, Thomas Shiland, Allen Crandell, Henry Holden, George Arnott, C. B. Carter, C. T. Hawley, W. I. Perry, B. F. McNitt.

ON RECEPTION—J. S. Smart, James Harper, John C. Simpson, Charles Porter, Azor Culver, J. W. Eddy, B. P. Crocker, Harvey Carpenter.

The following were appointed officers of the day :

HONORARY PRESIDENT—John Weir.

ACTING PRESIDENT—Rev. Henry Gordon.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—White Creek : Benjamin Crocker, John K. Dyer, F. A. Fuller, Dr. H. C. Gray, James Thompson, Ahira Eldridge. Cambridge : Anson Ingraham, David Robertson, John Stevenson, Nathan Gifford, Henry Whiteside, Jacob Quackenbush. Jackson : Elisha Billings, John Robertson, George Maxwell, Col. E. W. Clapp, Elisha Kenyon, Jonathan Warner.

MARSHAL—J. J. Gray.

ASSISTANT MARSHAL—J. B. Rice.

In order to secure a thorough canvassing of the old town for supplies, a ladies' committee was appointed to make the arrangements for the dinner, consisting of the following named ladies : Mrs. John M. Stevenson, Mrs. Clark Woodard, Mrs. William Eldridge, Mrs. L. C. Fuller, Mrs. William Green, Mrs. Charles D. Warner, Mrs. Berry Long, Mrs. M. P. Barton, Mrs. William Randles, Mrs. Thomas Gifford, Mrs. Charles Rice, Mrs. William King, Mrs. David Arnold, Mrs. Giles Russell, Mrs. William Moore, Mrs. A. M. Sherman, Mrs. A. B. McNish, Mrs. J. Larmon, Mrs. James Hill, Mrs. William J. Stevenson, Mrs. William Kenyon, Mrs. Charles Cottrell, Mrs. J. McFarland, Mrs. S. I. Stroud, Mrs. Charles Austin, Mrs. Alonzo Lee, Mrs. Pardon Tripp, Mrs. Andrew McLean, Mrs. Henry Dunham, Mrs. George McMillan, Mrs. James Gilchrist, Mrs. William McKie, Mrs. J. B. Hanna, Mrs. Henry Coulter, Mrs. John Hutchins, Mrs. George Briggs, Mrs. L. Sweet, Mrs. J. H. Merchant, Mrs. William Fowler, Mrs. Henry Darrow, Mrs. C. Darrow, Mrs. John Gifford, Mrs. T. E. Kenyon, Mrs. P. Haxton, Mrs. C. Carter, Mrs. George Coulter, Mrs. James E. Robertson, Mrs. John Coulter,



Mrs. William Dimick, Mrs. Hiram Sisson, Mrs. Thomas Oviatt, Miss E. Crosby, Miss J. Gilchrist, Miss F. Fuller, Miss M. McKie, Miss M. Skellie, Miss L. Pratt, Mrs. Thomas Whiteside, Mrs. James McKie, Mrs. John Money-penny, Mrs. E. Judson.

As the day approached the enthusiasm rose, and all the residents of the old town were fairly enlisted in the work and were handsomely seconding the efforts of the Committees. Cheering responses were received from long absent sons and daughters of the town, and the success of the enterprise was well assured some time before the labors of the committee culminated. The WASHINGTON COUNTY POST, published at the village of Cambridge, gave a full account of the day's proceedings, with reports of the speeches, in its issue of September 5, and it is only to put the matter in more convenient form for preservation that this book has been published. We take from the columns of the Post the following account of the exercises of the day :

.. After the work of the various committees had been done and the plans all made to make the centennial celebration of the old town of Cambridge a success, there was still a contingency about the matter so large that it could make or mar the day—this was the weather. A rainy day would have been so disastrous that the committee steadily refused to take account of it. If it rained it was total failure. The grand old sun then never looked brighter or pleasanter to those interested, than when, on Friday last, it rolled up above the mountains and gave unmistakable tokens that we were to have a clear day. At an early hour the people began to flock into town, and by the time the hour arrived for organizing the

procession the streets were filled. The arrival of the morning train from the south brought a large accession. Doring's Band, which was on the train, was marched by the marshals to Fuller's Block, where the Masonic lodge was in waiting. The lodge was then escorted down Main street to the engine house, where it was joined by the Gray Engine Company. The march was then resumed to the Academy grounds. On the arrival of the lodge and fire company the procession was organized, and marched in the following order :

Grand Marshal, J. J. Gray, Esq.

Assistant Marshal, J. B. Rice, Esq.

Doring's Band.

J. J. Gray Engine Company, No. 1.

Officers of the Day in Carriages.

Guests from abroad.

Committees.

The Old Folks' Wagon.

Young America.

Knights of the Olden Time.

Town Officers of Old Cambridge.

Village Officers.

Masonic Fraternity.

Citizens generally.

“ The first and only mishap occurred at this juncture. The horses attached to the carriage that contained the Presidents of the day, John Weir and Rev. Henry Gordon, became frightened at the music, reared up and fell flat. For a moment the excitement was intense, but fortunately the horses were so tangled in the harness that they could not rise. Old Mr. Weir was helped out of the carriage and another procured,

when the march was resumed. The procession moved down Main Street to South Park, and down that street to the grove. The woods were alive with people, and it was with difficulty that the officers of the day and the speakers reached the stand. The arrangements in the grove were very good. The main stand was covered and boarded up at the back, and was large enough to accommodate about sixty persons. The stand for the band was on the left, and a little advanced; on the right was a stand for the singers, and in front of it board seats were prepared for about two thousand people. The scene from the stand at the moment of the organization was grand. As far as one could see into the woods there was one solid mass of people. There must have been in the grove at that time at least eight thousand people, with probably a couple of thousand more about the streets of the village, since the streets of the village were lined with people while the procession was passing. The really most difficult thing of the whole business was to furnish dinner for the crowd. For this purpose five hundred feet of table had been prepared, one for the press, one for the old people over seventy, and the third for the crowd. At the press and at the old folks' table seats were prepared; at the others it was in lunch style. To have seated all was simply impossible, and the writer, when looking out on the crowd from the grand stand, had great misgivings as to the ability of the committee in charge of the tables to supply the people with food. But the larder was equal to the occasion. There was abundance, and of the best variety, and this part of the programme was as great a success as the other parts. There might have been a few who were not supplied, but it was from diffidence on their part, not for want of pro-

visions. It was proposed to have a roster made of the old residents who were present, but the attempt was abandoned as impossible. The music by the band and the singing by the choir was good, the oratory above the average of such occasions, though of course it was impossible for any of the speakers to make all the people hear what they said. In brief, the whole affair, from beginning to end, was a success, gratifying to all concerned.

After the exercises were over the large crowd dispersed, and by dark all was as quiet as usual in the village. The committees all did well. The hardest labor, however, fell on the committee on ground and tables, but no committee did better than it. The number of old people present was quite remarkable. The boys of seventy years were of no account: the honored chairman, with his ninety-six years, made them seem young. Many of them, however, did not look as vigorous as he. A man who could stand the fatigue and excitement of such a day as Friday must have left yet several years of life in him. When the old man took his seat as the honorary President of the day, it hardly could be believed that here was one that was born soon after the town, and yet John Weir lacks only four years to his centennial. The Rev. Henry Gordon, of Coila, was the acting President of the day, and discharged the duties well. The stand was filled with the old men of the town and distinguished strangers."

Rev. Henry Gordon, upon introducing the exercises, said: This, my friends, is a great day for old Cambridge. It is the Centennial of the old town, and you can easily discern the importance attaching to it by casting your eye over the vast sea of upturned faces. There are some things people will not

allow to die. Too many great events have taken place, too many incidents have occurred, too many good men and women have lived in this old town not to keep alive the reminiscences that cluster around it. And let me say to you now, just at the very outset, that you are scarcely aware of the trouble persons have been at to get up this celebration to keep alive in, and refresh the memory with, these important events. I will not do injustice to any person. There may be something in reference to this toward the close of the day, but I do know that certain committees have worked night and day, and spared neither toil, nor pains, nor expense, to have this a grand success, and the result is visible to every person. It is right and proper, on such an occasion as this, and with reference to the past, that we should commence this meeting with prayer to the throne of heavenly grace, and first in the order of exercises will be prayer by Rev. W. B. Shortt.

## INVOCATION PRAYER.

Rev. Mr. Shortt offered the following prayer: O God, thou alone art from everlasting to everlasting God. Thou art the same, yesterday, to-day and forever, without variable-ness or shadow of turning. We are the workmanship of thine hands—the creatures whom thy power has made and thy presence preserves. O thou God of our fathers, and God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of all who put their trust in thee, we invoke thy blessing upon this assembly. We desire to thank thee, O Lord, for the distinguished privileges with which we have been favored all our lives long. Goodness and mercy hath followed us all the days of our lives, and we would especially thank thee, O God, on this

day of remembrance, the Centennial, for the character of the devoted men and women who first settled this old town of Cambridge, who feared God, honored thee in keeping thy commandments, and glorified thee, their Creator, their preserver and their Redeemer. They have left to succeeding generations blessings of inestimable value. O Lord, help us to realize thy goodness to us in these latter days, and help us to cherish and maintain those heaven given privileges which have been handed down to us through the generations that are now gone. We have thy Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges, the gospel is preached, we enjoy social, civil, religious and educational privileges above multitudes of our fellow men. O may our hearts this day be lifted up in gratitude to that God who gives us all these things richly to enjoy, and we pray we may be impressed with this one thought. "To whom much is given, of them also shall much be required." O God, hear us, bless us, and Thy great name, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, one God, shall have the glory and the praise. Amen.

Music by the Band.

REV. MR. GORDON: We are glad to see so many strangers present, and so many from the different portions of the county, whose names are household words with us. We are glad to see so many of the sons and daughters of the old town of Cambridge—but I will not anticipate. An expression of our joy will devolve upon another—upon one of the boys of Cambridge, who has his head-quarters here at Fort Grant, over the way. He is not yet full grown, but when he does come to the full grown proportions of manhood, we need have no fears that he will reflect any discredit on the old town of

Cambridge. I have the pleasure of introducing Hon. James S. Smart.

WELCOME ADDRESS BY HON. J. S. SMART.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is deputed to me to give formal expression of the welcome which some of the sons and daughters of old Cambridge, who have abided on the hill sides and in the valleys which our common ancestors settled more than a hundred years ago, to-day extend to those children of the town who have made their homes elsewhere. It has been planned to gather in, as far as could be, all who were entitled to attend this township reunion, not only those that were to the manor born, but friends of the neighboring towns whose histories are so closely allied to that of our town. Though a hundred years have rolled away since our fathers met at the house of Captain John Wood, and many great changes have come over the old town, we are still living in the way our fathers lived and invite you back to no pageant, but as a sturdy farming community—to a simple re-union in the woods, with homely fare but hearty hospitality. This day is as much yours as ours, as the history to be read to us is as much the history of your fathers as ours. Those who are to address you are distinguished sons, but not residents. We feel it a privilege to ask you all back to your native town to meet with those who have tarried in the homes of their ancestors and with the friends whom we can hardly to-day classify, so well have the towns of this good county blended. This town of our fathers has been large enough and rich enough to divide into three separate townships, but the memories stirred by this centennial year have obliterated for the present the divisions of later years, and whether

in the sub-division known as Jackson, or in the one known as White Creek, we are all to-day sons of one common mother, welcoming back truant children on this her natal anniversary day. In the year our fathers founded this town the first church of Cambridge was organized. It is a fact to be proud of that no history can treat of the time when Cambridge had no church. The children of such an ancestry should and do take pride that in the town to-day the spires of twelve churches are pointing heavenward, and you are to-day welcomed back to the midst of a people who walk in the fear and admonition of the Lord. The fathers of this town, at an early date, gave themselves to the establishment of schools, of which these honored men who are with us to-day are the jewels. These schools have been kept alive, and, though to-day in a transition state, we welcome you back with the confident assurance that the cloud is but temporary, and that out of the feeling this day engendered will come union and strength that shall enable us to do even better than our fathers. One hundred years ago the founders of this town were received by savage beasts and wilder men. They found these valleys, swamps, and the hills covered with forests scarce ever penetrated by the sun. In the fear of the Lord they laid the foundation of this town, and he has caused it to blossom like a garden. To-day, as this town welcomes her children and friends, its hills are laden with corn, its valleys yield bountiful crops, its people are dwelling in comfortable houses, peace and security are in its borders. It boasts not of its looms, it points you to no row of splendid houses, nor calls your attention to the hum of busy concerns, but it invites you to view a valley as fair as the land of promise, to look at the wood-crowned hills which



cluster about it as emeralds set about a diamond. It boasts not of its great names nor the rent rolls of her sons, but it welcomes you to the homes of a prosperous people, not made haughty by great wealth, nor cast down by abject poverty. But why should I detain you for a mere form of words. You are not strangers to Cambridge or Cambridge hospitality, and your own generous hearts, first nurtured on this soil, testify more eloquently than can I how welcome you are to-day to share with us the pleasure of this occasion. This venerable man who has come to us from the early days of the town, who honors this day with his presence, comes here on behalf of the past to bid you welcome. The children playing about the grove have brighter faces for your coming, and speaking for age and youth, in the name of the people of the town, I bid you thrice welcome. [Applause.]

REV. MR. GORDON: The next thing will be a song from the choir, and I hope these people will let the audience see that old Cambridge people have both hearts and lungs.

The choir then sang

HOME AGAIN.

Home again, home again, from a foreign shore!

And oh! it fills my soul with joy

To meet my friends once more!

Here I dropped the parting tear,

To cross the ocean's foam,

But now I'm once again with those

Who kindly greet me home.

Happy hearts, happy hearts, with mine have laughed in glee,

But oh! the friends I loved in youth,

Seem happier to me.

And if my guide should be the fate,  
 Which bid me longer roam,  
 But death alone can break the tie  
 That binds my heart to home.

Music sweet, music soft, lingers round the place,  
 And oh! I feel the childhood charm,  
 That time cannot efface.  
 Then give me but my homestead roof,  
 I'll ask no palace dome,  
 For I can live a happy life  
 With those I love at home.

REV. MR. GORDON: The next thing in order, and to which I hope you will give the utmost attention, is an historical address of the old town by the Hon. G. W. Jermain.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY HON. G. W. JERMAIN.

Such a gathering of people as we see here to-day would hardly be expected, even at a celebration which excites so much interest as the anniversary of our National Independence. This is indeed the centennial year of one of the most prominent events which led to that Independence, the great tea party of 1773 when the tea was cast overboard in Boston harbor. But the event which we celebrate to-day is quite another though of coincident date with that. As children love to do honor to the memory of their ancestors, we are here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of our old mother Cambridge. If it were so that living witnesses remained to tell us of their own knowledge the earliest history of the town, nothing could give greater interest to this meeting than to call them up to tell us who was the first white inhabitant who came and fixed his home in this then

wilderness, and which the spot upon which he fixed it; who came next, and next! How did they work their way through the unbroken forest, and how their means to work, and their means of living were brought to their new homes and the hardships and privations they endured. Thus we could follow on from farm to farm, as we now know them, and learn who who their first occupants, and through but few generations could trace the history of many families now with us from the beginning to the present day. There are some families, and not a few, now living upon the same land which their forefathers cleared, and which has come down to them through an unbroken line of honest ancestry, "native here," in truth lords of the soil from the felling of the first tree. Of the first inhabitants themselves the tombstones in the grave-yards furnish the most authentic records of those who are thus memorized, but of these, and no doubt of many others, of whom we have no memorial here, more will be known and read from their "record which is on high." Of living witnesses now left to testify from personal knowledge of anything beyond the last half century, there are very few, yet some of us remain, who stand between the past and present to speak from memory of somewhat beyond that period, and of personal knowledge of some who first occupied this ground a century ago when yet a wilderness.

It will be seen that our object is not a popular address, but a matter of fact history. In the division of New York (when a British Province,) into counties, in 1683, Albany county was established, and extended north to Canada, and included Vermont, then claimed to be within the jurisdiction of New York, and several counties west of this. At a very early day

grants and patents of wild lands were sought by speculators from the British government, and in 1688 a patent was obtained for a tract along the Hoosic river, called the Hoosic Patent, a portion of which became included in the town of Cambridge. Soon afterward another patent, adjacent to it on the east, was procured, extending northerly and easterly about a mile in width, called the Van Corler and Lakes Patent.

In 1731 a purchase was made of the Indians of lands contiguous to and east of the Van Corler Patent, but as "Lo, the poor Indian, was not supposed to have any rights which the white man was bound to respect," a patent for this same land was afterwards, in 1739, procured from the British government by Stephen Van Rensselaer and others, called the "Walloomsac Patent" of about 12,000 acres, extending north and east, along the Walloomsac river and to the Green Mountains, covering the White Creek valley. In 1761 the Cambridge Patent was granted to Isaac Sawyer, Edmund Wells, Jacob Lansing, Alexander Colden, William Smith, Goldsboro Banyer and others for 31,500 acres north of the Hoosic Patent, and extending along the Cambridge valley and over the west part of the present town. To induce settlements on this land the patentees gave one hundred acres to each of the first thirty families who would become actual settlers. The names which are now known of the first settlers, are John McClung, James and Robert Cowan, Samuel Bell, Col. Blair, George Gilmore, George Duncan, David Harrow, William Clark, John Scott and Thomas Morrison, (whose son was the first-born child among the settlers). These came on the lands in 1761-2-3. Other early settlers in the vicinity were Ephraim Cowan, Robert Gilmore, Austin

Wells. Samuel Clark, Jonathan Morrison, Edmond Wells, John Allen, David Sprauge, Seth Chase, John Woods, John Harroun, Thomas McCool, Thomas Ashton, Simeon Fowler, John Young, Josiah Dewey, Ruel Beebe, William Eager, William Selfridge John Younglove and John Corey.

