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A HISTORY
OF
NEW-YORK,
FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD
TO THE END OF THE
DUTCH DYNASTY.
CONTAINING
Among many Surprising and Curious Matters, the Unutterable
Ponderings of WALTER THE DOUBTER, the Disastrous Projects
of WILLIAM THE TESTY, and the chivalric achievements of
PETER THE HEADSTRONG, the three Dutch Governors of NEW-
AMSTERDAM; being the only Authentic History of the Times
that ever hath been published.


BY DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY INSKEEP AND BRADFORD, AND
BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA.
1812.
DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, &c.

BE it remembered, that on the
June, in the thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the
States of America, Inskeep and Bradford, of the said Dis
deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof
as Proprietors, in the words and figures following, to
"History of New-York, from the beginning of the W
the end of the Dutch Dynasty. Containing among r
prising and Curious Matters, the Unutterable Pont
"Walter the Doubter, the Disastrous Projects of Wi
"Testy, and the Chivalric achievements of Peter the He
"the three Dutch Governors of New-Amsterdam; being
"Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been)
"bocker. De waarheid die in duister lag, die komt met
"aan den dag." In conformity to the Act of the Cong
United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of
"by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to th
"and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein m
and also to an Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to
"entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by su
"copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and B
"of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and ex
"benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving, an
"Historical and other Prints."

CHARLES CLINTON,
Clerk of the District of 1
TO THE

NEW-YORK

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This work is respectfully dedicated, as an humble and unworthy testimony of the profound veneration and exalted esteem of the Society's

Sincere well wisher,

and

Devoted Servant,

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.
ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

It was sometime, if I recollect right, in the early part of the fall of 1808, that a stranger applied for lodgings at the Independent Columbian Hotel in Mulberry-Street, of which I am landlord. He was a small, brisk looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat. He had a few grey hairs plaits and clubbed behind, and his beard seemed to be of some eight and forty hours growth. The only piece of finery which he bore about him, was a bright pair of square silver shoe buckles: and all his baggage was contained in a pair of saddle bags, which he carried under his arm. His whole appearance was something out of the common run; and my wife, who is a very shrewd body, at once set him down for some eminent country schoolmaster.

As the Independent Columbian Hotel is a very small house, I was a little puzzled at first where to put him; but my wife, who seemed taken with his looks, would needs put him in her best chamber, which is genteelly set off with the profiles of the whole family, done in black, by those two
great painters, Jarvis and Wood; and command a very pleasant view of the new grounds on the Collect, together with the rear of the Poor-House and Bridewell, and the full front of the Hospital, so that it is the cheerfulllest room in the whole house.

During the whole time that he stayed with us we found him a very worthy good sort of an old gentleman, though a little queer in his ways. He would keep in his room for days together, and if any of the children cried, or made a noise about his door, he would bounce out in a great passion with his hands full of papers, and say something about "deranging his ideas;" which made my wife believe sometimes that he was not altogether compos. Indeed there was more than one reason to make her think so, for his room was always covered with scraps of paper and old mouldy books, laying about at sixes and sevens, which he would never let any body touch; for he said he had laid them all away in their proper places, so that he might know where to find them; though for that matter, he was half his time worrying about the house in search of some book or writing which he had carefully put out of the way. I shall never forget what a pother he once made, because my wife cleaned out his room when his back was turned, and put every thing to rights; for he swore he would never be able to get his papers in order again in a twelvemonth. Upon this my wife
ventured to ask him, what he did with so many books and papers? and he told her, that he was "seeking for immortality;" which made her think more than ever, that the poor old gentle-
man's head was a little cracked.

He was a very inquisitive body, and when not in his room was continually poking about town, hearing all the news, and prying into everything that was going on: this was particularly the case about election time, when he did nothing but bustle about from poll to poll, attending all ward meetings and committee rooms; though I could never find that he took part with either side of the question. On the contrary, he would come home and rail at both parties with great wrath—and plainly proved one day, to the satisfaction of my wife and three old ladies who were drinking tea with her, that the two parties were like two rogues, each tugging at a skirt of the nation; and that in the end they would tear the very coat off its back, and expose its nakedness. Indeed he was an oracle among the neighbours, who would collect around him to hear him talk of an afternoon, as he smoked his pipe on the bench before the door; and I really believe he would have brought over the whole neighbourhood to his own side of the question, if they could ever have found out what it was.

He was very much given to argue, or, as he called it, philosopheze, about the most trifling
matter, and to do him justice, I never knew any body that was a match for him, except it was a grave looking gentleman who called now and then to see him, and often posed him in an argument. But this is nothing surprising, as I have since found out this stranger is the city librarian; and of course, must be a man of great learning; and I have my doubts, if he had not some hand in the following history.

As our lodger had been a long time with us and we had never received any pay, my wife began to be somewhat uneasy, and curious to find out who and what he was. She accordingly made bold to put the question to his friend, the librarian, who replied in his dry way, that he was one of the Literati; which she supposed to mean some new party in politics. I scorned to push a lodger for his pay, so I let day after day pass on without dunning the old gentleman for a farthing, but my wife, who always takes these matters on herself, and is, as I said, a shrewd kind of a woman, at last got out of patience, and hinted that she thought it high time “some people should have a sight of some people’s money.” To which the old gentleman replied, in a mighty touchy manner, that she need not make herself uneasy, for that he had a treasure there, (pointing to his saddle-bags,) worth her whole house put together. This was the only answer we could ever get from him; and as my wife, by some of those odd ways
which women find out every thing, learnt that
as of very great connexions, being related
to the Knickerbockers of Seaghtikoke, and
German to the Congress-man of that name,
did not like to treat him uncivilly. What is
she even offered, merely by way of making
it easy, to let him live scot-free, if he would
the children their letters; and to try her
nd get the neighbours to send their children
but the old gentleman took it in such
own, and seemed so affronted at being taken
school-master, that she never dared speak
subject again.
but two months ago, he went out of a morn-
with a bundle in his hand—and has never
heard of since. All kinds of inquiries were
after him, but in vain. I wrote to his res-
at Seaghtikoke, but they sent for an-
that he had not been there since the year
last, when he had a great dispute with the
ess-man about politics, and left the place
uff, and they had neither heard nor seen any
of him from that time to this. I must own
very much worried about the poor old gentle-
for I thought something bad must have
ed to him, that he should be missing so
and never return to pay his bill. I there-
advertised him in the newspapers, and though
elancholy advertisement was published
by several humane printers, yet I have never been able to learn any thing satisfactory about him.

My wife now said it was high time to take care of ourselves, and see if he had left any thing behind in his room, that would pay us for his board and lodging. We found nothing, however, but some old books and musty writings, and his pair of saddle bags; which, being opened in the presence of the librarian, contained only a few articles of worn out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper. On looking over this, the librarian told us, he had no doubt it was the treasure which the old gentleman had spoke about; as it proved to be a most excellent and faithful history of New-York, which he advised us by all means to publish: assuring us that it would be so eagerly bought up by a discerning public, that he had no doubt it would be enough to pay our arrears ten times over. Upon this we got a very learned school-master, who teaches our children, to prepare it for the press, which he accordingly has done; and has, moreover, added to it a number of notes of his own; and an engraving of the city, as it was at the time Mr. Knickerbocker writes about.

This, therefore, is a true statement of my reasons for having this work printed, without waiting for the consent of the author: and I here declare, that if he ever returns, (though I much fear some
unhappy accident has befallen him,) I stand ready to account with him like a true and honest man. Which is all at present—

From the public's humble servant,

Seth Handaside.

Independent Columbian Hotel,
New-York.

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THE foregoing account of the author was prefixed to the first edition of this work. Shortly after its publication a letter was received from him, by Mr. Handaside, dated at a small Dutch village on the banks of the Hudson, whither he had travelled for the purpose of inspecting certain ancient records. As this was one of those few and happy villages, into which newspapers never find their way, it is not a matter of surprise, that Mr. Knickerbocker should never have seen the numerous advertisements that were made concerning him; and that he should learn of the publication of his history by mere accident.

He expressed much concern at its premature appearance, as thereby he was prevented from making several important corrections and alterations: as well as from profiting by many curious
hints which he had collected during his travels along the shores of the Tappan Zee, and his sojourn at Haverstraw and Esopus.

Finding that there was no longer any immediate necessity for his return to New-York, he extended his journey up to the residence of his relations at Seag'ntikoke. On his way thither, he stopped for some days at Albany, for which city he is known to have entertained a great partiality. He found it, however, considerably altered, and was much concerned at the inroads and improvements which the Yankees were making, and the consequent decline of the good old Dutch manners. Indeed he was informed that these intruders were making sad innovations in all parts of the state; where they had given great trouble and vexation to the regular Dutch settlers, by the introduction of turnpike gates, and country schoolhouses. It is said also, that Mr. Knickerbocker shook his head sorrowfully at noticing the gradual decay of the great Vander Heyden palace; but was highly indignant at finding that the ancient Dutch church, which stood in the middle of the street had been pulled down, since his last visit.

The fame of Mr. Knickerbocker's history having reached even to Albany, he received much flattering attention from its worthy burghers, some of whom, however, pointed out two or three very great errors he had fallen into, particularly that of suspending a lump of sugar over
Phany tea-tables, which, they assured him, had been discontinued for some years past. Several families, moreover, were somewhat piqued at not having been mentioned in his book; and showed great jealousy of their neighbors who had been thus distinguished. While the author, it must be confessed, plumed themselves vastly thereupon; considering these records in the light of letters patent of nobility, the exercise of their claims to ancestry—which, in republican country, is a matter of no little pride and vain-glory. It was also said, that he enjoyed high favor and distinction from the governor, who once asked him to dinner, and was seen two or three times to give him coffee, when they met in the street, which certainly was going great lengths, bearing that they differed in politics. Indeed, a member of the governor’s confidential circle, assured us, that he privately entertained a considerable good will for the author—nay, he even once went so far as to say, and that openly too, and at his own house, just after dinner, that “Knickerbocker is a very well meaning sort of an old gentleman, and no fool.” From all which many may be led to suppose, that, had our author written for the papers instead of wasting his talents on
ACCOUNT OF

histories, he might have risen to some post
honour and profit: peradventure to be a not
public, or even a justice in the ten pound cou

Beside the honours and civilities already men
tioned, he was much caressed by the literati
Albany; particularly Mr. John Cook, who en
tertained him very hospitably at his circulating
library, and reading room, where they used
drink Spa water, and talk about the ancien
He found Mr. Cook a man after his own heart
of great literary research, and a curious collec
tor of books. At parting, the latter, in tes
mony of friendship, made him a present of the
two eldest works in his collection; which we
the earliest edition of the Hiedelburgh Catechis
and Adrian Vander Doneck's famous account
the New Netherlalnd: by the last of which, Mr
Knickerbocker profited greatly in this his sec
edition.

Having passed some time very agreeably
Albany, our author proceeded to Seaghtikok
where, it is but justice to say, he was receive
with open arms, and treated with wonder
loving-kindness. He was much looked up to in
the family, being the first historian of the name
and was considered almost as great a man as his
cousin the Congress-man—with whom, by the
bye, he became perfectly reconciled, and con
tracted a strong friendship.
In spite, however, of the kindness of his relations, and their great attention to his comforts, the old gentleman soon became restless and discontented. His history being published, he had no longer any business to occupy his thoughts, or any scheme to excite his hopes and anticipations. This, to a busy mind like his, was a truly deplorable situation; and, had he not been a man of inflexible morals and regular habits, there would have been great danger of his taking to politics, or drinking—both which pernicious vices we daily see men driven to, by mere spleen and idleness.

It is true, he sometimes employed himself, in preparing a second edition of his history, wherein he endeavoured to correct and improve many passages with which he was dissatisfied, and to rectify some mistakes that had crept into it; for he was particularly anxious that his work should be noted for its authenticity; which, indeed, is the very life and soul of history. But the glow of composition had departed—he had to leave many places untouched, which he would fain have altered; and even where he did make alterations, he seemed always in doubt whether they were for the better or the worse.

After a residence of sometime at Scaghtikoke, he began to feel a strong desire to return to New-York, which he ever regarded with the warmest affection; not merely because it was his native
city, but because he really considered it the very best city in the whole world. On his return, he entered into the full enjoyment of the advantage of a literary reputation. He was continually in the habit of writing advertisements, petitions, handbills, and productions of similar import; and, though he never meddled with the public papers, he had the credit of writing innumerable essays and smart things, that appeared on all subjects and all sides of the question; in all which he was clearly detected "by his style."

He contracted, moreover, a considerable debt at the post office, in consequence of the numerous letters he received from authors and printers soliciting his subscription—he was applied to by every charitable society for yearly donation which he gave very cheerfully, considering the applications as so many compliments. He was once invited to a great corporation dinner; and was even twice summoned to attend as a jurymen at the court of quarter sessions. Indeed, so renowned did he become, that he could no longer pry about, as formerly, in all holes and corners of the city, according to the bent of his humour unnoticed and uninterrupted; but several times when he has been sauntering the streets, on his usual rambles of observation, equipped with his cane and cocked hat, the little boys at play have been known to cry, "there goes Diedrich!"—
which the old gentleman seemed not a little pleased, looking upon these salutations in the light of the praises of posterity.

In a word, if we take into consideration all these various honours and distinctions, together with an exuberant eulogium, passed on him in the *Port Folio*—(with which, we are told, the old gentleman was so much overpowered, that he was sick for two or three days,)—it must be confessed, that few authors have ever lived to receive such illustrious rewards, or have so completely enjoyed in advance their own immortality.

After his return from Seaghtikoke, Mr. Knickerbocker took up his residence at a little rural retreat, which the Stuyvesants had granted him on the family domain, in gratitude for his honorable mention of their ancestor. It was pleasantly situated on the borders of one of the salt marshes beyond Corlear's Hook: subject, indeed, to be occasionally overflowed, and much infested, in the summer time, with musquitoes; but otherwise very agreeable, producing abundant crops of salt-grass and bull-rushes.

Here, we are sorry to say, the good old gentleman fell dangerously ill of a fever, occasioned by the neighbouring marshes. When he found his end approaching, he disposed of his worldly affairs, leaving the bulk of his fortune to the New-York Historical Society: his Hiedelburgh
ACCOUNT OF, &c.

Catechism, and Vander Donek's work 'to City Library; and his saddle-bags to Mr. Haside. He forgave all his enemies—that say, all that bore any enmity towards him; for to himself, he declared he died in good will the world. And, after dictating several messages to his relations at Seaghtikoke, as as to certain of our most substantial Dutch citizens, he expired in the arms of his friend librarian.

His remains were interred, according to own request, in St. Mark's Churchyard, by the bones of his favourite hero, Peter Vesant: and it is rumoured, that the Historical Society have it in mind to erect a wooden monument to his memory in the Bowling-Green.
TO THE PUBLIC.

"TO rescue from oblivion the memory of former incidents, and to render a just tribute of renown to the many great and wonderful transactions of our Dutch progenitors, Diedrich Knickerbocker, native of the city of New-York, produces this historical essay." Like the great Father of History whose words I have just quoted, I treat of times long past, over which the twilight of uncertainty had already thrown its shadows, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend forever. With great solicitude had I long beheld the early history of this venerable and ancient city, gradually slipping from our grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age, and day by day dropping piece meal into the tomb. In a little while, thought I, and those reverend Dutch burghers, who serve as the tottering monuments of good old times, will be gathered to their fathers;

* Beloe's Herodotus.
their children engrossed by the empty p
insignificant transactions of the presen
neglect to treasure up the recollections
and posterity shall search in vain, for
of the days of the Patriarchs. The oc
city will be buried in eternal oblivion, a
names and atchievements of Wouter V
William Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant,
ed in doubt and fiction, like those of R
Rhemus, of Charlemagne, King Arthu
and Godfrey of Bologne.

Determined therefore, to avert if p
threatened misfortune, I industriously
to work, to gather together all the fr
our infant history which still existed, a
revered prototype, Herodotus, where no
cords could be found, I have endeavou
continue the chain of history by well au
traditions.

In this arduous undertaking, which
the whole business of a long and solita
incredible the number of learned auth
consulted; and all to but little purpos
as it may seem, though such multitud
lent works have been written about the
there are none extant which give any sa
satisfactory account of the early histo
York, or of its three first Dutch governo
however, gained much valuable and cu
from an elaborate manuscript written in ex-
ling pure and classic low Dutch, excepting a few
ers in orthography, which was found in the
ives of the Stuyvesant family. Many legends,
ers and other documents have I likewise glean-
in my researches among the family chests and
other garrets of our respectable Dutch citizens;
I have gathered a host of well authenticated
citions from divers excellent old ladies of my
aintance, who requested that their names
ht not be mentioned. Nor must I neglect to
knowledge how greatly I have been assisted by
admirable and praiseworthy institution, the
YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, to which I
publicly return my sincere acknowledgments.

In the conduct of this inestimable work I
adopted no individual model, but on the con-
y have simply contented myself with combin-
and concentrating the excellencies of the most
roved ancient historians. Like Xenophon, I
maintained the utmost impartiality, and the
etest adherence to truth throughout my history.
ved it, after the manner of Sallust, with
ious characters of ancient worthies, drawn at
length and faithfully coloured. I have seasoned
th profound political speculations like Thu-
des, sweetened it with with the graces of senti-
et like Tacitus, and infused into the whole the
ility, the grandeur and magnificence of Livy.
I am aware that I shall incur the censure of numerous very learned and judicious critics, for indulging too frequently in the bold exeulsive manner of my favourite Herodotus. And to be candid, I have found it impossible always to resist the allurements of those pleasing episodes, which like flowery banks and fragrant bowers, beset the dusty road of the historian, and entice him to turn aside, and refresh himself from his wayfaring. But I trust it will be found, that I have always resumed my staff, and addressed myself to my weary journey with renovated spirits, so that both my readers and myself, have been benefited by the relaxation.

Indeed, though it has been my constant wish and uniform endeavour, to rival Polybius himself, in observing the requisite unity of History, yet the loose and unconnected manner in which many of the facts herein recorded have come to hand, rendered such an attempt extremely difficult. This difficulty was likewise increased, by one of the grand objects contemplated in my work, which was to trace the rise of sundry customs and institutions in this best of cities, and to compare them when in the germ of infancy, with what they are in the present old age of knowledge and improvement.

But the chief merit on which I value myself, and found my hopes for future regard, is that faith-
ful veracity with which I have compiled this invaluable little work; carefully winnowing away the chaff of hypothesis, and discarding the tares of fable, which are too apt to spring up and choke the seeds of truth and wholesome knowledge.—Had I been anxious to captivate the superficial throng, who skim like swallows over the surface of literature; or had I been anxious to commend my writings to the pampered palates of literary epicures, I might have availed myself of the obscurity that overshadows the infant years of our city, to introduce a thousand pleasing fictions. But I have scrupulously discarded many a pithy tale and marvellous adventure, whereby the drowsy ear of summer indolence might be enthralled; jealousy maintaining that fidelity, gravity, and dignity, which should ever distinguish the historian. "For a writer of this class," observes an elegant critic, "must sustain the character of a wise man, writing for the instruction of posterity; one who has studied to inform himself well, who has pondered his subject with care, and addresses himself to our judgment, rather than to our imagination."

Thrice happy, therefore, is this our renowned city, in having incidents worthy of swelling the theme of history; and doubly thrice happy is it in having such a historian as myself, to relate them. For after all, gentle reader, cities of themselves,
and, in fact, empires of themselves, are nothing without an historian. It is the patient narrator who records their prosperity as they rise—who blazons forth the splendour of their noontide meridian—who props their feeble memorials as they totter to decay—who gathers together their scattered fragments as they rot—and who piously in length collects their ashes into the mausoleum of his work, and rears a triumphal monument to transmit their renown to all succeeding ages.

What has been the fate of many fair cities of antiquity, whose nameless ruins encumber the plains of Europe and Asia, and awaken the fruitless inquiry of the traveller?—they have sunk into dust and silence, they have perished from remembrance for want of a historian! The philanthropist may weep over their desolation—the poet may wander among their mouldering arches and broken columns, and indulge the visionary flights of his fancy—but alas! alas! the modern historian, whose pen, like my own, is doomed to confine itself to dull matter of fact, seeks in vain among their oblivious remains, for some memorial that may tell the instructive tale, of their glory and their ruin.

"Wars, conflagrations, deluges," says Aristotle, "destroy nations, and with them all their monuments, their discoveries, and their vanities—The torch of science has more than once been
extinguished and rekindled—a few individuals, who have escaped by accident, reunite the thread of generations."

The same sad misfortune which has happened to so many ancient cities, will happen again, and from the same sad cause, to nine-tenths of those which now flourish on the face of the globe. With most of them the time for recording their history is gone by; their origin, their foundation, together with the early stages of their settlement, are forever buried in the rubbish of years; and the same would have been the case with this fair portion of the earth, if I had not snatched it from obscurity in the very nick of time, at the moment that those matters herein recorded, were about entering into the wide-spread insatiable maw of oblivion—if I had not dragged them out, as it were, by the very locks, just as the monster's adamantine fangs were closing upon them for ever! And here have I, as before observed, carefully collected, collated, and arranged them, serip and serap, "punt en punt, gat en gat," and commenced in this little work, a history to serve as a foundation, on which other historians may hereafter raise a noble superstructure, swelling in process of time, until Knickerbocker's New-York may be equally voluminous, with Gibbon's Rome, or Hume and Smollet's England!
And now indulge me for a moment, while lay down my pen, skip to some little eminence at the distance of two or three hundred years ahead; and casting back a bird’s eye glance over the waste of years that is to roll between discover myself—little I!—at this moment th progenitor, prototype, and precursor of them all posted at the head of this host of literary worthies, with my book under my arm, and New York on my back, pressing forward like gallant commander, to honour and immortality!

Such are the vain-glorious imaginings that will now and then enter into the brain of the author—that irradiate, as with celestial light, his solitary chamber, cheering his weary spirits, and animating him to persevere in his labours. And I have freely given utterance to these rhapsodies whenever they have occurred; not, I trust, from an unusual spirit of egotism, but merely that the reader may for once have an idea, how an author thinks and feels while he is writing—a kind of knowledge very rare and curious, and much to be desired.
BOOK I.

Containing divers ingenious theories and Philosophic speculations, concerning the Creation and Population of the World, as connected with the History of New-York.

CHAP. I.

Description of the World.

ACCORDING to the best authorities, the world in which we dwell is a huge, opaque, reflecting, inanimate mass, floating in the vast ethereal ocean of infinite space. It has the form of an orange, being an oblate spheroid, curiously flattened at opposite parts, for the insertion of two imaginary poles, which are supposed to penetrate and unite at the centre, thus forming an axis on which the mighty orange turns with a regular diurnal revolution.

The transitions of light and darkness, whence proceed the alternations of day and night, are produced by this diurnal revolution successively presenting the different parts of the earth to the rays of the sun.
The latter is, according to the best, that is to say, the latest accounts, a luminous or fiery body, of a prodigious magnitude, from which this world is driven by a centrifugal or repelling power, and to which it is drawn by a centripetal or attractive force; otherwise called the attraction of gravitation; the combination, or rather the counteraction of these two opposing impulses producing a circular and annual revolution. Hence result the different seasons of the year; viz. spring, summer, autumn and winter.

This I believe to be the most approved modern theory on the subject—though there be many philosophers who have entertained very different opinions; some too of them, entitled to much deference from their great antiquity and illustrious characters. That it was advanced by some of the ancient sages, that the earth was an extended plain, supported by vast pillars; and by others, that it rested on the head of a snake, or the back of a huge tortoise—but as they did not provide a resting place for either the pillars or the tortoise, the whole theory fell to the ground, for want of proper foundation.

The Bramins assert, that the heavens rest upon the earth, and the sun and moon swim therein like fishes in the water, moving from east to west by day, and gliding along the edge of the horizon to their original stations during the night;* while, according to the

* Faria y Souza. Mick. Lus. note b. 7.
Pauranicas of India, it is a vast plain, encircled by seven oceans of milk, nectar and other delicious liquids; that it is studded with seven mountains, and ornamented in the centre by a mountainous rock of burnished gold; and that a great dragon occasionally swallows up the moon, which accounts for the phenomena of lunar eclipses.*

Beside these, and many other equally sage opinions, we have the profound conjectures of ABOUL-HASSAN-ALY, son of Al Khan, son of Aly, son of Abderrahman, son of Abdallah, son of Masoud-el-Hadheli, who is commonly called Masoudi, and surnamed Cthbeddin, but who takes the humble title of Lacheba-ray-safoul, which means the companion of the ambassador of God. He has written an universal history, entitled "Mouroudge-ed-dhahrab, or, the Golden Meadows, and the mines of precious Stones."† In this valuable work he has related the history of the world, from the creation down to the moment of writing; which was under the Khaliphat of Mothi Billah, in the month Dgioumadi-el-aoual of the 336th year of the Hegira or flight of the Prophet. He informs us that the earth is a huge bird, Mecca and Medina constituting the head, Persia and India the right wing, the land of Gog the left wing, and Africa the tail. He informs us, moreover, that an earth has existed before the present, (which he confi-

* Sir W. Jones, Diss. Antiq. Ind. Zod.
† Mas. Bibliot. Roy. Fr.
ders as a mere chicken of 7000 years) that it has
dergone divers deluges, and that, according, to
opinion of some well informed Brahmins of his
quaintance, it will be renovated every seventy it
sandth hazarouam; each hazarouman consisting
12,000 years.

These are a few of the many contradictory opin
ions of philosophers concerning the earth, and we find
the learned have had equal perplexity as to the
nature of the sun. Some of the ancient philosophs
have affirmed that it is a vast wheel of brilliant fi
others that it is merely a mirror or sphere of trans
parent chryystal;† and a third clafs, at the head of wh
stands Anaxagoras, maintained that it was not
but a huge ignited mass of iron or stone—indeed,
declared the heavens to be merely a vault of fi
and that the stars were stones whirled upwards from
the earth, and set on fire by the velocity of its ro
lutions.‡ But I give little attention to the doctrine
of this philosopher, the people of Athens having re
futed them, by banishing him from their city;
concife mode of answering unwelcome doctrines
reforted to in former days. Another sect of philos
phers do declare, that certain fiery particles ex
constantly from the earth, which concentrating

* Plutarch de placitis Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 20.
‡ Diogenes Laertius in Anaxag. l. ii. sec. 8. Plat. Apol. t. i. 1
ingle point of the firmament by day, constitute the
sun, but being scattered and rambling about in the
dark at night, collect in various points and form stars.
These are regularly burnt out and extinguished, not
unlike to the lamps in our streets, and require a fresh
supply of exhalations for the next occasion.*

It is even recorded, that at certain remote and ob-
scure periods, in consequence of a great scarcity of
fuel, the sun has been completely burnt out, and some-
times not rekindled for a month at a time. A most
melancholy circumstance, the very idea of which gave
vast concern to Heraclitus, that worthy weeping phi-
losopher of antiquity. In addition to these various
speculations, it was the opinion of Herschel, that the
sun is a magnificent, habitable abode; the light it fur-
ishes arising from certain empyreal, luminous or pho-
osphoric clouds, swimming in its transparent atmos-
phere.†

But we will not enter further at present into the
nature of the sun, that being an inquiry not immedi-
ately necessary to the developement of this history;
neither will we embroil ourselves in any more of the
endless disputes of philosophers touching the form of
this globe, but content ourselves with the theory ad-
vanced in the beginning of this chapter, and will pro-

Journ. i. p. 13.
ceed to illustrate by experiment, the complexity of motion therein ascribed to this our rotatory planet.

Professor Von Poddigcoft (or Puddinghead, as the name may be rendered into English,) was long celebrated in the university of Leyden, for most profound gravity of deportment, and his talent at going to sleep in the midst of examinations; to the infinite relief of his hopeful students, who thereby worked their way through college with great ease and little study. In the course of one of his lectures, the learned professor, seizing a bucket of water swung it round his head at arm's length; the impulse with which he threw the vessel from him, being a centrifugal force, the retention of his arm operating as a centripetal power, and the bucket, which was a substitute for the earth, describing a circular orbit round about the globular head and ruby visage of Professor Von Poddigcoft, which formed no bad representation of the fun. All of these particulars were duly explained to the class of gaping students around him. He apprised them moreover, that the same principle of gravitation, which retained the water in the bucket, restrains the ocean from flying from the earth in its rapid revolutions; and he further informed them that should the motion of the earth be suddenly checked, it would incontinently fall into the sun, through the centripetal force of gravitation; a most ruinous event to this planet, and one which would also obscure, though it most probably would not extinguish the
luminary. An unlucky stripling, one of those int geniuses, who seem sent into the world only to annoy worthy men of the puddinghead or-desirous of ascertaining the correctness of the eriment, suddenly arrested the arm of the pro-fessor, just at the moment that the bucket was in its nith, which immediately descended with astonish-g precision upon the philosophic head of the in-structor of youth. A hollow sound, and a red-hot is attended the contact, but the theory was in the amplest manner illustrated, for the unfortunate bucket perished in the conflict; but the blazing countenance of Professor Von Poddlingcoft, emerged from amidst the waters, glowing fiercer than ever with unutterable indignation—whereby the students were marvel-lously edified, and departed considerably wiser than before.

It is a mortifying circumstance, which greatly perplexes many a pains taking philosopher, that na-ture often refuses to second his most profound and elaborate efforts; so that often after having invented one of the most ingenious and natural theories imagi-nable, she will have the perverseness to act directly in the teeth of his system, and flatly contradict his most favourite positions. This is a manifest and unmerited grievance, since it throws the cen-sure of the vulgar and unlearned entirely upon the philos-opher; whereas the fault is not to be acribe to his theory, which is unquestionably correct, but
the waywardness of dame nature, who with the proverbial fickleness of her sex, is continually indulging in coquetries and caprices, and seems really to take pleasure in violating all philosophic rules, and jilting the most learned and indefatigable of her admirers. Thus it happened with respect to the foregoing satisfactory explanation of the motion of our planet: it appears that the centrifugal force has long ceased to operate, while its antagonist remains in diminished potency: the world therefore, according to the theory as it originally stood, ought in strict propriety to tumble into the sun—Philosophers were convinced that it would do so, and awaited in anxious impatience, the fulfilment of their prognostics.

The untoward planet pertinaciously continued its course, notwithstanding that she had reason, philosophy, and a whole university of learned professors opposed to her conduct. The philosophers took her in very ill part, and it is thought they would not have pardoned the slight and affront which they received put upon them by the world, had not a gentleman, who professed kindly officiated as a mediator between the parties, and effected a reconciliation.

Finding the world would not accommodate itself to the theory, he wisely determined to accommodate the theory to the world: he therefore informed his brother philosophers, that the circular motion of the earth round the sun was no sooner engendered by the conflicting impulses above described, t
it became a regular revolution, independent of the causes which gave it origin. His learned brethren readily joined in the opinion, being heartily glad of any explanation that would decently extricate them from their embarrassment—and ever since that memorable era the world has been left to take her own course, and to revolve around the sun in such orbit as she thinks proper.
CHAPTER II.

Cosmogony, or Creation of the World: with a multitude of excellent Theories, by which the Creation of a World is shewn to be no such difficult Matter as common Folks would imagine.

Having thus briefly introduced my reader to the world, and given him some idea of its form and situation, he will naturally be curious to know from whence it came, and how it was created. And indeed the clearing up of these points is absolutely essential to my history, in as much as if this work had not been formed, it is more than probable, that this renowned island on which is situated the city of New-York, would never have had an existence. The regular course of my history therefore, requires that I should proceed to notice the cosmogony or formation of this our globe.

And now I give my readers fair warning, that I am about to plunge for a chapter or two, into a complete a labyrinth as ever historian was perplexed withal: therefore I advise them to take fast hold of my skirts, and keep close at my heels, venturing neither to the right hand nor to the left, lest they get bemired in a slough of unintelligible learning, or have their brains knocked out, by some of those hard
Greek names which will be flying about in all direc-
tions. But should any of them be too indolent or
dishonest-hearted to accompany me in this perilous
undertaking, they had better take a short cut round,
and wait for me at the beginning of some smoother
chapter.

Of the creation of the world, we have a thousand
contradictory accounts; and though a very satisfac-
tory one is furnished us by divine revelation, yet
every philosopher feels himself in honour bound,
to furnish us with a better. As an impartial histo-
rian, I consider it my duty to notice their several
theories, by which mankind have been so exceedingly
shammed and instructed.

Thus it was the opinion of certain ancient sages,
that the earth and the whole system of the universe,
was the deity himself;* a doctrine most strenuously
maintained by Zenophanes and the whole tribe of
Eratists, as also by Strato and the sect of peripatetic
philosophers. Pythagoras likewise inculcated the fa-
nous numerical system of the monad, dyad, and
triod, and by means of his sacred quaternary eluci-
dated the formation of the world, the arcana of nature,
and the principles both of music and morals.† Other
ages adhered to the mathematical system of squares

* Aristot. ap. Cic. lib. i. cap. 3.
† Aristot. Metaph. lib. i. c. 5. Idem de cælo i. 3. c. 1. Rousseau
p. 3.
and triangles; the cube, the pyramid, and the sphere; the tetrahedron, the octahedron, the icosahedron and the dodecahedron. While others advocated the great elementary theory, which refers the construction of our globe and all that it contains, to the combinations of four material elements, air, earth, fire and water; with the assistance of a fifth, an immaterial and vivifying principle.

Nor must I omit to mention the great atomic system taught by old Moschus before the siege of Troy; revived by Democritus of laughing memory; improved by Epicurus that king of good fellows, and modernised by the fanciful Descartes. But I decline inquiring, whether the atoms, of which the earth is said to be composed, are eternal or recent; whether they are animate or inanimate; whether, agreeably to the opinion of the Atheists, they were fortuitous aggregated, or as the Theists maintain, were arranged by a supreme intelligence. Whether in fact the earth be an infesitate clod, or whether it be animated by soul; which opinion was strenuously maintained by host of philosophers, at the head of whom stands the great Plato, that temperate sage, who threw the cold water of philosophy on the the form of sexual inti

‡ Mosheim in Cudw. lib. i. cap. 4. Tim. de anim. mund. a Plat. lib. 3. Mem. de l'acad. des Belles Lettr. t. 33, p. 19, et al.
and inculcated the doctrine of Platonic love—
doubtedly refined intercourse, but much better
to the ideal inhabitants of his imaginary island
nis, than to the sturdy race, composed of re-
feath and blood, which populates the little
fact island we inhabit.

