

THE OCCUPATION OF NEW
AMSTERDAM—

BY THE BRITISH TROOPS,
SEPTEMBER 8, 1664

The Hudson in History

MEMORIES RECALLED BY THE TERCENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
WHICH IS TO BE HELD IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER

BY HENRY J. MARKLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD PENFIELD

FOR its romantic beauty, the Hudson River was long ago admitted to the category of the world's most noble streams. The favorite comparison has always been with the Rhine. Because of its varied charms, the Hudson may well stand first. It matches the famous German river in those stretches where the loveliness is one of jutting headland and splendid forests and slo-

ping hills. It surpasses the Rhine in the majestic craggy heights of the Palisades, the Highlands, and the Catskills; while at times it broadens out until it becomes almost a sea, in which the Rhine would be absolutely lost.

Perhaps the most interesting natural feature of the Hudson is the fact that it is not, strictly speaking, a river at all—at least, that portion of it which

is most noted for its scenic beauty. Long before any white man had ever turned his prow into its broad waters, the Indians had wondered at its unlikeness to other streams of which they knew. They spoke of it as "the river that flows both ways." This is because, for a hundred and fifty miles, it is in reality an estuary or fiord, in which the tide rises and falls as regularly as in the bay at its mouth. Even at Albany there is a difference of nearly three feet between high water and low water. But because it is bordered either by charming slopes of emerald hills, or by broken and towering rocks which mark some terrible convulsion in the history of the continent, it seems to be a river—and a river only.

No one can dispute its beauty or fail to be moved by its grandeur. Yet those who have compared it with the Rhine usually conclude with the words:

"Yes; but, of course, the Rhineland has a rare wealth of historical associations, while the Hudson is merely a picture without meaning."

It is true enough that we have not three thousand years of legend upon which to draw when we ascend the Hudson. Not every inlet and not every islet recalls a story or a poem or a myth. And yet, in the three hundred years which have elapsed since the Half Moon spread its white sails and moved gracefully with the tide around the lower end of Manhattan Island, so much has happened on the bosom of the Hudson, or beside it, as to give it a claim to something more than beauty.

There is even a touch of romance about its early history—the history that was made before Henry Hudson ever saw it. If the annals of the red men were opened to us, we should find them full of fascination; and, even as it is, we know enough about them to make it plain that the comings and goings of the tribes along its banks exercised a far-reaching influence upon the later history of those who fought and dwelt there.

There is something here which has that magic touch of mystery belonging to the slightly known and the dimly seen; for we can go back of Hudson's exploration, and recall the venturesome Italian, Verrazano, and the no less daring Spaniard, Gomez, who ventured into this great fiord

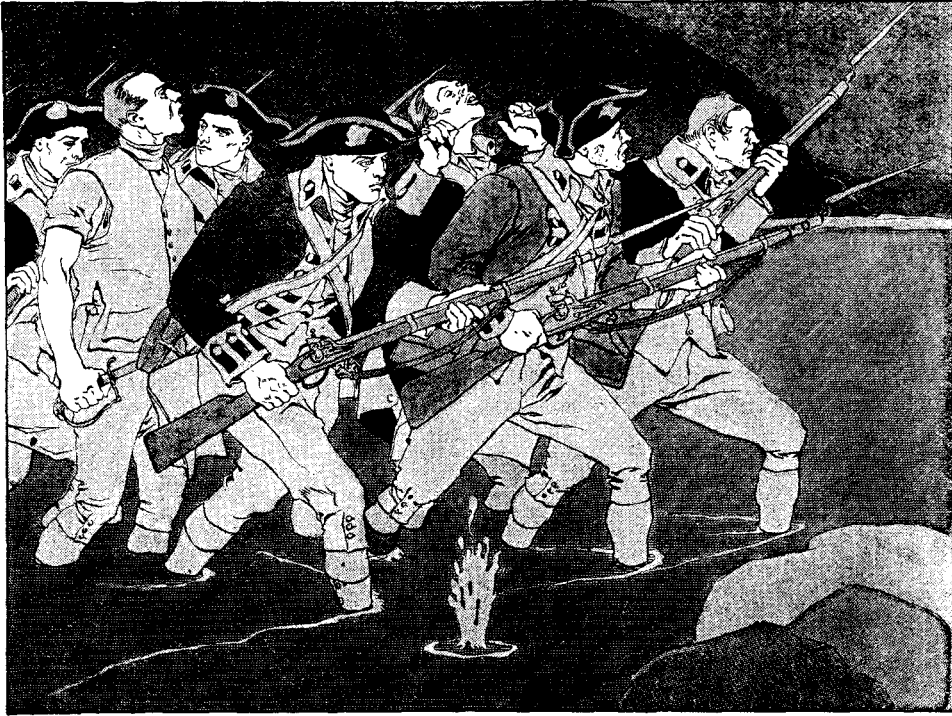
three-quarters of a century before. We have no very definite records of the unnamed and now unknown French traders who trafficked with the Indians for furs as far north as Albany before the time of Hudson. We have but a faint understanding of the great trail which led from the Hudson westward to Lake Erie, and along which the Iroquois passed and repassed. Little did they dream that they were marking out the line of a great canal which long afterward was to bring the resources of the West down the stately Hudson, and to make the city at its mouth the commercial metropolis of the Western world, and second to but one other city on the entire globe.