Edmond Wells, often mentioned among the early settlers, was one of the patentees, and probably the only patentee who became a settler, and this name and family have been identified with the history of the town, and have continued in successive generations to be known and respected here to the present day. We have no doubt that settlements were made upon the other patents south and east of Cambridge Patent earlier than 1761. A mill was built on the Hoosic or Walloomsac river very early. And there is some history of several acres of cleared land found by the early settlers, near Buskirk's Bridge, supposed by some to have been an Indian corn field, but more probably the site of an old fort, which is known to have been built in the Hoosic river valley (long before the Cambridge settlement,) for protection against the Indians, and which was attacked by a party of French and Indians who came from Canada through the Cambridge valley and captured this fort and killed and took captive some of the inhabitants, and on their return encamped several days near the Ponds north of Cambridge village.

The names of other early settlers are given in the record of those who were disturbed in possession of their lands by reason of the Revolution, and which for a time were exempted from quit rents on that account. These were James McKie, Elizabeth Watson, Michael McCabe, John Nicholson, Daniel Busted, William Busted, James McKimm, Francis Nichol-

son, William Nicholson, on the Embury Patent. James Cowden, Ephraim Bessey, Benjamin Smith, John Morrison, William Cooper, Isaac Gibbs, James S. Cowden, Samuel Cowden, David Cowden, George Searl, William Bleck, Archibald Campbell, John Campbell, William Campbell, George Telford, Winslow Heath, Timothy Heath, William King, Amos Buck, James Warner, Eben Warner, John Austin, on the Cambridge Patent, and Francis Lacker on the Van Corler Patent. Some who had taken up lots previous to the Revolution left them during that period; some from fear of disturbance by Tories and Indians, who were prowling about the country for plunder, and some, who chose to desert their friends and join their enemies, left this region altogether. The lands of some of these were confiscated by government after the war and sold to other settlers.

The first settlements on the Cambridge Patent were chiefly along the Taghkanick range of hills on the east border, and along the Owl Kill and Cambridge valley. The first tavern was a log house kept by James Cowden, where the Chequered House is, which we have often heard called by the old settlers, the Cowden Tavern. In 1762 the Annaquassacoke Patent for 10,000 acres was granted to Schermerhorn and others, extending over parts of the present White Creek and Jackson. The early settlers on this were James Irvine, Peter McGill, John Miller, John McLean, Jonathan Conger, Hugh Thompson, Eben Billings. This tract is north of Cambridge Patent.

In 1765 the Embury Patent for 8,000 acres east of Annaquassacoke was granted. This and Wilson's Patent, so called, are evidently the same, as two such patents can not

be found, and this patent was granted to Embury, Wilson and others.

In 1766 a tract of about 1,400 acres was purchased by Phineas Whiteside, in the west part of Cambridge, upon which his sons, John, Peter, Thomas, William, James and Oliver, each had farms, and the names and possession of this family have continued there to the present time. Phineas Whiteside did great service to the country during the war of the Revolution. Other patents obtained are known as the Grant and Campbell Patents, lying south of Embury Patent, in White Creek, and Bain's Patent, contiguous to that, and Reed and Van Antwerp's, granted in 1770, said to be north of the Hoosic and west of Cambridge Patent.

Some very early improvements were made with reference to the supplies needed by the settlers. A mill was built on the Walloomsac river, and a mill at Pumpkin Hook, (this name is said to have been originally Pompanuck, an Indian name derived from the name of a remnant of an Indian tribe once located there for a time). Cambridge was not a town nor a district until the Colonial Assembly, in 1772, passed an act constituting it a district, and including Shaftsbury in it. (Districts were by the Colonial law the same as towns). By act of Assembly the same year, 1772, a portion of Albany county was set off and called Charlotte county, in honor of Queen Charlotte. This county included most of our present county, and part of Vermont, but did not include Cambridge, which still remained in Albany county. Previous to 1777 a considerable number of settlers had come in and occupied different sections of the town, and lands contiguous along the Hoosic river, and made improvements, and acquired stocks of horses

and cattle. The war of the Revolution was then in progress, and the British army, under Burgoyne, was advancing from the north, and when as far along as the North river, west of us, a detachment under Colonel Baum was sent out for supplies, and passing through Cambridge, encamped over night, August 13, 1777, near Wait's Corners. An advance party of Tories and Indians had preceded them, and near Hoosic or Walloomsac, attacked and took prisoners a number of our people and took from them cattle and other supplies. Baum, with his red coats, (as the British soldiers were called on account of their uniform,) proceeded next day toward Bennington, and on the 16th, near the junction of the lines of Cambridge. Hoosic and Bennington, encountered General Stark in what is called the Bennington battle. Stark on that occasion made his famous speech to his men, which has become proverbial as significant of determined courage, "the red coats are ours before night or Molly Stark is a widow." Baum met signal defeat, and himself and about seven hundred of his men were taken prisoners and about two hundred killed. This incursion of British soldiers in the town caused much alarm, and the inhabitants (from some of whom we have heard relations) apprehending depredations from marauding parties of Tories and Indians, secreted their property in various ways to protect it, and in some instances employing the agency of neighbors who were friends of the British. A story is told of one of the old settlers near Bennington battle ground, who not willing to lose his day's work, kept his men in his field while the battle went on, until the cannon balls whistled among them, and then told them he thought they wouldn't work any longer that day.



Soon after the close of the Revolution the settlement of the town rapidly increased. Its contiguity to Albany and other older settlements, and much improvement of the county south of it, induced emigration from other States and from the old countries, and the town was very soon populated. In 1784 the Legislature of the State of New York changed the name of the county of Charlotte, and highly honored it with the name of Washington. Cambridge never belonged to Charlotte county, but continued in Albany county as a district until 1788, when it was made a town, "bounded on the north by the county of Washington," and extending some distance south of the Hoosic river, including Tioshoke, below Buskirk's Bridge. In 1791 Rensselaer county was instituted, and Cambridge was annexed to Washington County at the same time, and in 1822 all that part of the town south of the Hoosic river was set off to Rensselaer county.

The eastern bounds of the town, or county, or even of the State, were for many years indefinite, and until Vermont became a State a contest had for many years existed between New Hampshire and New York, both claiming jurisdiction over the territory between the Connecticut river and Lake Champlain, and the precise eastern boundary of this town and county, during this controversy, was dependent upon the settlement of it. The British government decided in favor of New York, but the Green Mountain boys having been very active and efficient in the war of independence, and inflated with its spirit, in 1777, declared themselves independent of both States, but they soon ascertained that they had, by this act, involved themselves in another war of Independence. Connected with this are some facts which are part of the his-

tory of Cambridge. The indefinite state of the boundary, and in fact the jurisdiction of this town, having extended over territory claimed by Vermont, a sympathy was induced toward the Vermonters in their claim to independence, and in this several other districts along and near the borders were united. Vermont, beside denying the right of New York to any jurisdiction beyond her present boundaries, also denied her right to the territory, now Washington county, upon the pretence that this territory was no part of New York, but belonged to a separate Territorial government established by Great Britain, over which Gov. Philip Skeene was appointed Governor, and the assumed General Assembly of Vermont, in February, 1781, declared its jurisdiction to extend to the Hudson river, and in April following appointed a convention to be held at Cambridge in the next month, to which delegates were chosen to represent Vermont. This convention was held in May, 1781, in which were represented by delegates the following districts, (as then called): Hoosic, Schaghticoke, Cambridge, Saratoga, Upper White Creek (Salem,) Black Creek (Hebron,) Granville, Skeensboro, Kingsbury, Fort Edward and little Hoosic, and at which these districts resolved to submit themselves to the jurisdiction of Vermont. John Rogers was chairman of Convention, and Moses Robinson chairman of Committee. Representatives were chosen to the Vermont Legislature, in which, on June 16, 1781, Phineas Whiteside and Joseph Caldwell took seats as members from Cambridge. Congress did not readily accede to the proposition, but Vermont persisted and resisted the authority of New York, and this led to open hostilities, and the resitants were adjudged to be outlaws, and in

rebellion, and a large number were arrested, but we do not identify any names of these in the documentary history as Cambridge people. This state of things led to a "sober second thought, and to the wise conclusion that discretion is the better part of valor." March 1, 1782, a convention was held at Cambridge to reconsider the action of the convention of the previous year, and a petition was adopted and forwarded to the Governor and Legislature of New York, retracting the union with Vermont, in which they regret that step, and say in their petition, "Our deception was great, and our return is hearty, and as acts of lenity and mercy dignify the human nature more than strict justice, we doubt not but that you, in your clemency and goodness, will restore us to our former situation, that thereby we may be rendered more serviceable to the United States of America, and the State of New York in particular." This petition is signed, "Jonathan Waldo, Josiah Dewey, Fortunatus Sherman, Committee of District Convention." Another document appears addressed to the Governor and Legislature of March 5, 1782, signed by Edward Savage, John Gray, P. Fitch, and many others (supposed from their names to be inhabitants of Salem, but not dated at any place,) petitioning for the pardon of White Creek people for having submitted themselves to the assumed jurisdiction of Vermont. It seems probable, from this document, that the "Upper White Creek," named in the Secession Convention proceedings of May, 1781, was in fact our neighbor Salem which took part in that convention, and that this petition was on behalf of the inhabitants of that town, and not our White Creek. In the first settlement of Salem (before it became a town.) the New England settlers there

called it White Creek, (though the Scotch settlers preferred the name of New Perth). This controversy continued several years after this, Congress not consenting to admit Vermont. But afterwards, in 1791, Vermont was admitted as a Sovereign State in the Union, with her present boundaries.

We have already adverted to the law which first gave name and organization to Cambridge, and we now call to our aid to furnish facts relative to its history, an old witness of one hundred years—the original Book of Records, commencing with the first town meeting in May, 1773, which proves the present year of 1873 to be the centennial year of its legal organization, and gives its official history down to the time of the division of the town. The appearance of this old witness, clad in parchment, the dress of former times, proves its own age, and the well known hand-writing of many of its records is to some of us full proof. As some ten years or more had elapsed since the first settlements, before these records commenced, it will be seen from the names at first appearing on the records, and for succeeding years, that many whom we have supposed to have been first settlers, did not probably come in until years afterwards. We read from the old book, “At the town meeting held at Cambridge, in ye county of Albany, in the Province of New York, first Tuesday of May, 1773, Moderator. ——— Morrison, Esq. : Supervisor, Simeon Covell ; Town Clerk, William Brown ; Assessors, David Sprague, White Creek ; Michael Ryan, Cambridge ; Treasurer, Isaiah Younglove ; Overseers of Roads, Samuel Heth, John Morrison, Edward Wells, Robert Edminston, Nathan Smith, for Corler’s patent ; John Soule, Samuel Hedges, for White Creek ; Hazard Wilcox, Andrew

Thoms, for Walloomsac ; Thomas Ashton, for Quashecook ; Simeon Berry, for Ash Grove ; Jabez Mosher, for Fowler's ; Overseers of Poor, John Lake, of White Creek, Robert Gilmore, of Cambridge ; Collector and Constable, George Gilmore, Cambridge ; Constables, Eben Allen, White Creek, Peter Halley, Allertown, (probably meant for Peter Hawley of Arlington,) John Corey, Shaftsbury ; Fence Viewers and Prizers, Seth Chase and David Sprague, White Creek, Samuel Heth and Hugh Gray, Cambridge ; Firemen, John Weir, James Morrison, Hazard Wilcox, Jabez Mosher, Isaiah Younglove, Eben Wright ; Pound Masters, James Cowden, Samuel Hodges." The White Creek portion of the town seem to have soon manifested a disposition for independence, as appears from the following record, (and besides their disposition for secession, seem to have been in favor of southern institutions). We read : " At a special meeting of the inhabitants of White Creek, February 1, 1775, voted to petition the Assembly to be set off from Cambridge," and further, " Voted to petition the Assembly to let the inhabitants keep bloodhounds." It is an evidence of the rapid improvement of the town that the number of road districts increased in the first ten years from thirteen to twenty-eight, and in the same time following to forty-eight, and soon after over one hundred. The names of the first magistrates which appear upon the record are, Edmond Wells, John Younglove, David Sprague and John McKillip. We read further a few extracts from this old record : " May 11, 1776, at a town meeting called for the purpose of electing Field Officers of the Eighteenth Regiment of Militia, Lucas Van Wort was elected Colonel, John Blair Second Colonel, James Ashton, Ma-

jor, and John Younglove Adjutant. May 8, 1783, voted that stocks be built at expense of district, (as in Old Testament times when Job said, 'thou putttest my feet in the stocks,' and in New Testament times, 'the feet of Paul and Silas they made fast in the stocks.'") April 8, 1801, "I, Jeremiah Stilwell, do hereby manumit my slaves, named Salem Bedoe and Arabella his wife," (the dark ages had not then passed, even in New York State). Slavery being then allowed in this State, provision was made by law that the slaves might be manumitted by writing, executed by their owners and recorded in the town records, which secured their freedom and exonerated the owners from liability for their support. We find many such records.

The early establishing of churches in the town shows the Puritan character of the early settlers. The first church organization in the town was no doubt the Methodist church at Ash Grove. Philip Embury (the removal of whose remains, and the erection of a monument to whose memory, have excited much interest.) came into this region, and finding here a number of settlers desirous of religious privileges, who had emigrated from the old country, he, with Thomas Ashton, and a few others, organized a church in 1770 at Ash Grove, said to have been named after Mr. Ashton, and a small meeting house was some time after erected at that place, and late in 1832 a new and more commodious house was built, which was afterwards burned. This church is said to have been the second Methodist church organized in America, (the first being the John street church in New York, which Mr. Embury had just before assisted in organizing). From this time forward has this denomination been justly considered

the pioneer in the establishing of churches in new settlements, following the example of this good man.

The old meeting house, so called, which stood upon the lot contiguous to the old burying ground, south of the village, was commenced about 1775, and perhaps earlier, for it is known that as early as 1765 the settlers sent to Scotland for ministerial supply, and Rev. Mr. Telfair came in 1766 to this place and preached, and ministers from Salem also preached here, but the meeting house was not completed until 1783. This lot was donated by William Smith, one of the Cambridge patentees, for church purposes, and conveyed to John Younglove, Edmond Wells, Phineas Whiteside, James Ashton, John Morrison, James McClung, John Welch, Josiah Dewey and Josiah Wells, as Trustees, and the building was erected and occupied at first by those desiring religious worship without denominational distinction—most of whom were from the old countries. It appears in the history of this congregation that the anxiety to procure such a minister as was desirable to a portion of them, induced a Mrs. Hinsdale to undertake a journey on foot to Philadelphia for that purpose, and the Rev. Thomas Beverage was procured, and came and organized a church here. A difference among them in regard to preferences to the different church relations from which they originated in the old countries, soon afterwards induced a division into two separate congregations, and the church here organized in 1785, under the ministry of Mr. Beverage, procured another location and built the yellow meeting house, so called. The congregation which remained in the old meeting house organized according to law, January 7, 1785, by the name of "The First Protestant Presbyterian Congregation

of Cambridge," and at some time not now ascertained, organized a church by the name of "The Associate Reformed Church of Cambridge," and in 1791 settled Rev. John Dunlap as their minister, with Phineas Whiteside, James Ashton, James Stevenson, Fortunatus Shearman, Archibald Robertson and Joseph Wells, Elders. The ministers succeeding, previous to the present, were Revs. Messrs. D. McLaren, W. Howden, P. Gordon and T. McLawry. The old building becoming dilapidated, in 1845, was abandoned and the new brick church was built by the same congregation in the village, and has since been enlarged. The Whiteside family, for convenience of their neighborhood, several miles distant in the western part of the town, erected a meeting house in about 1800, in their vicinity for occasional meetings, continuing their connection, however, with the old church (as we are informed by one of the family,) for many years, and not until 1834 maintaining a separate church. when Rev. Peter Gordon became their minister.

The Friends' meeting house at White Creek had an early existence, and previous to 1783 their house was partly built for some years, but not finished until about 1784, and in 1804 was renovated or rebuilt. Among the early members we find the names of Wood, Bowen, Hoag, Allen, Mosher, Duel, Norton, and later are Barker, Hart, Chase, Taber and Cornell. The society was called "The White Creek Preparative Meeting."

The yellow meeting house church, as before stated, was organized in 1785 by the name of "The Associate Presbyterian Church," and its first Elders were Alexander Skellie, James Edie, James Rollo, James Small and William McAuley.



Their first church was built in 1786. Their first minister, Rev. Thomas Beverage, was succeeded by Revs. John Banks, D. D., Alexander Bullions, D. D., and his son, David G. Bullions, previous to the present minister. The old meeting house was taken down and the present brick one was erected in 1833. The Rev. Alexander Bullions was pastor about fifty years. We trust it will not be deemed undue partiality to say particularly of this good man so long with us, that he was a true christian gentleman, an eminently able and faithful minister. His superior learning and ability, ever devoted to doing good in the church, in the families and in the schools, in which he took much interest, had an influence of which the sweet savor will not be lost for many generations after him.

