

wearing the cast-off clothing of his older brothers, and he was very proud of this, his first new suit.

After moving to Dryden village, his time was occupied for two or three years in various occupations, including in summer farming and cattle-driving, attendance at school for a short time when possible, and teaching school in the winter. In 1864 he entered the employment of Sears & Spear, in the general merchandise business, and remained with them for three years, receiving as a salary for the first year four dollars per week, boarding himself. In 1867 he entered the employment of Dodge & Hebard, of Williamsport, Pa., in the lumber business, and remained in the employment of the Dodge interest for eleven years. In 1878 he started in the wholesale lumber business in Buffalo, and, from that time to 1891, was engaged in the lumber and shipping business. At that time he sold out his lumber business to his brothers, and retired from active business for six years, living in California during that period. Returning to Buffalo in 1897, he joined his brothers again, conducting business on a large scale, and they are now handling about forty million feet of lumber per year.

In his father's family were nine children, six boys and three girls; six of these are now living, three boys and three girls. One brother, James V. Tyler, died in the service of his country, after having been through the terrible battles of Spottsylvania and the Wilderness, through to Cold Harbor, where he contracted a disease from which he died in a hospital in New York soon after.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE DRYDEN CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, HELD JULY 10, 1897.

In connection with the plan of the preparation of a local history of the first century of the town's inhabitation by civilized people, the prospect of a celebration during the one hundredth year of such inhabitation was undertaken. The preliminary steps for both projects were instituted at a public meeting, held on February 22, 1897, at Lyceum Hall, in Freeville, at which the Executive and Century Committees were named with authority to complete and carry out the plans thus far evolved. At a subsequent meeting in Dryden village, the subject of the construction of a new log-cabin, modelled substantially after the first known human habitation erected in the township in the summer of 1797, was considered, and a special committee was appointed to carry out that feature of the preparations by building such a

cabin of the best available material upon the grounds of the Agricultural Society, where the celebration was to be held, and within eighty rods of the site of the original cabin of one hundred years ago. The farmers contributed the logs; Harrison Tyler, a former resident, now engaged in the lumber business in Tonawanda, provided the shingles for the permanent roof, which was temporarily covered with bark in imitation of the manner of the olden time; Andrew Albright, of Newark, N. J., sent his check for thirteen dollars to provide a log for each of the former members of his father's family in Dryden; and thus, with other contributions of labor, money and material, the new log-cabin was so substantially constructed that it is hoped it may, with some care, survive until Dryden's second centennial. For the cut of this cabin see page 12.

In perfecting the arrangements for the celebration, others were called upon by the Executive Committee and gave their aid in the carrying out of the enterprise, the full list of which committees and individuals officially connected with it is here given, as follows :

CENTENNIAL COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE.

Geo. E. Goodrich,
Almanzo W. George,
Chester D. Burch,

Mott J. Robertson,
Willard Shaver,
Philip Snyder,
Jesse Bartholomew.

Daniel M. White,
Artemas L. Tyler,
Joseph A. Genung,

Musical Director,
Leader of Morning Meeting,

Dr. F. S. Howe.
Geo. E. Monroe, Esq.

LOG-CABIN CONSTRUCTION.

Daniel Bartholomew,
Theron Johnson,

Martin E. Tripp,
Archibald Chatfield,
Jesse B. Wilson.

Jackson Jameson,
Chester D. Burch,

LOG-CABIN INTERIOR.

Mrs. Wm. Hungerford,

Mrs. John Lormor,

Mrs. Abram Hutchings.

LADIES' AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.

Jennie S. Wheeler,
Rose Hubbard,

Eva Goodrich,
Anna Johnson,

Jennie Kennedy,
Lilian Purvis,

Mrs. J. D. Ross,
Mrs. Edd Mosso,

Millie McKee,
Anna L. Steele,

Laura Jennings,
Lilian Mirick.

CENTURY COMMITTEE.

Albright, Aaron,
Allen, Dr. E. D.,
Brown, Henry C.,
Bartholomew, Caleb,
Banfield, H. P.,
Baker, Wm. H.,
Beach, Dr. J.,
Bartholomew, D.,
Burch, Thos. J.,
Brown, Frank E.,
Cook, Bradford,*
Chatfield, Arch,
Collins, Arthur,
Duryea, Richard,
DeCoudres, Wm. F.,
Deuel, Thaddeus S.,
Darling, Edward,
Davidson, Robert,
Ewers, Alvah,
English, Jesse U.,
Fox, James,
Ford, J. Giles,
Fisher, William R.,
Fulkerson, S. C.,
Fitts, Leonard,
Griswold, Benjamin,
Griswold, Charles D.,
George, Joel B.,
Genung, Dr. H.,
Grover, John S.,
Givens, Edward,
George, James H.,
Howe, Dr. F. S.,
Hollister, Frank,

Hile, Sylvester,
Hiller, Rev. F. L.,
Houtz, Geo. H.,
Haupt, Henry H.,
Hiles, John W.,
Hiles, Harrison,
Hanford, Geo. E.,
Jameson, Jackson,
Johnson, Theron,
Knapp, Cyrus,
Lamont, John D.,
Lormor, Henry A.,
Luther, Orson,
Lawrence, Azel,
Lumbard, James,
Lupton, Seward G.,
Miller, Stanley,
McArthur, John,
McArthur, Benjamin,
Messenger, Levi,
Mosso, C. A.,
Mineah, John H.,
Mineah, N. H.,
McKee, Samuel,
Montgomery, Dr. J. J.,
Montgomery, Dan'l R.,
McElheny, J. E.,
Pratt, John H.,
Primrose, George,
Rowland, Moses,
Rhodes, Truman,
Rockwell, G. M.,
Reed, Truman B.,
Rhodes, Omar K.,

Richardson, W. H.,
Schutt, Robert,
Seager, Russel L.,
Snyder, Harry A.,
Smith, Wm. J.,
Sutfin, James,
Sutfin, W. J.,*
Skillings, Samuel,
Shaver, J. W.,
Shaver, Ira C.,
Shaver, W. J.,
Spence, Rev. Fred,*
Smith, E. C.,
Sweet, G. C.,
Sperry, Charles J.,
Snyder, Bradford,
Snyder, Alviras,
Seager, E. M.,
Stone, A. C.,
Simons, Andrew,
Stickle, Theodore,
Sheldon, Benj.,*
Smiley, Artemas,
Tripp, Martin E.,
Terry, Rev. J. W.,*
Tripp, Geo. W.,
Wheeler, Enos D.,
Watson, George E.,
Wilson, J. B.,
Wheeler, D. T.,
Wheeler, Fred R.,
Wade, Rev. E. R.*

*Since deceased.

A printed program of the exercises was prepared and distributed, containing the songs to be sung during the public exercises, including, in addition to some such familiar and popular pieces as "America" and "Auld Lang Syne," three original compositions written expressly for the occasion, which were as follows :

Hail Heroic Fathers!

Words by NED NETTIC.

Welsh Melody.



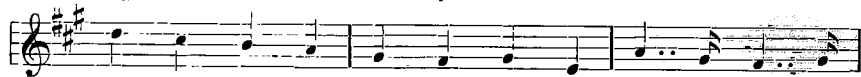
1. Lift our voices in the chorus; Raise the praise of
 2. Look ye on the land ye found-ed; See the palm of
 3. Dry-den is a name of learn-ing, Po e sy and



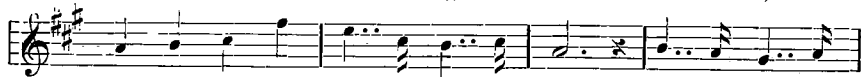
them that bore us; Hail the Fa - thers gone be fore us—
 plen ty round ed— See the wa vy mead - ows, bound - ed
 loft y yearn - ing; Let us keep the good way— earn ing



Give them glad re - nown. Proud are we to own such breed - ing;
 By the plum - ed wood. Hear the hum of thriv - ing mill - age;
 Right to claim him kin. Dry den was a mas - ter schol - ar—



Proud to send it on ward speed - ing, Pure from pu ri -
 See the fields of fer tile til lage; Hap py home - stead,
 Min strel Cour tier in King's col lar— Bet ter so, than



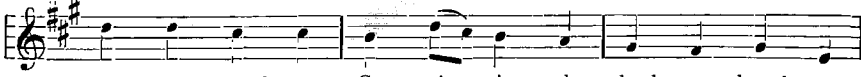
ty suc - ceed - ing Gen - er a tions down. Hail, he ro ic
 farm and vil lage— Know and name it good. Praise the hands that
 greed - y Dol lar Goad the Mus - es in! Prais - es be to



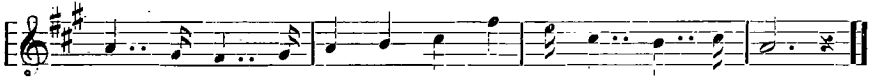
Fa - thers! Hail, an - gel ic Moth - ers! Give hon - or's need to
 plant - ed! Praise the har vest grant - ed! No nig - gard stint of
 Let - ters! Break - ing ty - rant fet - ters— Her plum - y flight— a -



no hle deed, And Vir - tue's o'er all oth - ers! Wor - thy is the
 love's pure mint We give, from full hearts chant - ed! May no bas - er
 glow with light, Brings dawning o'er the wa - ters. Hail we glad - ly.



way ye wrought us; Gra cious is the land ye bought us;
 mood dis - traught us; May we heed the les son taught us—
 sound John Dry den! May his fan - ed cy cles wid en!



Fair the her it age thrift bro't us — Our be lov ed Town!
 Thrift and Faith and Hope the Mot - toes Of our lov ed Town!
 May its on ward way be guid - en By our lov ed Town!

THE OLD LOG-CABIN.

Tune—*Marching Through Georgia.*

1. Build the old log-cabin, boys, we'll honor it in song;
 Build it with the spirit of a hundred years ago;
 Build it as our fathers built, with noble hearts and strong;
 For we are celebrating Dryden.