THE HUDSON'S EARLIEST NAMES

The Hudson has had many names. Gomez, in 1525, styled it the Rio de San Antonio. When to-day we look at the promontory called Anthony's Nose, we fancy that the name was due to Irving's imagination and to the humor with which he described the old Dutch trumpeter, Anthony Van Corlear; but when Anthony Van Corlear first saw it, the great cliff had borne the name for almost a century. The countrymen of Gomez styled the river the Rio de Gomez until 1600. Hudson himself called it the River of the Mountains, and it bears this name upon the earliest Dutch maps. Again, colloquially, it was the North River, as contrasted with the Delaware, which was the great South River.

The Iroquois, who were the most powerful tribe of Indians, gave it the name Skanehtadé, which means "the opening." The city of Schenectady stands upon a site which had its present name before the white men planted there a small rectangular stockade. The name relates to the "opening" between the Hudson and the Mohawk. It was not until after Henry Hudson's death that all these appellations were gradually forgotten, and the river received the name of the man who, though he was not the first to discover it, was the first to make its discovery significant.

What a wealth of history there is associated with this single stream! Nor is this history, in many of its aspects, local or of slight importance. From the very outset, whatever was done in North



THE STORMING OF STONY POINT BY THE COLONIALS UNDER GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE,
ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 15, 1779

America found a ready echo in Europe. The struggles of the early pioneers against nature and the savages, the conquest of the wilderness, the discovery of new streams and watercourses, the battles that were fought among the forests with musket and hatchet and scalping-knife, were, as we look back upon them, intimately associated with the vaster struggles of the great powers of the earth.

The intrigues of smooth-tongued statesmen in their luxurious cabinets in London or Paris or Madrid always took account of this new continent. With each decade, American affairs played ever a greater part in the calculations of European diplomacy. When Champlain founded Quebec, and when Henry Hudson sailed past Manhattan Island as far at least as Albany, these events were as momentous in their time as the shot which later, at Concord, was heard round the world, or the broadsides at Manila and Santiago which made the Republic of the West the acknowledged equal of any nation upon earth.

In their apparent importance some of

the incidents of our Colonial and Revolutionary history may seem almost ludicrously trivial when compared with contemporary events in Europe. When seen, however, in a true perspective they become extraordinary in their interest.

