

THE FLOWING SPRINGS
OF GLENVILLE

BY
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BEING THE SEVENTH REPORT
OF THE
TOWN HISTORIAN

"The fountain which thou sawest with
the five streams out of it is the fountain
of knowledge, and the streams are the five
senses through which knowledge is obtained.
And no one will have knowledge who drinketh
not a draught out of the fountain itself and
out of the streams."

-- Laganiensis; Irish Folklore

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FOREWORD

With the early settlers of Glenville, as with their remote predecessors, the Algonkin, the presence of flowing springs of water had not a little to do with the choice of a site for their dwellings; furthermore, as several of our flowing springs have in one way and another figured in the early history of the region, therefore the title and text of this paper may not be deemed as foreign from the tenor of the series, of which it forms the seventh number, as its name might imply.

Percy M. Van Epps

Glenville, N.Y.,
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THE FLOWING SPRINGS OF GLENVILLE

From the dawn of history flowing springs and fountains have been regarded with veneration and sometimes with superstitious awe. Many of these were supposed to have marvelous healing power for various ills of humanity; doubtless not a few whose waters bore a mineral content were justly so regarded. The water of a famous well at Chun Castle was credited with this marvelous power while others like the elusive fountain sought by De Eann granted the boon of perpetual youth, and the water of St. Keans, a well in Cornwall, England, was supposed to confer mastery upon whichever of a newly-married couple first drank of it after marriage. Among our American Indians, the Utes have a legend relating to a group of springs, some flowing hot, others cold, near Las Vegas, New Mexico. Their great chief, Forked Lightning, was stricken with an unaccountable disease and the medicine men of his tribe foretold his death; however, a powwow was held at which a buffalo was sacrificed followed by the announcement of the head medicine man that if certain specified ceremonies were observed a healing fountain would burst from the earth. In due course this happened for with a roar and trembling of the rocks the earth opened and fountains of mud and scalding water were hurled into the air. The ailing chief buried to his chin in the mud for a day thus regained not only his health but his youth.

Other fountains were peopled with sprites and fairies, generally of the benevolent kind. In the storied forest of Bresceliande, in ancient Gaul, was the Fountain of Berendon into which children threw the pin-like spines of the black thorn as a tribute, saying "Laugh, then, Fountain of Berendon, and I will give thee a pin." To this very day, it is said, many of the old stories and belief coupled with this forest, so famed in the Mabinogion, are still current there; the Fairies, who are kind to the children, are still reported to be seen in their white apparel upon the banks of the fountain, and belief in the rain-producing powers of its waters are still held. In seasons of drought the inhabitants of the nearby parishes, accompanied by their priests, go to it in procession, headed by great banners, ringing bells and chanting psalms. Reaching the fountain, the Rector of the Canton dips the foot of the Cross into the water, "and it is sure to rain before a week elapses."

HOME SITES CHOSEN NEAR SPRINGS

Following the paths trod for untold ages by the red man over the forest-clad hills of Glenville and across the slopes and lowlands of its hinterland our hardy pioneers often went far afield before making choice of a site for their homes. Finally near some shady nook with its flowing spring or

perhaps beside a sparkling brook, then running the year round, they established their homes; many of these settlers, squatters at first, eventually buying the lands chosen, for as yet only the greater boundaries of the region had been officially surveyed.

Quite often the springs used by the early settlers of the region were somewhat enlarged, dug out and walled up with flat stones and covered with a larger slab of slate; tiny, shallow wells whose water oftentimes was led by a wooden pipe -- perhaps a hollow log -- to a trough, this generally hollowed from the trunk of a tree.

In time as the land was cleared and much of its protecting forest removed, some of these springs, which at first gave promise of being permanent, gradually waned in volume and went dry, and, of course, this same cause lessened the volume of the brooks. Then came the era of the professional well-digger, generally an immigrant from Ireland.

OCCURRENCE OF SPRINGS

The presence of flowing springs of more or less permanence in a given region depends largely on its surface contour and the character of its soil layers and underlying rock formation. In an area whose rock strata lies in horizontal layers as originally deposited, undisturbed by earth movements resulting in faulting, tilting and uplift, flowing springs seldom occur except in the sides of the valleys of former or existing water courses. Such conditions are found in large areas in our central states.