CHORUS—Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll join the jubilee!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! then joyful let us be!
 Let us all unite in song and rule the hour with glee,
 While we are celebrating Dryden.

2. How our mothers trained us there in lessons true and sound,
 How the children loved it, too, who played its doors around;
 Now their children's children in the ranks of men are found,
 And they are celebrating Dryden.—CHO.
3. As we see it standing here the thoughts come crowding fast,
 And our hearts are filled again with mem'ries of the past;
 Scenes we see of long ago each fairer than the last,
 While we are celebrating Dryden.—CHO.
4. So to-day we'll honor it with songs and smiles and tears,
 As it shows itself to us from out the mist of years;
 And we'll bless its builders with three hearty, rousing cheers,
 As we are celebrating Dryden.—CHO.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Tune—*Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.*

1. We celebrate our hundredth anniversary to-day,
 To greet old friends and neighbors from near and far away.
 To commemorate with honor the past and present day,
 As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah! As we go marching on.

2. Our new log-cabin as it is shall represent the old,
The first one built in Dryden, as in history we're told,
The latch-string now is hanging out to welcome young and old,
As we go marching on.—CHO.

3. Then let our voices glorify the century that's gone,
Giving praise to our ancestors with our music and our song,
And may the mem'ries of this day our happiness prolong,
As we go marching on.—CHO.

We here copy from the columns of *The Dryden Herald* an account of the celebration, as follows :

Dryden's great Centennial Anniversary has come and gone and the inhabitants of this village have resumed their usual occupations. The celebration began at midnight and from that time until sunrise the reverberation of cannon disturbed the slumbers of the villagers, who slept only to dream of mighty conflicts and the wars of by-gone years.

The day of the Centennial dawned cloudless and the sun was evidently on a triumphal march, shedding his beams on all with a glowing impartiality. A stray cloud or two might have been welcome, but every one was glad it did not rain and even accepted the intense heat with joyful resignation.

The streets of the village were indeed a pretty sight and Main street especially had never before been so profusely decorated as on the morning of Dryden's hundredth anniversary. The store fronts were one mass of red, white and blue, and the flags and bunting lent their folds to what little breeze there was. On other streets the decorations were also generous, as they should have been on such a day.

By ten o'clock in the morning the fair ground was a busy scene. The committee of ladies was diligently employed in arranging the ancient articles that were being brought in, and Mr. Goodrich was patiently trying to answer calls from all directions and be in several places at once. On entering Floral Hall one involuntarily expected to see masses of flowers in their usual place, but instead of that the Dryden Band occupied the "posy stand" and there breathed their sweetest notes. In compliment to the rural ancestors who were the sturdy pioneers in Dryden a hundred years ago, the Band attired themselves in farmer costumes, most fearfully and wonderfully made, but which could not disguise the military precision of the wearers or take away the classical expression of our true and tried musicians.

Shortly before eleven o'clock, the Band leading the way, the crowd proceeded to the grand-stand and to the platform erected over the opposite side of the track. On account of some delay the morning exercises were necessarily brief. The large chorus, led by Dr. Howe, sang "America" and "Glory Hallelujah" and then Mr. Monroe gave a few humorous sentences of welcome, finishing by saying that he preferred that the old men present, who knew so much of Dryden's his-

tory, should occupy the greater part of the time. He then read some letters of regret from those who would have liked to have been in Dryden but found it impossible. Among these were Hon. Andrew Albright, of Newark, N. J., who has shown his interest in Dryden by his beautiful gift of the fountain; Herbert Lovell, of Elmira, a former principal of our school; and Hon. Wm. Marvin, an old-time resident and honored citizen of this village. Mr. Monroe then introduced Mr. Smith Robertson, of Eau Claire, Wis., paying him an earnest tribute of respect by referring to his clear record as an official of Tompkins county, and his moral courage in saving the county from disgrace by putting down lynch law.

Mr. Robertson then came forward, saying that if he should try to make a regular speech he might feel like L. H. Culver, of Ithaca, who, called upon to make a patriotic oration, began thus: "The American Eagle soars aloft—ahem—the American Eagle soars aloft—By thunder, I've got her up, you'll have to get her down again." So Mr. Robertson, not wishing to be in Mr. Culver's predicament, declined speech-making but said that he would talk a little of old times in Dryden, and this he proceeded to do in a very pleasant and modest manner. He said that his paternal ancestor, in company with two young relatives, found his way from the East through tangled forests, after weeks of traveling, to Lot 53, upon which his son, Mott J. Robertson, now lives, March 2nd, 1798. Here they camped for the night, and in the morning their beds were covered with two inches of snow. They made a clearing, built a log-house and kept bachelor's hall for awhile until the place was fit for womankind. He referred to the sturdy pioneers who founded Dryden, as a remarkable class, faithful and enduring, and also gifted with rare courage to surmount the difficulties that they did. He referred to the early history of the Agricultural Society, of which he was the second president, and spoke of his interest in its progress. He was president of the society forty years ago, at the time when the permanent site was bought and the large building was erected. He had not been in Dryden or about Tompkins county in thirty-four years and he was delighted at the evidence of growth and thrift which he had seen. He spoke of the grandeur of the scenery in different parts of the county and of the impressions it made on strangers.

Mr. Robertson's remarks were somewhat interrupted by the enthusiasm of the ball-players and on-lookers not far away and by the passing of the fusileer bicyclers, but all this he took good-naturedly, realizing that young America was trying to help along the celebration.

The fusileer bicyclers in strange array having passed the stand and the laughter died away, Mr. Monroe then introduced Mr. Hugo Dolge, the owner of the Dryden Woolen Mills, as a representative business man interested in the welfare of the village. Mr. Dolge spoke of the circumstances under which he came to Dryden and of his pleasant first impressions. He considered this a pearl among the villages of Central New York, offering better advantages, in most respects, than the average place of its size, and especially he commended our excellent school, churches, etc. Mr. Dolge said he had found good friends here

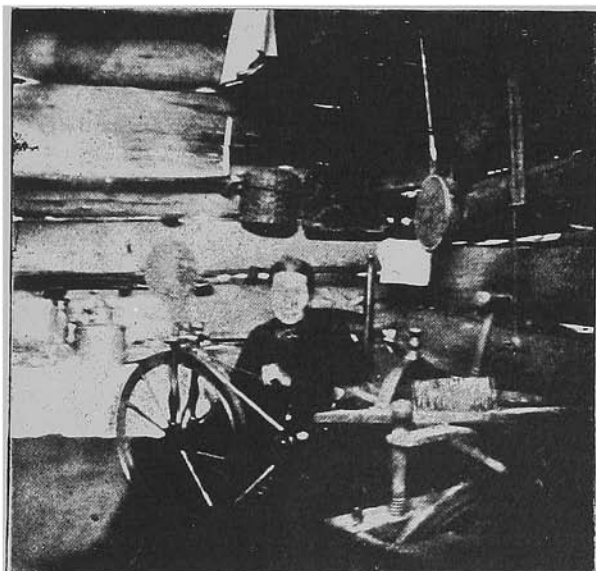
whom he never could forget and his heartfelt wish was for the prosperity and progress of Dryden. He called for three cheers for Dryden, which were given with vim.

Mr. Daniel Bartholomew followed Mr. Dolge in a few wide-awake remarks with regard to the work accomplished by Mr. Robertson in the early days of the Agricultural Society. He considered him too modest in his estimate of his connection with the society, for he had been the projector of so much that had made for its welfare and, had it not been for his pioneer efforts, the society could not have made the progress it did. Just forty years ago that day Mr. Bartholomew and Mr. Givens were working on the Fair Building and could testify to the efforts Mr. Robertson made. He then proposed three cheers for Mr.

Robertson, which were given heartily.

The exercises of the morning were brought to a close by a selection by the Band, and the people dispersed to find a supply for the wants of the inner man before listening to another "feast of reason and flow of soul" in the afternoon.

All during the day there were crowds about the log-cabin, which was presided over by Mrs. Abram Hutchings, Mrs. William Hungerford and Mrs. John



INSIDE THE LOG-CABIN.

Photo by Mrs. G. E. Monroe.

Lormor. The ancient furnishings made it into a complete model of the old-fashioned log-house. Mrs. Lormor spun flax and little bits of this wound on cards were sold as souvenirs, the proceeds going as a fund for the laying of a floor in the cabin.

By noon it was fully apparent that Dryden was to keep its reputation for getting together crowds, for there were people coming to the fair grounds from every direction, and by the time the afternoon exercises were begun it was estimated that about five thousand were on the grounds. The noon hour made the celebration seem like one grand picnic. Many brought their lunches or procured them at the eating house and there was a general visiting time. The interesting relics were looked over and commented upon, and reminiscences of other days told by the older people. At times there was such a crowd

in front of the door and window of the log-cabin that it was impossible to get a chance to look in before standing in line for some time. Evidently the young people who looked curiously at the ancient furnishings preferred to go to housekeeping with modern utensils. Just outside the window of the cabin was placed a piece of the boulder from which the first mill-stone was cut in 1800 by Daniel White and used for thirty years in the grist-mill at Freeville, the first in the town.

Among the portraits of the former Dryden people to be seen in the Fair Building were those of Judge Ellis, who in his day was known as "King John of Dryden" and in a certain sense merited the title from the fact that he served as supervisor of the town twenty-seven years and was elected member of Assembly for the county in 1832 and 1833, during which time the portrait in question was painted at Albany, besides serving as judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Auburn while Dryden was still a part of Cayuga county, and after the formation of Tompkins county in 1817 serving in the same capacity in Ithaca; an enlarged photograph of Major Peleg Ellis, who commanded the Dryden company of militia at the battle of Queenston in 1812, and was the pioneer of Ellis Hollow; Dr. J. W. Montgomery and Elias W. Cady, both of whom served as early members of the Assembly from Tompkins county; David J. Baker, Thomas Jameson, Sr., Abram Griswold, John Hiles, Ebenezer McArthur, Wm. Hanford, Geo. Hanford, Col. Chas. Givens, Wm. Nelson, Asa Fox, Leonard and Luther Griswold, and many others.

