Wm. M. Darlington Esq
With the respects
of the A.

Historic and Antiquarian Scenes

IN

BROOKLYN AND ITS VICINITY,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SOME OF ITS ANTIQUITIES

BY

T. W. FIELD

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APOLOGIA.

During the progress of some extended investigations into the Revolutionary History of Long Island, many interesting incidents presented themselves, not entirely conforming to the narrow outline of a plan adopted for a larger work. These were acquired from sources, which intitled them to a fair degree of credit; had never been published, and cost a certain amount of labor in preparation and examination, which made me loth to throw them entirely aside. Many of them were in some form prepared by me for the Brooklyn Manual, though since corrected and extended by additional particulars.

While tradition and fugitive documents are not always trustworthy foundations for history, they still possess in their details an attractive interest, scarcely second to that which we yield to its more dignified relation. The present collection forms but a small portion of the mass of material obtained, much of which consists of the personal narratives of citizens of our Island, whose pens have preserved numerous details of a period in our history, which will probably never cease to attract our absorbing interest. It is the design of the author to present these in occasional publications, which will, when combined, form a body

of material that he believes, will be prized the more highly, as the traces of the events preserved in them grow fainter and more obscure. The documents already prepared for the press, treat of the Revolutionary, Colonial and Indian History of Long Island. The manuscripts of Gen. Woodhull and Gen. Johnson, the journals of Prison Ship Captives, Accounts of the Indian Tribes, The Poetry and Ballads of the Revolution on the Island, form a part of the collection.

To those readers who love minute details of the heroic period in the history of their locality, these gathered waifs are respectfully commended, with the promise that nothing shall be admitted to a place in the collection, that has not convinced the judgment of the editor, of its fidelity to historical truth.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

With three exceptions all the drawings from which these prints were engraved, were made originally by or for the author, to preserve the memory of the scenes they portray. They were used with his consent to illustrate the Brooklyn Manual and the Park Reports. The views are, and always were, the property of the author, and are now not borrowed but simply reclaimed.

NICASIUS DESILLE.

Few of the inhabitants of Brooklyn will associate with the name of Nicasius DeSille, many incidents of interest relating to the history of our country, and it is owing to the antiquarian zeal of two eminent scholars that his name has been rescued from an undeserved neglect. The translations from the records of the Town, by Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, enable us to ascertain the part performed in its organization by DeSille. Appointed Fiscal or Attorney General by Petrus Stuyvesant, he seems anxious that the town of New Utrecht should have an auspicious beginning. As soon, therefore, as the patent had been granted in January, 1657, the first of City Surveyors, Jacques Cortelyou, laid out twenty lots of fifty acres each, and the Lord Counselor, &c., Fiscal DeSille, pre-empted one.

The nineteen individuals, with unmistakebly Dutch names, who claimed the others, came together "so as speedily to advance the place by sowing, planting and building on their lots." Two hundred years must have changed somewhat the character of their descendants, for the latter are not remarkable for their eagerness to expend money to *advance* the value of their lots.

One adventurous individual, named Jacob Hellickers, alias Swart, the records say "having a small square house made of clap-boards, standing at Gravesend, incontinently tore it down and removed it to the new settlement.

On this, because they could not begin all together and alike, and for the purpose of setting a good example to the

common people, the Lord Counselor and Fiscal Nicasius DeSille and two others of the aristocracy of New Netherlands, sent for the above named Jacob Hellickers, alias Swart, who was a master builder, for the purpose of having each a house built and warranted completed in May, 1658. Shrewd Jacob Hellickers had not pulled down his clap-board house in Gravesend and set it up in the wilds of New Utrecht without an object.

But honest Jacob was not a whit better than his representative master builders of this day, for he contracted to erect the three dwellings within the specified time, and of course failed to do so.

The records proceed to inform us that "this could not be accomplished because the house of Heer DeSille was designed to be thirty-six feet in length, but afterwards, on the 31st of May, 1658, he directed six feet more to be added, making it forty-two feet long; and this was the first house in the town which was covered with red tiles"—honest Jacob Hellickers, alias Swart's clap-board palace being the first dwelling. The house and garden of Heer DeSille were enclosed with high palisades, set close together. Doubtless this was intended as a defence from the Indians, but from what we afterwards see we cannot resist the belief that it was equally the result of a shrewd foresight of the depredating habits of his neighbors' swine, for we find that on the complaint of Jacques Cortelyou, the Surveyor, the "Noble and Right Honorable Lord Director, General Petrus Stuyvesant, directed the Fiscal to warn Anthony Jansen Van Zalee to keep his cattle and hogs out of the common meadow, in default of which the Fiscal was ordered to impound the intruding animals. This Anthony Jansen Van Sale was an audacious rover, who is thought to derive his name from his Moorish origin, but perhaps had acquired it from a long captivity spent at that place. He had slight reverence for the high mightinesses of the Dutch colonial government, for he presumed to the fundamental powers of treating with

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VIEW OF THE HOUSE IN NEW UTRECHT L.I.

in which Gen. Nathaniel Woodhull died of his wounds in 1776.

This house built in 1657 by Nicasius de Sille stood on the spot now occupied by the dwelling of Barnet Wyckoff.

the Indians for their land, and claimed equal privileges with the authorities in cheating them out of it.

In consideration of an old coat, or perhaps a rusty gun barrel, he had obtained the consent of some wretched aborigines, (who would with the same nonchalance have sold him an estate in the Park of Versailles,) to occupy a large piece of the salt meadow.

Although the complaint of Jacques Cortelyou is dated only two years after the patent of the town, yet he asserts that Antony Jansen Van Sale had been many years a resident of the place, which would indicate that neither the house of DeSille represented in the accompanying plates or the humbler dwelling of Jacob Swart, was the first structure erected in the town. Some of the poetical effusions of Heer DeSille have been translated by the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, and printed by the Bradford Club in the volume of translations by Mr. Murphy, entitled "Anthology of the New Netherlands."

The poems of DeSille in that volume are prefaced by a biography of the author, written by the translator, the whole of which is subjoined in order to present the high character and real literary eminence of the leading colonists of our island.

"Nicasius DeSille, or Silla, who was first councillor in the administration of Governor Stuyvesant of the affairs of New Netherland, was a man of no ordinary attainments in literature and science. He was probably a descendant of the person of the same name who filled several important positions under the government of the United Provinces, as well as the municipality of Amsterdam, in the latter part of the sixteenth century. The identity of their names is, however, all the evidence in our possession to justify the opinion in favor of this relationship, unless indeed his title of *well born* renders the supposition more probable. The elder De Sille was a native of Malines, or Mechlin, in the Belgian

provinces, which he abandoned on account of religious persecution at the time when Balthazar de Moucheron, Peter Plancius and other of his countrymen, for the same reason, fled to Holland, where they become doubly entitled to the rights and consideration of citizens of the Dutch Republic, by reason of the part they took in the struggles of their adopted country for independence of the imperial power of Spain.

"The subject of this notice was a native of Arnhem, and came to New Netherland in the summer of 1653, bringing with him a commission from the West India Company as first councillor in the colonial government.

"In this commission he is declared to be an experienced and able statesman and soldier, and is instructed to reside at Fort Amsterdam, to deliberate with the Governor on all questions of war, police or public force; to promote alliances of amity and commerce; to assist in the administration of justice, both civil and criminal; to advise generally on all matters which might transpire in the colony. He appears to have enjoyed the confidence of the Governor, whom he accompanied in the expedition to the Deleware against the Swedes. He succeeded Van Tienhoven, in 1656, as Fiscal, or Attorney General. He was also at the same time appointed Schout or Sheriff of the city of New Amsterdam. In this office it was his duty among other important labors to make nightly tours around the town. It marks the simplicity of the times to read his complaints, on one occasion, to the Burgomasters and Schepens of the city, of the dogs making dangerous attacks upon him while performing that service, of the hallooing of the Indians in the streets, and the boys playing *hoeckje*, that is playing hide-and-seek around the hooks or corners of the streets, to the prejudice of quiet and good order.

"He became one of the proprietors of New Utrecht on Long Island, where, in 1657, he built the first house erected

in that town. It was standing until within a few years past. It was enclosed with high palisades to protect it from attack by the Indians. He resided there in 1659 and in 1674, and probably until his death, of which event, however, when and where it took place, we find no mention.

"He began the records of the town of New Utrecht, which are not only in his hand writing, but evince in different respects his literary acquirements. It is to these records that we are indebted for the few specimens of his verse, which enable us to present him as one of the poets of New Netherland.

"DeSille's closing days were clouded by domestic troubles, and he seems to have needed all the consolations of that religion which breathes throughout his poetry. He left three children, all by his first wife, a son, Lawrence, from whom have descended many bearing his name, now generally abbreviated into Sill; and two daughters, Gerdientje, who married Gerritse Van Couwenhoven, of Brooklyn, and Anna who became the wife of Hendrick Kip, of New Amsterdam."

Our interest in this fine relic of colonial life is further enhanced by the melancholy fact, that within its walls expired the brave and unfortunate General Woodhull. After being savagely hacked by a British sergeant, notwithstanding his surrender, he was removed to the church at Jamaica, in which the enemy were collecting the leading patriots, and in the morning he was transferred to a hay boat and taken down Jamaica bay to New York bay and landed at New Utrecht village in a dying condition. As it became certain that death would soon rob the malignant British officers of their vengeance, his friends permitted the noble sufferer to be removed to the DeSille house where he soon expired.

Many incidents in the history of this outlying colony which the Fiscal DeSille endured in his little government of New Utrecht have been preserved. We are pained to learn

from them what arrant rascals were some of our Dutch colonists, whose arcadian simplicity of manners, and purity of morals, we have been so credulously fond of contemplating. Even at that early period in its history existed the germ of those habits of peculation in New York and the adjacent colonies, which has grown to such thievish dimensions in these days.

Such were the complaints of the more thrifty and well-disposed of the colonists, that the irate Governor issued proclamation after proclamation announcing the direst punishments against the contumacious rascals, who had as little reverence for his Excellency's laws as for the eighth commandment. On the 7th of January, 1659, the Director-General, as we can easily conceive, with patience quite exhausted, and stamping about with fury and copious objurgations, proclaimed from the Stadt House on Pearl street:

"That Whereas daily great complaints are made that the posts, rails, clapboards and other fencing made with great cost and trouble of the inhabitants around their several lands and gardens, are stolen both night and day, the Director-General and Council expressly forbid all such familiar liberty with others' property on pain of being whipped and branded for the first offence; and for the second offence of being hung with a cord until death follows, without favor to any person. Every one is hereby warned."

After this, the Fiscal says, the inhabitants of New Utrecht "were diligent in the observance of the command"; and, in consequence, none of them fell under the dreadful ire of Hard Kopping Peter.

But even the twenty proprietors were too many to remain long in good fellowship; for the record declares that the inhabitants so often disagreed and disputed about their plantations, houses, and the watch, that one Jan Tomasson was appointed Sergeant of the Town, and De Sille sent him a halberd to aid him in preserving the peace in New Utrecht.

A few weeks before the proclamation of the edict the Fiscal DeSille, who had been appointed Scout of New Utrecht, on the complaint of the inhabitants that they were badly armed, furnished them with ten muskets and proper ammunition from his own armory. Only a week elapsed, however, says the Fiscal in his journal, before "The inhabitants disputed, quarrelled, and disagreed among one another, so that thirteen of them united in a petition for relief, which they handed to DeSille for safe keeping, as by reason of the hostile Indians they could not send it to the Director-General, who had gone on an expedition against them to Esopus." The poor Fiscal, thus tormented with his pugnacious little community, undertook to quiet its members for a time "by fortifying and surrounding his house, which alone had a tile roof, with palisades for the safety of the inhabitants, and as a place of refuge." Only two months elapsed before his uneasy subjects again made such bitter complaints about their negligent and dishonest neighbors, the broken fences and the ravaging swine, that they drove the vexed and wearied Fiscal DeSille almost out of his senses. "These disturbances," he says, "caused him so much running about, and made him so weary of his office, that he doubted whether to accept that of Sheriff of the Town of Utrecht"; but he consented, at length, in order that the ploughing and building might go on, there having been in January, 1660, only twelve buildings erected, of which one was a barn. Considering the peculating propensities of some of the inhabitants, we are not surprised to learn that even two hundred years ago, in the little town of New Utrecht, they formed a *Ring*, the members of which, his informants refrain with characteristic Dutch caution, from naming, while they pester the poor Fiscal with complaints of their rascalities. Vexations innumerable followed, and tormented the worthy and peace loving Fiscal, not the least of which was the raid upon New Utrecht of that pestilent partizan, John Schott.

One day there was a clangor of brawling trumpets and

the tramping of reckless horsemen heard in the one quiet street of the village, and a hundred Puritan guerrillas rode into it and demanded something in a barbarous and unknown tongue, but with a fierce manner which left little doubt of their purpose.

What hard work the Fiscal had to be rid of John Schott and his truculent horde who marched down to Breucklyn Ferry and even threatened to beard the Dictator-General in his Stadthuys, we have no space to narrate. The crowning trouble of the Fiscal's life, was the charge made by the the States General that he forbade the soldiers in the Fort of New Amsterdam firing upon the English troops, and in consequence the colony fell into their hands. The Fiscal's government, poetry, and troubles, form not the least interesting episode in the history of Long Island.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT JAMAICA

used as a prison by the British in August 1776

TWO BRITISH OCCUPATIONS

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF JAMAICA,

By Lord Cornbury and Gen. Howe.

The Village of Jamaica has the honor of organizing and sustaining the first church in this country which was not of State establishment. The liberality of the Dutch Colonists, not only permitted them to look upon the founding of a Presbyterian Church with indulgence, but induced them to contribute to its aid by legislative enactments. The date of the first organization of a religious body in this village is 1672, and as the form of worship has been well settled by the Rev. James M. Macdonald, its historian, to have been Presbyterian, it may be confidently claimed as the oldest of that sect in this country.

The date of the erection of the building represented by the engraving, is nearly thirty years subsequent. The quaint structure whose whimsical proportions and rude architecture provoke a smile from us, was the scene of many stirring and tragic incidents. It was the birthplace of religious tolerance in this colony, the cradle of civil as well as religious liberty—and the prison of noble patriots, who suffered martyrdom for avowing the principles of freedom, whose realization we now enjoy.

The brief stories of two scenes its walls were witnesses of will convey to the readers of this sketch some idea of the honorable place in the history of our island to which this structure is entitled. The Village of Jamaica has at various times in its history been the residence of some of the

most notable men who have been prominent in that of our country.

Among them none were more remarkable for honorable qualities than Lord Cornbury was for every opposite one. Sordid, malicious, debauched, he was a terror and a scourge to the people he was sent to govern. A fatal epidemic, probably the billious remittent plague of our sea-coast, which in 1702 prevailed in New York City, had driven his Lordship to seek safety in Jamaica. Our little neighbor, *Jameco*, was then a well grown brother, of proportions equal to if not exceeding the settlement of Breukland, yet it had not vacant tenements enough to accommodate his excellency, the scampish Governor Cornbury, and his retinue.

The best house in the village was the residence of the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Hubbard, and the modest Governor at once requested the clergyman to turn himself out of house and home and instal him, the said Cornbury, in the snug parsonage. To the great inconvenience of himself and family, the humane and generous clergyman admitted his Lordship, family and retinue. A terrible plague to his household, and a most pertinent and ungrateful guest he proved. Among other agreeable qualities, his Lordship possessed, as was by no means unnatural, while he was a most evil liver, he was a merciless bigot.

The first church with a republican form of government in America was now to feel the persecuting tyranny of a proscriptive theocracy. Twenty-one years after its founding, a few of the adherents of the State Church had crept into the village. Taking courage from the presence of so powerful an adherent, and eminent professor of their creed, the Governor's faction took forcible possession of the edifice, very much as an impudent black-bird does of a pigeons' nest while the rightful owners are absent. Between morning and evening service one Sabbath, these zealous defenders of the purity and of the honor of the house of God, entered its doors and barred the real owners out. Never did religious

zeal and theologic hate rage fiercer than in the little hamlet of Jameco. It was true that there could not be the shadow of a doubt regarding the rightful ownership of the building being vested in the Presbyterians, who had erected it, but the Governor's party took heart from the very liberalism of its founders. The resolution, by which the town voted to erect the edifice, contained not a single word which denoted its use to any particular sect; and as the State Church party—although it had neither right or numbers on its side, yet as it had a hearty desire, aided by the pious Governor, and a good deal of craft, it soon ousted the honest Presbyterians at a single hoist. The original proprietors, though true to their Dutch idiosyncracy rather slow to wrath, had not bearded Louis XIV. and the Duke of Alva, to be flouted by a Cornbury.

The village swarmed its inhabitants like an overcrowded bee-hive; and as in such cases with the irritable little insects, somebody was likely to be stung when Dutchmen were unceremoniously locked out of their own premises. The result was the Governor's faction were routed from the church, and the Dutch Presbyterians, still imitating our insect friends the bees, who always rob their own hive when dispossessed or overmastered, fell to work upon the devoted building and tore up the seats upon which they had devoutly reclined. The possession of the house, and the key to the door, did not however ensure a perpetuity of its occupation, for their opponents rallied, and reinforced by the Governor's authority, drove out the audacious Presbyterians, who claimed possession of their own property, with force and violence. Not only did the gracious and benignant Cornbury aid them in obtaining possession, but he brought the dread agency of the law to avenge their insults, and put an end to the pestilent Presbyterians. It was true, the stake and gibbet were out of fashion, but then there was the not less harrassing and intolerable prosecutions, fines and imprisonments which had come into vogue. Encouraged by him,

the State Church party prosecuted their neighbor Presbyterians before Cornbury's accommodating court, which decreed the recusants heavy fines, long imprisonments, and ruinous law expenses, so that many of them leaving house and home fled out of the province. It was true that a number of poor wretches, who had fled across the angry ocean, to find a place for their weary consciences to worship God in peace, were rendered homeless and miserable ; but then the Gospel was administered according to Lord Cornbury, and the rest was of no consequence. His success, however, in routing these miserable Presbyterians did not appease the demands of his Lordship's conscience for the prevalence of his religion, and accordingly he cast about for enriching the church he had robbed the real proprietors of.

Gratitude is so mean a virtue, only characteristic of vulgar and common people, that it was properly deemed by Lord Cornbury entirely unworthy a place in his character. It was true that the clergyman Hubbard had, with a weak generosity, permitted his Lordship to occupy his house when flying from the pestilence; but then he was only a Presbyterian minister, and occupied a handsome dwelling and a rich glebe of farm land, which, if the church belonged to the other sect, the man Hubbard certainly had no right to. The latter was therefore incontinently turned out by a sheriff named Cardwell, who has been approbriously styled a mean fellow, for performing his duty with a commendable zeal, that hurried the dissenting ranter out of his glebe. It was scant courtesy to Lord Cornbury or his sheriff, to compare the fate of the latter to that of Judas, for Cardwell soon after went and hanged himself. It is fortunate for the memory of Judas that Cardwell lived and died. Cornbury had the glebe surveyed into lots, and farmed them out for the benefit of the State Church and the true faith. Some of the sordid Dutch Presbyterians, who had not been exiled, had the audacity to grumble, and a few had the insolent temerity to protest against the occupation of their church lands,

but Cornbury soon settled his account with them by more fines and imprisonment, which doubtless the recusants continued to resent by running away from his paternal government. Cornbury gratified what Dr. Macdonald terms his "pious rage" by declaring not only all Presbyterians public nuisances, but he also decreed the Dutch Reformed clergyman and schoolmasters to be intolerable, and forbid the exercise of their profession.

These troubles put an end to the life of the clergyman Hubbard in a year or two, at the early age of twenty-eight; but such a trifle was not permitted by Lord Cornbury to disturb his lordly quiet. It was true that Hubbard was a most amiable, learned and pious man, ardently loving his people, who as warmly returned his affection, but then it is the peculiarity of men, remarkable for such weak qualities, to take the sufferings and persecutions of other people greatly to heart, and thereby cause themselves much unnecessary pain.

We do not learn whether Cornbury had the kindness to accelerate the death of Hubbard by poison, but it is probable his revenge could only be satiated by starving the miserable minister to death. The remainder of the narrative of the pious robberies and murders of Lord Cornbury must be sought in the histories of the times.

