

THE NASSAU COUNTY HISTORICAL JOURNAL



New York State Historical Association Number

THE HEALTH OF OUR FATHERS

BERNICE SCHULTZ

A BRIEF SKETCH OF CAPTAIN JOHN UNDERHILL

MRS. PORTIA WILLIS BERG

THE OLD GRIST MILL AT ROSLYN

MRS. MARION WILLETTS BROWER

THE NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
COMES TO NASSAU-EDITORIAL

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HISTORICAL NOTES OF THE COUNTY HISTORIAN

JESSE MERRITT

OF BOOKS AND READING

JACQUELINE OVERTON

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

SPRING-SUMMER, 1939

VOL. II, No. 2



JOSEPH WATKINSON - DES. & DEL.

The Story Of Roslyn Grist Mill

Compiled by
MARION WILLETS BROWER

With a dignity acquired through more than two and a quarter centuries the Roslyn Grist Mill stands quietly by the side of the road, its ancient door still open. It had its first beginning at the start of the Eighteenth Century, in the last days of the reign of William and Mary, when Captain Kidd and "Blackbeard" terrorized the seas, and pirate ships and smugglers crept even into the deep harbours of Long Island Sound. Long Island was then, at least by writ, called the Island of Nassau, and the first settlers of the town of Hempstead were not long come from across the Sound, and from the far eastern end of the Island.

It was on April 2, 1698 that John Robinson "had lierti granted to set up a grist and fulling mill on ye streame att ye hed of the harbour upon condition that he grind for the inhabitants for a twelfth part of what grain he ground and shall complete and set up the grist mill within two years from that date, otherwise the grant shall be void."

It appears that John Robinson did not, within the time fixed, avail himself of the grant given by the town, as the records show that at a town meeting, held April 1, 1701, it was voted, "that the grant to John Robinson concerning the stream at the head of the harbour is made void by his default." One cannot help wondering what financial or other problems beset poor John that he was obliged to let the property revert to the town. Subsequently, a committee of three, William Willis, Richard Vollentine, and Samuel Denton, Jr., was appointed to have the matter in charge. John evidently succeeded in straightening out his troubles, for the mill was built and put in operation prior to 1709, at which time John and his wife deeded it to Charles Mott; "The dam and mill, one iron crow and some other implements, for the consideration of one hundred pounds."

We can safely believe that in the first ten years of the Eighteenth Century John Robinson, his wife, Rebecca, Joseph Robinson and his wife were all interested in the building of the mill. We can picture the men of the family hewing the great oak beams from the surrounding forests, with no other tools than the axe and grubbing tool, and hauling them by ox team to the spot on the north side of the North Hempstead Turnpike where the building stands today. Although the building was altered and enlarged at a later date, it is probable that the framework of the present structure is the same that was put up by the Robinson family.

Little is known of the Robinsons, but a descendant, Doane Robinson, tells us that John was a fine workman in wood, having great skill in forming gun stocks. He may even have been a shipbuilder by trade, for the interior of the mill has the look of an ancient vessel.

A good deal of the machinery used in the early operation of the mill is still in the building. When grain was brought by the farmers, it was hoisted to the upper story, where it was stored, and when wanted for grinding, it was let down through canvas sleeves into buckets and passed along to the hoppers. Those same canvas sleeves are still to be seen. The mill stream still rushes from the pond on the other side of the road through the sluiceway and the great wheel turns and turns, and has seldom ceased through all the years. The millstones, of which there remain two, were made either of buhrstone or grits; one owner spoke in the deed of a buhrstone, a hard and porous stone, imported from France, and excellent for grinding, not requiring the frequent dressing of the domestic varieties. There were men called "chippers", who went from one mill to another and plied their trade of chipping or dressing the millstones to varying degrees of fineness or coarseness for grinding. Winnowing was done by

hand in a great basket, and one of the old winnowing baskets has been preserved, and is one of the original treasures in the Mill Museum. In later years grain was brought by ship from across the Sound. The ships tied up to the great iron ring which may still be seen on the harbor side of the building.