THE END OF DUTCH SUPREMACY

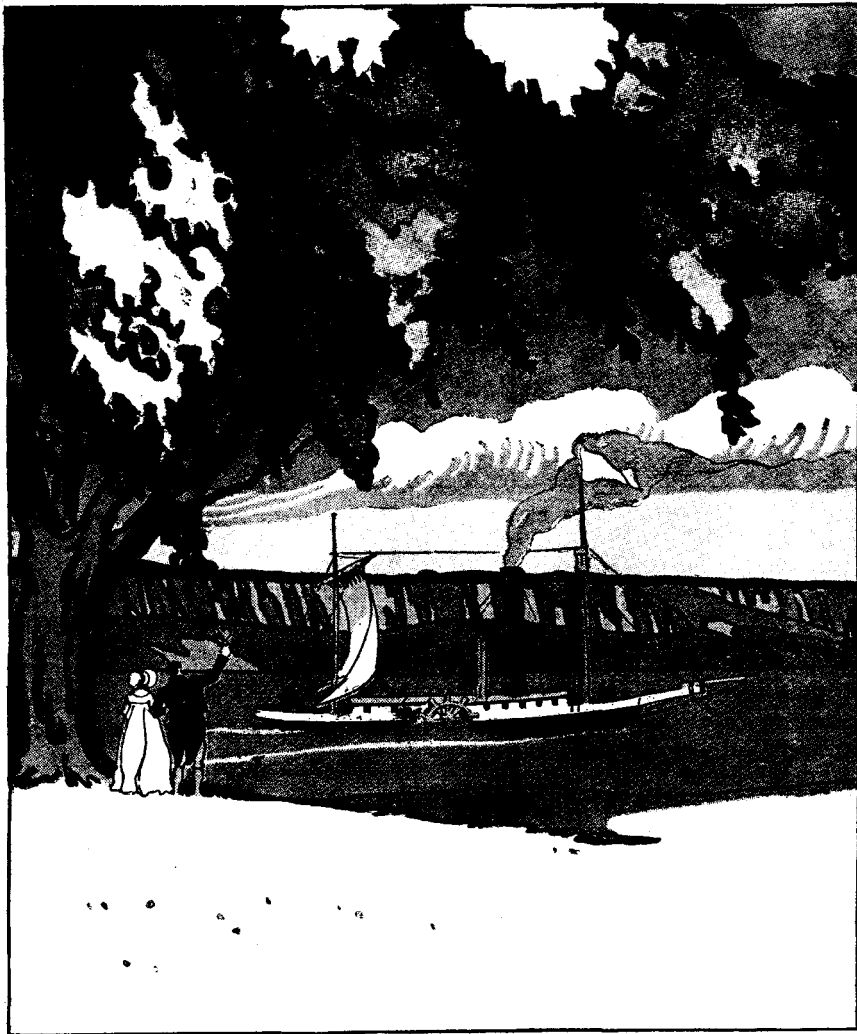
Thus, there is much humor in the thought of old Peter Stuyvesant in 1664, storming violently and declaring that he would not surrender the island of Manhattan to the English squadron. Where is now the Battery, there stood a small stone fort with twenty little cannon. Old Stuyvesant vowed that with these he could repel the four British frigates with their sixty guns.

Oddly enough, he was almost the only burgher who desired to fight. At that date there were only fifteen hundred people in New Amsterdam. Of these a large number were English. Even the Dutch had become dissatisfied with the rules of their trading-company. And, therefore, since Peter Stuyvesant could not work his battery single-handed, he surrendered; and four columns of British

redcoats landed in good order and took possession in the name of their royal master, the Duke of York, and of His Majesty Charles II.

It was a very small affair on the face of it. Four hundred British soldiers had taken a small Dutch settlement of fifteen

in the light of their final consequences. The Hudson unrolls, as it were, a panorama in which one may see both that which is romantically attractive and that which makes one ponder on the doctrine of ultimates. Near Tappan, for example—the village lies a few miles west of



THE FIRST VOYAGE OF ROBERT FULTON'S STEAMBOAT, THE CLERMONT, FROM NEW YORK TO ALBANY, IN SEPTEMBER, 1807

hundred people; yet in the eye of history that surrender surpasses in importance the taking of Moscow by Napoleon; just as the battle of Saratoga was more far-reaching in its consequences than that of Waterloo.

Americans are coming more and more to view the events of their own history in a true proportion, and to judge them

the river—one recalls the melancholy fate of Major André in 1780. At Newburg there is the house which Washington made his headquarters in 1782. In this fine old building, erected in 1750, the chief generals of the Continental army offered their commander the title of king, and he put it from him without even a moment's hesitation. Not far

away is Clermont, once the stately residence of the Livingstons, who perpetuated on American soil the patrician memories of the Earls of Linlithgow. Here Chancellor Livingston used to brood over the problems of steam navigation before he had ever heard the name of Robert Fulton. At Irvington there are genial reminiscences of Sunnyside, and of the first American author to whom Europe deigned to listen.

THE MEMORIES OF WEST POINT

Nowhere is the Hudson more beautiful and interesting than at West Point. Here, too, are some of the most appealing memorials. We think of it now chiefly because of the brave men and accomplished soldiers whom it trains with wise severity. We have almost forgotten that soon after the birth of our nation it became one of the most formidable fortresses that the United States possessed. It was to the Hudson what Vicksburg, in 1862 and 1863, was to the Mississippi. At a height of nearly fifteen hundred feet were built batteries and forts of which Kosciuszko was the chief engineer; and for them even the impoverished Congress of that time found the sum of five million dollars to expend. Here Benedict Arnold tainted his brilliant reputation; and here Washington, on one of the few occasions in his life, gave way to his emotion when he learned of Arnold's treachery.