Another scene in the Old Stone Church opens on the night of August 28, 1776. The disastrous battle of Brooklyn had been fought on the day previous. Gen. Woodhull had been hacked by the swords of Oliver Delancey's troopers until he was almost lifeless, and the loyalists now protected by the British troops, turned with fury on the Whigs, who had harrassed them with their pestilent republican doctrines. The most devout among them thought they were doing both God and the King service by *haling* men to prison. They accordingly were swift to denounce their whig neighbors to the British officers, and before night the Stone Church was well crowded with the descendants of the men who had

been turned out of it seventy years before. Religious and political intolerance spring from the same fountain, and are frequently the birthright and heirloom of families. At all events the whigs who were prisoners in the Stone Church were mainly Presbyterians. A venerable old man was early in the day led into their midst, whom the most rancorous political hate would have scorned to harm, but for the selfish desire of a Tory neighbor to ingratiate himself with the British.

This person was Elder Elias Baylis, the pious and almost saintly Elder of the Church. Blind as he was, his patriotic zeal had made him so prominent that he had been selected as the chairman of the town committee of safety. His infirmity made the crime of whiggery more heinous, and a zealous tory took heart enough to seize the blind and aged man and carry him before the British officers at Jamaica, who accosted the miserable informer with honest indignation, "Why do you bring this man here; he is blind; he can do no harm." The brave loyalist, who was not to be bullied out of his captive in that fashion, replied, "It is true he is blind, but he can talk." The unfortunate but stout hearted Baylis could and did enough of that, to talk himself into prison. In the Church, the perversely cheerful old man insisted upon administering comfort from his own obstinate faith to his despondent neighbors and brethren.

The Elder had a sweet voice, and had led the choir for a whole generation in the Old Stone Church, whose walls now echoed the dirge-like strains of the Minstrel King for the last time from his voice. On the floor of that prison church a manly and noble form lay bleeding to death. It was the heroic Woodhull, whose mangled body had been flung down there, after his murderous capture. We know little of the attendant circumstances of that sorrowful night in the old church.

Death soon sealed the lips of all those who crowded the seats from which they had listened to the divine words of

comfort and instruction, and many of those who could narrate the scenes they witnessed there, perished in the sugar-house or provost jail, long before peace returned to their native village.

Elder Baylis was carried next day with Gen. Woodhull and other whigs to the Dutch Church in New Utrecht, then used as a prison. Here he perhaps had an opportunity of again administering consolation to the late President of the New York Congress, whose eyes were then fast closing in death.

Mr. Onderdonk says in his revolutionary incidents, that while in this prison church, Baylis was placed by the guard in the same pew with several of his old neighbors, whom he desired to get the Bible from the pulpit and read to him. This, their fear of violence from the British soldiers, prevented them from attempting, but they led the blind old saint to the steps, which he ascended, and was returning with the treasure of such inconceivable value to him, when the British guard, outraged possibly at the pretension of a blind dissenter to receive consolation from that source, after depriving him of the volume, beat him with inhuman violence.

As descriptive of his own and his neighbors situation, he sung the 152d Psalm,

"Lord I am brought exceeding low."

After a confinement of two months in the Provost at New York, the health of the aged and saintly patriot failed so rapidly that it was evident his captivity was drawing to a close. Even his jailors shrunk from the opprobrium of the murder of the blind old man, and at the intercession of his wife and daughters, who had often visited him, was released; but died while crossing the ferry. The heartless wretch who arrested the blind Elder, dreading the vengeance of his outraged neighbors, on the evacuation of the island by the British, fled to Nova Scotia, from whence after two years exile he returned to Jamaica, so miserable

and forlorn in appearance, that his wretchedness disarmed the resentment of those he had injured, and he was suffered to drag out the remainder of his worthless life. It is some comfort to know this was the worst punishment that could have been bestowed upon him.

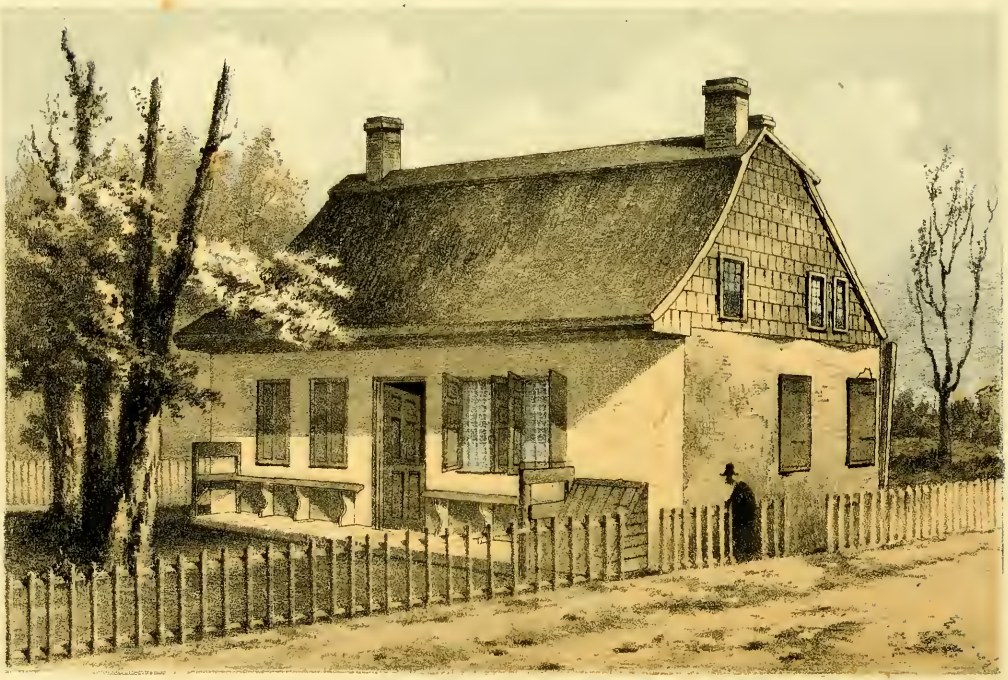
The Church was exactly forty feet square, and stood in the middle of the main street. A wide aisle passed through the centre of the building with a large door at either end. Through this broad passage one summer Sabbath, when both doors were open, a reckless fellow rode his horse at full speed. The irate Dutchmen rose in burning wrath, and unharnessing their horses from their wagons, pursued the daring and impious rascal for several miles. The pious indignation of the hard riding congregation was not however gratified by overtaking the culprit, who, better mounted and with a good start, was careful not to be overtaken by the heavy handed worshippers.

Six months exile in New Jersey, the Texas of the colonies, cured him of any fancy for steeple chases.

In 1813, after having endured for more than a century, the Old Stone Church was removed.

The vane, pierced by the bullets of the British soldiers quartered in the village from 1776 to 1783, until the winds sifting through the ball holes, would no longer turn it on its rusty socket, is said to be still in existence.

Only one house of worship of Revolutionary date remains on this part of the island—the Quaker meeting house at Flushing.



Lithog. of A. Brown 2 Bell Theatres St. N.Y.

SUYDAM HOUSE,

built by Leffert Lefferts on Bushwick Lane about 1700, occupied by a Company of Hessians in the Revolution.

THE SUYDAM HOUSE,

AND

THE HESSIANS IN BROOKLYN.

The auxiliary troops of the British Army left many traces of their occupation in Brooklyn, and many of their number, to represent the Teutonic element of the foreign troops, which for seven years, made its surface little more than a camp. Evidence of their occupation of one at least of the residences of the old citizens, remains to this day, upon the house of Hendrick Suydam's family, in the 18th Ward. The street upon which it is situated, now called Evergreen avenue, was then known as New-Bushwick Lane, and connected the King's highway to Jamaica, with the Cripplebush road to Newtown. The house itself is a venerable and well preserved specimen of Dutch architecture—the first story built of stone, almost thick enough for a fortress, and lighted by the same tiny panes of glass set in heavy sash, which give it the air of looking through spectacles. The walls of the house have been built not less than one hundred and sixty years, as the traditions of the family testify. The farm was bought by Jacob Suydam, the ancestor of the present occupants, in the year 1768, at which time the house had been occupied by the former proprietor, Leffert Lefferts, since 1724. In the deed by which the property was transferred to Suydam, it is termed the farm and dwelling house of Leffert Lefferts, of Bushwick, and Annetje his wife, in New Bushwick.—Lots conveyed to them by William Van Nuys. Jacob Suydam was accustom-

ed to say to his son Hendrick that the old house was in such bad condition in 1768 that it was necessary to make large repairs before he could occupy it.

It is built as was the invariable practice of the old Hollandish settlers, in a gentle depression of the ground, where it would be protected from the sweep of the dreaded north wind. The airy site and broad prospect which so entice the newer occupants of Brooklyn soil, had no attractions for the phlegmatic and comfort-loving Dutch race. The old farmers quietly hid their houses away in the little valleys and turns of the road, much as a cautious fowl creeps into a hedge, and constructs its nest for a long incubation. But it is chiefly for the marks it bears of the rude times of the Revolutionary struggle, that it is interesting to us. In the month of November, 1796, Gen. Johnson, says, in his Manuscript Recollections of the Revolution, "Col. Rahl took up his quarters in Bushwick, with a regiment of Hessians. They constructed barracks on the land of Abraham Luqueer, although many of them were also quartered on the inhabitants. The regiment of Col. Rahl made free use of the wood in the Wallabout Swamp, which extended along north of the Cripplebush Road, from the Bay to Newtown Creek." In the humane treatment of a conquered enemy, the Hessian soldiers, after they became acquainted with the people of the island, would compare with the British, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The testimony not only of the prisoners of the Wallabout prison-ships is often highly creditable to their humanity. They had first, however, to be disabused of the conviction so craftily impressed by the British, of the barbarity and savage cruelty of the Americans.

But their cupidity and proneness to commit petty robberies, appropriating every species of property, upon which they could, without much personal risk, lay their hands, has begot for them the reputation of arrant thieves. It was seldom however, that they wantonly injured the property of

others, as occurred at the house of Hendrick Suydam. The old farmer like his brother the stout Lambert Suydam, of Bedford, captain of the King's County troop of horse, was a sound Whig, though compelled, from his situation in the midst of the British camp, to take the oath of conformity, or be lodged in a fœtid and infected prison, with numbers of his Bushwick neighbors. He could not, however, obtain his freedom from an infliction scarcely less pestiferous than the other alternative, the lodgment in his house of a squad of Hessian soldiers. So filthy were their habits, that a malignant fever ensued, in the summers succeeding their occupancy of the houses of Bushwick, Brooklyn, and Flatbush, where they were quartered, which carried off numbers of the inhabitants. In consequence of their peculiar habits, so abhorrent to the fastidious neatness of our Dutch ancestors, the Hessian soldiers were termed the Dirty Blues.

It was during the absence of Hendrick Suydam on service with the revolutionary army, that twenty-one Hessians, with a woman to perform their cooking, were quartered in the south room, while Mrs. Suydam and her children were compelled to occupy that on the other side of the hall. She found her situation unendurable in a short time, from the outrageous conduct of the Hessians, and accordingly abandoned the house in alarm. Three months after when she returned to her dwelling it was found completely sacked, the furniture and bedding stolen, and every part of it covered with filth.

On one occasion during the occupation of the Suydam House, a Hessian Captain, for want of other occupation, or possibly to spite his Dutch host, chopped with his sword several large pieces from one of the side-posts of the doorway.

As a memento of the old troublous times, and to keep green the memory of the wrongs which so deeply embit-

tered him, the old Whig would never permit the defacement to be repaired.

With Dutch pertinacity in the same humor, his descendants have very commendably preserved the tokens of the detested occupation of their domicile by a foreign enemy, and the marks of the Hessian sword are still apparent.

The Germans early entertained a fondness for the soil of Bushwick and Brooklyn, for even at this period they exhibited the strongest desire to escape from military control, and settle upon it. That they had then discovered its capacity for the manufacture and storage of lager beer is susceptible of some proof. Certainly all the frightful tortures which awaited the captured deserter did not deter them from attempting escape from British protection. Many of them settled in Brooklyn, and by their thrift and industry acquired not a little property. One of the subjects of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, named Louis Warner, in some quiet Dutch fashion of his own, crept out of the watch and ward of his majesty, George the Third's soldiers, who zealously endeavored to return the *dear* subjects of the Elector to his paternal care. Louis pursued the occupation of milkman for a long time on the Luqueer farm, in Bushwick, now nearly covered by the building of Peter Cooper's glue factory, where he had bivouacked with his Hessian comrades for many months during the revolution.

Chris. Zimmerman was another of the Hessian auxiliaries who preferred to remain upon the land which the cupidity of his prince and the perversity of fortune had cast him. For many years after he quit the hard trade of a soldier, by conveying himself away from the guardianship of British troops, he pursued the peaceful occupation of miller at the old mill on the Maspeth turnpike in Bushwick, in later years known as Master's mill. Chris. was a surly German, of bibulous habits, whom the boys of Bushwick, now grown to Bank Presidents and sober Judges, then playing about the flume and wheel of his mill, still remember for the maledictions

he vented, when he chased them in great dudgeon from their sporting grounds.

The intervals of sobriety in Chris.'s life became shorter and less frequent, until he left the mill, and rented the old Bushwick Town House, situated opposite the Bushwick church, on Woodpoint road. Here the town business was, for many years after the revolution, transacted. The militia musters, the justices' courts, and all gatherings of the freeholders of the town were held at this building, which the thrift of the Dutch town proprietors induced them to let annually for an inn. Under the shadow of the liberty pole which was erected near, just after the evacuation of the Island by the British, Chris. Zimmerman kept his tavern, until the freeholders unanimously quit-claimed their title in the land and building to the trustees of the Bushwick church, when he disappeared from the observation of his former guests, crawling, it was thought, into some wretched hole, like a toothless and dissipated old rat, to die.

A character well-known in Brooklyn for many years after the revolution, was Sam Higbee, who supplied his customers with the spoils of New York Bay. Higbee had fought on the Flatbush hills on the bloody twenty-seventh of August, under Gen. Sullivan. When the frightful rout began, (and the survivors of four thousand Americans, after having been driven by De Heister's soldiers upon Clinton's grenadiers, only to be thrown back again upon the Hessian bayonets, at last broke through the enclosing ranks,) Higbee succeeded in reaching Freeke's mill-pond, and plunging in, was lucky enough to make his way safely across.

One of his strongest animosities was against a bandy-legged rope maker, named Engles, who was also a soldier in the same battle, but unfortunately for his peace, not on the same side with Higbee. Engles was a Hessian artilleryman, and although fighting stoutly against the Americans while in the British service, proved a good citizen of the republic, as soon as he could find a fair occasion to change sides.

The boys, who highly enjoyed the altercations of Higbee and Engles, were fond of saying that Engles' legs had received their peculiar curve by his service in riding the stout Dutch artillery horses. Although a son of Higbee had married a daughter of Engles, the old fisherman could never forgive his ancient enemy for participating in the carnage of the rout from which he had so barely escaped. Whenever Higbee met his quondam Hessian relative, his patience could not endure the memory of that disastrous day, when De Heister and Clinton were playing shuttlecock with the American army, and the credulous Germans, infuriated by the wily falsehoods of the British regarding the barbarity of the Americans, were butchering them without mercy. All these recollections were too much for the crisp temper of Sam Higbee, whenever he caught sight of Engles, and his fish-cry was instantly arrested, to pour a torrent of imprecations upon the ——— Hessian, who, in company with his countrymen, had rattled their musket-balls about his ears while he was plunging through the muddy waters of Gowanus Creek.

Engles was not the only Hessian who attained a good estate and fair credit with his old enemies. A handsome farm on Fulton street near Clinton, extending to Love Lane, was owned by ——— Swartcoup, who made an involuntary emigration to America in the Hessian ranks, and fought in De Heister's columns, on the hills overlooking Valley-Grove. Swartcoup determined to remain and enjoy the land over which he tramped as a conquering enemy, and was fortunate enough to find an opportunity. In the Hessian service he had been an armorer, and from this occupation he naturally enough became the gunsmith of Brooklyn. For a long time after the revolution, the people of the town had enough to do, besides furbishing up their old arms, and it is probable that Swartcoup would have had short commons but for other occupation. Yet little by little he scraped together sufficient to buy the farm now so immense-

ly valuable. Idle people, who knew nothing of old Swartcoup's secret, said he had found a pot of gold. And so he had, but it was hid in his own energy and thrift. For many years he kept his shop on Fulton street, near the junction of Clinton. He was remarkable for his venerable and striking appearance, his long white beard and stately march marking him as one of the notables of the staid little Dutch village of Brooklyn.

But among the numerous converts to republicanism among the Hessians, there was not one whose fortunes were more varied, or whose fate at the time excited more interest than an officer named Conrad. He had, while stationed with his regiment in Brooklyn, become enamored with the beautiful daughter of —— ——, and, as he was a noble, soldierly-looking fellow, he was unfortunate enough to awaken her admiration, if not affection, and by his ingenuity, stimulated by his love, he contrived to elude the watchfulness of the British guardians of the German auxilliaries, and remained on Long Island.

The impression he had made on the lady was much more favorable than upon her father, but even Dutch fathers are sometimes obliged to succumb to the vehemence of the universal passion, and the Hessian officer and his beautiful sweetheart were married. When the affairs of the respective governments engaged in our revolutionary struggle had become well settled, and the accounts of the little potentate of Hesse Cassel and his customer, George the Third, fairly balanced, so that there was no longer any danger in our officer's return to his native country, he deemed it necessary to revisit it for the recovery of some property which he hoped to secure for himself.

Old —— was not slow to grasp all the advantages which the absence of the object of his dislike afforded, and skillfully made use of the apparent silence of the absent husband, to instill into his daughter a belief that she had been deserted forever by a faithless foreigner. Whether his letters

were really miscarried and lost, or were surreptitiously disposed of by her father, is uncertain; but the old man adroitly took the occasion of the mood of resentment his oft-repeated story of desertion had aroused, to recommend to her favor an old admirer, who once more presented himself. This was the miller, John Cornell, a stout, handsome young fellow, whose tide-mill stood near the junction of ——— and ——— streets, its wheel turned by the waters collected twice each day in the great pond that spread out over a large part of the sixth ward, then and long after known as Cornell's Pond. Poor Conrad had left his handsome wife with strong confidence, for long before he departed it had become evident that she was carrying within her a little being whose existence to him was a sufficient guarantee of her fidelity. Mrs. Conrad had borne a daughter soon after his absence, who had received and always bore the name of Hannah Conrad. The little girl, who gave evidence of a beauty more than hereditary, did not, however, prove the irrefragible bond her father had anticipated, for moved by her natural resentment of her husband's neglect, the constant asservations of his entire desertion by her father, and the warm attentions of the honest miller, she at last yielded and accepted him as her suitor. It seems incredible at this day, that no precautions should have been deemed necessary to establish the fact of the death of her husband, or to procure a legal separation from him. But without taking much trouble to make the union legal and its offspring legitimate, the intrigue of old ——— was successful, and the miller was united in marriage to his old sweetheart. Where the devil sets his foot without opposition, he usually contrives to make the place uncomfortably hot in a short time, and accordingly this wretched comedy had hardly been performed when the outraged husband returned with the most sanguine anticipations of domestic happiness. His success in his designs abroad already gave him the most radiant hopes of an affectionate and joyous reception, which were

crushed in an instant by the information of the infidelity of his loved wife.

The news of his arrival had sped before him, and the greatest precautions were taken to prevent his obtaining an interview with her. Day after day he paced impatiently, and almost crazed in front of her house in —— street, until at last he became convinced that she would no longer see him, and had really become indifferent to one who had so clear a right to her love. At last the torment of his cruel desertion became so intolerable, that one evening he dragged himself, worn down with watching, and a broken heart, to the steps of her house, and placing a pistol to his head, discharged it into his brain, and fell dead almost at her feet. If the woman possessed a soul, who would envy her the nights and days of a long, long life that was prolonged beyond the generation which had known her faithlessness and her sorrow. And yet there was much to qualify our censure of her conduct, and much to elicit even pity for her unfortunate position. She lived to almost a century, retaining until her latest years, a beauty, for which she is remembered by all who ever saw her. There was a placid gentleness in her face that made one willing to believe her rather the victim, than the perpetrator of a crime. Among her descendants are some of the most reputable and wealthy of the citizens of Brooklyn.