As these systems, we have moreover the poeti-
geny of old Hesiod, who generated the whole
in the regular mode of procreation, and the
opinion of others, that the earth was hatch-
the great egg of night, which floated in chaos,
; cracked by the horns of the celestial bull.
rate this last doctrine, Burnet in his theory
th,† has favoured us with an accurate draw-
description, both of the form and texture of
idane egg; which is found to bear a marvel-
semblance to that of a goose. Such of my
us take a proper interest in the origin of this
net, will be pleased to learn, that the most
l fages of antiquity, among the Egyptians,
as, Persians, Greeks and Latins, have alternate-
at the hatching of this strange bird, and that
cklings have been caught, and continued in
tones and inflections, from philosopher to
her, unto the present day.

While briefly noticing long celebrated systems
ent fages, let me not pass over with neglect,

† Book i. ch. 5.
those of other philosophers; which though less universal and renowned, have equal claims to attention and equal chance for correctness. Thus it is recorded by the Brahmins, in the pages of their inspired Saffas, that the angel Bistnoo transforming himself into a great boar, plunged into the watery abyss, and brought up the earth on his tusks. Then issued from him a mighty tortoise, and a mighty snake; and Bistnoo placed the snake erect upon the back of the tortoise and he placed the earth upon the head of the snake.*

The negro philosophers of Congo affirm, that the world was made by the hands of angels, except in their own country, which the Supreme Being constructed himself, that it might be supremely excellent. And he took great pains with the inhabitants, and made them very black, and beautiful; and when he finished the first man, he was well pleased with his and smoothed him over the face, and hence his nose and the nose of all his descendants became flat.

The Mohawk philosophers tell us that a pregnant woman fell down from heaven, and that a tortoise took her upon its back, because every place was covered with water; and that the woman, sitting upon the tortoise, paddled with her hands in the water and raked up the earth, whence it finally happened that the earth became higher than the water.†

* Holwell. Gent. Philosophy.
† Johannes Megapolensis, jun. Account of Maquaas or Mohawk Indians. 1644.
I forbear to quote a number more of these an-
and outlandish philosophers, whose deplorable
ance, in despite of all their erudition, compelled
write in languages which but few of my readers
nderstand; and I shall proceed briefly to notice
more intelligible and fashionable theories of their
successors.

rst I shall mention the great Buffon, who
tures that this globe was originally a globe of
fire, scintillated from the body of the sun, by
scission of a comet, as a spark is generated by
llision of flint and steel. That at first it was sur-
ved by gross vapours, which cooling and con-
g in process of time, constituted, according to
tences, earth, water and air; which gradually
ed themselves, according to their respective gra-
round the burning or vitrified mafs, that formed
entre.

on, on the contrary, supposes that the waters
were universally paramount; and he terrifies
f with the idea that the earth must be eventu-
ashed away, by the force of rain, rivers and
ain torrents, until it is confounded with the
or in other words, absolutely dissolves into it-
Sublime idea! far surpassing that of the tender-
d damsel of antiquity, who wept herself into a
; or the good dame of Narbonne in France,
for a volubility of tongue unusual in her sex,
med to peel five hundred thousand and thirty-
.
nine ropes of onions, and actually ran out at her eye before half the hideous task was accomplished.

Whiston, the same ingenious philosopher who ravaged Ditton in his researches after the longitude (for which the mischief-loving Swift discharged on their heads a most favoury stanza) has distinguished himself by a very admirable theory respecting the earth. He conjectures that it was originally a chaos comet, which being selected for the abode of man, was removed from its eccentric orbit, and whirled round the sun in its present regular motion; by which change of direction, order succeeded to confusion in the arrangement of its component parts. The philosopher adds, that the deluge was produced by an uncourteous salute from the watery tail of another comet; doubts through sheer envy of its improved condition, thus furnishing a melancholy proof that jealousy may prevail, even among the heavenly bodies, and disrupt the celestial harmony of the spheres, so melodiously sung by the poets.

But I pass over a variety of excellent theories among which are those of Burnet, and Woodward and Whitehurst; regretting extremely that my time will not suffer me to give them the notice they deserve—and shall conclude with that of the renowne Dr. Darwin. This learned Theban, who is as much distinguished for rhyme as reason, and for good natured credulity as serious research, and who has recommended himself wonderfully to the good grace
of the ladies, by letting them into all the gallantries, amours, debaucheries, and other topics of scandal of the court of Flora; has fallen upon a theory worthy of his combustible imagination. According to his opinion, the huge mass of chaos took a sudden occasion to explode, like a barrel of gunpowder, and in that act exploded the sun—which in its flight, by a similar convulsion, exploded the earth—which in like guise exploded the moon—and thus by a concatenation of explosions, the whole solar system was produced, and set most systematically in motion!*

By the great variety of theories here alluded to, every one of which, if thoroughly examined, will be found surprisingly consistent in all its parts; my unlearned readers will perhaps be led to conclude, that the creation of a world is not so difficult a task as they at first imagined. I have shown at least a score of ingenious methods in which a world could be constructed; and I have no doubt, that had any of the philosopher's above quoted, the use of a good manageable comet, and the philosophical ware-house chaos at his command, he would engage to manufacture a planet as good, or if you would take his word for it, better than this we inhabit.

And here I cannot help noticing the kindness of providence, in creating comets for the great relief of bewildered philosophers. By their assistance more

sudden evolutions and transitions are affected in the system of nature, than are wrought in a pantomimic exhibition, by the wonder-working sword of Harlequin. Should one of our modern sages, in his theoretical flights among the stars, ever find himself lost in the clouds, and in danger of tumbling into the abyss of nonsense and absurdity, he has but to seize a comet by the beard, mount astride of its tail, and away he gallops in triumph, like an enchanter on his hippocriff, or a Connecticut witch on her broomstick, "to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

It is an old and vulgar saying, about a "beggar on horse back," which I would not for the world have applied to these reverend philosophers; but I must confess, that some of them, when they are mounted on one of those fiery steeds, are as wild in their cuttings as was Phaeton of yore, when he aspired to manage the chariot of Phoebus. One drives his comet at full speed against the sun, and knocks the world out of him with the mighty concussion; another more moderate, makes his comet a kind of beast of burden, carrying the sun a regular supply of food and faggots—a third, of more combustible disposition, threatens to throw his comet, like a bombshell into the world, and blow it up like a powder magazine; while a fourth, with no great delicacy to this planet, and its inhabitants, insinuates that some day or other, his comet—my modest pen blushes while I write it—shall absolutely turn tail upon our world and deluge
it with water!—Surely, as I have already observed, comets were bountifully provided by providence for the benefit of philosophers, to assist them in manufacturing theories.

And now, having adduced several of the most prominent theories, that occur to my recollection, I leave my judicious readers at full liberty to choose among them. They are all serious speculations of learned men—all differ essentially from each other—and all have the same title to belief. It has ever been the talk of one race of philosophers to demolish the works of their predecessors, and elevate more splendid fantasies in their stead, which in their turn are demolished and replaced by the air castles of a succeeding generation. Thus it would seem that knowledge and genius, of which we make such great parade, consist but in detecting the errors and absurdities of those who have gone before, and devising new errors and absurdities, to be detected by those who are to come after us. Theories are the mighty soap bubbles, with which the grown up children of science amuse themselves—while the honest vulgar stand gazing in stupid admiration, and dignify these learned vagaries with the name of wisdom!—Surely Socrates was right in his opinion, that philosophers are but a soberer sort of madmen, busying themselves in things totally incomprehensible, or which, if they could be comprehended, would be found not worthy the trouble of discovery.
For my own part, until the learned have come to an agreement among themselves, I shall content myself with the account handed down to us by Moses in which I do but follow the example of our ingenious neighbours of Connecticut; who at their first settlement proclaimed, that the colony should be governed by the laws of God—until they had time to make better.

One thing however appears certain—from the unanimous authority of the before quoted philosophers, supported by the evidence of our own senses (which, though very apt to deceive us, may be cautiously admitted as additional testimony,) it appears, I say, and I make the assertion deliberately, without fear of contradiction, that this globe really was created, and that it is composed of land and water. It further appears that it is curiously divided and parcelled out into continents and islands, among which I boldly declare the renowned Island of New-York, will be found by any one who seeks for it in its proper place.
NEW-YORK.

CHAP. III.

How that famous navigator, Noah, was shamefully nick-named; and how he committed an unpardonable oversight in not having four sons. With the great trouble of philosophers caused thereby, and the discovery of America.

Noah, who is the first sea-faring man we read of, begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Authors it is true are not wanting, who affirm that the patriarch had a number of other children. Thus Herotus makes him father of the gigantic Titans, Methodius gives him a son called Jonithus, or Jonitus, (who was the first inventor ofJohnny cakes,) and others have mentioned a son, named Thuiscon, from whom descended the Teutons or Teutonic, or in other words, the Dutch nation.

I regret exceedingly that the nature of my plan will not permit me to gratify the laudable curiosity of my readers, by investigating minutely the history of the great Noah. Indeed such an undertaking would be attended with more trouble than many people would imagine; for the good old Patriarch seems to have been a great traveller in his day, and to have passed under a different name in every country that he visited. The Chaldeans for instance give us his story, merely altering his name into Xisuthrus—a
trivial alteration, which, to an historian skilled in etymologies, will appear wholly unimportant. It appears likewise, that he had exchanged his tarpawlin and quadrant among the Chaldeans, for the gorgeous insignia of royalty, and appears as a monarch in their annals. The Egyptians celebrate him under the name of Osiris; the Indians as Menu; the Greek and Roman writers confound him with Ogyges, and the Theban with Deucalion and Saturn. But the Chinese, who deservedly rank among the most extensive and authentic historians, inasmuch as they have known the world many longer than any one else, declare that Noe was no other than Phoib; and what gives this assertion some air of credibility is, that it is a fact, admitted by the most enlightened literati, that Noah travelled into China, at the time of the building of the tower of Babel (probably to improve himself in the study of languages) and the learned Dr. Shuckford gives us the additional information, that the ark rested on a mountain on the frontiers of China.

From this mass of rational conjectures and sagacious hypotheses, many satisfactory deductions might be drawn; but I shall content myself with the simple fact stated in the Bible, viz. that Noah begat his sons, Shem, Ham and Japhet. It is astonishing what remote and obscure contingencies the great affairs of this world depend on, and how events the most distant and to the common observer unconnected, are inevitably consequent the one to the other. It remains
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the philosopher to discover these mysterious affinities, and it is the proudest triumph of his skill, to detect and bring forth some latent chain of causation, which at first sight appears a paradox to the inexperienced observer. Thus many of my readers will doubtless wonder, what connection the family of Noah can possibly have with this history—and many will stare when informed, that the whole history of this quarter of the world has been its character and course, from the simple circumstance of the patriarch’s having but three sons—but to explain.

Noah, we are told by sundry credible historians, becoming sole surviving heir and proprietor of the earth, in fee simple, after the deluge, like a good father portioned out his estate among his children. To Shem he gave Asia, to Ham, Africa, and to Japhet, Europe. Now it is a thousand times to be lamented that he had but three sons, for had there been a fourth, he would doubtless have inherited America; which of course would have been dragged forth from its obscurity on he-occasion; and thus many a hard working historian and philosopher, would have been spared a prodigious task of weary conjecture, respecting the first discovery and population of this country. Noah, however, having provided for his three sons, looked in all probability, upon our country as mere wild unsettled land, and said nothing about it, and to this unpardonable taciturnity of the Patriarch may we ascribe
the misfortune, that America did not come into the world, as early as the other quarters of the globe.

It is true, some writers have vindicated this misconduct towards posterity, and he really did discover America. Thus the opinion of Mark Lescarbot, a French writer of that ponderosity of thought, and prudence, so peculiar to his nation, the immediate descendants of Noah peopled this new world, and that the old patriarch himself retained a passion for the sea-faring life, and his father Charles, a French Jesuit, rest his aversion to the marvellous, who great travellers, is conclusively demonstrated; nay, he goes still further, and declares that the discovery was made by sea, and under the immediate direction of the great Noah. "I have already observed, the good father in a tone of becoming modesty, that it is an arbitrary supposition that the children of Noah were not able to penetrate the new world, or that they never thought of effect, I can see no reason that can justify this notion. Who can seriously believe, that his immediate descendants knew less than that the builder and pilot of the great ship which was formed to bound the ocean, and had so many shoals
guard against, should be ignorant of, or not have communicated to his descendants if failing on the ocean?” Therefore they did the ocean—therefore they failed to Amer-
before America was discovered by Noah!
all this exquisite chain of reasoning, which
likinglly characteristic of the good father,
dressed to the faith, rather than the under-
is flatly opposed by Hans de Laet, who
it a real and most ridiculous paradox, to
hat Noah ever entertained the thought of dis-
America; and as Hans is a Dutch writer,
ted to believe he must have been much better
ed with the worthy crew of the ark than his
ors, and of course possessed of more accurate
information. It is astonishing how intimate
s do daily become with the patriarchs and
t men of antiquity. As intimacy improves
, and as the learned are particularly inquis-
familiar in their acquaintance with the an-
should not be surprised, if some future writers
ravelly give us a picture of men and manners
isted before the flood, far more copious and
than the Bible; and that, in the course of
century, the log book of the good Noah should
rent among historians, as the voyages of Cap-
k, or the renowned history of Robinson Crusoe.
not occupy my time by discussing the huge
additional suppositions, conjectures and pro-
babilities respecting the first discovery of this coast with which unhappy historians overload them in their endeavours to satisfy the doubts of an unenormous burden, at the very outset of their labours, which on being opened, turns out to be nothing more than a mighty bundle of straw. As, however, by unburied affidavit, they seem to have established their claims to the satisfaction of all the world, that this coast has been discovered, I shall avail myself of their labours to be extremely brief upon this point.

I shall not therefore stop to inquire, whether Africa was first discovered by a wandering vetus a Phœnician fleet, which, according to Herodotus, circumnavigated Africa; or by that Thasian expedition, which Pliny, the naturalist, forms us, discovered the Canary Islands; or whether it was settled by a temporary colony from Tyre, hinted by Aristotle and Seneca. I shall neither inquire whether it was first discovered by the Chineses, as Vespucci with great shrewdness advances, nor the Norwegians in 1002, under Bjorn; nor by the German navigator, as Mr. Otto has favoured to prove to the savans of the learned world.

Nor shall I investigate the more modern claim of the Welsh, founded on the voyage of Prince Arthurs in the eleventh century, who having never retu
it has been wisely concluded that he must have gone to America and that for a plain reason—if he did not go there, where else could he have gone?—on which most Socratically shuts out all further dispute.

Laying aside, therefore, all the conjectures above mentioned, with a multitude of others, equally satisfactory, I shall take for granted, the vulgar opinion, that America was discovered on the 12th of October, 1492, by Christovallo Colon, a Genoese, who has been clumsily nick-named Columbus, but for what reason I cannot discern. Of the voyages and adventures of this Colon, I shall say nothing; seeing that they are already sufficiently known. Nor shall I undertake to prove that this country should have been called Colonia, after his name, that being notoriously self evident.

Having thus happily got my readers on this side of the Atlantic, I picture them to myself, all impatience to enter upon the enjoyment of the land of promise, and in full expectation that I will immediately deliver it into their possession. But if I do, may I ever forfeit the reputation of a regular bred historian. No—no—most curious and thrice learned readers, (for thrice learned ye are if ye have read all that has gone before, and nine times learned shall ye be, if ye read that comes after,) we have yet a world of work before us. Think you the first discoverers of this fair quarter of the globe, had nothing to do but go on

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shore and find a country ready laid out and cultivated like a garden, wherein they might dwell at their ease? No such thing—they had forests to cut down, underwood to grub up, marshes to drain, and fowls to exterminate.

In like manner, I have sundry doubts to clear away, questions to resolve, and paradoxes to explain, before I permit you to range at random; but these difficulties, once overcome, we shall be enabled to jog on right merrily through the rest of our history. Thus my work shall, in a manner, echo the nature of the subject, in the same manner as the sound of poetry has been found by certain shrewd critics, to echo the sense—this being an improvement in history, which I claim the merit of having invented.
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CHAP. IV.

Showing the great difficulty Philosophers have had in peopling America—and how the Aborigines came to be begotten by accident—to the great relief and satisfaction of the Author.

The next inquiry at which we arrive in the regular course of our history, is to ascertain, if possible, how this country was originally peopled; a point fruitful of incredible embarrassments; for unless we prove that the Aborigines did absolutely come from some where, it will be immediately asserted in this age of scepticism, that they did not come at all; and if they did not come at all, then was this country never populated—a conclusion perfectly agreeable to the rules of logic, but wholly irreconcilable to every feeling of humanity, inasmuch as it must syllogistically prove fatal to the innumerable Aborigines of this populous region.

To avert so dire a sophisma, and to rescue from logical annihilation so many millions of fellow creatures, how many wings of geese have been plundered! how many oceans of ink have been benevolently drained! and how many capacious heads of learned historians have been addled and for ever confounded! I pause with reverential awe, when I contemplate, the ponderous tomes in different languages, with which
they have endeavoured to solve this question, so impor-
tant to the happiness of society, but so involved in clouds of impenetrable obscurity. Historian after historian has engaged in the endless circle of hypothetical argument, and after leading us a weary chase through octavos, quartos, and folios, has let us out at the end of his work, just as wise as we were at the beginning. It was doubtless some philosophical wild goose chase of the kind, that made the old poet Macrobius rail in such a passion at curiosity, which he anathematizes most heartily, as “an irksome agonizing care, a superstitious industry about unprofitable things, an itching humour to see what is not to be seen, and to be doing what signifies nothing when it is done.” But to proceed:

Of the claims of the children of Noah to the original population of this country I shall say nothing, as they have already been touched upon in my last chapter. The claimants next in celebrity, are the descendants of Abraham. Thus Christoval Colon (vulgarly called Columbus) when he first discovered the gold mines of Hispaniola immediately concluded, with a shrewdness that would have done honour to a philosopher, that he had found the ancient Ophir, from whence Solomon procured the gold for embellishing the temple at Jerusalem; nay, Colon even imagined that he saw the remains of furnaces of veritable Hebraic construction, employed in refining the precious ore.
So golden a conjecture, tinctured with such fascinating extravagance, was too tempting not to be immediately snapped at by the gudgeons of learning, and accordingly, there were divers profound writers, ready to swear to its correctness, and to bring in their usual load of authorities, and wise surmises, where-withal to prop it up. Vetablus and Robertus Stephens declared nothing could be more clear—Arius Montanus without the least hesitation, asserts that Mexico was the true Ophir, and the Jews the early settlers of the country. While Paffevin, Becan, and several other sagacious writers, lug in a supposed prophecy of the fourth book of Eudras, which being inferred in the mighty hypothesis, like the key stone of an arch, gives it, in their opinion, perpetual durability.

Scarce, however, have they completed their goodly superstructure, than in trudges a phalanx of opposite authors, with Hans de Laet the great Dutchman at their head, and at one blow, tumbles the whole fabric about their ears. Hans, in fact, contradicts outright all the Israelitish claims to the first settlement of this country, attributing all those equivocal symptoms, and traces of Christiannoty and Judaism, which have been laid to be found in divers provinces of the new world, to the Devil, who has always affected to counterfeit the worship of the true Deity. "A remark," says the knowing old Padre d'Acofta, "made by all good authors who have spoken of the religion of nations
newly discovered, and founded besides on the authority of the fathers of the church."

Some writers again, among whom it is with great regret I am compelled to mention Lopez de Gomara and Juan de Leri, insinuate that the Canaanites, being driven from the land of promise by the Jews, were seized with such a panic that they fled without looking behind them, until stopping to take breath, they found themselves safe in America. As they brought neither their national language, manners, nor features with them, it is supposed they left them behind in the hurry of their flight.—I cannot give my faith to this opinion.

I pass over the supposition of the learned Grotius, who being both an ambassador and a Dutchman to boot, is entitled to great respect; that North America was peopled by a strolling company of Norwegians, and that Peru was founded by a colony from China—Manco or Mungo Capac, the first Lucas, being himself a Chinese. Nor shall I more than barely mention, that father Kircher ascribes the settlement of America to the Egyptians, Budbeck to the Scandinavians, Charron to the Gauls, Juffredus Petri to a skaiting party from Friesland, Milius to the Celts, Marinocus the Sicilian to the Romans, Le Compte to the Phoenicians, Postel to the Moors, Martyn d'Angleria to the Abyssinians, together with the sage surmise of De Laet, that England, Ireland and the Or cades may contend for that honour.
ligate the heathenish assertion of Paracelsus, that hemisphere of the globe was originally furnished an Adam and Eve. Or the more flattering opinion of Dr. Romayne, supported by many namesfetichies, that Adam was of the Indian race— or the conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius, and Darses highly honourable to mankind, that the whole in species is accidentally descended from a re-able family of monkeys!

This last conjecture, I must own, came upon me suddenly and very ungraciously. I have often id: the clown in a pantomime, while gazing in wonder at the extravagant gambols of a harle- all at once electrified by a sudden stroke of the ten sword across his shoulders. Little did I think iuch times, that it would ever fall to my lot to be ed with equal discourtesy, and that while I was the beholding these same philosophers, completing
ent methods by which they transported the descendants of these ancient and respectable monkeys, to the great field of theoretical warfare.

This was done either by migrations by land or transmigrations by water. Thus Padre Joseph D'Acoff enumerates three passages by land, first by the north of Europe, secondly by the north of Asia, and thirdly by regions southward of the straits of Magellan. The learned Grotius marches his Norwegians by a pleasant route across frozen rivers and arms of the sea, through Iceland, Greenland, Estotiland and Narem-berga. And various writers, among whom are Angleria, De Hornn and Buffon, anxious for the accommodation of these travellers, have fastened the two continents together by a strong chain of deductions—by which means they could pass over dry land. But should even this fail, Pinkerton, that industrious old gentleman, who compiles books, and manufactures Geographies, has constructed a natural bridge of ice, from continent to continent, at the distance of four or five miles from Behring's straits—for which he is entitled to the grateful thanks of all the wandering aborigines who ever did, or ever will pass over it.

It is an evil much to be lamented, that none of the worthy writers above quoted, could ever commence his work, without immediately declaring hostilities against every writer who had treated of the same subject. In this particular, authors may be compared to a certain sagacious bird, which in building its nest,
fure to pull to pieces the nests of all the birds in its
ighbourhood. This unhappy propensity tends griev-
fly to impede the progress of sound knowledge.
geories are at best but brittle productions, and when
es committed to the stream, they should take care
at like the notable pots which were fellow voyagers,
v do not crack each other.
For my part, when I beheld the sages I have quot-
, gravely accounting for unaccountable things, and
courting thus wisely about matters forever hidden
om their eyes, like a blind man describing the glories
ight, and the beauty and harmony of colours, I
ll back in astonishment at the amazing extent of
man ingenuity.
If—cried I to myself, these learned men can weave
hole systems out of nothing, what would be their
ductions were they furnished with substantial ma-
ials—if they can argue and dispute thus ingeniously
out subjects beyond their knowledge, what would
 the profundity of their observations, did they but
ow what they were talking about! Should old Rh-
umanthus, when he comes to decide upon their con-
act while on earth, have the least idea of the usef-
ess of their labours, he will undoubtedly class them
ith those notorious wise men of Gotham, who
ked a bull, twitted a rope of sand, and wove a
vet purle from a sow’s ear.
My chief surprize is, that among the many writers
have noticed, no one has attempted to prove that
this country was peopled from the moon—o
the first inhabitants floated hither on islands o
as white bears cruize about the northern oc
or that they were conveyed hither by balloons, s
ern aeronaunts pass from Dover to Calais—or by t
craft, as Simon Magus postd among the st
after the manner of the renowned Scythian A
who like the New-England witches on full-b
broomsticks, made most unheard of journeys o
back of a golden arrow, given him by the Hy
orean Apollo.

But there is still one mode left by which a
country could have been peopled, which I ha
reserved for the last, because I consider it wo
the rest, it is—by accident! Speaking of the a
of Solomon, New-Guinea, and New-Holland
profound father Charlevoix observes, “in fir
these countries are peopled, and it is possible,
have been so by accident. Now if it could have ha
ed in that manner, why might it not have been a
same time, and by the same means, with the othe
of the globe?” This ingenious mode of deduc
certain conclusions from possible premises, is a
provenent in syllogistic skill, and proves the fa
father superior even to Archimedes, for he ca
the world without any thing to rest his lever. It
is only surpassed by the dexterity with which a
sturdy old Jesuit, in another place, cuts the g
knot—“Nothing” says he, “is more easy.
inhabitants of both hemispheres are certainly the descendants of the same father. The common father of mankind, received an express order from Heaven, to people the world, and accordingly it has been peopled. In bringing this about, it was necessary to overcome all difficulties in the way, and they have also been overcome!"

Thus Logician! How does he put all the herd of laconic theorists to the blush, by explaining in five words, what it has cost them volumes to prove they knew nothing about!

They have long been picking at the lock, and fretting at the latch, to the honest father at once unlocks the door by bursting it open, and when he has it once in his hand, he is at full liberty to put in as many nations as he pleases. This proves to a demonstration that little piety is better than a cart load of philosophy, and is a practical illustration of that scriptural promise—"By faith ye shall move mountains."

From all the authorities here quoted, and a variety of others which I have consulted, but which are omitted through fear of fatiguing the unlearned reader—I can only draw the following conclusions, which skilily however, are sufficient for my purpose—First, that this part of the world has actually been peopled by E. D.) to support which, we have living proofs in the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabit it. Secondly, That it has been peopled in five hundred different ways, as proved by a cloud of authors, who say the positiveness of their assertions seem to have
been eye-witnesses to the fact—Thirdly, that the peo-
ple of this country had a variety of fathers, which
it may not be thought much to their credit by the
common run of readers, the less we say on the sub-
ject the better. The question therefore, I trust, is forever
rest.
CHAP. V.

In which the Author puts a mighty Question to the rout, by the assistance of the Man in the Moon—which not only delivers thousands of people from great embarrassment, but likewise concludes this introductory book.

The writer of a history may, in some respects, be likened unto an adventurous knight, who having undertaken a perilous enterprize, by way of establishing his fame, feels bound in honour and chivalry, to turn back for no difficulty nor hardship, and never to shrink or quail whatever enemy he may encounter. Under this impression, I resolutely draw my pen and fall to with might and main, at those doughty questions and subtle paradoxes, which, like fiery dragons and bloody giants, beset the entrance to my history, and would fain repulse me from the very threshold. And at this moment a gigantic question has started up, which I must needs take by the beard and utterly subdue, before I can advance another step in my historic undertaking—but I trust this will be the last adversary I shall have to contend with, and that in the next book I shall be enabled to conduct my readers in triumph into the body of my work.

The question which has thus suddenly arisen, is, what right had the first discoverers of America to...
land and take possession of a country, without first gaining the consent of its inhabitants, or yielding them an adequate compensation for their territory?—a question which has withstood many fierce assaults, and has given much distress of mind to multitudes of kind hearted folk. And indeed, until it be totally vanquished, and put to rest, the worthy people of America can by no means enjoy the soil they inhabit, with clear right and title, and quiet, unfuddled conscience.

The first source of right, by which property is acquired in a country, is discovery. For as all mankind have an equal right to any thing, which has never before been appropriated, so any nation, that discovers an uninhabited country, and takes possession thereof, is considered as enjoying full property, an absolute, unquestionable empire therein.*

This proposition being admitted, it follows clearly that the Europeans who first visited America, were the real discoverers of the same; nothing being necessary to the establishment of this fact, but simply to prove that it was totally uninhabited by man. This would at first appear to be a point of some difficulty for it is well known, that this quarter of the work abounded with certain animals, that walked erect or two feet, had something of the human countenance uttered certain unintelligible sounds, very much like language, in short, had a marvellous resemblance to

* Grotius. Puffendorf, b. 5. c. 4. Vattel, l. 1. c. 18, &c.
man beings. But the zealous and enlightened fa-
ers, who accompanied the discoverers, for the pur-
se of promoting the kingdom of heaven, by es-

tablishing fat monasteries and bishoprics on earth, soon

sired up this point, greatly to the satisfaction of his 

inesis the pope, and of all Christian voyagers and 

coverers.

They plainly proved, and as there were no Indian 

riters arose on the other side, the fact was consider-

l as fully admitted and established, that the two-
gged race of animals before mentioned, were mere

nibals, detestable monsters, and many of them gi-

nts—which last description of vagrants have, since

times of Gog, Magog, and Goliath, been con-
ned as outlaws, and have received no quarter in

ther history, chivalry or song. Indeed, even the phi-

ophic Bacon, declared the Americans to be people

scribed by the laws of nature, inasmuch as they

d a barbarous custom of sacrificing men, and feed-

upon man's flesh.

Nor are these all the proofs of their utter barbar-

in: among many other writers of discernment, Ulloa 

lls us " their imbecility is so visible, that one can

rdly form an idea of them different from what one 

as of the brutes. Nothing disturbs the tranquillity of

ir souls, equally insensible to disasters, and to pro-

ity. Though half naked, they are as contented as a

onarch in his most splendid array. Fear makes no

ression on them, and respect as little."—All this
is furthermore supported by the authority of Meguer. "It is not easy," says he, "to describe the degree of their indifference for wealth and all advantages. One does not well know what motives propulse to them when one would persuade them of any service. It is vain to offer them money, they swerve that they are not hungry." And Vanegas confirms the whole, assuring us that "ambition have none, and are more desirous of being the strong than valiant. The objects of ambition are us, honour, fame, reputation, riches, posts, and distinctions are unknown among them. So that this fruitful spring of action, the cause of so much good and real evil in the world has no power over them. In a word, these unhappy mortals may be compared to children, in whom the development reason is not completed."

Now all these peculiarities, although in the lightened states of Greece, they would have their possesors to immortal honour, as having re to practice those rigid and abstemious maxims mere talking about which, acquired certain old the reputation of sages and philosophers;—yet they clearly proved in the present instance, to be a most abject and brutified nature, totally bereft human character. But the benevolent fathers had undertaken to turn these unhappy savages dumb beasts, by dint of argument, advanced stronger proofs; for as certain divinés of the sixt
century, and among the rest Lullus affirm—the Americans go naked, and have no beards!—"They have nothing," says Lullus, "of the reasonable animal, except the mask."—And even that mask was allowed to avail them but little, for it was soon found that they were of a hideous copper complexion—and being of a copper complexion, it was all the same as if they were negroes—and negroes are black, "and black," said the pious fathers, devoutly crossing themselves "is the colour of the Devil!" Therefore, so far from being able to own property, they had no right even to personal freedom, for liberty is too radiant a deity, to inhabit such gloomy temples. All which circumstances plainly convinced the righteous followers of Cortes and Pizarro, that these miscreants had no title to the soil that they infested—that they were a perverse, illiterate, dumb, beardless, black-seed—mere wild beasts of the forests, and like them should either be subdued or exterminated.

From the foregoing arguments, therefore, and a variety of others equally conclusive, which I forbear to enumerate, it was clearly evident that this fair quarter of the globe when first visited by Europeans, was a howling wilderness, inhabited by nothing but wild beasts; and that the trans-Atlantic visitors acquired an incontrovertible property therein, by the right of discovery.

This right being fully established, we now come to the next, which is the right acquired by cultivation.
"The cultivation of the soil," we are told, "is an obligation imposed by nature on mankind. The whole world is appointed for the nourishment of inhabitants: but it would be incapable of doing so was it uncultivated. Every nation is then obliged by the law of nature to cultivate the ground it has fallen to its share. Those people, like the ancient Germans and modern Tartars, who, had fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, choose to live by rapine, are wanting to themselves and deserve to be exterminated as savage and ferocious beasts."*

Now it is notorious, that the savages knew not of agriculture, when first discovered by the Europeans, but lived a most vagabond, disorderly, unripenous life,—rambling from place to place, and merrily rioting upon the spontaneous luxuries of nature, without asking her generosity to yield them any thing more; whereas it has been most unquestionably shown that heaven intended the earth should be ploughed down, and manured, and laid out into cities, towns, and farms, and country seats, and pleasure grounds, and public gardens, all which the Indian knew nothing about—therefore they did not implore the talents Providence had bestowed on them—therefore they were careless stewards—therefore they

* Vattel—B. i. ch. 17. See likewise Grotius, Pufendorf, &
right to the soil—therefore they deserved to be extirpated.

It is true the savages might plead that they drew all the benefits from the land which their simple wants required—they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together with the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, furnished a sufficient variety for their frugal wants; and that as heaven merely designed the earth to form the abode, and satisfy the wants of man; so long as those purposes were answered, the will of heaven was accomplished. But this only proves how undeserving they were of the blessings around them—they were so much the more savages, for not having more wants; for knowledge is in some degree an increase of desires, and it is this superiority both in the number and magnitude of his desires, that distinguishes the man from the beast. Therefore the Indians, in not having more wants, were very unreasonable animals; and it was but just that they should make way for the Europeans, who had a thousand wants to their one, and therefore would turn the earth to more account, and by cultivating it, more truly fulfill the will of heaven. Besides—Grotius and Landerbach, and Puffendorff, and Titius, and many wise men beside, who have considered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood, or drawing water in it—nothing but precise demarcation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can
establish the possession. Now as the savages (practically) from never having read the authors above or had never complied with any of these necessary it plainly followed that they had no right to take what it was that was completely at the disposal of the comers, who had more knowledge, more want of more elegant, that is to say, artificial desires than for themselves.

In entering upon a newly discovered, unculminated country, therefore, the new comers were but possessors of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property—therefore in opposing the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of nature, and counteracting the will of heaven—therefore they were guilty of in burglary and trespass on the estate, therefore they were hardened offenders against God and man—therefore they ought to be exterminated.