In 1709 Robinson deeded to Charles Mott: the dam and mill, one iron crow, and some other implements for the consideration of one hundred pounds, (\$500). Charles Mott was born in 1676, the son of Adam Mott, and his second wife, Elizabeth, who had settled in Hempstead in the early days. The most interesting facts we have about the Mott family come from the will which Adam Mott left when he died in 1681:

"I, Adam Mott, lying now very weak, do now declare this to be my last will and testament from this day I being through God's mercy in my right senses. I do humbly surrender and give my spirit to God which gave it me, and my body to the earth, to be buried in decent manner; that all just debts that shall be made appear shall be paid justly to the creditors so applying. I do give to my eldest son, Adam Mott, fifty acres of land that he is take up and five shillings in money; to my son Jeames I give two cows and a Hollow lying by the Harbor parth and my Kersy wescoat and my searag drawers and my new hatt; to my daughter Grace I give four great pewter platters and those Hollows lying between the Great Run and Tanner's Hook, those two Hollows which lyeth on the left hand of the Parth going to the Town from Madman's Neck, and three Hollows lying on next to the other side of the Parth by the Great Run, the said land to remain to her and her heirs forever; to my son John I do give my Lott of Meadow lying at the Wheat Neck and my Hollow lying at the Harbor Parth; to my son Joseph I give a hundred acres of land where he shall see good to take up for his use, which is not yet taken up, and a Hollow lying to the West Hollow in the Sandy Hollow. To my Gershom I do give five cows; to my son Henry's three children I do give one two years old heifer. To my dear wife, Elizabeth and all the children I give and bequeath my house and lott upon Madman's Neck, and with all the rest of my said Estates, except mentioned in my will aforesaid, Moveables and Immoveables, with all and every part thereof, to stand and remain to my wife and children, only my house and orchard and Home Lott in Hempstead and the Mill Hollow in particular I do give to my younger son, Adam.

There seems to be some confusion of names for the eldest and youngest son could not both have been called Adam, so perhaps Charles got something. He may have been one of the four children mentioned, for old Adam had ten children in all.

To return to the Mill, the next owner was Jeremiah Williams, who got the Mill from Charles Mott in 1715. Williams is perhaps the most important of the early owners, for it was during his ownership that the greatest improvements were made. He added sundry pieces of land to the Mill property and built several houses and barns, viz: "Whereas the said Jeremiah Williams hath greatly augmented ye improvements upon the said stream of water and dam by erecting a Large and Specias Mill upon said stream and greatly advanced the said mill Dam with other beneficial materials." Williams also recites that there are two bolting mills standing within the said mill. Jeremiah Williams was probably the son of the Jeremiah who came to Long Island from Boston and married a lady with the euphonious and designating name of Philadelphia.

On June 21, 1741, Jeremiah Williams and his wife, Elizabeth Pearsall, deeded the mill property to Thomas Pearsall, consideration, one hundred pounds, but Pearsall only kept it a year and turned it over on April 12, 1742. Even in his short ownership he appears to have made further improvements, for he recites: "The three bolting mills thereunto belonging." It is interesting to note that Sarah Pearsall married Richard Mott in 1740, though he did not live long to enjoy his marriage, for his executors sold the mill property to John Pine two years from the date of purchase, or 1744.

Pine continued as owner and proprietor of the Grist Mill for fourteen years, and there is little to be learned about this period. We can assume that for the first ten years of his ownership all was quiet within the hollow

vide food and safety for their families, the women cooked, and spun, wove rags into rugs, fashioned tallow candles in moulds by hand, dyed rough woolen cloth, and accomplished a thousand and one necessary tasks. Besides, they found time to tend their little gardens. Everyone in town had a garden, and many a housewife had brought slips and seeds from flower-beds at home in England or Holland. No plot was too small to include herbs for stuffing and stewing, for making sweet scents and for medicine. Every housewife was expected to be able to treat simple maladies with "Simples," as they called herbs. So, besides marigolds for the stew-pot, there was feverfew to cool "agues that burn", comfrey to heal rasped throats, lavender to lay among the linens, an widtner savory, thyme, penny-royal, rue, rosemary, fennel, and many more."*