Among the relics were many different kinds of spinning wheels, swifts and reels; an ancient clock eight feet high and over a century old still keeping good time; a rocker over two hundred years old, originally from England, but which was brought here early in the century by an aunt of Jane McCrea, who was murdered by the Indians in the Revolution, and to whose family the chair belonged; an ancient desk brought by the Ellis family from their former home in Rhode Island as early as 1800; a griddle, hammered out by hand, the property of Joseph A. Genung; an old perforated tin lantern such as was used seventy-five years ago, this one having been presented by John McGraw to John R. Lacy about that time; a copy of Rumsey's Companion, published in Dryden in 1857; a printed call for Dryden volunteers of the War of the Rebellion in 1864; an almanac of the year 1797; several old Bibles of from one hundred to two hundred years of age, as well as numerous other old publications; swords and flint-lock guns dating back to the Revolution, as well as home-made linen, flax and thread, and hetchels and cards with which they were prepared; an old Dryden deed of 1790; and a letter directed to Lewis Fortner, of Dryden, in 1808, in care of the postmaster at Milton, then the nearest postoffice; as well as old canes, dishes, candlesticks, bottles and implements too numerous to mention here.

At one o'clock occurred the annual parade of the fire department with its four hose carriages, accompanied by the Band and a company of small boys with the small hand engine of years ago, as well as the larger hand engine, now superseded by the water-works.

At two o'clock the fire company, headed by the Band, marched to the fair grounds and past the grand stand. This was the signal which brought the people together for the exercises of the afternoon. All the seats were soon filled and, though the thermometer registered ninety-six degrees in the shade, people managed to keep good natured and attentive. There was a liberal use of fans and once in a while members of the audience would turn their eyes longingly toward the cool-looking grove near the grounds.

The program began with the announcements by Mr. Goodrich, followed by two inspiring selections by the band and orchestra and a grand chorus led by Dr. Howe. Rev. F. L. Hiller made the opening prayer and then Mr. Goodrich introduced Prof. George Williams, who read in an able manner and with resonant voice "Alexander's Feast," a selection from one of John Dryden's poems. This was followed by the singing of Auld Lang Syne to orchestra accompaniment. Miss Victoria C. Moore then recited in a charming manner "The First Settler's Story" by Will Carleton. Miss Moore's voice was excellent for the trying occasion, and stood the test that was made upon it grandly. We venture to say there are few ladies that could have recited to a vast crowd in the open air on an intensely hot day and kept the attention of her audience as did Miss Moore. She was heartily applauded for her successful effort.

The music throughout the exercises was splendid and the people sang as though they heartily enjoyed it. Some of the songs had been written for the occasion and these were given with a peculiar zest. Dr. Howe well deserved the praise he received for the work he had done in preparation for the afternoon. He gratefully expressed his appreciation to all the musicians for their coöperation.

Mr. Goodrich pleasantly introduced Hon. J. E. Eggleston, of Cortland, the speaker of the day, who gave a very fine address, the true and noble sentiment of which will long remain in the minds of those who heard him and could not fail to inspire them with the wish to lead higher and better lives, and to make the best use of the many God-given opportunities of these remarkable modern days. After the benediction and three rousing cheers for Judge Eggleston, Mr. Goodrich, and Dr. Howe, the audience dispersed.

The selection from the works of John Dryden, read by Prof. Williams, was one of the most celebrated of that writer's shorter poems. It was included in the program of the day's celebration as a proper mode of showing respect for the great English Poet Laureate, after whom our township was named, and is inserted here for the same reason and as an interesting specimen of the learned and studied style of diction which flourished in Dryden's time, two hundred years ago. The title is "Alexander's Feast," and it was written in honor of St. Cecilia's Day, she being the patron saint of music in England, where her anniversary is annually celebrated with songs and music. The

poem represents Alexander the Great seated with his conquering followers at a feast while his musician, Timotheus, with his performance on his lyre, exhibits the "Power of Music" upon his master. The story is related in the poem as follows :

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state,
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne ;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crowned) ;
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.
 Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre ;
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above
 (Such is the power of mighty Love).
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound—
 A present deity ! they shout around ;
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung—
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young ;
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums !

Flushed with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face ;
 Now give the hautboys breath—he comes, he comes !
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure :
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise—
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse ;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen—
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That Love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honor but an empty bubble—
 Never ending, still beginning—
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee—
 Take the goods the gods provide thee.

The many rend the sky with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again—
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head !
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries ;
 See the Furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious, on the plain !
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods !
 The princes applaud with a furious joy,
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

 Thus, long ago—
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute—
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies—
 She drew an angel down.

The verses from Will Carleton's poem, "The First Settler's Story," beautifully recited by Miss Moore, were the following:

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.

Well, when I first infested this retreat,
 Things to my view looked frightful incomplete;
 But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
 And brought my wife and plunder right along;
 I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,
 And if I had, there wasn't no railroad track;
 And drivin' east was what I couldn't endure:
 I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,
 And helped me every blessed way she could;
 She seemed to take to every rough old tree,
 As sing'lar as when first she took to me.
 She kep' our little log-house neat as wax,
 And once I caught her fooling with my axe.
 She hadn't the muscle (though she had the heart)
 In out-door work to take an active part;
 She *was* delicious, both to hear and see—
 That pretty girl-wife that kep' house for me.

One night when I came home unusual late,
 Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate,
 Her supper struck me wrong, (though I'll allow
 She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);
 And when I went to milk the cows, and found
 They'd wandered from their usual feeding ground
 And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
 Which I must copy, if I meant to find 'em,
 Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,
 And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
 "You ought to've kept the animals in view,
 And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do.
 The heft of all our life on me must fall;
 You just lie 'round, and let me do it all."

That speech—it hadn't been gone half a minute
 Before I saw the cold, black poison in it;

And I'd have given all I had, and more,
 To've only safely got it back in-door.
 I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:
 I feel to-day as if I'd give it all,
 Provided I through fifty years might reach
 And kill and bury that half-minute speech.

She handed back no words, as I could hear;
 She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear;
 Half-proud, half-crushed, she stood and looked me o'er,
 Like some one she had never seen before!
 But such a sudden, anguish-lit surprise
 I never viewed before in human eyes.
 (I've seen it oft enough since in a dream;
 It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

Next morning, when, stone-faced, but heavy-hearted,
 With dinner-pail and sharpened axe I started
 Away for my day's work—she watched the door,
 And followed me half way to it or more;
 And I was just a-turning 'round at this,
 And asking for my usual good-by kiss;
 But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,
 And in her eye a shadow of reserve;
 And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—
 Some little independent breakfast airs—
 And so the usual parting didn't occur,
 Although her eyes invited me to her;
 Or rather half invited me, for she
 Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free;
 You always had—that is, I had—to pay
 Full market-price, and go more'n half the way.
 So, with a short "Good-bye," I shut the door,
 And left her as I never had before.

But, when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
 Put up by her so delicately neat—
 Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,
 And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in—
 "Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they meant—
 It seemed as if her kiss with me she'd sent;
 Then I became once more her humble lover,
 And said, "To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve,
 Having contrived to make myself believe,
 By various signs I kind o' knew and guessed,
 A thunder-storm was coming from the west.
 ('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,

How many honest ones will take its part :
 A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right
 That I should strike home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
 With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue ;
 But all within looked desolate and bare :
 My house had lost its soul—she was not there !

A penciled note was on the table spread,
 And these are something like the words it said :
 " The cows have strayed away again, I fear ;
 I watched them pretty close ; don't scold me, dear.
 And where they are, I think I *nearly* know :
 I heard the bell not very long ago. . . .
 I've hunted for them all the afternoon ;
 I'll try once more—I think I'll find them soon.
 Dear, if a burden I have been to you,
 And haven't helped you as I ought to do,
 Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead ;
 I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed.
 Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,
 And have kind words for me when I get back. "

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue—
 Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung,
 And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded :
 My thunder-storm had come, now 'twasn't needed.
 I rushed out-door. The air was stained with black :
 Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back :
 And everything kept dimming to the sight,
 Save when the clouds threw their electric light ;
 When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,
 I'd think I saw her—knowing 'twas not true.
 Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of spray,
 As if the ocean waves had lost their way ;
 Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made,
 In the bold clamor of its cannonade.
 And she, while I was sheltered, dry, and warm,
 Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm !
 She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,
 Had always hid her white face on my breast !

My dog, who'd skirmished round me all the day,
 Now crouched and whimpering, in a corner lay ;
 I dragged him by the collar to the wall,
 I pressed his quivering muzzle to a shawl—
 " Track her, old boy ! " I shouted ; and he whined,
 Matched eyes with me, as if to read my mind,

Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.
 I followed him, as faithful as I could.
 No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame ;
 We raced with death ; we hunted noble game.
 All night we dragged the woods without avail ;
 The ground got drenched—we could not keep the trail.
 Three times again my cabin home I found,
 Half hoping she might be there, safe and sound ;
 But each time 'twas an unavailing care :
 My house had lost its soul ; she was not there !

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun
 Laughed at the ruin that the night had done,
 Bleeding and drenched, by toil and sorrow bent,
 Back to what used to be my home I went.
 But as I neared our little clearing-ground—
 Listen !—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.
 The cabin door was just a bit ajar ;
 It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.
 "Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form !
 She made them guide her homeward through the storm !"
 Such pangs of joy I never felt before.
 "You've come !" I shouted, and rushed through the door.

Yes, she had come—and gone again. She lay
 With all her young life crushed and wrenched away—
 Lay, the heart-ruins of our home among,
 Not far from where I killed her with my tongue.
 The rain-drops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands,
 The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands,
 And 'midst the tears—brave tears—that one could trace
 Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
 I once again the mournful words could read,
 "I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed."