But a more irresistible right than either that mentioned, and one which will be the most admitted by my reader, provided he be blest with the bowels of charity and philanthropy, is the required by civilization. All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages were. Not only deficient in the comforts of life, but still worse, most piteously and unfortunately the miseries of their situation. But no sooner benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their condition than they immediately went to work to s
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and improve it. They introduced: among them, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life—and astonishing: to read how soon the poor savages: to estimate these blessings—they likewise made: to them a thousand remedies, by which the inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed, and: they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy: comforts of these medicines, they previously in: sed among them the diseases, which they were: listed to: cure. By these and a variety of other: aids was the condition of these poor savages won: dly improved; they acquired a thousand wants, which they had before been ignorant, and as ho: st sources of happiness, who has most wants to: satisfied, they were doubtless: rendered a much: er race of beings.

The most important branch of civilization, and: has most strenuously been extolled, by the zeal: ed pious fathers of the Roman Church, is the: fraction of the Christian faith. It was truly: that might well inspire horror, to behold these: es, stumbling among the dark mountains of pa: sn; and guilty of the most horrible ignorance of: on. It is true, they neither stole nor defrauded; were sober, frugal, continent, and faithful to: word; but though they acted right habitually, it: all in vain, unless they acted: for from precept: new comers therefore used every method, to in-
duce them to embrace and practise the true religion—except indeed that of setting them the example.

But notwithstanding all these complicated labours for their good, such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these stubborn wretches, that they ungratefully refused to acknowledge the strangers as their benefactors, and persisted in disbelieving the doctrines they endeavoured to inculcate; most insolently alledging, that from their conduct, the advocates of Christianity did not seem to believe in it themselves. Was not this too much for human patience?—would not one suppose, that the benign visitants from Europe, provoked at their incredulity, and discouraged by their stiff-necked obstinacy, would forever have abandoned their shores, and consigned them to their original ignorance and misery?—But no—so zealous were they to effect the temporal comfort and eternal salvation of these pagan infidels, that they even proceeded from the milder means of persuasion, to the more painful and troublesome one of persecution—Let loose among them whole troops of fiery monks and furious bloodhounds—purified them by fire and sword, by stake and faggot; in consequence of which indefatigable measures, the cause of Christian love and charity was so rapidly advanced, that in a very few years, not one fifth of the number of unbelievers existed in South America, that were found there at the time of its discovery.
What stronger right need the European settlers advance to the country than this? Have not whole nations of uninformed savages been made acquainted with a thousand imperious wants and indispensable comforts, of which they were before wholly ignorant—Have they not been literally hunted and smoked out of the dens and lurking places of ignorance and infidelity, and absolutely scourged into the right path? Have not the temporal things, the vain baubles and filthy lucre of this world, which were too apt to engage their worldly and selfish thoughts, been benevolently taken from them; and have they not in stead thereof, been taught to set their affections on things above?—And finally, to use the words of a reverend Spanish father, in a letter to his superior in Spain—

"Can any one have the presumption to say, that these savage Pagans, have yielded anything more than an inconsiderable recompense to their benefactors; in surrendering to them a little pitiful tract of this dirty sublunary planet, in exchange for a glorious inheritance in the kingdom of Heaven!"

Here then are three complete and undeniable sources of right established, any one of which was more than ample to establish a property in the newly discovered regions of America. Now, so it has happened in certain parts of this delightful quarter of the globe, that the right of discovery has been so strenuously asserted—the influence of cultivation so industriously extended, and the progress of salvation and civiliza-
tion so zealously prosecuted, that, what with tendant wars, persecutions, oppressions, disfavour, partial evils, that often hang on the great benefits—the savage aborigines have, for another, been utterly annihilated—and thence brings me to a fourth right, which is the others put together—For the original claim, the soil being all dead and buried, and no remaining to inherit or dispute the soil, the so-called immediate occupants, entered possession as clearly as the hangman succeeds in clothes of the malefactor—and as they have done,* and all the learned expounders of the their side, they may set all actions of ejectment, defiance—and this last right may be entitled to the right by extermination, or in other words, right by gun-powder.

But lest any scruples of conscience should on this head, and to settle the question of ever, his holiness Pope Alexander VI, issued a bull, by which he generously granted the covered quarter of the globe to the Spanish Portugese; who, thus having law and gospel side, and being inflamed with great spirit showed the Pagan savages neither favour nor but prosecuted the work of discovery, colo civilization, and extermination, with ten times fury than ever.

* Bl. Com. B. II. c. 1.
Thus were the European worthies who first discovered America clearly entitled to the soil; and not only entitled to the soil, but likewise to the eternal thanks of these infidel savages, for having come so far, endured so many perils by sea and land, and taken such unwearyed pains, for no other purpose but to improve their forlorn, uncivilized and heathenish condition—for having made them acquainted with the comforts of life; for having introduced among them the light of religion, and finally—for having hurried them out of the world, to enjoy its reward!

But as argument is never so well understood by us selfish mortals, as when it comes home to ourselves, and as I am particularly anxious that this question should be put to rest for ever, I will suppose a parallel case, by way of arousing the candid attention of my readers.

Let us suppose then, that the inhabitants of the moon, by astonishing advancement in science, and by a profound insight into that ineffable lunar philosophy, the mere flickerings of which have of late years dazzled the feeble optics, and added the shallow brains of the good people of our globe—let us suppose, I say, that the inhabitants of the moon, by these means, and arrived at such a command of their energies, such an enviable state of perfectability, as to control the elements, and navigate the boundless regions of space—let us suppose a roving crew of these soaring philosophers, in the course of an aerial voyage of discovery...

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among the stars, should chance to alight upon a landish planet.

And here I beg my readers will not have charitableness to smile, as is too frequently the case with volatile readers, when perusing the grave speculations of philosophers. I am far from indulging in any sportive vein at present; nor is the subject we have been making so wild as many may deem it to be. Long been a very serious and anxious question to me and many a time and oft, in the course of my overwhelming cares and contrivances for the safety and protection of this my native planet, have I been awake whole nights, debating in my mind, if it were most probable we should first discover the sun, the moon, or the moon discover and civilize our globe. Neither would the prodigy of sailing in the air and cruising among the stars be a whit more astonishing and incomprehensible to us, than the European mystery of navigating floating castles, the world of waters, to the simple savages. We already discovered the art of coasting along the shores of our planet, by means of balloons, as well as venturing along their sea coasts and in their canoes; and the disparity between the former, aerial vehicles of the philosophers from the latter, might not be greater, than that, between the canoes of the savages, and the mighty ships of discoverers. I might here pursue an endless train of similar speculations; but as they would be un
at to my subject, I abandon them to my reader, particularly if he be a philosopher, as matters well worthy his attentive consideration.

To return then to my supposition—let us suppose that the aerial visitants I have mentioned, possessed of vastly superior knowledge to ourselves; that is to say, possessed of superior knowledge in the art of extermination—riding on Hypogriphs—defended with impenetrable armour—armed with concentrated sun beams, and provided with vast engines, to hurl enormous moon stones: in short, let us suppose them, if our vanity will permit the supposition, as superior to us in knowledge, and consequently in power, as the Europeans were to the Indians, when they first discovered them. All this is very possible, it is only our self-sufficiency that makes us think otherwise; and I warrant the poor savages, before they had any knowledge of the white men, armed in all the terrors of glittering steel and tremendous gun-powder, were as perfectly convinced that they themselves were the wisest, the most virtuous, powerful, and perfect of created beings, as are, at this present moment, the lordly inhabitants of old England, the volatile populace of France, or even the self-satisfied citizens of this most enlightened republic.

Let us suppose, moreover, that the aerial voyagers, finding this planet to be nothing but a howling wilderness, inhabited by us, poor savages and wild beasts, shall take formal possession of it, in the name of his
most gracious and philosophic excellency, the man in
the moon. Finding, however, that their numbers
are incompetent to hold it in complete subjection, on
account of the ferocious barbarity of its inhabitants;
they shall take our worthy President, the King of Eng-
land, the Emperor of Hayti, the mighty Bonaparte,
and the great King of Bantam, and returning to their
native planet, shall carry them to court, as were the
Indian chiefs led about as spectacles in the courts of
Europe.

Then making such obeisance as the etiquette of the
court requires, they shall address the puissant man in
the moon, in, as near as I can conjecture, the follow-
ing terms:

"Most serene and mighty Potentate, whose domi-
nions extend as far as eye can reach, who ridest on
the Great Bear, useth the sun as a looking glass, and
maintainest unrivalled control over tides, madmen,
and sea-crabs. We, thy liege subjects, have just re-
turned from a voyage of discovery, in the course of
which we have landed and taken possession of that ob-
scure little dirty planet, which thou beholdest rolling
at a distance. The five uncouth monsters, which we
have brought into this august presence, were once
very important chiefs among their fellow savages, who
are a race of beings totally destitute of the common
attributes of humanity; and differing in every thing
from the inhabitants of the moon, inasmuch as they
carry their heads upon their shoulders, instead of
under their arms—have two eyes instead of one—are utterly dettute of tails, and of a variety of unseemly complexions, particularly of a horrible whiteness—instead of pea green.

"We have moreover found these miserable savages sunk into a state of the utmost ignorance and depravity, every man shamelessly living with his own wife, and rearing his own children, instead of indulging in that community of wives enjoined by the law of nature, as expounded by the philosophers of the moon. In a word, they have scarcely a gleam of true philosophy among them, but are, in fact, utter heretics, ignoramuses, and barbarians. Taking compassion, therefore, on the sad condition of these sublunary wretches, we have endeavoured, while we remained on their planet, to introduce among them the light of reason—and the comforts of the moon.—We have treated them to mouthfuls of moonshine, and draughts of nitrous oxyde, which they swallowed with incredible voracity, particularly the females; and we have likewise endeavoured to infill into them the precepts of lunar philosophy. We have insisted upon their renouncing the contemptible shackles of religion and common sense, and adoring the profound, omnipotent and all perfect energy, and the extatic, immutable, immovable perfection. But such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these wretched savages, that they persisted in cleaving to their wives, and adhering to their religion, and absolutely set at nought the sub-
lime doctrines of the moon — nay, among other abominable heresies, they even went so far as blasphemously to declare, that this ineffable planet was mad of nothing more nor less than green cheese!

At these words, the great man in the moon (being a very profound philosopher) shall fall into a terrible passion, and possessing equal authority over things that do not belong to him, as did whilom, his holiness the Pope, shall forthwith issue a formidable bull—specifying, "That—whereas a certain crew of lunatics have lately discovered and taken possession of a newly discovered planet, called the earth — and the whereas it is inhabited by none but a race of two legged animals that carry their heads on their shoulders instead of under their arms; cannot talk the lunatic language; have two eyes instead of one; are destitute of tails, and of a horrible whiteness, instead of pe green—therefore, and for a variety of other excellent reasons — they are considered incapable of possessing any property in the planet they inhabit, and the right and title to it are confirmed to its original discoverers — And furthermore, the colonists who are now about to depart to the aforesaid planet, are authorized and commanded to use every means to convert these infidel savages from the darkness of Christianity, and make them thorough and absolute lunatics."

In consequence of this benevolent bull, our philosophic benefactors go to work with hearty zeal. They seize upon our fertile territories, scourge us from
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Blightful possessions, relieve us from our wives, when we are unreasonable enough to complain, ill turn upon us and say—miserable barbarians! Woful wretches!—have we not come thousands of 0 improve your worthless planet!—have we you with moon shine—have we not intoxicated th nitrous oxyde—does not our moon give you very night, and have you the bakeness to mur- then we claim a pitiful return for all these bene- but finding that we not only perfit in absolute ght of their reasoning and disbelief in their phi- n, but even go so far as daringly to defend our y, their patience shall be exhausted, and they efort to their superior powers of argument— s with hypogrifts, transfix us with concentrated ads, demolish our cities with moon stones; having by main force, converted us to the true they shall graciously permit us to exit in the déserts of Arabia, or the frozen regions of d, there to enjoy the blessings of civilization e charms of lunar philosophy—in much the fame r as the reformed and enlightened savages of ntry, are kindly suffered to inhabit the in- ble forests of the north, or the impenetrable neesses of South America.

is, I hope, I have clearly proved, and strikingly ated, the right of the early colonists to the pos- of this country—and thus is this gigantic ques- completely vanquished—so having manfully fur-
most laboriously. Then did he spend full three months on trudging on foot, and voyaging in Trek for from Rotterdam to Amsterdam—to Delft—to Leyden—to the Hague, knocking his pipe against every church in his list. Then did he advance gradually nearer and nearer to Rotterdam, until he came in full sight of the identical place whereon the church was to be built. Then did he spend three months longer in walking round it, contemplating it, first from one point of view, then from another—now would he be paddled on the canal—now would he peep at it through his telescope, from the other side of the Meuse, and would he take a bird's-eye glance at it, from the gates of the city. The good folks of the city were on the tiptoe of expectation and impatience, notwithstanding all the turmoil of my great grandfather, not a symptom of the church was yet seen; they even began to fear it would never be built into the world, but that its great projector would be down and die in labour, of the mighty plan he had conceived. At length, having occupied two good months in puffing and paddling, and talking walking—having travelled over all Holland, and taken a peep into France and Germany—having gathered five hundred and ninety-nine pipes, and three hundred weight of the best Virginia tobacco; my great grandfather gathered together all that knowing industrious class of citizens, who prefer attending
y's business sooner than their own, and having
ff his coat and five pair of breeches, he ad-
distributedly up, and laid the corner stone of the
in the presence of the whole multitude—just
commencement of the thirteenth month.

similar manner, and with the example of my wor-
estor full before my eyes, have I proceeded in
this most authentic history. The honest Rot-
ners no doubt thought my great grandfather
nothing at all to the purpose, while he was
such a world of prefatory bustle, about the
of his church—and many of the ingenious
ants of this fair city, will unquestionably sup-
all the preliminary chapters, with the discov-
pulation, and final settlement of America, were
irrelevant and superfluous—and that the main
is, the history of New-York, is not a jot more
ed, than if I had never taken up my pen.
were wise people more mistaken in their cons-
in consequence of going to work slowly and
ately, the church came out of my grandfather's
one of the most sumptuous, goodly, and glo-
difices in the known world—excepting, that,
ncellent capitol at Washington, it was be-
fo grand a scale, that the good folks could not
to finish more than the wing of it. So like-
truf, if ever I am enabled to finish this
on the plan I have commenced, (of which, in
truth, I sometimes have my doubts,) it will be
found, that I have pursued the latest rules of my art as exemplified in the writings of all the great American Historians, and wrought a very large history on of a small subject—which, now a-days, is confidet one of the great triumphs of historic skill.—To proceed then with the thread of my story.

In the ever memorable year of our Lord, 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five and twentieth day of March, old style, did that "worthy and irrecoverable discoverer, (as he has justly been called,) Master Henry Hudson," set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the Half Moon, being employed by the Dutch East India Company, to seek a North-west passage to China.

Henry (or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick) Hudson, was a sea-faring man of renown, who had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and caused him to find great favour in the eyes of their High Mightineffes, the lords states general, and also of the honourable West India Company. He was a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose, which was supposed in those days to have acquired its fiery hue, from the constant neighbourhood of his tobacco pipe.

He wore a true Andrea Ferrara, tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat one side of
his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and his voice sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet—owing to the number of hard north westers which he had swallowed in the course of his sea-faring.

Such was Hendrick Hudson, of whom we have heard so much, and know so little: and I have been thus particular in his description, for the benefit of modern painters and statuaries, that they may represent him as he was; and not, according their common custom, with modern heroes, make him look like Caesar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvidere.

As chief mate and favourite companion, the commodore chose maître: Robert Juet, of Lime house, in England. By some his name has been spelled Chewit, and ascribed to the circumstance of his having been the first man that ever chewed tobacco; but this I believe to be mere flippancy; more especially as certain of his progeny are living at this day, who write their names Juet. He was an old comrade and early school-mate of the great Hudson, with whom he had often played truant and failed chip boats in a neighbouring pond, when they were little boys—from whence it is said the commodore first derived his bias towards a sea-faring life. Certain it is, that the old people about Lime house declared Robert Juet to be an unlucky urchin, prone to mischief, that would one day or other come to the gallows.

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He grew up as boys of that kind often grow up, rambling, heedless varlet, tossed about in all quarters of the world—meeting with more perils and wonders than did Sindbad the Sailor, without growing a whit more wise, prudent, or ill natured. Under every misfortune, he comforted himself with a quid of tobacco, and the truly philosophic maxim, that “it will be all the same thing a hundred years hence.” He was skilled in the art of carving anchors and true lover’s knots on the bulk heads and quarter railings, and was considered a great wit on board ship, in consequence of his playing pranks on every body around, and now and then even making a wry face at old Hendrick, when his back was turned.

To this universal genius are we indebted for many particulars concerning this voyage; of which he wrote a history, at the request of the commodore, who had an unconquerable aversion to writing himself, from having received so many floggings about it when at school. To supply the deficiencies of master Juet’s journal, which is written with true log book brevity, I have availed myself of divers family traditions, handed down from my great great grand father, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of cabin boy.

From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me exceedingly, that I have to admit so noted an expedition into my work, without making any more of it—
Oh! that I had the advantages of that most authentic writer of yore, Apollonius Rhodius, who, in his account of the famous Argonautic expedition, has the whole mythology at his disposal, and elevates Iason and his compeers into heroes and demigods; although all the world knows them to have been a mere gang of sheep stealers, on a marauding expedition—or that I had the privileges of Dan Homer and Dan Virgil, to enliven my narration with giants and Lystrigonians; to entertain our honest mariners with an occasional concert of syrens and mermaids, and now and then with the raree show of honest old Neptune and his fleet of frolicksome cruisers. BUT, alas! the good old times have long gone by, when your waggish deities would descend upon this terraqueous globe, in their own proper persons, and play their pranks upon its wondering inhabitants.

Suffice it then to say, the voyage was prosperous and tranquil—the crew, being a patient people, much given to slumber and vacuity, and but little troubled with the diseafe of thinking—a malady of the mind, which is the sure breeder of discontent. Hudson had laid in abundance of gin and four crout, and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew. True it is, some flight dissatisfaction was shown on two or three occasions, at certain unreasonable conduct of commodore Hudson. Thus, for instance, he forbore to shorten sail when the wind was light, and the weather serene, which
was considered among the most experienced Dutch seamen, as certain weather breeders, or prognostics, that the weather would change for the worse. He acted, moreover, in direct contradiction to that ancient and sage rule of the Dutch navigators, who always took in sail at night—put the helm a-port, and turned in—by which precaution they had a good night’s rest—were sure of knowing where they were the next morning, and stood but little chance of running down a continent in the dark. He likewise prohibited the seamen from wearing more than five jackets, and six pair of breeches, under pretence of rendering them more alert; and no man was permitted to go aloft, and hand in sails, with a pipe in his mouth, as is the invariable Dutch custom, at the present day—All these grievances, though they might ruffle for a moment the constitutional tranquillity of the honest Dutch tars, made but transient impression; they eat hugely, drank profusely, and slept immeasurably, and being under the especial guidance of providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America; where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the fourth day of September, entered that majestic bay, which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New-York, and which had never before been visited by any European.*

* True it is—and I am not ignorant of the fact, that in a certain apocryphal book of voyages, compiled by one Hakluyt,
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It has been traditionary in our family, that when he great navigator was first blessed with a view of his enchanting island, he was observed, for the first and only time in his life, to exhibit strong symptoms of astonishment and admiration. He is said to have turned to master Juet, and uttered these remarkable words, while he pointed towards this paradise of the new world—"see! there!"—and thereupon, as was always his way when he was uncommonly pleased, he did puff out such clouds of dense tobacco smoke, that

he found a letter written to Francis the first, by one Giovanni, or John Verazzani, on which some writers are inclined to found a belief that this delightful bay had been visited nearly a century prior to the voyage of the enterprising Hudson. Now this (albeit it was met with the countenance of certain very judicious and learned men) I hold in utter disbelief, and that for various good and substantial reasons—First, Because on strict examination it will be found, that the description given by this Verazzani, applies about a well to the bay of New-York, as it does to my native cap. Secondly, Because that this John Verazzani, for whom I already begin to feel a most bitter enmity, is a native of Florence; and everybody knows the cuntry wiles of these base Florentines, by which they flished away the laurels, from the brows of the immortal Colon ( vulgarly called Columbus) and bestowed them on their officious counsellor, Amerigo Vespucci—and I make no doubt they are equally ready to rob the illustrious Hudson of the credit of discovering this beauteous Island, adorned by the city of New-York, and placing it beside their usurped discovery of South America. And, thirdly, I award my decision in favour of the pretensions of Hendrick Hudson, inasmuch as his expedition sailed from Holland, being truly and absolutely a Dutch enterprise—and though all the proofs in the world were introduced on the other side, I would set them at nought, as undeserving my attention. If these three reasons be not sufficient to satisfy every burgour of this ancient city—if I can say is, they are degenerate descendants from their venerable Dutch Ancestors, and totally unworthy the trouble of concerning. Thus, therefore, the title of Hendrick Hudson, to his own named discovery is fully vindicated.
in one minute the vessel was out of sight of lamer. Juet was fain to wait until the winds did this impenetrable fog.

It was indeed—as my great great grandfather to say—though in truth I never heard him; died, as might be expected, before I was born. was indeed a spot on which the eye might have led for ever, in ever new and never ending beauty. The island of Manna-hata spread wide before like some sweet vision of fancy, or some fair of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green gently one above another, crowned with trees of luxuriant growth; some pointing their shining foliage towards the clouds, which were green transparent; and others loaded with a verdure then of clambering vines, bowing their branches the earth, that was covered with flowers. gentle declivities of the hills were scattered profusion, the dog-wood, the fumach, and brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossom brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column rising from the little glens that opened at the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers come at the hands of their fellow creatures. stood gazing with entranced attention on them, a red man, crowned with feathers, flew from one of these glens, and after contem in silent wonder the gallant ship, as she fat light
swimming on a silver lake, founded the war-
and bounded into the woods, like a wild
the utter astonishment of the phlegmatic
en, who had never heard such a noise, or
such a caper in their whole lives.

The transactions of our adventurers with the
and how the latter smoked copper pipes, and
currants; how they brought great store of
and oysters; how they shot one of the ship's
and how he was buried, I shall say nothing,
I consider them unimportant to my history.
rying a few days in the bay, in order to re-
melvives after their sea-faring, our voyagers
anchor, to explore a mighty river which
onto the bay. This river, it is said, was
among the savages by the name of the Ske-
ough we are assured in an excellent little
published in 1674, by John Josselyn, Gent.
was called the Mohiangan, and master Richard
who wrote some time afterwards, affords the
so that I very much incline in favour of the
of these two honest gentlemen. Be this as it
this river did the adventurous Hendrick pro-
tle doubting, but it would turn out to be the
ooked for passage to China!
journal goes on to make mention of divers
ws between the crew and the natives, in the

river is likewise laid down in Ogilvy's map as Manhattan
—Montaigne and Mauritius river.
voyage up the river, but as they would be impertinent to my history, I shall pass over them in silence, except the following dry joke, played off by the old commodore and his school-fellow Robert Juet; which does such vast credit to their experimental philosophy, that I cannot refrain from inserting it. "Our master and his mate determined to try some of the chief men of the country, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they tooke them downe into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and acquavitæ, that they were all merrie; and one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly, as any of our countrey women would do in a strange place. In the end, one of them was drunke, which had been aboarde of our ship all the time that we had beene there, and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it."*

Having satisfied himself by this ingenious experiment, that the natives were an honest, soial race of jolly roysters, who had no objection to a drinking bout, and were very merry in their cups, the old commodore chuckled hugely to himself, and thrusting a double quid of tobacco in his cheek, directed master Juet to have it carefully recorded, for the satisfaction of all the natural philosophers of the university of Leyden—which done, he proceeded on his voyage, with great self-complacency. After failing, however,

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more an hundred miles up the river, he found the
river world around him began to grow more shall-
low and confined, the current more rapid, and per-
fectly fresh—phenomena not uncommon in the ascent
of rivers, but which puzzled the honest Dutchmen
prodigiously. A consultation was therefore called,
and having deliberated full six hours, they were
brought to a determination, by the ship's running
aground—whereupon they unanimously concluded,
that there was but little chance of getting to China
in this direction. A boat, however, was dispatched
to explore higher up the river, which, on its return,
confirmed the opinion—upon this the ship was warp-
ed off and put about, with great difficulty, being like
most of her sex, exceedingly hard to govern; and
the adventurous Hudson, according to the account of
my great great grandfather, returned down the river
—with a prodigious flea in his ear!

Being satisfied that there was little likelihood of
getting to China, unless like the blind man, he re-
turned from whence he fat out, and took a fresh
start, he forthwith re-crossed the sea to Holland,
where he was received with great welcome by the
honourable East-India company, who were very much
rejoiced to see him come back safe—with their ship;
and at a large and respectable meeting of the first
merchants and burgomasters of Amsterdam, it was
unanimously determined, that as a munificent re-
ward for the eminent services he had performed the important discovery he had made, the ver Mohegan should be called after his name it continues to be called Hudson river unto day.
CHAP. II.

an account of a mighty Ark which, under the protection of St. Nicholas, Holland to Gibbet Island—the descent of strange Animals therefrom—a great victory, description of the ancient village of Com-

aw.

delectable accounts given by the great Hud-

Master Juet, of the country they had dis-
excited not a little talk and speculation among the people of Holland.—Letters patent were by government to an association of Merchants, the West-India company, for the exclusive

Hudson river, on which they erected a house called Fort Aurania, or Orange, from which the great city of Albany. But did spring the great city of Albany. But

to dwell on the various commercial and co-
enterprisés which took place; among which of Mynheer Adrian Block, who discovered a name to Block Island, since famous for its and shall barely confine myself to that, which sh to this renowned city.

Some three or four years after the return of Mortal Hendrick, that a crew of honest, low lonifs set sail from the city of Amsterdam, shores of America. It is an irreparable loss to
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...to history, and a great proof of the darkness of the age, and the lamentable neglect of the noble art of book-making, since so industriously cultivated by knowing sea-captains, and learned supercargoes, that an expedition so interesting and important in its results, should be passed over in utter silence. To my great great grandfather am I again indebted for the few facts, I am enabled to give concerning it—he having once more embarked for this country, with a full determination, as he said, of ending his days here—and of begetting a race of Knickerbockers, that should rise to be great men in the land.

The ship in which these illustrious adventurers set sail was called the Goede Vrouw, or good woman, in compliment to the wife of the President of the West India company, who was allowed by every body (except her husband) to be a sweet tempered lady, when not in liquor. It was in truth a most gallant vessel, of the most approved Dutch construction, and made by the ablest ship carpenters of Amsterdam, who it is well known, always model their ships after the fair forms of their country-women. Accordingly it had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern post, to the taffarel. Like the beauteous model, who was declared to be the greatest belle in Amsterdam, it was full in the bows, with a pair of enormous car-heads, a copper bottom, and withal, a most prodigious poop!
The architect, who was somewhat of a religious man, far from decorating the ship with pagan idols, such as Jupiter, Neptune, or Hercules, (which heathenish abominations, I have no doubt, occasion the misfortunes and shipwreck of many a noble vessel,) he, I say, on the contrary, did laudably erect for a head, a goodly image of St. Nicholas, equipped with a low, broad brimmed hat, a huge pair of Flemish trunk hose, and a pipe that reached to the end of the bow-sprit. Thus gallantly furnished, the staunch ship floated sideways, like a majestic goose, out of the harbour of the great city of Amsterdam, and all the bells, that were not otherwise engaged, rung a triple peal-major on the joyful occasion.

My great great grandfather remarks, that the voyage was uncommonly prosperous, for, being under the especial care of the ever-revered St. Nicholas, the Goede Vrouw seemed to be endowed with qualities unknown to common vessels. Thus she made as much lee-way as head-way, could get along very nearly as fast with the wind a-head, as when it was a-poop—and was particularly great in a calm; in consequence of which singular advantages, she made out to accomplish her voyage in a very few months, and came to anchor at the mouth of the Hudson, a little to the east of Gibbet Island.*

* So called, because one Joseph Andrews, a pirate and murderer, was hanged in chains on that island, the 23d May, 1769.
Here lifting up their eyes, they beheld, on what is at present called the Jersey shore, a small Indian village, pleasantly embowered in a grove of spreading elms, and the natives all collected on the beach, gazing in stupid admiration at the Goede Vrouw. A boat was immediately dispatched to enter into a treaty with them, and approaching the shore, hailed them through a trumpet, in the most friendly terms; but so horribly confounded were these poor savages at the tremendous and uncouth sound of the low Dutch language, that they one and all took to their heels, scampered over the Bergen hills, nor did they stop until they had buried themselves, head and ears, in the marshes, on the other side, where they all miserably perished to a man—and their bones being collected, and decently covered by the Tammany Society of that day, formed that singular mound called Rattle-snake-hill, which rises out of the centre of the salt marshes, a little to the east of the Newark Caufeway.

Animated by this unlooked-for victory our valiant heroes sprang ashore in triumph, took possession of the foil as conquerors in the name of their High Mightinesses the lords of states general, and marching fearlessly forward, carried the village of Communipaw by storm notwithstanding that it was vigorously defended by some half a score of old squaws, and pop pooses. On looking about them they were for a while ported with the excellencies of the place, that they had very little doubt, the blessed St. Nicholas, ha
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... guided them thither, as the very spot whereon to settle their colony. The softness of the soil was wonderfully adapted to the driving of piles; the swamps and marches around them afforded ample opportunities for the constructing of dykes and dams; the shallownesses of the shore was peculiarly favourable to the building of docks—in a word, this spot abounded with all the requisites for the foundation of a great Dutch city. On making a faithful report therefore, to the crew of the Goede Vrouw, they one and all determined that this was the destined end of their voyage. Accordingly they descended from the Goede Vrouw, men, women, and children, in goodly groups, as did the animals of yore from the ark, and formed themselves into a thriving settlement, which they called by the Indian name Communipaw.

As all the world is doubtless perfectly acquainted with Communipaw, it may seem somewhat superfluous to treat of it in the present work; but my readers will have to recollect, that notwithstanding it is my chief desire to satisfy the present age, yet I write likewise for posterity, and have to consult the understanding and curiosity of some half a score of centuries yet to come; which time perhaps, were it not for this invaluable history, the great Communipaw like Babylon, Carthage, Nineveh and other great cities, might be perfectly extinct—sunk and forgotten in its own mud—its inhabitants turned into oysters, and even its situation a fertile

* * "Men by inaction degenerate into Oysters." Kaines.
subject of learned controversy and hardheaded investigation among indefatigable historians. Let me piously rescue from oblivion, the humble relics of a place, which was the egg from whence was hatched the mighty city of New-York!

Communipaw is at present but a small village, pleasantly situated among rural scenery; on that beautiful part of the Jersey shore which was known in ancient legends by the name of Pavonia,* and command grand prospect of the superb bay of New-York. It is within but half an hour's sail of the latter place, and may be distinctly seen from the city. Nay, it is a well known fact, which I can testify from my own experience, that on a still summer evening, you may hear, from the battery of New-York, the obstreperous peals of the broad-mouthed laughter of the Dutch negroes, at Communipaw, who, like most other negroes, are famous for their ribald powers. This is peculiarly the case on Sunday evenings; when, it is remarked by an ingenious and reverent philosopher, who has made great discoveries in the neighbourhood of this city, that they always laugh loudest—which he attributes to the circumstances of their having their holiday clothes on.

These negroes, in fact, like the monks in the deserts, engross all the knowledge of the place, and are infinitely more adventurous and more knowing than

* Pavonia, in the ancient maps, is given to a tract of country extending from about Hoboken to Amboy.
their masters, carry on all the foreign trade; making frequent voyages to town in canoes loaded with oysters, buttermilk and cabbages. They are great astrologers, predicting the different changes of weather almost as accurately as an almanac—they are more; over exquisite performers on three stringed fiddles; in whistling they almost boast the famed powers of Orpheus his lyre, for not a horse or an ox in the place, when at the plow or before the waggon, will budge a foot until he hears the well known whistle of his black driver and companion.—And from their amazing skill at casting up accounts upon their fingers, they are regarded with as much veneration as were the disciples of Pythagoras of yore, when initiated into the sacred quaternary of numbers.

As to the honest burghers of Communipaw, like wise men, and found philosophers, they never look beyond their pipes, nor trouble their heads about any affairs out of their immediate neighbourhood; so that they live in profound and enviable ignorance of all the troubles, anxieties and revolutions, of this distracted planet. I am even told that many among them do verily believe that Holland, of which they have heard so much from tradition, is situated somewhere on Long-Island—that Spiking-devil and the Narrows are the two ends of the world—that the country is still under the dominion of their high mightinesses, and that the city of New-York still goes by the name of Nieuw Amsterdam. They meet every Saturday afternoon, at the
only tavern in the place, which bears as a sign, a square headed likeness of the prince of Orange; where they smoke a silent pipe, by way of promoting social conviviality, and invariably drink a mug of cider to the success of admiral Von Tromp, who they imagine is still sweeping the British channel, with a broom at his mast head.

Communipaw, in short, is one of the numerous little villages in the vicinity of this most beautiful of cities, which are so many strong holds and fastnesses, whither the primitive manners of our Dutch forefathers have retreated, and where they are cherished with devout and scrupulous strictness. The dress of the original settlers is handed down inviolate, from father to son—the identical broad brimmed hat, broad skirted coat and broad bottomed breeches, continue from generation to generation, and several gigantic knee buckles of maffy silver, are still in wear, that made such gallant display in the days of the patriarchs of Communipaw. The language likewise, continues unadulterated by barbarous innovations; and so critically correct, is the village school-master in his dialect that his reading of a low Dutch psalm, has much the same effect on the nerves, as the filing of a hand saw.
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CHAP. III.

In which is set forth the true art of making a bargain—together with the miraculous escape of a great Metropolis in a fog—and the biography of certain heroes of Communipaw.