On the other hand, in a region whose rock strata is broken by faulting, elevated or depressed by earth movements and contorted and tilted at various angles from its original horizontal position, resulting in an irregular or hilly contour, flowing springs of more or less permanence, can be found in numerous situations. Such conditions exist in much of the area of Glenville.

Furthermore, the permanence of a spring of water depends not only on the depth and character of the surface soil overlying the rock beds from which it issues but also in a degree whether the contiguous area is cleared land or forest-clad, sheltering thick beds of humus, these storing the rains and melting snows. Therefore, as before mentioned, certain springs that at the first settlement of the region ran the year around with undiminished volume finally became but "wet-weather springs," running the entire year in very wet seasons only. Others, with sources deep-seated in the rock strata, run today with full volume as when first seen by the whites, be the season wet or dry.

LOCAL GEOLOGICAL CONDITIONS

The town of Glenville is approximately a parallelogram some twelve miles in length and about four miles in width, its southern boundary for the whole extent being the center line of the Mohawk River. Nearly one-half the area of the town is occupied by an uplift of slates and shales known as the Glenville Hills, whose rounded and glaciated summits lie from six hundred to eight hundred feet above the surface of the Mohawk River. The town's highest point, as mapped on the Amsterdam Quadrangle of the United States Geological Survey, is 1097 feet above sea level. The slates and shales of this elevation are now classed by the geologist as the Schenectady Shale and Sandstone group. Formerly and for many years they were described as the Hudson River group.

The rock layers comprising the mass of the Glenville Hills are tilted at a slight but perceptible angle toward the southwest. This is plainly shown in the numerous exposures where streams have deeply gullied the friable layers. And to this dip or inclination of the rock layers we can ascribe the fact that the most copious and permanent springs of this part of the town are found on the southern slope of the hills, the side facing the river. Many such exist. This condition, of course, is caused by the impounded surface water following the sloping rock layers. Furthermore, the concealed drainage of the inclined strata feeds thick deposits of sand, clay and gravels left in past geologic time in the ancient trough of the Mohawk, these deposits thereby becoming great reservoirs of water, breaking out here and there in permanent flowing springs, many of these quite near the river's bank. Doubtless the water impounded under beds of impervious clay, in certain places under pressure, accounts for the flow of the group of artesian wells drilled in recent years about midway between Scotia and Hoffmans.

And to this same southward dip of the rock strata we can ascribe the scarcity of constant flowing springs either at the base or on the northern slope of our Glenville Hills. In fact not more than half a dozen such exist; and these may issue from vertical joint planes. One of the latter, locally known as the "Powder Spring," having a pronounced mineral content, may have a still deeper origin.

THE HOFFMANS FERRY FAULT
AN ANCIENT ROCK FRACTURE

Crossing the western end of the town, almost at right-angles with the Mohawk River, is a broad and prominent outcrop of dolomite and limestone, capped on its southern end with two rounded outliers of black shale -- known as the Canajoharie Shale.

In its geologic structure this elevation, at its eastern margin, is sharply separated from the greater area of the town by a deep-seated break in the rock strata of the region. This fracture, which took place in past geologic ages, is widely known among geologists as the "Hoffmans Ferry Fault." It is one of a parallel series of faults, or cracks in the underlying rocks of the region, crossing the course of the Mohawk, from southwest to northeast. The great thickness of slates and shales comprising the mass of the Glenville Hills and underlying the lowland to the north of the hills, in fact all that portion of the town lying east of this ancient dislocation, is said by competent authorities to have subsided at least 1000 feet. Indeed, one geologist - Prosser - has estimated the drop at 1200 feet.

Along the line, or scarp, as it is called, of this great and ancient rent in Earth's surface; along the actual fractured edge of the dolomite and limestone, which can be readily traced for miles to the northward, - even to Luzerne on the upper Hudson, it is said -- we would expect and do find many flowing springs. Following the fault scarp north, the first of these of noticeable size occurs on the eastern flank of the Kinaquariones, or Touareuna Hill, as it is now called, the prominent rocky elevation projecting almost to the river's edge. This spring or rather a group of springs is on lands owned by Roy C. Gray and apparently issues at or near the contact between the massive layers of dolomite and the overlying limestone beds. Here, during the World War, in the shelter of the wooded bulk of the Kinaquariones, as the Indians called it, Company C of Troy, N.Y., under Captain Bradshaw, a unit of the military force of the state, were encamped for several months preparatory to going over seas. The water of the springs was piped for the company's use to their white tents which stood in stately rows giving an unusual and war-like aspect to the region, recalling the stories of General Amherst and his ten thousand British soldiers who marched up the valley during the French and Indian War, stopping at different points to camp overnight.