Not on her own person did the retribution for the wrongs of the unfortunate Hessian fall, but the avenging angel, notwithstanding, dealt his swiftest and fiercest blow upon her. Hannah Conrad, at eighteen years, had acquired all the splendid beauty which her youth and parentage promised, and the number and quality of her admirers was not lessened by the memory of her early misfortune. The favorite, and it was believed, the accepted lover, was a young lawyer, afterwards promoted in the judicial affairs of King's county to the office of magistrate of its court. One day a concourse of people had gathered about St. Ann's churchyard in Fulton-street, where St. Ann's buildings now stand, and

drawn by curiosity, the young girl approached just as the gravediggers were removing from the earth the corpse of a man who had died of yellow fever. At the very instant of her appearance, the body feculent with its dreadful poison, was carried close to the young girl, unconscious of her danger. But a few days elapsed before she sickened with the terrible pestilence, and was carried to the grave.

Although generally arrant thieves, the Hessians exhibited much greater humanity towards the American prisoners, whom they guarded, than the English soldiers. They frequently robbed the women who carried food to the prisoners across the ferry, where they were stationed as a guard, but they seldom offered the prisoners or their friends any personal abuse, and often permitted indulgences which their British comrades brutally refused. Their thievery was incessant, and wonderfully comprehensive. The Hesse Hanaus, described as an ill-favored set of little men, who were stationed at Oyster Bay in the winter of 1783, performed the almost incredible feat of stealing the Episcopal Church of that place. The first comers ripped out the seats and planks to build barracks, berths and other conveniences, and their later comrades so thoroughly gleaned the other accessible portions for fuel, that the building, for want of sufficient material to secure it, fell down in a succeeding storm. It is stated that the wreck was sold at auction, but what such industrious peculators could have left, to furnish a subject of a vendue, is beyond our comprehension. The German auxiliaries of all ranks, were possessed with a spirit of acquisitiveness so unsatiable, as to appear grotesque in its monstrosity. Gen. de Heister was an old officer, and had at the period of his embarkation for America, so little hope of ever returning that he would not accept the command, until his Sovereign Prince had given him his solemn pledge to provide for his widow and orphans, as he deemed the family he left behind. But the sight of the riches of the rebels, which, with continental ideas of warfare, he deemed his just perquisites, so inflamed the old Hessian's cupidity,

that he began at once to store up the most heterogeneous mass of plunder, which any warrior ever carried in his train. It excited the astonishment of the English officers, at its curious medley, and evoked the mockery and laughter of the whole army. So great was the amount collected by Col. Rhall, that when he was surprised by Washington at Trenton, twenty-one wagon loads of plunder were distributed by him to the persons robbed, as far as they could be ascertained. The Hessians were perpetually watchful of opportunities to desert, and were not unfrequently subjected to some of the most frightful punishments when detected. For ordinary offences, picketing was the usual sentence, which was executed by suspending the offender by one arm to the limb of a tree, while the ball of his foot rested upon a sharp stake, which had been driven into the ground beneath him. No penalty however could be devised, the horrors of which were sufficiently appalling, to prevent their attempts to escape from the hated bondage. To effect this they not only hazarded the awful punishment doomed them by their officers, but often placed themselves in imminent hazard of death from the elements. During the latter part of March, 1780, three of the Prince of Hesse Cassel's subjects attempted to desert from their camp at Loyd's Neck, by crossing the Sound, but from ignorance of navigating their craft, or its great insecurity, two of their number were drowned, and the other with much difficulty landed upon the Connecticut shore. The story of one of these deserters exhibits an astonishing instance of human endurance, only less wonderful than his determination of purpose.

In 1781 a regiment of Germans from Waldeck, who had been captured by the French on one of the West India islands, having been exchanged or paroled were quartered in Flatbush. Many of them were billetted upon the citizens, who were compelled to furnish them quarters in their own houses, with conveniences for cooking their food. The officers were alloted rooms by themselves, while the privates were quartered in the kitchen.

The conduct of the members of the regiment was so unexceptionable, and so few depredations were committed by them that the inhabitants remembered them chiefly for the terrible punishment endured by one of the soldiers named Raymond. In common with many of his comrades he had formed the determination of deserting, which he at length accomplished at great hazard, and secreted himself on board of an American merchant ship; the poor fugitive had the misfortune to be recognized, when the ship was captured by a British Cruiser, and on the arrival of the latter in New York, he was sent back to Flatbush. His Colonel, DeHorn, at once instituted a court martial, which sentenced him to walk the gauntlet ten times, a decision equivalent to a sentence of death. Raymond was stripped to his waist and placed between two platoons of soldiers, the front with fixed bayonets reversed, and the rear carried the same presented towards him; the regiment was then formed in two open ranks facing each other, and while the two platoons marched slowly along with the prisoner between them, each soldier was required to inflict upon him a heavy blow with a whip. At each return a sergeant passed in front of the victim with a bundle of small hickory or other saplings, from which every soldier was required to draw a fresh one, in order to prevent him secretly injuring his rod, so as to lessen the severity of the chastisement. Ten times was this terrible punishment repeated, and still to the astonishment of all, the wretched Raymond survived. His back was dreadfully lacerated; every blow being followed by a spurt of blood, yet through all the infernal torture his determination never faltered. Five thousand blows must have fallen upon him, and yet his decision was unalterable to kill his Colonel and desert. His comrades would not however permit him to accomplish his revenge, but he succeeded at length in deserting, and reached the American lines in safety. At Philadelphia Dr. Strong naively says he was treated with such signal attention on making his story known, as almost to compensate him for his sufferings.

THE REDOUBT AT VALLEY GROVE.

On the knoll projecting into the valley, so far as to cover the road into the village of Flatbush, was constructed the battery which Gen. Sullivan, unconcious of the stratagem which the British were then preparing for him, supposed was doing splendid execution in holding De Heyster's columns in check. The position was admirably adapted for the purpose, and the Americans who had worked sturdily in the construction of the redoubt, from the moment the Hessians appeared at Flatbush, now as busily employed its guns in its defence. Just in front of it the Porte Road forked from the main Brooklyn Road, giving the position additional importance from its power of defending two routes to the Brooklyn lines. The Porte or Gate road, so called from its being an opening in the line of hills, led to Freek's Mill Pond, part of whose dam is still in existence. Half a mile in front of the redoubt, and within the present village of Flatbush, was the little half moon entrenchment, on the land of Judge Martense, and from which the Americans had been driven out a day or two before by the Hessians. Across the Flatbush road lay the huge trunk of the Old Dongan Oak, rendered historic as the White Oak referred to by Gov. Dongan, in his charter grant, as one of the land marks in the boundaries of Brooklyn. It had that morning been felled by an axe in the hands of Simon Voorhis, whose farm house was at the very time being plundered by the invaders who occupied it. The branches of the tree were sharpened by the sturdy farmer, and made a formidable obstacle to the approach of an assaulting column.

The farm on which the redoubt was situated was owned for many years after by the Beaseley family. It is on the side hill to the east, that Col. Alden J. Spooner planted the first vineyard attempted in America. The celebrated Isabella Grape had but recently been brought to notice by Mrs. Isabella Gibbs, of Brooklyn, and it was this variety that Col. Spooner here planted. Among the first of the many treatises on the culture of fruit was that of Col. Spooner, relating to the Grape; the result of his experience in its cultivation on this spot. It was on the heights overlooking it that Gen. Sullivan commanded in person, and from whence, impatient of the delay of De Heyster's assault, the cause of which he could not divine, he made the ill-judged reconnoisance in which he was taken prisoner. His presence at the center would not probably have changed the result; but he might have checked the dreadful rout and organized such resistance as would have protected the fugitives in their flight. General Greene was not a better soldier than Sullivan, but he was a far better general officer. The former left nothing to chance, and considered fighting only a part of the duties of a commander; while Gen. Sullivan's bravery made him overlook some of the preliminary steps to success. All the routes over the hills would have been examined and guarded by Greene, and the British compelled to perform some hard fighting in passing them. Sullivan ought also to have secured all the tories and royalist sympathizers, who were suffered to have free communication between his lines and the British. Sullivan's vain confidence in his ability to repulse the attacking party was exhibited in his reply to the apprehensive question of one of the American Chaplains, who asked him if he had guarded the Jamaica road, as the British might make a circuitous march and by taking that road outflank him. His reply had not a little of the insolent scorn of military men for clerical interference with their duties, for he replied—"Yes so that an Angel cannot force it."

The petulance of the General was probably much in-

creased by the selection of General Putman for the Chief Command on the Island ; his aspirations for the position having been disregarded by Washington. The confident boast was soon forgotten in the stirring events which almost immediately succeeded, terminating in his own capture, for in a letter written by him, October 25th, he makes a statement somewhat contradictory. "General Putman had taken the Command from me four days before the action. I was uneasy about a road through which I had often foretold that the enemy would come, but could not persuade others to be of my opinion.

"I went to the hill near Flatbush to reconnoitre, and with a picket of four hundred men was surrounded by the enemy, who had advanced by the very road I had foretold, and which I paid horsemen $50 for patroling by night, while I had the command."

General Sullivan was without doubt, at the time of his surprise, occupying either the hill on which the redoubt stood, or the one opposite, across the Flatbush road. This capture was not effected without a stout resistance, for he continued to fight for three hours after he was surrounded.

The guns in the redoubt proved a source of much annoyance to the British Forces encamped in Flatbush, under the command of Lord Conwallis.

Dr. Strong, late pastor of the church in that village, gathered many facts relating to its occupation, and narrates that the British soon possessed themselves of the half moon redoubt thrown up by the Americans at the north of the village. The fire from the woods and the Valley Grove redoubt was however so severe that to defend themselves the invaders broke embrasures for their cannon through the stone walls of the house of Adrian Hegeman. This heavy old Dutch structure, built in the ponderous style in fashion among the Dutch Colonists, afforded almost the protection of a fortress. Another similar defence was made of the house of Lefferts Martense, on the opposite side of the road. This house was built of wood, and covered by

one of those long roofs, sloping almost to the ground, characteristic of Dutch architecture, and in this roof apertures were cut for musketery.

The houses which stood between the British lines and the woods, were often used by the American riflemen for covers to approach within range of the enemy, and thus greatly annoy and frighten the simple Germans. To obviate this detachments, were sent out by Cornwallis which set fire to the houses of Jeremiah Vanderbilt, Leffert Lefferts and Evert Hegeman. The British were exercised by little scruple in the use or destruction of the houses of the conquered Americans, for they took possession of the houses of Cornelius Antonides and Rem. Vanderbilt, which they occupied as hospitals. The church was used as a prison for the captured Americans; and the principal hospital was in the old school house.

Many of the wounded prisoners taken in the battle of the 27th of August, died in these hospitals. A lady who had been absent for thirteen days, counted on her return, twenty-eight new made graves in the churchyard, which probably contained more than one corpse. The inhabitants of the neighboring village of Flatbush, had fled before the advancing army of the invaders, and the road to Brooklyn which passed the redoubt was so unfrequented from the day of their landing, on the 22d of August, until after the retreat of the American army, that it was nearly grown over with the grass which had sprung up, nourished by the almost constant rains which prevailed during the interval. The places along the road however, which had been occupied by the encampments, presented a scene of waste, desolation and filth that was sickening. The street was not only strewn with the usual litter of a camp, but with the wrecks of furniture from the houses, the contents of their feather beds, skins of animals, and with the ghastly skeletons, or recognizable heads of the stock which had been slain and used in the most reckless profusion. The houses which had been abandoned by their inhabitants,

presented a sad spectacle on their return, of the destruction and pillage which attends the progress of an invading force. Not only were the feather beds cut open and their contents strewn along the highways and fields, but the wells were filled with them so as to render their water unfit for use. So wanton had been the sacking of the dwellings of Flatbush, that the very furniture which the enemy's soldiers had used for their own convenience during their occupation, was broken to pieces on their abandoning their quarters. The best rooms in the houses had been used as stables for the horses, while the drawers in their cupboards and bureaus had served as mangers and feeding troughs.

During the interval before the battle the enemy exhibited a wholesome dread of the American riflemen in the woods adjacent to the redoubt, and kept at a safe distance from their outskirts. The Hessians complained biterly of their exposure for two or three days, to what they termed savage warfare, and were at their urgent request removde by Lord Cornwallis to safer quarters.

The guns in the redoubt exhibited in the engraving, were of too small a calibre to produce any great effect upon the advancing lines of the Hessians on the morning of the 27th; yet the Americans seem confidently to have relied upon their power of repelling the assault. The site of the battery was long in doubt, but the writer of this sketch expended no inconsiderable time and labor in accumulating the testimony which fixed it on this spot beyond doubt. A view of it was taken at the expense of the writer, and furnished by him to adorn the 7th annual Prospect Park Report, in which it appeared without acknowledgment of its source, or of the accompanying description.

FREEK'S AND DENTON'S MILLS.

The Mill Ponds of Brooklyn, formed such important portion of its defences in 1776, and added by the impediments they presented to the retreat of the Americans, so much to the horrors of the rout, that they will continue to be objects of interest while the memory of that event continues.

Freek's Mill, or the old Gowanus Mill, is said by Mr. Teunis G. Bergen, to have been the oldest of these structures in the city; it stood near the junction of Nevins and Sacket streets, and is shown to have been in existence as early as 1661, by a deed conveying the interest of Isaac DeForest, to Adam Brower; the property having been held jointly by them prior to that date, as lessees, under the patent of Jan Evertse Bout, dated July 6, 1645. Mr. Bergen found evidence of this in the affidavits of Jan Cornelius Buys and Dirick Jansen, of Sept. 12, 1698; who testify that Bout gave the corn and meadows and place whereon the Mill is grounded, to the children of Adam Brower, in 1667.

The heirs of the old colonist, Jan Bout, subsequently executed a conveyance of the neck of land on which the Mill was situated to Adam Brower, in conformity with his design. The Pond was formed by constructing a dam across the upper part of Gowanus Kill, and portions of the structure may still be traced between Third and Fourth Avenues.

A break in the line of defences near this pond, which nearly proved fatal on the day of the battle has been attributed to the haste with which the entrenchments had been constructed; but this hypothesis appears scarcely credible, when we consider that Col. Ward's regiment of almost six

FREEKE'S MILLS WITH YELLOW MILLS IN THE DISTANCE

burnt on the 27th of Aug. 1776 while the Americans were retreating across Gowanus Creek.

hundred strong, had been engaged in their construction for nearly two months.

From some unexplainable cause a gap in the line of defence had been left open between the head of the dam and the entrenchments until the morning of the battle. Hezekiah Munsel says in his narrative that on the morning of that day he was stationed near a tide mill, which he erroneously styles the Yellow Mills, this being the designation given to Denton's Mill, which was situated a few hundred yards farther south.

During the morning Mr. Munsel was engaged with the regiment to which he belonged in closing the gap, by digging an entrenchment and forming a line of abattis in front. This was constructed from a row of apple trees growing in an adjacent orchard, which were cut down and dragged into line. The closing of the gap was concealed from the enemy's view by a group of forest trees, and during the day a movement of of the enemy indicated that he had been apprised of the breach by some of the Tory inhabitants, but was totally unaware of the completion of the lines.

A heavy force moved up, as if to assault them, but on approaching within less than an hundred yards, halted as if surprised at the discovery of the defence, and after re-receiving a sharp fire wheeled and retired.

Washington visited the defences at this point during the day, and while giving orders to the Colonel in command, a man who seemed to be a citizen of the Island, was observed to have become inextricably fastened in the mud of the pond, while fleeing from the enemy.

Several of the soldiers were desirous of going to his aid, but Washington ordered them back, saying that their effort would be unavailing, for they would be unable to extricate themselves and would thus unavoidably be made prisoners by the enemy. The fate of the unfortunate man was lost sight of in the number involved in a similar one.

Many conflicting statements have been published relative

to the number of fugitives who were drowned in the creek and mill pond, each of which is probably true of the particular spot referred to. Several persons of credibility narrate that they visited the battle field the day after the conflict, and saw but two or three bodies of soldiers drowned in the creek.

When it is recollected that skirmishing along the lines of the creek was continued during a portion of three days subsequent to the battle, and that in the intervals soldiers were employed in removing the bodies from the creek and ponds at low water, it is evident that these citizens could really have known but little of the matter.

Denton's Mill which appears in the engraving on the right, was known as the Yellow Mills. The pond was formed by damming a branch of Gowanus Kill, and proved a formidable obstacle to the flight of the fugitives from the battle field on the 27th of August. Col. Smallwood charges a fatal act of selfishness, and indeed of rank cowardice, (which is only another name for that vice,) upon a Col. Ward, who commanded one of the New England regiments on this day. As soon as this panic struck officer had secured the retreat of his own troops over the bridge and dam, in order to prevent pursuit by the enemy he set fire to the Yellow Mills and bridge, with an utter disregard for the crowd of fugitives who were to follow. This was the more unnecessary as the passage was covered by a battery of cannon, and would, Col. Smallwood asserts, have afforded a secure retreat for his battallion, two hundred and fifty-six of whom fell not far from the site of the mill.

Denton's Pond was the subject of a curious contract about 1709, between its original proprietors Abram and Nicholas Brower, and Nicholas Vechte, who in 1699 erected the building known as the Cortelyou House. With the strong prediliction of his race for canals and dikes and water communication, old Vechte added the traits of excentricity and independence. His house stood on a bank a few feet above

the Salt Meadow, at the distance of a hundred yards from the navigable waters of the creek. To secure access to them from his kitchen door, Vechte dug a narrow canal to the creek, but the ebb tide often left his boat firmly sunk in the mud, when he wished to reach the city market with the produce of his farm. He therefore contracted with the Browers to supply him with water from their pond, and a channel was in furtherance of his scheme dug to a water gate, through which his canal was to be flooded. The old Dutch farmer was accustomed to seat himself in his loaded boat, while it was resting on the mud of the empty channel, and hoist his paddle as a signal to his negro servant to raise the gate. The water soon floated his boat and bore him out to the creek, exulting with great glee over his neighbors, whose stranded boats must await the next flood. The contract for this privilege as well as another by which Vechte leased the right to plant the ponds with oysters, are in possession of Mr. Arthur Benson.

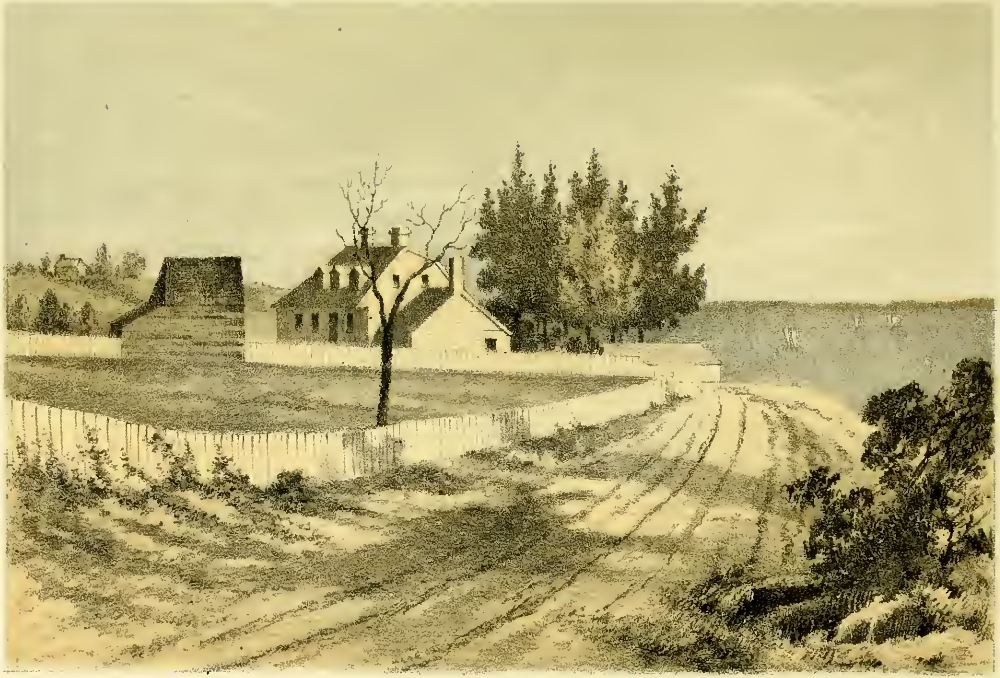
Vechte's canal was said to have been a fatal barrier to the flight of the fugitives from the battle field. The hedge had so overgrown it that its width was deceptive, and many of the poor fellows, deluded by its apparent narrowness, attempted to leap it, and either fell short or only landed on the treacherous bog to fall back into the channel then filled by the tide. In this manner, it is said numbers, of the Marylanders, after their splendid and heroic assaults on the British battery stationed at the Cortelyou house had been repulsed, were either drowned or shot while struggling in the slimy water. A great and wealthy city should not permit a century to elapse before a fitting monument should commemorate the generous self-sacrifice of these noble young men.