In those days clothing was harder to come by than land, which is the reason that Adam Mott, in his will, was careful to mention his kersey "wescoat" and his new "hatt". "From his head to his feet the farmer stood in clothes of his own and his wife's make. The leather of his shoes came from the hides of his own cattle; the linen and woolens were from the produce he raised. The wives and daughters braided and sewed the straw hats on their heads. The fur cap was made from the fox and the chipmunk or squirrel he had shot, and the feathers that filled the beds and pillows were plucked from his own geese. The pillow cases, sheets, and blankets, the quilts and the towels and the tablecloths were all home-made. The harness and the lines the farmer cut from hides grown on his own farm. Everything about his ox-yoke, except the staple and ring, he made. His whip, his ox-goad, his flail, axe, adze, hoe and fork handles, were his own work."*

Besides tallow candles made from deer suet, moose fat, and bears' grease, there were bayberry candles from the sweet-smelling bayberries that grew, and still grow, so plentifully along the shores. There are a number of whale-oil lamps in the Museum. A cursory examination of one of them will tell of eyes grown old too early, for work had to be done in the long winter evenings, and so Mollie Cooper in her diary tells us, up to one and two in the morning when there were travellers or guests to be fed.

The early settlers were good neighbors, going from house to house helping each other. We read: "Noah Knott is here to make a cart. Whippo is here making a new bee house. Thomas Fleet has come to make a plow." It was all a matter of give and take, sort of a "if you build my house, I'll build your barn" kind of living.

One looks more tenderly at the garments preserved in the Museum at the Mill, when one remembers the brave men and women whose bodies they clothed; bodies which must have gone often to bed aching with fatigue, and which had to rise again still weary to pursue the relentless obligations of keeping one's self and one's family alive.

The houses were well built, but simply furnished. White sand, marked into patterns by the broom, took the place of rugs, and the furniture was solid and comfortable. Sometimes there was a carpet in the dining-room, a room not often used, and then only for entertaining, not to dine in. Pewter plates and dishes were in general use, and were more popular than china, even after its first introduction. The elderly and old-fashioned preferred it and gave as their reason that "they could not keep their knives sharp and in good order if they used the new-fangled plates and dishes, but it was otherwise if they continued with the pewter." China was brought from Europe and prized for show purposes, and preserved through generations. Silver articles were owned by every family in anything like easy circumstances, and it scarcely ever went out of the family. Glass was but little used. Punch was the most common beverage, and "was

* Long Island's Story by Jacqueline Overton, Page 70.

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drunk by the company from one large bowl of china or silver; beer or cider from a silver tankard."

An old gentleman who was living on Long Island in 1820 recollected perfectly well that when he was a young man, just grown up, tea-drinking was first introduced. . . . There were apparently few china teacups, which passed from one neighbor to another as tea was considered the greatest treat that could be offered to one's friends. There was much Sunday visiting, after Meeting, as the Sabbath was the only day that there was time for idling, thus it seems cruel that this Sunday visiting came under the censure of the church. Even going to Meeting was a pleasure looked forward to all week, and Mollie Cooper often wept because her tasks did not allow her even this relaxation.

The Independent Meeting House in Hempstead was built in 1647 and was for fifty years the main place of worship for that whole region. In 1704 St. George's was built in Hempstead, and though now it is a lovely colonial building, it has been remodelled many times since its first inception. In 1784 Hannah Searing, an aged and respectable widow, opened her house for preaching and very many attended. In 1787 Bishop Asbury "rode twenty miles on Long Island to Hempstead and preached with some liberty in the evening at Searingtown." Attendance at Meeting meant rising early in the morning and riding the long distance between North Hempstead and Hempstead over Indian trails and cow paths, steep and winding, the woman of the family, if she was hardy enough to attempt the journey at all, gallantly seated behind her man on a pillion. Comparatively short journeys from Cow Neck and Matinecock to the main settlement at the head of Hempstead Harbor took hours, and sometimes days of hard riding.

Though schools existed on Long Island in the Dutch settlements before the Eighteenth Century, the first definite mention of one near North Hempstead was that on Cow Neck in 1721, and in 1748 there was a school on Flower Hill. Later the Rector of St. George's, Hempstead, opened a school at the Rectory, "Which proposed to entertain young gentlemen in a genteel manner for thirty pounds a year." Public education was pretty crude; school teachers were hard to get and had to take care of the religious beliefs of their pupils, as well as teach the English language, arithmetic, writing, and "decent behavior," and were paid, in part at least, in farm produce—sometimes in wampum, and sometimes they received only their board in return for their services. There was no summer holiday, and teacher and scholars alike were worn down by the long sessions. In 1763 the teacher's pay was fixed at twenty-five pounds a year and board. After the lapse of forty years conditions improved and teachers were paid from twelve to fifteen dollars per month, and taught six hours a day in winter and eight in spring, summer and autumn. The schoolmaster lived here and there about the neighborhood, and romance often walked with him into a house where there was a charming pupil, and there is a touching series of enigmatic little notes, found in an old diary, which tells a story without a beginning and without an end. The first schoolhouse in the town of Roslyn stood on the west end of the Grist Mill Dam, and the first school master was one by the name of Douglas Dehanna, either Irish or Scotch in nationality.