West Point is becoming a Pantheon of American military glory. Everywhere some monument or trophy or memorial meets the eye. Most of its twenty-three hundred acres were secured by the government in 1790. Seven years ago Congress appropriated a special sum of five million dollars to adorn and beautify the place and render it still more magnificent. From it have gone forth the greatest warriors in our history as a nation—Scott and Lee and Grant and Sheridan and Sherman and Stonewall Jackson and Custer and Hancock and Thomas, and scores of other heroes from the North and South and West, all shedding luster upon the annals of our nation.

At West Point we are also curiously reminded of two men, not altogether different in character and temperament, yet whom one scarcely associates with mili-

tary life. These are Edgar Allan Poe and James McNeill Whistler. Both of them were cadets at West Point for a certain length of time, and both of them dropped out; yet each conferred as much distinction on his country as has many a general by victories on the stricken field.

ANTHONY WAYNE AND STONY POINT

Nowhere along the Hudson does one feel a more poignant sense of patriotic pride than at Stony Point, at the north end of Haverstraw Bay. The rugged knoll, covered with woods, projects out into the stream, and seems almost to rival West Point as a strategic base. In 1779 Sir Henry Clinton conceived the notion of establishing a line of fortified posts along the river in order to control it. His military instinct showed him at once the importance of Stony Point. It was occupied by only a few Americans, who had constructed some feeble breastworks, not expecting to be molested. Clinton suddenly descended upon them, drove them out, and proceeded to erect a very strong fortification, which he garrisoned with between five hundred and six hundred regular troops, well supplied with artillery and munitions.

Washington was much troubled by this move, which, as he divined, was the first step in a definite and dangerous plan. At all hazards the British fortress at Stony Point must be taken; yet the task was a very difficult one.

He turned to one of his brigadiers who had seen much hot fighting at Monmouth, Germantown, and the Brandywine, and who had made himself conspicuous for his reckless daring. This was Anthony Wayne. Wayne had, indeed, shown so much contempt for danger and death as to be styled by the soldiery "Mad Anthony." He had another trait which was unusual in a military commander. He knew his own limitations. He could carry out orders with the utmost fidelity; but he was not a tactician or a strategist. He was above all else a fighter, and he knew it. Washington called him into his private apartment, and said:

"General Wayne, Stony Point must be taken by storm. Can you do it?"

Wayne's eyes flashed. He saluted and replied:

"General, I can storm hell if you will only plan it!"

Washington prepared the plans with the utmost care; and soon afterward, about six weeks from the time when Clinton took the place, Wayne disembarked some twelve hundred troops, at a distance from Stony Point, under cover of darkness. He divided his command into several storming-parties, one of which was to approach the fort upon the side where there could be little hope of success. The real attack was to be delivered on the other side, which was approached only through thick woods and a swamp. A part of the attacking force was stationed as a reserve.

In the middle of the night the assault began. The British were not taken by surprise. In a few moments the bastions were all ablaze with musketry and cannon fire. Wayne, however, letting the enemy's attention be drawn to the least vulnerable point, headed the main storming-party, which hurled itself up the steep sides of the fortified hill with a dash which showed that the American soldiers had now become seasoned fighters. They had been forbidden to load their muskets, and were to rely upon the bayonet alone. Straight up to the parapet they forced their way; and just as they reached it, Wayne was struck by a glancing musket-ball, and fell. Believing himself to be mortally injured, he called to one of his officers:

"If I am to die, let me die inside the fort!"

Several of his aides bore him in their arms, while the fierce bayonet charge swept away the defenders. Stony Point surrendered with its entire garrison of officers and men. This feat was notable, because here for the first time American soldiers had met the disciplined troops of England with the bayonet alone, and had brilliantly defeated them.

Wayne caused the fortification to be leveled, after which he and his men withdrew. Later the British once more occupied the point, but made no effort to restore the fortress. Sir Henry Clinton's plan of controlling the Hudson Valley was ended by the gallantry of Wayne and of his soldiers. Some traces of the old fort still remain to-day. In 1902 the place was made a governmental reserva-

tion, and all the memorials of the past are now carefully preserved. On the opposite side of the wide river are the relics of another stronghold of the Revolutionary epoch, once known as Fort Lafayette.