DENYSE'S FERRY LANDING.

The bluff on which Fort Hamilton is constructed, was occupied at the period of the Revolution by the houses of Denyse Denyse, Abram Bennet and Simon Cortelyou. The house of the latter, who was a Tory, is the one in the foreground of the engraving. The neighborhood was inhabited almost entirely by loyalists, one of whom was the notorious British Pilot and spy, Frank James, who commanded a tender to the Asia, and by various devices lured many American coasting vessels under her guns, when they were plundered and their crews made prisoners. Chris. Duyinck, of New York, lay many nights in the reeds and thickets near, in hope to capture him. The adventures of these two worthies, from a chapter of some interest in the Narrative of Military operations on Long Island in 1776.

A party of Americans established a battery of two or three twelve pounders on this point, from which they fired into the Asia, as she headed the fleet on Lord Howe's entrance to the inner bay. The great ship brought her broadside of forty guns of heavy calibre to bear upon the audacious artillery men, and sent a storm of twenty-four and thirty-two pound balls crashing through the grounds around the houses we have named. One of the balls passed through Bennet's kitchen, and another tore away the paling of the garden fence of Denyse Denyse. Near this point the landing of sixteen thousand British and Hessians occurred on the morning of the 22d of August. A drawing accompanying the detail of services of Sir George Collier, in America, represents a severe resistance from a battery erected here, being made during the landing.

The scene was one of the most imposing which the new world had yet witnessed. A vast fleet composed of vessels manned by six thousand sailors stretched across the



Lith. of A. Brown 9 & 11 Thames St. N.Y.

DENYSE'S FERRY,

the first place at which the Hessians and British landed on Long Island Aug 22nd 1776. NOW FORT HAMILTON.

wide bay, from the southern point of Staten Island to the shoal water half a mile from the Long Island shore.

On the beach of Staten Island eleven thousand German soldiers are under arms, who, at the firing of a gun from the flagship, march down the shore for embarkation. Thirteen thousand English soldiers are forming into line for the same purpose. As far as the eye can cover, the land bristles with steel and swarms with armed men. Nearly three hundred boats await the first division, and as rank after rank marches down and occupies the places assigned, they push out upon the bay and form in columns on its waters, as if preparing for assault.

At the roar of the signal gun a thousand oars, almost simultaneously, strike the waters of the bay and impel the armada to the eastern shore.

The great war vessels fill their sails and stand up with the favorable breeze to the verge of shoal water, and bring their broadsides to bear upon the Long Island shore.

In advance of the boats, a fleet of gun boats sail close into the land, firing as they advance upon every clump of trees and thicket which could shield a rebel rifleman.

More in defiance than with the hope of repelling the advancing thousands, the little battery on the bluff above the ferry landing, answers the broadsides of the men of war and the batteries of the gunboats. From the point where the brave soldiers of Col. Hand's command then stood, the vast armada must have seemed as irresistible and appalling as a tornado. Yet, only as the boats approach the shore, and the heads of the boat columns spring out and rush up the beach, do these hardy and defiant freemen slowly and sullenly yield the ground. The great guns of the fleet are still sending their heavy missiles through every covert, and only cease when the shore is crowded with the disembarking troops.

Thus commenced the first resistance to British arms in the middle States, on the spot where Fort Hamilton now stands.

THE SIMON BERGEN OR DEHART HOUSE.

This house, believed to be the oldest dwelling in Brooklyn, was occupied in 1678 by Simon Aerson DeHart, so that it has been at least two centuries in existence.

It is noticed in the narrative of Dankers and Sluyter, translated by Mr. Henry C. Murphy, and recently printed by the Long Island Historical Society. The visit of these two persons, acting as agents of the Labadaist Society in Holland, was made in 1678, and the incidents which occurred are narrated by them with great minuteness. They speak in glowing terms of the magnificent hospitality of DeHart, and mention the items composing the supper, as the product of the adjacent forest and waters. Deer meat and Wild Turkey indicate a hunter's paradise on our Island, and the annoyance they express at the noise of a drunken revel in an Indian camp close at hand, proves that the aborigines had not abandoned the forests of *Breuckland*. The scene of the infuriated savages rushing up to Simon's door in pursuit of wives and children who had fled to the house for safety, filled the two missionaries with horror; and they severely rebuked DeHart and his wife for their practice of selling liquor to the Indians. From the reply of Simon it would appear that the house was occupied as a frontier trading post, much as those of the fur traders of the upper Missouri at this day. Thus we have on the outskirts of our two cities of one and a half millions of inhabitants, the relic of a traffic which has pushed the savages three thousand miles westward.

GOWANUS BAY.

BROOKLYN, L. I. 1867.

BUSHWICK TOWN HOUSE AND CHURCH.
1800.

BUSHWICK TOWN HOUSE.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL HOUSE.

Few citizens of Brooklyn are aware that there is still in existence a Town House in which the weighty functions of civic officers were performed long before her marble structure was conceived in the brains of its architect. That gentleman* will hardly find an example of its architecture in any of the erudite treatises he consults. What is the date of its erection there is now no means of ascertaining, as the Records of Bushwick have been disposed of in a peculiarly Hibernian fashion. The Town of Bushwick (which included all that portion of the present City of Brooklyn lying north and east of Broadway, and Division avenue, including the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards), having been swallowed up in the great city, a wise functionary of the City Hall, on assuming charge of its Old Dutch Records, contemptuously thrust them into his waste-paper sacks and sent them to the paper-mill, by which his perquisites were increased at the rate of four cents per pound.

The Bushwick Town House, however, dates its erection anterior to the Revolution, as accounts are still current among the older inhabitants, of a festival and high rout, held there on the first anniversary of the natal day of the Republic, after the evacuation of the town by the British.

A tall liberty-pole had been erected in front of the civic edifice and the Republican ensign hoisted, and a cannon fired.

The Dutch citizens of Bushwick, few of whom at that date spoke more of the English language than was necessary for the sale of their market produce, gathered at Hett Dorp, or

*Mr. Gamaliel King, whose correct taste and excellent judgment have combined to give us structures of noble design without ruinous cost.

the Town Plot, with a grim determination to celebrate the day with due semblance of jovialty.

They had taken comparatively but little part in the contest which had raged so fiercely in the other Colonies, and indeed generally felt no sympathy with its confusion and bloodshed, to which aversion their native phlegm, and their hatred of wrangling alike contributed. Here were gathered the Van Ransts, the Terhunes, the Van Brunts, the Luquiers, the Conselyeas, the Debevoises, the Wyckoffs, the Vanderveers, and many other Dutch families, which now alas! have no representatives of their Hollandish nomenclature in our city. This was the center of the Village of Hett Dorp, or the Town Plot. Across the Woodpoint Road, stood the Town Church and the Town School House, as much civic edifices and municipal property as the Town House itself, for under the Dutch polity the trustees of the church were trustees of the town, school and every other department of local government.

Across Kikeout, or Lookout Lane, a portion of which appears in the plate, were a few old Dutch cottages, some of which are yet standing.

Indeed there is no portion of our city which still affords a scene so primitive as the junction of North Second street and Bushwick avenue. The row of houses on the left of the plate of the Bushwick Church indicates the entrance of the Kikeout Lane. It was towards this center of town life that the principal roads of the settlement verged, and in every direction as the citizen receded from it he receded from civilization.

The Octagonal Church, with its spire rising from the center of a long, sloping roof; the quaint old Town House, homely and plain, to the last extreme of simplicity; the group of one-story Dutch cottages, with their long curved roofs sloping almost to the ground, formed a scene of primitive Hollandish life that must have been charming with its exquisite grotesqueness. And such was Hett Dorp until 1835.

Northwest of the Church was the house of Abram Van Ranst, a Lieutenant of the Kings County Militia in the Revolution, but who we learn was not present in the fatal rout of the 27th of August. Bushwick Creek at that time flowed almost at his door; and Abram, who had heard of the arrival of Sir Henry Clinton's flanking party of 1,500 men at Simon Duryea's* on the New Bushwick Lane, placed his family in a boat, and silently rowed across to Harlem. Van Ranst's house became the rendezvous of Pherson's corps of Refugees and Tories, as prowling, thievish, riotous a crew of outlaws as ever harried a Whig or ravaged a dairy and fowl yard. Doubtless the old Church felt the evil influence of their sacrilegious revelry. This Refugee corps furnished the guides and spies through all parts of the Colonies for the British Army, and many a plundering enterprise schemed at Hett Dorp was performed under their guidance.

The school house near the Church was occupied by a district school under the charge of the present Board of Education until within a few years. A curious controversy between the latter body and the Trustees of the Dutch Church arose in consequence of this occupation, having at issue the ownership of this building, in which discussion the tenure of the occupation and title of the Old Dutch town property was fully discussed.

A few hundred feet to the right of the Church, on an angle of the Old Woodpoint Road, the ancient grave yard of the Dutch settlement is still to be seen, its weather worn stones inclining at all angles, with inscriptions now barely legible.

Hidden by the Church is the Conselyea House, a well preserved specimen of Dutch Architecture, erected as tradition relates at or near the date of the first settlement of the Town. In 1848, Andrew Conselyea, its then proprietor, related that his grandfather, who died at the age of 92, was accustomed to say that his father, who died long before the beginning of the nineteenth century, could not remember any other altera-

* On the ground of the author near Wierfield street.

tion in it, than the construction on a new roof. This would make its erection anterior to 1700. The formal establishment of a colony in the Town was made in 1660 by Petrus Stuyvesant in person, who, on February 19th of that year, accompanied by Nicasius de Lille, Ser Van Rayven, and the Surveyor, Jacques Corlean, with great state and dignity, fixed the boundaries of the new town, and directed the site of the settlement of the colonists. This was not the last visit which the valiant Director General made to Hett Dorp, for the next year he made a tour of inspection to the new settlement, and, at the request of its citizens, bestowed upon it a name among the places of the earth. The tall woods and extensive forests which then covered the land, suggested to the Viceroy its appropriate name, and he accordingly gave it the title of "Boswyck," or the Town of Woods.

The circumspection and energy of the Director General reached to various minutiæ affecting the interests of his subjects.

He directed the route and direction of the roads, the land for meadows, and tillage, as well as the site and character of the improvements in this frontier settlement.

He called the attention of the various outlying settlements of the town to their danger from the hostility of the Indians, and warned them that the forces of the Viceroyalty at New Amsterdam, across the river, could notbe spared for their defence. Gen. Johnson says that attempts at settlements had been made as early as 1629. One of these was made by a few Norman families at a place called Hett Strandt—the Strand —near the foot of Grand street, as he informed the writer in 1849. The shore from this place to Bushwick or Norman's Kill, was called Water Kant or Water Side. It would be difficult to obtain documentary proof that a settlement was commenced there at such an early date.

Hett Kins Padt, or the Cross Roads, was another early settlement, at the crossing of the present Bushwick Avenue and the Flushing Road. Two Norman families had early settled near the mouth of Newtown Creek, which was in con-

sequence called at that time Norman's Kill. But Hett Dorp was the central and principal Village, and hither the Director-General ordered all these outlying settlers to assemble, or continue their dangerous border residence at their own peril.

In the year 1662 the dwellings, then no more than twenty-five, were, with sixteen acres of land, enclosed with a high pallisade of sharpened logs, for protection from hostile Indians.

This enclosed the four corners at the crossing of Kikeout and Woodpoint Roads, and the site of the Church. Although evidence is extant to prove the existence of a Church edifice here as early as 1714, it was not until 1720 that the Octagon Church, exhibited in the plate, was erected. Some incidents of the history of the town, not heretofore published, are extracted from the Manuscripts of Gen. Johnson.

In every town of the New Netherlands which was settled under the Dutch Government, a School was established, which was taught by a competent teacher, under a license of the Government, which paid him a small salary, in addition to his other emoluments. These teachers were the Sextons of the Town, and the choristers of the Churches. They were also bound to instruct the children in the Catechism of the Reformed Dutch Church, and in the Scriptures, and to open School with prayer. After the conquest by the English in 1664, the teachers received no salary from the Government, which did but little to encourage education.

All the proceedings of the new rulers were transacted and recorded in the English language, which was not understood by the inhabitants or taught in their schools; and no English Schools were established by the authority of the Government to take their place. The liberality of the paternal Dutch Government was thus strongly contrasted with the stinginess of the English authorities, who never dreamed of such extravagance as paying salaries to teachers.* Strong and arbitrary

* It will thus be seen that the Dutch established Free Schools in Brooklyn more than two hundred years ago, and that the English influence destroyed them for one hundred and seventy-four years.

measures were taken to establish an English Episcopal Church in Bushwick, for the support of which the inhabitants of the town were grievously taxed. But the citizens of Bushwick, although compelled to pay the parson, could not be forced to attend his preaching, and accordingly the Priest, with his "*Beloved Roger*," were withdrawn.

This attempt to force an obnoxious religious service upon the town, together with other infractions of the treaty, caused the Dutch inhabitants of Kings County to hold a public meeting in the year 1665, whereat the people passed some vigorous resolutions concerning the haughty English, and their faithlessness towards them in violating the conditions of the treaty, by the infliction of a Church tax, and compelling them to litigate in a language they did not comprehend. When the meeting was held, there were two cases noticed for trial before the County Court, to be held in the Town of Gravesend, for the West Riding of Yorkshire, as the County of Kings was then termed."

Our sturdy Dutch ancestors had not fought the bloody Duke of Alva; worried the valiant Prince of Parma; and defied the patience of the most blood-thirsty fanatic the world has ever seen,—King Philip Second,—to be flouted and harried in the little Colony of Bushwick, by a testy little English Governor. Stout burghers, representing the five Dutch Towns, Boswyck, Breuklyn, Amersfort, Nieu Utrecht and Midwout*, assembled in the first Convention held in that modern headquarters of caucuses, Brooklyn, two hundred years ago. They resolved upon strict non-intercourse with the English usurpers, and established a tribunal before which all disputes were to be tried by voluntary submission of the parties. Even the litigious Dutch farmers hushed their neighborhood resentments and settled their differences by arbitration, and their unyielding phlegm and obstinacy starved both the Parson and Constable.

Thus the first Revolutionary measure against British rule

* Bushwick, Brooklyn, Flatlands, New Utrecht, Flatbush.

in America was taken in Kings County. The five Dutch Towns have the honor of making the first resistance to English tyranny. The boastful Yankee should moderate his self-glorifying strain at the proofs that his slow, heavy-brained Dutch neighbor, had anticipated him more than a hundred years in his two favorite subjects of self-laudation, Free Schools and Revolution.

In front of the Bushwick Town House one May morning in 1684, poor John Van Leyden expiated the offence of an unbridled tongue by being fastened to a stake, with a horse bridle in his mouth, and a bundle of eight rods tied under his arm, while a label attached to his breast declared "John Van Leyden is a writer of lampoons, false accuser, and defamer of magistrates." To this punishment the culprit had been sentenced by the puissant magistracy of Boswyck. Here also a thieving rascal was compelled to stand for three hours under a gallows, with a rope around his neck and an empty scabbard in his hands. With these grim forebodings of the fate which awaited him if he continued in his evil courses, none but the most hardened wretch would have failed to avoid them in future, with great contrition for his past rascalities.

Hett Dorp witnessed another strange scene during the last year of Dutch supremacy. A venerable clergyman of Boswyck, had, in an incautious moment of generous sympathy, married an amorous couple without the formalities which the Dutch Statutes demanded. The Groot Bergerrecht,* with the Hoofd Schout, De Fiscale, and the Geheim Schryver, assembled at the Town Plot, probably in the Church, and condemned the poor Minister to flogging and banishment, but in consideration of his great age, finally mitigated the punishment to exile from the Colony of Boswyck.

Long after the Revolution, the Old Town House continued to be the high seat of justice, and to resound with the republican roar of vociferous electors on town meeting days.

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* The Great Burgomasters, the High Sheriff, Attorney General, Recorder of Secrets.

The first Tuesday in April, and the Fourth of July in each succeeding year, found Hett Dorp (now Anglicised to Bushwick Church) suddenly metamorphosed from a sleepy little Dutch hamlet into a brawling, swaggering country town, with very debauched habits. Our Dutch youth had a most enthusiastic tendency, and ready facility in adopting the convivial customs and uproarious festivity of the loud-voiced and arrogant Anglo-American youngsters. One day the close-fisted electors of Bushwick devised a plan for easing the public burden, by making the Town House pay part of the annual taxes, and accordingly it was rented to a Dutch publican, who afforded shelter to the Justices and Constables, and by his potent liquors contributed to furnish them with employment.

In this mild partnership, so quietly aiding to fill each other's pockets, our old friend, Chris. Zimmerman, had a share, until he was ousted, because he was a better customer than landlord. The services of the church were conducted in the Dutch language until near about the year 1830. The clergyman had the care of five churches, each of which received his spiritual services in turn. The homely, but pious men who performed these duties were sometimes learned and dignified gentlemen, always a little aristoctatic in their ways, for the dominie of a Dutch colony was an important functionary, whom the Governor-General himself could not snub with impunity. One of their self-indulgent customs would strike a modern community with horror.

On arriving at the church, just before the time for the Sunday service, the good dominie was wont to refresh himself, from the fatigue of his long ride, with a glass of some of the potent liquors of the time at the bar in the Town house.

At last the electors of Bushwick grew tired of keeping a hotel, and unanimously quit claimed their title to the church. Some time after the venerable structure was sold to an infidel Yankee, at whose bar, the good dominie could no longer feel free, to take an inspiriting cup before entering the pulpit, and the glory of the Town House of Boswyck departed.

INDIAN, DUTCH AND ENGLISH NAMES

OF

LOCALITIES IN BROOKLYN AND ITS VICINITY.

The ever swelling torrent of commerce, is sweeping away by its attrition, all monuments of the storied past around us, and will soon leave us nothing but their names. Indeed we must be diligent, even now, to recover many of their wonderfully suggestive titles. Localities once rich with historic associations, are not only no longer recognizable, but even the rich suggestiveness of their names has been forever lost. Every lane, and copse, and headland teemed with historic life; stories of rare and vivid interest were pictured with photographic instantaneousness to the mind, by the very sound of their names.

Constantly pursuing that arrant thief, Oblivion, as he steals into infinite darkness with the priceless histories of our land, the antiquary hastens to snatch some of the fleeting memorials from his hands. With a strange sympathy of taste for the nomenclature of the aboriginal proprietors of the soil, our Dutch ancestors, were accustomed to bestow an epithetic name, upon every locality and prominent feature of the country they colonized. Our Anglo-American brethren have demeaned themselves more like adventurers than settlers, and with a stupid sort of egotism, have conferred their own common-place names upon every natural or artificial object, which was deemed worthy of localizing by a title.

It is now too late, we fear, for us to do more than perpetuate the Indian names of the streams and headlands of our Island; their signification has passed forever from us. That they had a characteristic significance, often a poetic one, is to be conceived from the unvarying tendency of the aboriginal tribes of America to confer upon all localities titles suggestive of their peculiar features.

A few names of places in Brooklyn and Kings County have been preserved in old charters and conveyances.

Kes-kack-que-rem—The title of lands in Bushwick, supposed to be the locality of the Dutch Settlement made in 1684, called Hett Dorp.

