

**HISTORY AND LEGEND, FACT,  
FANCY AND ROMANCE OF THE  
OLD MINE ROAD, KINGSTON, N.  
Y., TO THE MINE HOLES OF  
PAHAQUARRY**

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History and legend, fact, fancy and romance of the Old mine road, Kingston, N. Y., to the mine holes of Pahaquarry by C. G. Hine

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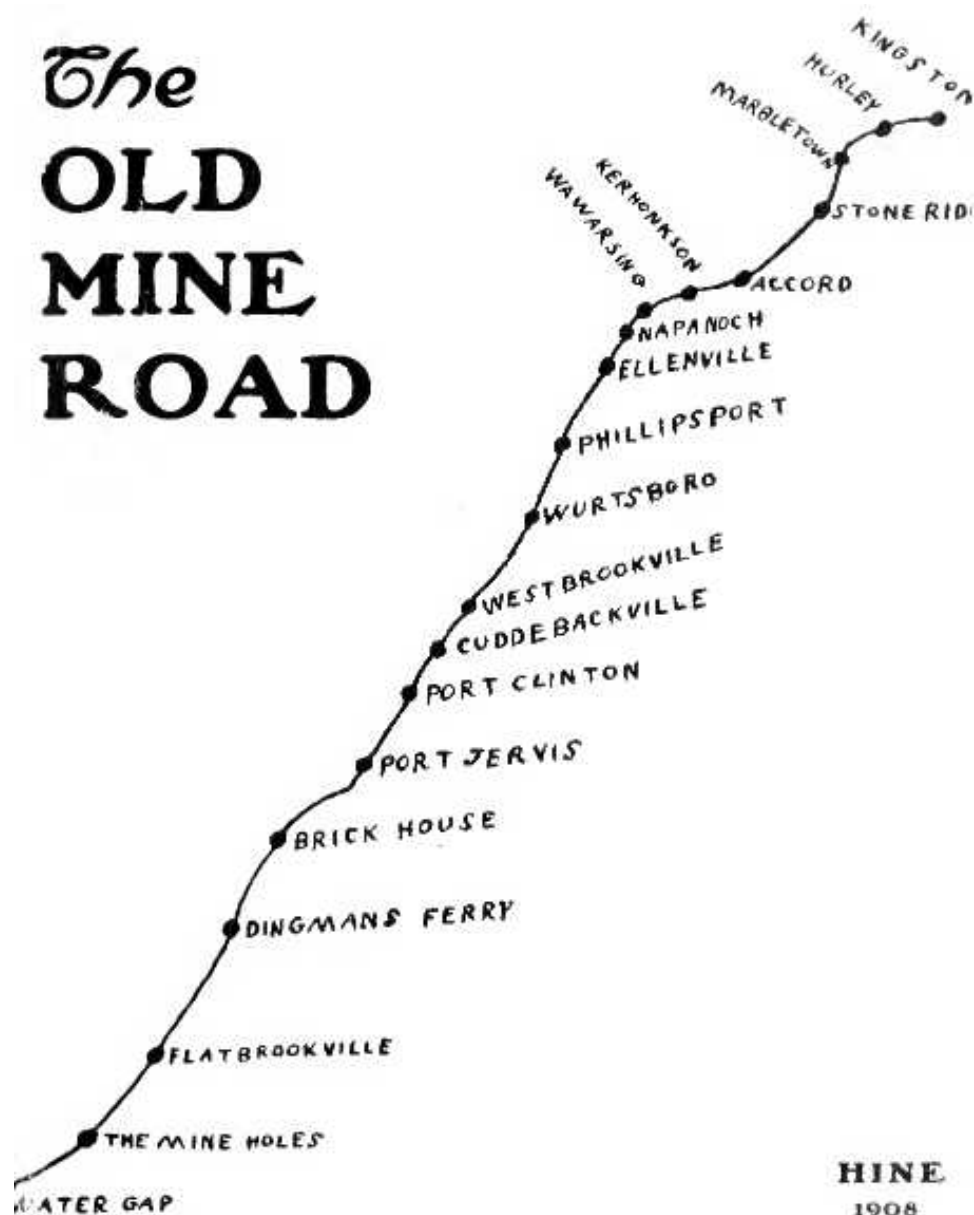
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**C. G. HINE**