In spite of the rigor of the winters, and the incessant struggle to maintain their homes, the farmers and fishermen of the settlement of North Hempstead found time to gather round the punch-bowl at Christmas time, which was celebrated as a festival, and the New Year was ushered in with noise and rejoicing. Men went from house to house, and fired their guns in salute, and were invited to the feasting. The custom of firing guns was later stopped by an act of the Colonial Legislature in 1773, as it was declared a dangerous practice.

Hempstead Harbor remained an agricultural town until the Twentieth Century. The families who wrested their living from the soil were healthy, thrifty, moral men and women, who were good citizens. "They considered hard work honorable, lived frugally, and prospered by prudence." It speaks well for them that in 1784 the Town Records show that there were but sixteen poor people in Hempstead, and four of these were children. Wages gradually increased, as well as the price of foodstuffs. The following table is of interest, since it bears on the cost of living of our own day:

	1770	1790	1815
Mason's work per day	44c	60c	\$1.75
Common Laborers	40c	56c	1.50
Carpenters	40c	56c	1.50
Beef, per pound	3c	4c	.12½
Pork, per pound	3c	4c	.10
Butter, per pound	6c	9c	.30
Eggs, per dozen	4c	6c	.18
Wheat, per bushel	50c	75c	2.00
Indian Corn, per bushel	30c	37c	1.12
Rye, per bushel	37c	50c	1.25
Labor per day, for mowing, etc.	30c	37c	1.00

During the Colonial period there were no through roads and no post offices on Long Island. Building materials were brought by boat, and since the New York post office was supposed to serve the people of Kings and Queens Counties, and New London post office the people of Suffolk County, mail also was delivered by water. In 1764, a sort of bootleg post route was established by a respectable old Scotchman, by the name of Dunbar, who voluntarily undertook to supply the people of Long Island with their mail. It was the King's Deputies who were supposed to do this, and therefore Mr. Dunbar was subjected to penalties, and his voluntary route was only winked at because of its necessity. Starting from Brooklyn, he rode down the South Shore and back the North. Letters came about once a week, or once a fortnight, depending on the weather. It was not until 1835 that there was a regular mail stage, which left Brooklyn once a week, on Thursdays, for points on Long Island. Some time before 1818, Daniel Bogert started a stage once a week to Brooklyn from his store in Roslyn. In 1856 there was a stage which left Roslyn at five, and eight A. M., and one P. M., for Flushing, connecting at that place with the steamer "Island City" for New York. This was the only public conveyance Flushing had. In 1820, the usual conveyance to the city was by water in sloops; the fare 25c. The trip was of uncertain duration, depending on winds and tides. The boats feared to pass through Hell Gate at night, and so came to anchor off Riker's Island. The captain, crew, and sometimes the passengers went ashore to a tavern to while away the anxious hours of night. Next morning at the turn of the tide, they weighed anchor and hoisted sail for New York. "For females this mode of travel was anything but pleasant."

In 1830, a stage left Hempstead Harbor via Cow Neck, Success, and Jamaica, in the summer as early as six A. M., and reached New York by ten. Sometimes nearly an hour was consumed riding around picking up passengers. The stage was a long covered box-wagon, well built for stowage. Gentlemen alighted at taverns and stood drinks to other male passengers, and carried refreshments to such females as desired it: a glass of wine, a milk-punch, or cherry-brandy. The first stage from Roslyn was run by Mr. Wilson Williams, and accommodated the inferior as well as the superior animals. Before this a colored man by the name of Cata, who drove a market wagon to Brooklyn, accommodated such passengers as were willing to occupy what space was left by calves and sheep.