Ren-ne-gack-onck—The Wallabout neighborhood conveyed to the ancestors of General Johnson by the Indian Chiefs, Kak-a-pa-ta-no and Pen-a-cha-as. The salt water creek which flowed from Broadway through River street into the Bay was called Ren-ne-gack-onck Kill.

Mispat—The Indian name of Newtown Creek, and of the lands bordering it. The name is varied to Mespat, Mespacht, Mespatchtes. Maspeth village and road derive their title from this word. Mispat Kill was the Indian and Dutch names combined for Maspeth Creek.

Canarsie, or *Canausee*—Was the name of the Indian tribe which occupied the northwest portion of the island.

Nyack—The name of the Indian tribe which possessed the site of Brooklyn.

Gowanes, or *Gowanus*, or *Cujanes*—The Nyack name for the Cove and Creek, and lands upon them which bear the name at this day. Were the name of Dutch origin it would have a recognizable significance. It was adopted by the Dutch settlers as the title of the little hamlet on the east side of the creek.

Sabononk—The name of a district or tract of land in Brooklyn, the locality of which is unsettled.

Cas-ta-tenn—The Indian name of a tract of land or village near Flatlands.

Nar-ri-ock—The aboriginal title of Coney Island.

Recht-ga-wa-nes—A point of land projecting into the East River, near Hell Gate.

Gemeco—The name of a tribe of Indians settled near the eastern border of the County, from whom was derived the name of the village of Jamaica; the Indian name has been tortured by the English into that of a West India Island.

Ma-reck-a wick, or *Me-reck-ka-mek-ingh*, was the aboriginal

title of the peninsula nearly enclosed by Mispat Kill on the east, East River on the west, and Gowanus Kill on the south-east. It was the Indian name of Brooklyn.

Ich-pa-ton-ga—The distinctive Indian title of Brooklyn Heights.

Sa-wan-hack-y—The Indian title of Long Island, the significance of which has been declared to be Island of Shells. *Seawan*, or *Seawant*, was the coin manufactured by the Aborigines from the shell of the quahog or clam; and Long Island was the great mine from which most of the medium of circulation was obtained.

The significance of the Dutch names of localities in and around our city is more readily recoverable than that of the aboriginal titles.

Nassau—This name, bestowed upon Long Island during Governor Fletcher's administration by the General Assembly of New York in 1693, is generally believed to have been conferred by the Dutch in honor of Prince Maurice, of Nassau.

Breuk-len, or *Breuk-land*—The significance of this name has been the subject of much speculation. It was long believed by historians and antiquaries to signify broken-land. The peninsula upon which the more thickly-populated portion of the city now stands was originally much broken by abrupt eminences and deep hollows. It was intersected by creeks and almost surrounded by wide marsh-lands. The Hon. Henry C. Murphy has, however, made out a good case for judgment being rendered in favor of another signification. During a visit to Breuk-elen in Holland he became convinced that our city derived its name from the attachment of its first settlers to their old home in the Low Countries.

Breukelen—Is pronounced Breukeler, which is the Dutch word for marshland, which is quite as significant of the character of the soil in the neighborhood of the Village of Brooklyn Church as brokenland.

The villages or hamlets in Brooklyn were more numerous than is usually apprehended. There are scoffers who would have us believe that the signification was intended to be prophetic, and an indication of the keen sagacity of the far-sighted Dutch nomenclators, who foresaw the pecuniary condition of many of the intrusive Yankee speculators, who would buy their farms anticipatory of their being required for city lots. These reckless scandal-mongers imagine that the humorous Dutchmen, by a sort of paraphrasis, applied the condition of the sanguine forestallers of value, to the land in which they would so rashly invest their hoardings, and that Brokenland is the title which the site would acquire from the bankruptcy of the proprietors.

Gowanus, or *Cujanes*—Already named, was the first settlement in Brooklyn, made in 1636. Edifices erected there as early as 1643 are still standing.

Wall-boght, or *Wallebout*—Has long been considered to mean The Bay of the Waals, or Walloon Bay, from the number of Walloons who settled there soon after 1637, in which year the ancestor of General Johnson purchased his farm at that place. This name is conjectured, however, by Mr. Alofssen to have been derived from the Dutch words Een Waal and Een Bogt, signifying *The Bend of the Inner Harbor.* *

Hett Dorp—The Town Plot was the Dutch name of the little hamlet settled in 1664 at the junction of North Second street and Bushwick avenue, where the Town House, Church and School House of Bushwick were situated.

Boswyck—The land of woods, was the name conferred by Peter Stuyvesant upon the town which he organized in 1664, afterwards known as Bushwick.

Hett Strandt—Was the name of a settlement made in 1643 near the foot of Grand street, along the strand or wide beach bordering the East River.

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* See Stiles' History of Brooklyn.

Hett Kins Padt—The Cross Roads, a hamlet in Bushwick at the junction of New Bushwick Lane and the road from Krenpple Bush to Maspeth.

Water Kant, Water Side—A settlement of Normans, said by General Johnson to have been made as early as 1629 on the shore near North Fourteenth street, where Norman's Kill emptied into the East River.

Krenpple Bush, or *Swampy Bush*—The name of a settlement, or of the farms on the road from Bedford to the Cross Roads, in the vicinity of Nostrand and Flushing avenues.

Bedford—This village, or hamlet as it is styled in the grant of the lands, was first settled in 1662. It was located at the junction of the Clove Road and the Jamaica Turnpike.

Kyckout, Lookout—This suggestive title was given by the Dutch settlers of Bushwick to a point of rocks which jutted into the East River at the foot of South Eighth street. Tradition narrates that here the settlers established a watch to guard against a surprise from the Indians of the mainland, who sometimes made incursions upon the island by means of their canoes. Kyckout Lane was the route from this point to Bushwick Church, and crossed Grand street, near Tenth, and may still be traced in several places by the position of the old houses which once fronted upon it.

Roode-Hoek or *Red-Hook*—The name of a settlement on the peninsula in Brooklyn opposite to Governor's Island. It was so called from the color of its soil.

Gheel-Hoek—Yellow Hook was the point of land on the southerly side of Gowanus Bay, which also derived its cognomen from the color of the earth of which it was formed.

Greenpoint—Was the land cleared of wood by the Indians for their corn-fields, and verdant with the green herbage which overspread them, jutting into the East River at the junction with Mispat Kill. Two Norman families settled here as early as 1660, and it was soon after this period that

it acquired its name. Many years before this it had been occupied by an Indian Village, as their burial places disclosed by the grading of streets fully attest.

Norman's Kill—This name was given to a little Colony of Normans, who settled here very early in the occupation of the Island, by the whites, and gave the title to the Kill, more lately known as Bushwick Creek. The settlement was also known as Water Kant.

Morril's—Formerly Titus Point, was a projection of the shore line into the East River, near the foot of North Second street.

Midwout, or *Middle Woods*—Was the Hollandish name of Flatbush, or, as it was subsequently termed, Flackbush.

Ostwout, or *East Woods*—Was the earliest name by which Flatlands was known. The sponsors of East New York, a Village within its limits, have unwittingly preserved a portion of its title.

Amersfort—(Nieu)—Was the Dutch name by which Flatlands was also known.

West Riding of Yorkshire—Was the English provincial term for the judicial district which Kings County formed.

Martyr's Hook—The southerly headland of Wallaboght (Bay), so called from the remains of the prison-ship martyrs buried there. The transition was made with easy facility from Martyn's Hoek, so named from Jans Martyn, the first Dutch proprietor. The little cape has since been called Jackson's Point and Remsen's Point.

Swede's Vly? (The low ground near Norman's Kill which was sometimes called Swede's Kill?)

Meuwee, or *Gull Point*, the small headland projecting into New York Bay on the south side of Gowanus Bay. Named from the Dutch word Meuwee or Gull.

Swaaten Vly—The marshy grounds at the junction of North Second and Eighth streets.

Schuther's Pond—A salt water pond on the Bushwick meadows, near the head of Mispat Kill.

Hay Vly—A meadow at the head of Gowanus Creek.

Warpoes, or *Werpos*—Land near the head of Gowanus Creek, supposed to be derived from *Warbuse or Warpoos*, the Hollandish for hare, a species of animals which may have abounded there.

Roode Hoogties—Red Heights, Sand Hills on the peninsula of Red Hook.

Blockjus Berg, or *Bluckies Barracks*, a small hill on the shore of New York Bay at the foot of Twenty-fourth street, nearly isolated from the main land by a marsh and salt creek —was the scene of an obstinate conflict between some American riflemen and the British during the battle of the 27th of August, 1776.

Bompjees, or *Boompties Hook*—The projection forming the westerly headland of Gowanus Bay.

Binnen Water—A Pond or Marsh near the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street.

Aander Vly, or to the Fly, corrupted to *Hunter Fly*—A meadow in Flatlands, to which the Hunter Fly road led.

Seller's Neck—Meadows on Jamaica Bay, owned by citizens of Brooklyn.

Valley Grove—The valley through which the Flatbush road passed, which was densely wooded to the tops of the hills.

Clove Road—The road through the clove or cleft in the hills. It was always spoken of by the British as the Bedford Pass.

King's Highway—All the old roads were designated in legal documents as the King's Highways, but the name attached itself to one of them, as a special cognomen which it has retained until the present day. That portion of the Brooklyn and Jamaica road which curved sinuously through the hills near East New York, was only known to the old

residents as King's Highway. It was termed by General Howe "*The Pass through the Hills.*"

A curious legal historic interest attaches to this and the other old Dutch roads. By the tenure of the Hollandish laws, the title of all the public highways was vested in the State; and thus the British Crown became the lawful proprietor of the fee of the Old Dutch Colony roads. As the legal successor of this right the Common Council of the City of Brooklyn has come into possession of the title. By English law, the fee remains in the adjacent proprietors; and on disuse, or abandonment of the right of public easement, the land in the roads of the English colony may be seized and occupied by them. But the land in the roads opened before 1654 belongs to the City of Brooklyn, and the adjacent owner occupies them on their disuse at his peril. This is a secret known to but few, and some future Common Council may find it a rich placer to work for the benefit of tax-payers.

Norman's Kill, Bushwick Creek—The salt water inlet now filled up which occupied nearly the present site of North Thirteenth street.

Mispat Kill or *Maspeth*—Newtown Creek.

Gowanus Kill, Great Kill, or *Cujanes Kill*—Gowanus Creek.

Whale Kill—A small branch of Mispat Kill, in which popular tradition said a whale was once stranded.

Dutch Kills and *English Kills*—Branches of Newtown Creek on the Queens County side; also the names of two farming neighborhoods at the head of the tidal flow in the creeks.

Kuyter's Kill or *Koteer's Kill*—Sometimes called Kolls Kyers Kill, the creek on which Van Dyke Luquer's Mill was erected.

Gravier's Kill—Another name for the same creek. So called on account of its being used to grave or repair the hulls of vessels by grounding them at high tide—from the Dutch word Graaven.

Bennett's Cove—The location is uncertain; Gowanus Bay is believed to be intended.

Schenck's Pond—Probably the same as Scuther's Pond The reservoir for Schenck's Mills, at the head of the east branch of Mispat Kills, long since filled up by the natural alluvial deposit.

Luqueer's, late Master's Pond—A tide pond, made by damming the west branch of Mispat Kills at the junction of Grand street and Metropolitan avenue.

Wallabout Bridge Road—This old highway led to the Brooklyn Church, through the Sand's estate and the Navy Yard to the bridge across Wallabout Creek, near the junction of Kent avenue and River street. It was until a very recent date the only route from the City Hall to the Eastern District. Small portions of it still remain, and have been incorporated with the Commissioner's plan of the city.

Water Street—The lane leading from the north end of the Wallabout Bridge Road to the junction of Kyckout. Until 1826 no public road from Williamsburgh, except Cripple-Bush Lane, communicated with Brooklyn. The person who wished to drive from Flushing avenue to South Seventh street ferry passed through a lane, across which seventeen gates and bars obstructed his way. Each of these he must open and close, or if he neglected the latter attention, it was at his peril. A stout Dutch farmer, in a high state of irritation, armed with a formidable black-snake whip, was an antagonist that would be neither cajoled or bullied. No alternative would be accepted by the irate proprietor, but to descend from the vehicle, return to the bars, and put them all in place. I have often heard the late Charles Debevoise relate the details of the difficulties and abuse he encountered, as one of the Commissioners to open the first highway across these sixteen farms, from Wallabout Village to Bushwick Creek. The old man spoke sadly and regretfully of the service, as productive of neighborhood bitterness that almost a third of a century had not allayed.

Red Hook Lane—The route from Brooklyn Church to the Hook. The first three hundred feet still remain.

Gowanus Road—This highway began in the Bedford Road, near the junction with the road to Flatbush.

Porte or *Gate Road*—A highway leading from Denter's Mill to Flatbush, so called from its passing through a gate or opening in the hills.

Mill Lane—A narrow road leading from Luqucer's Mill in Bushwick to Woodpoint Road.

Woodpoint Road—A lane leading from Boswyck Church to a point of woods on the meadows near Van Cott and Meeker avenues. Van Cott avenue occupies a portion of its route.

Bedford Pass—The hollow in the hills through which the Clove Road passes.

Jamaica Pass.—The sinuous route of the Bedford and Jamaica Roads that wound through the valleys between the hills crossing and recrossing Broadway, near East New York.

Martense Lane—An old road from Flatbush to Gowanus Lane, skirting the south side of the lands now occupied by Greenwood Cemetery. It was along this route that a detachment of the British troops, under General Grant, marched on the night of the 26th of August, and tradition gives us the details of a severe skirmish along the walls bounding what is still known as the Stone Lot.

Rockaway Path, or Rockaway Pass—A bridle road which led from the southerly termination of New Bushwick Lane across the hills in Evergreen Cemetery to the Jamaica Road.

Fresh Ponds Road—A narrow lane leading from the southerly end of New Bushwick Lane to the fresh water ponds in Newtown, near the present Middlevillage.

Jochem's Hook—The point of land jutting into the East River on the south side of Mispat Kill, opposite Hunter's Point.

Smith Island—A salt meadow surrounded by Mispat Kill, and included by patent in the Town of Bushwick.

New Lotts—A term applied in 1667 to the farms in the Ninth Ward, along Broadway and Bushwick. New Lotts was the name by which the farms along New Bushwick Lane, in the Eighteenth Ward, were known in the old conveyances.

Fort Stirling—The largest of the Revolutionary fortifications, and mounting eight heavy guns, was erected on Brooklyn Heights, near the junction of Pierrepont and Henry streets.

Fort Defiance—Was a redoubt with four eighteen pound guns, mounted en barbette on Red Hook.

Fort Box—Was a Revolutionary redoubt on the hill commanding the bridge over Freek's Mill Pond. The site was known as Fort Laurence in the War of 1812 and subsequently as Fort Boerum, and was so named in honor of Major Box, an officer engaged in its erection.

Fort Putnam—This fortification was erected in 1776 upon the site of Washington Park. In 1812 another Fort was erected there, and called Fort Greene.

Fort Greene—Was an earthwork constructed near Bond street and Fulton avenue, to command the Bedford road.

Ponkiesberg—Or Pumpkin Hill, was the whimsical title conferred by the Dutch upon a remarkable comical mound which rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, on the ground now bounded by Atlantic, Pacific, Clinton and Court streets. It was named Fort Swift in 1812, from Gen. Swift, who designed and superintended the fortifications around New York and Brooklyn. It was also called Cobble Hill and Corkscrew Fort, from the winding road which led to the earthwork on its summit.

Arbitration Rock—Is a rough boulder marking an angle in the boundary line between the Towns of Bushwick and Newtown. This unchiselled stone is the storied monument of a

bitter contest between the Dutch Colonists of Bushwick and the Puritan Settlers of Newtown. Here met the two tides of population, and around this rude monument; itself an emigrant on an iceberg from some inhospitable clime; broke the opposing waves with an angry vehemence that was like to make it another Hell Gate.

The stout armed burghers on the borders of Boswyck had an unconquerable aversion to being swallowed up in the voracious maw of the aggressive Puritanic township. The Yankee lines were ever elastic, and from the time when Gov. Penn cheated the Delaware Indians of 1,200,000 acres of land by hiring relays of fast walkers to surround in a day's travel ten times the land intended by the simple Indian, to the present, the irresistible destiny of Yankee progress has made him deem boundary lines as nothing more than convenient limits to other people's aggressions, but never any obstacle to his own. Arbitration Rock was, after half a century of litigation, selected by Commissioners as the monument of compromise. It still exists. But the day when some enterprising Hibernian sets his covetous eyes upon it will prove fatal to this monument of Dutch resistance to Yankee aggression.

Steenbakkery or *Stonebakery*—Was the name of a pond on the south side of the Clove Road near the City line.*

* Some errors of the orthography and signification of names given in the foregoing pages have been suggested too late for correction in the text. The term Yellow Hook, although applied to the land along the shore from Gowanus Bay to the Narrows, was properly only the title of the point of land on the property of the Hon. Henry C. Murphy near Bayridge. Ostwout is thought by Mr. Tennis G. Bergen to have meant the woods east of Flatbush or the present New Lots. The site of East New York was originally in Flatbush instead of Flatlands. Roode Hooghties or Red Heights were situated near the junction of Court street and First Place. Mr. J. Carson Brevoort suggests that the place on the Delaware river called Ca-na-ri-see, was named by the Indians with the same significance as the Long Island Canarsie. Hecknelder says the name signifies "The Landing Place," or literally "The Steering for the Shore."

Lith by A. Brown, 9 & 11 Thames St. N. Y.

HOWARD'S INN. 1776.

FROM WHICH THE GUIDES OF THE FLANKING DETACHMENT OF THE BRITISH WERE TAKEN

THE RISING SUN TAVERN

AND THE

ROCKAWAY PASS.

At the junction of the Bedford and Jamaica turnpikes, in the modern village of East New York, stands a quaint, rambling farm house, debauched into a tavern, and known as the Half-Way House. The sharp angle formed by the intersection of the narrow Kings highways, is now bisected by a pretentious avenue with the high-sounding title of Broadway.

Philologists and antiquarians, with their proneness to literalness, have decided that the significance of the name of the famous street in the metropolis, in humble imitation of which this ambitious avenue obtained its cognomen, is to be sought in the analysis of the word Broad-way. A venerable annalist, however, suggests that the name was bestowed with prophetic anticipation; that it was to be the visible representative on earth, in its vast throng of the devotees of fashion and variety, of that broadway which leads down to death. There were only narrow lanes on Long Island in 1776, and the present Broadway covers the ground occupied by the well and the out-houses represented in the plate.

On the night of the 26th of August, 1766, this quiet Cross-roads Inn was the scene of one of the most significant meetings ever held on the continent of America. One more ominous of misfortune to the independence of this country had never been held, until the rebellion of the Southern States.

On that night, five miles away, around the Brooklyn Church at the junction of the modern highways, Bridge street and Fulton avenue, lay the American army within its entrenchments, utterly unconscious of its impending doom. Along the hills from Valley Grove to Martense Lane were camped the outposts, equally insensible. As

soon as the long August twilight had deepened into the denser gloom of night, the British army, which for days had lain at the village of Flatbush in front of the American outposts, was silently pushed out on the various roads leading to the eastward; and at two o'clock on the morning of the 27th, halted on the plain at East New York, so often in late years the scene of more peaceful military array.

The guides who had hitherto conducted the army of sixteen thousand men, so secretly along the obscure roads and farm lanes, were now at fault, and it became necessary to secure the services of others. The person whom they indicated as the best pilot over the route selected was William Howard, the proprietor of the *Rising Sun* tavern.

So silent had been the approach of the British forces that the innkeeper and his family were still insensible of the vicinity of the invaders, and soundly sleeping. A guard burst open the door of the bar-room, and soon brought the alarmed innkeeper before the Commander-in-Chief and his Generals. In the small low-ceiled apartment, not much changed to-day, was gathered a company of men whose names were fateful in the destines of America.

Gen. Sir William Howe stood there shrouded in his military cloak, haughty Lord Percy, who commanded the cavalry, Marquis Cornwallis, the leader of the British grenadiers, and Sir Henry Clinton, the General in command of the flanking forces, were all present and looking with interest upon the development of this interview with a single unarmed man, who might by his perversity or craft utterly defeat the object of this important movement.