Having, in the trifling digression which concluded the last chapter, discharged the filial duty, which the city of New-York owed to Communipaw, as being the mother settlement; and having given a faithful picture of it as it stands at present, I return with a soothing sentiment of self-approbation, to dwell upon its early history. The crew of the Goede Vrouw being soon reinforced by fresh importations from Holland, the settlement went jollily on, encreasing in magnitude and prosperity. The neighbouring Indians in a short time became accustomed to the uncouth sound of the Dutch language, and an intercourse gradually took place between them and the new comers. The Indians were much given to long talks, and the Dutch to long silence—in this particular, therefore, they accommodated each other completely. The chiefs would make long speeches about the big bull, the wabash and the great spirit, to which the others would listen very attentively, smoke their pipes and grunt yab myn-her—whereat the poor savages were wonderously delighted. They instructed the new
settlers in the best art of curing and smoking tobacco while the latter in return, made them drunk with true Hollands—and then learned them the art of making bargains.

A brisk trade for furs was soon opened: the Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in their dealings and purchased by weight, establishing it as an invariable table of avoirdupois, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is true, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight, for let them place a bundle of furs, never so large, in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam—never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds, in the market of Communipaw!

This is a singular fact—but I have it direct from my great great grandfather, who had risen to considerable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh master, on account of the uncommon heaviness of his foot.

The Dutch possessions in this part of the globe began now to assume a very thriving appearance, and were comprehended under the general title of Nieuw Nederlandts, on account, as the sage Vander Donck observes, of their great resemblance to the Dutch Netherlands—which indeed was truly remarkable, excepting that the former were rugged and mountainous, and the latter level and marshy. About this time
the tranquillity of the Dutch colonists was doomed to suffer a temporary interruption. In 1614, Captain Sir Samuel Argal, failing under a commission from Dale, governor of Virginia, visited the Dutch settlements on Hudson river, and demanded their submission to the English crown and Virginian dominion.—To this arrogant demand, as they were in no condition to resist it, they submitted for the time, like discreet and reasonable men.

It does not appear that the valiant Argal molested the settlement of Communipaw; on the contrary, I am told that when his vessel first hove in sight the worthy burgheers were seized with such a panic, that they fell to smoking their pipes with astonishing vehemence; insomuch that they quickly raised a cloud, which, combining with the surrounding woods and marshes, completely enveloped and concealed their beloved village; and overhung the fair regions of Pavonia—So that the terrible captain Argal passed on, totally unsuspicious that a sturdy little Dutch settlement lay snugly couched in the mud, under cover of all this pestilent vapour. In commemoration of this fortunate escape, the worthy inhabitants have continued to smoke, almost without intermission, unto this very day; which is said to be the cause of the remarkable fog that often hangs over Communipaw of a clear afternoon.

Upon the departure of the enemy, our magnanimous ancestors took full six months to recover their
wind, having been exceedingly discomposed
consternation and hurry of affairs. They then
a council of safety to speak over the state of the
vince. After six months more of mature dis
tion, during which nearly five hundred words
spoken, and almost as much tobacco was spent
would have served a certain modern general to
a whole winter's campaign of hard drinking,
determined, to fit out an armament of canoes
dispatch them on a voyage of discovery; to fer
peradventure, some more sure and formidable
might not be found, where the colony would
subject to vexatious visitations.

This perilous enterprise was entrusted to the
intendance of Mynheers Oloff Van Kortlandt,
ham Hardenbroeck, Jacobus Van Zandt, and
Ten Broeck—four indubitably great men, but of
history, although I have made diligent inquiry,
learn but little, previous to their leaving. Nor
need this occasion much surprise; for ade
like prophets, though they make great noise,
have seldom much celebrity in their own con
but this much is certain, that the overflows and
scourings of a country are invariably composed
richest parts of the soil. And here I cannot
requiring how convenient it would be to our
great men and great families of doubtful
could they have the privilege of the heroes of
who, whenever their origin was involved in o
modestly announced themselves descended from a god—and who never visited a foreign country, but what they told some cock and bull stories, about their being kings and princes at home. This venial trespass on the truth, though it has occasionally been played off by some pseudo marquis, baronet, and other illustrious foreigner, in our land of good natured credulity, has been completely discountenanced in this sceptical, matter of fact age—And I even question whether any tender virgin, who was accidentally and unaccountably enriched with a bantling, would save her character at parlour fire-sides and evening tea-parties, by ascribing the phenomenon to a swan, a shower of gold, or a river god.

Thus being denied the benefit of mythology and daffic fable, I should have been completely at a loss as to the early biography of my heroes, had not a gleam of light been thrown upon their origin from their names.

By this simple means have I been enabled to gather some particulars, concerning the adventurers in question. Van Kortlandt for instance, was one of those peripatetic philosophers, who tax providence for a livelihood, and like Diogenes, enjoy a free and unincumbered estate in sunshine. He was usually arrayed in garments suitable to his fortune, being curiously fringed and fangled by the hand of time; and was belmeted with an old fragment of a hat which had acquired the shape of a sugar-loaf; and so far did he
carry his contempt for the adventitious distinct drefs, that it is said, the remnant of a shirt, covered his back, and dangled like a pocket in chief out of a hole in his breeches, was never ed, except by the bountiful showers of heaven; this garb was he usually to be seen, running at noon day, with a herd of philosophers of the sect, on the side of the great canal of Amster Like your nobility of Europe, he took his name Kortlandt (or lack land) from his landed estate, lay some where in Terra incognita.

Of the next of our worthies, might I have had benefit of mythological assistance, the want of I have just lamented—I should have made homo mention, as boasting equally illustrious pedigree, the proudest hero of antiquity. His name was Zandt, which being freely translated, signifies the dirt, meaning, beyond a doubt, that like Tlemus, Themis—the Cyclops and the Titans sprung from dame Terra or the earth! This fition is strongly corroborated by his size, for it is known that all the progeny of mother earth were a gigantic stature; and Van Zandt, we are told, a tall raw-boned man, above six feet high—w astonishingly hard head. Nor is this origin of illustrious Van Zandt a whit more improbable, or pugnant to belief, than what is related and un sly admitted of certain of our greatest, or r
richest men; who, we are told with the utmost gravity, did originally spring from a dung-hill!

Of the third hero, but a faint description has reached to this time, which mentions, that he was a sturdy, obstinate, burley, bustling little man; and from being usually equipped with an old pair of buckskins, was familiarly dubbed Harden broeck, or Tough Breeches.

Ten Broeck completed this junto of adventurers. It is a singular but ludicrous fact, which, were I not scrupulous in recording the whole truth, I should almost be tempted to pass over in silence, as incompatible with the gravity and dignity of history, that this worthy gentleman should likewise have been nicknamed from the most whimsical part of his drees. In fact the small clothes seems to have been a very important garment in the eyes of our venerated ancestors, owing in all probability to its really being the largest article of raiment among them. The name of Ten Broeck or Tin Broeck is indifferently translated into Ten Breeches and Tin Breeches—the high Dutch commentators incline to the former opinion; and ascribe it to his being the first who introduced into the settlement the ancient Dutch fashion of wearing ten pair of breeches. But the most elegant and ingenious writers on the subject declare in favour of Tin, or rather This Breeches; from whence they infer, that he was a poor, but merry rogue, whose galligaskins were none
of the soundest, and who was the identical autho
that truly philosophical stanza:

"Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys;
A light heart and thin pair of breeches,
Will go through the world my brave boys!"

Such was the gallant junto choosen to conduct
voyage into unknown realms, and the whole was
under the superintending care and direction of Ol
Van Kortlandt; who was held in great revere
among the fages of Communipaw, for the variety
darkness of his knowledge. Having, as I before
served, passed a great part of his life in the open
among the peripatetic philosophers of Amsterdam,
had become amazingly well acquainted with the af
of the heavens, and could as accurately determ
when a storm was brewing, or a squall rising, as a du
husband can foresee, from the brow of his fpc
when a tempest is gathering about his ears. He
moreover a great fear of ghosts and goblins, ar
firm believer in omens; but what especially rec
mended him to public confidence, was his marvel
talent at dreaming, for there never was any thin
consequence happened at Communipaw but wha
declared he had previously dreamt it; being on
those infallible prophets, that always predict a th
after it has come to pafs.
This supernatural gift was as highly valued among the burghers of Pavonia, as it was among the enlightened nations of antiquity. The wife Ulysses was more indebted to his sleeping, than his waking moments, for all his subtle achievements, and seldom undertook any great exploit, without first soundly sleeping upon it, and the same may truly be said of the good Van Kortlandt, who was thence aptly denominated, Oloff the Dreamer.

This cautious commander having chosen the crews that should accompany him in the proposed expedition, exhorted them to repair to their homes, take a good night's rest, settle all family affairs and make their wills, before departing on this voyage into unknown realms. And indeed this last was a precaution always taken by our forefathers, even in after times, when they became more adventurous, and voyaged to Haverstraw or Kaatskill, or Groote Esopus, or any other far country that lay beyond the great waters of the Tappaan Zee.
HISTORY OF

CHAP. IV.

How the heroes of Communipaw voyaged to E Gate, and how they were received there.

And now the rosy blush of morn began to man in the east, and soon the rising sun, emerging from amidst golden and purple clouds, shed his blithest rays on the tin weathercocks of Communipaw. The delicious season of the year, when nature, breaking from the chilling thraldom of old winter, like a blooming damsel, from the tyranny of a forlorn old father, threw herself, blushing with ten thousand charms, into the arms of youthful spring. Every tufted copse and blooming grove, resounded with the notes of hymeneal love. The very insects, as they flipped the dew that gemmed the tender grass of the meadows, joined in the joyous epithalamium—the virgin bud timidly put forth its blushes, "the voice the turtle was heard in the land," and the heart man dissolved away in tenderness. Oh! sweet Theocritus! had I thine oaten reed, wherewith thou didst charm the gay Sicilian plains—Or Oh! gentle Bion! thy pastoral pipe, wherein the happy swains, the Lesbian isle so much delighted, then might I attempt to sing, in soft Bucolic or negligent Idyllia, the rural beauties of the scene—but having nothing save this jaded goose quill, wherewith to wing my
fight, I must fain resign all poetic disportings of the fancy, and pursue my narrative in humble prose; comforting myself with the hope, that though it may not steal so sweetly upon the imagination of my reader, yet may it commend itself, with virgin modesty to his better judgment, clothed in the chaste and simple garb of truth.

No sooner did the first rays of cheerful Phæbus dart into the windows of Cummunipaw, than the little settlement was all in motion. Forth issued from his castle the sage Van Kortlandt, and seizing a conch shell, blew a far refounding blast, that soon summoned all his lufty followers. Then did they trudge resolutely down to the water side, escorted by a multitude of relatives and friends, who all went down, as the common phrase expresses it, "to see them off." And this shows the antiquity of those long family processions, often seen in our city; composed of all ages, sizes and sexes, laden with bundles and banboxes, escorting some bevy of country cousins, about to depart for home in a market boat.

The good Oloff bestowed his forces in a squadron of three canoes, and hoisted his flag on board a little round Dutch boat, shaped not unlike a tub, which had formerly been the jolly boat of the Goede Vrouw. And now, all being embarked, they bid farewell to the gazing throng upon the beach, who continued shouting after them, even when out of hearing, wishing them a happy voyage, advising them to take good
care of themselves, not to get drowned—with an abundance of other of those sage and invaluable cautions generally given by landsmen to such as go down the sea in ships, and adventure upon the deep waters. In the mean while the voyagers cheerfully urged the course across the chrytal bosom of the bay, and were left behind them the green shores of ancient Favon.*

And first they touched at two small islands which lie nearly opposite Communipaw, and which are said to have been brought into existence about the time of the great eruption of the Hudson, when it broke through the Highlands and made its way to the ocean.* For in this tremendous uproar of the waters, we are told that many huge fragments of rock and land were rent from the mountains and flung down by this run away river, for sixty or seventy miles; where some of them ran aground on the shoal just opposite Communipaw, and formed the identical islands in question, while others drifted out to sea and were never heard of more! A sufficient pro

* It is a matter long since established by certain of our philosophers, that is to say, having been often advanced, and never contradicted, it has grown to be pretty nigh equal to a settled fact that the Hudson was originally a lake, dammed up by the mountains of the Highlands. In process of time, however, being very mighty and obstinate, and the mountains waxing pedroptical, and weak in the back, by reason of their extreme age, it suddenly rose upon them, and after a violent struggle, exerted its escape. This is said to have come to pass in very recent time, probably before that rivers had lost the art of running hill. The foregoing is a theory in which I do not pretend to be skilled, notwithstanding that I do fully give it my belief.
of the fact is, that the rock which forms the bases of
these islands, is exactly similar to that of the High-
lands, and moreover one of our philosophers, who has
diligently compared the agreement of their respective
surfaces, has even gone so far as to assure me, in con-
sidence, that Gibbet Island was originally nothing
more nor less than a wart on Anthony’s nose.*

Leaving these wonderful little isles, they next coast-
ed by Governor’s Island, since terrible from its frowning
fortress and grinning batteries. They would by
no means, however, land upon this island, since they
doubted much it might be the abode of demons and
spirits, which in those days did greatly abound through-
out this savage and pagan country.

Just at this time a shoal of jolly porpoises came
rolling and tumbling by, turning up their sleek sides
to the sun, and spouting up the briny element in
sparkling showers. No sooner did the sage Oloff
mark this than he was greatly rejoiced. “This,” ex-
claimed he, “if I mistake not, augurs well—the por-
poise is a fat, well conditioned fish—a burgomaster
among fishes—his looks betoken ease, plenty and
prosperity—I greatly admire this round fat fish, and
doubt not, but this is a happy omen of the success
of our undertaking.” So saying, he directed his
squadron to steer in the tract of these aldermen fishes.

Turning, therefore, directly to the left, they swept

* A promontory in the Highlands.
up the straight, vulgarly called the east river. Here the rapid tide which courses through this straight, seizing on the gallant tub in which commodore Kortlandt had embarked, hurried it forward with velocity unparalleled in a Dutch boat, navigate Dutchmen; insomuch that the good commodore, had all his life long been accustomed only to drowsy navigation of canals, was more than ever convinced that they were in the hands of some fit natural power, and that the jolly porpoises were leading them to some fair haven that was to fulfil all wishes and expectations.

Thus borne away by the resolute current, doubled that Bouwerse point of land, since called Corlear's Hook,* and leaving to the right the winding cove of the Wallabout, where our in navy is now a days put out to nurse, they drifted a magnificent expanse of water, surrounded by plant shores, whose verdure was exceedingly refeshing to the eye. While the voyagers were looking aright on what they conceived to be a serene and still lake, they beheld at a distance a crew of painted vages, busily employed in fishing, who seemed like the genii of this romantic region—their flat canoe lightly balanced like a feather on the undulating surface of the bay.

At sight of these the hearts of the heroes of C

* Properly spelt hoeck, (i. e.) a point of land.
mumipaw were not a little troubled. But as good fortune would have it, at the bow of the commodore's boat was stationed a very valiant man, named Hendrick Kip, (which being interpreted, means chicken, a name given him in token of his courage.) No sooner did he behold these varlet heathens than he trembled with excessive valour, and although a good half mile distant, he seized a musqueteen that lay at hand, and turning away his head, fired it most intrepidly in the face of the blessed sun. The blundering weapon recoiled and gave the valiant Kip an ignominious kick, that laid him prostrate with uplifted heels in the bottom of the boat. But such was the effect of this tremendous fire, that the wild men of the woods, struck with consternation, seized hastily upon their paddles, and shot away into one of the deep inlets of the Long-Island shore.

This signal victory gave new spirits to the hardy voyagers, and in honour of the achievement they gave the name of the valiant Kip to the surrounding bay, and it has continued to be called Kip's Bay, from that time to the present. The heart of the good Van Kortlandt—who, having no land of his own, was a great admirer of other people's—expanded at the sumptuous prospect of rich unsettled country around him, and falling into a delicious reverie, he straightway began to riot in the possession of vast meadows of falt marsh and interminable patches of cabbages. From this delectable vision he was all
at once awakened by the sudden turning of the tide, which would soon have hurried him from this land of promise, had not the discreet navigator given signal to steer for shore; where they accordingly landed hard by the rocky heights of Bellevue—that happy retreat, where our jolly aldermen eat for the good of the city, and fatten the turtle that are sacrificed on civic solemnities.

Here, seated on the green sward, by the side of a small stream that ran sparkling among the grass, they refreshed themselves after the toils of the seas, by feasting lustily on the ample stores which they had provided for this perilous voyage. Thus having well fortified their deliberative powers, they fell into an earnest consultation, what was further to be done. This was the first council dinner, ever eaten at Bellevue by Christian burghers, and here, as tradition relates, did originate the great family feud between the Hardenbroecks and the Tenbroecks, which afterwards had a singular influence on the building of the city. The sturdy Hardenbroeck, whose eyes had been wonderously delighted with the salt marshes that spread their reeking bosoms along the coast, at the bottom of Kip's Bay, counselled by all means to return thither, and found the intended city. This was strenuously opposed by the unbending Ten Broeck, and many testy arguments passed between them. The particulars of this controversy have not reached us, which is ever to be lamented; this much is certain, that the sage
Obste put an end to the dispute, by determining to explore still further in the route which the mysterious porpoises had so clearly pointed out—whereupon the tardy Tough Breeches abandoned the expedition, took possession of a neighbouring hill, and in a fit of great wrath peoples all that tract of country, which has continued to be inhabited by the Hardenbroecks unto this very day.

By this time the jolly Phoebus, like some wanton urchin, sporting on the side of a green hill, began to roll down the declivity of the heavens; and now, the side having once more turned in their favour, the resolute Pavonians again committed themselves to its discretion, and coasting along the western shores were borne towards the straights of Blackwell's Island.

And here the capricious wanderings of the current, occasioned not a little marvel and perplexity to these illustrious mariners. Now would they be caught by the wanton eddies, and, sweeping round a jutting point, would wind deep into some romantic little cove, that indented the fair islan of Manna-hatta, now were they hurried narrowly by the very bases of impending rocks, mantled with the flaunting grape vine, and crowned with groves that threw a broad shade on the waves beneath, and anon they were borne away into the mid-channel and wafted along with a rapidity that very much discomposed the sage Van Kortlandt, who, as he saw the land swiftly receding on either
side, began exceedingly to doubt that terra firma, giving them the slip.

Wherever the voyagers turned their eyes, a new creation seemed to bloom around. No signs of human thrift appeared to check the delicious wildness of nature, who here revelled in all her luxuriant varieties. Those hills now bristled, like the fretful porcupine, with rows of poplars, (vain, upstart plants! mimic of wealth and fashion!) were then adorned, with vigorous natives of the soil. The lordly oak, the generous chestnut, the graceful elm—while here the tulip tree reared his majestic head, the giant of the forest—where now are seen the gay retreats of luxury—villas half buried in twilight-bowers, where the amorous flute oft breathes the sighings of a city swain—there the fish hawk built his solitary nest on some dry tree that overlooked his watery domain. The timid deer fed undisturbed among those shores now hallowed by the lover's moonlight walk, a picture painted by the slender foot of beauty; and a false solitude extended over those happy regions, where now are reared the stately towers of the Jones's, the Schermerhorns and the Rhinelander.

Thus gliding in silent wonder through these new and unknown scenes, the gallant squadron of Pavo swept by the foot of a promontory, that strutted for boldly into the waves, and seemed to frown upon them as they brawled against its base. This is the bluff well known to modern mariners by the nar
of Gracie's point, from the fair castle, which, like an elephant it carries upon its back. And here broke upon their view a wild and varied prospect, where land and water were beautefully intermingled, as though they had combined to heighten and set off each other's charms. To their right lay the sedgy point of Blackwell's Island, dreft in the fresh garniture of living green—beyond it stretched the pleasant coast of Sundsvick, and the small harbour well known by the name of Hallet's cove—a place infamous, in latter days, by reason of its being the haunt of pirates who infest these seas, robbing orchards and water melon patches, and insulting gentlemen navigators, when voyaging in their pleasure boats. To the left a deep bay, or rather creek, gracefully receded between shores fringed with forrests, and forming a kind of vifta, through which were beheld the Sylvan regions of Haerlem, Morissania and East Chester. Here the eye reposed with delight on a richly wooded country, diversified by tufted knolls, shadowy intervals, and waving lines of upland, swelling above each other; while over the whole, the purple mists of spring diffused a hue of soft voluptuousness.

Just before them the grand course of the stream making a sudden bend wound among embowered promontories and shores of emerald verdure, that seemed to melt into the wave. A character of gentleness and mild fertility prevailed around. The sun had just descended, and the thin haze of twilight, like a
transparent veil, drawn over the bosom of virgin
heightened the charms, which it half concealed

Ah! witching scenes of foul delusion! Ah!
voyagers, gazing with simple wonder on the
cean shores! Such, alas! are they, poor easy
who listen to the seductions of a wicked
treacherous are its smiles! fatal its carefree
who yields to its enticements launches
whelming tide, and trusting his feeble bark amo
dimpling eddies of a whirlpool! And thus im
with the worthies of Pavonia, who, little no
ing the guileful scene before them, drifted
on, until they were aroused by an uncommin
ing and agitation of their vessels. For now
dimpling current began to brawl around them
waves to boil and foam with horrific fury. A
as if from a dream, the astonished Oloff
 aloud to put about, but his words were lost
the roaring of the waters. And now ensued
of direful consternation—at one time they were
with dreadful velocity, among tumultuous be
at another hurried down boisterous rapids.
ye they were nearly dashed upon the Hen and Ch
(infamous rocks!—more voracious then Scy
her whelps) and anon they seemed sinking into
ing gulphs, that threatened to entomb them in
the waves. All the elements combined to p
a hideous confusion. The waters raged—the
howled—and as they were hurried along, severa
astonished mariners beheld the rocks and trees of the
neighbouring shores, driving through the air!

At length the mighty tub of commodore Van
Loftlandt was drawn into the vortex of that tremen-
dous whirlpool called the Pot, where it was whirled
about in giddy mazes, until the senses of the good
commander and his crew, were overpowered by the
horror of the scene, and the strangeness of the re-

vention.

How the gallant squadron of Pavonia was snatched
from the jaws of this modern Charybdis, has never
been truly made known, for so many survived to tell
the tale, and, what is still more wonderful, told it in
so many different ways, that there has ever prevailed a
great variety of opinions on the subject.

As to the commodore and his crew, when they came
to their senses they found themselves stranded on the
Long Island shore. The worthy commodore indeed,
used to relate many and wonderful stories of his adven-
tures in this time of peril, which, by his account, did far
exceed those of the sage Ulysses, in the straits of
Charybdis. For he saw spectres flying in the air,
and heard the yelling of hobgoblins, and put his
hand into the pot when they were whirled around, and
found the water scalding hot, and beheld several unc-
outh looking beings seated on rocks and skimming
it with huge ladles—but particularly he declared with
great exultation, that he saw the loffel porpoises, which
had betrayed them into this peril, some by the Gridiron and others hissing in the Fryng.

These, however, were considered by man phantasies of the commodore's imagination, lay in a trance; especially as he was kne given to dreaming; and the truth of them been clearly aascertained. It is certain, how to the accounts of Oloffe and his followe traced the various traditions handed dow marvellous strait—as how the devil has there, sitting astride of the Hög's back and the fiddle—how he broils fitt there before and many other stories, in which we must of putting too much faith. In conseque these terrific circumstances, the Pavontan er gave this pass the name of Helle-gat, or been interpreted, Hell-gate;* which it co bear at the present day.

* This is a narrow strait in the sound, at the di miles above New-York. It is dangerous to shipping, the care of skilful pilots, by reason of numerous rocks whirlpools. These have received sundry appellations gridiron; fryngpan, hóg's back, pot, &c. and are ver turbulent at certain times of tide. Certain wise men these modern days have softened the above characteris Hunt-gate, which means nothing I leave them to etymology. The name as given by our author is supp ised in Vander Donck's history, published in 1656— history of America, 1671—as also by a journal stil in the 16th century, and to be found in Hazard's. And an old M.S. written in French, speaking of vario in names about this city observes, "De Helle-gat tro faut Hell-gate, Porte d'Enfer."
CHAP. V.

How the heroes of Communipaw returned somewhat wiser than they went—and how the sage Oloffe dreamed a dream—and the dream that he dreamed.

The darkness of night had closed upon this disastrous day, and a doleful night was it to the shipwrecked Pavonians, whose ears were incessantly assailed with the raging of the elements, and the howling of the hobgoblins that infested this perfidious straight. But when the morning dawned, the horrors of the preceding evening had passed away; rapids, breakers, and whirlpools had disappeared, the stream again ran smooth and dimpling, and having changed its tide, rolled gently back, towards the quarter where lay their much regretted home.

The woe-begone heroes of Communipaw eyed each other with rueful countenances; their squadron had been totally dispersed by the late disaster. Some were cast upon the western shore, where, headed by one Ruleff Hopper, they took possession of all the country lying about the six mile stone; which is held by the Hoppers at this present writing.

The Waldrons were driven by stress of weather to a distant coast, where, having with them a jug of genuine Hollands, they were enabled to conciliate the
savages, setting up a kind of tavern; from whence, it is said, did spring the fair town of Haerlem, in which their descendants have ever since continued to be reputable publicans. As to the Suydamis, they were thrown upon the Long-Island coast, and may still be found in those parts. But the most singular luck attended the great Ten Broeck, who, falling overboard, was miraculously preserved from sinking by the multitude of his nether garments. Thus buoyed up, he floated on the waves, like a merman, until he landed safely on a rock, where he was found the next morning, busily drying his wet breeches in the sun-shine.

I forbear to treat of the long consultation of our adventurers—how they determined that it would not do to found a city in this diabolical neighbourhood—and how at length, with fear and trembling, they ventured once more upon the briny element, and steered their course back for Communipaw. Suffice it, in simple brevity, to say, that after toiling back through the scenes of their yesterday's voyage, they at length opened the southern point of Manna-hata, and gained a distant view of their beloved Communipaw.

And here they were opposed by an obstinate eddy, that resisted all the efforts of the exhausted mariners. Weary and dispirited, they could no longer make head against the power of the tide, or rather, as some will have it, of old Neptune, who, anxious to guide their
in a spot, wherewith should be founded his strong hold
in this western world, went half a score of potent bil-
lows, that rolled the tub of commodore Van Kort-
landt high and dry on the shores of Manna-hata.

Having thus in a manner been guided by superna-
tural power to this delightful island, their first care
was to light a fire at the foot of a large tree, that
stood upon the point at present called the battery.
Then gathering together great store of oysters which
abounded on the shore, and emptying the contents of
their wallets, they prepared and made a sumptuous
council-repas. The worthy Van Kortlandt was ob-
served to be particularly zealous in his devotions to
the trencher; for having the care of the expedition
especially committed to his care, he deemed it im-
cumbent on him to eat profoundly for the public good.
In proportion as he filled himself to the very brim with
the dainty viands before him, did the heart of this
excellent Burgher seem to rise up towards his throat,
until he seemed crammed and almost choked with
good eating and good nature. And at such times it
is, when a man's heart is in his throat, that he may
more truly be said to speak from it, and his speeches
abound with kindness and good fellowship. Thus
the worthy Oloff having swallowed the last possible
morsel, and washed it down with a fervent potion,
felt his heart yearning, and his whole frame in a
manner dilating with unbounded benevolence. Every
thing around him seemed excellent and delightful;
and, laying his hands on each side of his capacious periphery, and rolling his half closed eyes around on the beautiful diversity of land and water before him, he exclaimed, in a fat half smothered voice, “what a charming prospect!” The words died away in his throat—he seemed to ponder on the fair scene for a moment—his eye-lids heavily closed over their orbs—his head drooped upon his bosom—he slowly sunk upon the green turf, and a deep sleep stole gradually upon him.

And the sage Oloffe dreamed a dream—and lo, the good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees, in that self fame waggon wherein he brings his yearly presents to children; and he came and descended hard by where the heroes of Communipaw had made their late repast. And the shrewd Van Kortlandt knew him by his broad hat, his long pipe and the resemblance which he bore to the figure on the bow of the Goede Vrouw. And he lit his pipe by the fire, and he sat himself down and smoked; and as he smoked the smoke from his pipe ascended into the air and spread like a cloud over head. And the sage Oloffebethought him, and he hastened and climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees, and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of country—and as he considered it more attentively, he fancied that the great volume of smoke assumed a variety of marvellous forms, where in dim obscurity he saw shadowed out palaces and domes and lofty spires, all which
lifted but a moment, and then faded away, until the whole rolled off and nothing but the green woods were left. And when St. Nicholas had smoked his pipe, he twirled it in his hat band, and laying his finger beside his nose gave the astonished Van Kortlandt a very significant look, then mounting his wagon he returned over the tree tops and disappeared.

And Van Kortlandt awoke from his sleep greatly instructed, and he aroused his companions and related to them his dream; and interpreted it, that it was the will of St. Nicholas that they should settle down and build the city here. And that the smoke of the pipe was a type how vast should be the extent of the city; inasmuch as the volumes of its smoke should spread over a vast extent of country. And they all with one voice assented to this interpretation excepting Mynheer Ten Broeck, who declared the meaning to be that it should be a city wherein a little fire should occasion a great smoke, or in other words, a very vapouring little city—both which interpretations have strangely came to pass!

The great object of their perilous expedition therefore, being thus happily accomplished, the voyagers returned merrily to Communipaw, where they were received with great rejoicings. And here calling a general meeting of all the wise men and the dignitaries of Pavonia they related the whole history of their voyage and of the dream of Olofse Van Kortlandt. And the people lifted up their voices and blessed the
good St. Nicholas, and from that time forth Van Kortlandt was held in more honour th
for his great talent at dreaming, and was pr
ed a most useful citizen and a right good
when he was asleep.
CHAP. VI.

Containing an attempt at etymology—and of the founding of the great city of New-Amsterdam.

The original name of the island wherein the squadron of Communipaw was thus propitiously thrown, is a matter of some dispute, and has already undergone considerable vitiation—a melancholy proof of the instability of all sublunary things, and the vanity of all our hopes of lasting fame; for who can expect his name will live to posterity, when even the names of mighty islands are thus soon lost in a contradiction and uncertainty!

The name most current at the present day, and which is likewise, countenanced by the great historian Vander Donck, is Manhattan; which is said to have originated in a custom among the squaws, in the early settlement, of wearing men’s hats, as is still done among many tribes. “Hence,” as are told by an old governor who was somewhat of a wag, and flourished almost a century since, and had paid a visit to the wits of Philadelphia “Hence arose the appellation of man-hat-on, first given to the Indians, and afterwards to the island”—a stupid joke!—but well enough for a governor.
Among the more venerable sources of information on this subject, is that valuable history of the American possessions, written by Master Richard Blome in 1687, wherein it is called Manhadaes and Manahanent; nor must I forget the excellent little book full of precious matter, of that authentic historian John Josselyn, Gent.† who expressly calls it Manadaes.

Another etymology still more ancient, and sanctioned by the countenance of our ever to be lamented Dutch ancestors, is that found in certain letters still extant;‡ which passed between the early governor and their neighbouring powers, wherein it is called indifferently Monhattoes—Munhattoes and Manhattoes, which are evidently unimportant variations of the same name; for our wise forefathers set little store by those niceties either in orthography or orthoepy, which form the sole study and ambition of many learned men and women of this hypercritical age. This last name is said to be derived from the great Indian spirit Manetho; who was supposed to make this island his favourite abode on account of its uncommon delights. For the Indian traditions affirm that the bay was once a translucent lake, filled with silver and golden fish, in the midst of which lay this beautiful island, covered with every variety of fruits and flowers; but that the

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* This history is to be found in the library of the New-York Historical Society
† Idem.
irruption of the Hudson laid waste these militas, and Manetho took his flight beyond the sters of Ontario.

2, however, are fabulous legends, to which serious credence must be given; and although it is not easy to admit the last quoted orthography of me, as very suitable for prose, yet is there one found in an still more ancient and indis- authority, which I particularly delight in, des-: it is at once poetical, melodious and signifie- and is recorded in the before mentioned of the great Hudson, written by master, fect- early and correctly calls it Manna-Hata—that i, the island of Manna, or in other words—"a ring with milk and honey." Having been solemnly resolved that the seat of should be transferred from the green shores of to this delectable island, a vast multitude em- and migrated across the mouth of the Hudson, the guidance of Goffe the Dreamer, who was ad protector or patron to the new settlement. Here let me bear testimony to the matchless and magnanimity of our worthy forefathers, achieved the soil of the native Indians, before g a single roof; a circumstance singular and al- incredible in the signals of discovery and coloni-
St. Nicholas had appeared in the dream. Here they built a mighty and impregnable fort and trading house, called Fort Amsterdam, which stood on that eminence at present occupied by the custom-house, with the open space now called the bowling green, in front.

Around this potent fortress was soon seen a numerous progeny of little Dutch houses, with tiled roofs, all which seemed moist lovingly to nestle under its walls, like a brood of half fledged chickens sheltered under the wings of the mother hen. The whole was surrounded by an enclosure of strong pallisadoes, to guard against any sudden irruption of the savages who wandered in hordes about the swamps, and forests, that extended over those tracts of country at present called Broadway, Wall-street, William-street, and Pearl-street.

No sooner was the colony once planted than it took root and thrived amazingly, for it would seem that this thrice favoured island is like a munificent dung-hill, where every foreign weed finds kindly nourishment, and soon shoots up, and expands to greatness.

And now the infant settlement having advanced in age and stature, it was thought high time it should receive an honest Christian name, and it was accordingly called New-Amsterdam. It is true there were some advocates for the original Indian name, and many of the best writers of the province did long continue to call it by the title of "The Manhattoes," but this was disapproved by the authorities, as being
heathenish and savage. Besides, it was considered an excellent and praiseworthy measure to name it after a great city of the old world; as by that means it was induced to emulate the greatnes and renown of its name—akin in the manner that little snivelling urchins are called after great statesmen, saints and worthies; and renowned generals of yore, upon which they all industriously copy their examples, and come to be very mighty men in their day and generation.

The thriving state of the settlement, and the rapid increase of houses gradually awakened the good Oloff from a deep lethargy, into which he had fallen after the building of the fort. He now began to think it was time some plan should be devised, on which the increasing town should be built. Summoning, therefore, his counsellors and coadjutors together, they took pipe in mouth, and forthwith sunk into a very found deliberation on the subject.