And now I'm mostly done ; my story's o'er ;
 Part of it never breathed the air before.
 'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allowed,
 To volunteer heart-history to a crowd,
 And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,
 But you'll protect an old man with his years ;
 And wheresoe'er this story's voice can reach,
 This is the sermon I would have it preach :

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds :
 You can't do that way when you're flying words.
 "Careful with fire," is good advice, we know :
 "Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said!



JOSEPH E. EGGLESTON.

You have my life-grief: do not think a minute
'Twas told to take up time. There's business in it.
It sheds advice: who'er will take and live it,
Is welcome to the pain it costs to give it.

The final public exercise of the Celebration was the address of Hon. Joseph E. Eggleston, county judge of Cortland county, with which we conclude this chapter and our "History." As Judge Eggleston commenced to speak, an incident occurred which would have disconcerted most men, but, by his happy treatment of the matter, it was made to contribute to, rather than to detract from, the interest manifested in his address. The day was intensely hot; the crowd was large and somewhat weary; the boys were having a game of baseball on the grounds; and the gun-club was having some target practice in the neighboring grove, all of which contributed to the confusion and noise. To cap the climax, just as the Judge commenced to speak, an anxious mother, who was deaf and did not appreciate the situation, but who wanted to hear the speaking, as well as to escape the sun's fierce rays by getting under the shade of the awning which covered the speaker's stand, mounted the platform with her crying baby, of an unusually dark complexion, just in front of the speaker, where she commenced promenading in her efforts to quiet her child. Instead of being put out by the awkward situation, the Judge, in opening, remarked in his usual commanding but good-humored manner: "Everything goes here to-day; the older people have been talking and now it is time to give the babies a chance." Happily at that moment a kodak was pointed at the platform and, with a "snap-shot," preserved the interesting scene, which we are able here to reproduce.

The address was then delivered to an attentive and enthusiastic audience, as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I deem it a privilege indeed to be present with you upon this happy occasion, and I hardly know why the distinguished honor of being your speaker was given to me, except, perhaps, that it is due to the fact that I was born and reared to manhood where I could daily look upon the dear old hills of Dryden.

It may be said that we are at the present time living in an age of centennial celebrations, for throughout our land, counties, towns and villages are seeking to do homage to the hundredth year birthmark by joining in festivities such as we are engaged in to-day.

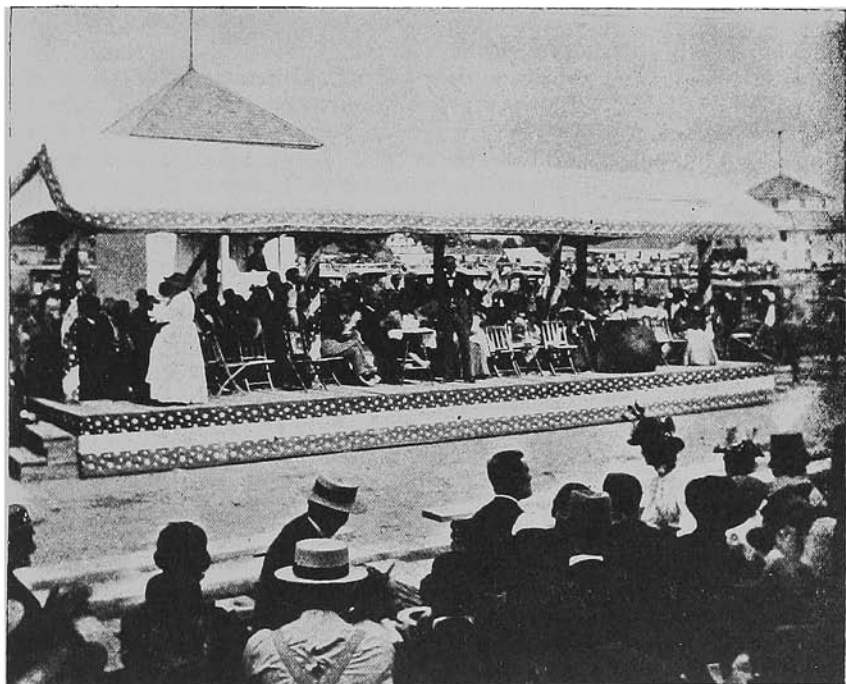
A long time ago the poet sang:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said
 This is my own, my native land;
 Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?"

and that same spirit of love for your native land fills the breast and quickens the blood in the veins of many of you here to-day.

One hundred years ago this morning, the sun, as it gilded yonder hillside and lighted up this valley, smilingly looked down upon a scene far different from what we now behold.

The primeval forest had scarcely been disturbed in its solitude, the little stream wound its way along the valley secure in all its fastnesses, nature was undisturbed in her repose, as a solitary adventurer,



"EVERYTHING GOES"—AT DRYDEN CENTENNIAL. *Photo by J. G. Ford.*

seeking to find a home in some new country, caught the beauty of the location and commenced in a primitive way to break the spell that had so long existed and bring the forces of nature in subjection to his will.

Little did he know how well he builded.

The ring of the axe disturbed only the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest; the log-cabin, so rudely constructed, produced only astonishment to animal life as it then existed. There were no herds of cattle upon the hillside, no sound of voices to break the silence, no one to dispute the rights of this adventurer, for he was monarch of all he surveyed, and this was the picture presented a century ago, as the calm, soft rays of summer then rested upon the land.

The entering wedge to future civilization had been driven, a step

was taken in the advancement of future progress, looking to further development of the resources of the country. The soil that had known no master but the red man was waiting only to be tilled by the hand of the white man in order that it might bring forth a bountiful harvest in its season, and the work of this first settler, followed by that of others, was the foundation work for the town of Dryden as it exists to-day.

What an interesting study is the settlement of any new country! What hardships were endured! What self-denial practiced! What labor and energy put forth to furnish sustenance for life! What joy and sadness alternates in quick succession in the lives of those early pioneers. To them it was largely an experiment, but they entered upon their work with a determination to succeed, and in that way the victory was half won. It is related of Father Taylor, that, when a young man, preaching in Boston, becoming entangled in a long sentence, he aptly relieved himself as follows: "Brethren, I don't exactly know where I went in at the beginning of this sentence and I don't know where I am coming out, but one thing I do know, I am bound for the kingdom of Heaven." So did these men with an object in view bend every energy to accomplish the desired result.

Reading your Centennial History I have been impressed with the strong individuality of these men, and their plain, common sense, matter-of-fact way of doing business. In their seclusion they had time and room to think, and another one of their peculiar characteristics is their originality. Reflection and solitude are prime factors in forming a good business education. The average man of to-day is too artificial, is too much a creature of society and custom, (when a man gets to be a society leader you may generally look for him at the tail end of every other procession,) his education has been so conventional that it has fettered his originality, by training the irregular growth of his genius into set forms, like a vine to its trellis.

It is the legitimate result, doubtless, of this education in the past that a higher degree of alertness has been born of our "brisk social commerce," that man's sympathetic nature has been quickened, that the surface virtues in human character have attained to more of polish and perfection. The average man of to-day possesses less of the individuality, the profundity of thought, the strength of character and moral principle that distinguished the generation of our fathers.

We need the training of seclusion if we would be original. Reflection develops the inner man according to the tendencies of his being, and from such developments the radical forces in society are always recruited for the conflict with conservatism; the originality thus grown by reflection is the material from which civilization gathers the successive increments of its progress. This discipline of reflection you will also find a necessity to the formation of a well-rounded character. The solitary maple of the open field attains a symmetry of development, a strength in resistance, that it could never possess if grown in the crowded, inter-dependent life of the forest. This self-education begets individuality, and success is born of reflection.

This explains how a lonely shepherd boy in England became her great inventor, how a thinking rail splitter in Illinois became America's most successful statesman, and a secluded tanner at Galena her greatest general; it may explain to us also why the plow handle has come to be the schoolmaster of our statesmen, why the lonely brook-side is the cradle of our poets.

Your town has been honored in being named after one of the world's greatest poets, a name beautiful indeed, and one that is dear to you all. There is much in a name and in the giving of names to towns in this section of our state, and in near proximity to us, one can but admire the classical, poetical and historical genius of those persons who so fortunately acted as sponsors in those early days.

Dryden, honored and loved the world over, has a monument thus erected to his memory. Within hailing distance poetry finds herself remembered in the names of Virgil, Homer and Scott. Classic literature finds itself distinguished by such names as Cicero, Marathon, Pompey, Tully, Brutus, Aurelius, Scipio and Genoa. The legal lore of other days receives recognition at the hands of Cincinnatus, while the Prince of Ithaca and the brave Trojan Ulysses, the one the father, the other the son, names renowned in Grecian story, are next door neighbors, and designate a city far famed for her halls of learning, and a town in rural simplicity filled with prosperous and happy homes.

What a galaxy of names to conjure with; what a list of honored names of the world's greatest men and most distinguished places, famed in ancient history, and here at this time we would invoke all of the genius of modern times, music, poetry, eloquence and art, to speak in their praise.

Another thought which occurs to me now is the enjoyment we find in meeting here upon this occasion. To-day the past rises up before us and we seem to live over again the scenes of other days. What pleasant memories are recalled, what hallowed associations revived, how familiar the trees and rocks and streams look to us. Some of you who are older can say:

“ With what a pride I used to walk these hills,
 Look up to Heaven and bless God
 That it was so.
 It was free,
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free;
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks
 And plow our valleys, without asking leave;
 How happy was I in it then!
 I loved its very storms.”

Time makes rapid changes, we look forward a hundred years and it seems a long time, but when we look backward over a hundred years how short it seems. Amos Sweet, when he constructed his log cabin, which was his castle, and was the sole resident of the town, could not in any flight of his imagination, foreshadow the rapid progress civiliza-

tion would make here. Your happy homes, your cultivated fields, your schools and public library, your churches with their spires pointing toward heaven, all tell of the spirit with which they have been erected and preserved. In that time you have kept pace with the progress of the country, and have helped to write that history of which every American citizen has the right to be proud.