Just below the camp of the soldiery, at the foot of the slope, runs the little brook Chaughtanoonda, (stony houses or stony places) along the last mile of whose course occurred, in August, 1669, the great and final battle between the Mohawks and the allied Algonkian nations of New England, their ancient foe.

Vau Epps

THE WOLF HOLLOW AND JOHNNYS SPRING

Following the highway from Hoffmans to the village of Glenville one shortly approaches the Wolf Hollow, a mile-long deep ravine between the western margin of the Glenville Hills and the ragged edge of the uplift of the Hoffmans Ferry Fault. Entering the Hollow, the road apparently heads directly toward a rugged slope leading up to a precipice, a blank wall-face of dolomite

crowned with a sparse fringe of hemlocks, seemingly barring further progress. However, a sharp turn to the right soon reveals the continuation of the road. Here, just across the brook Chaughtanoonda, in a shady nook we find Johnny's Spring, a limpid pool of cold water flowing from a jumbled mass of moss-grown rocks, the wastage of ages fallen from the cliffs above.

In former days a famous and well-beaten Indian path led through the Wolf Hollow; a direct cross-country route from the vicinity of Stillwater on the Hudson River, reaching the Mohawk at the Kinaquariones. This path was trod for ages by the Algonkin going to and from the coastal regions and their various villages, and the fertile corn lands of the Mohawk Valley and central New York. It should be remembered that the Algonkian nations once overspread the entire area of New York State.

And it was along this path through the Wolf Hollow that in August, 1669, seven hundred and odd warriors of the allied Algonkian nations from the vicinity of Massachusetts Bay marched in single file, planning a surprise attack on the stockaded Mohawk village of Gandawague, situated on the Sand Flats just west of Fonda. We may well believe that each and every one of the seven hundred painted Algonkian braves, as well as the twenty-four foolish women, who it is recorded accompanied them, stopped to drink at the cool, flowing spring beside their path, and indeed, they may have encamped for the night near this spring. And, too, it was here at the bend in the road, as it passes an outcrop of jagged rocks, that on their hasty retreat, following the futile attack and siege of the Mohawk town, they were ambushed by the wily Mohawks who, under the leadership of their great chief, Kryn, had divided their forces in pursuit, one part blocking the river end of the trail while the other group hurriedly scrambled over the wooded bulk of the Kinaquariones, coming down into the Wolf Hollow almost exactly at Johnny's Spring, where, concealed in the bordering rocky woods, they awaited the coming of the decimated and discouraged Algonkian army.

The ambush in the Wolf Hollow and the subsequent battle in which the Algonkin are said to have lost fifty of their principal chiefs, as well as Chikataubet, the great sachem of Massachusetts, was minutely and vividly described by Father Pierron, a Jesuit missionary who was stationed with the Mohawks at Gandawaga, at that time.

AN INDIAN CORNFIELD

Following the fault scarp north after leaving the Wolf Hollow we find various springs. The first of note we may call the Spring of the Cornfield, for, just above the low, glacier-worn cliff from which this copious spring issues, the first settlers found a small cleared area in the woods; unmistakably

an Indian cornfield. Here, sheltered by a knoll to the west, on the rich limestone soil the Algonkian women weeded and hilled the corn with their rude flint hoes, no doubt making frequent visits to the spring, and in the fall they carried the ripened corn in baskets along the trail through the Wolf Hollow to where it was stored for the winter in some of the corn-pits near the foot of the Kinaquariones. Some of these storage pits may yet be seen, on the land of Joel Swart. This primitive cornfield probably was protected from the ravages of deer and other wild animals by a surrounding fence of wattle-work -- twigs and pliant saplings interwoven with the bordering trees and stakes. At the settlement of the region traces of such fences were sometimes found. A deed seen, dated 1790, mentions and specifies as one of the boundaries of the land conveyed, "the old Indian fence."

A little way beyond the spring of the cornfield, or at the four-corners, -- the first cross-roads west of the village of Glenville -- we find another spring also issuing from the low limestone cliff, which here plainly shows the broken edge of the rock strata as rent by the irresistible action of the earth movement of long ago. For many years the water of this spring was led to a trough by the roadside; also it was the sole supply for the two hundred or more Irish quarrymen who in the extensive quarry opened here in the limestone beds were engaged in getting out and shaping stone used in the construction of the Erie Canal.