At the very outset of the business an unexpected difference of opinion arose, and I mention it with much sorrowing, as being the first altercation on record in the councils of New-Amsterdam. It was a breaking forth of the grudge and heartburning, that had existed between those two eminent burghers, Mynhers Tenbroeck and Hardenbroeck, ever since their unhappy altercation on the coast of Bellevue. The great Hardenbroeck had waxed very wealthy and powerful, from his domains, which embraced the whole chain of Apulean mountains that stretch along the
gulf of Kip's Bay, and from part of which his
ecendants have been expelled in latter ages, by
powerful clans of the Jones's and the Schramm's.

An ingenious plan for the city was offered by:
her Tenbroeck, who proposed that it should be con
and intersected by canals, after the manner of
most admired cities in Holland. To this Mr.
Hardenbroeck was diametrically opposed, suggeting
place thereof that they should run out docks and
wharves, by means of piles, "driven into the bed
of the river, on which the town should be built.
These means, said he triumphantly, shall we ret
considerable space of territory from these inner
rivers, and build a city that shall rival Amster
Venice, or any amphibious city in Europe. To
proposition, Ten Broeck (or Ten breeches) re
with a look of as much scorn as he could possib
fume. He cast the utmost cenfure upon the pl
his antagonist, as being preposterous, and again
very order of things, as he would leave to every
Hollander. "For what," said he, "is a town
out canals?—it is like a body without veins and
arteries, and must perish for want of a free circu
of the vital fluid."—Tough breeches, on the con
retorted with a sarcasm upon his antagonist, who
somewhat of an arid, dry boned habit; he rem
that as to the circulation of the blood being nec
to existence, Mynher Ten breeches was a living
tradition to his own assertion; for every body
had not a drop of blood circulated through
wind dried carcase for good ten years, and yet
was not a greater busy body in the whole colony.
Onalities have seldom much effect in making con-
in argument—not have I ever seen a man com-
ed of error, by being convicted of deformity. At
such was not the case at present. Ten Breeches
very acrimonious in reply, and Tough Breeches;
was a sturdy little man, and never gave up the
word, rejoined with increasing spirit—Ten Breech-
ad the advantage of the greatest volubility, but
ough Breeches had that invaluable coat of mail in-
ment called obstinacy—Ten Breeches had, there-
, the most mettle, but Tough Breeches the best
om—so that though Ten Breeches made a dread-
clattering about his ears, and battered and bela-
red him with hard words and sound arguments,
Tough Breeches hung on most resolutely to the
They parted, therefore, as is usual in all ar-
ments where both parties are in the right, without
ning to any conclusion—but they hated each other
heartily forever after, and a similar breach with
between the houses of Capulet and Montague,
ensue between the families of Ten Breeches and
ough Breeches.
would not fatigue my reader with these dull mat-
of fact, but that my duty as a faithful historian,
uires that I should be particular—and in truth, as
now treating of the critical period, when our
city, like a young twig, first received the twits
turns, that have since contributed to give it the
sent picturesque irregularity for which it is celebra
I cannot be too minute in detailing their first casu
After the unhappy altercation I have just men
ed, I do not find that any thing further was said
the subject worthy of being recorded. The cou
consisting of the largest and oldest heads in the e
munity, met regularly once a week, to ponder on
momentous subject.—But either they were dete
by the war of words they had witnessed, or they
naturally averse to the exercise of the tongue,
the consequent exercise of the brains—certain
the most profound silence was maintained—the a
tion as usual lay on the table—the members no
smoked their pipes, making but few laws, wit
ever enforcing any, and in the mean time the n
of the settlement went on—as it pleased God.
As most of the council were but little skilled in
mystery of combining pot hooks and hangers,
determined most judiciously not to puzzle either ti
selves or posterity with voluminous records. Th
cretary, however, kept the minutes of the co
with tolerable precision, in a large vellum folio, fa
ed with mussy brass clasps; the journal of each s
ing consisted but of two lines, stating in Dutch,
"the council sat this day, and smoked twelve s
on the affairs of the colony."—By which it ap
that the first settlers did not regulate their tim
hours, but pipes, in the same manner as they measure distances in Holland at this very time; an admirably exact measurement, as a pipe in the mouth of a true born Dutchman is never liable to those accidents and irregularities that are continually putting our clocks out of order.

In this manner did the profound council of New-Amsterdam smoke, and doze, and ponder, from week to week, month to month, and year to year, in what manner they should construct their infant settlement—meanwhile, the town took care of itself, and like a sturdy brat which is suffered to run about wild, unhampered by clouts and bandages, and other abominations by which your notable nurses and sage old women cripple and disfigure the children of men, increased so rapidly in strength and magnitude, that before the honest burgomasters had determined upon a plan, it was too late to put it in execution—whereupon they wisely abandoned the subject altogether.
CHAP. VII.

How the City of New-Amsterdam waxed great under the protection of Oloff the Dreamer.

There is something exceedingly delusive in the looking back, through the long vista of departed year and catching a glimpse of the fairy realms of antiquity that lie beyond. Like some goodly landscape melting into distance, they receive a thousand charm from their very obscurity, and the fancy delights to fill up their outlines with graces and excellencies of its own creation. Thus beam on my imagination those happier days of our city, when as yet New-Amsterdam was a mere pastoral town, shrouded in groves of Spray, camore and Willows, and surrounded by trackless forests and wide spreading waters, that seemed to shut out all the cares and vanities of a wicked world.

In those days did this embryo city present the rare and noble spectacle of a community governed without laws; and thus being left to its own course, an the fostering care of providence, increased as rapidly as though it had been burthened with a dozen partners full of those sage laws that are usually heaped on the backs of young cities—in order to make them grow. And in this particular I greatly admire the wisdom and sound knowledge of human nature, displayed by the sage Oloff the Dreamer, and his fellow
legislators. For my part I have not so bad an opinion of mankind as many of my brother philosophers. I do not think poor human nature so sorry a piece of workmanship as they would make it out to be; and as far as I have observed, I am fully satisfied that man, left to himself, would about as readily go right as wrong. It is only this eternally sounding in his ears that it is his duty to go right, that makes him go the very reverse. The noble independence of his nature revolt at this intolerable tyranny of law, and the perpetual interference of officious morality, which is ever setting his path with finger posts and directions to keep to the right, as the law directs; and like a spirited urchin, he turns directly contrary, and gallops through mud and mire, over hedges and ditches, merely to show that he is a lad of spirit, and out of all leading strings. And these opinions are amply substantiated by what I have above said of our worthy ancestors; who never being be-preached and be-learned, and guided and governed by statutes and laws and bye-laws, as are their more enlightened descendants, did one and all demean themselves honestly and accountably, out of pure ignorance, or in other words—because they knew no better.

Nor must I omit to record, one of the earliest measures of this infant settlement, as much as it shews the piety of our forfathers, and that, like good christians, they were always ready to serve God, after they had first served themselves. Thus, having qui-
Settled themselves down, and provided own comfort, they betook themselves of their gratitude to the great and good St. for his protecting care, in guiding them to table abode. To this end they built a fair chapel within the fort, which they consecrated, whereupon he immediately took the name; he has ever since been, and I devoutly hope be, the tutelar saint of this excellent city.

I am moreover told that there is a little book, somewhere extant, written in low Dutch, that the image of this renowned saint, whilome graced the bowfront of the Great Green. And the legend farther treats of miracles wrought by the mighty pipe, which he held in his mouth; a whiff of which was a cure for an indigestion—an invaluable relic—of what, in modern days, is called the colony of brave trenchermen. As, however, of the most diligent search, I cannot lay upon this little book, I must confess that considerable doubt on the subject.

Thus benignly fostered by the good St. the burghers of New-Amsterdam beheld their settlement increase in magnitude and population, soon become the metropolis of divers settlements; extensive territory. Already had the disa
of colonies and dependencies, those banes of a sound hearted empire, entered into their imaginations; and Fort Aurania on the Hudson, Fort Nassau on the Delaware, and Fort Goede Hoep on the Connecticut river, seemed to be the darling offspring of the venerable council.* Thus prosperously, to all appearance, did the province of New-Netherlands advance in power; and the early history of its metropolis, presents a fair page, unfilled by time or calamity.

Hordes of painted savages still lurked about the tangled forests and rich bottoms of the unsettled part of the Island—the hunter pitched his rude bower of bines and bark beside the rills that ran through the cool and shady glens, while here and there might be seen on some sunny knoll, a group of Indian wigwams, whose smoke arose above the neighbouring trees and floated in the transparent atmosphere. By degrees a mutual goodwill had grown up, between these wandering beings and the burghers of New-Amsterdam. Our benevolent forefathers endeavoured as much as

*The province, about this time, extended on the north to Fort Aurania, or Orange (now the city of Albany), situated about 160 miles up the Hudson river. Indeed the province claimed quite to the river St. Lawrence; but this claim was not much insisted on at the time, as the country beyond Fort Aurania was a perfect wilderness. On the south the province reached to Fort Nassau, on the south river, since called the Delaware—and on the east it extended to the Varhe (or fresh) river, now the Connecticut. On this last frontier was likewise erected a Fort and trading house, much about the spot where at present is situated the pleasant town of Hartford. This was called Fort Goed Hoep, (or Good Hope) and was intended as well for the purpose of trade, as of defence.
possible to ameliorate their situation, by giving them gin, rum, and glass beads, in exchange for trinkets; for it seems the kind hearted Dutchmen conceived a great friendship for their savage neighbor on account of their being pleasant men to trade with and little skilled in the art of making a bargain.

Now and then a crew of these half human sons of the forest would make their appearance in the street of New-Amsterdam, fantastically painted and decorated with beads and flaunting feathers, fauntering about with an air of listless indifference—sometimes in market-place, instructing the little Dutch boys in use of the bow and arrow—at other times, inflicting with liquor, swaggering and whooping and yelling about the town like so many fiends, to the great alarm of all the good wives, who would hurry the children into the house, fasten the doors, and throw water upon the enemy from the garret windows. Is worthy of mention here, that our forefathers were very particular in holding up these wild men as excellent domestic examples—and for reasons that will be gathered from the history of master Ogilvie, who tells us, that “for the least offence the bridegroom beats his wife and turns her out of door and marries another, inasmuch that some of the have every year a new wife.” Whether this awful example had any influence or not, history does not mention; but it is certain that our grandmothers were miracles of fidelity and obedience.
True it is, that the good understanding between our ancestors and their savage neighbours, was liable to occasional interruptions, and I have heard my grandmother, who was a very wise old woman, and well versed in the history of these parts, tell a long story, of a winter’s evening, about a battle between the New-Amsterdamers and the Indians, which was known by the name of the Peach war, and which took place near a peach orchard, in a dark glen, which for a long while went by the name of Murderer’s valley.

The legend of this Sylvan war was long current among the nurses; old wives and other ancient chroniclers of the place; but time and improvement have almost obliterated both the tradition and the scene of battle; for what was once the blood-stained valley is now in the centre of this populous city and known by the name of Dey-street.

The accumulating wealth and consequence of New-Amsterdam and its dependencies, at length awakened the tender solicitude of the mother country; who finding it a thriving and opulent colony, and that it promised to yield great profit, and no trouble, all at once became wonderfully anxious about its safety, and began to load it with tokens of regard, in the same manner that your knowing people are sure to overwhelm rich relations with their affection and loving-kindness.

The usual marks of protection shown by mother countries, to wealthy colonies, were forthwith mani-
settled—the first care always being to send rulers to
the new settlement, with orders to squeeze as much
revenue from it as it will yield. Accordingly in the
year of our Lord, 1629, Mynher Wouter Van
Twiller, was appointed governor of the province
of Nieuw-Nederlandts, under the commision and con-
trol of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States
General of the United Netherlands, and the privi-
leged West-India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New-Ams-
terdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest
month in all the year; when Dan Apollo seems to
dance up the transparent firmament—when the Ro-
bin, the thrush and a thousand other wanton songsters
make the woods to resound with amorous ditties,
and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the
clover blossoms of the meadows—all which happy
coincidence persuaded the old dames of New-Ams-
terdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling
events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous
administration.

But as it would be derogatory to the consequence
of the first Dutch governor of the great province of
Nieuw-Nederlandts to be thus scurvily introduced
at the end of a chapter, I will put an end to this se-
cond book of my history, that I may usher him in
with more dignity in the beginning of my next.

END OF BOOK II.
BOOK III.

In which is recorded the golden reign of Wouter Van Twiller.

CHAP. I.

Of the Renowned Wouter Van Twiller, his unparalleled virtues—as likewise his unutterable wisdom in the law case of Wandle Schoonhoven and Barent Bleecker—and the great admiration of the public thereat.

GRIEVOUS and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian, who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the sad recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears—nor can he recall the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection, that it has passed away for ever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without a sad dejection of the spirits. With a faltering
hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion, that veils
the modest merit of our venerable ancestors, and as
their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself
before the mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family man-
sion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour
in the chamber where hang the portraits of my fore-
fathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they re-
present. With pious reverence do I gaze on the
countenances of those renownedburghers, who have
preceded me in the steady march of existence—whose
sober and temperate blood now meanders through my
veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits,
until its current shall soon be stopped for ever!

These, say I to myself, are but frail memorials of
the mighty men who flourished in the days of the pa-
triarchs; but who, alas, have long since mouldered in
that tomb, towards which my steps are insensibly and
irrevocably hastening! As I pace the darkened cham-
berr and lose myself in melancholy musings, the sha-
dowy images around me almost seem to steal once
more into existence—their countenances to assume
the animation of life—their eyes to pursue me in
every movement! carried away by the delusions of
fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the
shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse
with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Die-
drich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the
buffettings of fortune—a stranger and a weary pilgrim
in thy native land—blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children; but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thine ancestors held sovereign empire.

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doating recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs—on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which never more will dawn on the lovely island of Manna-hata!

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller, was descended from a long line of Dutch burgh-masters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all sage magistrates and rulers.

His surname of Twiller, is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, which in English means doubter; a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For though he was a man, shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn, that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always con-
ceived every subject on so comprehensive a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it, so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice—one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first many a vapouring superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts—by the other many a vacant dunce, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented, by a discerning world, with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing—and of such invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed, that “he had his doubts about the matter”—which in
proceeds of time gained him the character of a man
flow of belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as
regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though
it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning
Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly
grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in
height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His
head was a perfect sphere, far excelling in magnitude
that of the great Pericles (who was thence waggishly
called Schenocephalus, or onion head)—indeed, of such
stupendous dimensions was it, that dame nature her-
self, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been
puzzled to construct a neck, capable of supporting it;
wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled
it firmly on the top of his back bone, just between
the shoulders; where it remained, as snugly bedded
as a ship of war in the mud of the Potowmac. His
body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at
bottom; which was wisely ordered by providence,
seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and
very averse to the idle labour of walking. His legs,
though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to
the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect
he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer
barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible in-
dex of the mind, presented a vast expanse perfectly
unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and
angles, which disfigure the human countenance with
what is termed expression. Two small grey twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of magnitude, in a hazy firmament; and his full cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously tinted and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzener apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly the hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van der Meer—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it many years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had even watched for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of the numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its absolute position above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by the experienced Timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagles' claws. Instead of a fe
he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers.—In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects—and at such times the internal commotion of his mind, was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the colouring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of the renowned Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but
also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil a benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole of it, a single instance of any offense being brought to punishment:—a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate, like that of Solomon, or to speak more appropriately, like that of the illustrious governor Barataria, was distinguished by an example of leniency, that gave flattering prelude of a wise and equitable administration. The very morning after he had been solemnly installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important burgher of New-Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he fraudulently refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favour of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words, he likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven
an occasional grunt, as he shovelled a mighty l of Indian pudding into his mouth—either that he relished the dish, or comprehended y—he called unto him his constable, and put of his breeches pocket a huge jack-knife, dis- it after the defendant as a summons, accom- b by his tobacco box as a warrant.

Summanary process was as effectual in those days, as was the seal ring of the great Haroun id, among the true believers—the two par- ing confronted before him, each produced a accounts, written in a language and character would have puzzled any but a high Dutch com- x, or a learned decypherer of Egyptian obelisks, atand. The sage Wouter took them one after w, and having poised them in his hands, and y counted over the number of leaves, fell by into a very great doubt, and smoked for half r without saying a word; at length, laying his eside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a mo- with the air of a man who has just caught a dea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from uth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, th marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced having carefully counted over the leaves and d the books, it was found, that one was just and as heavy as the other—therefore it was al opinion of the court that the accounts were balanced—therefore Wandle should give Ba-
rent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt—and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision being straitway made known, diffused general joy throughout New-Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived, that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another law suit took place throughout the whole of his administration—and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those lossetel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision, in the whole course of his life.
CHAP. II.

Containing some account of the grand Council of New-Amsterdam, as also divers especial good philosophical reasons why an Alderman should be fat—-with other particulars touching the state of the Province.

In treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen, who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic—a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent, hen-pecked beings in the community: doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside.—Set up, like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whipster and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner, absolute despots in their little domains, lording it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which it is well known is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station—-squeezy-
ing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance, of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff—five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, subdevils, or bottle-holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters—hunting the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness, as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen—who actually died of suffoca-
in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh, at one of burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say yes and no at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen—being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all those snug junkettings and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their more modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men, in a small way—who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the alma house, and the bridewell—that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger driven dishonesty—that shall place in their hands the lesser, but galling scourge of the law, and give to their beck a hound-like pack of catch poles and bum bailiffs—tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down!—My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is uncumming of a grave historian—but I have a mortal antipathy to catch poles, bum bailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude and intellect, than in prerogative and privi-
lege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many men of science, who have made human nature their peculiar study—For as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, "there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures, and their physical constitution—between their habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see, that a lean, spare, diminutive body, is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind—either the mind wear down the body, by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, toiling and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe that your well fed, robustious burghers, are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance—and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquility
than those who are so careful of their own—Who
ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding to-
gether in turbulent mobs?—no—no—it is your lean,
hungry men, who are continually worrying society,
and setting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not suffi-
ciently attended to by philosophers of the present
age, allows to every man three souls—one immortal
and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook
and regulate the body—a second consisting of the
fury and irascible passions, which, like belligerent
powers, lie encamped around the heart—a third mor-
tal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal
in its propensities, and enchained in the belly, that it
may not disturb the divine soul, by its ravenous howl-
ings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what
can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is
most likely to have the most regular and well condi-
tioned mind. His head is like a huge, spherical
chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains,
whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couch-
ed, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the
windows of the bed chamber, are usually half closed,
that its slumberings may not be disturbed by external
objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and pro-
tected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to
perform its functions with regularity and ease. By
dint of good feeding; moreover, the mortal and ma-
liguant soul, which is confined in the belly, and
which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable
soul in the neighbourhood of the heart in an intolera-
ble passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrel-
some when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced
and put to rest—whereupon a host of honest good fel-
low qualities and kind hearted affections, which had
lain perdue, flyly peeping out of the loop holes of the
heart, finding this cerberus asleep, do pluck up their
spirits, turn out one and all in their holyday suits, and
gambol up and down the diaphragm—disposing their
poisessor to laughter, good humour, and a thousand
friendly offices towards his fellow mortals.

As a board of magistrates, formed on this model,
think but very little, they are the lefs likely to differ
and wrangle about favourite opinions—and as they ge-
erally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they
are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in
the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was
conscisous of this, and therefore (a pitiful measure,
for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his ca-
tularies, that no judge should hold a court of justice,
except in the morning, on an empty stomach.—A
rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor
culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and
humane generation of the present day, have taken an
opposite course, and have so managed, that the alder-
men are the best fed men in the community; feasting
luftily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so
heartily oysters and turtles, that in process of time
they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said; these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony—and the profound laws, which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labours of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced, when awake. In a word, your fair round-bellied burgomaster, like a full fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house-door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its safety—but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as leave put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race horse to drag an ox waggon.

The burgomasters then, as I have already mentioned were wisely chosen by weight, and the sche-pens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat: but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats his way into a comfortable lodgement in a goodly, blue-nosed, skim'd milk, New England cheese.
Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter, and these his worthy compeers, unless it be the sage divans of some of our modern corporations. They would sit for hours smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness, so necessary to deep reflection—Under the sober sway of Wouter Van Twiller and these his worthy coadjutors, the infant settlement waxed vigorous space, gradually emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country, customary in new cities, and which at this day may be witnessed in the city of Washington; that immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleasing sight in those times, to behold the honest burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the bench at the door of his white washed house, under the shade of some gigantic sycamore, or overhanging willow. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southerly breeze, and listening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese; and the sonorous grunting of his swine; that combination of farmyard melody, which may truly be said to have a silver sound, inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an
idea of the different appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the settlement of New-Amsterdam. The grays grew quietly in the high ways—the bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about the verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll; the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now are to be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money brokers, and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of wealth, and the servility and heartburnings of repining poverty—and what in my mind is still more conducive to tranquility and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New-Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mould, and to be those honest, blunt, sort of minds, which, like certain manufactures are made by the gross, and considered as exceedingly good for common use.
Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and especially promoted to city honours; your keen intellects, like razors, being considered too sharp for common service. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal distribution of riches as the great source of jealousies, broils and heartbreakings, whereas for my part, I verily believe it is the sad inequality of intellect that prevails, that embroils communities more than anything else; and I have remarked that your knowing people who are so much wiser than any body else, are eternally keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New-Amsterdam nothing of the kind was known within its walls—the very words of learning, education, taste and talents were unheard of—a bright genius was an animal unknown, a blue stocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man in fact seemed to know more than his neighbour, nor any man to know much more than an honest man ought to know, who has nobody's business to mind but his own; the Parson and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the sage Van Twiller always signed his name with a cross.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little Burgh! existing in all the security of harmless insignificance—unnoticed and unenvied by the world, without ambition, without vain glory, without riches, without
g, and all their train of carking cares—and as in the better days of man, the deities were to visit him on earth and bless his rural habitation we are told, in the sylvan days of Newdam, the good St. Nicholas would often make appearance, in his beloved city, of a holyday after, riding jollily among the tree tops, or over is of the houses, now and then drawing forth cent presents from his breeches pockets, and g them down the chimneys of his favourites. is in these degenerate days of iron and brasa r shews us the light of his countenance, nor fits us, save one night in the year, when he down the chimneys, of the descendants of the shs, confining his presents merely to the chil- n token of the degeneracy of the parents. are the comfortable and thriving effects of a foment. The province of the New-Netherlands, e of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity, that could never purchase. It seemed indeed as Saturn had again commenced his reign, and d the days of primeval simplicity. For the age, says Ovid, was totally destitute of gold, that very reason was called the golden age; the happy and fortunate age—because the evils ed by the precious metals, such as avarice, isnefs, theft, rapine, usury, banking, note- s, lottery-insuring, and the whole catalogue of and grievances were then unknown. In the
iron age there was abundance of gold, on that account it was called the iron age, because of hardships, the labours, the diffentions, and the occasioned by the thirst of gold.

The genial days of Wouter Van Twiller there may truly be termed the golden age of our city. There were neither public commotions, nor private quarrels, nor parties, nor sects, nor schisms; neither profanations, nor trials, nor punishments; nor were the counsellors, attorneys, catch poles or hangmen. Every man attended to what little business he was left enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbour.—In those days nobody meddled, with concerns above his comprehension, nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs; nor neglected to correct his own condition and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull pieces the characters of others—but in a word, every respectable citizen eat when he was not hungry, drink when he was not thirsty, and went regular to bed when the sun set, and the fowls went to roost, when he was sleepy or not; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement, that I told every dutiful wife throughout New-Amsterdam made a point of always enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace—superabundance of good things clearly constituting true luxury of life, according to the favourite Dutch maxim that "more than enough constitutes a fea
Every thing therefore went on exactly as it should do, and in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, "the profoundest tranquility and repose reigned throughout the province."
How the town of New-Amsterdam arose out of mud, and came to be marvellously polished and polite—together with a picture of the manners of our great great Grandfathers.

Manifold are the tastes and dispositions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brim full of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work, and swell, and foam, with untried valour, like a barrel of new cider, or a train-band captain, fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles, and horrible encounters; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and revelling in gun-powder and carnage. Others, who are of a less martial, but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvellous, will dwell with wonderous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard of events, hair-breadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astounding narrations, that just amble along the boundary line of possibility.—A third class, who, not to speak slightingly of them, are of a lighter turn, and skim over the records of past times, as they do over the
witty pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement; do singularly delight in trea-
tions, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, con-
fagations, murders, and all the other catalogue of
harmful crimes, that like Cayenne in cookery, do give
a pungency and flavour to the dull detail of history—
while a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do
diligently pore over the musty chronicles of time, to
investigate the operations of the human mind, and
watch the gradual changes in men and manners, af-
fected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes
of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal
to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter
Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience
for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of hap-
piness, prosperity and peace, which my duty as a faith-
ful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them,
that as soon as I can possibly light upon any thing
horrible, uncommon or impossible, it shall go hard,
but I will make it afford them entertainment. This
being premised, I turn with great complacency to the
fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if pos-
sible, women after my own heart; grave, philosophi-
cal and investigating; fond of analyzing characters,
of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a
nation down, through all the mazes of innovation
and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to
witness the first development of the newly hatched
colony, and the primitive manners and customs, prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New-Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many pains-taking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labours—they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log-hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof—from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city—the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their particular charge; and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths, which distinguish certain streets of New-York at this very day.
Some, it must be noted, who were strenuous partisans of Mynher Ten Breeches, (or Ten Broeck) vexed that his plan of digging canals was not adopted, made a compromise with their inclinations, by establishing themselves on the margins of those creeks and inlets, which meandered through various parts of the ground laid out for improvement. To these may be particularly ascribed the first settlement of Broad-street; which originally was built along a creek, that ran up, to what at present is called Wall-street. The lower part soon became very busy and populous; and a ferry house* was in process of time established at the head of it; being at that day called “the head of inland navigation.”

The disciples of Mynher Tough Breeches, on the other hand, no less enterprising, and more industrious than their rivals, stationed themselves along the shore of the river, and laboured, with unexampled perseverance, in making little docks and dykes, from which originated that multitude of mud traps with which this city is fringed. To these docks would the old Burgesses repair, just at those hours when the falling tide had left the beach uncovered, that they might imbue up the fragrant effluvia of mud and mire; which they observed had a true wholesome smell, and re-

* This house has been several times repaired, and at present is a small yellow brick house, No. 23 Broad-street, with the gable and to the street, surmounted with an iron rod, on which, until within three or four years, a little iron ferry boat officiated as weathercock.
minded them of the canals of Holland. To the indefatigable labours, and praiseworthy example of this latter class of projectors are we indebted for the acts of artificial ground, on which several of our streets, in the vicinity of the rivers are built; and which, if we may credit the assertions of several learned physicians of this city, have been very efficacious in producing the yellow fever.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weather cock, to let the family into the important secret, which way the wind blew. These, like the weather cocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Eolus had set all his bags of wind adrift, pell mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis—the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weather cock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every
morning to climb up and point it which ever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion—It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oft times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—in so much that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without
control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly, on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goods
NEW-YORK.

N ow on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family,—and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New-England witches—gilly ghosts—horses without heads—and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed as sun down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers shewed incontestible symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness, at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquettings, called tea parties.

As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I, that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing rooms, nor towering feathery, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can
detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid, or too good natured to pull each other's characters to pieces—nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag—how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no junto of dUCet old dowagers, who met to win each other's money, and lose their own tempers at a card table.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs; or regaled them with musky almonds, mouldy raisins, or four oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fatted pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at tea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies,
of saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough nuts, or oly koeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats floating in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a thrifty and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor
coquetting—no gambling of old ladies nor boy chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brass in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and most divertisements of smart young gentlemen, with brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottom chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; never opened their lips, excepting to say ""Yah My"" or ""Yah ya Vrouw," to any question that was asked them. Behaving, in all things, like decent, well educated damfels. As to the gentlemen, each of them suavely smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fire places were decorated; wherein sundry passages of scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and with confusion. They were carried home by their carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature provided them, excepting such of the wealthy, as could afford to keep a wagggon. The gentlemen, languidly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty ""se."" at the door: which, as it was an established piec
etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.
CHAP. IV.

Containing further particulars of the Golden Age and what constituted a fine Lady and Gentleman in the days of Walter the Doubter.

In this dulcet period of my history, when the benevolent island of Mannahata presented a scene, the very counterpart of those glowing pictures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty, and grey-beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves in incredible sobriety and comeliness, and, indeed, have almost as if they had not been sent into the world to bother mankind, baffle philosophy, and confound the universe.

Their hair untortured by the abominations of the wig was scrupulously pomatowed back from their faces, heads with a candle, and covered with a little of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsley woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, rivalling the many colored robes of Iris—though I must confess these gall
ments were rather short, scarce reaching below knee; but then they made up in the number, h generally equalled that of the gentlemen's clothes; and what is still more praiseworthy, were all of their own manufacture—of which instance, as may well be supposed, they were not le vain.

These were the honest days, in which every wo-staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets e, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with -work into many curious devices, and oftent-a-y worn on the outside. These, in fact, were amient receptacles, where all good house-wives duly stored away such things as they wished to at hand; by which means they often came to credibly crammed—and I remember there was a current when I was a boy, that the lady of ter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her pocket in search of a wooden ladle, and the utensil discovered lying among some rubbish in one er—but we must not give too much faith to all stories; the anecdotes of these remote periods very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore rs and pincushions suspended from their girdles ed ribbons, or among the more opulent and y classes, by braids, and even silver chains—indul-ble tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious ters. I cannot say much in vindication of the
shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worked with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable foot; set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find, that the gentle sex in all ages, have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given, it will be seen, that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure, from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole body of a modern ball room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. Or the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object—and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen petticoats, was declared by a low-dutch sonnetteer of the province, to be radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a full blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days, the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen—The reason of which I conclude
to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have
grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller—
this, however, is a question for physiologists to de-
terminate.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats,
which no doubt entered into the consideration of the
prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those
days her only fortune; and she who had a good
stock of petticoats and stockings, was as absolutely
an heiress as is a Kamtschatka damsel with a store of
bear skins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of rein
deer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to
display these powerful attractions to the greatest ad-
vantage; and the best rooms in the house instead of
being adorned with caricatures of dame nature, in
water colours and needle work, were always hung
round with abundance of homespun garments; the
manufacture and the property of the females—a piece
of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the
heiresses of our Dutch villages. Such were the beau-
teous belles of the ancient city of New-Amsterdam,
rivalling in primeval simplicity of manners, the re-
nowned and courtly dames, so loftily sung by Dan
Homer—who tells us that the princess Nausicaa wash-
ed the family linen, and the fair Penelope wove her
own petticoats.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles
of the gay world in these ancient times, correspond-
ed, in most particulars, with the beauteous damfels
whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair; they neither drove their curricles nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of—neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent rencontres with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being in full snore before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors—for as yet those offender against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New-Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himself, thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawnings of what is called fire and spirit. Who held all labour in contempt; skulked about docks and market places; loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little money they could procure at hustle cap and chuck farthing swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbours' horses—in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk and abomination of the town, had no
their stylish career been unfortunately cut short, by an affair of honour with a whipping post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days—his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing room, was a linsey woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons. Half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low crowned broad brimmed hat overshadowed his burley visage, and his hair dangled down his back, in a prodigious queue of eel skin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of true delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant Cow-pen tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honourable terms.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace—the sub-
stantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted by ribald street walkers or vagabond boys—those unlucky urchins, who do so infest our streets, displaying under the roses of youth, the thorns and briars of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches and the damsel with petticoats of half a score indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach—for what had that virtue to fear, which was defended by a shield of good linsey woolseys, equal at least to the seven bull hides of the invincible Ajax.

Ah blissful, and never to be forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again—when Buttermilk channel was quite dry at low water—when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon, and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light, which is the consequence of her flickering at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city!

Happy would it have been for New-Amsterdam could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity: but alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the bustle, the cares and miseries of the
d. Let no man congratulate himself, when he
holds the child of his bosom or the city of his birth
asing in magnitude and importance—let the his-
of his own life teach him the dangers of the one,
this history of Manna-hata convince him of the
ities of the other.
In which the reader is beguiled into a delightful walk, which ends very differently from what commenced.

In the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and four, on a fine afternoon, in the glowing month of September, I took my customary walk upon the battery, which is at once the pride and bulwark of this ancient and impregnable city of New-York. I remember well the season, for it immediately preceded that remarkably cold winter, in which our fagacious corporation, in a freak of economical philanthropy, pulled to pieces, at an expense of several hundred dollars, the wooden ramparts, which had cost them several thousand; and distributed the rotten fragments, which were worth considerably less than nothing, among the shivering poor of the city—never, since the fall of the walls of Jericho, or the heavy- built battlements of Troy, had there been known such a demolition—nor did it go unpunished; multitudes were blinded, in vain attempts to smoke their felves warm, with this charitable substitute for fir wood, and an epidemic complaint of sore eyes moreover produced, which has since recurred every winter; particularly among those who undertake
burn rotten logs—who warm themselves with the charity of others—or who use patent chimneys.

On the year and month just designated, did I take my accustomed walk of meditation, on that fame battery, which, though at present, no battery, furnishes the most delightful walk, and commands the noblest prospect, in the whole known world. The ground on which I trod was hallowed by recollections of the past, and as I slowly wandered through the long alley of poplars, which, like so many birch-brooms standing on end, diffused a melancholy and lugubrious shade, my imagination drew a contrast between the surrounding scenery, and what it was in the classic days of our forefathers. Where the government house by name, but the custom-house by occupation, proudly reared its brick walls and wooden pillars; there whiles stood the low but substantial, red tiled mansion of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. Around it the mighty bulwarks of fort Amsterdam frowned defiance to every absent foe; but, like many a whiskered warrior and gallant militia captain, confined their martial deeds to frowns alone—alas! those threatening bulwarks had long since been sapped by time, and like the walls of Carthage, presented no traces to the enquiring eye of the antiquarian. The mud breast works had long been levelled with the earth, and their site converted into the green lawns and leafy alleys of the battery; where the gay apprentice sported his fundy coat, and the laborious mechanic,
relieved from the dirt and drudgery of the week, poured his weekly tale of love into the half averted ear of the sentimental chambermaid. The spacious bay still presented the same expansive sheet of water, studded with islands, sprinkled with fishing boats, and bounded by shores of picturesque beauty. But the dark forests which once clothed these shores had been violated by the savage hand of cultivation, and their tangled mazes, and impenetrable thickets, had degenerated into teeming orchards and waving fields of grain. Even Governor's Island, once a smiling garden, appertaining to the sovereigns of the province, was now covered with fortifications, inclosing a tremendous block house—so that this once peaceful island resembled a fierce little warrior in a big cocked hat, breathing gunpowder and defiance to the world!