The White Meeting House church was organized in 1793, and the church was built about that time, which was occupied about forty years. A new edifice was erected in its place in 1832, which was occupied until the present new church, on the opposite side of the street, was completed, in 1872. The first minister, Rev. Gershone Williams, was succeeded by Revs. Messrs. R. H. Chapman, N. S. Prime, G. Hays, W. Lusk, O. P. Hoyt, E. H. Newton, I. O. Fillmore, J. H. Nixon, and C. H. Taylor, previous to the present pastor. The first Elders were John Welch, Moses Holmes, Joseph Wells, John Rollo, Lucas Younglove, Kirtland Warner.

The Baptist church at Wait's Corners was organized about 1779. According to our best information their first house of worship was a log house, built about 1782, some distance east of the present location, and a new church was commenced at Wait's Corners in 1788, but not completed until

1808. The first minister was Elder William Wait, succeeded by Elders Craw, Glass, Warren and Tinkham.

The White Creek village meeting house is said to have been erected about 1795 or 1796, but not completed until 1807, and occupied in part by the Wait's Corners society, but it does not appear that this church has ever been used exclusively by any particular denomination, but chiefly by Baptist and Methodist societies.

In 1798 the County Clerk's office was located in Cambridge, and kept by Gerritt Wendell, (who was County Clerk,) in his brick office at the Academy corners, and it was continued there for several years, until the location was changed to Argyle. This office continued to be occupied by Mr. Wendell for his professional business during his lifetime, and since his death has been taken down.

The Northern Turnpike Company was incorporated in 1799, with William Hay, Edmond Wells, jr., David Long, Martin Van Buskirk, John Williams, Edward Savage and others. directors, and the road was constructed soon afterwards from Lansingburgh through Cambridge, and became a continuous road on to Burlington, Vt. This was by far a more valuable improvement for a new country than was generally acknowledged, and though many would patronize the shunpike to avoid the toll, they were glad to avail themselves of the better road in wet seasons. There was much complaint about the location of this road over Oak Hill, and justly, for the little distance saved was no compensation to the public for climbing over the steep grade of this hill.

Joseph Tennery published a newspaper in the town in December, 1803, called the Cambridge Gazette, which had

not sufficient patronage to sustain it but a short time. By reference to a copy of this paper of January, 1804, it appears that there was then a public library in the place called "The Washington Library," and J. L. Wendell was Treasurer. Tannery & Rockwell had a printing office about this time and published a history of the Irish rebellion. It appears, also, by records in possession of some of the Whiteside family, that previous to this, in 1793, there was a public library in West Cambridge in which inhabitants in other parts of the town were interested, (the names of Asahel Morris, Rev. John Dunlap, Paul Dennis, George Barber, and others, being among the proprietors,) of this Edward Whiteside was Treasurer.

As our centennial history commenced before the war of the revolution, a second era may properly begin about the second half century, with the war of 1812, the period when some few of us can recall to our own personal recollection something of men and things as we then knew them. In the fall of 1814 reports having reached us that the British troops were on our northern frontier and advancing towards us, and the British vessels were in threatening position on Lake Champlain, a "call to arms" was made, and orders given to muster the militia in the field. It was an exciting time, and coming so suddenly upon us, found us quite unprepared to meet the enemy at once. The old firelocks were rusty and must be rubbed up, and some little time was needed for raw militia to prepare to confront the foe; but the marching order was finally given, and the advance was made, but the progress of the march toward the enemy was slow, and the saying was for a long time afterwards that the advancing forces did not

get so far for several days but that some of them came home every night to lodge, and before they reached the borders and had a chance to fight, Commodore McDonough had done the fighting, and the British fleet had surrendered and their land forces retreated back to Canada. We do not vouch positively for the truth of the saying. If there are any present who were then old enough to belong to that Spartan band who will arise to impeach the story, we shall not insist upon it.

The Cambridge Washington Academy was incorporated about 1815, but the building had been erected and occupied as an academical school ten or twelve years previously. In 1844 the old Academy gave place to the more commodious building as now occupied. This institution may justly have a prominent place in the history of the town as connected with its prosperity in preparing for usefulness large numbers of the children of our citizens, as well as many from other places, and very many have gone out from it to occupy important positions of usefulness and honor in church and State, and in the business of life. It would no doubt be interesting and gratifying to many could we give the names of these, but should we attempt it, it would be in our power only to give a partial list, and rather than do this we will not attempt it. The principals during the first twenty years were David Chassel, Rev. Alexander Bullions, Rev. N. S. Prime, Rev. John Monteith, W. D. Beattie. Cambridge has furnished, probably, as large a number of professional men as any country town in our knowledge, and many of these eminent. History informs us of another institution in the town, which, though not known for its literary character, was made somewhat noted in the biography of the late Gov-

ernor Briggs of Massachusetts, who, though not from our Academy, was in his youth a resident of the town, and employed at a trade, and who afterwards became distinguished in the councils of the nation as well as in his State. Some time while in Congress, in conversation with several gentlemen about the colleges from which they had graduated, he was asked from what college he graduated, and he replied, "From John Allen's hat shop, in White Creek," and the building thus dignified is honored by a print of excellent likeness in his published biography.

Long before the close of the first half century, scarcely a trace was left of anything which characterizes a new country, except that in very many fields the stumps of the original forest trees stood as monuments of a former wilderness, until the stump machine of Solomon Warner extracted them. This machine, when first invented, and as used for a long time, was of much curiosity as well as utility, and when seen passing from place to place was sometimes called the Jugger-naut. It consisted of two immense wheels, with a heavy axle, upon which was a small wheel intermediate, and fixed to the axle to operate as a lever, a chain was fastened to this lever, and oxen hitched to the other end. The axle being placed over a stump, and a heavy chain attached to both, the draught of the oxen wound this chain about the axle and drew the stump from the ground; and the stump fences now around these fields are the result of this operation. We do not know that a log house inhabited could be found, and but the remnants of a few only were pointed out as relics of the past. The well improved farms, the good roads, the schoolhouses, the churches, and all the ordinary departments of business in

successful operation, denoted a flourishing town. The turnpike road was of important advantage, giving facilities for travel and transportation, and opening a great thoroughfare for the country north, to and from the market towns. The four-horse stage coaches were passing daily through the town along the turnpike, and soon afterwards east and west from Vermont and Saratoga, and daily mails were had from both directions.

The magistrates of the town of the period of fifty and sixty years ago were Paul Cornell, Eben Dwinnell, Joseph Stewart, Austin Wells, James Irvine, Ira Parmalee, David Campbell, James Hill, William McLean. John Younglove was early a county judge, Doctor Jonathan Dorr, senior, an associate county judge, as also John McLean, Simon Stevens, Dr. William Richards and Benjamin F. Skinner, afterwards.

The lawyers were Gerrit Wendell, who was an inhabitant as early as 1795, and commonly known as "the old lawyer," John L. Wendell, who became first judge of the county, John P. Putnam, and previous to this John Lee. Afterwards, and previous to the present lawyers, were G. W. Jermain and Luther J. Howe, both of whom were associate judges.

The physicians of this period were Doctors Sanford Smith and Philip Smith, Richards, Dorr, Post, Morris, Dean, Gillette, Agur, Barnum, Stevenson.

The merchants were Merritts (afterwards Barrett) at the white store, White Creek, Stillwell (afterwards Rice & Billings) at Dorr's Corners, Dennis, who was also postmaster, near the White Meeting House, Stevenson (afterwards McNeil & McNaughton) near the yellow meeting house, Carpenter (afterwards Allen) at Buskirk's Bridge.

The principal hotels were Wilkinson's, at White Creek, Beebe and Major Porter's, near White Meeting House, Peters', at turnpike crossing, Edward Long's Chequered House, and Buskirk's at the Bridge, and Day on Oak Hill, and Loomis and Orcutt and Collins on the turnpike.

By act of the Legislature of 1815, the town was divided into the present towns—Cambridge, White Creek and Jackson. The first town officers were, of Cambridge: James Stevenson, Supervisor; Sidney Wells, Clerk; Julius Phelps, Jesse Pratt, James P. Robertson, Josiah Dunton, Justices. Of White Creek: William Richards, Supervisor; Ira Parmelee, Clerk; Paul Cornell, John P. Putnam, Benjamin Crocker, H. S. Barnum, Justices. Of Jackson: James Irvine, Supervisor; Kirtland Warner, Clerk; Anderson Simpson, George W. Robertson, Ira C. Stevens, Justices.

The division of the town was an occasion of excitement among the inhabitants; a removal of old landmarks, the old center, and what seemed with reference to the face of the country and the direction of the roads to be the natural one, and which had become established as the main center of business, was thrown on the outskirts of the towns, and new centers were found to be difficult to be satisfactorily established, and which, in one of the towns, it would seem, has not yet been accomplished. Some bad feeling was engendered which, among the older inhabitants and participators in the matter for and against the measure, continued a long time. But bygones are bygones now.

Time has proved, however, that the change in town lines does not necessarily change business localities, or establish new ones, and in this case the change has not interrupted the

growth of the original places of business. Before the division of the town, and not until some years afterwards, was there any considerable village, but the business places were in comparatively small neighborhoods. The last half century has, however, wrought great changes; perhaps none greater than the railroad, completed in 1852, which has taken the place, in most respects, of the old turnpike road, and the locomotives and trains of cars the place of the old stage coaches and the loaded wagons.

Not long previous to the building of the railroad the Blair farm occupied most of the ground between the White Meeting House square and the brook west of it, and the site of the present depot and all around it was a large open field known as the parade ground, and the land north and south of it through the valley was cultivated fields. The general militia trainings were had for many years upon this ground, and great displays were made of epaulets and evolutions, and as old soldiers love in story to "fight their battles o'er again," we may be allowed to recur to one of these occasions which the mention of the parade ground calls to mind, though somewhat personal. The One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment was commanded by Colonel John L. Wendell, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark Rice, jr., and Major Elisha Billings. A difference arose on the parade between the Colonel and Brigade Inspector, Major William McFarland, 5th, (familiarly called the 'majors five,') and the Colonel arrested the Inspector, who procured the arrest of the Colonel and also of the Lieutenant-Colonel and one Captain and the Adjutant, who acted under the Colonel's orders in disobedience of the Inspector. The two field officers were tried by division court-martial



and acquitted, and the Captain and Adjutant by brigade court-martial and convicted, but they were honorably acquitted on appeal to Governor Yates, the Commander-in-chief.

We are inclined to pause here and inquire how many of all the number we have named as belonging to our history of the first fifty years are now living. We have named about two hundred and thirty, and of these only about half a dozen remain, and most or all of them are here present, and of others, our cotemporaries, very few.

Now we advert to the changes for a moment. The old central neighborhood and most of the adjacent ones have come together, and we see the old parade ground and the land around it traversed by railroad tracks, and streets lined with places of business, and public buildings and handsome dwellings, and all compacted into a corporate village with the good old name of Cambridge. The division of the town required and for a while caused a change of names, but the return to the old name of place and post-office was heartily welcomed. The convenience of a portion of the central population has induced the name of Coila to their location and their post-office, but they and the Cambridge villagers are essentially one. Those who have been away for many years notice the many and great improvements in the place, and none more prominent than the new and beautiful Woodlands Cemetery, which gives credit and honor to the place. This cemetery will itself (long after its proprietors shall have found in it their own last resting place,) be a fit monument to their memory. This association was organized November 10, 1857; John M. Stevenson, President; D. M. Westfall, Secretary; B. P. Crocker, Treasurer. Mr. Stevenson, who was

the efficient President thirteen years, and devoted much time and energy to the work, and Richard Barton and Rev. J. G. Smart and Lewis Nicholson, who did much to establish the cemetery, already repose in their last sleep in these beautiful grounds.

The Cambridge Valley Bank, now several years in successful operation, is an evidence of the business enterprise of the place and people. The permanent establishment of the ably conducted WASHINGTON COUNTY POST is an important institution. The Greenwich and Johnsonville railroad through the town of Cambridge is furnishing great facilities and conveniences to the section of the town through which it passes.

Having given some account of the early religious institutions of the town, it may be proper to mention the churches which have been established in latter days, showing that such institutions have kept pace with the advance in population and other improvements. Besides the rebuilding and improvement of the older churches, which we have noted, we find now other new and commodious places of public worship, to wit, in Cambridge village: The Methodist Episcopal church, built about 1834; the Baptist church was organized in 1843, Rev. Levi Parmalee the first minister—the church was built in 1844; the Catholic church was built about 1850; the Episcopal church built about 1867; a Methodist church in the southeast part of present Cambridge, built 1823; a Methodist church in North Cambridge, built 1838; a Reformed Dutch church at Battenville, organized 1833. It is worthy of note what changes have been made in the arrangement and construction of churches since the building of the old churches fifty years or more ago. Formerly the minister

stood in what was termed a tub pulpit, placed high up against the wall, just large enough for one man to stand in, and a canopy (called a sounding board) hung above his head to prevent the sound of his voice being wasted over him; the pews were square pens with seats on three sides, one seat in most of them was back to the minister, (the fourth side faced the aisle,) and for many years there were no stoves or other means of warmth in the winter season, and we were obliged to sit in church with overcoats and shawls, as we would be clothed in the out-door cold and storms.

We cannot refer to anything connected with the history of the War of the Rebellion which distinguishes the old town of Cambridge, particularly from others around it, but we will not omit to say, that in remembrance of the deeds of the fathers who in the days of the Revolution secured so good a land to be free and independent for their children, and established a government inferior to no other, the young men of this town nobly responded to the call of their country to war against treason and defend the integrity of their nation.

Seeing such wonderful discoveries and improvements every day around us, may we not suppose that another hundred years will show far greater changes here than the past has done. These hills may yet disclose valuable mineral ores. We have seen, years ago, the indications of mines of lead, which are again attracting some attention, as well as more promising signs of iron ore.

We have not intended to give a history of the town down to the present time, nor to state facts particularly with which the present generation are conversant, but it has been our purpose on this occasion (when the public attention is called

to the fact that now a century has passed since this town had its beginning and sprang up from a wilderness,) to gather up something of its early history of which the present generation have but little knowledge, and we fear that by reason of our long absence from the town and limited means of acquiring the needed information, we shall be deemed to have fallen far short of what the occasion has demanded. With the history of the past quarter century some of us who have found new homes in other places and been seldom here, have but little acquaintance, and here, where once familiar with the place and people, we find ourselves almost strangers.

But when we look about upon the same green hills, and the same streams, and here and there an old familiar dwelling, and as we see here to-day the familiar faces of those whom we used to see in former times, the recollections of earlier years are revived again and we feel ourselves quite at our old home. Here are yet many of the old landmarks left. The same Owl Kill and Battenkill and Hoosick, the same Oak Hill, and Buskirk's Bridge, and Chequered House, and Shaker Hollow, and Skeesit, and Black Hole, and Quashecook, and Pumpkin Hook.

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NOTES FOR REFERENCE.

1. For Town, County, and Railroad, and Turnpike Corporations, see Colonial and State laws of the years mentioned, in State Library, Albany, N. Y.
2. For Patents see Records of maps and tabular statements of Patents in Secretary of State's office, Albany, and French's Gazetteer of New York, page 49, and Book of Quit Rent returns, two years, in Comptroller's office, Albany, N. Y.
3. For Vermont matters see vol. "Vermont State Papers," and Doc. Hist. N. Y., 4 vol., index Cambridge, N. Y.; both are in State Library, N. Y.
4. For names of early settlers see Town Records, French Gazetteer Towns and notes, and Corey's Gazetteer Washington County.
5. For Churches see Church Records, Sprague's Annals of Am. Pulpit, vol. 7, (Methodist) page 1, Rev. E. H. Newton's manuscript history of Associate Cong., Cambridge.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jermain's address the choir sang

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are the birds that sweetly sang,

A hundred years ago?

The flowers that all in beauty sprang,

A hundred years ago?

The lip that smiled,

The eyes that wild,

In flashes shone,

Bright eyes upon,

Where, O where, are lips and eyes,

The maiden's smile, the lover's sighs,

That were so long ago?

That were so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets,

A hundred years ago?

Who filled the church with faces meek,

A hundred years ago?

The sneering tale

Of sisters frail,

The plot that worked

Another's hurt?

Where, O where, are the plots and sneers,

The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears

That were so long ago?

That were so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept,

A hundred years ago?

Who, whilst they lived, did oft times weep,

A hundred years ago?

By other men,

They knew not then,

Their lands are tilled,

Their homes are filled,  
 Yet nature then was just as gay,  
 And bright the sun shone as to-day,  
 A hundred years ago,  
 A hundred years ago.

REV. MR. GORDON: We have a little more entertainment on the programme. You will now be addressed by one of the sons of old Cambridge, and although his life has not been spent here entirely, yet he is one of those sons of Cambridge that wherever his lot has been cast, or in whatever land he has roamed, his heart has turned back as true as the needle to the pole, to the home of his childhood. I now introduce Rev. Dr. Gillette, of New York city.