The road from this point to the hamlet of Bedford, wound through a defile in the wooded and swampy hills, with such narrowness and intricacy as to be dignified by the name of a Pass. Snugly lodged in these hills along the pass, it was believed by the British officers was a large force of the Americans. To outflank this post and reach the plain beyond without alarming the pickets was the important object of this council.

It was known that an obscure path led over the hills to the right through the woods, and the prisoner was the only person who could point it out. This path led from the junction of the Fresh Ponds road with the New Bushwick Lane, near the north entrance of Evergreen Cemetery through the forest by the present chapel to the Jamaica road. This bridle path figured in General Howe's report as the Pass, and is still traceable in the Cemetery grounds. At that day it was known as the Rockaway Path. The succeeding events of the night in which the Howards participated were often narrated by Major William Howard, then a lad of fourteen, and the narrative is given as nearly as may be in his own words by one who intimately knew him, and often listened to their recital:

"It was about two o'clock on the morning of the 27th of August that I was awakened by seeing a soldier at the side of my bed. I got up and dressed, and went down into the bar-room, where I saw my father standing in one corner, with three British soldiers before him with muskets and bayonets fixed. The army was then lying in the field in front of the house. I remember that the market men had nearly all gone by before the troops made their appearance.

"General Howe and another officer were standing in the bar room. General Howe wore a camlet cloak over his regimentals. After asking for a glass of liquor from the bar, which was given him, he entered into familiar conversation with my father, and among other things said: 'I must have some one of you to show me over the Rockaway Path around the Pass.'

"My father replied: 'We belong to the other side, General, and can't serve you against our duty.' General Howe replied: 'That is all right, stick to your country, or stick to your principles, but, Howard, you are my prisoner, and must guide my men over the hill.' My father made some further objection, but was silenced by the General, who said: 'You have no alternative. If you refuse, I shall have you shot through the head.'

"Lord Howe inquired minutely about the road through the hills, and the position of the American guard, supposed by him occupying that place. So assured was he of the presence there of a strong force, it appearing so incredible that so favorable a position for resisting his passage should not be occupied, that he did not take the precaution of sending out his scouts to ascertain the fact. My father, thus compelled to serve the cause of the enemy, was marched out under a guard, who had orders to shoot him if he attempted to desert, and I was taken along with him. The Rockaway Path was a wood road which led around to the east of the Kings Highway, under the brow of the hill (now Evergreen Cemetery), at the back of Mr. Furman's garden, to a place on the Bushwick Lane, about a quarter of a mile from the turn in the Kings Highway, where it runs straight to Brooklyn. The place where the British came out into the cleared fields is now near the north gate of the Evergreen Cemetery.

"The pioneers came just behind us, and sawed down the trees which came in the way of the cannon, as the noise made by felling them with axes, it was expected, would alarm the American guard. This force was supposed to be stationed in the hills about a quarter of a mile from the tavern near where the Toll House on the Brooklyn and Jamaica turnpike stands.

"A strong guard had been stationed by the British around our house, and every person compelled to remain in it. All the houses in the neighborhood were similarly guarded, to prevent the escape of any one to give information of their approach. In their march from New Utrecht to the tavern, the guns had been drawn by four horses, but here the leaders were removed from one-half of them and six horses were attached to the others, which then were drawn up the hill at a full gallop. From the top of the hill on the Bushwick Lane they descended through a valley on the farm of James Pilling to the land now belonging to John Duryea, near the place where Halsey street, in the Ninth Ward of Brooklyn, ends, and then they wheeled to the west and marched through

the fields to a big tree which then stood at a turn in the Brooklyn and Jamaica Road, two or three hundred yards north of Simonson's new tavern, near the corner of Reid avenue and Macdonough street.

"Everything in the march was conducted in the most silent manner possible, and the movements were performed with such caution against surprise, as showed that the enemy expected momentarily to be attacked by the Americans. By this manœuvre they had completely flanked the position in the hills, supposed to be guarded, coming upon the road which passed through them more than a mile below the pass.

"All this pains was at the time entirely unnecessary, for the pass had been left unguarded. The information which Lord Howe had received by his guides from New Utrecht, regarding the position of the pass and the various turns in the road, was exceedingly accurate.

"On their reaching the turn in the Jamaica road, which I have mentioned, my father and myself were released and sent back to the tavern, which we found surrounded by the guard. Many of these soldiers were exceedingly agile, young men who were fond of athletic sports. One of them I have seen repeatedly grasp a pole in both hands, and after running a few steps, place the end of the pole on the ground and vault upon the roof of the house.

"The British guards were apparently without the slightest feeling of hatred, or embittered feeling in their position as enemies, and we experienced nothing disagreeable from them during their stay. In fact most of the plundering during the war was perpetrated by the inhabitants upon each other, the Whig robbing the Tory, and the latter retaliating whenever opportunity offered. The British soldiers expressed the most unbounded astonishment on our return to the house at the unresisted progress of their army. They said that they expected to meet a serious resistance in crossing the bridge over Goose Creek, half a mile south of the Jamaica road, and had made preparations for an assault upon the defences supposed to be thrown up there. The woods which their spies and

guides informed them lined the route, it was believed, were occupied by the American riflemen, and as these various strong positions were passed without resistance, the British officers were apprehensive that the American forces had been withdrawn only to be concentrated upon some other point where their attack would be made under great advantages, and their loss be very heavy."

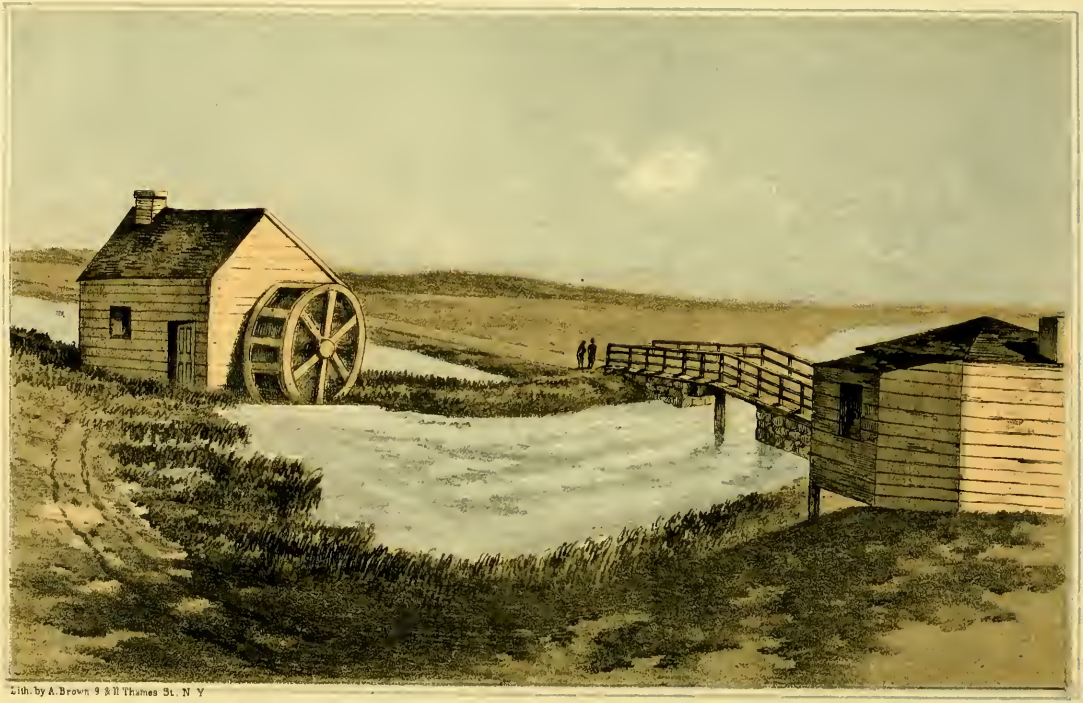
Rockaway Path was a pass across the hill now covered by Evergreen Cemetery, leading from the Jamaica road through a little hollow, about a quarter of a mile from the termination of Broadway, over the hill near where the chapel of the Cemetery now stands, to the Bushwick Lane, which it entered near the north gate.

Portions of this forest by-road which figured in such a pretentious manner in Lord Howe's report of the battle, as the Pass, are still traceable within the limits of the Evergreen Cemetery.

The Half-way House which was the flanking point of Howe's movement, and formed so important a position in his plan of attack, still remains at the junction of Broadway and the Jamaica turnpike in East New York.

This long, narrow Dutch tavern was distinguished by having the bar-rooms provided for the indulgence of the Dutch bibulants in the luxury of getting drunk without contamination with their slaves. For the serfs sometimes emulated with honest ambition, the power of their masters to swallow their mighty potations.

The negroes were permitted the privilege of getting soundly tipsy at the east end of the house, while at another bar directly opposite, was dispensed the elements of intoxication to the whites. Many a roystering country wight, who has boosed away the hours of evening here, while his patient team twitched their halters impatiently in the shed, and as he thought of the lonely drive homeward over the bleak plains, felt his blood chill with a dread that even the hot fumes of the potent liquor he was swallowing could not dissipate.



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LUQUEER'S OR MASTER'S MILL.
ON MASPETH CREEK.

TIDE MILLS OF BROOKLYN.

In the old towns of Bushwick and Brooklyn the tide mills and their placid ponds formed the most striking and characteristic features of the scenery.

The sluggish streams where the lazy tide crept in its sinuous course among the reeds, were dammed at convenient points, and when the ebb had lowered the surface below the flume sufficiently, the clatter of the simple machinery announced that the run of six hours had commenced. Ten of these tide mills were in use within the present limits of the city up to 1830, and several until within a few years. The last to give way to the new order of things was Luqueer's, or as it was more lately termed Master's Mill. It was built on a branch of Maspeth Creek, near the junction of Grand street with Metropolitan avenue. A few years since there was no more striking scene near the metropolis than the view at this point. As the road to Jamaica struck the marsh, a rude bridge, with the most fragile railing which ever deluded a tired passenger to lean against it, crossed a narrow strait in the millpond.

A few rods to the left stood an unpainted hovel dignified with the name of "The Mill," against the side of which, and dwarfing it by comparison, hung suspended the gigantic wheel. Close to the bridge stood another tenement whose meaner appearance made the mill-house respectable. This was the toll-house, one of a class of structures which are only less universally detested than the quarantine and the pest-house. Across the broad level marsh, nearly a mile in width, rose the hills of Newtown, covered with their tall forests, amid which, here and there, open spaces of cultivated lands, checkered the green expanse with squares of brown earth or varied colored crops.

Through the green salt meadow the slumberous tide-water

currents wound their unseen courses, and in the midst of the verdure rose the broad sails of vessels, which appeared as incongruous with the green meadow as would a western prairie over which tall ships were sailing. A mile or more to the right, on another branch of Maspeth Kill, stood another structure known as Schenck's Mill. Near at hand is still the little burying ground where sleep all of that name who heard the clatter of the mill and the splash of the sluggishly turning wheel; but the mill and the dam, and even the creek which led the tide-water hither, have long since disappeared.

Luqueer's Mill was first erected soon after 1664. In that year a grant of the mill site and privilege was made by Peter Stuyvesant to Abraham Jansen, who was required "to grind the town's grain in consideration of the customary dues." This was the first grant of mill privileges in Brooklyn, except that made by Adam Brower of the site known as Freeke's Millpond. Luqueer's Bushwick Mill was therefore, although one of the first erected, the last to yield to the eroding hand of improvement.

Schenck's Mill is known only by tradition, so completely have its ruins been concealed by alluvial deposit swept by the rains from the cultivated fields around its site.

The description of the other tide-mills of Brooklyn, which is herewith given to complete the history of that subject, is from the pen of the Hon. Tennis G. Bergen.

"A few years ago there were eight tide mills within the boundaries of the then town of Brooklyn, used mainly for the grinding of grain, all of which have been swept out of existence by the march of improvement.

The one known as *Freekes' Mill*, or the old Gowanus Mill, was probably the oldest. Its mill-pond was formed by damming off the head of Gowanus Kil. In 1661 this mill was held conjointly by Isaac de Forest and Adam Brower, the latter purchasing the interest of the former, as per "O'C.," in the *Historical Magazine* of August last. These parties

probably held as tenants or lessees, for the land was within the boundaries of the patent of Jan Evertse Bout, of July 6, 1645. According to the affidavits of Jan Cornelisse Buys and Dirick Jansen, of September 12, 1698, (see Lib. 2 of Con., p. 179, K. C. Reg. Off.,) in 1667 Bout gave "the Corn and Meadows and place wherein the mill is grounded" to the children of Adam Brower. By a recital in a deed, dated April 30, 1707, of Sybrant Brower to Abram and Nicholas Brower (see Lib. 3 of Con., p. 201, K. C. Reg. Off.,) it appears that a conveyance had been executed by the heirs of Jan Evertse Bout and Tunis Nuyse to Adam Brower, their ancestor, for the neck of land on which the mill was located.

Van Dyck's Mill, at Redhook, on Wouter Van Twiller's patent, was erected prior to 1689, his mill-dam being referred to in an agreement in said year between Seabring and Corsen. The mill-pond was formed by damming off the creeks and natural ponds in the adjoining marsh. The second mill of Van Dyck's, on the same pond, was built after 1766, the date of Ratzer's map of New York.

Cornell's Mill, in South Brooklyn, was built on the patent of Frederick Lubbertse by John Marsh, for Cornelius Seabring and Peter Corsen, (Vroom,) in 1659, on the Graver's Kil, which, being enclosed by a dam, formed the mill-pond. In 1698 Corsen sold his plantation of 100 acres to Seabring, the mill being known for years after as Cornelius Seabring's Mill.

Denton's Mill, in Gowanus, was built on Jan Evertse Bout's patent by Abram and Nicolas Brower, sons of Adam Brower, in 1709. The mill-pond was formed by damming off a branch of the Gowanus Kil.

Remsen's Mill, at the Wallabout, on lands at present occupied by the U. S. Navy Yard, was built on the patent probably of John Haes, by Aert Aerson (Middagh) in 1710, who at that period owned the premises. A natural pond in the marsh, requiring a short dam, afforded the necessary facilities. February 9, 1713, Aerson conveyed an undivided half

of the premises on which the mill was located to Hanse Jacobse Bergen, and the latter conveyed, January 28, 172⅔ his interest to Cornelius Evertse.

Luquiere's Mill was built by the Seabrings prior to 1776, and was known on Ratzer's map as Isaac Seabrings'. The mill-pond was formed by inclosing with a lengthy dam a small cove and creek near the head of Gowanus Bay.

Coles' Mill was built by John Rapalje after 1766, the mill-pond being mainly excavated out of the marsh, on the side of Gowanus Kil. Both Luquiere's and Cole's mills were erected on Frederick Lubbertse's patent."

Many historical associations cluster around some of these mill sites, and redeem the rude structures which occupied them from the common-place and vulgar.

Remsen's mill was situated on the dam which separated the pond from Wallabout Bay, and from his door the kind-hearted proprietor, during the Revolution, Mr. Rem Remsen, could see the poor worn bodies of the victims of British cruelty brought on shore to be buried. As the beach under the sandy bluffs became crowded with graves, the burial parties encroached upon Remsen's mill dam and his door yard with the trenches in which they deposited the sad relics.

"The whole shore," says General Johnson, "was a place of graves, from Rennie's point to Mr. Remsen's door yard, as was also the slope of the hill near the house. The beach, from Mr. Remsen's barn along the mill pond to Rappelyea's barn, and the sandy island between the flood gates and the mill dam, were entirely occupied, while a few were buried on the east side of the Wallabout. I am confident that more than half the dead which were buried on the outer side of the mill dam, were washed out of the shallow pits by the waves at high tide during the northeasterly winds."

Mr. Rem Remsen, the proprietor of the mill, who was compelled, from his proximity to the prison-ships, to witness many of the horrors of their awful condition, both in life and when

death had relieved them of their sufferings, often covered the corpses which had been left exposed by the negligence of the burial party or the washing of the tides. These pious labors for the dead were not the only services performed by Mr. Remsen: he collected provisions and vegetables from the neighboring farmers, and carried them on board the prison-ships, to be distributed among the famished inmates.

He incurred the suspicion and dislike of his Tory neighbors by these humane acts, but he was not to be dissuaded by such sentiments; and the British officers on board the ships, although they disapproved of the furnishing of these supplies to their rebel prisoners, never prohibited it, and the latter, as far as known, always received the donations, except when the guard was composed of the ever-hungry Hessians. On such occasions, the food intended for the prisoners was appropriated by the Germans, who were, in many instances, almost equally needy. Mr. Remsen's patriotism was not exhausted in such humane attentions to the living and dead prisoners of the dreadful prison hulks before his door.

He aided in the collection of large sums of money to be loaned to the Government in its hour of need. The collectors of these funds, who, with every person entertaining them, were doomed to be shot or hung as spies, if discovered, were frequently secreted in Remsen's mill and house. Often here, in the very centre of the British camp, was lurking the wily spy, who had crept through the thicket covering the Wallabout Swamp, peering from some crevice in the mill covering, or counting the silver and gold on a woolen blanket to deaden its suggestive clink. Once within Mr. Remsen's doors, the spy or agent was comparatively safe, as his place of concealment was so secure that none ever penetrated it. The British officers were far from suspecting that any person could have the hardihood to penetrate so far within their lines. The old mill and the dwelling house near, effectually concealed the spies, who constantly traversed the swamps and thickets along the shore of the East River. Some times, when a more important personage than a common scout was to be provided

with the means of escape, Mr. Remsen guided him through the lanes and by-paths to Newtown Creek, where a concealed boat enabled him to row his guest far up the East River to the Connecticut shore, from which he returned on the next night. City Park now covers the site of the mill and pond.

The ponds of Freeke's and Denton's mills were a baleful source of misfortune to the routed American army on the 27th of August, 1776. Not only did the deep waters obstruct the flight of the routed soldiers, but the more treacherous mud proved the grave of many of their number.

A Connecticut Colonel added to the horrors of the day by burning Freeke's mill and the bridges over the race on his retreat early in the battle, so that the only route for safe passage across the pond and creek was broken.

The proprietors of the mills seem to have been generally highly patriotic. Mr. Van Dyck, the proprietor of the mill on Red Hook, was an ardent Whig. He entertained the officers who constructed the redoubt on his land, with great hospitality, so as to win from one of them the record that he was one of the few honest patriots of the island.

NARROW ESCAPE

OF

HENRY AND ELIAS BREVOORT

DURING THE

BRITISH OCCUPATION OF NEW YORK.

The national caution of our Dutch ancestors preserved them in general from complicity with revolutionary measures, and consequent embarrassment during the troubled period of British military rule.

But there was too much of that Hollandish blood flowing in their veins, which filled the stout hearts of Alva's antagonists, to be cold under British tyranny. Among those who periled their fortunes and lives on the side of the revolution few did more efficient service in the cause of humanity, as well as liberty, than Elias and Henry Brevoort—the latter grandfather of the present J. Carson Brevoort. At the period of the invasion of Long Island, in August, 1776, Henry was twenty years of age. He was engaged with some part of the American forces in the skirmishes prior to the 27th, and escaped from the carnage that ensued, to New York.

The company to which Mr. Brevoort was attached occupied ground on the Gowanus Road, afterwards held by the Maryland Regiment in their terrible struggle with Cornwallis' grenadiers, and on which so many of the brave young fellows perished, and still lie unnoted by monumental record. On the 26th of August his company was relieved, and stationed within the line of fortifications, with the other local militia. From the top of the entrenchments he watched the progress of the conflict, and saw the fatal onset of the British flanking detachment, and the dreadful rout which ensued.

Mr. Brevoort always expressed his firm belief, based upon his own observation, that but few of the American fugitive

soldiers perished in the creek and millponds, as he was very familiar with them, and had often waded across them in his hunting expeditions.

It should be borne in mind, however, that Mr. Brevoort would doubtless, from his familiarity, choose the most favorable spots for crossing the creek, as well as the period of the lowest tide. Our unfortunate countrymen had to contend with difficulties which they could not control—the time and place of crossing. The bog and creek were unknown obstacles, and of the best points for crossing they were utterly ignorant; beside which the tide was full, making a difference of three to five feet more than at ebb. Exhausted with the shock of battle, a hurried flight, and the horrors of the panic of defeat, their broken and crowded ranks pushed forward by a fierce assault, our poor countrymen plunged into the treacherous mud of the salt meadow and the mill-ponds with little strength remaining. It would be scarcely less than miraculous if all escaped.