The "Lark" and the "Rambler" were two of the sloops that plied between New York and Roslyn, and their arrival at the wharf near the

Grist Mill was a signal for all the townspeople to turn out in great excitement.

Henry Onderdonk tells us that the Mail Stage was a delightful way to take a journey; "there was no hurry, no fuss and bustle about it; no one was in haste to get to his journey's end, and if he was, and intended going the whole route, he soon became effectually cured of it. Everything went on soberly, judiciously, and you could see all there was to be seen. . . . No mode of travelling ever suited our taste better; it was the very acme of enjoyment." It took three days to travel the length of the island from Brooklyn to East Hampton. The villages were sometimes a mile or two off the route, and the drivers would set the letters and packages on a certain rock inside a fence, and take up whatever mail was left there. At other times, the driver would throw out several newspapers under a tree, and be quite certain that all would find its ultimate destination.

On March 30, 1758 John Pine deeded the Grist Mill to Henry Onderdonk, for a consideration of eleven hundred pounds. Thus in fifty years its value had increased eleven times. Onderdonk was a good business man, and a kind and good neighbor, well thought of during the war years by both parties, for he seemed to have been able to maintain a moderate course, though he married a Tory, Phoebe Treadwell, of Great Neck. There is a fantastic story of how Phoebe lost her eye: She was being laced into a corset by her maid-servant, and the maid had a fork in her hand with which she was forcing the laces through the holes, and when her mistress turned her head suddenly, the tines of the fork inadvertantly pierced her eye.

Hendrick, as he liked to be called, had many children, and we know definitely of two of them, a son and a daughter. His son, Benjamin, was educated to be a doctor and was a young man of great promise. However he was sent to the island of St. Eustatia, near St. Kitts, in the West Indies, and there the young doctor died of a fever in 1771, at the age of twenty-one, "greatly regretted by the Islanders." His daughter, Gertrude, married Lambert Moore, much older than she was, and "above her in station."

The Onderdonk family was probably the most important in the town at this time. He operated both mills, the paper and the grist, profitably; in 1762, he added sixty-three acres to the Grist Mill property. He not only ground grain for the neighborhood, but manufactured flour for exportation to New York and even to the West Indies.

Hendrick Onderdonk's business interests were varied, for besides two mills, he opened a store in 1773, and imported his goods from New York. Though he did not speak English well, he was enthusiastic about overcoming this defect, and used to steal away by himself to pursue his studies. He was several times supervisor of the town, and in 1783 was chosen as Queens County representative in the Assembly at New York. The prosperity of the family is attested to by the fact that they owned slaves. In 1760 a runaway slave was advertised: "A likely well looking fellow, speaks English and the low Dutch. Plays a violin, and reads and writes. He had on a Castor hat and gray ratteen coat lined with brown camblet and yellow metal buttons. He also carried off a green everlasting jacket, breeches and checked trousers of fine linen homespun and an Osnobrig shirt, and a pair of pumps." On August 20th, 1782 another resident of the town advertised: "Two guineas reward. Runaway slave from Dr. David Brooks at Cow Neck. A negro boy, Ben, he had on a brown coat, pewter buttons and a round black hat." This same year the Onderdonks were robbed and some of the articles missing were: "Seven ruffled shirts and one night-cap, one pound ye powdered sago, and some Jesuit Bark, the latter being Peruvian bark, so named on account of its discovery by the Jesuits as the base of quinine."

The greatest fame of the family Onderdonk arises from the visit of

General Washington to their home in 1790. After spending the night at the Young's house in Oyster Bay, he arose early for the journey by coach to New York, and word was brought to the Onderdonks that the General would take breakfast with them. The family were already at their breakfast of fried clams when the message came, and consternation ensued. The debris of clam shells was hastily swept from the table and a new cover set for the distinguished guest. After breakfast Washington and his host walked to the knoll behind the house and viewed the harbor, and then visited the Paper Mill, and it is said that the General manufactured a piece of paper with his own hands. They then visited the Grist Mill and he commented favorably on the business acumen of his host.