ADDRESS BY REV. A. D. GILLETTE, D. D.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND I THINK I MAY SAY FELLOW CITIZENS OF CAMBRIDGE: I am glad to be with you on this occasion, an occasion whereon we are gathering up the fragments that nothing may be lost, and my only regret is, that after all the able and earnest industry of the orator of the day, there is much lost that never can be gathered. Years ago I got the ear of Mr. Crocker, (he was then the editor in this place,) and found in his heart a response to my desire that some qualified man would write the history of old Cambridge. He accorded assent and was with me in desire. But where the man to do it? Later I uttered the same sentiment to the present editor, (Hon. Mr. Smart). He, too, was with me in the wish. We talked with various ones. His uncle, Rev. Dr. McLaren, was mentioned, but it has not been done until to-day you have heard in the fruits of patience and toil, of cheerful industry and able utterance,

such portions of the history of this old town as have remained on record, or could be found traditional.

The programme announces that I am to deliver an oration. You are entitled to your own definition of the meaning of that word. I regret it is there, and you are at liberty to pronounce or not whatever you please concerning what I shall say. I am here a child at home, and I am a child in my feelings. If I were ever a man I am not to-day. I cannot be. I want to sit down and weep, as it were, on my mother's lap; not with sorrow, and yet there is occasion for that, but there is a sort of holy feeling—I so regard it—that comes over me in reviewing the past of more than half a century, which, while it associates itself with disaster and disease, with deaths and funerals and graves, yet is not unpleasant to face. It is right that the generations should go and come. I looked out this morning from my chamber in Dr. Gray's hospitable home, and thought with a slight alteration of the words which Sheridan Knowles puts into the lips of William Tell, Switzerland's deliverer, "Ye crags and peaks," but will say,

"Ye hills and vales, I'm with you once again!  
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
And bid your tenant welcome to his home  
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud you look!  
How high you lift your heads into the sky!  
Ye are things that tower?"

And not only what my eye sees, but my mind reverts to what are associated with the things that are tall and the things that tower. The venerable men of sixty years ago, whom

I can remember, the loving, godly women of that day, and the heritage of moral excellence which they have left to their children and their children's children, are taller than these hills, richer than these valleys, more beautiful in memory even (with no disrespect or disparagement,) than the beauty that surrounds me here.

In 1793 Jonathan Dunham and his wife Eunice, of Piscataqua, N. J., with their son-in-law, Dr. Fidelio B. Gillette and his wife Tabitha and their children, Philander D. and Cornelius C., turned their backs upon old Piscataqua, N. J., and came to New York with their own wagon, putting most of their goods on board of a sloop, the old gentleman driving the horses and wagon up the Hudson, the rest of the family being on the sloop, and thus they came to Troy, embarking northward, crossed Oak Hill, arrived at Cambridge, and went on north of this village. When in front of Mr. Elias Volentine's house something happened to the wagon and they paused. My mother, with her two babes, she herself then under seventeen years of age, went into the house and Mrs. Volentine proffered all the hospitality of the place, and said, "Why, my child, where is the mother of these babes?" My mother blushingly replied, "here." "You the mother of these babes?" "Yes, madam." "Who is your husband?" "Dr. Gillette." "Who are your father and mother?" "Jonathan and Eunice Dunham, in the wagon." "Well," said Mrs. V., "they ought to be ashamed of themselves, and go back to New Jersey, for allowing so young a girl as you to get married and become a mother. But we will do what we can for you. Tarry here for the night with your babes." She did tarry, and then the family went on to the northward.



to the old pond, where the old gentleman had purchased four hundred acres of land. They turned to the left and climbed the hill to the log house. A family by the name of Adkins, and another by the name of Gilman, were in the company. They all huddled in and near the old log house, where I have caught scores of woodchucks, [laughter] killed them and eaten them. [Laughter]. A part of the farm is in the Dunham family, occupied by Henry on the hill. My father settled between Mrs. McLean's and my grandfather's—right north of the south pond.

As the President said, I have roamed far and wide, so I have, not a vagabond, thank God, but I have never seen a more beautiful spot than this. I am talking about things that are associated with my boyhood. Time went on, and the most important event that I will mention after that which I have mentioned, occurred on the 8th day of September, in the year 1807, when, by the will of God and the pains of my mother, I came into the world and have lived from then until now. My mind runs north to the Batten Kill, to the "Red Bridge," as it was then called. The teamsters of those times were going north and south as early as I can remember, and I, playing by the roadside, or going to and from the school-house, (which was the next building between us and Judge John McLean's,) was asked by almost every teamster, if he were going north, "how far is it to the red bridge?" "Four miles, sir." And every boy and girl made their obeisance. We boys pulled off the old slouch hat, with the torn rim, and bowed. The girls caught their skirts and made a graceful courtesy, and if any of us failed to do that parental reproof or schoolmaster or mistress discipline made us smart for it.

The traveler south would ask, "how far is it to the Chequered House?" and we would reply. On the north lived the Clapps, I think on the other side of Cleveland's, and consequently in Salem.

One of the great sights that my boyhood eyes used to see was the large loads of barrels which they sent to Troy, for they were coopers. Next, along came Mr. Vanderlip, a farmer and a tailor, and he passed us every Sabbath with his old horse and wagon—not a modern buggy that could only accommodate two—but a long wagon full; he came down here to Cambridge to worship God, with his family gathered about him. Near there a Mr. Small, with an old farm wagon, and in it six or eight old-fashioned kitchen chairs, a twin one across for the "old people," and never less than six or eight persons in the wagon, and thus they came to the old yellow meeting house. Should he find a foot worn pilgrim on the way to his spiritual zion, he would take him in if he had to hang half his body over the wagon side to and from church. [Laughter]. Next, along came the Shoulders turn, and then the schoolhouse, and then Mr. Dobbin's, and at the head of that pond Jonathan Congor, a cousin of my grandfather's, and hence a relative, whose daughter married "Uncle" Thomas McLean, as I call him, because his wife was my mother's cousin, and I am related to all the McLeans by reason of that. Then we came down to Mr. Collins', who kept the tavern; and while I have called my father a "Doctor," (and such he was, and practiced medicine,) he was a sort of "jack of all trades," and among other things drew with his pen and pencil. Among my earliest recollections was his painting a sign for Mr. Collins, on which was

an eagle with darts and arms and something in its bill,—that bird of liberty that soars over us to-day in all the emblems of freedom, thank God. [Applause]. Then there was “Uncle” Jimmy McLean, as I told you, (for I told you they were all “Uncles.”) on the pond near by, and then “Uncle” Solomon Ackley, and a little lower down, but with more dignity because of his commanding presence and official position, Judge John McLean, sr. His son John became Judge, and when he was a student and would come home and go fishing, he was well respected and wore his gloves, and did not love to tan his hands, and he would get me to dig the worms, bait the hooks and take the off’ the fish! [Applause and laughter]. He alluded to it when we met. I went into the court room at Salem one day, years ago, where he was presiding. He begged me to come up and take a vacant chair by his side. I did so. He says, “Is this Abram?” I says, “yes.” “Well,” he says, “you are the boy who used to bait the hooks for me. Sit in a Judge’s seat.” Then came the schoolhouse—mightier for the good of mankind than all the seventy-four gun ships that ever floated—the district schoolhouse. [Applause].

As I said, my father was a sort of “jack of all trades”—sometimes he taught the school there, or taught writing lessons in various sections of the town. The doctors were not so busy then as now; people were not so sickly. [Laughter]. Then two older brothers of mine taught the school. Back of us, up on the hill, where Mr. McAllister, I think, now resides, was “Uncle” Daniel Holbrook. The McLeans were Jerseymen—five brothers—not the two who came in the “Mayflower,” but five who started from

Scotland and got to New Jersey, and whether that State was too small, or whether it was "out of the Union" then or not I don't know, but anyway they came up here. One settled in the east, one at Batten Kill, one at the head of the ponds, and one on the turnpike next to us. Deacon Ford on the hill northwest. I want to say a word to deacons. I love deacons. We used to meet for worship in the schoolhouse Sunday afternoons, and Deacon Ford, who belonged to the Baptist church in Shushan, seemed to be by common consent Superintendent of affairs there, and the regulator of the boys. We would get around on the little seats. There Dr. Bullions, Mr. Prime, Elder McCulloh and others used to hold meetings. I loved to go. But Deacon Ford was the presiding genius. He was nearly seven feet high, and I presume he looked much taller to me then than he would now. A good man, but with such a long, grave face. So watchful of us boys that at one time when Dr. Prime was preaching there and speaking of heaven, my little mind labored to conceive what heaven was, and I thought it was something like the gathering there—two or three rows of people around the house singing the praises of God, and that was all very pleasant, but I asked, "will Deacon Ford be up there?" I had no doubt he would be, but I hoped his office would not be to regulate us boys.

On the hill my uncle Nahum Dunham lived. Up further the Bebees. The hill raised good men and women. Down the turnpike was Uncle Daniel Volentine's, old Uncle Elias and sons and daughters, and Aunt Esther, and below was Mr. Heath, and so on down; and I must not forget Deacon Thompson, of blessed memory, but you know the all rest. I

used to pass their houses and come down here to Cambridge from my grandfather's with a basket of eggs and get something to carry back, but I always preferred to trade with Mr. McGeoch in getting my fish hooks. So much for this. Now for some of the clergymen of those times.

The clergy first with me—no disrespect to others. Old Dr. Bullions used to come and catechise us in the school. He wore high swell boots with tassels. I played with the tassels one day and was punished for it. [Laughter.] Mr. Prime used to come and talk with us. We were always glad to see him; of tall, noble form, perfect symmetry, I could paint him to-day were I an artist; bland countenance, a little dignified, if not a little stern. His son is here and will speak for himself by and by. I ought to say we always knew Mr. Prime's carriage and the white horse. We were always glad to see him, though my grandfather, on reading his book on baptism, used to say "nonsense." But those were the days when men spoke for themselves as well as wrote. Mr. Prime seldom passed my grandfather's or father's house without a kind, ministerial, friendly, Christian call. Dr. Dunlap, with his saddle-bags, jogging along on his horse would always stop at my father's, re-light his pipe and take a sip of old New England rum, [loud laughter,] something to eat if he would accept of it, and then he would go on his way. A good old man; we children loved him. Mr. Tombs, of Salem, used to do the same. The ministers in Shushan the same. I frequently came with the family down here and heard Mr. Prime, the first Presbyterian minister that I remember; also, I went to Dr. Bullions', as my elder sister married William I. Graham of that church. In that old yellow meeting house

I have sat and was interested in hearing the people sing. They all had their Bibles in their churches, and I wish all who attend church now would have theirs. Generally, the psalms were in the back part of the Bibles, and so generally was it their custom to sing that it was avowed that John Dunahue, a deaf, mute also sang. [Laughter.] He certainly looked on the psalm sung, and his lips moved—that I know, for I saw him.

I must be brief, but there are two or three other things I must mention. In the time of the war of 1812 my brother was the school teacher of that district, and was seventeen years of age. One night he dismissed the school and did not come home. When heard of he was among the troops on their way north. Whether he was one of the recreant ones Judge Jermain spoke of, I don't know. Colonel Clark Rice took him as a sort of secretary, and had him with him. Then there was Major Simpson and old General De Ruyter, from over west on the Hudson. I know queer things were said of him, whether true or not. Some said that he mistook the prow for the stern of the vessel, and went the wrong way on Lake Champlain. [Laughter and cries of "that's so."] Well, he was not a soldier; he was a farmer. The battle of Plattsburgh was fought; we soon heard of it. I remember the morning when the news came, seeing my father stand before the old fire-place and tell the story as he learned it somewhere in his rides. All was excitement. The troops finally returned. They passed our door, with prisoners, on their way to Greenbush; they were drawing a large cannon. My brother arrived; they paused to fire him a farewell salute at our door. I went out and stood by a large cannon, and a soldier caught

me up and ran my head into the muzzle. [Laughter.] An officer drew his sword and was about to strike him. Someone interfered, and, I believe, though terribly frightened, I laughed, and that was the end of it. They went on to Orcutt's hotel, turned in and encamped there. My father took us down to see them. I was presented to "Commodore" McDonough and sat on his knee, and he said he hoped I would be a soldier or a sailor, and a good one, and indeed. I then had no doubt but that I should be, but I never have, and I am glad of it.

The next event was the removal of the remains of General Montgomery from Quebec. I remember the parade that passed our door, and that the bones which were said to be in the coffin, were taken to New York city and deposited, as most of you know, and have seen the monument, along the front of Broadway in St. Paul's church yard.

These events were imprinted upon a boy's mind. But then there came other changes. One event, however, I will speak of in connection with physicians. I had schoolmates from over towards Shushan by the name of Kemmis. They had a grandfather. People now say, "You are an aristocrat if you had a grandfather." I have told you I had one; these Kemmis boys had one. They did not till the farm very well, and did not dress very finely. It was to them an advantage in running on the ice; they could throw off their old shoes and outrun any one of us. The old gentleman hurt his ankle by snaking out a log in the woods, and crushed it very seriously, and my father tried all he could to save it. He called in Dr. Dorr and Dr. Dean as counsel. It was pronounced incurable, and it was decided that it must be amputated. An

old physician in Salem, whom I will not name because I may not tell the truth exactly, heard of the matter, and having a feud with Dr. Dorr, and I believe not liking my father very well, took two or three students and offered the patient fifty dollars for his leg, which offer being accepted, the Salem physician amputated the limb and returned home. My father and Dr. Dorr assembled the next day, I think, to perform the important operation, but found the good old gentleman in his bed, comfortable, and doing well, the foot gone and safe in Salem. The end of it came when, as Dr. Jermain said, "By-gones were by-gones." Sickness came, fire visited the old house in which I lived one day; I was out of it by the wood pile, and heard a roar. My brother older, and my sister younger looked up, and sparks and black smoke were pouring out of the chimney. "The house is on fire!" said my brother. We rushed in; (my brother always sent me ahead whether we were after pond-lillies, or frogs, or snakes.) As we came in we beheld the flames creeping up and rapidly destroying the bed curtains, whose voluminous folds had worked within their borders the pictures of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." The fire scorched me some, burned all the hair off my head, knocked me down, and my brother valiently drew me out. Never a prouder boy than I when, in two or three days after that, I received an entire suit of clothing (for all of ours were burned, together with all my father's books, medicines, etc..) made of blue cloth, almost covered with bell buttons, together with a hat, a present from one of the Wendell family. We received many kind favors. Another house was built, which has been removed. Disease came. My eldest sister died at twenty-two, and was



buried the day she was to have been married to Leonard Church, Esq., of Salem. My youngest brother was born at a time when we were houseless. My father became broken-hearted and never recovered his spirits, and in 1819 he passed away, dying by the roadside after a fatiguing travel, and his last visit to old Daniel Holbrook, where Mr. Maxwell now lives. His dead body was found next morning by the side of a by-road. Apoplexy or heart disease, we know not which, ended his mortal life,

Then what? Why, then of course, "boys, look out for yourselves." We had to scatter, and I left the good old town of Cambridge, and have not lived in it since, but have loved it, visited it, delivered the address at the dedication of your beautiful cemetery, was given a lot there, deposited the remains of all my family there who had died, and there, perhaps, my own will rest. Well, I ask no pleasanter place. I ask no more of you, dear friends, than that you, with me, should try to prove ourselves as good as our ancestors, and as much better as our advantages enable us, and I may say demand of us, that we should become. God grant this, and the heart of a Cambridge boy, which has no wrinkles in it, though my brow be so, will always dilate with pleasure, as it always has, when asked "where were you born?" to be enabled to say, "In old Cambridge, Washington county, N. Y." [Applause.]

Music by the band.

THE PRESIDENT—I want the ear and eye of every person here present while I present to you this gentleman. I want you to look at the connecting link between the present and past generation. This is Mr. John Weir. Look at these

shoulders. They were not bairt of mince pie and fancy candies. He is ninety-six years of age; only four years behind the birth of the old town. Right here in front of us is another relic—the daughter of the first settled minister ever in the old town. The lady is one of the most interesting spectators, I will venture, in this entire crowd. She is the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Beveridge, in her eighty-second year, I believe, her memory good, and will quote poetry against any one, and is acquainted with more of the best books in the language than almost any man or woman here. I want the ear of the ministers of the old town of Cambridge—I propose, and I will pledge myself to make Mr. Weir an honorary member of our great National Society—the Bible Society. Will any minister volunteer to make him an honorary member of any or all the benevolent societies in our land? I now have to announce the conclusion of the first part of the exercises, and invite you to partake of the substantials.

The collation having been disposed of, the President said: We have the pleasure and privilege to-day of introducing to this audience another of the "Sons of Cambridge," a man whose graphic pen and travels have brought to our firesides the custom and character of the inhabitants of almost every country on the face of the globe. Before I introduce Dr. Prime, will the reverend gentleman pardon me if I say that there are just as fine orchards growing on the sides of these hills, and as tempting apples as ever grew in your happy boyhood days.

DR. PRIME—What is the allusion to an orchard?

THE PRESIDENT—I understood, in the days of your boy-

hood, there were some very fine, tempting apples on the sides of one of those fine hills, and if you might favor the audience with an account of them here, I don't know that it will hurt anything or anybody.

DR. PRIME—I never hook, and tell. [Laughter.]

ADDRESS BY REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D. D.