On the retreat of the American army from Long Island the provincial militia to which Mr. Brevoort was attached were generally disbanded.

Soon after arriving at his father's house, it was evident that he must decide upon his course regarding the struggle, as the Americans were already preparing for the retreat to Harlem Heights. His filial duty to an aged and bed-ridden father, and his sense of obligation to the new Republic, almost equally divided his attachment, but the parental one was nearest and most imperative. The strongest partisan can find but little to condemn in the decision. The young soldier doffed his military clothes, and, to escape molestation by the British troops, he sank them in the mire of a neighboring swamp. The Brevoort farm consisted of eighty acres, extending from Ninth street and Fifth avenue to the Bowery, and as far north as the present 18th street, lying almost in the center of the island of Manhattan.

Along the southern border of the Brevoort estate ran the little creek Minetto, flowing through the site of the present

McDougal and Minetto streets to the Hudson. The farm-house occupied by the family in the Revolution was situated on the Bowery road, directly opposite 11th street. Indeed, it is well known that in later years the firm resistance of Mr. Henry Brevoort to the destruction of this house by the opening of 11th street, from Bowery to Fourth avenue, caused the present break in the communication between the easterly and westerly sections of the street.

At that time there resided in the lower part of the city a grand-aunt of the young Brevoorts, who was one of the most remarkable of the heroic women of the era so prolific of noble mothers and female patriots.

The stories of the daring enterprise of this dauntless lady in the sacred cause of humanity would fill many pages. Many of them have been already gathered by the author of "Memorials of the Todd Family."

"Miss Margaret Todd, afterwards Mrs. Whetten, made it her daily business to prepare food for the American soldiers, and sent it regularly to the prisons, as well as much to the hospitals, using all the Indian meal she could obtain in this way. She went sometimes with her daughters to see the prisoners, and encourage them by cheerful conversation. Occasionally they visited the provost, where the notorious Cunningham was marshal, and who would now and then show his displeasure by kicking over their baskets of provisions, and beating the unfortunate prisoners with his keys. Sometimes he would receive them with a surly courtesy; but Mrs. W. and her daughters continually provided, not only provisions, but clothing, for the use of the captives, not heeding the surliness of their jailors, or the risk of indignity to themselves. Cunningham told a gentleman once that "These ladies were the damnedest rebels in New York, but so true to the prisoners that I cannot often refuse to let them come."

Nor did she hesitate to risk her own safety by receiving persons suspected of serving the American cause. Several of her descendants remember a story of her having assisted

in the escape of a spy. When a party of soldiers came to the house to arrest the suspected person, having notice of their approach, she had merely time to slip a dressing-gown and night-cap upon her guest, place him in a large easy chair, and put a bowl of gruel in his hands. When the guard came she showed them the seeming invalid, and they left him, intending to return and take him as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to accompany them. The officer was reprimanded and immediately ordered back, but by that time the object of suspicion had disappeared.

Captain Hunter, who often came with a flag to the city, was in the habit of sending and receiving communications through this family. On one occasion he was ordered to remain three or four days at her house, but finally permitted to depart. It was not long before she became aware that she was suspected of harboring spies, and feeling some uneasiness, she was advised to address a letter to the British Commander, soliciting his protection. She went herself to deliver it at his quarters, and was absent until late in the afternoon, which greatly alarmed her daughters, who knew the object of her visit, and supposed that she had been arrested and sent to the Provost. She had only been detained by waiting for the aide-de-camp, who had promised to help her in gaining an audience and presenting her letter. The dread of being persecuted as obnoxious was no small part of their trials, for they had seen too many instances of such persecutions to be willing to subject themselves to similar troubles if they could be avoided. The time approached which was to end their dangers and sufferings. It was announced that New York was speedily to be evacuated by the British. The rejoicing of patriotic families, who had lived so long in the midst of enemies, was great at the glorious prospect.

About this time the family were startled by the report of a neighbor, who came running to inform them that Cunningham, the Provost Marshal, at the head of a party of soldiers, was marching towards the house; but were soon relieved to find their destination was the house of one of their neighbors,

who had dared to insult his majesty, in the presence of his own troops, by hoisting a flag bearing thirteen stars on the top of her house. The woman, meanwhile, hearing of his approach, locked the doors, and when the soldiers came, berated them so boldly that Cunningham thought it best to retire, and did, yielding to a rebel perhaps for the first time. That little flag was probably the first hoisted in the city ; the name of the woman should have been preserved."

After the British occupation of New York Mr. Brevoort found many opportunities of aiding his unfortunate countrymen, and of conveying information of affairs within the city to the American Commander.

Being known as an eager sportsman he was not prevented from the pursuit of his amusement, though often absent during the day and far into the night. His boat was secreted in a little creek called the Minetto, which emptied into the Hudson near the foot of Canal street.

In the vicinity spread out a marshy tract of ground, covered with alder, swamp-willow, and other trees of similar growth, through the center of which flowed the stream, thus almost perfectly concealing the little craft which plied along its surface. So accustomed had the British officers (many of whom were often the recipients of his father's hospitality) become to his sporting propensities, that he was seldom molested in their pursuit. His almost daily route was, with fishing-rod and gun, to proceed to the creek where his boat was secreted in the dense swamp thickets, covered with reeds, and rowing quietly down the Minetto to the Hudson, push out upon its broad waters to the Jersey shore. The facilities which his daily habits afforded for communication with the opposite shore, were often availed of by his aunt, Mrs. Whetten, for the escape of those American prisoners whose good fortune threw them in her way. This kind-hearted and courageous woman was not to be deterred from such acts of humanity by the dread of Cunningham's atrocities.

In a moment of temporary cessation of the scrutiny of the British guards, it was not unfrequent that an American pris-

oner was able to secrete himself until nightfall, when, if he could make his way to Mr. Brevoort's boat, his chances of escape were greatly increased. Sometimes the rigidity of British imprisonment was sufficiently relaxed to permit the prisoners to visit the neighboring farm-houses to beg for food, and on these occasions the noble woman secretly informed them where the boat would be found hidden. Near to its hiding place they were instructed to secrete themselves during the day, and remain until her nephew arrived to row them across the river.

In these hazardous expeditions Mr. Brevoort was often engaged during the Revolution, returning to his house on several occasions in barely sufficient time to escape detection by the British guards sent in pursuit of the fugitives; but always eager to renew the terrible hazard through which many a despairing, starving prisoner obtained the precious boon of liberty. The danger of detection was most imminent, and death by the gibbet or starvation in prison was almost certain to follow. This his circumspection and good fortune had hitherto avoided, until the occurrence which we are about to relate. On this occasion nothing but his coolness and adroitness saved our patriot from the most dreadful fate.

Two of the wretched inmates of the pestilential sugar-house, or not less dreaded Provost, had, by appointment, secreted themselves in the swampy thicket near the boat.

The night proved so dark as to be favorable to the secrecy of their movements, and in an hour or two after they had been rowed across the Hudson and safely landed at Powles' Hook. The escaped prisoners had little now to dread, but their generous preserver had still the most arduous and dangerous part of his task to fulfil. He approached the mouth of the creek with his usual caution, and rowed silently up its slimy channel to his usual landing place. Arriving at the bank, his boat was fastened, and long after midnight he crept cautiously through the bye-paths to the house. His first care was carefully to clean the mud of the swamp from his boots

and clothes, and dry them at the kitchen fire. After satisfying himself that every evidence of his night's adventure had been removed from his person and clothes he retired to bed.

Whether the repeated escapes of prisoners who disappeared near the same spot had excited suspicion towards him, or his steps had been traced during the night, is unknown, but the attention of the British authorities was now directed towards him. But a short time had elapsed after his retiring before his ears, quickened in their sense, probably, by apprehension, detected the sullen tramp of an approaching patrol. The full comprehension of the significance of their errand flashed upon him at the first sound of their approach. A moment after, the ominous clang of their musket butts falling on the floor of the piazza, as they came to a rest, paralyzed him for a moment with alarm. Aware, however, in an instant, that he had but a moment for preparation, he became immediately after cool and collected enough to frame a plan of defence. Hastily awakening his brother, he arranged in few words a narrative, in which they must agree, the details of which he was reciting when the door of their sleeping room was burst open, a British guard entered and arrested both of them before they had completed their dressing. Without many formalities they were hurried by the soldiers to the guard-house, and separately confined. The position of the adventurous and humane young patriot was one of the greatest danger, for the least discrepancy in the respective accounts of the two brothers would send one or both of them to the custody of the murderous Cunningham, from whose prison cells they would only be relieved for a brief military trial, quickly followed by the disgraceful death of a spy. The guard had been withdrawn from the room, and only a sentinel was pacing his watch before the door.

An hour elapsed, during which his reflections had covered the whole ground of conjecture regarding his fate, when a low whisper from the ceiling attracted his attention. Approaching it as near as possible he found that his brother was imprisoned in the room immediately above him, and

that communication was possible through a crevice in the floor. The details of a story each was to relate were quickly agreed upon, and communicated to each other in such low tones as to escape the ears of the guard. Their intelligence, quickened by long familiarity with danger, informed them that their chances of escape would be much enhanced by making the incidents few and natural. In the morning they were brought for examination before the commanding officer, and strictly interrogated regarding their knowledge of the escape of the prisoners. Each declared simply that they had been engaged in one of their usual sporting excursions, and could thus know nothing of the fugitives.

Their good fortune and intrepidity favored them throughout the preliminary examination, and all the subsequent insiduous endeavors to entrap them. No evidence of their communication with the prisoners could be obtained. This part of the affair had been managed by the good aunt, so that in no instance were the young patriots ever seen for a moment in conversation with the fugitive prisoners. She arranged all the plans of escape; the prisoners themselves performed a part which entirely disconnected them with any resident of the city, and it was only until darkness shut out all observation that the Brevoorts ever communicated with them. The trail was, therefore, so broken as almost to defy discovery. On this occasion their stories were found so consistent, and no corroborative testimony being obtainable, the British officers were completely bewildered. The oozy swamp, the sluggish creek, and the dark river on that gloomy night offered no testimony to enlighten them. They were as silent as the thirteen thousand skeletons of their victims, which the sugar-house, the Provost, and the prison-ships had poisoned to their death in those pestilential hells.

A few days of not very rigorous imprisonment, and a few sharp, but inconclusive inquisitions, were terminated by the release of our adventurous patriots.

NARRATIVE

OF THE SERVICES OF THE

MARYLAND BATTALION

IN BROOKLYN,

ON THE 27th OF AUGUST, 1776.

It is known to many of the citizens of Brooklyn that the remains of a great number of American soldiers who fell in battle on the 27th of August, 1776, are buried beneath her soil, without any token to mark our gratitude for their services.

Among those who have a peculiar claim to be remembered with the highest tokens of honor are the soldiers of the Maryland Battalion, two hundred and fifty-six of whom fell upon the ground near Prospect Park. The zeal with which Maryland gave her substance and her children to defend our soil, and the heroic courage and self-devotion of her sons on the day of battle, deserve some token of our gratitude.

Immediately upon receiving information of the danger which threatened New York and Brooklyn, the citizens of Maryland flew to arms with the greatest enthusiasm. Nearly every able-bodied man in the State was enrolled, and in two weeks eight regiments and battalions had pushed forward to our defence. On the 16th of August the Maryland Council of Safety announced to our delegates in Congress, "We shall have with you in a few days four thousand men, which is all that we can arm and equip, and the people of New York, *for whom we have great affection*, can have no more than our all."

A portion of these troops were known as Smallwood's Battalion, and consisted of six hundred and eighty young men and lads of the best families of the State. The Battalion was one of the few uniformed and well-disciplined organizations in the American army, and was at once relied upon by General Washington for performing the most hazardous and important duties.

On the 27th of August the Battalion had become reduced by the severity of its service, and the prevalent diseases of the camp, to four hundred and fifty men, the number with which it went into battle. On that day the Delaware Battalion of one hundred and twenty men, commanded by Colonel Haslet, was united with Smallwood's, making a joint force of five hundred and seventy. During the fight these young soldiers suffered under the great disadvantage of being for the first time in the presence of an enemy, and almost without commanding officers, their Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel having been detained in New York too late to reach their Battalion before it went into action. Yet, so noble was their ardor, and so perfect their discipline, that when the great rout of the American army began, the Maryland Battalion was the only organization which preserved its order, and was in a condition to prove effective in guarding the retreat. Gowanus Creek, the mill-ponds, and the boggy salt meadows which bordered them, were at this time crowded with the broken masses of the American army. General Stirling saw that nothing but a diversion of the enemy could save the entire detachment from destruction, and to effect this purpose he turned to the Maryland Battalion as a forlorn hope. The young men composing it answered his appeal with the noblest self-devotion and enthusiasm. The enterprise was a voluntary exposure to almost certain death. Less than five hundred young men and boys were about to assault a position supported by the whole British army. Yet even dreadful perils did not appal them. With General Stirling at the head of their column they charged upon the enemy's batteries, whose grape and canister

poured upon the fugitives at short range, were covering the marsh and water with dead and wounded at every discharge.

So fierce and persistent was the onset of the Battalion that the British were driven in confusion from their battery at the stone house on the Gowanus Road. The guns would have been spiked or turned upon the enemy but for the heavy fire of the grenadiers, who had flung themselves into the house, the strong walls of which made it a formidable redoubt. On the adjacent hills more than eight thousand of the British army were moving into position to oppose this little band of not more than five hundred men.

After a protracted and bloody struggle around the Cortelyou house, the Marylanders were driven back by the overpowering numbers of the enemy. Two or three hundred yards to the south the Gowanus Road turned sharply to the west, and, favored by the stone walls and thickets which bordered it, the Battalion formed again, and once more pressed forward into the wide semi-circle of fire which was concentrated upon them.

Every moment increased the number of their enemies, and every moment lessened their own. The storm of grape and musket shot from the dense lines of the enemy in front, and the rifle balls of the Hessian Yagers on every knoll, again drove them back to their cover. Again forming there for assault, and again driven back, with numbers lessening at every step, these brave Maryland lads at last effected the purpose for which so many of them had freely given their lives. The great mass of their fugitive countrymen had crossed the creek and marsh, and were beyond pursuit by the enemy. For more than an hour the Battalion had sustained the terrible fire concentrating upon them, and five times assaulted an enemy more than twenty times their strength. Shattered at every charge upon his impregnable lines, their discipline, their ardor, and their heroism restored their regimental order at every repulse ; and it was only when their General was a prisoner, and more than half their number, with nearly all their officers, had fallen, that any portion of

the Battalion made an effort for self-preservation. On the ground now bounded by Third and Sixth avenues, and Third and Seventh streets, two hundred and fifty-six of the youth of Maryland and Delaware had fallen.* The fate of many of the wounded was more melancholy than that of their comrades who had been instantly killed, for the Hessian and Highland troops, exasperated by their resistance, bayonetted to death most of those who fell into their hands. Beneath the streets and vacant lots near the western border of Prospect Park lie the remains of these brave sons of Maryland.

The proprietors of the adjacent farms were compelled to assist in their burial, and tradition has preserved the site of the spot in which many of the dead were interred. The evidence of the truth of these statements is indubitable. General Stirling, in his letter of August 29th to General Washington, narrates the principal incidents of the assaults. Colonel Smallwood, in his official report to the Maryland Council of Safety, immediately after the battle, enumerates the losses which his Battalion suffered, and the numerous private letters of that period are filled with accounts of the heroism and sad fortunes of its members.

Two British, and three Hessian officers narrate the story of the massacre of wounded Americans, with such circumstantiality and minuteness as to leave no room for doubt. No historian of cotemporaneous events has failed to record the valor, and the fate of these young heroes, and none have ever cast a doubt upon the truth of the details of their achievements.

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* Lord Stirling says, in his letter of August 29, to Washington: "In order to render the escape of the main body across the creek more practicable, I found it absolutely necessary to attack a body of troops commanded by Lord Cornwallis, posted at the house near the Upper Mills, which I instantly did, with about half of Smallwood's regiment, first ordering all the other troops to make the best of their way across the creek."

Col. Smallwood has been understood to say, in his letter of October 12, that the Marylanders lost two hundred and fifty-six men; but in his subsequent communications he makes no mention of the number, except to remind the Convention that he had already sent a list of the killed, wounded and missing.

In a letter written September 1st, 1776, the writer says: "The Maryland battalion lost two hundred and fifty nine men, amongst whom twelve were officers: Capts. Veasy and Bowey; Lieuts. Butler, Sterrit, Dent, Coursey, Morse, Prawl, Ensigns Corts and Fernandas. Who are killed, and who prisoners, is yet uncertain."

All the letters of the period extol the courage and devotion of the Maryland battalion, and rate its loss at nearly the same number.

One of these writers, after naming the same missing officers, says: "about one hundred and fifty men of Smallwood's battalion are missing." The officers give Lord Stirling the character of as brave a man as ever lived. Stedman, the British historian, says: "The Maryland Regiment suffered most severely, having lost upwards of two hundred and sixty men; which was much regretted, as that regiment was composed of young men of the best families in the country.

The memory of noble deeds should not be permitted to perish; nor should a great city suffer under the stigma of ingratitude. The generous and patriotic Maryland should be made to feel that "her great affection" for us has not been forgotten; and an enduring monument of the heroism of her martyr sons should be erected to commemorate alike her patriotism and their self-devotion.

Colonel Smallwood, the commander of this forlorn hops, was unfortunately not present in the battle, but the circumstances attending his absence do not seem to have affected his reputation unfavorably. He had been directed on the previous day to sit in the court martial which tried an American officer for treason, and arrived at the ferry too late on the night of the 26th for crossing to Long Island. The morning had dawned before Colonel Smallwood arrived at the camp within the lines, but his Battalion had marched some hours before, and was already engaged with the enemy miles away at the Red Lion Inn. In all the narratives of the engagement scant justice has been done to the Delaware Battalion, which formed part of the detachment that marched under Stirling on the morning of the 27th, and is in several of the current accounts of the battle spoken of as having behaved well. Both Colonels Smallwood and Haslet were unfortunate in being compelled to aid at such an important crisis in the trial of the wretched Colonel Zedwitz.

A private enterprise, in which this officer had engaged, rendered it necessary for him to assume the role of sharper, in order to escape conviction for treason.

Gen. Washington says in a letter to Gen. Ward.* "In regard to the attack and retreat from Long Island, the public papers will furnish you with accounts nearly true. I shall only add that in the former we lost eight hundred men, more than three-fourths of which were taken prisoners.

This misfortune happened in a great measure by two detachments of our people who were posted in two roads leading through woods to intercept the enemy in their marching, suffering a surprise, and making a precipitate retreat, which enabled the enemy to lead a great part of their force against the troops commanded by Lord Stirling, which formed a third detachment, and who behaved with great bravery and resolution, charging the enemy and maintaining their posts from about seven or eight o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, when they were obliged to attempt a retreat, being surrounded and overpowered by numbers on all sides, and in which many of them were taken. One Battalion, Smallwood's Battalion of Maryland, lost two hundred and fifty-nine men, and the general damage fell upon the Regiments from Pennsylvania, Deleware and Maryland, and Col. Huntington's of Connecticut."

The services of the Maryland Battalion were not terminated by the dreadful struggle of the 27th. It is exacting much from our belief in human endurance and courage to find it narrated that two days subsequently the survivors, unappalled by the awful perils of that day, closed their thin ranks around their regimental colors, and again took the post of danger in the final retreat from Brooklyn. Yet such was the fact.

As soon as Washington had decided upon the plan of that wonderful movement, the remnant of Smallwood's Battalion

* Extract from a manuscript letter of Gen. Washington to Gen. Ward, dated "Head-Quarters at Col. Robert Morris' house, 10 miles from New York, September 19th, 1776." This important letter is believed to have never before been printed.

was selected to form part of the rear guard. The masking of the British guns upon the Heights, near the present crossing of Clinton and De Kalb avenues, indicated the point of assault to be that part of the American lines covered by their fire. Those regiments alone were selected for this perilous service whose discipline and courage had been tested, and foremost on the order is the name of Smallwood's Battalion.