In that time, as a nation, we have aged a hundred years and the work we have accomplished has been the wonder of the whole world. Who that is capable of patriotic emotions can read and study that history during the past century without feeling a just pride in the past, with gratitude for the present and with confidence in the future! O, land of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lincoln and Grant, land of statesmen wise and warriors brave, and above all, land of liberty where our fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, on this glad day our hearts go out in glad praise and thanksgiving to the God of nations for that history so resplendent with good deeds.

In what part of that glorious record which you have helped to make, and which you have all been factors in making, is there a page that will provoke a blush or a line that will inspire apprehension of the future. As the citizen of to-day looks across the extent of the country which he rules, and contrasts its condition with the condition of the colonies which had just won their independence a little more than a century ago, he sees a change so marvelous, a development so great, a progress so wonderful that he is almost inclined to doubt history itself. He beholds a country which numbered, when it formed its government, a population of three millions, now maintaining in all their rights over seventy millions of independent citizens. That tree of liberty planted by our forefathers has taken deep root in the soil; its branches have become wide-spreading; its fruit abundant for the sustenance of this and other nations, and all of the people may repose beneath its shade. In territory it extends from the confines of monarchy on the north to the warm summer clime of the Gulf of Mexico on the south: on the east it is washed by the silvery waves of the Atlantic, and reaches across hill and valley and plain and mountain until it reaches where the waves of the Pacific roll and beat upon the golden sands of California's shore.

By rivers whose sources were almost unknown, one now sees countless cities where the footsteps of millions beat upon magnificent highways; the waters which were undisturbed save where the dwellers of the forest slaked their thirst in them, to-day bear upon their bosoms the freighted steamers of a mighty inland commerce which surpasses in its extent the wildest anticipations of the founders of this republic. In solitudes where the footstep of the hunter had never penetrated, where the silence was unbroken except by the roar of the wild beast, is heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive as it bears to the seaboard the product of the farm, the shop and factory as the results of American industry.

The flag of our country, the emblem of the free, purchased by the best blood of the land; its red as bright as the blood in which it has

been bathed, its white as pure as the driven snow, its blue as clear as the expanse of heaven, has added to the original thirteen stars, states in their sovereign power until at the present day we find it contains a grand constellation of forty-five stars. That flag which we carry in all its glory to-day is a symbol of power and national strength throughout the world. As has been said, "Beneath its folds the weakest may find protection and the strongest must obey." It floats alike over the log-cabin in the forest, and the loftiest mansion of the millionaire; over the little red school-house by the roadside, and the massive walls of the university, built by wealth and maintained in luxurious splendor, "and like the bow of heaven is the child of sun and storm."

"Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toiled to win,
Is this the soil on which they moved,
Are these the graves they slumber in?"

Yes, this is the land our fathers loved and we are to-day enjoying the blessings vouchsafed to us by them, blessings and privileges bestowed upon us by reason of their energy, perseverance and economy. But we have a lesson to learn to-day. If you shall go from this place without entering into the spirit of the occasion, or without feeling a just pride in the past and a determination to improve in the future, then have you kept the day in vain.

In reading the history of the pioneer settlement of this country, and it is true of your own town, one can but be impressed of the fact that these people had implicit faith that they would succeed. In any business, in any undertaking, faith is a necessary ingredient to success and a lack of it will in nearly all cases lead to a disastrous failure. I don't want any man around me who does not have faith in his work. In our work, individual or national, we need the faith of our fathers. The learned Bishop Duane says the men to make a state are made by faith, and if that be so, the men to protect, to guard, to improve, to make substantial progress in national affairs are men stimulated to action by faith in their work and the justness of the same. Why, faith is a heritage of our people, it was one of the first lessons learned and one that should never, no never, be forgotten. A little band of pilgrims, taking their lives in their hands, brave the dangers of the ocean wave and seek a home in an unknown land, in order that they may be free and independent and enjoy their religion after the dictates of their own conscience. From the tears and trials of Delft Haven, from the deck of the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock, what a step in the advancement of American liberty.

How, on the wings of the morning, that first prayer ascends to Heaven and how beautiful its language: "Father in Heaven, we thank thee that thou hath permitted us to place our feet upon these shores. In thy hand we leave our destiny, trusting that He who hath brought us hither will glorify our work to his own good." What a cross to

bear, what a beautiful example of faith in the divine providence. What a corner stone upon which to rear this, our temple of liberty—there upon the eternal rock, beneath the soil and shifting sand, upon the basis of equal and exact justice to all men, to lay the foundation of the government, broad and deep. Oh, I sometimes think that in our worldly ambitions we are drifting away from Plymouth Rock and that we lose sight of that implicit faith as shown by those early settlers. As I have stood upon that consecrated spot I have thanked God for Plymouth Rock. There it stands, washed by the silvery waves of the ocean, surrounded now by all of the evidence of wealth and prosperity. What a contrast—then it was a cross to bear, now it is a crown to wear.

My dear friends, we want to live more the simplicity of life of our fathers. As a nation we are living too fast. Whenever our expenditures exceed our earnings we certainly will find our names in the debtor column. Practice a little of the economy and self-denial of those early days and we will be the better for it. In our national advancement let us occasionally go back to Plymouth Rock. We need that strength, we need more of that simplicity of life and character, we need to pray to God that all of our work may be acceptable in his sight, for I have learned to believe that that nation whose God is the Lord will live long and prosper upon this earth.

The republic was born by the fireside of the American home. It was maintained by those heroic women, who, as they spun the flax, taught their children to fear God and to live within their income. I believe that the mother who reared a family of children to manhood and womanhood in the log-cabin, such as has been constructed upon your grounds for this occasion, and sent them out into the world well equipped to engage in life's battles, taught them the lesson of honesty, sobriety and economy, and above all taught them in youth at her knee to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven," is deserving of being classed with those persons who successfully rule a kingdom. While we are to-day thinking of our fathers let us not forget our mothers. The grand corner stone upon which the wonderful fabric of our form of government is builded is the kingdom ruled by woman, the home. Some one has said that we could not have put down the Rebellion without the aid of the loyal women of the land. In time of war while the men were at the front fighting, the women were at home praying, and I am not sure but they did as effective work as the men.

You can find enjoyment in the celebration here to-day for the reason that you all contributed something toward making the town of Dryden the prosperous, beautiful town that it now is. I don't mean that you have simply paid money to be used upon this occasion or that you have builded houses and blocks or accumulated wealth. No, I mean that you have given something far more precious and long to be remembered than that. Go with me to your two beautiful cemeteries, where the roses now bloom, and where the green grass covers the graves of your silent dead. There I find cut in granite and marble names that I read in your history, illustrious and honored names,

the numbers are legion, names that are dear to you, and the same that many of you bear to-day. The same blood that once coursed in their veins, and gave them strength and activity to do their work, now courses in your veins, that you may have continued strength and activity to pursue and perpetuate, to perfection as near as it may be attained, the work laid out and planned by them. Year after year you have borne to that final resting place the father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, and child, giving back to earth the body, and the spirit to God, who gave it, retaining only sweet and blessed memories of those dear ones. This is the precious gift that you have made and how it must touch your hearts at this time.

There is an old story that always had a charm for me: In some strange land and time they were about to cast a bell for a mighty tower, a hollow, starless heaven of iron. It should toll for dead monarchs, the king is dead, and make glad clamor for the new prince, long live the king, it should proclaim so great a passion or so grand a pride that either should be worship, or wanting these, forever hold its peace. Now this bell was not to be digged out of the cold mountain, it was to be made with something that had been warmed by human touch, or loved with a human love, and so the people came, like pilgrims to a shrine, and cast their offerings into the furnace and went away. There were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had broken in heroes' hands, they even brought things that were licked up in an instant by the red tongue of flame, good words they had written and flowers they had cherished, perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone and volume of the bell. And the fires panted like a strong man when he runs a race, and the mingled gifts flowed down together and were lost in the sand. And the dome of iron was drawn out like Leviathan. And by and by the bell was alone in its chamber and its four windows looked forth to the four quarters of heaven. For many a day the bell hung silent in the tower and the wind came and went and only set it sighing. At last there came a time when men grew grand for right and truth and stood shoulder to shoulder o'er all the land, and went down like reapers to the harvest death, looked into the graves of them that slept and believed that there was something grander than living, something more bitter than dying, and so, standing between the quick and dead, they quitted themselves like men. Then the old bell awoke in the tower and the great waves of its music rolled gloriously out, and broke along the blue walls of the world like an anthem, and every tone in it was familiar as a household word to somebody, because they had placed their treasure in it.

So, my dear friends, it seems to me that at this time, as we join in these exercises and lift our voices in song and praise, as the music shall float upon the air, every tone in it will be familiar to you all, for you have brought your treasure here.

One thought more in conclusion. What of the future of our country? Thus far we have been thinking of the past. That is, however, an utter waste of time, unless it stimulates us to new activity in our

work and inspires us with new hope for the future. "To-day the man who tells us what we have done, must stand aside for the man who will tell us what we ought to do." The opportunity for future advancement is as great to-day as it was a hundred years ago, the lessons to be learned as important now as then. There are great questions yet to be determined which invite your most earnest consideration.

Where are the men who will solve the problem of how to reconcile the conflict between capital and labor, and cause them to go hand in hand, to the mutual benefit of employer and employed. To what school shall we go, and at the knee of what teachers shall we kneel that we may learn the economic lesson of living within our income, of paying our debts as we go along? Who will be the statesmen, masters in the science of government, who, knowing what is right, will dare to stand up and with massive intellect and giant arm break into fragments every monopoly which seeks to fetter, oppress or rob the people?

Again, the voice of your government is such that it welcomes within its jurisdiction people from all climes and countries, guaranteeing to all who shall come protection to life and property. The flow of immigration to this country at this time is wonderful, and how are you to receive the thousands who are seeking refuge within your borders? You must furnish them homes, you must educate them, you must surround them with the influence of the Christian religion; aye, you must make them citizens, as they have the right to demand it.