I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. President, for these very flattering remarks. I regret, too, that the state of my throat (I have a chronic difficulty) prevents me from speaking so as to be heard by any great number of those assembled, and I can speak but a very few moments anyway.

I count it as one of the misfortunes of my life that I was not born in old Cambridge. If I had been consulted on the subject that misfortune would not have happened. [Laughter.] It is just sixty years ago this summer since I came to old Cambridge, and as that was in the year 1813, in the time of the war, I came "in arms." [Laughter.] My mother's arms. And that good lady who brought me here lives to-day, and although she can not be here in person with you, I come to bring you her salutations and to tell you that every hill and plain, every son and daughter of old Cambridge are dear to her heart to-day. [Applause.] My recollection does not embrace that early period of your history when the war with Great Britian called out your fathers to the battle fields; but I have often heard my father relate the story of those times, when with his horse and chaise he followed his people on their march to the front, giving them his blessing. My venerable friend, Dr. Gillette, was one of the heroes of that day, and you have heard this morning from his eloquent lips how he was rescued from the cannon's moath. [Laugh-

ter.] And he stands before you to-day a spared monument of those "times that tried men's souls"—soles of their boots when they marched away. [Laughter.] He is one of the heroes of those times. I was a puling infant in my mother's arms and therefore cannot "fight those battles o'er." I can go back, however, more than half of the century, which closes to-day, and bring before my mind familiar faces, objects and events that have passed away from the sight of men, and which are remembered by very few who are around me now. I remember when the first arched bridge was built over the river at Buskirks, and when we opened the bridge with a speech and a prayer, and if there is a man here to-day who was on that bridge at that time I would like to have him say so. [No response.] There, I am ahead of the crowd on that point. I remember when there was a live elephant swimming in the saw mill pond. If there is any one here who saw that elephant in that pond I would like to have him say so. ["I say so; I saw the elephant."] My friends are here you see. They've "seen the elephant." He brought only a small trunk with him, and didn't stay. [Laughter.] And who remembers when the son of Mr. Dennis, the post-master, was drowned in that pond? [No response.] There, you see, because he was a boy with me I remember that more distinctly than many of those who are older than I was at that time. I remember, also, when a stage full of passengers was overturned in front of the tavern, right opposite the old White Meeting House, by the driver trying to show how short a turn he could make with his horses on a full run, and every person in the stage was injured. They were distributed among the neighbors

and cared for hospitably until they were able to be removed.

MR. BENJAMIN CROCKER—Are you not mistaken about its being a son of Mr. Dennis who was drowned? It was a son of Mr. Porter.

DR. PRIME—I am not going to be catechised. [Laughter.] They will put me through in the COUNTY POST, and correct me next week. It was somebody's son, anyway.

These are little incidents that happened in Cambridge fifty years ago, which have passed out of the memory of most of those now living, and who were then here, and date before the birth of many present. There are some (not many) who were residents of this town when I came into it. They were boys then, and have grown to be men now—old men—heroes of to-day, like Revolutionary soldiers, survivors of the battles that gave birth to the nation. So a man who was here sixty or seventy years ago is one of those who were in the youth of the town, and assisted in laying the foundations of those institutions which give to it strength and character in its manhood and its age. The two institutions that have given to Cambridge its distinctive character are religion and education. The men who promoted the one were the great promoters of the other, and thus a religious and intelligent atmosphere has pervaded this beautiful valley through successive generations. The Revs. Thomas Dunlap and Alexander Bullions, great and good men, combined the firmness and courage of Scotchmen with the practical good sense and tact of Americans. Dr. Bullions and my father worked in harness together six days in the week to do good in this town, and on Sunday they each of them fought the devil on his own hook. [Laughter and applause.] The good Dr.

Bullions was so hampered by the traditions of his church that he could not do as he would love to, exchange pulpits or pull in the same traces with his brother and friend on Sunday. So the old White Meeting House and the old Yellow Meeting House stood like two unfriendly, if not hostile, forts on Sunday, while the captains and soldiers were on the best of terms during the week. I have not heard how my father and Dr. Bullions get along now, but I have no doubt they are both praising God in the same temple, where "congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end." [Applause.]

Of all the elders in both of those churches who were on the ground when I came, not one survives. Of the second set in my father's church, only one remains, and he is our venerable and respected friend, Benjamin Crocker, [applause] who corrected me a few moments ago. And while speaking I have been thinking, and I find he was right and I was wrong. That's the power of conscience. [Laughter.]

What noble men, and true they were in those religious bodies, which then included almost all the inhabitants of this region. I cannot now recall their names. The forms of some of them arise to my sight as I look back, and of Stevenson, Ashton, Van Tuyl, Wright, Warner, Thompson, McLean, McKie, Wells and Robertson, many of the old residents with whom I had personal associations; the memories are very interesting, but would not interest others.

Dr. Gillette was mistaken when he said that John Dunahue sang psalms in the old yellow meeting house, although he was deaf and dumb. [Laughter.] My dear fellow—friend—I beg your pardon. [Laughter] John Dunahue was not

deaf and dumb. He talked all the time. [Laughter.] He did nothing else but talk. Why, he came into my father's church one Sunday, and my father had a young man—a boy almost—who was just out of the seminary, to preach for him. As the young man stood up in the pulpit before the congregation, and was just about to name his text, John Dunahue, a tall, gray-haired, splendid looking man, but who was a little wandering, as some other people are, jumped up and leaned over the pew, and put his hand behind his ear, whereupon the boys began to titter, and says my father, "Mr. Dunahue, will you please to sit down?" "I am a little hard of hearing and I want to catch the text," says John. [Laughter.] Says my father, "Mr. Dunahue, will you sit down?" "I say I am a little hard of hearing and I want to catch the text." My father says, "Mr. Dunahue, sit down!" and my father could speak so as to be heard ten times farther than I can. You could hear him cough half a mile, [laughter] and if he were here to-day speaking, instead of me, he could be heard pretty near to the end of the grove. He had a tremendous voice. He said, "Mr. Dunahue, sit down!" and John dropped as though he were shot with that cannon Dr. Gillette spoke of. But recovering himself, he rose up and said as he strammed out and down the aisle, I would have you to know, Mr. Prime, I don't care THAT for you nor none of your journeymen soul-savers either." [Great laughter.] He was not deaf and dumb—not a bit of it. [Laughter.]

DR. GILLETTE—I stand corrected.

DR. PRIME—I want now to tell you about a very different kind of man, and something to connect old Cambridge with

one of the great events of the present time. I do not believe there is a man or woman in this assemblage who has any idea that old Cambridge has anything to do with the expedition that has just been sent out to the north pole in search of Captain Hall's party. Well, I will tell you something about it that will show you that old Cambridge is very intimately identified with that expedition. Right there on that street running up to the White Meeting House corners, is the house in which Esquire King used to live. He was one of those Baptists that Dr. Gillette spoke of who would come to the old White Meeting House to hear good preaching. [Laughter.] He always came to our church, and a gentleman tried to prove to me, when I met him in Troy the other day, that he knew me, by saying that Esquire King used to make long prayers; "and," said he, "I went to the schoolhouse where there was a meeting, one night, and you (a little boy) and your brother Alanson were standing in the porch, and we were all waiting for Esquire King to get through praying so we could go in, and after standing there until we were tired, you looked up to your brother and said, "Lanse, I believe the old 'Squire is going to pray all night." Esquire King was a capital man; he had a very pretty daughter; her name was Caroline. And the boys used to tease me by saying:

"Samuel Prime, so they say,  
Goes a courting night and day,  
With sword and pistols by his side,  
And Caroline King shall be his bride."

Which, by the way, did not come to pass, because before I was old enough to have a bride the Squire, with his pretty



daughter, moved off into Ohio, and settled in the neighborhood of Dayton, and the daughter Caroline, that the boys promised should be my bride, became the bride of Mr. Greer, of the city of Dayton, a great naturalist, who has a splendid minerological collection, and her son, who is a gallant officer in the U. S. navy, was selected two months ago as the most energetic, faithful and reliable man to take charge of the ship *Tigress*, which went out in search of Captain Hall. So you see that old Cambridge, through the pretty girl that was destined to be my bride, is now identified with this great expedition and enterprise. [A voice—"Thereby reflecting great credit on Dr. Prime!"] Yes, somewhat, I think.

There was another good man who once owned these beautiful trees—this grove in which we are assembled to-day, and the adjoining groves. These very spots where we are now assembled are all precious to me, for I lived very near to them on the other side. I remember perfectly well, when I was a boy less than ten years old, that I was in the habit of coming into these groves, solitary and alone, and sitting at the foot of these trees, and listening to the winds sighing through the tree tops, and being saddened or made solemn, as I sat there thinking of what I would try to do when I grew up to be a man. I know that the resolutions I at that time formed at the foot of some of these very trees were enduring through the fifty years that have followed since. John P. Putnam, who owned these woods, was a lineal descendant of old Israel Putnam, of revolutionary memory. When I was a boy of only four or five years of age, Mr. Putnam came to my father's house and presented to him three volumes of

“Locke on the Understanding,” together with a note requesting him to keep them for his little son Samuel until he should be able to read them; and I have preserved those volumes as choice books in my library to the present day, and they are constantly before me in my study. Old Cambridge, through that man, preserves to this day the first weapons that were ever drawn and used in the battle of the American Revolution. I suppose that is a fact which is not generally known to a great many who are present, but those who are familiar with the history of the Revolution will remember that when a detachment of British soldiers, under the command of Major Pitcairn, approached the volunteers at Concord, Major Pitcairn drew one of his pistols from the holster and discharged it at the Americans and ordered his men to “come on.” They did come on and were met with a volley which sent them in retreat, and Pitcairn’s horse was shot from under him, and his pistols fell into the hands of the Americans; they were given to General Putnam, and from him they descended to John P. Putnam, and I am going to show them to you to-day. [The speaker here exhibited the same.] One of these is the first weapon that was discharged in the war of the American Revolution. I regard those pistols as the most interesting relics of that time, and of them old Cambridge ought to be proud, and she should preserve them among her archives to be handed down from generation to generation.

Now, I think, for a man with a sore throat, I have talked long enough. [Loud cries of “go on.”] Throngs of associations crowd on my mind as I begin to tell of the men and women who were my companions and associates, or my

seniors in days gone by, but they are mostly personal recollections. The boys who were my playmates and companions are associated with scores of delicious memories, the last that will ever fade from an old man's mind.

If it were fitting that a woman should speak in public, I would call on one who is here present, representing a historic family, long identified with the history and prosperity of this town—I refer to Mrs. Rice, formerly Miss Catherine Wendell, whose presence is one of the peculiar pleasures of this great occasion.

I wish I could get the hand of Robert Coulter, Russell Ackley and Robert Robertson, and some of the Crocker boys, the Warners and Johnsons, and others who were at school with me. Some of you remember Joseph Law, the son of "Butter John" Law, a brother of George Law. Joseph was a splendid man. If his life had been spared to this day he would have been one of the great men of this nation. He went from here to New York, studied law, became a partner of Dudley Selden, then died in early life. Alas! how many of the youth who were my companions forty years ago are now beyond the centuries in the eternities? How changed the scenes that my heart rejoiced in! The streams in which the trout waited for me, and came out at my invitation, are almost dry. The streets and lanes are no longer those in which I played and strayed. The fields that were once harvested for corn are now covered with beautiful houses, but the same old hills are here—the eternal hills—they stand sentries of this glorious plain, and the same skies bend lovingly over it, and the same God is father of us all. Like Jerusalem, old Cambridge is dear to her sons, who

take pleasure in her stones and favor the dust thereof, and we can piously say, "If I forget thee, old Cambridge, let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

For myself I can say with the sincerity of one who was taught, in this town, to speak the truth, first, last and always. I can say with truth that having traveled since I left this valley through every country in Europe, from Madrid to Moscow, and wandered along the shores of Asia and Africa, I never yet found a spot where more that goes to make up all that is enjoyable in life is to be found than in this very valley. [Applause.] One hundred years have passed since it was settled by white men. The century has been crowned with peace, prosperity and happiness. May the future be as the past, and more abundant, and when our children's children's children shall celebrate the second centennial, may they bless God for us as we now bless Him for our fathers. [Great Applause.]

The choir then sang

**HOME, SWEET HOME.**

Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;

A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,

Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

The birds singing gaily, that come at my call,

Oh! give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

THE PRESIDENT—The next thing in order is a poem by Mrs. M. E. Doig, of Jackson, N. Y., but as you can easily see that this is a very formidable audience to face, by her own request, her poem will be read by one with whom you are all familiar—Judge Gibson of Salem. Judge Gibson then read the following poem :

## CENTENNIAL DAY.

BY MRS. M. E. DOIG, JACKSON.

We stand in the midst of a mighty throng,  
 Of the old, and the young, and the fair ;  
 Familiar smiles brighten every face,  
 And jubilant tones fill the air.  
 We see them, and yet we regard them not,  
 Their faces are fading away ;  
 And with phantom forms and echoless feet,  
 Old Cambridge is peopled to-day.

The aged are here with the hoary heads,  
 The youth with the laughing eyes ;  
 The little child, at its mother's side,—  
 From many a grave they rise ;  
 From graves forgotten, and sunken down,  
 'Neath the sods of an hundred years ;  
 They meet each other with happy smiles,  
 They part with the bitterest tears.

Their attire is quaint, with the olden style,  
 Each countenance firm and sincere ;  
 Their eyes—the mirrors of hearts that know  
 No shadow of cowardly fear.

The grass has vanished from yonder field,  
 In its place cling the tangled vines ;  
 'Neath the waving branches of forest trees,  
 The swarthy red hunter reclines.

The streets are soft with a carpet of moss,  
 The dwellings have dwindled away,  
 Where lingered the sound of the voices of men,  
 We hear only wood songs to-day.  
 A log hut here, and another there,  
 Are the homes of the noble and brave,  
 Who lived and loved, who struggled and fought,—  
 Who won, and our liberty gave.

But the distant valleys are darkened with smoke,  
 Where the boomings of cannon arise ;  
 And it hovers in clouds o'er the blood stained earth,  
 That echo the battle fiend's cries.  
 Ah me ! we sigh for the many who fell,  
 We weep with the many bereft ;  
 But time has been tender, and gathered them all,  
 No trace of their sorrow is left.

But a sacred inheritance rests with us still,  
 Not the wealth that our forefathers gave,  
 Nor the fertile meadows their thrift has prepared,  
 Nor the homes they perished to save.  
 Not these, tho' precious, the fruit of their toil,  
 'Tis the spirit that burns in each breast :  
 The will to defend both our freedom and rights,  
 And to fight for the homes God has blest.

But a century more will swiftly glide by.  
 When we will be mingled with clay,  
 And the question that rises within us, is this :  
 Will we be remembered as they ?  
 Will the record we leave in honor descend  
 Thro' the mighty mutations of years ?  
 Will people be proud of our memory then,  
 As we, of the old pioneers ?

Will they tell their children that virtue and truth  
 Was their ancestor's motto and pride?  
 Or, will they reap with tears what we scatter with smiles,  
 With vice for their watchword and guide?  
 Soon, neighbors, the places that know us this year  
 Will know us no more, and for aye,  
 Yet, an hundred years hence, the power may be felt  
 Of words that are spoken to-day.

Long life to old Cambridge, let each cup be filled,  
 And each son and daughter drink deep  
 To the land that we honor, the land that we love,  
 The place where our forefathers sleep.  
 To those who hereafter inherit this wealth  
 Be its honor more precious than gold;  
 And may we, looking down from the homes of the just!  
 See Cambridge two hundred years old.

THE PRESIDENT—The authoress of this poem is a niece of the gentleman who read it. We now desire to exhibit the young ladies and gentlemen in the costumes of one hundred years ago.

THE PRESIDENT—The toasts are now in order. The first is. "We enjoy the benefits of the trials and hardships of our Fathers who settled this town; may we imitate their virtues." This will be responded to by Rev. Mr. Brown, who is the pastor of the church Mr. Jermain alluded to as having been organized by Philip Embury.

REV. O. A. BROWN'S REMARKS.

We are not alone. The perfume of the past is around us and in our hearts to-day. Our fathers are with us again. This valley is filled with their voices. They speak to us not from the public record only, but from the private history of our own experience. They speak to us in a thousand

remembrances, in a thousand incidents, in a thousand events and associations. They speak to us not only from their silent graves, but from the throng of life. We live in converse with those who once lived and conversed with us. Their well remembered tones mingle with the whispering breezes. The valley is filled with their shadowy train.

But there are more substantial expressions of their presence with us. The valley is filled with their labors, with their works. Their handiwork meets our eye at every turn; their footsteps are in our paths; their presence is in our dwellings. Old Cambridge is lifted up out of ordinary and indifferent places because of what has been done by those who are gone, and the memorials of their deeds which still remain. We see dwellings which speak to us of other things than earthly convenience or fleeting pleasure, which speak to us the holy recollections of lives which were passed in them and have passed away from them. We see everywhere inscribed the touching story of joy and sorrow, love, heroism, patience, which lived here, here breathed its first hope, its last sigh generations ago. We behold scenes which offer more than fair landscape and living stream to our eyes, which tell us of genius, of fortitude, of hope that lived here, suffered here, died here. We behold this valley as more than soil and scenery, rich and fair though they be; we behold it as written over with histories, as a sublime page on which are recorded the lives of noble men.