A large majority of the people of Hempstead were opposed to the Revolution, and to sending delegates to the Provincial Congress. Congress having in April, 1775, recommended the appointment of Whig Committees in each town, some inhabitants of Cow Neck and Great Neck assembled the following September 23rd. and taking into serious consideration their distressed situation and convinced of their inability to pursue proper measures for their common safety while they were considered a part of Hempstead, resolved that they would no longer be a part of that town, in all matters relating to the Congressional plan. Soon after the defeat of the American Army at Brooklyn, a detachment of the British Light Dragoons rode into North Hempstead and carried off to the Provost Prison in New York such of the prominent Whigs as had not already left.

The people of Hempstead Harbor and the surrounding villages went through bad times during the war. The British Army needed horses, wood, hay, straw, and grain, which the farmers were obliged to furnish whether they could spare them or not. These were paid for at fixed prices in silver and gold. The poor farmers hoarded this treasure in their cellars and buried it on their land, but it did them little good, for robbers forced them to disclose the hiding places and did away with it all. The regular hardship of running their farms was added to a hundred-fold by such messages as this: "A quantity of straw wanted immediately for His Majesty's forces. It is requested that farmers will thresh out their grain directly and deliver the straw without delay." Their farm animals confiscated to cart military baggage and stores, their routine interrupted, and a serious food shortage upon them, they were still further harassed by the outrages of British soldiers in burning, stealing, and confiscating personal property, and by the raids of the Whale-boat men. In "Revolutionary Incidents of Queens County," by H. Onderdonk, Jr., there are numerous accounts of these depredations. Under date of February 15, 1777 there is the following: "A few evenings ago four boats full of men came over from Rye and carried off a sloop laden with poultry and other things for the New York market. The fog was so thick that the guardian did not perceive them." The Onderdonk house figured in one of these raids, as did the old Pearsall Place. After stealing and destroying much of the Pearsall property, they were apparently surprised, and departed in a great hurry, leaving a sideboard on the front lawn. This piece of furniture is still in the Pearsall family.

A story of the Valentine family dates back to this time. John Valentine, brother of Richard, was at the time the war broke out, wavering in his mind as to which side he would join. He finally decided with the rebels, and gathered together all the silver shoe and breeches buckles belonging to the family, as well as a considerable sum of money, and buried them, probably intending to seek his cache after the war. After doing this, a feeling of remorse overcame him, for he was found hanging in the old barn at the rear of the house. The buried treasure has never been found. This house stands at the junction of North Hempstead Turnpike and Shore Road.

At the end of the Revolutionary War the news of peace was celebrated in the town of North Hempstead by the firing of muskets at 7 A. M. Flags waved all day, and in the evening there was great rejoicing, houses were brightly lighted and the villagers went from place to place drinking toasts to the new nation.

During the wars, especially the War of 1812, the profits of the Grist Mill were very large, and the owners made money fast and maintained expensive households. When the Erie Canal was opened the products of the West supplied New York, and the millers felt the effects, and De Witt Clinton found many political enemies among them, as well as many who were without political influence. During the affluence of the millers they became insolent and overbearing toward their customers and the farmers were much annoyed by their attitude. When grists were brought to the mill, the farmers were obliged to carry their own loads, and wait until the miller could conveniently grind, then turn the bolt to sift the bran from the flour themselves, as the grant of the town reserved the right to the public to have one pair of stones to have their grists ground, but did not mention the bolting arrangement.

In the early part of the Nineteenth Century the town of North Hempstead suffered from a series of calamities. In 1816 there was a memorably cold summer. The crops of hay, wheat, and corn, rye, oats and potatoes were shrunk by the continued cold. The farmers had great difficulty in procuring food for their stock, and in the following winter they had to depend on salt hay from the meadows and marshes. In 1821 there was a great gale, which destroyed buildings, fences, and growing crops, and did an enormous amount of damage. Three years later came the great flood when long continued rains caused streams to overflow, with ensuing disaster to mill-dams, crops, etc. In two days' time nine inches of rain fell. This was on the 12th and 13th of August, 1826. All parts of the town were affected and there was a great loss to all property. Though there is no record of it, the Grist Mill must have suffered badly from this inundation, its ground floor only a few steps above, and cellar lying below the level of the road.