Freedom at the ballot box, purity of elections, the election of honest men to places of trust, these are important matters and must ever be guarded with zealous care.

You will doubtless remember the letter of Lord Macauley to the Hon. Henry S. Randall, of Cortland, in which letter Macauley prophesied that the time would come when the people of this nation would fail to intelligently perform their duties and when they would ignorantly allow bad men to be elected to places of trust and thus bring our government into anarchy and confusion. But Macauley spoke as one having knowledge of a monarchical form of government and where the people are kept in ignorance. He knew not of the little school-houses which dot our landscape, of the institutions of learning which are found in nearly every square mile of our territory and which are the jewels that shine brightest in the crown of American liberty. In making that prophesy Macauley had in mind English society and not American. In England the society is like the crusts of the earth, one above the other, strata upon strata, the royalty, the nobility, the aristocracy, and down strata by strata until on the bottom are found the peasantry and common people. People in one strata never rise to the next, unless by some volcano-like eruption in society or by the overthrow of the government, the lower stratas break through the overlying crusts and come up. Such are the people of England and for such reasons were certain rights not given to the lower classes. Were the powers of the government submitted to them, anarchy and confusion

would at first follow. But the society of America may be likened to the ocean, where the drop of water which to-day lies down in darkness on the rocky bottom, to-morrow may be glittering in the sunlight, riding on the crest of the topmost wave. The strength of our government is found in the fact that the power is vested in the common people. Were our country in danger to-day you would witness the same sublime response of the people to the rescue as you did in '76, when they said "Give us liberty or give us death;" when they said "The Union shall remain one and inseparable forever;" when they said there should be no flag but the old flag, the red, white and blue, and bathed it in the best blood of the land.

I have no fear for the future of my country and the picture of to-day encourages me to indulge in the brightest visions. We never sing the old song "America," without its making us better; there is more music in it to the square inch, than any opera that was ever written.

Then this sea of happy faces coming from so many pleasant homes, the click of the mowing machine heard in the meadow, the fields of waving golden grain almost ready for the reaper, God forbid that anything should ever occur to mar the beauty of such a scene.

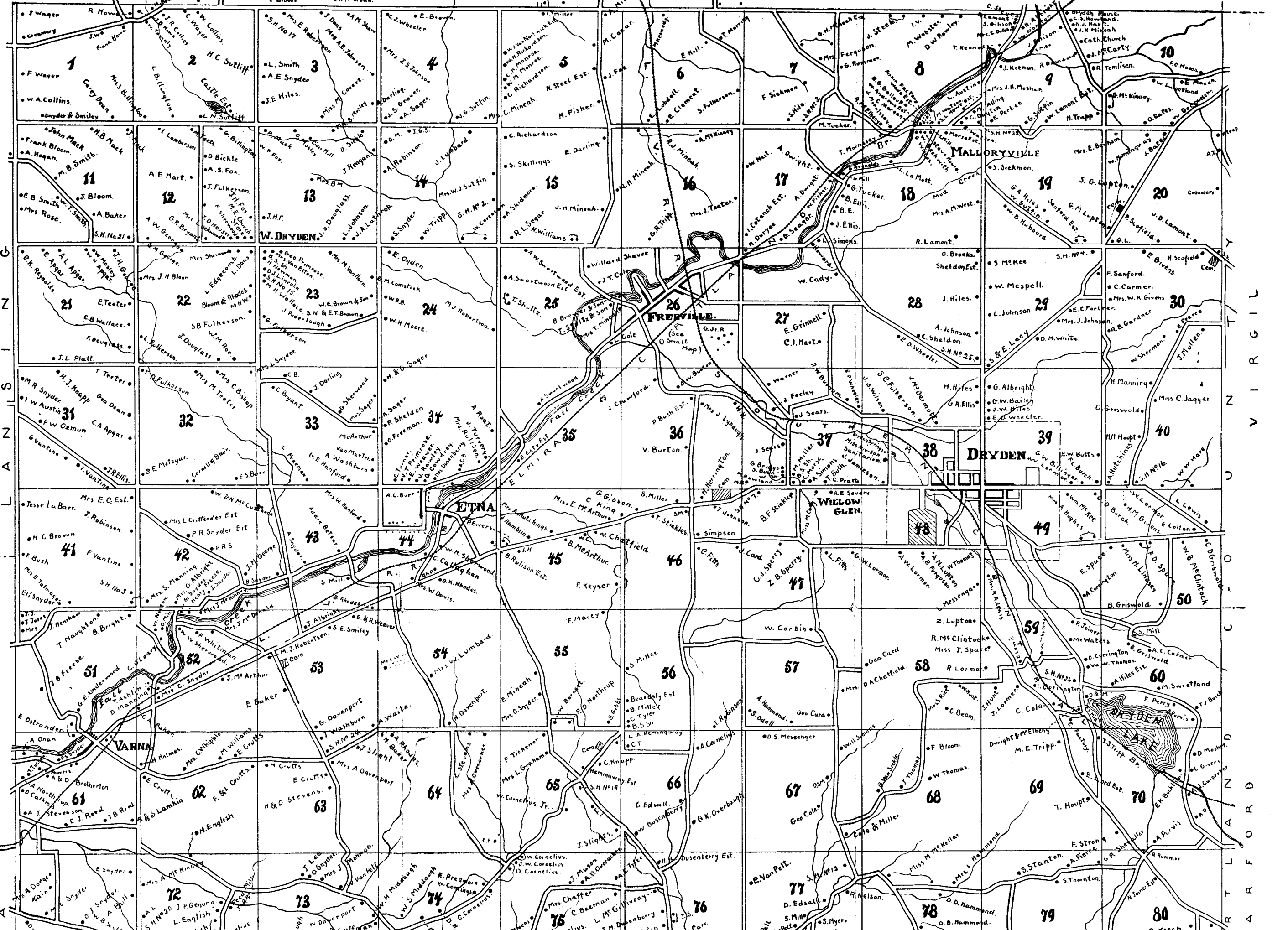
I call upon you, old men whose brows have become furrowed by time, whose step is somewhat feeble, whose hair has become silvered by the snows of many winters, whose memories go back far beyond mine, to see to it that the fires kindled upon the hearth of our fathers be kept alive. I call upon you, young men, as you shall grow up in the strength of your manhood, heirs of a rich inheritance, to remember whose sons you are. Oh, let me appeal to you all, that in the great conflict of life, where right is at war against wrong, where truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day, you enlist in the great army with those who, disheartened by no obstacle, discouraged by no defeat, appalled by no danger, neither paused nor swerved from their clear line of duty until the battlefields of the past have been strewn with the wrecks of what was false, and truth and justice and right have triumphed in the glory of victory. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely," think on these things, let your voice be raised in their behalf, let your work be earnest, and when others shall speak to your praise and tell the story of your deeds, they will rise up and call you blessed.

" Who'll press for gold this crowded street
 A hundred years to come?
 Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
 A hundred years to come?
 Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
 And childhood with its brow of truth,
 The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
 Where will the mighty millions be
 A hundred years to come?"

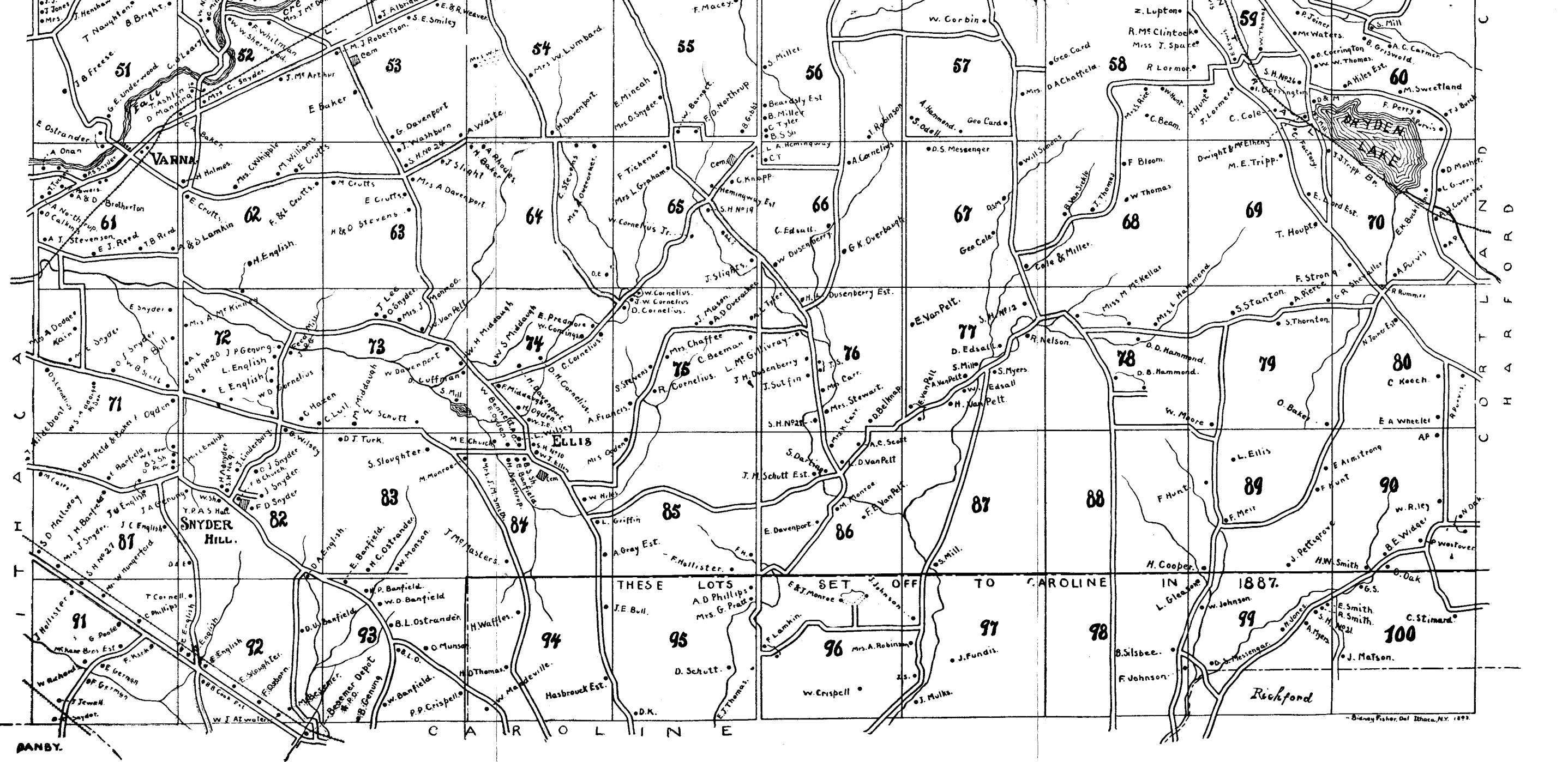
“ We all within our graves shall sleep
 A hundred years to come.
No living soul for us shall weep
 A hundred years to come.
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day
 A hundred years to come.”