And now our thoughts are of our fathers' trials and toils and tears and of their virtues; of their virtues, for death kindly throws a veil over their infirmities and leaves but a vision of their better nature. You know the vision is always



loveliest when it has vanished, or is vanishing, for often we perceive not till we hear the flutter of the parting wing, that an angel has been with us. We think of them with melting hearts to-day because of their sacrifices for us. They sowed in tears that we might reap in joy. They scattered seed; we stand amid landscapes clothed with golden harvests. And it is ever so. It is by the sacrifices of the father that blessings are secured to the son. It is by throes that privileges like men are born. It is by death that the world advances.

Life evermore is fed by death  
 In earth, and sea, and sky;  
 And that the rose may breathe its breath,  
 Something must die.

From hand to hand life's cup is passed,  
 Up beings piled gradations,  
 Till men to angels yield at last  
 The rich collation.

Our fathers have transmitted to us their names, their blood and their work. And to-day their voices call up to us saying,—inasmuch as you enjoy that which cost us toil and tears, do not dishonor our names and our blood, but finish our work, imitating us only in that which ennobled us, and which alone will ennoble you—our virtues.

Society has a right to expect, nay more, demand that the work of each generation shall be better than that of the preceding. With constantly increasing facilities, and with the experience of generations before us, we would prove recreant to the trust imposed, to the hopes of the past, to the demands of the present, and to the possibilities of the future, if our work is not well and nobly done. Where, if not here, can

we learn these things without which our work will be in vain? Where, if not here, cradled between these hills, can one learn fidelity, steadfastness and purity? Here, where we see the rich and faithful return of harvests, teaching us fidelity; where the eye forever falls on these immovable hills, emblems of steadfastness, and where the purling streams sing of purity. The greater our privileges the greater our responsibility. The privileges are ours, the responsibility is ours. To have had a virtuous ancestry is much; to have inherited the dwelling-places of our fathers is much; to dwell in the midst of scenery which appeals to all that is pure and grand and beautiful within us is much; but to be virtuous ourselves, to improve our inheritance, to be pure in heart, grand in soul, and beautiful in life is more;

“Let us then be up and doing.”

This valley is no longer the mere material thing it was at the beginning; it is the tomb of generations. From out of its recesses what oracles come; upon the majestic brow of these hills what names are written? The very dwellings have become monumental. Their walls have echoed to joys and sorrows that have passed away. High, heroic hearts have throbbed within them, that beat no more. Not the present alone is here; but the image of the majestic past stalks through our midst and casts its solemn mantle over the life of to-day. We live that we may garner up the treasures of that past, and adding to them the little that we can, transmit them to those that come after. We guard the holy bequest. See we to it that it waste not nor dwindle in our hands. Let us struggle manfully, giving heed to the voices that are forever calling to us, conscious of our responsibility

in the sight of men, and in the sight of God. [Applause.]

THE PRESIDENT—The next toast is “Our Adopted Citizens,” which will be responded to by Mr. Fillmore, formerly pastor of the old White Church for many years.

REV. MR. FILLMORE'S REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A friend of mine said to me once I “was a fool” [laughter] because I arose to speak and had no preparation for it. I did not know until five minutes ago that I was going to be called upon to speak on this occasion, and yet I have consented to appear before this audience—this grand presence—these grand, noble, far-known and renowned guests who are here to-day. The Scandinavians have a kind of a fable that the rainbow is the arch on which the gods come down to visit the earth. Well, there has been a kind of a rainbow over Cambridge to-day. The gods have come down to visit us. What can he say who comes after the gods? (A voice, “follow you.”) [Laughter.] There is a friend here who has “seen the elephant,” a live elephant, in one of the ponds. [Laughter.] And now I have seen a live elephant floating in all these reminiscences of the past fifty years. What can I do, coming after such an one to speak, without preparation, to you, dear old friends, many of you? Well, I am to speak on; what is the subject? (The President—“Our Adopted Citizens.”) That's it. I was an adopted citizen of the old town of Cambridge. I came here just thirty years ago last month, a young, untutored sort of a boy, to take charge of one of the congregations in the old town. I was brought up in the western part of the State of New York, and as I came here to this old town, and got acquainted with

the people, and went into their homes, and mingled with them in society, I at once contrasted the condition and the elevation (if I may use the word) of this town and community with a town not quite so old in western New York. I was impressed with the cultivation and advancement in religion and science, and also was I impressed by the schools, and what I then beheld imprinted itself on my mind, that in not many towns in the State of New York was there a higher degree of social advancement, of moral cultivation, and of that social kind of feeling that is refined, pervading all classes of the community. I recollect a friend of mine said I would find at least fifteen piano-fortes in the old congregation that I then came to minister to. I thought that was wonderful. I came from one of the western New York towns; we had not had the same length of time in which to make our advancement, but I thought then, as I have ever thought since, that you will go a great ways and not find so much that is grand and imposing, that is endearing and elevating in the civilization and general condition of the town, as here in this grand old town of Cambridge. Her groves are delightful; her streams and hills beautiful. I have looked upon the hills and valleys and the streams, clear across to San Francisco, and then I have been away up three or four hundred miles on the Columbia river, and never have I seen any more beautiful prospects than are before my eyes here to-day. And who do you think was with me far up the Columbia river? When I was upon one of the bluffs, and looked off upon one of the dells where the Columbia pours through a channel only about eighty feet wide, rolling and tearing like Niagara; I say, when I stood there, it was with two persons,

one of them born in this town; and wherever I went I found the town of Cambridge represented, and none of her representatives mean fellows either. [Applause.] They were men of standing, and women of cultivation wherever I went, showing that I am not flattering, and the reminiscences that come thronging up over my soul are like those of my brother and friend who has spoken to you of some time ago, because I am not as old as Mr. Prime, am I, brother Prime? (Mr. Prime—"I guess so; I am only sixty.") I shall never catch up with him. [Laughter.] He has only about ten years the start of me. When I came here with these influences and impressions upon my mind, I felt that there was a work for me that perhaps I was not able to perform. When I arrived I associated with such men as old Dr. Bullions. He was the first man I met coming from Saratoga, and he was pointed out to me by a gentleman whom I have seen here to-day, and told it was Dr. Bullions.

I came from where there were no Scotch or Irish churches. I had never heard any such name before. Afterwards I became acquainted with Dr. B. and the other ministers. I felt as though there was a work put upon me to do; that I was scarcely able to do it because I was quite a young man, but I found, as I became acquainted with the ministers and the people generally of my own and the other congregations around the town, that there was a degree of intelligence that I had never before met, for I used to find some parishioners who were occupied evenings in reading Dick's Theology and such kindred works. They were reading about creeds and confessions and the good old doctrines, and it struck me as something very peculiar. When you have in this commu-

nity men and women like these, who are familiar with the great writers and their great thoughts, you have something to do if you will equal them. I tried to do just what I could, and I staid here just about twelve years and three months, and I recollet when I come to go away they clustered around me from the different congregations, the people of the town encouraging me as I was going away. I might as well say I have made more money going away than I ever did in staying with the congregation. [Great laughter.] But what changes have come over this town since I came here. Dr. Prime once wrote me he was coming to Cambridge. He said he wanted to visit Cambridge after it had an iron rail thrust through its heart. That sounds just like Sam Prime. [Laughter.] There was no railroad here when I came. I came in a six-horse stage. Afterwards this railroad was put through here, and that improvement was manifest upon the community. You then began to build houses, and now as I ride through your streets I scarcely know where I am. These beautiful streets have been laid out, and these general improvements carried on in your midst, and I suppose that our "adopted citizens" have been all harmonious with you in the improvements that have been made, and when you have those come to your town as your adopted citizens, you have found them reliable, and upon whom you could lean, and with whom you could labor and carry forward the great material improvements of the town.

Not long ago I was called upon to address the Pioneers of Orleans county, in Western New York, and I went back and told them what had been the great means of the influence upon that community; that it had been the public schools,

the education of the youth, and especially the churches. Those good old New England people who went to cutting down the forests clear through to western New York, whenever they put up a few houses, up would go the old log schoolhouse, and that would answer for a time for their meetings, and after a little they erected churches. The church and the schoolhouse went together and made its impression upon that community just as it did here one hundred years ago and a little less. You account for the present cultivation and condition of the old town of Cambridge by its schoolhouses, its educational facilities, the churches that have been erected by the populace, and by the good morals that have prevailed. So that among all the communities of this State you will find but very few, as I have said, excelling.

Now let the "adopted citizens" fall in with the general march and carry forward the same great institutions that have been established by the fathers, and, as has been said, imitate their example in establishing the facilities for education and religion, and one hundred years to come you shall find those worthy of the present generation occupying these houses in this town,—a generation we hope that will far exceed the generation that now prevails.

I hope, if I have said anything that has not been very smart, or done anything that has not been perfectly prudent, you will pardon, because I have been called up for a moment. I could utter sentiments for an hour, but—(A voice—"Give us your hand.") [Great laughter, during which the speaker retired.]

THE PRESIDENT—The next toast, "The Churches and the Clergy," will be responded to by Rev. J. N. Crocker.

R. K. CROCKER, ESQ.—Mr. President, I have no suggestions to make any further than it has been suggested here by others that the audience is already so tired by waiting that it is better for us to omit the responses to the toasts, begging the pardon of the gentlemen who had been selected to respond to them, and I would say to them that their addresses (if furnished) will be published hereafter. The following are the remaining toasts :

“The Cambridge Washington Academy”—Rev. A. B. Bullions, D. D. I have a letter from Dr. Bullions, who was formerly Principal in the Academy, which will be published as a response.

“The Press”—Col. McArthur, of the Troy Budget.

“Washington County”—Hon. James Gibson.

“The Village of Cambridge; May her citizens remember that united we stand, divided we fall.”—Rev. H. G. Blinn.

MR. BLINN—Yo don't know how much you lost there.

MR. CROCKER—“Sons of old Cambridge residing abroad” Judge Skinner was present to respond to that sentiment.

A VOICE—I would like to know why we can't hear these men speak, and I move we stay until we hear all of them.

The motion being presented to the audience, it was carried by a tumultuous and overwhelming affirmative vote.

#### HON. BENJAMIN SKINNER'S REMARKS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS, AND FORMER TOWNSMEN—I return you my sincere thanks for the kind reception I have received at your hands, and I only regret that a more able and eloquent person to address you in a proper manner was not called upon to respond to the sentiment proposed: “Sons of Old Cambridge residing abroad.” After all the



speeches that we have heard, and the history of the town throughout, it would not be well for me to attempt to instruct you farther. Ninety-five years ago my father settled in the western part of this town. I lived there until the year 1840. Since that time I have scarcely set my foot in town, and when I returned the other day it seemed more to me that the magician's wand had waved over the land than that what I beheld was the workmanship of man. On behalf of those who have left this town and returned again, I return you my heartfelt and sincere thanks for the cordial welcome we have received, and the cordial welcome of "old friends again."

REV. JOHN D. WELLS' REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT—I am the worst specimen of a thoroughly frightened Cambridge boy ever you saw. All of these boys that were born "in time" or "out of time," are not so. Self-possessed, they are not afraid to say "their souls are their own." I was not born here. I never lived here but about ten years. I have been away about forty-two years, with an occasional visit. Now I am going to tell one or two things that have not been told, and then I will retire out of the way.

This morning, long before daylight, a little owl perched himself somewhere near my window, and screeched out his disapprobation of some things, and I said "Amen" to those things. One of those things was this: I suppose he was the great-great-grandson of some owl that lived in the old forests here, and watched over all the old stage drivers who came up here, and turned up by Chase's, or long before Chase was here. He just struck a chord in my breast that vibrates in my breast now. When I came out of Troy on the rails that went through Samuel Prime's heart, I thought

“this is not the way to Cambridge; I must climb the old Mill Hill. I want to ride on the box with Charley Tingle, and see how he touches up those leaders of his with that inimitable silk snapper, and lays the butt of that whip on his good old wheel horses, and brings them in all fresh, and ALL ALIVE, knowing if he comes very near them that he loves them well.” Is there anybody here who remembers “Farewell?” (A voice—“I do, perfectly.”) Are there any boys or girls here who ever played in good old Lowren Wright’s blacksmith shop, and felt the mighty influence of that good old man? I have not heard his name mentioned here to-day, and yet he is represented here by sons who are exerting their influence in other spheres, and are well known here; and I tell you, my friends, that the influence of these old families in the future is perpetuated in other communities, and will be as long as the sun shines.

Did anybody ever see old Jimmy Stratton’s steer? (A voice—“I am the man.”) I saw it too. Did you ever see him when he went to mill, riding astride of that steer, when the boys put the chip under the bag so when he got on the steer tipped him off and ran home? [Laughter.] The Cambridge boys were accustomed to do things of that kind.

Did anybody in this assemblage know that Cambridge had a splendid “Central Park” long before New York people thought of it, and that the idea of “Central Park” originated here in Cambridge? Why, we knew very well how we used to skate in and out; the girls did not skate then, but they SLID; you can skate crooked, but you can’t slide crooked; the girls would slide right straight into our arms. [Laughter.] Now that was on the old park right before Samuel Prime’s

father's house, and yet he never mentioned it; that old swamp. (Dr. Prime—"I left that for you.") I never knew him to leave anything for anybody before. [Great laughter.] But you see we were both born out of old Cambridge—a little out of Cambridge, and we are both marvelously kind toward each other. [Laughter.]

I tell you, my friends, it seems to me, all joking aside, that the shades of our fathers and our mothers are here as real and as silent as the shadow of these trees. I have felt their influence. I bless God for that influence. I suppose no man or minister is here to-day who had Dr. Prime as his teacher, first in the school-room, and then in the pulpit. I had him as a parishioner. I had him hold up my hands when I was weak. I had him pour into my soul the grand truths that for years moulded this community. I had that influence follow me for years when I was a timid preacher of "The Word," and when he said to me, as old Dr. Beecher said to him when he was deeply depressed, "Brother Prime, if you go to hell you have got to go there through the pulpit." That he said to me. He kept me in the pulpit when otherwise I should not have been there.

I tell you that the grand influence of those grand old men—Dr. Bullions and Dr. Prime—is perpetuated, not only in this country, but all over the world. And after we shall all be together in Christ, the time for reminiscences will be long and sweet and blessed.

A VOICE—Now, Rev. Blinn, for that splendid speech we were so near losing. [Laughter.]

REV. H. G. BLINN'S REMARKS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Mr. Wells has given my

speech. In reply to the sentiment, "The Village of Cambridge; may her citizens remember that 'united we stand, divided we fall'"; of course this sentiment refers to the present citizens of Cambridge, and not to the fathers who one hundred years ago made this grove vocal, as their sons have done to-day. I had not the pleasure of knowing very intimately the people who resided here then; most of them were strangers to me. But I have the pleasure of knowing well some of their sons: and they have been called "worthy sons of noble sires." That is an original remark made by Dr. Prime. We never heard it said before by anybody. It struck me as being very truthful. They are noble sons—worthy sons—of noble sires.

We are accustomed on such occasions to glorify Brother Jonathan, the "Universal Yankee," but I believe the fathers of these sons were, many of them, in the category in which the Sunday school boy placed our father Adam. The teacher asked "who was the first man?" A little fellow in one of the classes responded, "George Washington." "What! George Washington the first man?" "Yes; first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." "Oh, no," said the teacher, "Adam was the first man." "Oh, well," said the little fellow, "if you are talking about FOREIGNERS, I suppose he was." [Great laughter.] And so the fathers of these noble sons were, many of them, in that category. They were really, at first, foreigners. We are here to commemorate their virtues, and I am here to tell you a truth that you may not have heard before, that "United"—I want the ladies to hear this, all the young ladies, and all the widows—"United we stand, divided we

fall." [Laughter, and a voice, "I move he interpret that."] Well, it has been interpreted already. The ladies are for "union"—to a man! (A voice, "You probably would like a job?") Some one says I want a job; I would like the fee! If anybody here is now prepared to enter into the "holy bond of wedlock" I will take the fee, and Mr. Wells will perform the ceremony! [Laughter.] I need not occupy your time with a long speech on this occasion on the sentiment proposed. One man never felled the forests, broke up the sod, and cultivated this "garden"—we might almost call it "the garden of the world." It was accomplished by united efforts. We should remember that nothing worth having was ever acquired in this world except at the end of a battle, and no battle can be fought single handed and alone. It was by union of effort that the churches and schoolhouses were built, and the people of this valley instructed, and when we can strike hands again, neighbor to neighbor, when we can sink all personal and all sectional jealousies and differences, and as with the heart of one man, come up to the work and rebuild our schools that have fallen somewhat into disrepute, and rally around them we may hope for strength enough to stand and to go forward in the path which our fathers marked out for us. But I will not weary you ladies; remember the sentiment, "United we stand." [Applause.]

REV. J. N. CROCKER

Responded as follows to the sentiment, "The Churches and the Clergy":

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My first appearance before an audience in this community was up in yonder schoolhouse, when I said,

“You’d scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage.”

I feel very much like that to-day, and I will assure you that I have just had the intermittent fever. I was told to speak, and then I was told I might not speak, and then I felt better, and I hope to feel better yet pretty soon. As the old Virginia clergyman said to his colored driver, who was taking him to church to preach, “I feel badly ; I have the headache.” When he was through preaching and returning home, he said, “I feel better.” “Well, massa,” said the servant, “I should think you would, getting that load off your stomach.” [Laughter.]