For some time did I indulge in this pensive train of thought; contrasting inferior sadness, the present day with the hallowed years behind the mountains; lamenting the melancholy progress of improvement, and praising the zeal, with which our worthy burghers endeavor to preserve the wrecks of venerable customs, prejudices and errors, from the overwhelming tide of modern innovation—when by degrees my idea took a different turn, and I insensibly awakened to an enjoyment of the beauties around me.

It was one of those rich autumnal days, which heaven particularly bestows upon the beautiful island of Manna-hata and its vicinity—not a floating cloud ob-
sured the azure firmament—the sun, rolling in glorious splendour through his etherial course, seemed to expand his honest Dutch countenance into an unusual expression of benevolence, as he smiled his evening salutation upon a city, which he delights to visit with his most bounteous beams—the very winds seemed to hold in their breaths in mute attention, lest they should ruffle the tranquillity of the hour—and the waveless bosom of the bay presented a polished mirror, in which nature beheld herself and smiled.—The standard of our city, which, like a choice handkerchief, is reserved for days of gala, hung motionless on the flag staff, which forms the handle to a gigantic churn; and even the tremulous leaves of the poplar and the aspen, which, like the tongues of the immortal sex, are seldom still, now ceased to vibrate to the breath of heaven. Every thing seemed to acquiesce in the profound repose of nature.—The formidable eighteen pounders slept in the embrazures of the wooden batteries, seemingly gathering fresh strength to fight the battles of their country on the next 4th of July—the solitary drum on Governor's Island forgot to call the garrison to their shovels—the evening gun had not yet sounded its signal, for all the regular, well meaning poultry throughout the country, to go to roost; and the fleet of canoes, at anchor between Gibbet-Island and Communipaw, slumbered on their racks, and suffered the innocent oysters to lie for a while unmolested, in the soft mud of their native

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banks!—My own feelings sympathized with the
gious tranquillity, and I should infallibly have
upon one of those fragments of benches, which
benevolent magistrates have provided for the
fit of convalescent loungers, had not the ex-
nary inconvenience of the couch set all repose
fiance.

In the midst of this soothing slumber of the
my attention was attracted to a black speck,
above the western horizon, just in the rear
gen steeple—gradually it augments and overhauls
would-be cities of Jersey, Harsumus and Hen
which, like three jockeys, are starting on the
of existence, and jostling each other at the com-
mant of the race. Now it skirts the long
ancient Pavonia, spreading its wide shadows for
high settlements at Weehawk quite to the port
and quarantine, erected by the sagacity of our
for the embarrassment of commerce—now it
the serene vault of heaven, cloud rolling over
like successive billows, shrouding the orb of day
en the vast expanse, and bearing thunder a
and tempest in its bosom. The earth seems
at the confusion of the heavens—the late
mirror is lashed into furious waves, that re
broken surges in hollow murmurs to the sole
oyster boats that erst sported in the placid vi
Gibbet-Island, now hurry affrighted to the sho
late dignified, unbending poplar, writhes and
before the mercilefs blast—descending torrents of drenching rain and founding hail deluge the battery walks, the gates are thronged by 'prentices, servant maids and little Frenchmen, with their pocket hand-terchiefs over their hats, scampering from the storm—the late beauteous prospect presents one scene of marchy and wild uproar, as though old chaos had re- summed his reign, and was hurling back into one vast turmoil, the conflicting elements of nature. Fancy to yourself, oh reader! the awful combat fung by old Hesiod, of Jupiter, and the Titans—fancy to yourself he long rebellowing artillery of heaven, streaming at the heads of the gigantic sons of earth.—In short, fancy to yourself all that has ever been said or sung, of tempest, storm and hurricane—and you will have me the trouble of describing it.

Whether I fled from the fury of the storm, or remained boldly at my post, as our gallant train band captains, who march their soldiers through the rain without flinching, are points which I leave to the conjecture of the reader. It is possible he may be a little perplexed also to know the reason why I introduced this most tremendous and unheard of tempest, to disturb the serenity of my work. On this latter point I will gratuitously instruct his ignorance. The panorama view of the battery was given, merely to gratify the reader with a correct description of that celebrated place, and the parts adjacent—secondly, the storm was played off, partly to give a little puzzle
and life to this tranquil part of my work, and to keep my drowsy readers from falling asleep—and partly to serve as a preparation, or rather an overture, to the tempestuous times, that are about to assail the pacific province of Nieuw Nederlandts—and that over-hang the slumbrous administration of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. It is thus the experienced play-wright puts all the fiddles, the french horns, the kettle drums and trumpets of his orchestra in requisition, to usher in one of those horrible and brimstone uproars, called Melodrames—and it is thus he discharges his thunder, his lightning, his rosin and saltpetre, preparatory to the raising of a ghost, or the murdering of a hero—We will now proceed with our history.

Whatever may be advanced by philosophers to the contrary, I am of opinion, that, as to nations, the old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," is a sheer and ruinous mistake. It might have answered well enough in the honest times when it was made; but in these degenerate days, if a nation pretends to rely merely upon the justice of its dealings, it will fare something like an honest man among thieves, who, unless he have something more than his honesty to depend upon, stands but a poor chance of profiting by his company. Such at least was the case with the guileless government of the New-Netherlands; which, like a worthy unfuspicious old burgher, quietly settled itself down into the city of New-Amsterdam, as into a snug elbow chair—and fell into a comfortable nap—
in the mean time its cunning neighbours stepped picked its pockets. Thus may we ascribe the incement of all the woes of this great province, magnificent metropolis, to the tranquil secu- to speak more accurately, to the unfortunate of its government. But as I dislike to begin o rtant part of my history towards the end of ear; and as my readers, like myself, must doubt exceedingly fatigued with the long walk weaken, and the tempest we have sustained—I meet we shut up the book, smoke a pipe, and thus refreshed our spirits, take a fair start in at chapter.

17 *
Faithfully describing the ingenious people of Connecticut and thereabouts—Showing, me the true meaning of liberty of conscience—curious device among these sturdy barbarians—keep up a harmony of intercourse, and a population.

That my readers may the more fully comprehend the extent of the calamity, at this very moment pending over the honest, unsuspecting provincials of Nieuw Nederlandts, and its dubious government, it was necessary that I should give some account of an extraordinary band of strange barbarians, bordering upon the frontier.

Now so it came to pass, that many years to the time of which we are treating, the fagotry of England had adopted a certain national kind of public walk of faith, or rather a public turnpike, in which every loyal subject was directed to travel to Zion—taking care to pay the toll gate on the way.

Albeit a certain shrewd race of men, being much given to indulge their own opinions and manner of subjects (a propensity exceedingly prevalent in your free governments of Europe) I presume not to think for themselves in
of religion, exercising what they considered a natu-
ral and unextinguishable right—the liberty of con-
science.

As, however, they possessed that ingenuous habit
of mind which always thinks aloud; which in a man-
ner rides cock-a-hoop on the tongue, and is for ever
galloping into other people’s ears, it naturally follow-
ed that their liberty of conscience likewise implied
liberty of speech, which being freely indulged, soon put
the country in a hubbub, and aroused the pious indigna-
tion of the vigilant fathers of the church.

The usual methods were adopted to reclaim them,
that in those days were considered so efficacious in
brining back stray sheep to the fold; that is to say,
they were coaxed, they were admonished, they were
menaced, they were buffetted—line upon line, precept
upon precept, lash upon lash, here a little and there
a great deal, were exhausted without mercy, and with-
out success; until at length the worthy pastors of the
church, wearied out by their unparalleled stubborn-
ness, were driven in the excess of their tender mercy,
to adopt the scripture text, and literally “heaped live
embers on their heads.”

Nothing, however, could subdue that invincible
spirit of independence which has ever distinguished
this singular race of people, so that rather than submit
to such horrible tyranny, they one and all embarked
for the wildernes of America, where they might en-
joy, unmolested, the inestimable luxury of talking.
No sooner did they land on this loquacious soil, than as if they had caught the diseafe from the climate, they all lifted up their voices at once, and for the space of one whole year did keep up such a joyful clamour, that we are told they frightened every bird and beast out of the neighbourhood, and so completely dumb-founded certain fish, which abound on their coast, that they have been called *dumb-fish* ever since.

From this simple circumstance, unimportant as it may seem, did first originate that renowned privilege so loudly boasted of throughout this country—which is so eloquently exercised in newspapers, pamphlets, ward meetings, pot-house committees and congressional deliberations—which establishes the right of talking without ideas and without information—of misrepresenting public affairs; of decrying public measures—of aspersing great characters, and destroying little ones; in short, that grand palladium of our country, the liberty of speech.

The simple aborigines of the land for a while contemplated these strange folk in utter astonishment, but discovering that they wielded harmless though noisy weapons, and were a lively, ingenious, good-humoured race of men, they became very friendly and sociable, and gave them the name of *Yanokies*, which in the Mais-Tchusfaeg (or Massachusett) language signifies *silent men*—a waggish appellation, since shortened into the familiar epithet of *Yankees*, which they retain unto the present day.
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it is, and my fidelity as an historian will not en me to pass it over in silence, that the zeal of good people, to maintain their rights and privi-

mimpaired, did for a while betray them into which it is easier to pardon than defend. Hav-

ed a regular apprenticeship in the school of tion, it behoved them to shew that they had

prosients in the art. They accordingly em-

their leisure hours in banishing, scourging, or

divers heretical papists, quakers and anabap-

ter daring to abuse the liberty of conscience; which

ow clearly proved to imply nothing more, than

ery man should think as he pleased in matters

ion—provided he thought right; for otherwise

d be giving a latitude to damnable herefies.

they (the majority) were perfectly convinced,

alone thought right, it consequently followed,

soever thought different from them thought

—and whoever thought wrong, and obstinately

in not being convinced and converted, was

nt violater of the inestimable liberty of con-

and a corrupt and infectious member of the

otic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast

fire.

I'll warrant there are hofts of my readers
once to lift up their hands and eyes, with that
indigation with which we always contem-
ne faults and errors of our neighbours, and to

at these well meaning but mistaken people,
for inflicting on others the injuries they had suffered themselves—for indulging the preposterous idea of convincing the mind by tormenting the body, and establishing the doctrine of charity and forbearance by intolerant persecution. But, in simple truth, what are we doing at this very day, and in this very enlightened nation, but acting upon the very same principle in our political controversies. Have we not within but a few years released ourselves from the shackles of a government, which cruelly denied us the privilege of governing ourselves, and using in full latitude that invaluable member, the tongue? and are we not at this very moment striving our best to tyrannise over the opinions, tie up the tongues, or ruin the fortunes of one another? What are our great political societies, but mere political inquisitions—our pot-house committees but little tribunals of denunciation—our newspapers but mere whipping posts and pillories, where unfortunate individuals are pelted with rotten eggs—and our council of appointment—but a grand auto de fe, where culprits are annually sacrificed for their political heresies?

Where then is the difference in principle between our measures and those you are so ready to condemn among the people I am treating of? There is none; the difference is merely circumstantial. Thus we denounce, instead of banishing—We libel, instead of scourging—we turn out of office, instead of hanging—and where they burnt an offender in propria persona,
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were either tar and feather or burn him in effigy—this political persecution being, some how or other, the hand palladium of our liberties, and an incontrovertible proof that this is a free country!

But notwithstanding the fervent zeal with which this holy war was prosecuted against the whole race of unbelievers, we do not find that the population of this new colony was in any wise hindered thereby; on the contrary they multiplied to a degree, which would be incredible to any man unacquainted with the marvellous fecundity of this growing country.

This amazing increase may indeed be partly ascribed to a singular custom prevalent among them, and which was probably borrowed from the ancient republic of Sparta; where we are told the young ladies, either from being great romps and hoydens, or else, like many modern heroines, very fond of meddling with matters that did not appertain to their sex, used frequently to engage with the men, in wrestling, and other athletic exercises of the gymnasium. The custom to which I allude was vulgarly known by the name of bundling—a superstitious rite observed by the young people of both sexes, with which they usually terminated their festivities; and which was kept up with religious strictness, by the more bigoted and vulgar part of the community. This ceremony was likewise, in those primitive times, considered as an indispensable preliminary to matrimony; their courtships commencing where ours usually finish—by which means
they acquired that intimate acquaintance with each others good qualities before marriage, which has been pronounced by philosophers the sure basis of a happy union. Thus early did this cunning and ingenious people display a shrewdness at making a bargain which has ever since distinguished them—and a strict adherence to the good old vulgar maxim about “buying a pig in a poke.”

To this sagacious custom, therefore, do I chiefly attribute the unparalleled increase of the yanokie or yankee tribe; for it is a certain fact, well authenticated by court records and parish registers, that wherever the practice of bundling prevailed, there was an amazing number of sturdy brats annually born unto the state, without the license of the law, or the benefit of clergy; and it is truly astonishing that the learned Malthus, in his treatise on population, has entirely overlooked this singular fact. Neither did the irregularity of their birth operate in the least to their disparagement. On the contrary, they grew up a long sided, raw boned, hardy race of whorenson whalers, wood cutters, fishermen and pedlars, and strapping corn-fed wenches; who by their united efforts tended marvellously towards populating those notable tracts of country, called Nantucket, Piscataway and Cape Cod.
ow these singular barbarians turned out to be notorious squatters. How they built air castles, and attempted to initiate the Nederlanders in the mystery of bundling.

In the last chapter I have given a faithful and un-rejudiced account of the origin of that singular race of people, inhabiting the country eastward of the nieuw-Nederlandts; but I have yet to mention certain peculiar habits which rendered them exceedingly noxious to our ever honoured Dutch ancestors.

The most prominent of these was a certain rambling propensity, with which, like the sons of Ishmael, they seem to have been gifted by heaven, and which continually goads them on, to shift their residence from place to place, so that a Yankee farmer is in a constant state of migration; tarrying occasionally here and there; clearing lands for other people to enjoy, building houses for others to inhabit, and in a manner may be considered the wandering Arab of America.

His first thought, on coming to the years of manhood, is to settle himself in the world—which means nothing more nor less than to begin his rambles. To this end he takes unto himself for a wife some dashing country heiress; that is to say, a buxom rosy cheeked wench, passing rich in red ribbands, glass beads, and...
mock tortoise-shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple sweetmeats, long sauce, and pumpkin pie.

Having thus provided himself, like a true pedlar with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on the peregrination. His whole family, household furniture, and farming utensils are hoisted into a covered cart; his own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in hand, whistles "yankee doodle" and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of providence, and relying as cheerfully upon his own resources, as did ever a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log hut, clears away a cornfield and potatoe patch, and providence smiling upon his labours, is soon surrounded by a snug farm and some half a score of flaxen headed urchins, who, by their size seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toad-stools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublunary enjoyment—improvement is his darling passion and having thus improved his lands, the next care is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge palace of pine boards immediately
springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions, but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague.

By the time the outside of this mighty air castle is completed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurers are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish one room within, where the whole family burrow together—while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of wilted peaches and dried apples. The outside remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time; the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats, and breeches, to stuff into the broken windows, while the four winds of heaven keep up a whistling and howling about this aerial palace, and play as many unruly gambols, as they did of yore, in the cave of old Eolus.

The humble log hut, which whilome nestled this improving family snugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, stands hard by in ignominious contrast, degraded into a cow house or pig sty; and the whole scene reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never been recorded, of an aspiring snail, who quit his humble habitation, which he filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty shell of a lobster—where he would no doubt have resided with great style and splendour, the envy and
hate of all the pains-taking snails of his neighborhood, had he not accidentally perished with cold, one corner of his stupendous mansion.

Being thus completely settled, and to use his own words, "to rights," one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation, to read newspapers, talk politics, neglect his own business and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful and patriotic citizen; but now it is that his wayward disposition begins again to operate. He soon grows tired of a spot, where there is no longer any room for improvement—sells his farm, air castle, petticoat windows and all, reloads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands—again to fell trees—again to clear cornfields—again to build a shingle palace, again to fell off, and wander.

Such were the people of Connecticut, who bordered upon the eastern frontier of Nieuw-Nederland, and my readers may easily imagine what obnoxious neighbours this light hearted but restless tribe must have been to our tranquil progenitors. If they do not, I would ask them, if they have ever known one of our regular, well organized, Dutch families, whether it hath pleased heaven to afflict with the neighborhood of a French boarding house. The honest burgarter cannot take his afternoon's pipe, or the beer before his door, but he is persecuted with the scrape of fiddles, the chattering of women, and the squi
ing of children—he cannot sleep at night for the horrible melodies of some amateur, who chooses to serenade the moon, and display his terrible proficiency in execution, by playing demifemiquavers in alt on the clarionet, the hautboy, or some other soft toned instrument—nor can he leave the street door open, but his house is defiled by the unfavoury visits of a troop of pug dogs, who even sometimes carry their loathsome ravages into the sanctum sanctorum, the parlour!

If my readers have ever witnessed the sufferings of such a family, so situated, they may form some idea how our worthy ancestors were distressed by their mercurial neighbours of Connecticut.

Gangs of these marauders, we are told, penetrated into the New-Netherland settlements and threw whole villages into consternation by their unparalleled vulubility, and their intolerable inquisitiveness—two evil habits hitherto unknown in those parts, or only known to be abhorred; for our ancestors were noted, as being men of truly Spartan taciturnity, and who neither knew nor cared aught about any body's concerns but their own. Many enormities were committed on the high ways, where several unoffending burghers were brought to a stand, and tortured with questions and guesses, which outrages occasioned as much vexation and heart burning as does the modern right of search on the high seas.

Great jealousy did they likewise stir up, by their intermeddling and successes among the divine sex; for
being a race of brisk, likely, pleasant-tongued varlets, they soon seduced the light affections of the simple damsels from their ponderous Dutch gallants. Among other hideous customs, they attempted to introduce among them that of bundling, which the Dutch lasses of the Nederlandts, with that eager passion for novelty and foreign fashions natural to their sex, seemed very well inclined to follow, but that their mothers, being more experienced in the world, and better acquainted with men and things, strenuously discountenanced all such outlandish innovations.

But what chiefly operated to embroil our ancestors with these strange folk, was an unwarrantable liberty which they occasionally took, of entering in hordes into the territories of the New-Netherlands, and settling themselves down, without leave or licence, to improve the land, in the manner I have before noticed. This unceremonious mode of taking possession of new land was technically termed squatting, and hence is derived the appellation of squatters; a name odious in the ears of all great landholders, and which is given to those enterprising worthies, who seize upon land first, and take their chance to make good their title to it afterwards.

All these grievances, and many others which were constantly accumulating, tended to form that dark and portentous cloud, which, as I observed in a former chapter, was slowly gathering over the tranquil province of New-Netherlands. The pacific cabinet of
Twiller, however, as will be perceived in the
el, bore them all with a magnanimity that re-
eds to their immortal credit—becoming by passi
rance inured to this increasing mass of wrongs;
the sage old woman of Ephesus, who by dint of
ring about a calf from the time it was born, con-
ed to carry it without difficulty when it had grown
e an ox.
HISTORICAL

CHAP. VIII.

How the Fort Good Hoop was fearfully beleaguered—how the renowned Wouler fell into a profound doubt, and how he finally evaporated.

By this time my readers must fully perceive what an arduous task I have undertaken—collecting and collating with painful minuteness the chronicles of past times, whose events almost defy the power of research—exploring a little kind of Herculaneum of history, which had lain nearly for ages, buried in the rubbish of years, and almost totally forgotten. Raking up the limbs and fragments of disjointed and disconnected history, and endeavouring to put them scrupulously together so as to restore them to their original form and connection—now lugging forth the character of a most forgotten hero, like a mutilated statue—decyphering a half defaced inscription, and now peering upon a mouldering manuscript, which, after a careful study, scarce repays the trouble of perusal.

In such cases how much has the reader to do upon the honour and probity of his author, left a cunning antiquarian, he either impose upon him some spurious fabrication of his own, for a pretended relic from antiquity—or else dress up the disordered fragment, with such false trappings, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the truth from the falsehood.
which it is enveloped. This is a grievance I have more than once had to lament, in the of my wearisome researches among the works fellow historians; who have strangely disguised distorted the facts respecting this country; and early respecting the great province of Newlands; as will be perceived by any who will trouble to compare their romantic effusions, out in the meretricious gauds of fable, with hentie history.

we had more vexations of the kind to encoun-those parts of my history which treat of the on the eastern border, than in any other, sequence of the troopers of historians who have those quarters, and have shewn the honest of Nieuw-Nederlandts no mercy in their works.

the rest, Mr. Benjamin Trumbull arrogantly that "the Dutch were always mere intru-Now to this I shall make no other reply, proceed in the steady narration of my history, will contain not only proofs that the Dutch t title and possession in the fair valleys of the tificat, and that they were wrongfully disposses-reef—but likewise that they have been scan- maltreated ever since, by the misrepresen- of the crafty historians of New-Englant And I shall be guided by a spirit of truth and impar-nd a regard to immortal fame—for I would tingly dishonour my work by a single false-
hood, misrepresentation or prejudice, though it should gain our forefathers the whole country of New England.

It was at an early period of the province, and previous to the arrival of the renowned Wouter, that the cabinet of Nieuw-Nederlandts purchased the land about the Connecticut, and established, for their perpetuance and protection, a fortified post on the banks of the river, which was called Fort Goed Ho and was situated hard by the present fair city of Hartford. The command of this important post, together with the rank, title, and appointments of committees were given in charge to the gallant Jacobus Van Cur or, as some historians will have it, Van Curlis—a most doughty soldier, of that stomachful class of which have such numbers on parade days—who are fam for eating all they kill. He was of a very soldierly appearance, and would have been an exceeding man, had his legs been in proportion to his body but the latter being long, and the former uncomport short, it gave him the uncouth appearance of a man's body, mounted upon a little man's legs.

made up for this turnspit construction of body throwing his legs to such an extent when he marched that you would have sworn he had on the identical seven league boots of the farfamed Jack the giant killer; and so astonishingly high did he tread, on a great military occasion, that his soldiers were oft times alarmed, lest he should trample himself under foot.
NEW YORK.

But notwithstanding the erection of this fort, and
the appointment of this ugly little man of war as a
commander, the intrepid Yankees continued those
daring interlopings which I have hinted at in my last
chapter; and taking advantage of the character which
the cabinet of Wouter Van Twiller soon acquired,
for profound and phlegmatic tranquillity—did auda-
ionously invade the territories of the Nieuw-Neder-
lande, and squat themselves down within the very
jurisdiction of fort Goed Hoop.

On beholding this outrage, the long bodied Van
Curlet proceeded as became a prompt and valiant of-
icer. He immediately protested against these unwar-
rantable encroachments, in low Dutch, by way of
inspiring more terror, and forthwith dispatched a copy
of the protest to the governor at New-Amsterdam,
共同 with a long and bitter account of the aggres-
sions of the enemy. This done, he ordered his men,
one and all, to be of good cheer—that the gate of
the fort, smocked three pipes, went to bed, and awaited
the result with a resolute and intrepid tranquillity,
that greatly animated his adherents, and no doubt
struck fore dismay and affright into the hearts of the
enemy.

Now it came to pass, that about this time, the re-
nowned Wouter Van Twiller, full of years and ho-
nours, and council dinners, had reached that period
of life and faculty which, according to the great Gull-
liver, entitles a man to admission into the ancient order
of Struldburghs. He employed his time in smoking his turkish pipe, amid an assemblage of ages, equally enlightened, and nearly as venerable as himself, and who, for their silence, their gravity, their wisdom, and their cautious averfenes to coming to any conclusion in business, are only to be equalled by certain profound corporations which I have known in my time. Upon reading the protest of the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, therefore, his excellency fell straightway into one of the deepest doubts that ever he was known to encounter; his capacious head gradually drooped on his chest,* he closed his eyes, and inclined his ear to one side, as if listening with great attention to the discussion that was going on in his belly; which all who knew him declared to be the huge court-house, or council chamber of his thoughts; forming to his head what the house of representatives do to the senate. An inarticulate sound, very much resembling a snore, occasionally escaped him—but the nature of this internal cogitation was never known, as he never opened his lips on the subject to man, woman, or child. In the mean time, the protest of Van Curlet laid quietly on the table, where it served to light the pipes of the venerable sages assembled in council; and in the great smoke which they raised, the gallant Jacobus, his protest, and his mighty Fort Goed Hoop, were soon

* "Perplexed with vast affairs of state and town,
  "His great head being overset, hangs down."
  Teleclides, in Pericles.
completely beclouded and forgotten, as is a ques-
on of emergency swallowed up in the speeches and
solutions of a modern session of congress.

There are certain emergencies when your profound
legislators and sage deliberative councils, are mightily
in the way of a nation; and when an ounce of hair
trained decision is worth a pound of sage doubt, and
autious discussion. Such at least was the case at
present; for while the renowned Wouter Van Twiller
was daily battling with his doubts, and his resolution
bowed weaker and weaker in the contest, the enemy
pushed further and further into his territories, and
assumed a most formidable appearance in the neigh-
bourhood of Fort Goed Hoop. Here they founded
the mighty town of Pyquag, or, as it has since been
called, Weathersfield, a place which, if we may credit
his assertions of that worthy historian John Josselyn,
Sant. "hath been infamous by reason of the witches
herein."—And so daring did these men of Pyquag
become, that they extended those plantations of onions,
or which their town is illustrious, under the very
roofs of the garrison of Fort Goed Hoop—inasmuch
hat the honest Dutchmen could not look toward that
quarter without tears in their eyes.

This crying injustice was regarded with proper in-
ignation by the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet. He
absolutely trembled with the amazing violence of his
choler and the exacerbations of his valour; which
seemed to be the more turbulent in their workings.
from the length of the body, in which they agitated. He forthwith proceeded to strengthen redoubts, heignen his breastworks, deepen his and fortify his position with a double row of after which valiant precautions, he with unexampled intrepidity, dispatched a fresh courier with treacherous accounts of his perilous situation. Never did modern hero, who immortalized himself at the Sabine war, show greater valour in the art of writing, or distinguish himself more gloriously in paper, than the heroic Van Curlet.

The courier chosen to bear these alarming patches, was a fat, oily little man, as being leaf was to be worn out, or to lose leather on the joint and to impede his speed, he was mounted on the waggon horse in the garrison, remarkable for length of limb, largeness of bone, and hardy trot; and so tall, that the little messenger was able to climb on his back by means of his tail and ears. Such extraordinary speed did he make, that he was at Fort Amsterdam in little less than a month, the distance was full two hundred pipes, or about miles.

The extraordinary appearance of this portly stranger would have thrown the whole town of Amsterdam into a quandary, had the good troubled themselves about any thing more than domestic affairs. With an appearance of great and business, and smoking a short travelling pipe
oceeded on a long swing trot through the muddy
nes of the metropolis, demolishing whole batches
of dirt pies, which the little Dutch children were
taking in the road; and for which kind of pastry the
children of this city have ever been famous—On ar-
iving at the governor's house, he climbed down from
is steed in great trepidation; roused the grey headed
oor keeper, old Skaats, who, like his lineal descen-
dant, and faithful representative, the venerable crier of
ur court, was nodding at his post—rattled at the
oor of the council chamber, and startled the mem-
ers as they were dozing over a plan for estabhishing
public market.

At that very moment a gentle grunt, or rather a
drawn snore was heard from the chair of the go-
ernor; a whiff of smoke was at the same instant ob-
erved to escape from his lips, and a light cloud to
scend from the bowl of his pipe. The council of
ours supposed him engaged in deep sleep for the
ood of the community, and according to custom in
all such cases established, every man bawled out
silence, in order to maintain tranquillity; when of a
udden, the door flew open, and the little courier
traddled into the apartment, cased to the middle in
pair of Hessian boots, which he had got into for the
ake of expedition. In his right hand he held forth
the ominous dispatches, and with his left he grasped
firmly the waist-band of his gallingkirt, which had
unfortunately given way, in the exertion of descen-
ing from his horse. He stumbled resolutely up

governor, and with more hurry than perspicu

livered his message. But fortunately his ill

came too late to ruffle the tranquillity of the

tranquil of rulers. His venerable excellency b

breathed and smoked his last—his lungs and h

having been exhausted together, and his peacef

having escaped in the last whiff that curled fro

tobacco pipe.—In a word, the renowned Wal

Doubter, who had so often slumbered with the

temporaries, now slept with his fathers, and V

mus Kieft governed in his stead.

END OF BOOK XIII.
BOOK IV.

Containing the Chronicles of the reign of William the Testy.

CHAP. I.

Shewing the nature of history in general; containing furthermore the universal acquirements of William the Testy, and how a man may learn so much, as to render himself good for nothing.

When the lofty Thucydides is about to enter upon his description of the plague that desolated Athens, one of his modern commentators* assures the reader, that the history "is now going to be exceeding solemn, serious, and pathetic;" and hints, with that air of chuckling gratulation, with which a good dame draws forth a choice morsel from a cupboard to regale a favorite, that this plague will give his history a most agreeable variety.

In like manner did my heart leap within me, when I came to the dolorous dilemma of Fort Good Hope, which I at once perceived to be the forerunner of a series of great events and entertaining disasters. Such are the true subjects for the historic pen. For

* Smith's Thucyd. Vol. I.

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to a melancholy conviction, that by patient sufferance its grievances had become so numerous and aggravating that it was preferable to repel than endure them. The reader will now witness the manner in which a peaceful community advances towards a state of war; which it is too apt to approach, as a horse does a drum, with much prancing and parade, but with little progress—and too often with the wrong end foremost.

Wilhelmus Kieft who in 1684 ascended the Gubernatorial chair, (to borrow a favourite, though clumsy appellation of modern phraseologists) was in form, feature and character, the very reverse of Wouter Van Twiller, his renowned predecessor. He was of very respectable descent, his father being Inspector of Windmills in the ancient town of Saardam; and our hero we are told made very curious investigations into the nature and operations of those machines when a boy, which is one reason why he afterwards came to be so ingenious a governor. His name according to the most ingenious etymologists was a corruption of Kyvcr, that is to say a wrangler or scoldcr, and expressed the hereditary disposition of his family; which for nearly two centuries, had kept the windy town of Saardam in hot water, and produced more tartars and brimstones than any ten families in the place—and so truly did Wilhelmus Kieft inherit this family endowment, that he had scarcely been a year in the discharge of his government, before he was
am tempted to believe, that plots, conspiracies, wars, victories and massacres, are ordained by providence only as food for the historian.

It is a source of great delight to the philosopher, in studying the wonderful economy of nature, to trace the mutual dependencies of things, how they are created reciprocally for each other, and how the most noxious and apparently unnecessary animal has its uses. Thus those swarms of flies, which are so often execrated as useless vermin, are created for the sustenance of spiders—and spiders on the other hand, are evidently made to devour flies. So those heroes who have been such pests in the world, were bounteously provided as themes for the poet and the historian, while the poet and historian were destined to record the achievements of heroes!

These, and many similar reflections, naturally arose in my mind, as I took up my pen to commence the reign of William Kieft: for now the stream of our history, which hitherto has rolled in a tranquil current, is about to depart forever from its peaceful haunts, and brawl through many a turbulent and rugged scene. Like some sleek ox, which, having fed and fattened in a rich clover field lies sunk in luxurious repose, and will bear repeated taunts and blows, before it heaves its unwieldy limbs and clumsily arouses from its slumbers. So the province of the Nieuw-Nederlandts, having long thrived and grown corpulent, under the prosperous reign of the Doubter, was reluctantly awakened
little resembling the wrinkled proboscis of an irritable pug dog—in a word he was one of the most positive, restles, ugly, little men, that ever put himself in a passion about nothing.

Such were the personal endowments of William the Tefty, but it was the sterling riches of his mind that raised him to dignity and power. In his youth he had passed with great credit through a celebrated academy at the Hague, noted for producing finished scholars with a dispatch unequalled, except by certain of our American colleges, which seem to manufacture bachelors of arts, by some patent machine. Here he skirmished very smartly on the frontiers of several of the sciences, and made a gallant inroad in the dead languages, as to bring off captive a host of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, together with divers pithy saws and apothegms, all which he constantly paraded in conversation and writing, with as much vain glory as would a triumphant general of yore display the spoils of the countries he had ravaged. He had moreover puzzled himself considerably with logic, in which he had advanced so far as to attain a very familiar acquaintance, by name at least, with the whole family of syllogisms and dilemmas; but what he chiefly valued himself on was his knowledge of metaphysics, in which, having once upon a time ventured too deeply, he came well nigh being smothered in a slough of unintelligible learning—a fearful peril, from the effects of which
er perfectly recovered.—In plain words, like other profound intermeddlers in this abstruse science, he so confused his brain, with speculations which he could not comprehend, official distinctions which he could not realize, could never think clearly on any subject, bow
mple, through the whole course of his life af
Is. This, I must confess, was in some measure fortune, for he never engaged in argument, of he was exceeding fond, but what, between deductions and metaphysical jargon, he soon ed himself and his subject in a fog of contras and perplexities, and then would get into a passion with his adversary, for not being con
gratiss.

As in knowledge, as in swimming, he who ost
oufly sports and flounders on the surface, makes noise and splashing, and attracts more atten
than the industrious pearl diver, who plunges of treasures to the bottom. The "universal ements" of William Kieft, were the subject of marvel and admiration among his countrymen—ured about at the Hague with as much vain as does a profound Bonze at Pekin, who has red half the letters of the Chinese alphabet;
a word, was unanimously pronounced an uni

genius! —I have known many universal geniues time, though, to speak my mind freely, I never one, who, for the ordinary purposes of life,
was worth his weight in straw—but for the purpose of government, a little sound judgment, and plain common sense, is worth all the sparkling genius that ever wrote poetry, or invented theories.