It is said that during the progress of this work the lee of the low ledge was dotted with the cabins, or shanties, that sheltered the quarrymen, their wives and children. Foundations showing the outline of some of these shanties can still be seen. The late Anson B. Hamlin often related with glee an incident noted by him while on a business call at one of these structures at the time of their occupation. The lady of the house, taking a large pan of suppawn, (boiled corn meal) with a spoon hollowed cup-like depressions in the surface of the suppawn. Then, placing the pan on the floor, she filled these depressions with milk and set her two young children beside the pan, each armed with a spoon. At this point two small pigs, unsolicited but evidently aware of the approach of lunch-time, rushed in at the open door and undisturbed ate with the children.

Just half a mile north from the quarry and spring at the four-corners, is the present Hartman farm and here, some three or four hundred feet west of the actual line of the Hoffmans Ferry Fault, there is a small spring which would not receive mention here were it not for a curious find made some thirty years ago when it was being cleaned of its deposits of accumulated silt. This was a fragment, or section of an exploded bombshell whose whole diameter had been about nine inches. This rusty fragment, about three-fourths of an inch

in thickness, weighs two pounds. How or when it got into the mire of the spring is unknown; and whether a relic of the War of the Rebellion, or of an earlier period only one versed in shells and mortars could decide.

THE POTTER SPRING AND LAKE KINDAR

The road mapped by our county as Lovers Lane, leaving the village of Glenville and approaching the dolomite cliff, the fault line, climbs this barrier by a long U-shaped loop. Here the cliff of the fault is far higher than at the quarry of the four-corners, and following the line of its wastage northward for a short distance one comes to a copious flowing spring whose water in part for half a century or more has been piped to a nearby farmhouse, for many years the home of the late Thomas K. Potter but now owned by Demko Sulem.

This fine spring bursts forth at the foot of the sparsely-wooded slope of talus from the dolomite cliff. In their season this rocky slope is ablaze with the red and white wake-robin, trillium, and here too, a little search will reveal fine clusters of the large yellow lady's slipper, cypridium pubescens, locally known as the moccasin flower.

Above the spring, on the plateau, a short distance back from the line of the cliff, there is a depression in the surface contour; a basin without visible outlet, covering several acres. Through this basin, mainly covered with a growth of alder and other trees, there trickles a tiny stream of water which at the southern end of the basin falls into a crevice in the rock. Some have thought that this streamlet feeds the spring under the cliff. A simple test with a solution of fluorescein added to the water as it disappears underground would show if this surmise is correct. The French cavern explorers have long made use of this test in tracing connection between subterranean water-courses and certain springs.

Some years ago certain young men of the vicinity, having an idea that a cavern might exist below the opening into which fell the little stream, made an effort to enlarge this rock crevice, hoping to gain access to such a cavern, if indeed it existed. In the progress of this effort the crevice in the rock was found to be much wider than first supposed, but unfortunately it was found practically filled and choked with loose field-stone and rubbish, through which the falling stream, however, easily made its way. The crevice apparently had been filled by design, many loads of stone having been dumped into it; probably done at the time of the clearing of the area, to prevent sheep and cattle falling therein--and, incidentally, to get rid of the stone; a common practice in regions abounding in "rock-holes." The deeper the process of clearing-out the crevice progressed, the more difficult became the work and finally the project was

abandoned. However, there is little chance of finding an extensive cavern in dolomitic rocks; their lime content, so essential in the origin of grottos and caverns, is too small.

A few years after the futile attempt as related, to penetrate the underworld of the dolomite plateau, a group of boys, bent on mischief, as they supposed, tightly plugged the mouth of the crevice with clay and soil, and in a few weeks the entire area of the basin filled with water. This little pond soon became known locally as "Lake Kindar," after the owner of the land. In the winter farmers from the near vicinity resorted to it for their supply of ice. Kindar, the proprietor, placed a boat on its water and even planned to build cottages on its shore, when, presto! the plugging in the crevice gave way and Glenville's second lake soon vanished, the little stream again plunging into the dark opening in the dolomite, as it had done for centuries past. It would, nevertheless, be a simple and not costly matter to permanently close this rock crevice, thus bringing Lake Kindar again on the map of Glenville. In the limestone regions of Kentucky, where "sinks," so-called, abound, similar to the depressed area on the Kindar farm, some have been plugged, forming ponds of varying size.