For twelve hours in momentary expectation of the signal for assault, which few expected to survive, the Battalion rested upon its arms. The long night of the 29th was spent in mutual charges to each other of affectionate remembrance to the loved ones at home, in making bequests, and directing such labors as are suggested to the reflections of men during the last moiety of life.

It was not until the fog lightened with the first streaks of dawn that the officers and soldiers of the rear guard were informed officially that their comrades had effected their retreat across the East River. Although the anticipated design of assaulting the British lines was not to be realized, it was evident that the danger of the position of the rear guard was but little lessened. In the event of an advance of the enemy the few hundred of exhausted men which comprised the detachment would be compelled to endure the onset of the whole British army. In even this desperate condition of fortune the survivors of the Maryland Battalion did not quail. The shock of battle in which so many of their number had fallen, the bivouac on the boggy shores of Wallabout Bay, through two days and nights of constant rain, without food or shelter, had not weakened their courage nor lessened their zeal. More than once the tramp of some of the abandoned horses, or the rush of the herds of cattle gathered within the lines suggested an attack from the enemy, which they were instantly called upon to repulse.

There is a current tradition among the families whose farms covered the site where the Marylanders were engaged that their dead were buried by the residents on a mound

that rose from a salt meadow in the vicinity of Third avenue and Seventh streets.

After frequent examination of the ground I am of the opinion that few of the bodies were interred at that place originally, as it was too distant. It is probable, however, that after the war, when the farms were again cultivated, that the skeletons were collected and buried on the island mound, to secure them from violation by the plough. The Van Brunt and Bennet families retain the tradition with sufficient details to authorize the belief that the burial of most of the brave and generous youth of Maryland who fell in the battle still lie under the soil of the Third avenue.

Adrian Van Brunt, who lived until within a few years, was often heard to say that the ground was sacred, and that he and his father had protected it from violation because it held the remains of the Maryland Regiment.

TRADITIONS AND ANECDOTES.

SKIRMISH OF THE STONE LOT.

THERE is a tradition extant among some of the Dutch families of Gowanus that Colonel Atlees' skirmish on the night of the 26th of August took place in a piece of broken stony ground now enclosed in Greenwood Cemetery. At its southwest angle Martense lane wound through a deep cut in the hills, bordered by heavy stone walls. On either side the ground was covered with a thicket, interlaced with cat-briers, which rendered a passage through it a labor of extreme difficulty. A cleared space in one of the curves of the roadway, is so nearly covered with heavy boulders as to be termed the Stone Lot. A body of riflemen, probably that commanded by Colonel Atlee, is said to have ensconsed itself here at the time of the passage of the British troops, in almost perfect security from assault.

Here tradition says the British met with a fierce resistance. Fired upon from the rocks and thickets by an unseen foe, whose shots seldom failed to lodge in the body of a British soldier, the narrow pass seemed to realize all that had been told of savage warfare in these American wilds. To scale the steep sides of the road, only to find nothing but a dense thicket or an impassable morass, was a labor whose results did not compensate the British soldier for the additional hazard and exposure to the deadly rifle shots. Recent excavations of these hills afford evidence of a severe struggle there —in the brass ornaments of the equipment of British soldiers, buried where they fell. It was this point which was held by Colonel Atlee and his brave Pennsylvanians. The story of that day is told by himself.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON'S TOUR ON LONG ISLAND.

A WEALTHY resident of Brooklyn, named Sage, some time after the Revolution, had been largely engaged in furnishing supplies to the American army, and was well known to Washington.

In the course of his tour through the Island the General rode up to the door of Mr. Sage's residence, but finding, upon enquiry, that he was absent, remained in the saddle while the messenger was absent in search of him.

The young daughter of the latter attracted the notice of the General, who persuaded her to be lifted upon his saddle, and holding her in his arms, rode once or twice around the lawn, to her great delight.

So strong was the impression of his features made upon her mind while, with childish curiosity, she sat gazing up into his face during her ride, that she always preserved a vivid recollection of them. Stuart's portrait, she declared a few years since to Mr. Alden J. Spooner, was an accurate resemblance of him as he appeared on that morning.

AN aged gentleman of Patchogue, named Hart, who died suddenly in the cars, and was buried as a stranger a few years since, was accustomed to relate an incident of Washington's tour through Long Island.

On arriving at the village of Patchogue, Washington conversed affably with such of the residents as approached him while sitting upon his horse. Mr. Hart, then a lad, was engaged with a number of his companions in roasting sweet potatoes at a fire by the roadside.

Emboldened by the kindly manners and pleasant voice of his Excellency, Hart pushed up to the side of his horse, and respectfully offered him one of the baked sweet potatoes, hot from the ashes.

It was no unfamiliar diet to the old soldier, elevated as was his position, and, with an appearance of the most genuine enjoyment, he received and ate the humble gift, while sitting in his saddle. After thanking the lad he rewarded his politeness with the present of an English shilling, which was long preserved as a souvenir of General Washington.

ANECDOTE OF ANDRE'S VISIT TO LONG ISLAND.

ALTHOUGH the Island was in the possession of the British troops, and occupied by them at many points in strong force, yet it was necessary for their officers, when travelling alone, or lodging at a distance from military posts, to be exceedingly circumspect in their conduct, and often to preserve their *incognito*. The whale-boatmen, and other marauding parties from the mainland, often stole far within the British lines, and carried away not only the property but the persons of those who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the Whigs.

The adventurous Captain Hyler, and the not less daring Marriner, had, by the success of their secret and adroit enterprises, rendered themselves objects of dread to the British and Tory officers occupying outlying stations. It is therefore not surprising that the latter, when in the course of military operations in which they were unprotected by troops, should be somewhat reticent regarding their rank and the nature of their employment. Sometime in the year 17— a stranger appeared at the inn of Mr. Conklin, in Babylon, and expressed the design of lodging there for the night. The bearing of the person was gentlemanly, and his manner most agreeable and attractive. There was a simple kindness in his language and conduct that won the regards of the whole family, but more especially of the younger members. His interesting stories, narrated with a genuine enjoyment of their childish interest, and his hearty participation in their frolics, made him at once a favorite. The kind regard thus elicited was not unnaturally reciprocated by the stranger, and just before his departure he confided to Mr. Conklin the secret of his name and rank.

Major Andre, as he announced himself, was then engaged in some military capacity, which his adventures in Charleston the year previous, and the unfortunate enterprise at West Point the year after, leads us to suppose was a secret mission of the nature of that in which he lost his life.

WASHINGTON'S POSITION DURING THE RETREAT.

On the occasion of the last visit of Lafayette to America he was the guest of Mr. Edward Pierrepont, at the old Pierrepont mansion house, on Brooklyn Heights. A number of eminent persons were present to pay their respects to the honored General, among whom were Colonel Fish and Judge Daggett, a lawyer of great reputation, resident at New Haven. Both of these gentlemen had occupied positions of the most intimate relations to Washington, having been either his secretaries or aids during some portion of the Revolution. The incident narrated on this occasion was often repeated by Judge Daggett, who was a frequent visitor at the Pierrepont house, as well known to himself and Colonel Constable, whose widow was then residing with Mr. Pierrepont. During the conversation which occurred after dinner, while the guests were standing upon the piazza, Colonel Fish remarked, "By the bye, General, are you aware that this house has a great historical interest. That is the room in which the council was held which decided upon the retreat from Long Island."

The remark excited many reminiscences of the great epoch, and among others who joined in the interesting narratives which followed, Judge Daggett said that it was strange that the popular impression of Washington's character never allowed him any of the common weaknesses of human passion. That he was present on the little pier on the river, near the foot of Fulton street, where Washington was superintending the retreat. The confusion and panic into which the army had fallen was frightful.

From other sources we learn that the soldiers were crowded into an undistinguishable mass of officers and privates, all infected with such ungovernable alarm, that numbers were actually climbing upon the heads and shoulders of the wedged and immovable crowd of fugitives in front of them, from which elevation they improved their opportunity of clambering over them to the front. In spite of the threats and entreaties of their officers, the panic-stricken fugitives had crowded into the boats until they were incapable of being moved. When driven from some of the flotilla at the point of the bayonet, the frightened crowd poured instantly and resistlessly into others, from which neither threats nor blows could at length dislodge them.

Washington's anxiety for the safe retreat of his troops, endangered so greatly by this panic, was fast exhausting his patience, and his language grew as vehement as his labors had been gigantic.

At last his wrath at the insubordination and perversity of the men leaped beyond the bounds of his habitual prudence, and, seizing a huge stone, which, probably few other men in the army could even have lifted from the ground, he raised it aloft in both hands, and shouted, "If every man in that boat does not instantly leave it, I will sink it to ——."

Judge Daggett concluded by saying that the action of the General was so impressive and threatening that the boats were instantly vacated, and the embarkation was not afterwards embarrassed by the insubordination of the retreating soldiers.

The incident was related to me by Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, who not only heard it on this occasion, but on several others.

THE Pierrepont house might properly be considered the headquarters of the American army during the battle and siege of Brooklyn. A telegraph was established upon the

roof, to communicate with another at the grand battery in New York. From the tall liberty pole at the latter place information of the movements of troops in the city were constantly being sent to headquarters in Brooklyn. Orders from the commanding General at the latter place were also transmitted from the station on the roof. Near Fort Stirling was a tall tree, from the top of which a view of the battle-ground on the hills east of Gowanus Creek could be obtained. Mr. Debevoise, the proprietor of the farm on which Fort Stirling was constructed, climbed to the top of the tree while the engagement of Stirling's Corps was in progress, and witnessed such portions of it as were not hidden by the woods. From this elevated station he communicated his observations of the terrible tragedy to the groups collected at the foot of the tree.

ESCAPE OF MR. PRIME'S FAMILY FROM HUNTINGTON.

An eminent clergyman of Huntington, the Rev. Ebenezer Prime, became the especial object of hatred to the British, and suffered many annoyances from the malicious ingenuity of the soldiers. A large quantity of silver-plate was known to be in the possession of the family, and excited the keenest apprehensions of the family, not alone for the safety of the property, but from consideration of the reckless character of the marauders, by whom it was believed that the lives of the family would be sacrificed in the attempt to plunder it. Many schemes were contrived for securing the plate from the searching eyes of the anticipated robbers, but as few of the neighboring whigs had been able to secrete their valuables, so adroitly but that the deposit was discovered, the plans intended were far from satisfactory.

In some cases the proprietors of secreted effects were taken from their beds at midnight, and frightfully abused and tortured until the secret was wrung from their reluctant lips. Every step was fraught with danger, and every scheme for security of their persons and property could only be accomplished through great peril.

At last intimations of their danger in remaining became so impressive, that the clergyman felt he would not be justified in a longer delay.

Preparations were accordingly made with the greatest secresy for departure, and the plate was hurriedly taken from its place of concealment, and put into a grain sack, wrapped so as to prevent the peculiar metallic ring of the metal, which would have so certainly betrayed their secret.

It was a hazardous enterprise to pass the guards without encumbrance, but the knowledge of the valuable freight they bore, added greatly to the anxiety of both, Mr. Prime and his wife.

At last the hour arrived for them to depart, and the minister bade a sorrowful adieu to the scene of his labors, the church so soon to be desecrated by sacrilegious hands, the splendid library wantonly destroyed, and all the tokens of generosity or affection of his people scattered and plundered. The obscurity of the night enabled them to reach their little row boat in the harbor undiscovered, and they pushed out towards the broad waters of the sound with feelings of satisfaction mingling with their regret. Only a short time however had elapsed when omnious sounds directly in their wake, aroused apprehensions of a new danger. Occasional gleams of moonlight displayed to them a boat filled with soldiers, only a few yards distant in eager pursuit. From the known desperation of many of many of the British soldiers who where not only capable, but actually guilty of the most appalling crimes, it was probable that if overtaken not one of them would be left alive to tell the story of their murder.

As these marauding expeditions were not generally undertaken pursuant to orders from superior officers, the British soldiers engaged in them, often displayed the most shocking cruelty, and murder was a step in crime they seldom hesitated to take when it added to their security from detection.

From the moment of the discovery of their pursuit, Mr. Prime and his companions knew that their lives depended upon their skill in boat managment, and the strength and

endurance of the rowers. Every nerve grew tense under the impending peril, and every muscle strained to its utmost in the struggle. The departure of the family had been discovered by accident or treachery, and the fact that it was accompanied by the rich prize of massive silver pitchers, great tankards, and other family plate, had doubtless aroused the cupidity of the most reckless and unscrupulous of the wretches which Col. Benjamin Thompson had collected in his regiment of refugees.

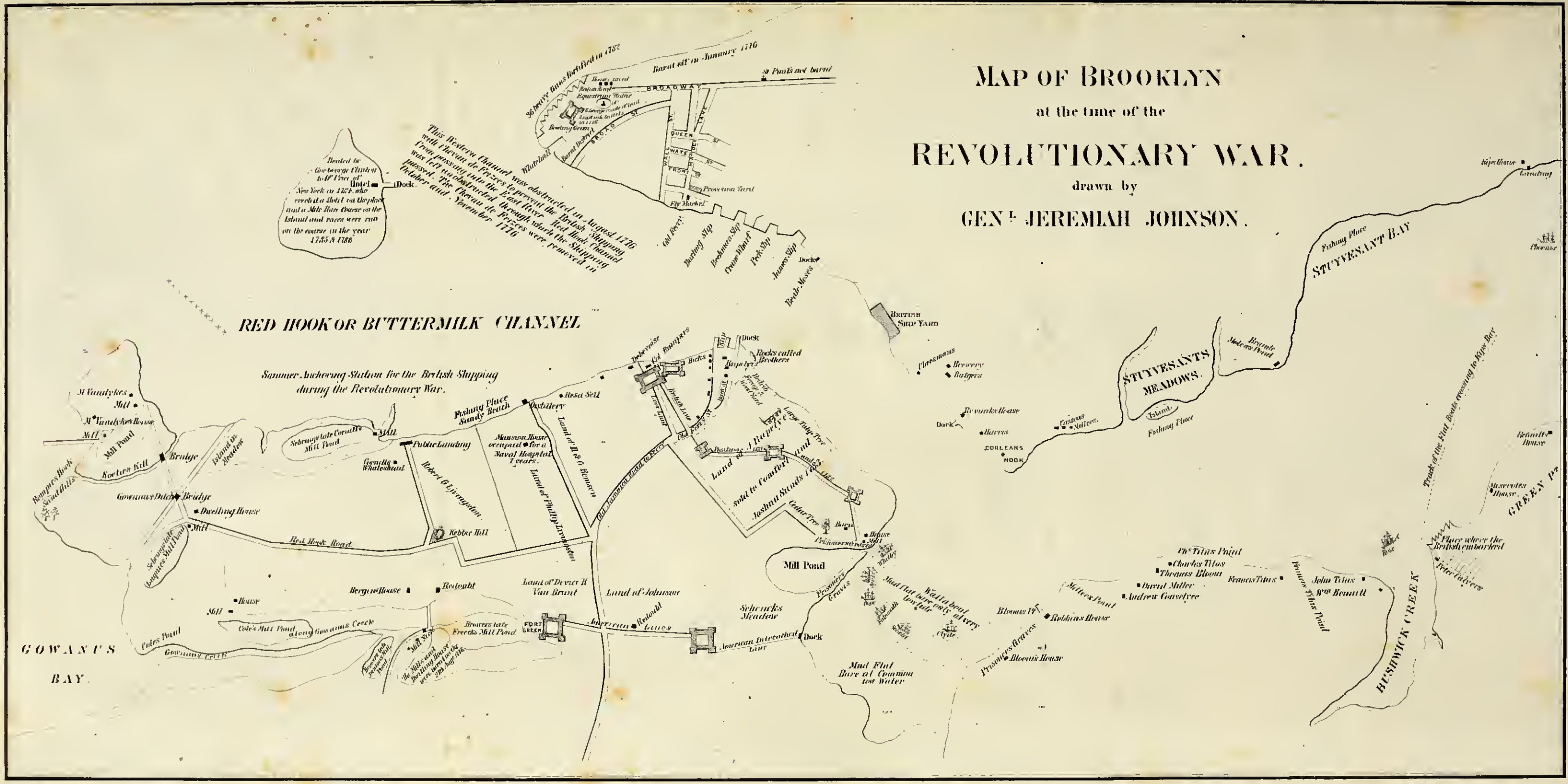
Few situations could be more appalling than to be out on the dark waters of the broad Sound, pursued by a vindictive and piratical crew, whose passions were not only fired by partizan hatred, and personal sufferings, but were further inflamed by a cupidity that stifled mercy in bosoms, which scarcely knew it slept within them.

If fear did not lend them wings, it gave vigor to the fugitives' arms, and the good minister and his family landed safely at Norwalk, far enough ahead of the marauders to be secure from their attack.

They had however only escaped one danger, to feel that as long as they were in possession of the fatal silver plate, they would be exposed to others on its account. The ingenuity of Mrs. Prime devised a scheme which she at once put in practice. Soon after landing at Norwalk, they had domiciled in a tavern, and the sense of insecurity while accompanied by a treasure so tempting to every unscrupulous traveler, determined them to part with it.

Accordingly Mrs. Prime seized an opportunity during the evening with the aid of a confidential servant to carry the sack to the well in the inn yard, into which she threw the treasure. It was not until the close of the war, six years after, that the place was again visited, and in the meanwhile Mrs. Prime's silver plate rested securely at the bottom of the tavern-well, from whence it was withdrawn by some of her family uninjured.

END.


MAP OF BROOKLYN
at the time of the
REVOLUTIONARY WAR.
drawn by
GEN[l] JEREMIAH JOHNSON.
RED HOOK OR BUTTERMILK CHANNEL
Summer Anchoring Station for the British Shipping
during the Revolutionary War.
This Western Channel was obstructed in August 1776
with Chevaux de Frizes to prevent the British Shipping
from passing into the East River. Red Hook Channel
was left unobstructed through which the Shipping
passed. The Chevaux de Frizes were removed in
October and November 1776
BROADWAY
BROAD ST
QUEEN
WATER
FRONT
Fly Market
Whitehall
Bowling Green
Burnt off in January 1776
St Pauls not burnt
Old Ferry
Burling Slip
Beekman Slip
Crane Wharf
Peck Slip
James Slip
Dock
BRITISH SHIP YARD
Brewery
Rutgers
Rhinelander's House
Corlears Hook
STUYVESANTS MEADOWS.
Island
Fishing Place
STUYVESANT BAY
Fishing Place
Kips House
Landing
Phoenix
Track of the Flat Boats crossing to Kips Bay
GREEN P[t]
Place where the British embarked
Peter Colyers
BUSHWICK CREEK
Rose
Chs Titus Point
Charles Titus
Thomas Bloom
David Miller
Andrew Conselyee
Francis Titus
Francis Titus Point
John Titus
W[m] Bennett
Millers Point
Blooms P[t]
Rebbins House
Prisoners Graves
Blooms House
Mud Flat
Bare at Common low Water
Mud Flat bare only at very low tide
Wallabout
Mill Pond
Prisoners Graves
Schencks Meadow
Dock
American Intrenched Line
American Lines
Redoubt
Land of Johnson
Land of Dewitt H Van Brunt
FORT GREENE
Old Jamaica Road to Ferry
Cedar Tree
Barn
House
Mill
Land of Rapelye
Joshua Sands 1783
Sold to Comfort and
Ferry Road
British Lane
Love Lane
Old Ferry
Debevoise
Col Rampers
Rocks called Brothers
Dock
Distillery
Fishing Place
Sandy Beach
Mill
Public Landing
Mansion House occupied for a Naval Hospital 1 years.
Land of H & G Remsen
Land of Philip Livingston
Robert G Livingston
Kebbie Hill
Red Hook Road
Schermerhorn Mill Pond
M Vandykes
Mill
M[r] Vandykes House
Mill
Mill Pond
Bridge
Gowanus Dich Bridge
Dwelling House
Mill
Island in Meadow
Bergen House
Redoubt
House
Mill
Coles Mill Pond
Coles Pond
Gowanus Creek
Browers tide Freecks Mill Pond
Mill Seat
GOWANUS
BAY.