If I am to represent the excellent clergy of the town, I suppose I must remember to be very “Shortt.” [Laughter.] I believe I am a boy again to-day. I cannot realize that I stand here of age in the ministry. I am again passing through this grove, and verily, I tell you the same angels dwell in its leaves to-day as did when I carried my geometry and Virgil from yonder house to the Academy ; the same as when Dr. Prime was here listening to their whisperings ; and if not the angels, the same Holy Ghost.

Why I should be called upon here to speak of the church and clergy I cannot think, for I was called upon to fill another man’s place, unless it may be that the oldest elder of any church in the town is my father, and I his youngest child ; or perhaps it was because he who stood in that White church and rang out so clearly, “Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel,” so impressed me that I could not forget it, and I went on the bluff yonder and said, “I will do it !” And I have done it for twenty-one years, and I trust God will spare me to do it yet. [Applause.]

I used to fancy in my boyhood that this was the old Garden of Eden. And because of that fancy I have had a dislike to making research and studying in regard to its geographical position. I used to think of this plain and that creek yonder, and the other over there, and these hills, and finally thought in truth the spot were Eden. I don't know but it was. I am not going to dispute it. My heart would say "yes." I have learned to love all these places. There is not a foot of yonder farm that I have not turned with the plow, save where the rocks and trees forbade such work. I have lived here and been brought up here under the influence of the church, and I believe that the church has been the power under God, that has made Cambridge what it is. And I am here to-day receiving the answer to the Indian's prayer a few days ago in the Saratoga daily prayer meeting, "Oh, Lord, give us grace to stand to the rack and face the music!" So I have come here to "stand to the rack and face the music," and say something in reference to this great and glorious subject. I believe this place is grand because God has made it grand with the glorious hills and lovely sunlight, but which never would have been what it is had not God sent people here who have always, to a good degree, obeyed his will. Those ministers of whom you have heard to-day—the good father Prime who baptized me (and I have felt the influence of it ever since, I believe,) and others maintained the faith. That good old Dr. Bullions used to come into the Academy and hetchel us, and I am glad that he did, because it did me good that I have never got over. It has been said that they were united during the week in their labors, and perhaps somewhat divided on the Sabbath, but I

think there was "unity in the Spirit" on that day. Did you ever think of the chorus of sentiment that has been in this community? Did you ever hear that throng singing, "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want." Did you ever think of that other one, rejoicing in Toplady's hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me?" and that other representative hymn by Charles Wesley, "Jesus, lover of my soul?" Are they not one? I believe with that music went up only one sentiment to heaven. And that sentiment, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," has always been observed in this community, and will be, I hope, until we shall worship in heaven the Lamb that has been slain. I am glad we have this truth represented and preached yet.

There is one reminiscence that I have heard of that I suppose to be true, showing that the fathers in the church here were none of your Credit Mobilier nor whitewashing committees. They thought they needed a new church up here. There was a steeple upon the old edifice. Part thought they might repair, but there was a committee finally appointed to investigate the matter to know whether it was true that the steeple was dangerous, as some asserted, or not. They secured a practical mechanic to investigate the matter. They accompanied him up into the steeple. It was none of your whitewashing investigations at all. It would not do to bore into the pillars to ascertain whether they were sound or not, but he vigorously applied the saw and thus "investigated" it until the steeple had to come down; and then came along the deaf and dumb John Dunahue [laughter] and said:

"A haughty priest, and an ignorant people,  
A great big meeting house without any steeple."



I believe we have the same kind of staunch men remaining here.

I would not have wearied you with these remarks had it not been that I am a Cambridge born man. I am of this dust here. I would be ashamed of any Cambridge boy who would refuse to fill a gap when called upon. [Applause.]

REMARKS OF JUDGE GIBSON.

“The County of Washington”—Responded to by Hon. James Gibson, of Salem.

What a history there is in the words and their connection ! How memory brings up the past and recalls the discovery of its territory in 1609 by Champlain ; the causes that for one hundred and fifty years after prevented its settlement ; the powerful armies that so often marched to and fro through its valleys ; the cruel raids that were so often made by means of its water courses, and war paths from the territory of one combatant to that of the other ; the fortresses once and again and again erected within its extended domain ; the open or covert attacks on them, and their destruction, sometimes even at the hands of the power that constructed them, in order to prevent their furnishing shelter to the advancing forces of the enemy ; and the pitched battles that were fought within its territory between the armies of the greatest nations on the continent of Europe, to procure or maintain an ascendancy in North America for one or the other. And then the thought arises that through its tangled wilds, or on the streams which flowed through them the dusky warrior often sped to attack the defenseless settlements on the borders of New York or Massachusetts, and as often returned by one of its trails bearing the scalps of men, women and children, or driving their captives, and loaded with the plunder they had seized on

their bloody foray, and the whole country over which they had swept as a besom of destruction, left desolate with fire and slaughter. One memorable party of this description, consisting of about nine hundred French and Indians, under the command of Major Rigaud de Vaudreuil, on the 20th day of August, 1746, captured Fort Massachusetts, in Hoosic, together with all its defenders, and the women and children which it sheltered, killing and scalping some, and carrying the rest into Canada as captives\*,—in going, and with booty, prisoners and scalps in returning, passed on their accustomed war trail within one hundred rods of the very place where now, one hundred and twenty-seven years later, we are assembled to celebrate the one hundredth natal year of Cambridge. And then rises in the mind's eye the early settlement of the county, the struggle of its pioneers in the fight for life with the wild beasts of the forest on the one hand, and with deathly famine on the other—the latter so severe that even corn for seed had to be obtained from the beneficence of the State. And then, how title to nearly all our territory was obtained, being granted as bounty lands for volunteering

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\*The larger portion of this raiding party started for home on the morning succeeding the capture, and on the night of August 23d encamped on the high ground between the two ponds in the present town of Jackson. *Norton's Redeemed Captive* p. 15. But two or more skirmishing parties were sent out, one of which entering in or near Coleraur, attacked an adverse party and slew and scalped Constant Bliss, his companions escaping by the fleetness of their feet. *Drake's French and Indian War*, 125. On the 25th August another party, sixty in number, "stealthily approached" Deerfield, about thirty miles easterly of Hoosic, but were providentially discovered before they were in readiness for an attack, and thus, no doubt, many lives were saved. But the result was sad enough, as five persons were killed and scalped, several wounded and one taken captive. *Ib.* 126.

Another party, headed by Ensign Monsignin, proceeded toward Fort Saratoga, situated on the hill south of Galesville, in the present town of Easton, and meeting seventeen soldiers belonging to the garrison, took four of them prisoners and scalped four others. The remainder threw themselves precipitately into the fort, followed by the enemy, who killed some of them. *10 N. Y. Col. Doc.* 68.

as a soldier to defend the country from the combined attack of the French nation and their Indian allies.

And here is called to mind that by the so-called "Hampshire Grants," great numbers of these soldiers who had labored and toiled through the heat and burden of that dreadful war, relying on the good faith of the government to perform its promises, and having received warrants for their promised lands, were driven from them, or forcibly prevented from settling on them by parties claiming under these grants, who had, in most cases, rendered no such services, or had paid little or nothing for the lands thus seized or forcibly held.

And then, there looms up the war for liberty, for the right to govern ourselves through our representatives—"millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute"—resulting in revolution and in the conquering of the peaceful acknowledgement of that independence for which our fathers fought.

This brings recollection to the organization of the state government, and the setting in motion of the wheels of local action through county, town and municipal creations, and here we reach the organization of our territory into the county of Washington.

It was anciently in the county of Albany, which was one of the original counties into which the Province of New York was divided by an act of the legislative Assembly, passed in the year 1681, and was so named after the Scottish ducal title of James, the Duke of York and Albany, to whom the province was granted by the lavish hand of Charles II, then King of England, and when organized as a county, embraced within its limits the whole of what is now the State of Vermont and all of northern New York.

In 1772 all that portion of Albany county north of the Batten Kill, and on the east side of the Hudson, was taken from Albany, with the exception of certain counties organized in what is now eastern Vermont, and was created a county and named Charlotte, after the Queen consort, wife of George III, then King of Great Britain.

By the result of the war of the revolution and the organization of the State of New York, the upsetting of existing arrangements became quite common, and thus it happened that by an act passed by the Legislature of New York on the 2d day of April, 1784, the county of Charlotte was ordained "to be hereafter called and known by the name of Washington."

But as will be observed, this territory did not include any part of the old towns of either Cambridge or Saratoga, the former having within its borders the present towns of Jackson, White Creek and Cambridge, with a part of eastern Vermont, and the latter including the whole of what was then known as the East-town, or the easterly part of the town of old Saratoga, and now called Easton.

By the act dividing the county of Albany into districts, passed on the 12th of March, 1772, it was enacted that all that part of Albany county lying north of Schaghticoke and east of Saratoga, be what was then called a district, and named Cambridge, and it was thereby enabled to elect certain officers to manage its affairs, and a Supervisor to act in county affairs with those of the other districts. It remained as a district in the county of Albany till it was organized as a town in 1788, and as such continued in that county till annexed to the county of Washington, in the year 1791.

It may be interesting to notice that a most persistent effort was made by certain parties on the Hampshire Grants, assisted by some few active men in this county, to carry into Vermont the entire territory now in the county of Washington. For that purpose, what was called a "Union convention" was held at Cambridge on the 9th, and adjourned to the 15th and 16th of May, 1781, at which certain persons attended and took seats, claiming to represent the districts of Cambridge, Black Creek (now Hebron), Granville, Skeensborough, and other districts in the now county of Washington, and agreed with a committee appointed for that purpose by the Legislature of Vermont, on a basis of union with that state, of the territory now in our county. This action was reported by the committee to the Legislature of Vermont at an adjourned meeting held at Bennington on the 15th of June, 1781, and was agreed to by that body, and thereupon certain persons claiming to represent the district above mentioned being in attendance, "on taking the necessary oaths to qualify them to a seat," took seats in that body as members, claiming to represent the districts now in this county in the Legislature of Vermont, and continued to do so for some time, and voting and acting in its proceedings. Among the acts this body, thus constituted, undertook to give the sanction of the law, was one incorporating this county into and making it an integral part of the quasi State of Vermont, and dividing it into towns, and providing for the holding of town meetings by Vermont authority. But the delegates, so called, were not sustained by the people of the county, and the whole project fell to the ground, and the territory sought to be taken out of the State remained intact a part of New York,

and there we trust it will always stand, leal and true, in the future as in the past.

The name borne by the county is significant and illustrious, and will ever recall the great works and noble character of our distinguished namesake, and when given to us at our new birth in liberty and freedom, was bestowed in grateful acknowledgement of the heroic achievements in the war of the revolution of those who had made its soil their home, and thus rendered the name peculiarly appropriate. It was therefore neither an idle compliment nor unworthily bestowed.

May we, and those who shall follow us from generation to generation, do nothing which shall dishonor the great name of him our country bears—the patriot Washington!

SPEECH OF C. L. MACARTHUR.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: About one hundred years ago the British government (its navy department) had a practice which they called “crimping.” When their ships were short of men they sent out their drummers, sergeants and “press gangs” and grabbed whoever they could get hold of and put them on board their ships of war. That practice was called “crimping,” and one of the reasons why this country went to war with Great Britain was because then, and in later years, the naval force of that country “crimped” with their press gang on the people of this country, tearing men away from their homes unwillingly.

Gentlemen, this committee of yours has been practicing that old thing that was prevalent one hundred years ago; they have been “crimping” me on this occasion. They have brought me up standing at a moment’s notice to respond for the Press.

For the Press—how great the theme! A hundred years ago and the presses of this country and the presses of the old Mother World were few indeed. Benjamin Franklin, whom we may call the father of the printing press in this country, was just one hundred years ago to-day crossing the broad Atlantic, at the age of sixty-seven, to act as the agent of a few of the struggling colonies of this continent, and afterwards he filled that position with great honor and credit to himself at the Court of St. James. Why, gentlemen, one hundred years ago is the briefest time in the progress of God's events, or in the progress of God's history. I saw a paragraph to-day that will make you gentlemen blush when you come to reflect upon it at your centennial boasts. I saw that the German philosophers have cyphered it out that this old globe of ours is two hundred million years old. (Sensation.) What do you think of that, gentlemen, who are bragging of one hundred years to-day? It is but a drop in the bucket in the passage of time. The speculative philosophers have a theory that civilization travels in cycles; that it moves around in circles; that civilization, like everything else human, has its early birth, its slow growth, its meridian maturity, its age, and its decay. That civilization sinks back, like the tree that rots at the root and goes back to its primitive elements until new forces come in to lift it out of the quagmire, and again start it on a new career of progress. If we look through the history of this world, at all that has been performed, spoken of, written of, we shall find that four or five thousand years ago there was a civilization in ancient Egypt, in the valley of the Nile, which in many respects vied with the civilization of to-day. And yet that civilization

traveled in its cycle, performed its work, and died out, leaving a broad, black abyss, where ignorance prevailed, upon this globe of ours. It was not until the press and the pulpit combined—the pulpit because it was free! The press because it could utter its own sentiments, and because it had a spiritual religion, and because it sloughed off the old mass of corruption and superstition, and came out and appealed to the hearts, to the intellect and brains of mankind! (Applause.) It was then that this religion came in as active element in arousing and preserving the forces of society.

With a free people and a free press there is little danger but that this civilization of ours, instead of dwindling away through old age into ultimate decay, will survive the wreck of time, and “live,” as Pope says, “through all time, extend through all extent.”

I do not want to delay the audience, (cries of “go on, go on,”) but I cannot but glance for a brief period over the past hundred years. A hundred years ago! A moment ago I was depreciating that length of time, and yet THIS hundred years that this world has traveled over since the first settlement was made in this valley, has seen more development and alacrity in the wheels of progress, more in the march of improvement, and more in the improvement of mankind, than has been known in all the hundred years, and in all the centuries preceding it. Napoleon, under the shadow of the monuments of the ancient Egyptians, said to his soldiers, “Men, forty centuries are looking down upon us!” We can say with pride to this generation, “A single century is looking down upon you”; and within that century there has been more accomplished for mankind, more that is to live in the



future, and more that is to elevate man than in all the centuries that has preceded it.

One hundred years ago Washington, then at forty-one, was quietly dwelling in the shades of Mount Vernon, with his beautiful wife Martha, to whom he had been married some dozen years. He was not the great Washington then that future events set up and carved out, and that he carved out for them. One hundred years ago and Pitt and Fox, the great champions of English statesmanship, were almost in their infancy; one hundred years ago and Napoleon was about four years old. It was in 1773 that Poland was divided, and as the poet has it,

“Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.”

One hundred years ago it was first that in the old world was struck the blow for the religious freedom of mankind. I am glad to say that it was in that year the Pope of Rome issued his famous bull against the Jesuits, and it was then proclaimed that they were to be wiped out from the history of religious associations in the world. It was one hundred years ago that Portugal struck the first blow to check the traffic in human beings. It was one hundred years ago that she struck the first blow given by civilized Europe to strike down the hydra-head of slavery. [Applause.] Thank God we have gone through a contest now after that hundred years, and have blotted that stain out from our national escutcheon forever.

But I do not want to detain and weary you. (Loud cries of “go on.” “give us more.”) I thank you for your indulgence and courtesy extended to me on this occasion. I can assure you that the Press has a high mission to perform in

this country, and under the blessing of God I trust it will perform it properly, justly and intelligently for the advancement of all mankind, and with the best of intent. [Applause.] You will pardon me for not trespassing upon your patience longer. From the flattering adoration laid by the clergymen at the feet of the distinguished gentleman from New York by speakers to-day, I should say they were pretty much all "Prime Ministers." [Laughter.] However, they have made prime speeches on this occasion, and I thank them for it. As I am not a native of this section of country I cannot speak as to its reminiscences, or with, perhaps, the same enthusiasm as others. I can but proffer my thanks for this reception, and leave it to others to recount the reminiscences of their youthful days. [Great applause.]

Music by the Band.

REV. W. F. LEWIS.

Rector of St. Luke's Church, Cambridge, responded as follows to the toast, "The Old Women of Cambridge":

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In responding to the toast to "The Old Women of Cambridge," after what has been said by those who are not only my elders and my betters, but are familiar with those for whom I am called upon to respond, I feel that my words must not only be few but short.

If there is one theme that belongs alike to the past, the present and the future, that theme is woman, bound up as she is in all true joy, ever ready with her sympathy to lighten every care and every sorrow. On this centennial anniversary of the town of Cambridge, almost instinctively we glance around to reckon the men who have lived and toiled for

Cambridge, old and new. It gives me pleasure to stand as I do here to-day, and bid you remember the old women of Cambridge. All honor to them—all reverence to the bowed head and wrinkled brow. They tell us that Cambridge is one hundred years old to-day. They bid us look around and mark the transformation wrought therein. Shall I tell you by whom the burden of that change has been borne? By the old women of Cambridge, some of whom, helpless or bed-ridden, in patient suffering, are debarred from participation in the joys of the day, yet happy in the thought that those they love are gathered around this festive scene, for

“ Woman’s station is retreat ;  
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,  
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.”