SPRINGS OF THE RIVER VALLEY

At the period of the retreat, or waning by stagnation, as now believed, of the Labradorian glacier from this part of our state, and while yet the ancient channel of the St. Lawrence was blocked with ice, the Mohawk River served as an outlet, or possibly one of three outlets, for the waters of a great interior sea, Lake Iroquois, which occupied the basin of the five great lakes of today and much contiguous area. This ancient stream, known to the geologists as the "Iro-Mohawk," had a volume many times that of its successor, our present Mohawk River, and during its life brought down vast quantities of detritus which, as we follow the course of the river eastward from the Kinaquariones, where it first approaches the town, we find today as long, terraced deposits of sand, gravels and clay, paralleling the present course of the river. These deposits also partly fill the mouths of the ravines and gullies opening on the river valley. Passing the last of the Glenville Hills we find this deposit broadens out; a delta on which the village of Scotia stands. Furthermore, these beds of sand and gravel are very thick, in some places over 200 feet. When the primitive river valley was eroded the rock strata of the region stood many feet above sea level, compared with its present elevation. This condition is also found in the valley of the Hudson, where, in some places, notably at Storm King, the rock bottom of the ancient channel was found to lie about 1000 feet below the present surface of the river.

The thick deposits described, made by the Mohawk River in post-glacial times now constitute great and permanent storage reservoirs which along the whole hill-bordered course of the river, from the Kinquariones eastward, burst out in numerous never-failing springs of cold and clear water. Furthermore, it is the source of the group of artesian wells near Wyatts and Rectors, about midway between Hoffmans and Schenectady, as well as that of the wells furnishing the water supply of the village of Scotia; and, across the Mohawk, in the town of Rotterdam, Schenectady's water supply is pumped from the same deposits.

A CHALYBEATE SPRING

Beginning at Hoffmans flowing springs are mainly found along the margin or on the slope of the terrace next the river. Some of these issue from the layers of gravel and clay forming the sides of the lateral ravines, notably those near Johnson's. At this point there is a group of three or four copious and permanent springs in the ravine, or valley of the Verf Kill; the Tequatsera of the Indian, where that stream is crossed by the Mohawk Turnpike. One of these, on the west bank of the stream and just south of the highway, at times flows with a yellowish hue. It is marked on Fagin's Map of Schenectady County, published in 1856, as a "Calybeat Spring," the map engraver's method of spelling Chalybeate. The Indians are said to have resorted to this spring, or to the clay beds from which it issues, for supplies of yellow ochre.

Flowing from the gravel terrace, just below the house of Charles E. Kane, one of the old-time Vedder places, is a notable and never-failing spring whose flow is led to a trough. That this fountain was resorted to by the red-man is shown by the traces of one of their villages on the river flats closely adjoining the spring. From the peculiar marking of its potsherds we know this village was of the Algonkin; and of a very remote period. A larger Algonkian town existed almost directly across the river, in Rotterdam -- a recent discovery by Vincent Schaefer and his enthusiastic colleagues of the local chapter of the New York State Archeological Association. Another small site but a short distance from the one at the spring has disclosed traces of Mohawk occupation -- potsherds bearing the peculiarly-notched angle, the characteristic hall-mark of the potters of that nation. This place, however, could only have been occupied by the Mohawks as a temporary fishing-camp, for at no period during their short sojourn in the valley bearing their name -- short, in comparison with that of their predecessor, the Algonkin -- did they have either village or town east of Fort Hunter at the mouth of the Schoharic.

A GROUP OF DEEP WELLS

Near Rectors Station on the F. J. & G. Electric Railway there is an interesting group of deep wells. Here, on the

premises of J. Tayliaferro, the first of these was drilled. Its depth is 155 feet, Bed rock was not reached. It is an artesian, or flowing well, its flow being continuous. In the near vicinity of the Tayliaferro well others were drilled, one of these to a depth of 321 feet, its last 94 feet being in the underlying rock.

Deep-well borings both at Rectors and other points between Hoffmans and Scotia indicate that underneath the great thickness of sand and gravel there exists near the bed rock a layer of blue clay, impervious to water. This blanket of clay slopes slightly from the base of the hills, towards the river, thus water impounded under pressure beneath this sloping sheet of clay plainly accounts for the artesian flow of the Tayliaferro and other deep wells.