Strange as it may sound, therefore, the universal acquirements of the illustrious Wilhelmus, were of much in his way, and had he been a less learned man, it is possible he would have been a much greater governor. He was exceedingly fond of trying philosophical and political experiments; and having stuffed his head full of scraps and remnants of ancient publics, and oligarchies, and aristocracies, and monarchies, and the laws of Solon and Lycurgus and Chondas, and the imaginary commonwealth of Plataea and the Pandects of Justinian, and a thousand odd fragments of venerable antiquity, he was forever upon introducing some one or other of them into use so that between one contradictory measure and another, he entangled the government of the little province of Nieuw-Nederlandts in more knots during his administration, than half a dozen successors could have untied.

No sooner had this bustling little man been blown by a whiff of fortune into the seat of government than he called together his council, and delivered a very animated speech on the affairs of the province. As every body knows what a glorious opportunity a governor, a president, or even an emperor has, of drubbing his enemies in his speeches, messages, an
pellins, where he has the talk all on his own side, hey may be sure the high metted William Kieft did not suffer so favourable an occasion to escape him, of wincing that gallantry of tongue, common to all able egitators. Before he commenced, it is recorded that he took out his pocket handkerchief, and gave a very enormous blast of the nose, according to the usual custom of great orators. This in general I believe intended as a signal trumpet, to call the attention of the auditors, but with William the Testy it boasted a more classic cause, for he had read of the singular expedient of that famous demagogue Caius Gracchus, who, when he harangued the Roman populace, modulated his tones by an oratorical flute or pitch-pipe.

This preparatory symphony being performed, he commenced by expressing a humble sense of his own want of talents—his utter unworthiness of the honour conferred upon him, and his humiliating incapacity to discharge the important duties of his new station—in short, he expressed so contemptible an opinion of himself, that many simple country members present, ignorant that these were mere words of course, always used on such occasions, were very uneasy, and even felt wroth that he should accept an office, for which he was conscientiously so inadequate.

He then proceeded in a manner highly classic, profoundly erudite, and nothing at all to the purpose,
being nothing more than a pompous account of all the governments of ancient Greece, and the wars of Rome and Carthage, together with the rise and fall of sundry outlandish empires, about which the assembly knew no more than their great grand children who were yet unborn. Thus having, after the manner of your learned orators, convinced the audience that he was a man of many words and great erudition, he at length came to the less important part of his speech, the situation of the province—and here he soon worked himself into a fearful rage against the Yankees, whom he compared to the Gauls who desolated Rome, and the Goths and Vandals who overran the fairest plains of Europe—nor did he forget to mention, in terms of adequate opprobrium, the influence with which they had encroached upon the territories of New-Netherlands, and the unparalleled audacity with which they had commenced the town of New-Plymouth; and planted the onion patches of Weathersfield under the very walls of Fort Goed Hoop.

Having thus artfully wrought up his tale of terror to a climax, he assumed a self satisfied look, and declared, with a nod of knowing import, that he had taken measures to put a final stop to these encroachments—that he had been obliged to have recourse to a dreadful engine of warfare, lately invented, awful in its effects, but authorized by direful necessity. In
a word, he was resolved to conquer the Yankees—by proclamation!

For this purpose he had prepared a tremendous instrument of the kind, ordering, commanding, and enjoining the intruders aforesaid, forthwith to remove, depart and withdraw from the districts, regions, and territories aforesaid, under pain of suffering all the penalties, forfeitures, and punishments in such case made and provided, &c. This proclamation, he assured them, would at once exterminate the enemy from the face of the country, and he pledged his valour as a governor, that within two months after it was published, not one stone should remain on another in any of the towns which they had built.

The council remained for some time silent after he had finished; whether struck dumb with admiration at the brilliancy of his project, or put to sleep by the length of his harangue, the history of the times doth not mention. Suffice it to say, they at length gave a universal grunt of acquiescence—the proclamation was immediately dispatched with due ceremony, having the great seal of the province, which was about the size of a buckwheat pancake, attached to it by a broad red ribband. Governor Kieft having thus vented his indignation, felt greatly relieved—adjourned the council sine die—put on his cocked hat and corduroy small clothes, and mounting a tall raw boned charger, trotted out to his country seat, which was situated in a sweet, sequestered swamp, now called
Dutch street, but more commonly known by the name of Dog's Misery.

Here, like the good Numa, he repose from the toils of legislation, taking lessons in government, not from the Nymph Egeria, but from the honoured wife of his bosom; who was one of that peculiar kind of females, sent upon earth a little after the flood, as a punishment for the sins of mankind, and commonly known by the appellation of knowing women. In fact, my duty as an historian obliges me to make known a circumstance which was a great secret at the time, and consequently was not a subject of scandal at more than half the tea tables in New-Amsterdam, but which, like many other great secrets, has leaked out in the lapse of years—and this was, that the great Wilhelms the Tefty, though one of the most potent little men that ever breathed, yet submitted at home to a species of government, neither laid down in Aristotle, nor Plato; in short, it partook of the nature of a pure, unmixed tyranny, and is familiarly denominated petticoat government. — An absolute sway which, though exceedingly common in these modern days, was very rare among the ancients, if we may judge from the rout made about the domestic economy of honest Socrates; which is the only ancient case on record.

The great Kiest, however, warded off all the sneers and sarcasms of his particular friends, who are ever ready to joke with a man on sore points of the kind
by alleging that it was a government of his own election, to which he submitted through choice; adding at the same time a profound maxim which he had found in an ancient author, that "he who would aspire to govern, should first learn to obey."
CHAP. II.

In which are recorded the sage Projects of a Ruler of universal Genius. The art of Fighting by Proclamation,—and how that the valiant Jacobus Van Curlet came to be foully dishonoured at Fort Goed Hoop.

Never was a more comprehensive, a more expeditious, or, what is still better, a more economic measure devised, than this of defeating the Yankees by proclamation—an expedient, likewise, so human, so gentle and pacific; there were ten chances to one in favour of its succeeding,—but then there was a chance to ten that it would not succeed—as the fickle, unkind, ungrateful, and unrelenting fates would have it, that single chance carried the day! The proclamation was perfect in all its parts, well constructed, well written, well sealed, well published—all that was wanting to infuse effect, was that the Yankees should stand in awe of it; but, provoking to relate, they treated it with the most absolute contempt, applied it to an unseemly purpose, and thus did the first warlike proclamation come to a shameful end—a fate which I am confident I am informed, has befallen but too many of its successors.

It was a long time before Wilhelmus Kieft could be persuaded by the united efforts of all his count...
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... that his war measures had failed in producing any effect.—On the contrary, he flew in a passion whenever any one dared to question its efficacy; and swore, that though it was slow in operating, yet when once it began to work, it would soon purge the land of these rapacious intruders. Time, however, that test of all experiments both in philosophy and politics, at length convinced the great Kieft, that his proclamation was abortive; and that notwithstanding he had waited nearly four years, in a state of constant irritation, yet he was still further off than ever from the object of his wishes. His implacable adversaries in the east became more and more troublesome in their encroachments, and founded the thriving colony of Hartford close upon the skirts of Fort Goed Hoop. They moreover commenced the fair settlement of Newhaven (alias the Red Hills) within the domains of their high mightiness—while the onion patches of Pyquag were a continual eye sore to the garrison of Van Curlet. Upon beholding, therefore, the inefficacy of his measure, the sage Kieft, like many a worthy practitioner of physic, laid the blame, not to the medicine, but the quantity administered, and resolutely resolved to double the dose.

In the year 1688, therefore, that being the fourth year of his reign, he fulminated against them a second proclamation, of heavier metal than the former; written in thundering long sentences, not one word of which was under five syllables. This, in fact, was a
kind of non-intercourse bill, forbidding and prohibiting all commerce and connexion, between any and every of the said Yankee intruders, and the said fortified post of Fort Goed Hoop, and ordering, commanding and advising, all his trusty, loyal and well-beloved subjects, to furnish them with no supplies of gin, gingerbread or four crout; to buy none of their pacing horses, meazly pork, apple brandy, Yankee rum, cider water, apple sweetmeats, Weathersfield onions or wooden bowls, but to starve and exterminate them from the face of the land.

Another pause of a twelve month ensued, during which the last proclamation received the same attention, and experienced the same fate as the first—at the end of which term, the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet dispatched his annual messenger, with his customary budget of complaints and entreaties. Whether the regular interval of a year, intervening between the arrival of Van Curlet's couriers, was occasioned by the systematic regularity of his movements, or by the immense distance at which he was stationed from the seat of government is a matter of uncertainty. Some have ascribed it to the slowness of his messengers, who, as I have before noticed, were chosen from the shortest and fattest of his garrison, as least likely to be worn out on the road; and who, being purfy, short winded little men, generally travelled fifteen miles a day, and then laid by a whole week, to rest. All these, however, are matters of conjecture; and
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other think it may be ascribed to the immemorial characters of this worthy country—and which has ever adorned all its public transactions—not to do things hurr.

He gallant Jacobus Van Curlet in his dispatches truly represented, that several years had now expired, since his first application to his late excellency, renowned Wouter Van Twiller: during which period, his garrison had been reduced nearly one-third by the death of two of his most valiant, and valiant soldiers, who had accidentally over eaten themselves on some fat salmon, caught in the Varsche. He further stated, that the enemy persisted in inroads, taking no notice of the fort or its inhabitants; but squatting themselves down, and forming settlements all around it; so that, in a little while, could find himself enclosed and blockaded by the army, and totally at their mercy.

At among the most atrocious of his grievances, I mention the following still on record, which may serve to excite the bloody minded outrages of these savage invaders. "In the meane time, they of Hartford have boldly usurped and taken in the lands of Connecticut, although unrighteously and against the laws of the nation, but have hindered our nation in sowing the owne purchased broken up lands, but have also fired them with corn in the night, which the Neanders had broken up and intended to sow: and beaten the servants of the high and mighty the
honored companie, which were labouring upon master's lands, from theire lands, with sticks and staves in hostile manner laming, and amongst the struck Ever Duckings* a hole in his head, with a foe that the blood ran downe very strongly upon his body.”

But what is still more atrocious—

"Thos of Hartford sold a hogg, that belonged the honored companie, under pretence that it eaten of theire grounde grasse, when they had no foot of inheritance. They proffered the hogg if the commissioners would have given 5s. for da which the commissioners denied, because no owne hogg (as men use to say) can trespass upon owne master's grounde.”†

The receipt of this melancholy intelligence in the whole community—there was something in it spoke to the dull comprehension, and touched theuse feelings even of the puissant vulgar, who rally require a kick in the rear, to awaken their bering dignity. I have known my profound citizens bear without murmur, a thousand enfringements of their rights, merely because were not immediately obvious to their senses—but moment the unlucky Pearce was shot upon our c

* This name is no doubt mispelt. In some old Dutch the time, we find the name of Evert Duyckineh, who is tionably the unfortunate hero above alluded to.
whole body politic was in a ferment—so the en-
lightened Nederlanders, though they had treated the
croachments of their eastern neighbours with but
the regard, and left their quill valiant governor, to
at the whole brunt of war, with his single pen—
now every individual felt his head broken in the
oken head of Duckings—and the unhappy fate of
tir fellow citizen the hog; being impressed, carried
dfold into captivity, awakened a grunt of sympathy
in every bosom.

The governor and council, goaded by the cla-
surs of the multitude, now fat themselves earnestly
to deliberate upon what was to be done. Procla-
ations had at length fallen into temporary disrepute;
me were for sending the Yankees a tribute, as we
ake peace offerings to the petty Barbary powers, or
the Indians sacrifice to the devil. Others were for
rying them out, but this was opposed, as it would
acknowledging their title to the land they had seized.

variety of measures were, as usual in such cases,
oposed, discussed and abandoned, and the council
d at last, to adopt the means, which being the most
mmon and obvious, had been knowingly overlook-
— for your amazing acute politicians, are forever
oking through telescopes, which only enable them
t see such objects as are far off, and unattainable;
which incapacitate them to see such things as
in their reach, and obvious to all ample folks,
ho are content to look with the naked eyes, heaven
has given them. The profound council, as I have said, in their pursuit after Jack-o'-lanterns, accidentally stumbled on the very measure they were in need of, which was to raise a body of troops, and dispatch them to the relief and reinforcement of the garrison. This measure was carried into such prompt operation, that in less than twelve months, the whole expedition, consisting of a serjeant and twelve men, was ready to march; and was reviewed for that purpose, in the public square, now known by the name of the Bowling Green. Just at this juncture the whole community was thrown into consternation, by the sudden arrival of the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet; who came straggling into town at the head of his crew of tatterdemalions, and bringing the melancholy tidings of his own defeat, and the capture of the redoubtable post of Fort Goed Hoop by the ferocious Yankees.

The fate of this important fortress, is an impressive warning to all military commanders. It was neither carried by storm, nor famine; no practicable breach was effected by cannon or mines; no magazines were blown up by red hot shot, nor were the barrack demolished, or the garrison destroyed, by the bursting of bombshells. In fact, the place was taken by a stratagem no less singular than effectual; and one that can never fail of success, whenever an opportunity occurs of putting it in practice. Happy am I to add, for the credit of our illustrious ancestors, that it was a stratagem, which though it impeached the vigilance,
at left the bravery of the intrepid Van Curlet and his garrison perfectly free from reproach.

It appears that the crafty Yankees, having heard of the regular habits of the garrison, watched a favourable opportunity and silently introduced themselves into the fort, about the middle of a sultry day; when its vigilant defenders, having gorged themselves with a hearty dinner and smoked out their pipes, were one and all snoring most obstreperously at their posts, little dreaming of so disastrous an occurrence. The enemy most inhumanly seized Jacobus Van Curlet and his sturdy myrmidons by the nape of the neck, galloped them to the gate of the fort, and dismissed them severally, with a kick on the crupper, as Charles the twelfth dismissed the heavy bottomed Russians, after the battle of Narva—only taking care to give two kicks to Van Curlet, as a signal mark of distinction.

A strong garrison was immediately established in the fort, consisting of twenty long sided, hard sifted Yankees, with Weathersfield onions stuck in their hats, by way of cockades and feathers—long ruffly fowling pieces for muskets—hasty pudding, dumb fish, pork and molasses for stores; and a huge pumpkin was hoisted on the end of a pole, as a standard—liberty caps not having as yet come into fashion.

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Containing the fearful wrath of William Testy, and the great dolour of the New-sterdammers, because of the affair of Fort (Hoop.—And moreover how William the T did strongly fortify the city.—Together with exploits of Stoefl Brinkerhoff.

Language cannot express the prodigious fury, which the testy Wilhelmus Kieft was thrown by provoking intelligence. For three good hours rage of the little man was too great for words: rather the words were too great for him; and was nearly choked by some dozen huge, mis-laid nine cornered dutch oaths, that crowded all at into his gullet. Having blazed off the first broad he kept up a constant firing for three whole days—thematising the Yankees, man, woman, and c body and soul, for a set of dieven, schobbejaken, genieten, twift-zoeker, loozen-schallen, blaes-kakken-bedden, and a thousand other names of w. unfortunately for posterity, history does not make ticular mention. Finally he swore that he would nothing more to do with such a squatting, bundg gueffing, quessioning, swapping, pumkin-eating, m fes-daubing, shingle-splotting, cider-watering, h
jockeying, notion-peddling crew—that they might stay at Fort Goed Hoop and rot, before he would dirty his hands by attempting to drive them away; in proof of which he ordered the new raised troops to be marched forthwith into winter quarters, although it was not as yet quite mid-summer. Governor Kiest faithfully kept his word, and his adversaries as faithfully kept their post; and thus the glorious river Connecticut, and all the gay vallies through which it rolls, together with the salmon, shad and other fish within its waters, fell into the hands of the victorious Yankees, by whom they are held at this very day.

Great despondency seized upon the city of New-Amsterdam, in consequence of these melancholy events. The name of Yankee became as terrible among our good ancestors, as was that of Gaul among the ancient Romans; and all the sage old women of the province, used it as a bug-bear, wherewith to frighten their unruly children into obedience.

The eyes of all the province were now turned upon their governor, to know what he would do for the protection of the common weal, in these days of darkness and peril. Great apprehensions prevailed among the reflecting part of the community, especially the old women, that these terrible warriors of Connecticut, not content with the conquest of Fort Goed Hoop, would incontinently march on to New-Amsterdam and take it by storm—and as these old ladies, through means of the governor's spouse, who as has
been already hinted, was "the better horse," had obtained considerable influence in public affairs, keeping the province under a kind of petticoat government, it was determined that measures should be taken for the effective fortification of the city.

Now it happened that at this time there sojourned in New-Amsterdam one Anthony Van Corlear, a jolly fat Dutch trumpeter, of a pleasanter, burly visage, famous for his long wind and his huge whiskers, and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument, as to produce an effect upon all within hearing, as though ten thousand bag-pipes were singing most lustily in the nose. Him did the illustrious Kieft pick out as the man of all the world, most fitted to be the champion of New-Amsterdam, and to garrison its fort; making little doubt but that his instrument would be as effectual and offensive in war as was that of the Paladin Aftolphi, or the more classic horn of Alecto. It would have done one's heart good to have seen the governor snapping his fingers and fidgeting with delight, while his sturdy trumpeter strutted up and down the ramparts, fearlessly twanging his trumpet in the face of the whole world, like a thrice valorous editor daringly insulting all the prin-

* David Pietrez De Veres in his "Reyze naer Nieuw-Nederland onder het year 1640," makes mention of one Corlear a trumpeter in fort Amsterdam, who gave name to Corlear's Hook and who was doubtless this same champion, described by Mr. Knickerbocker. Editor.
cicalities and powers—on the other side of the At-

tantic.

Nor was he content with thus strongly garrisoning

the fort, but he likewise added exceedingly to its strength,

by furnishing it with a formidable battery of quaker

guns—rearing a stupendous flag-staff in the centre

which overtopped the whole city—and moreover by

building a great windmill on one of the bastions.*

This last to be sure, was somewhat of a novelty in

the art of fortification, but as I have already observed

William Kieft was notorious for innovations and ex-

periments, and traditions do affirm that he was much
given to mechanical inventions—constructing patent

smoke-jacks—carts that went before the horses, and
especially erecting wind-mills, for which machines

he had acquired a singular predilection in his native
town of Saardam.

All these scientific vagaries of the little governor

were cried up with ecstasy by his adherents as proofs

of his universal genius—but there were not wanting

ill-natured grumblers, who railed at him as employing

his mind in frivolous pursuits, and devoting that time

to smoke-jacks and windmills, which should have

* De Vries mentions that this windmill stood on the south-east

section, and it is likewise to be seen, together with the flag-staff,

in Justus Danker's View of New-Amsterdam, prefixed to this

history.
been occupied in the more important concerns of the province. Nay, they even went so far as to hint once or twice, that his head was turned by his experiments and that he really thought to manage his government as he did his mills—by mere wind!—such is the illiberality and slander to which enlightened rulers are ever subject.

Notwithstanding all the measures, therefore, William the Tetsy to place the city in a posture of defence, the inhabitants continued in great alarm and despondency. But fortune, who seems always careful, in the very nick of time, to throw a benevolent hope to gnaw upon, that the starveling elf may be kept alive, did about this time crown the arms of the province with success in another quarter, and thus cheered the drooping hearts of the forlorn Nederlanders; otherwise there is no knowing to what lengths they might have gone in the excess of the sorrowing—"for grief," says the profound historian of the seven champions of Christendom, "is companion with despair, and despair a procurer of infamous death!"

Among the numerous inroads of the Mofstroope of Connecticut, which, for some time past, had occasioned such great tribulation, I should particular have mentioned a settlement made on the eastern part of Long-Island, at a place which, from the peculiarity of its shell fish, was called Oyster Ba
is was attacking the province in a most sensible, and occasioned great agitation at New-Amster-

n.

It is an incontrovertible fact, well known to skill-

physiologists, that the high road to the affec-
r
n
ns is through the throat; and this may be accounted

on the same principles which I have already quoted

my strictures on fat aldermen. Nor is the fact un-

own to the world at large; and hence do we ob-

ve, that the surest way to gain the hearts of the

ion, is to feed them well—and that a man is never
disposed to flatter, to please and serve another, as

ten he is feeding at his expense; which is one

son why your rich men, who give frequent dinners,
re such abundance of sincere and faithful friends.

is on this principle that our knowing leaders of

ories secure the affections of their partizan,

by regarding them bountifully with loaves and fishes; and

trap the suffrages of the greasy mob, by treating

em with bull feasts and roasted oxen. I have known

ny a man, in this same city, acquire considerable

portance in society, and usurp a large share of the

od will of his enlightened fellow citizens, when

re only thing that could be said in his eulogium was,
at: "he gave a good dinner, and kept excellent

ince then the heart and the stomach are so nearly

ied, it follows conclusively that what affects the
one, must sympathetically affect the other. Now it is an equally incontrovertible fact, that of all offerings to the stomach, there is none more grateful than the testaceous marine animal, known commonly by the vulgar name of Oyster. And in such great reverence has it ever been held, by my gormandizing fellow citizens, that temples have been dedicated to it, time out of mind, in every street, lane and alley throughout this well fed city. It is not to be expected, therefore, that the feizing of Oyster Bay, a place abounding with their favourite delicacy, would be tolerated by the inhabitants of New-Amsterdam. An attack upon their honour they might have pardoned; even the massacre of a few citizens might have been passed over in silence; but an outrage that affected the larders of the great city of New-Amsterdam, and threatened the stomachs of its corpulent Burgomasters, was too serious to pass unreavenged. The whole council was unanimous in opinion, that the intruders should be immediately driven by force of arms from Oyster Bay, and its vicinity, and a detachment was accordingly dispatched for the purpose, under command of one Stoffel Brinkerhoff, or Brinkerhoofd (i.e. Stoffel, the head-breaker) so called because he was a man of mighty deeds, famous throughout the whole extent of Nieuw-Nederlandts for his skill at quarterstaff, and for size, he would have been a match for Colbrand, the Danish champion, slain by Guy of Warwick.
Stoffel Brinkerhoff was a man of few words, but prompt actions—one of your straight going officers, who march directly forward, and do their orders without making any parade about it. He used no extraordinary speed in his movements, but trudged steadily on, through Nineveh and Babylon, and Jericho and Pachog, and the mighty town of Quag, and various other renowned cities of yore, which, by some unaccountable witchcraft of the Yankees, have been strangely transplanted to Long-Island, until he arrived in the neighbourhood of Oyster Bay.

Here was he encountered by a tumultuous host of valiant warriors, headed by Prefered Fish, and Hababask Nutter, and Return Strong, and Zerubbabel Fish, and Jonathan Doolittle, and Determined Cock!—at the found of whose names the courageous Stoffel merely believed that the whole parliament of Praife God Barebones had been let loose to discomfit him. Finding, however, that this formidable body was composed merely of the “select men” of the settlement, armed with no other weapon but their tongues, and that they had issued forth with no other intent, than to meet him on the field of argument—he succeeded in putting them to the rout with little difficulty, and completely broke up their settlement. Without waiting to write an account of his victory on the spot, and thus letting the enemy slip through his fingers, while he was securing his own laurels, as a more experienced general would have done, the brave Stoffel
thought of nothing but completing his enterprize, and utterly driving the Yankees from the Island. This hardy enterprize he performed in much the same manner as he had been accustomed to drive his oxen; for as the Yankees fled before him, he pulled up his breeches and trudged steadily after them, and would infallibly have driven them into the sea, had they not begged for quarter, and agreed to pay tribute.

The news of this achievement was a reasonable restorative to the spirits of the citizens of New-Amsterdam. To gratify them still more, the governor resolved to astonish them with one of those gorgeous spectacles, known in the days of classic antiquity, a full account of which had been flogged into his memory, when a school-boy at the Hague. A grand triumph, therefore, was decreed to Stoffel Brinkerhoff, who made his triumphant entrance into town riding on a Naraganset pacer; five pumpkins, which, like Roman Eagles, had served the enemy for standards, were carried before him—fifty cart loads of oysters, five hundred bushels of Wheathersfield onions, a hundred quintals of codfish, two hogheads of molasses, and various other treasures, were exhibited as the spoils and tribute of the Yankees; while three notorious counterfeits of Manhattan notes* were

* This is one of those trivial anachronisms, that now and then occur in the course of this otherwise authentic history. How could Manhattan notes be counterfeited, when as yet Banks were unknown in this country—and our simple progenitors had not even dreamed of those inexhaustible mines of paper opulence. Print. Dec.
captive to grace the hero's triumph. The proces-
was enlivened by martial music, from the trumpet
Antony Van Corlear the champion, accompanied
a select band of boys and negroes, performing on
national instruments of rattle bones and clam
els. The citizens devoured the spoils in sheer glad-
sis of heart—every man did honour to the conqueror,
getting devoutly drunk on New-England rum—
d the learned Wilhelmus Kieft calling to mind, in
momentary fit of enthusiasm and generosity, that it
as customary among the ancients to honour their
notorious generals with public statues, passed a gra-
ious decree, by which every tavernkeeper was per-
ted to paint the head of the intrepid Stoffel on his

Philosophical reflections on the folly of being happy in times of prosperity.—Sundry troubles on the southern Frontiers.—How William the Third had well nigh ruined the province through a Cabalistic word.—As also the secret expedition of Jan Jansen Alpendam, and his astonishing reward.

If we could but get a peep at the tally of dame Fortune, where, like a notable landlady, she regularly chalks up the debtor and creditor accounts of mankind, we should find that, upon the whole, good and evil are pretty nearly balanced in this world; and that though we may for a long while revel in the very lap of prosperity, the time will at length come, when we must ruefully pay off the reckoning. Fortune, in fact, is a pestilent shrew, and withal a most inexorable creditor; for though she may indulge her favourites in long credits, and overwhelm them with her favours, yet sooner or latter she brings up her arrears, with the rigour of an experienced publican, and washes out her scores with their tears. "Since," says good old Boetius in his consolations of philosophy, "since no man can retain her at his pleasure, and since her flight is so deeply lamented, what are her favours but
there are pronostications of approaching trouble and calamity."

There is nothing that more moves my contempt at the stupidity and want of reflection of my fellow men, than to behold them rejoicing, and indulging in security and self confidence, in times of prosperity. To a wise man, who is blessed with the light of reason, those are the very moments of anxiety and apprehension; well knowing that according to the system of things, happiness is at best but transient—and that the higher he is elevated by the capricious breath of fortune, the lower must be his proportionate depression. Whereas, he who is overwhelmed by calamity, has the less chance of encountering fresh disasters, as a man at the bottom of a ladder, runs very little risk of breaking his neck by tumbling to the top.

This is the very essence of true wisdom, which consists in knowing when we ought to be miserable; and was discovered much about the same time with that invaluable secret, that "every thing is vanity and vexation of spirit;" in consequence of which maxim your wise men have ever been the unhappiest of the human race; esteeming it as an infallible mark of genius to be distressed without reason—since any man may be miserable in time of misfortune, but it is the philosopher alone who can discover cause for grief in the very hour of prosperity.

According to the principle I have just advanced, we find that the colony of New-Netherlands, which,
under the reign of the renowned Van Twiller, has flourished in such alarming and fatal serenity, is now paying for its former welfare, and discharging the enormous debt of comfort which it contracted. Foehars it from different quarters; the city of New Amsterdam, while yet in its infancy, is kept in constant alarm; and its valiant commander, William the Tefty, answers the vulgar, but expressive idea of "man in a peck of troubles."

While busily engaged repelling his bitter enemies the Yankees, on one side, we find him suddenly molested in another quarter, and by other assailants. A vagrant colony of Swedes, under the conduct of Pet Minnewits, and professing allegiance to that redoubtable virago, Christna queen of Sweden, had settled themselves and erected a fort on south (or Delaware) river—within the boundaries, claimed by the government of the New Netherlands. History is mute as to the particulars of their first landing, and their real pretensions to the soil, and this is the more to be lamented, as this same colony of Swedes will hereafter be found most materially to affect, not only the interests of the Nederlands, but of the world at large!

In whatever manner, therefore, this vagabond colony of Swedes first took possession of the country, it is certain that in 1638 they established a fort, and Minnewits, according to the off hand usage of his contemporaries, declared himself governor of all the adjacent country, under the name of the province of
New Sweden. No sooner did this reach the ears of the choleric Wilhelmus, than, like a true spirited chieftain, he immediately broke into a violent rage, and calling together his council, belaboured the Swedes most lustily in the longest speech that had ever been heard in the colony, since the memorable dispute of Ten Breeches and Tough Breeches. Having thus given vent to the first ebullitions of his indignation, he had resort to his favourite measure of proclamation, and dispatched one, piping hot, in the first year of his reign, informing Peter Minnewits that the whole territory, bordering on the south river, had, time out of mind, been in possession of the Dutch colonists, having been "beset with forts, and sealed with their blood."

The latter fanguiary sentence would convey an idea of direful war and bloodshed, were we not relieved by the information that it merely related to a fray, in which some half a dozen Dutchmen had been killed by the Indians, in their benevolent attempts to establish a colony and promote civilization. By this it will be seen that William Kieft, though a very small man, delighted in big expressions, and was much given to a praiseworthy figure in rhetoric, generally cultivated by your little great men, called hyperbole. A figure which has been found of infinite service among many of his class, and which has helped to swell the grandeur of many a mighty, self-important, but windy chief magistrate. Nor can I resist in this place, from
observing how much my beloved country is indebted to this same figure of hyperbole, for supporting certain of her greatest characters—statesmen, orators, civilians and divines; who, by dint of big words, inflated periods, and windy doctrines, are kept afloat on the surface of society, as ignorant swimmers are buoyed up by blown bladders.

The proclamation against Minnewits concluded by ordering, the self-dubbed governor, and his gang of Swedish adventurers, immediately to leave the country under penalty of the high displeasure, and inevitable vengeance of the puissant government of the Nieuw Nederlandts. This "strong measure," however, does not seem to have had a whit more effect than its predecessor, which had been thundered against the Yankees—the Swedes resolutely held on to the territory they had taken possession of—whereupon matters for the present remained in statu quo.

That Wilhelmus Kieft should put up with this incipient obstinacy in the Swedes would appear incompatible with his valorous temperament; but we find this about this time the little man had his hands full, as what with one annoyance and another, was kept continually on the bounce.

There is a certain description of active legislator who, by shrewd management, contrive always to have a hundred irons on the anvil, every one of which must be immediately attended to; who consequently are ever full of temporary shifts and expedients, patchi
up the public welfare, and cobbling the national affairs, so as to make nine holes where they mend one—stopping chinks and flaws with whatever comes first to hand, like the Yankees I have mentioned stuffing old clothes in broken windows. Of this class of statesmen was William the Testy—and had he only been blessed with powers equal to his zeal, or his zeal been disciplined by a little discretion, there is very little doubt but he would have made the greatest governor of his size on record—the renowned governor of the island of Barataria alone excepted.

The great defect of Wilhelmus Kieft's policy was, that though no man could be more ready to stand forth in an hour of emergency, yet he was so intent upon guarding the national pocket, that he suffered the enemy to break its head—in other words, whatever precaution for public safety he adopted, he was so intent upon rendering it cheap, that he invariably rendered it ineffectual. All this was a remote consequence of his profound education at the Hague—where, having acquired a smattering of knowledge, he was ever after a great corner of indexes, continually dipping into books, without ever studying to the bottom of any subject; so that he had the scum of all kinds of authors fermenting in his pericranium. In some of these title page researches he unluckily stumbled over a grand political cabalistic word, which, with his customary facility, he immediately incorporated into his great scheme of government, to the irretriev-
able injury and delusion of the honest provincials, the Nieuw-Nederlandts, and the eternal misleading experimental rulers.

In vain have I pored over the Theurgia of the deans, the Cabala of the Jews, the Necromancy of the Arabians, the Magic of the Persians, the Pocus of the English, the Witch-craft of the Turks or the Pow-wowing of the Indians to discover the little man first laid eyes on this terrible Neithor the Sephir Jetzirah, that famous cabala, recorded by the learned rabbi Simeon chaides, yield any light to my inquiries—Nor the least benefited by my painful researches the Shem-hamphorah of Benjamin, the wanderer though it enabled Davidus Elm to make a ten journey in twenty-four hours. Neither can I possibly find the slightest affinity in the Tetragrammaton, one name of four letters, the profoundest word in Hebrew Cabala; a mystery, sublime, ineffable, communicable—and the letters of which Jod-He, having been stolen by the Pagans, carry their great name Jao, or Jove. In short, in cabalistic, theurgic, necromantic, magical and logical researches, from the Tetractys of Pythagoras to the recondite works of Breslaw and mother, I have not discovered the least vestige of an o
is word, nor have I discovered any word of sufficient potency to counteract it.

Not to keep my reader in any suspense, the word which had so wonderfully arrested the attention of William the Tefty, and which in German characters had a particularly black and ominous aspect, on being truly translated into the English is no other than economy—a talismanic term, which, by constant use and frequent mention, has ceased to be formidable in our eyes, but which has as terrible potency as any in the arcana of necromancy.

When pronounced in a national assembly it has an immediate effect in closing the hearts, beclouding the intellects, drawing thepurse strings and buttoning the breeches pockets of all philosophic legislators. Nor are its effects on the eyes less wonderful. It produces a contraction of the retina, an obscurity of the crystalline lens, a viscidity of the vitreous, and an insipidation of the aqueous humours, an induration of the tunica sclerotica, and a convexity of the cornea; insomuch that the organ of vision loses its strength and perspicuity, and the unfortunate patient becomes myopic, or in plain English, pur-blind; perceiving only the amount of immediate expense, without being able to look further, and regard it in connexion with the ultimate object to be effected. — "So that," to quote the words of the eloquent Burke, "a briar at his nose is of greater magnitude than an oak at five hundred yards distance." Such are its instantaneous opera-
tions, and the results are still more astonishing. Its magic influence seventy-fours shrink into frigates into sloops, and sloops into gun-boats. Defenceless ships of Eneas, at the command of detecting Venus, changed into sea nymphs, protected themselves by diving, so the mighty America, by the cabalistic word of economy, into small craft, and shelters itself in a mill.