Mr. President, I know that there is in the heart of every man and woman here present a response to the toast that I am called to respond to, fuller, deeper and more sincere than my poor lips can utter, and to that feeling, deep seated in every human breast, I leave the subject.

The President then read the following letters and telegram from Mr. Clark :

SALEM, N. Y., August 28, 1873.

To Messrs. Warner, McKie and Lourie :

Gentlemen—I am greatly obliged by your kind invitation to attend the Centennial of the old town of Cambridge to be held to-morrow. Up to a recent date I had hoped to be with you on the interesting occasion, that I might gratify social feelings not yet benumbed by age, with the kind converse and cheering presence of many dear old friends among you. But I shall have to content myself with the hope that the pleasure of the occasion may equal your expectations, and that you all, and the aged especially, may have a day of pure enjoyment in the re-union of old friends and the recollections of by-gone years. I first saw your village in 1805. I was at

school in Lansingburgh, and to conveniently secure my return home at the close of the term, it was so arranged that Rev. Mr. Fullerton, of Hebron, who had business of his own at Lansingburgh, should use my father's horse and carriage for the jaunt, and bring me with him on his return. This was the first time I had ever, helpless and alone, been thrown into the hands of the minister, and I confess I would a good deal rather have been bossed by anybody else, and were it not that home with all its attractions was awaiting me at the other end of the route, I might easily have been persuaded to bolt the whole arrangement. But on Saturday evening we reached Cambridge, where Mr. Fullerton had arranged with Mr. Chapman an exchange of pulpits the next day. My fear of the minister began to be modified by some sort of respect when we reached the first toll-gate. Mr. Fullerton, in the most serious tone, said to the gate-keeper, "I expect to preach in Cambridge to-morrow." At the solemn announcement the gate was opened and we passed on—"toll free." The same potent key opened every gate on the road, and by the time we reached Cambridge I felt somewhat like admitting that a minister's presence might not be an evil under certain circumstances—for old Buck (my father's horse) and I were getting somewhat in the way of compensation for our risk in the free use of the new and beautiful road. But sixty-eight years have wrought great changes in me, as well as in your pleasant village. Whatever may then have been my feeling towards the clergy, I am glad to say that for the cloth in general, and for my clerical friends in your village in especial, I entertain the utmost respect and regard. In the evening we reached that long, low, white house, late the residence of Mr. Robert Blair, then occupied by Rev. Mr. Chapman, and the next day edified the good people—Mr. F. as preacher and I as hearer, and on Monday reached Hebron and home. I seem to remember that there were a few houses, perhaps three or four, in the vicinity of the church, but between Mr. Chapman's and the church, if there were any, I don't remember them. A tavern was kept near the site of the Union House, from the door of which could be seen most of the few dwellings that then made up your village. Why, sirs, at the time of which I speak, not every man, woman and child on both sides of "Blair's Brook" with a reinforcement from the former dusky denizens of the

forest, could have got up a fight on any subject, that in its intense vigor would have compared at all with your late unpleasantness on the school question, and which, whatever else it may show, is so eminently creditable to the grit and persistence of so many good men—men that individually may always be relied on for every good purpose, and who will cheerfully respond to every claim of society, excepting only the agreement of one school district with the other for mutual benefit. On to-morrow you will probably have with you my venerable friends John Weir, Benjamin Crocker, Eddy Bowen, Ahira Eldridge, John Barker, Isaac Brownell and others. What wonders these venerable men have seen in their day! In 1807 the application of steam to navigation—1812, war with Great Britain; the iron plow in 1816; and about the same date the inauguration of our canal system. Then followed railroads. In 1832 the road was finished from Albany to Utica, and now we have in operation over sixty-seven thousand miles. Carding, spinning, weaving and knitting mills became common. Sewing machines for the women, and mowers, reapers, and steam printing, and iron-clad ships. The rebellion and its mighty results—it cost the loyal States three hundred thousand lives and over thirty-three hundred millions of treasure—it wiped out from our national escutcheon its only blot by emancipating four millions of slaves. Now we can hold up our head and feel that the constitutional right of freedom for every human being is no more an abstraction. The theme is both delightful and inexhaustible. But I must stop lest I further weary you with an old man's reminiscences.

Most respectfully,

JOHN McDONALD.

ALBANY, August 26, 1873.

Charles D. Warner and others, Committee Centennial Anniversary, Cambridge:

Gentlemen—I thank you for the honor conferred upon me in your invitation to attend your Centennial Anniversary on the 29th inst. I visited your place on the Fourth of July last under the impression that it was to take place on that day. As the weather proved quite rainy my walks among my old friends were quite limited. I regret to say that my business now is such that I shall not be able to attend. But let me assure you in the objects and purposes of your gathering,



though absent in person, I shall be present in spirit. The prosperity of Cambridge in any respect will always be pleasant tidings to my ear. I shall gratefully cherish the memory of those with whom I was there associated in my youth and manhood, and shall take great pleasure in any evidence that such feelings are reciprocated on their part.

“This fond attachment to the well known place,  
Whence first we started into life's long race,  
Maintains its hold with such unfailling sway,  
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.”

Time's changes have been so great during the last thirty years that I am now a stranger to a majority of the people of Cambridge, but no place, not even the city where I have lived so long, seems to me more like home; and it has always been my desire that when I come to the end of life's journey my remains may find a resting place with kindred and loved ones in your beautiful valley.

Yours very respectfully,                      AUSTIN H. WELLS.

SHARON, Conn., August 16, 1873.

Messrs. C. D. Warner, E. J. McKie, T. B. Lourie, Committee:

Gents—I deeply regret that owing to another imperative engagement it will be out of my power to join with you in the glad celebration of the Centennial of the old town of Cambridge. Though not a native of Cambridge, I am the next to it—a native of Argyle. But while Argyle was and continues strange to me, the “old town” has, from boyhood, always been a familiar home. Here my earliest and most enduring friendships were formed; here in the ancient and now defunct schoolhouse of the Maxwell district in Jackson my first essay in public life was made, and here, before the old yellow Academy departed southward on cumbrous rollers, I had the honor of teaching within its ancient and hallowed walls some of the best men and fairest daughters of the land. I have become thus to indulge in a peculiar affection for old Cambridge, an affection that goes out most fervently toward all the living, and that holds most sacredly in charge the homes and the virtues of many who sleep so sweetly in your beautiful Woodlands Cemetery. Be assured, then, that were it in my power, there is no spot on earth where I would more like to be on the 29th than in Fuller's Grove. Will you allow me to send you a sentiment? “To

the memory of the teachers of the Cambridge Washington Academy, deceased—though dead they yet live in the useful careers and shining virtues of their hundreds of pupils scattered throughout the land.”

A. B. BULLIONS.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }  
 SPRINGFIELD, August 25th, 1873. }

Charles D. Warner, E. J. McKie and T. B. Lourie :

Gentlemen—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to be present at the Centennial of the old town of Cambridge, N. Y., to be held in Fuller's Grove, in the village of Cambridge, August 29, 1873, and in reply thereto I beg to express the sincere regret with which official duties commanding my attention at that time, I am compelled to decline any participation in the Centennial celebration of my former home.

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN L. BEVERIDGE.

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CENTERVILLE, APPANOOON COUNTY, IOWA, }  
 August 23, 1873. }

Messrs. Warner, McKie and Lourie :

Gentlemen—I cannot be one of you at your Centennial of the old town of Cambridge. I should enjoy it, hoping to see friends, faces familiar fifty years ago; hope you will have a good time in this re-union of old friends. It will be fifty years next month since I left Cambridge for a home in what was then the “West.”

Truly yours,

SAMUEL CROSBY.

Volunteer toast from the western prairie :

“The old town of Cambridge: May its prosperity be as lasting as its beautiful hills. S. C.”

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HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., August 25, 1873.

Mr. Charles D. Warner and others :

Your letter of invitation to attend the Centennial of Cambridge Township was received some days ago. Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to be present on this occasion. The place of my birth is dear to me. Your invitation led me in memories' chariot once again to revisit the scenes of my childhood, youth and early manhood. My palmiest days were given to the then distant State of Indiana,

where are those who started life with me. I am sorry I can not be present; the health of my family will not permit.

Yours truly, WILLIAM T. GREEN.

RUTLAND, Vt., August 29, 1873.

To Messrs. Warner, McKie and Lourie, Committee:

Gentlemen—I am unexpectedly and unavoidably detained from Centennial to-day, greatly to my regret. Vermont sends greeting to old Cambridge to-day. May its coming hundred years be as prosperous as its past, and her children ever delight to do her honor.

HENRY CLARK.

MR. THOMPSON—I feel we ought not and cannot disperse to-day without expressing our gratitude to the eminent gentlemen who have addressed us upon this occasion, and therefore permit me to offer a resolution that the thanks of this audience be presented to the Hon. G. W. Jermain for the labor and pains he has bestowed in gathering so many facts and incidents in regard to the history of this old town of Cambridge, and that a copy be solicited for publication and preservation.

The resolution, after amendment to include all the speakers, was passed.

A resolution of thanks to the ladies for their services was also adopted. Also to the several committees engaged in this matter.

Dr. Gillette alluded to the presence of several relics of olden times, and urged that they be gathered together and preserved for future centennials.

The choir then sang the

SONG OF THE OLD FOLKS.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,



And songs of auld lang syne ?  
For auld lang syne we meet to-night,  
For auld lang syne ;  
To sing the songs our fathers sang  
In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes  
Since youth's unclouded day ;  
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams  
Time's hand hath swept away.  
And voices that once joined with ours,  
In days of auld lang syne,  
Are silent now, and blend no more  
In songs of auld lang syne.

Yet ever has the light of song  
Illumed our darkest hours ;  
And cheered us on life's toilsome way,  
And gemmed our path with flowers.  
The sacred songs our fathers sang,  
Dear songs of auld lang syne,  
The hallowed songs our fathers sang  
In days of auld lang syne.

Here we have met, here we may part,  
To meet on earth no more :  
And we may never sing again  
The cherished songs of yore.  
The sacred songs our fathers sang  
In days of auld lang syne.  
We may not meet to sing again  
The songs of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life,  
And reached the heavenly shore,  
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,  
Transcending those of yore.

We'll meet to sing diviner strains  
Than those of auld lang syne ;  
Immortal songs of praise, unknown  
In days of auld lang syne.

The Doxology and benediction by Rev. Dr. Prime followed, after which the centennial celebrators dispersed.



APPENDIX.

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THE CHECKERED HOUSE.

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BY REV. WALTER R. LONG.

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This notable Traveler's Home of former days was assigned me for a toast on the ever memorable August 29th, 1873, the "Centennial Anniversary of the old Town of Cambridge." I was not apprised of the signal event in time to attend, which I shall ever deeply regret.

NARRATIVE.

It may not be too late even now to narrate briefly the story of the far famed "Checkered House."

It was called thus simply from the fact that the clapboards were painted in checkers, red and white, in the by-gone century.

"The first Tavern," says the latest historian of Cambridge, Hon. G. W. Jermain, "was a log house, kept by James Cowden, where the Checkered House now is, which we have often heard called, by 'Old Settlers,' the 'Cowden Tavern.'"

PECULIAR TASTE.

Major Cowden was somewhat peculiar in his taste in

originating the checkered style of painting after a frame building was erected.

The checker-board, a household fixture in olden times, doubtless suggested the design. Would that checkers had never been used for a more harmful purpose.

Either in the year 1775 or 1778, according to tradition, there was no saw mill in Cambridge, and no boards were to be had for a coffin, and the late James Cowden, stepfather of Edward Long, deceased, went to Pittstown, Rensselaer county, and obtained a coffin made, except the putting together, and brought it to Cambridge on horseback upon the pommel of his saddle, which was the first coffin used in the old grave-yard, where the said Mr. Cowden was buried July 30, 1800, aged 65 years; his wife Sarah died May 9, 1811, aged also 65, and was buried by his side.

#### REVOLUTIONARY ITEM.

She (Sarah Comstock) was first married to Thomas Comstock, who bravely fell in the battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777; then to Captain Edward Long of Revolutionary memory, whose commission was signed by Governor George Clinton; afterwards to Major James Cowden, and last to Burgess Hall.

The heroic death of her first husband gave her somewhat the reputation of a heroine at the recurring anniversaries of the battle of Bennington, which she invariably attended.

#### PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

I well remember seeing my father re-paint the Checkered House at two periods, several years apart. The first time the north and south ends, together with the front side, were

checkered. When the house was remodeled in 1853, at a considerable expense, he painted the front side only in checkers, which perpetuates its name. An excellent stereoscopic view has been taken by Wells & Cady.

#### EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE.

Bountiful provisions for both man and beast, with reasonable charges, together with the prompt and polite attentions of the host, secured a very extensive patronage. The inquiry was often reiterated by approaching teamsters, "How far is it to the Checkered House?"

With regret I have oft heard him obliged to say to weary and dust begrimed travelers at nightfall, "I can not entertain you; the house is full." Even then some would insist on staying though they had to sleep on the floor or in the barn.

#### WAR OF 1812.

United States troops, volunteers and drafted recruits, in marching to and from the battles of Lake Champlain, frequently bivouacked there during the war for the establishment of maritime rights.

I well recollect, in my tenderest childhood, of being carried around among the troops and beholding the various implements of war, cooking utensils, and of seeing the soldiers partake of their substantial meals. I remember with shuddering, to this day, how some took God's holy name in vain.

More travelers found a quiet home there, probably, than in any other hotel between Troy and Burlington.

#### FAR-FAMED.

The House was known by multitudes throughout this country, and by not a few in other lands. Wherever I travel

over the broad domain of my native land, I meet many a one who has visited or seen what was familiarly styled in later years "Ed. Long's Checkered House." It was truly one of "the old land marks."

#### PUBLIC SERVANT.

The proprietor was not only a faithful landlord and devoted servant to the public, but an enthusiastic friend and supporter of the Washington County and State Agricultural Societies. He took special delight in exhibiting the productions of the farm, and the purest blooded imported cattle and horses, doing more to improve the breed of the latter than almost any man of his day.

#### THE FIRST INN.

The Checkered House was the first Inn that was erected in the old Town of Cambridge, before any meeting house was built. Ministers of all denominations were welcomed and their visits blessed. More than forty years since several members of the household were hopefully converted, three of whom have been summoned to the "house not made with hands."

The Inn was dear to me in which I was born, where I first bowed at the family altar, pledged myself to temperance, and consecrated my life to the Gospel ministry with the approbation of my father, who died in peace and hope August 10, 1860. He had dwelt in the Inn nearly seventy years, when it fell to my brother, Colonel B. Long, and has been occupied since, chiefly, by tenants as a private residence.

#### ANCESTRY.

It is with virtuous pride I can look back to Edmund Wells as an honorable ancestor on my mother's side, the only

patentee who became a settler, and was also the first magistrate of the town of Cambridge. David Long was a prominent Director of the Northern Turnpike Company, incorporated in 1799; Grandfather Long was a commissioned officer in the Revolutionary War; and my father was drafted in the war of 1812.

#### PUBLIC HOUSES A NECESSITY.

They are truly necessary for the entertainment of the traveling public. Whenever they shall be kept on Christian principle, as ultimately they will be, they will furnish the most desirable resorts of the public, where they can enjoy the blessings of a Christian home. Then they will unite with the school and church in promoting the world's civilization and evangelization.

#### BIBLE VIEW.

Early mention is made of the Inn at Bethlehem, the place where the infant Jesus was born and "laid in a manger because there was no room for them in the Inn." Not because, as some are wont to suppose, of hostility to Joseph and Mary and the infant Saviour, but simply from the large number congregated there to be taxed.

Later mention is made of the "Three Taverns." Roman Christians walked out on the celebrated Appian Way, or road from Rome to Capua, styled the "Queen of Great Thoroughfares" to the "Three Taverns," notable as a place of refreshment and entertainment, about forty-six miles from Rome, where most of them remained for Paul's coming, while the others proceeded about ten miles further to the Appii Forum to meet him, and escort the illustrious "Ambassador in bonds" back to the Imperial city.



In conclusion, permit me to say, as a native of the old town of Cambridge, named, probably, in honor of the Duke of Cambridge, and also as a resident for a goodly number of years of Washington County, named in worthy acknowledgment of the heroic achievements of her sons in the war of the revolution, and especially in honor of the reputed Father of his country, I shall ever read with deepest interest the record of the Centennial Anniversary of the town that gave me birth, and lament that I was not present to share in festivities that can be enjoyed but ONCE in a hundred years.

The following letter which has been received explains itself:

ALBANY, September 1, 1873.

R. K. Crocker, Secretary Centennial Committee.

Dear Sir: I desire to say a word in response to the vote of thanks which the Centennial meeting was pleased to give me for my historical address, and which I would not protract the closing of the meeting at the time to say. Cambridge was my foster mother, and adopted me when a lad, sixty years ago, and brought me up, and I can never make any just return for all the salutary influences, and good impressions, and many kindnesses which I received from the good people of the town in my early years, and which have been of inestimable value to me in my life thus far. I received many tokens of their favor, and evidences of their confidence which I can not forget, and for which I shall ever be truly grateful; and for the privilege now to have met with the associates of my youth who still remain, and with them and their descendants of several generations, to have been honored with the part allotted to me at their Centennial celebration, I feel that the thanks belong to me to render, and I return them with unfeigned gratitude.

Yours truly,

G. W. JERMAIN.

















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