In 1784 the township of Hempstead was divided into North and South Hempstead, but in 1844 it was decided that there was too much confusion in the names, and a new name was chosen for Hempstead Harbor. During the Revolution a Scottish regiment had been stationed in the town. They were fond of a song known as "Roslyn Castle," and some claim that this song gave Roslyn its name. Other claim that it was named for that historical Roslyn, in the valley of the Esk, Edinburghshire, Scotland. Rosslyn, or Roslyn, according to the Penny Magazine of London, December 9th, 1882, is from the Gaelic—Ross, a jutting rock, and Lynn, a waterfall—thus the Rock of the Waterfall.

After Henry Onderdonk we find the next owner of the Mill to be Benjamin Allen, who sold it to John Willis, Jr., in 1828, for \$4,000. The property was then described as: "Beginning at the north end of a corner of an old bake house running thence southwesterly to the northwest corner of Daniel Hogland's fence; thence southerly along the fence as it now stands by the highway to a marked locust tree; thence a due east course until it strikes the grist mill pond; thence a circular course round the southern and easterly side of said pond by the edge thereof until it strikes the great mill dam, thence westerly along the said dam at high water mark on the lower side thereof to the place of beginning. Containing fourteen acres, also the equal half of another small pond on piece of land covered with water and situated at the west end of the said grist mill dam together with the dam around the same, and a privilege of passing on the westerly side thereof between it and the fence with waggons and carts. The same containing one quarter of an acre . . . together with the equal

half of the grist mill, and grist mill dam, the mill being erected on the northerly side thereof streams of water and water courses, buildings, sighs (?), members (?) and appurtenances."

About 1850 the executors of the John Willis estate sold the property to Joseph Hicks, who bought it for his eldest son, Benjamin. He and his brothers ran the mill for many years. The name Hicks on Long Island is synonomous with business activity and enterprise, and it is interesting to note that of those who have given of their best efforts to build up the town of Roslyn are three families of mill owners, i. e., Onderdonk, Valentine, and Hicks. Though the mill was never owned by a member of the Valentine family, they had to do with the property.

The last owner of the Mill was Isaac Hicks, youngest son of Joseph Hicks. In 1916 he transferred the property to a board of five trustees "to be restored to its original form in order that it might house a museum of industrial arts." The original board consisted of Harold Godwin, grandson of William Cullen Bryant, who personally attended to the restoration, and beginning of the museum. Others of the board were Albertson Hicks, G. Lester Eastman, John H. Love and Henry D. Walbridge.

It was agreed between Mr. Hicks and Mr. Godwin that if Mr. Hicks would give the property to the village that Mr. Godwin would give the funds for the restoration. Work was immediately put under way to make an historical spot in the heart of Roslyn.

Beams were reinforced and the siding of the building was cared for with preservatives. The clapboards were patched carefully and slowly, with such skill that, when finished, it was impossible to discern where the new material had been placed. The old structure was shored up, and where the original piles had been eaten by worms and the elements, concrete bases were made. The outside of the building was made of concrete so fashioned as to appear like the original boards in color, with roughness to simulate the knots and cracks one sees in old, weatherbeaten wood. The old rough-hewn beams in the interior were left intact, and as much of the old grinding material as could be preserved. The undershot water wheel, working upon a wooden cogged wheel, and the conveniences for meshing in gear the millstones, was left in its entirety. A great number of exhibits were collected and placed in the building, including donations from all over the East.

Miss Alice C. Titus, a native of the island, was placed in charge of the museum to explain the exhibits and conduct the visitors through the interesting collection. Miss Titus has been hostess to men and women from all over the world.

So the Mill was leased to her in 1919 and for the last 19 years teas, luncheons, dinners have been held in the famous building. Many thousands of guests have been served each season. The tearoom has been a meeting place for writers and artists for a number of years, and to those who know its long history, and the intimate part it played in the lives of the early inhabitants of the town it will take on added interest.

There are dozens of articles in the Mill Museum, which help us to visualize the past. One does well to dream over them a bit, these intimate things, once handled by the men and women whose courage and industry laid the foundation for the Roslyn of today. Spinning-wheels and candle-molds, sun-dials and hour-glasses, lace bonnets and British uniforms, reminders of a past that have been replaced by the far different appurtenances of today. Outside of the town's main thoroughfare, an unending flow of motors passes the mill. We hurry in to get tea, hurry out again to find our car, hurry off, but consciously or unconsciously we have absorbed some of the atmosphere of the unobtrusive building that has served the generations through the changing scenes and conditions of the last two hundred years.