G R O T O N

GORTLAND VILLE



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- Sidney Fisher, Del. Ithaca, N.Y. 1892.

KEY TO THE MAP OF DRYDEN VILLAGE.

West Main Street.

- 1 D. T. Wheeler & Co., store,
- 2 Post-office,
- 3 W. E. Vunk, store,
- 4 J. H. Pratt, harness,
- 5 Wavle's Hotel,
- 6 Wm. Mespell, market,
- 8 J. H. Pratt, store,
- 10 M. Little, market,
- 12 W. H. Baker, grocery,
- 14 L. A. Niver, barber,
- 16 G. Rummer & Son, shoes,
- 17 C. H. Seamans, grocery,
- 18 J. B. Fulkerson, store,
- 19 Vunk & Tanner, bl'ksmiths,
- 20 O. J. Hill, store,
- 21 C. E. Green, tailor,
- 22 A. T. Niver, billiards,
- 23 J. C. Lormore, clothing,
- 24 J. G. Clark, drugs,
- 25 W. W. Adams, hardware,
- 26 J. G. Clark, residence,
- 27 G. C. Sweet, undertaker,
- 28 Library,
- 29 Ira R. Beam, jewelry,
- 31 Chas. F. Mason, jewelry,
- 33 Henry Thomas, residence,
- 34 D. McLachlan,
- 36 R. L. Weaver,
- 37 A. J. Baker,
- 38 Lucien Weaver, drugs,
- 39 F. S. Howe,
- 40 Isabelle Lormor,
- 41 J. B. Fulkerson,
- 42 Dr. J. J. Montgomery, office,
- 43 J. R. French,
- 44 Dr. J. J. Montgomery,
- 45 E. E. Banfield,
- 46 Grove Hotel,
- 53 Mrs. D. F. Van Vleet,
- 54 L. D. Mallery,
- 56 Chas. M. Perrigo,
- 57 Misses S. & L. Tanner,
- 59 D. S. Messenger,
- 60 G. M. Rockwell,
- 62 D. P. Bartholomew,
- 63 G. C. Sweet,
- 66 Mrs. M. L. Keeney,
- 67 Mrs. Mary Hyde,
- 68 Mrs. Abram Hutchings,
- 70 D. T. Wheeler,
- 71 Geo. W. Bailey,
- 73 R. M. West,
- 75 George Wickham,
- 76 A. Bailey,
- 77 Miss F. Smith,
- 78 Henley Hunter,
- 79 George W. Sutfin,

- 80 J. D. Ross,
- 81 Hugo Dolge,
- 82 Hugo Dolge, residence,
- 83 Mrs. M. A. Dean,
- 84, 85, 86 Hugo Dolge,
- 87, 89, 91, 93 Dryden Woolen Mill,
- 88 Hugo Dolge, woolen mill office,
- 90 W. W. King, planing mill,
- 95 A. Houpt estate,
- 96 W. W. King,
- 97 George E. Monroe,
- 98 Mrs. Mary Swift,
- 100 Horace Fitts,
- 102 Casper Sherwood,
- 107 Robert Schutt,
- 108 Sylvester Foster,
- 109 Charles Meade,
- 110 Miss S. S. Nivison,
- 113 T. S. Deuel.

East Main Street.

- 1 Weyant & Kingsbury, hardware,
- 2 M. E. Church,
- 5 Fortner & Sutfin, und'takers
- 7 French Bros., furniture,
- 9 Mrs. R. A. Dwight,
- 10 H. H. Ferguson,
- 13 Chapman Strong,
- 15 Wm. Mespell,
- 16 John Munsey,
- 21 A. Burlingame estate,
- 23 Frank Hutchinson,
- 24 Dr. E. D. Allen,
- 26 Dr. E. D. Allen, office,
- 28 C. H. Seamans,
- 30 C. H. Seamans, bl'ksmith,
- 33 D. E. Bower,
- 34 Benjamin Griswold,
- 39 Mrs. Wm. Dupee,
- 43 Mrs. Caroline Beattie,
- 51 Harrison Manning,
- 56 James Steele.

North Street.

- 2 Will H. Silcox, photo.,
- 4 Williams & Bower, marble,
- 6 J. H. Pratt,
- 10 J. H. Pratt,
- 11 Presbyterian Church,
- 14 H. C. Loomis,
- 16 Mrs. Fred Ward,
- 18 Mrs. Lovina Lord,
- 21 Southworth estate,
- 22 A. M. Clark,
- 26 A. M. Clark,
- 32 H. F. Pratt,

- 54 A. D. Burlingame,
- 55 Mrs. Mary Burlingame.

Elm Street.

- 4 { J. Giles Ford,
- { Wm. A. Glazier,
- 8 Geo. P. Hatch,
- 10 John Tripp,
- 12 Mrs. Martha Tyler,
- 31 Dryden Herald.

Library Street.

- 4 Opera House,
- 6 John Ellis,
- 7 R. F. Chappuis,
- 8 Dr. F. S. Jennings,
- 14 Mrs. Geo. Pratt.

George Street.

- 1 Chas. Burghardt,
- 2 John D. Lamont,
- 3 Merritt Tyler,
- 5 Lyman Smith,
- 6 H. Witty,
- 17 Mrs. F. Dutcher,
- 17 Wm. Shelton,
- 21 George Culver.

Union Street.

- 1 Charles Williams,
- 2 J. C. Lormore,
- 3 E. Williams,
- 4 J. D. Lamont,
- 5 C. J. Sperry,
- 6 Aaron Albright,
- 7 Mrs. Mary Tucker,
- 8 Darius Givens,
- 9 W. H. Sandwick,
- 10 Presbyterian parsonage,
- 14 Mrs. A. Lumbard.

Pleasant Street.

- 1 G. J. Sweetland,
- 3 J. A. O'Field,
- 4 G. H. Sperry,
- 5 John Carpenter,
- 6 A. J. Fortner,
- 7 Miss A. Mineah,
- 8 Mrs. S. Ballard,
- 10 Delos Mahan,
- 11 Miss Anna Donley,
- 14 Scott estate.

Rochester Street.

- 1 Mrs. Abram Hutchings,
- 3 C. J. Sperry,
- 5 Hubbard Lusk,
- 7 J. C. Vanderhoef,
- 10 W. W. French,
- 11 Leander Hutchings,

- 13 Mrs. C. Rummer,
- 19 E. E. Bannell.

Wall Street.

- 1 J. D. Ross,
- 4 C. J. Bailey,
- 8 J. D. Ross.

Lewis Street.

- 1 D. D. Edwards,
- 2 Abram Hutchings,
- 4 George Hart,
- 5 Fred Sherwood,
- 6 D. R. Montgomery,
- 7 D. Bartholomew,
- 8 D. C. McGregor,
- 10 A. C. Rockefeller,
- 15 Wm. W. Ellas,
- 19 Joseph Basil,
- 20 Abram Hunter,
- 23 Mrs. Sidney Sorrell,
- 24 James Graham,
- 25 29, M. Tripp,
- 32 R. H. Newsome,
- 40 Mrs. John Hunter.

Mill Street.

- 2 H. A. Lormor,
- 4 Arnold Hopkins,
- 6 O. Coleman,
- 7 George Bradley,
- 8 Baruey Tyler,
- 10 Mrs. Harriet Carpenter,
- 14 I. D. Jenks,
- 18 E. D. Branch,
- 26 Dryden Stone Mill,
- 28 Guy Chew,
- 29 A. Marsh,
- 34 Chas. Lormor.

Lake Street.

- 9 John McKeon,
- 11 I. P. Ferguson estate,
- 13 Edward Swart,
- 17 Hiram Pugsley,
- 21 John Swart,
- 22 John Swart, cidemill,
- 25 John Goodwin,
- 40 David O'Dell,
- 48 J. H. Kennedy,
- 50 P. E. Kennedy,
- 52 Dryden Tannery.

Miscellaneous.

- a Frank Stout,
- b J. B. Wilson,
- c S. S. Nivison,
- d Barney Weber,
- e Daniel Lawson,
- f Southworth estate,
- g Depot,
- h Milk Depot,
- i Rockwell's Coal Yard,
- j Chappuis' Coal Yard,
- k Hart's Stock Yard,
- p Old Griswold House.

Montgomery Street.

- 5 Wm. Wheeler,
- 11 John Sandwick.

James Street.