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# The OLD MINE ROAD



HINE  
1908



*HISTORY AND LEGEND*

**FACT, FANCY AND ROMANCE**

of the

# **OLD MINE ROAD**

**KINGSTON, N. Y.**

to the

**MINE HOLES OF PAHAQUARRY**

"The Minisink trail ran from the Hudson, via Marbletown, Rochester, Wawarsing, Wurtsborough, Port Jervis, and the Delaware nearly to the Water Gap." Even as we shall run.

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HINE'S ANNUAL  
1905

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C. G. HINE





## A FEW FIRST WORDS.

Like the butterfly on the flower-strewn plain, the traveler on foot can laugh at fences or ditches and flit from interest to interest, taking no thought for the highway. Be it a panorama from some hilltop or an old family burial ground in the remote corner of a pasture lot, it is but the storming of a few rails or a bit of barbed wire and a brief walk amid the field flowers, or between rows of growing corn. Hence no excuse is offered for taking this trip on foot; rather do we commend ourself for having selected the best method of travel for the purpose.

It is quite out of the question for the ordinary pen to adequately depict or praise the beauties of such a region as is traversed by our Old Mine Road. A region of mountains and valleys, brooks and waterfalls, country that yields a rich return to the farmer or that is still wild with heaped rock masses, all embroidered with exquisite patterns of mountain and stream and meadowland. All this aside from the richness of its history, its legend and romance.

To be one with such pleasures for a week or more, with no care but to sip from the next cup when the present has sated, to make the few gracious friendships that are part of the experience, to carry home for the long Winter evenings the memory of it all, makes the traveler feel that he has been favored of the gods and has much to be thankful for.

Neither words nor pictures can tell the full story of such a trip as this for, as with Hamlet, the region has "that within

which passeth show". One must both see and feel it, have been of it, as only the humble wayfarer can be of it, have stepped from the dusty roadway to the softness of the cool, lush grass, or stood sheltered within the covered bridge while the sudden mountain storm rages down from the heights, and then to step out into the freshness and be part of the gorgeous rolling away of the tattered curtain: ah! that indeed is joy unspeakable:—

"To one who has been long in city pent  
 'T is very sweet to look into the fair  
 And open face of Heaven,—to breathe a prayer  
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament."

—John Keats.

The facts herein set forth have been freely taken from the writings of those learned in the subject and the lips of those willing to impart information. The fiction is largely due to the author's inability to grasp the truth. But an effort has been made to avoid anything approaching dryness — anyone who has exercised much knows how easy it is to get dry, and how uncomfortable.

It is but fair to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Benjamin M. Brink of Kingston, Dr. George W. Nash of Hurley, Mr John James Schoonmaker of Accord, Mr. David Crist of Wawarsing, Messrs. Demmon Reynolds, Edward Vernoy and Isaiah Rose of Naponoch, Messrs. Thos. H. Benedict, Alfred Ronk, Mr. Taylor and Miss E. H. Gray of Ellenville, Mrs. Harriet G. Brodhead beyond the Leurenkill, Mr. Levi Cuddeback of Cuddebackville, Professor Dolf and Messrs. W. H. Nearpass and Thomas J. Bonnell of Port Jervis, Mr. D. H. Predmore of Brick House, and to many others on whom I made brief calls by the way. While, as usual,

thanks are due for the assistance rendered by those in charge of the library of the New York Historical Society, who have placed much that was curious at my disposal, and to those of the Newark Free Library, who have saved me many a weary search.

"And I'll be sworn 't is true; travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em."

—Tempest, III., 3.