This all potent word, which served as a stone in politics, at once explains the whole of proclamations, protests, empty threats, trumpeters, and paper war, carried on by the Tefty—and we may trace its operations in a moment which he fitted out in 1642 in a great wrath, consisting of two sloops and three under the command of Mynheer Jan Jansen, as admiral of the fleet, and commander in the forces. This formidable expedition, only be paralleled by some of the daring of our infant navy about the bay and up the fall intended to drive the Marylanders from the hill, of which they had recently taken possession, which was claimed as part of the province of Nederlandts—for it appears that at this time infant colony was in that enviable state, coveted by ambitious nations, that is to say, the moment had a vast extent of territory, part of enjoyed, and the greater part of which it annually to quarrel about.
Admiral Jan Jansen Alpendam was a man of great mettle and prowess, and no way dismayed at the character of the enemy, who were represented as a gigantic, gunpowder race of men, who lived on hoe cakes and bacon, drank mint juleps and apple toddy, and were exceedingly expert at boxing, biting, gouging, tar and feathering, and a variety of other athletic accomplishments, which they had borrowed from their cousins German and prototypes the Virginians, to whom they have ever borne considerable resemblance—notwithstanding all these alarming representations, the admiral entered the Schuylkill most undauntedly with his fleet, and arrived without disaster or opposition at the place of destination.

Here he attacked the enemy in a vigorous speech in low Dutch, which the wary Kieft had previously put in his pocket; wherein he courteously commenced by calling them a pack of lazy, louting, dram drinking, cock fighting, horse racing, slave driving, tavern haunting, Sabbath breaking, mulatto breeding upstarts—and concluded by ordering them to evacuate the country immediately—to which they most laconically replied in plain English, "they'd see him d—d first."

Now this was a reply for which neither Jan Jansen Alpendam, nor Wilhelmus Kieft had made any calculation—and finding himself totally unprepared to answer so terrible a rebuff with suitable hostility, he concluded that his wisest course was to return home
and report progress. He accordingly sailed to New-Amsterdam, where he was received with honours, and considered as a pattern for all con-
ers, having achieved a most hazardous enter-
a trifle expense of treasure, and without a single man to the state!—He was unanimously the deliverer of his country; (an appellation bestowed on all great men) his two floops done their duty, were laid up (or dry docked cove now called the Albany Basin, where they rotted in the mud; and to immortalize his nam erected, by subscription, a magnificent shingle ment on the top of Flatten barrack* Hill, which three whole years; when it fell to pieces, as burnt for fire-wood.

* A corruption of VARLETH's bergh—or VARLETH's hill, from one VARLETH, who lived upon that hill in the early day settlement.
CHR. V.

William the Testy enriched the province by a multitude of laws, and came to be the Patron of lawyers and Bum-Bailiffs. And how the ile became exceedingly enlightened and un-ny, under his instructions.

Among the many wrecks and fragments of exalted, which have floated down the stream of time, venerable antiquity, and have been carefully up by those humble, but industrious wights, by along the shores of literature, we find the sage ordinance of Charondas, the Locrian or—Anxious to preserve the ancient laws of the from the additions and improvements of ed "country members," or officious candidates pularity, he ordained, that whoever proposed law, should do it with a halter about his neck; in case his proposition was rejected, they just them up—and there the matter ended.

A salutary institution had such an effect, that for than two hundred years there was only one alteration in the criminal code—and the race of lawyers starved to death for want of

income. The consequence of this was, that crians being unprotected by an overwhelming
load of excellent laws, and undefended by a standi
army of petitfoggers and sheriff's officers, lived re
lovingly together, and were such a happy people, th
they scarce make any figure throughout the who
Grecian history—for it is well known that none of
your unlucky, quarrelsome, rantipole nations make a
noise in the world.

Well would it have been for William the Tefty, h
he haply in the course of his "universal acquire
ments," stumbled upon this precaution of the go
Charondas. On the contrary, he conceived that d
true policy of a legislator was to multiply laws, a
thus secure the property, the persons and the men
of the people, by surrounding them in a manner wi
men traps and spring guns, and besetting even t
tweet sequestered walks of private life, with qui
set hedges, so that a man could scarcely turn, witho
the risk of encountering some of these pestiferou
protectors. Thus was he continually coining pet
laws for every petty offence that occurred, until i
time they became too numerous to be remembered
and remained like those of certain modern legislato
mere dead letters—revived occasionally for the pu
pose of individual oppression, or to entrap ignoran
offenders.

Petty courts consequently began to appear, whet
the law was administered with nearly as much wisd
and impartiality as in those august tribunals the alde
men's and justices' courts of the present day. Th
F was generally favoured, as being a customer
enging business to the shop; the offences of the
were discreetly winked at—for fear of hurting the
of their friends;—but it could never be laid
charge of the vigilant burgomasters, that they
dvice to sculk unpunished, under the disgrace-
of poverty.

but this time may we date the first introduction
al punishments—a goodly gallows being erect-
The water-side, about where White-hall stairs
present, a little to the east of the battery.
by also was erected another gibbet of a very
, uncouth and unmatchable description, but
ich the ingenious William Kieft valued him-
: a little, being a punishment entirely of his own
on.*

as for loftiness of altitude not a whit inferior
of Haman, so renowned in bible history; but
ervel of the contrivance was, that the culprit,
of being suspended by the neck, accord-
 venerable custom, was hoisted by the waist-
and was kept for an hour together, dangling
wing between heaven and earth—to the in-
tertainment and doubtless great edification
multitude of respectable citizens, who usually
upon exhibitions of the kind.

s incredible how the little governor chuckled

h the gibbets may be seen in the sketch of Justus Dancker,
to the work.

I. 23
at beholding castrif vagrants and sturdy beggars thus swinging by the crupper, and cutting antic gambols in the air. He had a thousand pleasantry, and mirthful conceits to utter upon these occasions. He called them his dandle-lions—his wild fowl—his high flyers—his spread eagles—his goshawks—his scarecrows and finally his gallows-birds, which ingenious appellation, though originally confined to worthies who had taken the air in this strange manner, has since grown to be a cant name given to all candidates for legal elevation. This punishment, moreover, if we may credit the assertions of certain grave etymologists, gave the first hint for a kind of harnessing, or strapping by which our forefathers braced up their multifarious breeches, and which has of late years been revived and continues to be worn at the present day.

Such were the admirable improvements of William Kieft in criminal law—not was his civil code a matter of wonderment, and much does it grieve me that the limits of my work will not suffer me to expatiate on both, with the proximity they deserve. Let it suffice then to say, that in a little while the blessings of innumerable laws became notoriously apparent. It was soon found necessary to have a certain class of men to expound and confound them—dive pettifoggers accordingly made their appearance, and whose protecting care the community was soon felt together by the ears.
Id not here be thought to insinuate any thing
ry to the profession of the law, or to its dig-
embers. Well am I aware, that we have in
city innumerable worthy gentlemen, who
braced that honourable order, not for the
we of filthy lucre, nor the selfish cravings of
but through no other motives, but a servent
the correct administration of justice, and a
and disinterested devotion to the interests of
low citizens!—Sooner would I throw this
m into the flames, and cork up my ink bottle
than infringe even for a mile bredeath upon
ity of this truly benevolent class of citizens—
netary, I allude fairely to that crew of cavass
who, in these later days of civil, have become
cross—who infest the stints of the profession,
the recreant Cornish knights the honomable
of chivalry—who, under its auspices, commit
ulations on society—who thrive by quibbles,
and chicanery, and like venom, swarm most
these is most corruption.
king so soon awakens the malevolent passions
facility of gratification. The courts of law
never be so constantly crowded with petty, vex-
and disgraceful suits, were it not for the herds
fogging lawyers that infest them. These tam-
the passions of the lower and more ignorant
who, as if poverty were not a sufficient misery
f, are always ready to heighten it, by the bit-
terness of litigation. They are in law what quacks are in medicine—exciting the malady for the purpose of profiting by the cure, and retarding the cure, for the purpose of augmenting the fees. Where one destroys the constitution, the other impoverishes the purse; and it may likewise be observed, that a patient, who has once been under the hands of a quack is ever after dabbling in drugs, and poisoning himself with infallible remedies; and an ignorant man, who has once meddled with the law under the auspices of one of these empyres, is for ever after embroiling himself with his neighbours, and impoverishing himself with successful suits.—My readers will excuse this digression, into which I have been unwarily betrayed; but I could not avoid giving a cool, unprejudiced account of an abomination too prevalent in this excellent city, and with the effects of which am unluckily acquainted to my cost; having been nearly ruined by a law suit, which was unjustly decided against me—and my ruin having been completed by another, which was decided in my favour.

It has been remarked by the observant writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, that under the administration of Wilhelmus Kieft the disposition of the inhabitants of New-Amsterdam experienced an essential change, so that they became very meddlesome and factious. The constant exacerbations of temper into which the little governor was thrown, by the maraudings on his frontiers, and his unfortunate propensities...
to experiment and innovation, occasioned him to keep his council in a continual worry—and the council being to the people at large, what yeast or leaven is to a batch, they threw the whole community into a ferment—and the people at large being to the city what the mind is to the body, the unhappy commotions they underwent operated most disastrously upon New-Amsterdam—inasmuch, that in certain of their paroxysms of consternation and perplexity, they began several of the most crooked, distorted, and abominable streets, lanes and alleys, with which this metropolis is disfigured.

But the worst of the matter was, that just about this time the mob, since called the sovereign people, like Balaam's ass, began to grow more enlightened than its rider, and exhibited a strange desire of governing itself. This was another effect of the "universal acquirements" of William the Tefty. In some of his pestilent researches among the rubbish of antiquity, he was struck with admiration at the institution of public tables among the Lacedæmonians, where they discussed topics of a general and interesting nature—at the schools of the philosophers, where they engaged in profound disputes upon politics and morals—where grey beards were taught the rudiments of wisdom, and youths learned to become little men, before they were boys. "There is nothing, said the ingenious Kieft, shutting up the book, "there is nothing more essential to the well-management of a
country, than education among the people; the basis of a good government, should be laid in the public mind."—Now this was true enough, but it was eventually the wayward fate of William the Testy, that when he thought right, he was sure to go to work wrong. In the present instance, he could scarcely eat or sleep until he had set on foot brawling debating societies among the simple citizens of New-Amsterdam. This was the one thing wanting to complete his confusion. The honest Dutch burghers, though in truth but little given to argument or wordy altercation, yet by day of meeting often together, fuddling themselves with strong drink, beclouding their brains with tobacco smoke, and listening to the banteries of some half dozen oracles, soon became exceedingly wise, and as is always the case where the mob is politically enlightened—exceedingly discontented. They found out with wonderful quickness of discernment, the fearful error in which they had indulged, in fancying themselves the happiest people in creation—and were fortunately convinced, that, all circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding, they were a very unhappy deluded, and consequently, ruined people.

In a short time the quidnuncs of New-Amsterdam formed themselves into fage juntos of political croakers, who daily met together to groan over political affairs, and make themselves miserable; thronging these unhappy assemblages with the same eagerness that zealots have in all ages abandoned the milder as
more peaceful paths of religion, to crowd to the howling convocations of fanaticism. We are naturally prone to discontent, and avaricious after imaginary causes of lamentation—like lubberly monks, we be-labour our own shoulders, and seem to take a vast satisfaction in the music of our own groans. Nor is this said for the sake of paradox; daily experience shows the truth of these observations. It is next to a farce to offer consolation, or to think of elevating the spirits of a man groaning under ideal calamities; but nothing is more easy than to render him wretched, though on the pinnacle of felicity; as it is an Herculean task to hoist a man to the top of a steeple, though the merest child can topple him off thence.

In the sage assemblages I have noticed, the philosophic reader will at once perceive the faint germs of those sapient convocations called popular meetings, prevalent at our day—thither resorted all those idlers and "squires of low degree," who, like rage, hang loose upon the back of society, and are ready to be blown away by every wind of doctrine. Coblers abandoned their stalls, and hastened thither to give lessons on political economy—blacksmiths left their handicraft and suffered their own fires to go out, while they blew the bellows and stirred up the fire of faction; and even tailors, though but the threads and patches, the ninth parts of humanity, neglected their own measures, to attend to the measures of government—Nothing was wanting but half a dozen new-
papers and patriotic editors, to have complete public illumination, and to have thrown the province in an uproar!

I should not forget to mention, that these meetings were always held at a noted tavern houses of that description have always been found most congenial nurseries of politics; abounding those genial streams which give strength and nance to faction—We are told that the ancients had an admirable mode of treating any question of importance; they first deliberated upon it drunk, and afterwards reconsidered it, when.
The shrewder mobs of America, who dislike two minds upon a subject, both determine a upon it drunk; by which means a world of cot tedious speculations is dispensed with—and as it verfally allowed, that when a man is drunk he double, it follows most conclusively that he sees as well as his sober neighbours.
Of the great pipe plot—and of the dolorous perplexities into which William the Testy was thrown, by reason of his having enlightened the multitude.

Wilhelmus Kieft, as has already been made manifest, was a great legislator upon a small scale. He was of an active, or rather a busy mind; that is to say, his was one of those small, but brisk minds, that make up by bustle and constant motion for the want of great scope and power. He had, when quite young, been impressed with the advice of Solomon, "go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," in conformity to which, he had taken a keen of a restless, ant-like turn, worrying hither and thither, busying himself about little matters, with an air of great importance and anxiety—laying up wisdom by the morsel, and often toiling and puffing at a grain of mustard seed, under the full conviction that he was moving a mountain.

Thus we are told, that once upon a time, in one of his fits of mental bustle, which he termed deliberation, he framed an unlucky law, to prohibit the universal practice of smoking. This he proved, by mathematical demonstration, to be, not merely a heavy tax on the public pocket, but an incredible consumer
of time, a hideous encourager of idleness, and, of course, a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people. Ill fated Kieft! had he lived in this enlightened and libel loving age, and attempted to subvert the inestimable liberty of the press, he could not have struck more closely on the sensibilities of the million.

The populace were in as violent a turmoil as the constitutional gravity of their deportment would permit—a mob of factious citizens had even the hardihood to assemble before the governor's house, where, setting themselves resolutely down, like a besieging army before a fortress, they one and all fell to smoking with a determined perseverance, that seemed as though it were their intention to smoke him into terms. The Testy William issued out of his mansion like unto a wrathful spider, and demanded to know the cause of this seditious assemblage, and this lawless fumigation, to which these sturdy rioters made no other reply, than to loll back most phlegmatically in their seats, and puff away with redoubled fury; whereby they raised such a murky cloud, that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle.

The governor immediately perceived the object of this unusual tumult, and that it would be impossible to suppress a practice, which, by long indulgence, had become a second nature. And here I would observe, partly to explain why I have so often made mention of this practice in my history, that it
was inseparably connected with all the affairs, both public and private, of our revered ancestors. The pipe, in fact, was never from the mouth of the true born Nederlander. It was his companion in solitude, his relaxation of his gayer hours, his counsellor, his valet, his joy, his pride; in a word, he seemed to hink and breathe through his pipe.

When William the Tefty bethought himself of all these matters, which he certainly did; although a little too late, he came to a compromise with the besieging multitude. The result was, that though he continued to permit the custom of smoking, yet did he abolish the fair long pipes which were used in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquility, and sobriety of deportment; and, in place thereof, did introduce little, captious, short pipes, two inches in length; which, he observed, could be stuck in one corner of the mouth, or twisted in the hat band, and would not be in the way of business.

By this the multitude seemed somewhat appeased, and dispersed to their habitations. Thus ended this alarming insurrection, which was long known by the name of the pipe plot, and which, it has been somewhat quaintly observed, did end, like most other plots, seditions, and conspiracies, in mere smoke.

But mark, Oh reader! the deplorable consequences that did afterwards result. The smoke of these villainous little pipes, continually ascending in a cloud about the nose, penetrated into and befogged the
cerebellum, dried up all the kindly moisture brain, and rendered the people that used them pourish and teasty as their renowned little gove
nay, what is more, from a goodly, burly folk, they became, like our worthy Dutch fre
who smoke short pipes, a lantern-jawed, smoked leathern-hided race of men.

Nor was this all, for from hence may we desc
rise of parties in this province. Certain of the wealthy and important burghers adhering to an cient fashion, formed a kind of aristocracy, which by the appellation of the Long Pipes, while the orders, submitting to the innovation, which they to be more convenient in their handicraft employ and to leave them more liberty of action, were b with the plebian name of Short Pipes. A third likewise sprang up, differing from both the headed by the descendants of the famous l Chewit, the companion of the great Hudson.

entirely discarded the use of pipes, and took to ing tobacco, and hence they were called Quit is worthy of notice, that this last appellation has come to be invariably applied to those mongrel on parties, that will sometimes spring up between great contending partie, as a mule is produced between a horse and an as.

And here I would remark the great benefit of party distinctions, by which the people at larg faved the vast trouble of thinking. Hesiod d.
mankind into three classes, those who think for themselves, those who let others think for them, and those who will neither do one nor the other. The second class, however, comprises the great mass of society, and hence is the origin of party, by which is meant a large body of people, some few of whom think, and all the rest talk. The former, who are called the leaders, marshal out and discipline the latter, teaching them what they must approve—what they must hoot at—what they must say—whom they must support—but, above all, whom they must hate—for no man can be a right good partizan, unless he be a determined and thorough-going hater.

But when the sovereign people are thus properly broken to the harness, yoked, curbed and rein'd, it is delectable to see with what docility and harmony they jog onward, through mud and mire, at the will of their drivers, dragging the dirt carts of faction at their heels. How many a patriotic member of congress have I seen, who would never have known how to make up his mind on any question, and might have run a great risk of voting right by mere accident, had he not had others to think for him, and a file leader to vote after.

Thus then the enlightened inhabitants of the Manhattoes, being divided into parties, were enabled to organize dissention, and to oppose and hate one another more accurately. And now the great business of politics went bravely on; the parties assembling in vol. i.
separate beer houses, and smoking at each other with implacable animosity, to the great support of the sta and emolument of the tavernkeepers. Some, indeed who were more zealous than the rest, went further and began to bespatter one another with numerous very hard names and scandalous little words, to be found in the Dutch language; every partizan believing religiously that he was serving his country, when he traduced the character, or impoverished the pocket of a political adversary. But, however they might differ between themselves, all parties agreed on one point, to cavil at and condemn every measure of government whether right or wrong; for as the governor was by his station independent of their power, and was not elected by their choice, and as he had not decided in favour of either faction, neither of the parties was interested in his success, nor in the prosperity of the country while under his administration.

"Unhappy William Kieft!" exclaims the faithful writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—"doomed to contend with enemies too knowing to be entraped, and to reign over a people too wise to be governed. All his expeditions against his enemies were baffled, and set at naught, and all his measures for the public safety were cavilled at by the people. Did he propose levying an efficient body of troops for internal defence, the mob, that is to say, those vagabond members of the community who have nothing to lose, immediately took the alarm, vociferated that their interests we
in danger—that a standing army was a legion of moths, preying on the pockets of society; a rod of iron in the hands of government; and that a government with a military force at its command, would inevitably swell into a despotism. Did he, as was but too commonly the case, defer preparation until the moment of emergency, and then hastily collect a handful of undisciplined vagrants—the measure was hooted at, as feeble and inadequate, as trifling with the public dignity and safety, and as lavishing the public funds on impotent enterprizes.—Did he resort to the economic measure of proclamation—he was laughed at by the Yankees; did he back it by non-intercourse—it was evaded and counteracted by his own subjects. Whichever way he turned himself he was beleagured and distracted by petitions of "numerous and respectable meetings," consisting of some half a dozen brawling pot-house politicians—all of which he read, and what is worse, all of which he attended to. The consequence was, that by incessantly changing his measures, he gave none of them a fair trial; and by listening to the clamours of the mob, and endeavouring to do every thing, he, in sober truth, did nothing.

I would not have it supposed, however, that he took all these memorials and interferences good naturedly, for such an idea would do injustice to his valiant spirit; on the contrary, he never received a piece of advice in the whole course of his life, without first...
getting into a passion with the giver. But I have ever observed that your passionate little men, like small boats with large sails, are the easiest upset or blown out of their course; and this is demonstrated by governor Kieft, who, though in temperament as hot as an old radish, and with a mind, the territory of which was subjected to perpetual whirl-winds and tornadoes, yet never failed to be carried away by the last piece of advice that was blown into his ear. Lucky was it for him that his power was not dependant upon the greasy multitude, and that as yet the populace did not possess the important privilege of nominating their chief magistrate. They, however, like a true mob, did their best to help along public affairs; pestering their governor incessantly, by goading him on with harangues and petitions, and then thwarting his fiery spirit with reproaches and memorials, like a knot of Sunday jockies, managing an unlucky devil of a hack horse—so that Wilhelmus Kieft may be said to have been kept either on a worry or a hand gallop, throughout the whole of his administration.
CHAP. VII.

Containing divers fearful accounts of Border wars, and the flagrant outrages of the Moss troopers of Connecticut—with the rise of the great Amphyciontique Council of the east, and the decline of William the Testy.

It was asserted by the wise men of ancient times, who were intimately acquainted with these matters, that at the gate of Jupiter’s palace lay two huge tuns, the one filled with blessings, the other with misfortunes—and it verily seems as if the latter had been completely overturned, and left to deluge the unlucky province of Nieuw-Nederlandts. Among the many internal and external causes of irritation, the incessant irruptions of the Yankees upon his frontiers were continually adding fuel to the inflammable temper of William the Testy. Numerous accounts of these molestations may still be found among the records of the times; for the commanders on the frontiers were especially careful to evince their vigilance and zeal, by striving who should send home the most frequent and voluminous budgets of complaints, as your faithful servant is eternally running with complaints to the parlour, of all the petty squabbles and misdemeanours of the kitchen. All these valiant tale-bearings were listened to with great wrath by the passionate Kieft and his
subjects, who were to the full as eager to hear, and credulous to believe, these frontier fables, as are my fellow citizens to swallow those amusing stories with which our papers are daily filled, about British aggressions at sea, French sequestrations on shore, Spanish infringements in the promised land of Louisiana, and above all, internal plots and conspiracies.

We are told by the good Plutarch, in his life of Nicias, that the terrible defeat of the Athenians in Sicily was first mentioned in the shop of a gossiping barber at the Piræus. Whereupon, with the customary officiousness of his tribe, he ran up into Athens to have the first telling of the story, and threw the whole forum into consternation. Not being able, however, to substantiate his tale, the unlucky shaver was put upon the wheel and whirled about, as a reward for his trouble, until he was exculpated by the arrival of other evidence.

Such was the manner in which busy alarmists, and manufacturers of fearful news were treated in Athens, whereas in our more enlightened country we support whole herds of editors for no other purpose, than to gratify a public appetite for direful news, and any man who can foist up a full founding, hobgoblin story of a plot or conspiracy, may command his own price for it. I have known two or three of these tales of terror to be bought up by government, for the sovereign people to amuse themselves withal—which goes further.
to prove, what I have before asserted, that your enlightened people love to be miserable.

Far be it from me to infininate however, that our worthy ancestors indulged in groundless alarms; on the contrary they were daily suffering a repetition of cruel wrongs, not one of which but was a sufficient reason, according to the maxims of national dignity and honour, for throwing the whole universe into hostility and confusion.

Oh ye powers! into what indignation did every one of these outrages throw the philosophic William! letter after letter, protest after protest, proclamation after proclamation, bad Latin, worse English, and hideous low Dutch were exhausted in vain upon the inexorable Yankees, and the four-and-twenty letters

* From among a multitude of bitter grievances still on record, I select a few of the most atrocious, and leave my readers to judge, if our ancestors were not justifiable in getting into a very valiant passion on the occasion.

24 June, 1641. Some of Hartford have taken a hogg out of the vlast or common and shut it up out of meer hate or other prejudice, causing it to starve for hunger in the sty.

26 July. The forementioned English did again drive the Companies hoggs out of the vlast of Socoke into Hartford; contending daily with reproaches, blows, beating the people with all disgrace that they could imagine.

May 20, 1642. The English of Hartford have violently cut loose a horse of the honored Companies', that stood bound upon the common or vlast.

May 9, 1643. The Companys' horses pastured upon the Companies' ground, were driven away by them of Connecticut or Hartford, and the herdsman lustily beaten with hatchets and sticks.

16. Again they sold a young hogg belonging to the Companie which piggs had pastured on the Companie's land.

Hav. Col. State pap.
of the alphabet, which, excepting his champion sturdy trumpeter Van Corlear, composed the standing army he had at his command, were never duty throughout the whole of his administration. Nor did Antony the trumpeter, remain a while behind his patron the gallant Kieft, in his fiery zeal but like a faithful champion and preserver of the public safety, on the arrival of every fresh article of news he was sure to sound his trumpet from the ramparts with most disastrous notes, throwing the people into violent alarms and disturbing their rest at all times and seasons—which caused him to be held in great regard, the public pampering and rewarding him as we do brawling editors, for reasons that have been mentioned.

I am well aware of the perils that environ me in this part of my history. While raking with curious hands but pious heart, among the mouldering remains of former days, anxious to draw therefrom the hew of wisdom, I may fare somewhat like that valiant worthy Sampson, who in meddling with the carcass of a dead lion, drew a swarm of bees about his head. Thus while narrating the many misdeeds of the Yankee, or Yankee tribe, it is ten chances to one but I fend the morbid sensibilities of certain of their unfeonorable descendants, who may fly out and raise furry buzzing about this unlucky head of mine, that I need the tough hide of an Achilles, or an Orlando Furiofo, to protect me from their stings.
should such be the case, I should deeply and firmly lament—not my misfortune in giving offence—the wrong-headed perverseness of an ill-natured generation, in taking offence at any thing I say. It their ancestors did use my ancestors ill, is true, I am very sorry for it. I would, with all my heart, fact were otherwise; but as I am recording the ed events of history, I'd not bate one nail's breadth the honest truth, though I were sure the whole edi- of my work should be bought up and burnt by common hangman of Connecticut. And in sooth, that these tefty gentlemen have drawn me out, I make bold to go further and observe, that this is of the grand purposes for which we impartial his- ans are sent into the world—to redress wrongs and er justice on the heads of the guilty. So that igh a powerful nation may wrong its neighbours temporary impunity, yet sooner or later an histo- springs up, who wrecks ample chastisement on it return.

Thus these mos' troopers of the east, little thought, warrant it, while they were harrassing the inoffen- province of Nieuw-Nederlandts, and driving its capy governor to his wits end, that an historian ild ever arise, and give them their own, with inte-

Since then I am but performing my bounden as an historian, in avenging the wrongs of our red ancestors, I shall make no further apology; indeed, when it is considered that I have all these,
ancient borderers of the east in my power, and at the mercy of my pen, I trust that it will be admitted I conduct myself with great humanity and moderation.

To resume then the course of my history—Appearances to the eastward began now to assume a more formidable aspect than ever—for I would have you note that hitherto the province had been chiefly molested by its immediate neighbours, the people of Connecticut, particularly of Hartford, which, if we may judge from ancient chronicles, was the strong hold of these sturdy moss troopers, from whence they fellied forth, on their daring incursions, carrying terror and devastation into the barns, the hen-roofs, and pig-eyes of our revered ancestors.

Albeit about the year 1649, the people of the east country, inhabiting the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-Plymouth, and New-Haven, gathered together into a mighty conclave, and after buzzing and debating for many days, like a political hive of bees in swarming time, at length settled themselves into a formidable confederation, under the title of the United Colonies of New-England. By this union they pledged themselves to stand by one another in all perils and assaults, and to co-operate in all measures, offensive and defensive, against the surrounding savages, among which were doubtless included our honoured ancestors of the Manhattoes; and to give more strength and system to this confederation, a general assembly or grand council was to be annually
held, composed of representatives from each of the provinces.

On receiving accounts of this puissant combination, the fiery Wilhelmus was struck with vast consternation, and, for the first time in his whole life, forgot to bounce, at hearing an unwelcome piece of intelligence—which a venerable historian of the times observes, was especially noticed among the sage politicians of New-Amsterdam. The truth was, on turning over in his mind all that he had read at the Hague, about leagues and combinations, he found that this was an exact imitation of the famous Amphyctionic council, by which the states of Greece were enabled to attain to such power and supremacy, and the very idea made his heart to quake for the safety of his empire at the Manhattoes.

He strenuously insisted, that the whole object of this confederation was to drive the Nederlanders out of their fair domains; and always flew into a great rage if any one presumed to doubt the probability of his conjecture. Nor was he wholly unwarranted in such a suspicion; for at the very first annual meeting of the grand council, held at Boston, (which governor Kieft denominated the Delphos of this truly classic league) strong representations were made against the Nederlanders, for as much as that in their dealings with the Indians they carried on a traffic in "guns, powther and shott—a trade damnable and injurious to
the colonists."* Not but what certain of the Con-
ticut traders did likewise dabble a little in this "dan-
able traffic"—but then they always sold the Indi-
s such fevery guns, that they burst at the first dischaf-
—and consequently hurt no one but these pag-
favages.

The rise of this potent confederacy was a death-
blow to the glory of William the Testy, for from the
day forward, it was remarked by many, he never he-
up his head, but appeared quite creft fallen. His
subsequent reign, therefore, affords but scanty food
for the historic pen—we find the grand council
continually augmenting in power, and threatening to
overwhelm the mighty but defenceless province of
Nieuw-Nederlandts; while Wilhelmus Kieft kept con-
stantly firing off his proclamations and protests, like
a shrewd sea captain, firing off so many caronade
and swivels, in order to break and disperse a water
spout—but alas! they had no more effect than if they
had been so many blank cartridges.

The last document on record of this learned, phi-
osophic, but unfortunate little man, is a long letter
to the council of the Amphyctions, wherein, in the
bitterness of his heart, he rails at the people of New
Haven, or Red Hills, for their uncourteous contempt
of his protest, levelled at them for squatting within
the province of their high mightinesses. From thi*

* Haz. Col. S. Papers.
letter, which is a model of epistolary writing, abounding with pithy apopthegms and classic figures, my limits will barely allow me to extract the following secondite passage:*—"Certainly when we heare the inhabitants of New Hartford complayneinge of us, we seem to heare Etop's Wolfe complayneinge of the lamb, or the admonition of the younge man, who cryed out to his mother, chiding with her neighbours, 'Oh Mother revile her, lest she first take up that practice against you.' But being taught by precedent passages, we received such an answer to our protest from the inhabitants of New-Haven as we expected: the Eagle always despiseth the Beetle fly; yet notwithstanding we doe undauntedly continue on our purpose of purfuing our own right, by just arms and righteous meanes, and doe hope without scruple to execute the express commands of our superiours." To show that this last sentence was not a mere empty menace, he concluded his letter, by intrepidly protesting against the whole council, as a horde of squatters and interlopers, inasmuch as they held their meeting at New-Haven, or the Red Hills, which he claimed as being within the province of the New-Netherlands.

Thus end the authenticated chronicles of the reign of William the Tenty—for henceforth, in the troubles, he perplexities and the confusion of the times, he seems to have been totally overlooked and to have

flipped forever through the fingers of scrupulous history. Indeed, for some cause or other which I cannot divine, there appears to have been a combination among historians to sink his very name into oblivion, in consequence of which they have one and all forbore even to speak of his exploits. This shows how important it is for great men to cultivate the favour of the learned, if they are ambitious of honour and renown. "Insult not the dervise," said a wise Caliph to his son, "left thou offend thine historian," and many a mighty man of the olden time, had he observed so obvious a maxim, might have escaped divers cruel wipes of the pen, which have been drawn across his character.

It has been a matter of deep concern to me, that such darkness and obscurity should hang over the latter days of the illustrious Kieft—for he was a mighty and great little man, worthy of being utterly renowned, seeing that he was the first potentate that introduced into this land the art of fighting by proclamation, and defending a country by trumpeters, and windmills—an economic and humane mode of warfare, since revived with great applause, and which promises, if it can ever be carried into full effect, to save great trouble and treasure, and spare infinitely more bloodshed than either the discovery of gunpowder, or the invention of torpedoes.

It is true, that certain of the early provincial poets, of whom there were great numbers in the Nieuw-
Nederlandts, taking advantage of the mysterious exit of William the Tefty, have fabled, that like Romulus, he was translated to the skies, and forms a very fiery little star, some where on the left claw of the crab; while others equally fanciful, declare that he had experienced a fate similar to that of the good king Arthur; who, we are assured by ancient bards, was carried away to the delicious abodes of fairy land, where he still exists, in pristine worth and vigour, and will one day or another return to rescue poor old England from the hands of paltry, flippant, pettifogging cabinets, and restore the gallantry, the honour, and the immaculate probity, which prevailed in the glorious days of the Round Table.*

All these, however, are but pleasing fantasies, the cobweb visions of those dreaming varlets, the poets, to which I would not have my judicious reader attach any credibility. Neither am I disposed to yield any credit to the assertion of an ancient and rather apocryphal historian, who alleges that the ingenious Wilhelmus was annihilated by the blowing down of one of his windmills—nor to that of a writer of later

* The old Welsh bards believed that king Arthur was not dead, but carried away by the faries into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reigne in as great authority as ever.—Hollingshed.

The Britons suppose that he shall come yet and conquer all Britaigne, for certes this is the prophycye of Merlyn—He say'd that his deth shall be doubteous; and said soth, for men thereof yet have doubte and shullen for evermore—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dode.—De Leg. Chron.
times, who affirms that he fell a victim to phical experiment, which he had for many vainly striving to accomplish; having the me to break his neck from the garret window of house, in an ineffectual attempt to catch fwa sprinkling fresh salt upon their tails.

The most probable account, and to which clined to give my implicit faith, is contained obscure tradition, which declares, that what constant troubles on his frontiers—the incessantings, and projects going on in his own peric the memorials, petitions, remonstrances, and fad of advice from divers respectable meetings of reign people—together with the refractory dis of his council, who were sure to differ from every point, and uniformly to be in the wr these, I say, did eternally operate to keep his a kind of furnace heat, until he at length be completely burnt out as a Dutch family pip has passed through three generations of hard In this manner did the choleric but magnanimous the Tefty undergo a kind of animal con consuming away like a farthing rufh light— when grim death finally snuffed him out, th scarce left enough of him to bury!

END OF VOL. I.