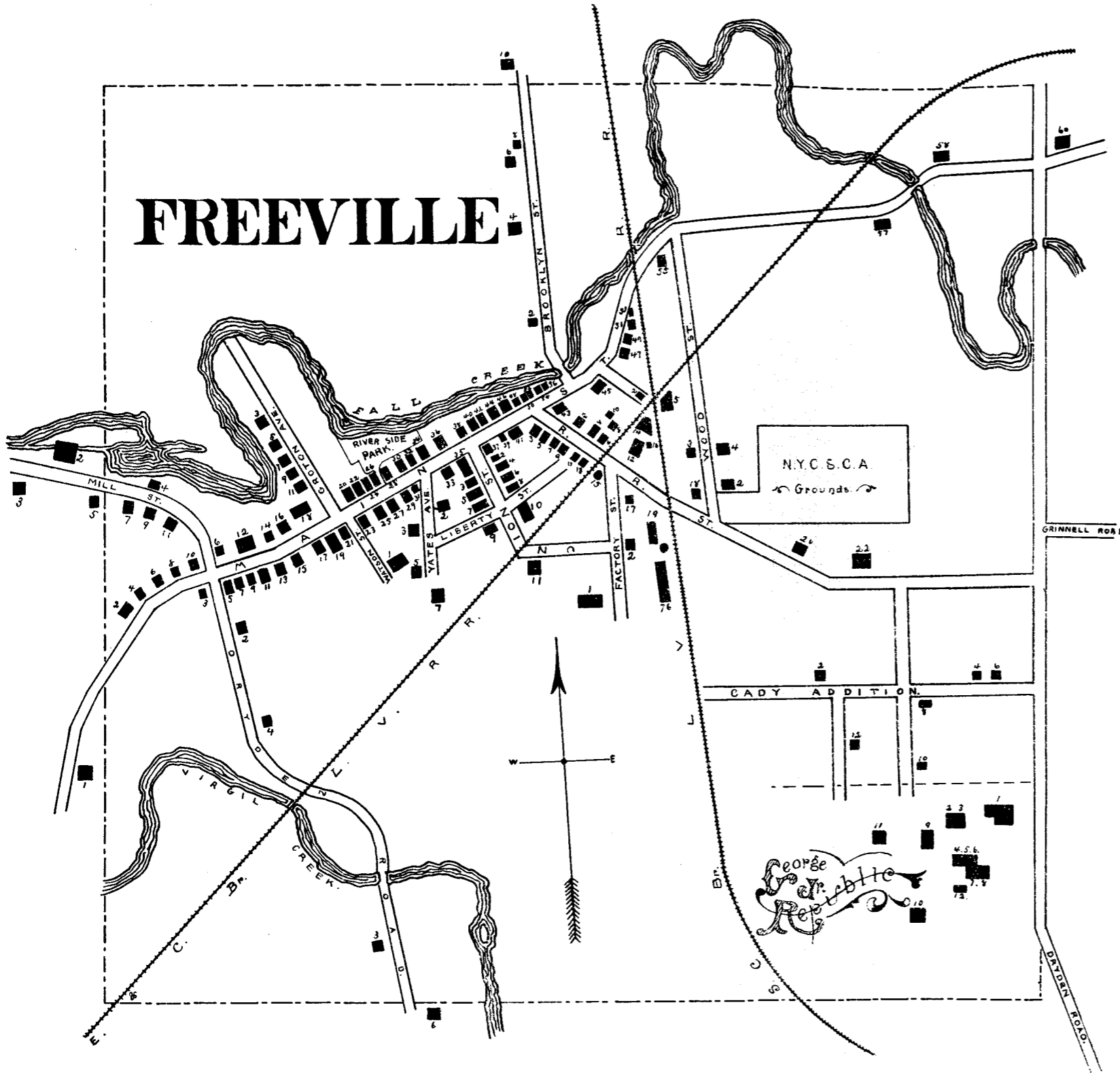
- 8 D. S. Messenger,
- 12 Thomas Tamlin,
- 16 R. E. Stilwell,

- 21 W. Pond,
- 25 B. Bishop estate,
- 31 Charlie Ballard,
- 33 Carson Vunk,
- 35 A. P. Brown,
- 37 Irving Brown,
- 43 Wm. H. Moore.

South Street.

- 1 Weyant & Kingsbury, hardware,
- 3 Mrs. W. H. Moore,
- 5 W. H. Moore, shoes,
- 6 Wheeler & Co., storehouse,
- 7 W. H. Moore, residence,
- 8 Wheeler & Co., storehouse,
- 9 George Cole, residence,
- 10 M. Tyler, carriages,
- 12 Bailey & Ellison, bl'ksmiths
- 13 H. Marvin,
- 14 S. W. Daniels, shop,
- 15 Ellery Vunk,
- 16 Firemen's Hall,
- 18 Chas. Tanner,
- 19 Mrs. I. P. Ferguson,
- 21 Chas. Williams,
- 22 R. C. Rummer,
- 23 J. E. McElheny,
- 24 Wm. Tanner,
- 25 Geo. E. Goodrich,
- 26 Mrs. Chas. LaBarr,
- 27 Mrs. A. Hill,
- 28 James E. Lormor,
- 36 Mrs. Anna Stewart,
- 38 Mrs. A. Collings,
- 42 Truman Parker,
- 46 W. F. Miller,
- 47 Dr. Mary Briggs,
- 48 S. M. Stanton,
- 58 Henry Small,
- 64 F. & F. Caswell,
- 68 Mrs. Catharine Mellon,
- 70 Orris Church estate.

FREEVILLE



KEY TO THE MAP OF FREEVILLE VILLAGE.

- Mill Street.**
 2 Brewer & Son, grist-mill,
 3 Chas. Shultz,
 4 Sarah Lisdell,
 5 Mrs. Mary Mineah,
 6 M. D. Shaver,
 7 Byron Brewer,
 9 Mrs. A. Ellis,
 11 George Seager.
- Groton Avenue.**
 3 Seneca Smith,
 5 David Robinson,
 7 Frank Brotherton,
 9 Burdette Heffron,
 11 Edwin Smith.
- Brooklyn Street.**
 2 J. L. Larkin,
 4 John Sample,
 6 John Brigden,
 8 Brigden blacksmith shop,
 10 W. R. Tripp.
- Main Street.**
 1 Lewis Cole,
 2 George Brewer,
 3 Mrs. Rhoda Case,
 4 Henry Brown,
 5 F. Ray Willey,
 6 Wm. Dolson,
 7 X. B. Carl, store,
 8 Chas. Monroe, carriages,
 9 George Dolson,
 10 Chas. Monroe,
 11 H. Pettibone,
 12 Geo. I. Shaver, hotel,
 13 J. Pierce,
 14 H. A. Strong,
 15 Albert Tripp,
 16 William Monroe,
 17 Luther Greenfield,
 18 School-house,
 19 M. E. Church,
 20 D. M. Peck,
 21 M. E. Parsonage,
 22 J. M. Carr,
 23 Wm. Fisher,
 24 Sarah Bowers,
 25 Will Cady,
 26 Freeville Leader,
 27 Wm. Skillman,
 28 Mrs. C. Chapman,
 29 N. J. Ogden,
 30 Blacksmith shop,
 31 Mrs. Kate Hanshaw,
 32 Weaver blacksmith shop,
 33 Wm. Dixon,
- 34** W. E. Sutfin, store, K. of P. Hall, Post-office,
 35 H. W. Roe store,
 36 Chauncey Hanshaw,
 37 Dr. H. Genung,
 38 George Cady, market,
 39 J. M. Carr, drugs,
 40 Dr. H. Genung,
 41 J. Kells,
 42 F. E. Darling, hardware,
 43 Jerome Heffron,
 44 F. Ray Willey, store,
 45 George Watson,
 46 H. D. W. DePuy, grocery,
 47 O. Luther,
 49 Ernest Blackman,
 50 John Edsall, barber,
 51 F. Reeves, hay warehouse,
 52 C. Parker, jeweler,
 53 F. Dobson, planing mill,
 54 DeWitt DePuy, harness,
 55 Myron Bronson,
 56 Brotherton blacksmith shop,
 57 J. M. Shaver,
 58 W. J. Shaver,
 60 R. Duryea.
- Dryden Road.**
 2 E. M. Seager,
 3 C. L. Johnson,
 4 D. H. Snyder,
 6 Frank Burton.
- Watson Street.**
 1 Watson & George, planing mill.
- Yates Avenue.**
 2 John T. Cole,
 3 J. L. Larkin,
 5 John Yates,
 7 Morris Stack.
- Union Street.**
 2 E. A. Sovocool, market,
 3 Lois Cooper,
 4 E. A. Sovocool,
 5 A. C. Stone,
 6 A. Haskin,
 7 Harriet A. Hubbard,
 8 W. E. Sutfin,
 9 E. C. Smith,
 10 Lyceum Hall,
 11 Henry Sevy.
- Factory Street.**
 1 Glass Factory,
 2 George Cady.
- Wood Street.**
 2 Chas. Parker,
 3 Mrs. G. Francis,
 4 Dubois Cook,
 5 L. V. Freight Depot.
- Richardson Street.**
 2 W. H. Richardson, residence and warehouse.
- Railroad Street.**
 2 Mrs. C. Darling,
 3 Mrs. A. L. Smiley,
 4 J. B. George,
 5 George DePuy,
 6 Mrs. Mary Puderbaugh,
 7 F. T. Reeves,
 8 D. G. Howell, mittens,
 9 Townley shoe shop,
 10 Mrs. D. G. Howell,
 11 Bert Carr, bakery,
 12 Junction House,
 14 L. V. Depot,
 16 Baggage room,
 17 Smith & Blackman, office,
 18 Eliza Grinnell,
 19 Smith & Blackman, warehouse,
 20 John J. Giles,
 22 John E. Cady.
- Cady Addition.**
 2 Wm. Barrett,
 4 Cal Mericle,
 6 Wm. Smith,
 8 C. Tondeur,
 10 C. Tondeur,
 12 Wm. Walden.
- George Junior Republic.**
 1 Headquarters,
 2 Prison,
 3 Court-room,
 4 Boys' Dormitory,
 5 Library,
 6 Class-room,
 7 Dining Hall,
 9 Assembly Hall,
 10 Rockefeller Cottage,
 11 Barn,
 12 Laundry.
- Miscellaneous.**
 76 Milk Station.