THE POWDER SPRING

Directly south of the village of Glenville and at the exact base of the hills is the Powder Spring, locally so-called. As shown by an analysis made about sixty years ago its water holds in solution both iron, magnesia, sulphur, and a trace of lithium chlorid. Its sulphur content, however, is slight, not enough to give to its water the characteristic odor and taste common to sulphur springs.

The Powder Spring is a tiny, shallow well, its bottom the smooth native rock wherein is a narrow crevice whence from unknown depths the mineral water rises. It is neatly walled with stone, done more than a century ago, or when the area was first settled, probably by a family named Van Vrankon, the first who lived near this spring, of whom record can be found. There are unmistakable indications that a house, perhaps of logs, formerly stood on the gentle slope, quite near the spring.

In a deed drawn in 1821 the Powder Spring is mentioned as a "Salt lick." Mineral springs were much resorted to by deer and other wild animals. Proof of this preference for such waters is disclosed whenever the surrounding lands are put under the plow and harrow, for then various weapons of the chase, and always numerous flint arrowheads are found immediately around the spring; missiles that missed their target, shot by Indians in ambush, awaiting their prey. These primitive weapons have been found on the cultivated area near the Powder Spring, and at another spring in the near vicinity, whose water is slightly mineralized, the surrounding soil has yielded a surprising quantity of arrowheads.

Close beside the tiny well of the Powder Spring is a large and prominent, flat-topped, slate rock, under which the

overflow of the spring finds its way to a pool below. Here the cattle of today drink. Like the wild animals of former days, seemingly preferring its water to that of a nearby brook.

The flat rock beside the Powder Spring, in at least two old land maps seen, is particularly specified as a finder for the "place of beginning" of surveys of adjoining woodlands on the hillside, sold by the trustees of the town of Glenville.

SPRINGS OF THE EASTERN SLOPE

On the gradual eastern slope of the Glenville Hills, especially on that part stretching from the Sacandaga Road to the lowlands of Swagertown, there are several springs. One of these known as the Indian Spring, is in a locality in which many relics of the red-man have been found; these, mainly of the Algonkin, though certain finds of objects beaten from native copper seem to indicate that the mound-building race that at an early period invaded our Mohawk Valley, may have occupied, or at least visited, this part of Glenville.

But a short distance east of the Sacandaga Road, where it is joined by the road leading to Taylors Pond and Charlton, there is found a mineral spring. The water of this spring, though not as strong as that of the Powder Spring near the village of Glenville, described above, has much the same taste and seemingly bears the same minerals in solution. This spring is on the land taken by Adam Conde, one of the first settlers on this particular part of the old Indian path leading from Beukendaal northward, the present Sacandaga Road.

Less than a mile north from the mineral spring on the old Conde place, and very near the point where the Crabb Kill leaves the bounds of the town, there is a notable spring. Here, nearly a century ago, no doubt choosing the spot on account of the running spring, in a rude hut lived "John" and his wife, "Deal" - Indians of the Oneida Nation, who had chosen to leave the squalid, and extensive settlement of that people seated by the General Government, on the sand hills on the southeast border of Schenectady, near the close of the War of the Revolution. John and his wife, like the most of their people, -- Yonsies, as they were called, -- were basket-makers, hawking the product of their labor about the countryside. Specimens of their handiwork are yet preserved in more than one of the older farmhouses of the neighborhood; baskets of various sizes and shapes, neatly and strongly woven, or plaited, from pliant splints prepared from the swamp, or black ash, (*fraxinus sambucifolia*), the checkered splint-work often in different colors -- red, yellow, blue, green alternating with the natural color of the wood. These colors, of native manufacture, were sometimes applied with a rude stamp,

Both John and Deal were fond of strong drink, and, as well-known to the whole neighborhood, and often commented on, they took turns at their drinking-bouts; John would indulge and lie around drunken, for a week or more; Deal, in the meanwhile would abstain. Then, when John sobered-up, Deal would resort to the bottle or jug and have a "big drunk." In this methodical manner the daily routine of their simple household duties and the preparation and coloring of splints and the weaving of baskets went on with but little interruption. John and Deal both lie in the cemetery at the First Reformed Dutch Church in Glenville.

A COLONY OF BEAVER

On the dolomite and limestone plateau obliquely crossing the western part of Glenville, well-back from its fractured eastern edge, there can be found, here and there, fine, flowing springs. These give rise to small streams which, due to the inclination of the surface, all flow westward crossing the town's boundary and merging with larger streams, the Adriutha and the Evaskill, their waters thus reaching the Mohawk. On one of these little streams on the old Milroy farm, now occupied by a Mr. Bedgis, it was discovered in the fall of 1932 that a colony of beaver had taken up their abode, building a dam and constructing one of their peculiar conical houses. The State Conservation authorities were shortly notified of the advent of this colony of beaver, the first seen in Glenville in perhaps two centuries, and promptly took charge of the situation, posting and guarding the area thus occupied. However, owing to the scanty supply of the quaking aspen (*populus tremuloides*) and other varieties of trees sought and used by these industrious little animals in their engineering works, it is thought that their sojourn on this stream will be short.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPRING

In bringing this paper to a close, the temptation cannot be resisted to add a few words regarding a famous spring which, indeed, lies beyond the border of our town, but one that has a background of historic association as well as much of interest for the geologist.

This is the "Governor's Spring," as it was known to more than one generation of the older residents of its vicinity, deriving this name from the fact that it was honored by a special visit from Governor De Witt Clinton while on his triumphal tour of the State, following the completion of his "Big Ditch", the Erie Canal.

The course of the Hoffmans Ferry Fault, so often spoken of in this paper, as it leaves the town of Glenville, runs due north as it enters the town of Charlton, Saratoga County, fol-

lowing the same course as it enters the town of Galway, and it is in the latter town, along the line, or scarp, of this great fracture in the surface rocks that we find the Governor's Spring.

To visit the Governor's Spring -- and it is well worth a visit -- one should follow the Sacandaga Road northward to the Scotch Church, thence continuing westward along the road to Amsterdam, for a mile and a half, to the residence of John Murphy. Here, at right angles the ridge of the fault line crosses the highway. From this point, the Murphy farmhouse, following the prominent ridge northward, -- the actual line of the fault -- it is a walk of about half a mile to the spring. Along this path, to the right one skirts the margin of the Consalus Vlaie, ages ago, a lake, but now a swampy tract of several hundred acres covered in places with a dense growth of Tamarack, in other parts dotted with slimy and boggy pools in which many farm animals are said to lie entombed -- trapped in the treacherous mire of the Vlaie. To the left of the path rises the outcropping dolomite; the fractured edge of the ancient rent, in places rounded and polished to a glassy smoothness by the grind of the Labradorian glacier that once moved slowly but irresistibly over the region. Reaching the spring, it is found flowing from a long horizontal crevice near the base of the dolomite, as here exposed. It is of considerable volume and is said to be constant in flow. Just below, it forms a pool whose overflow runs into the Vlaie, but a few yards distant.

At the very mouth of the Governor's Spring, from its silt, or wash, the writer, some years ago, took several crinoidal joints, the rounded, perforated joints or segments of the stems of that curious marine organism, the encrinite, or "stone lily" as it is sometimes called; an organism rooted to the sea bottom, yet having animal life, its long, pliant, segmented stem being surmounted with a head, or crown from which radiated numerous arms or tentacles which opened and closed, enfolding its prey, as it swayed to and fro with the current.

Crinoids, or encrinites, a form of fossil life, while common enough in rocks of later periods, are never known to occur in the dolomite of the Hoffmans Ferry Fault, as exposed; therefore the interesting examples brought to light at the Governor's Spring tell us the story of limestone beds that formerly existed above the dolomite at this point; fossiliferous limestone strata of which not the slightest trace now remains, their disappearance due to the action of the great ice sheet and the erosion of past ages. The few fossil mementos, with their simple story, undoubtedly loosened from the limestone erosion, have fallen through some one of the numerous cracks existing in the dolomite, thus finding their way to the subterranean channel of the spring and eventually to its mouth.

How Governor Clinton happened to visit Galway's notable spring, and of the famous hostelrie that stood but a little way to the north; an inn known not only in this country but one whose fame had even spread across the Atlantic; and of its owner's group of varied industries -- where now stands but two lone farm houses; and of his broad acres -- the show-place of Saratoga County, at that time; and of still another spring named after the great Lafayette, these all form a rich and interesting subject; matters which rightly belong to the history of Galway; therefore, bringing this paper to a close, they are respectfully recommended to its historical organization.