After all, however, the great events of history, when you trace them back to their original causes, have to do more with the arts of peace than with the arts of war. Had it not been for Hudson's explorations, there would have been no settlement on Manhattan Island, nor any clash between the English and the Dutch for its possession. Had the English not taken it and the adjacent regions, and made it essentially a British colony, who can tell what the State of New York would have been to-day, or what relation it would have borne to the rest of the North American continent?

One man's skill as a navigator set in motion a whole combination of political events. No one could have foreseen even dimly what was to be their outcome. The results, however, are marked in all these historic sites and memorials of later centuries.

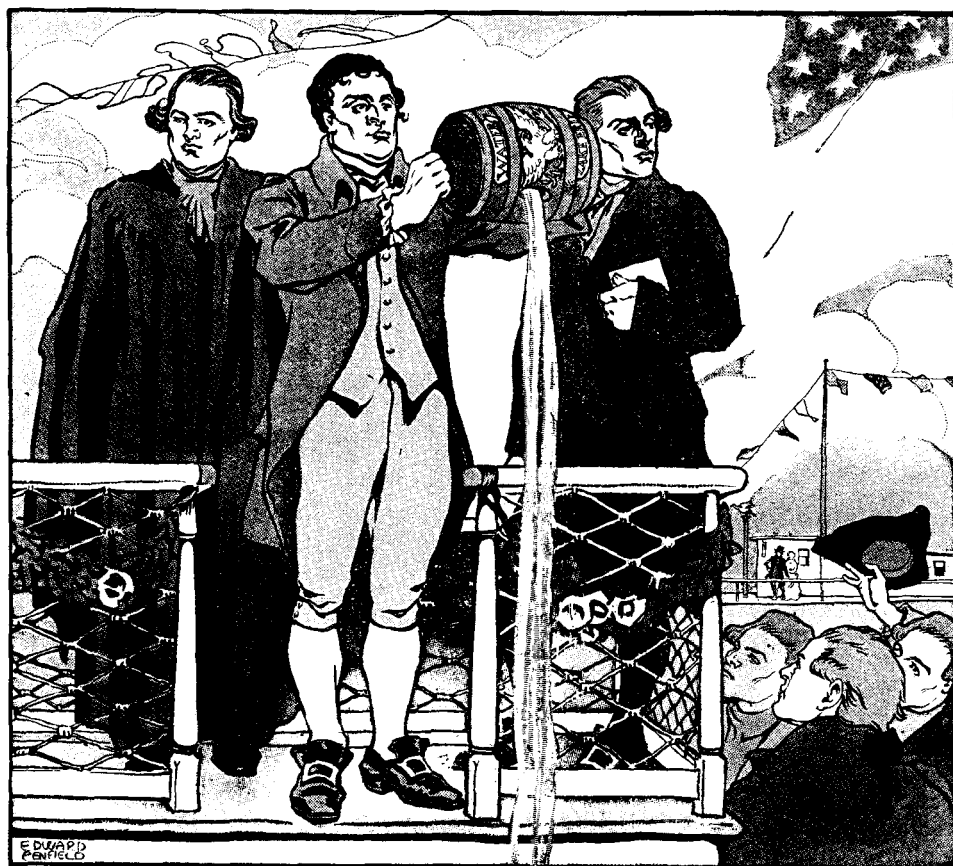
ROBERT FULTON'S PIONEER STEAMBOAT

In like manner, it was the Hudson River which beheld a successful and interesting experiment, purely peaceful in its nature, yet one which has revolutionized both peace and war. When Robert Fulton set out to make the first voyage from New York to Albany by steam, the sight attracted thousands, who watched what they called "Fulton going up to Albany in a sawmill," with the same sort of feeling experienced in later years at aeroplane ascensions.

To be sure, the Clermont was a very feeble and almost ludicrous piece of marine architecture. It drew only two feet of water. It was flat-bottomed, and had no keel. Its huge paddle-wheels were uncovered, so that with every turn the passengers were splashed by streams of water. When it was necessary to put the vessel about, one paddle-wheel was disconnected. Burning pine wood, the funnel belched forth volumes of pitch-black smoke. The wheezing and groaning of the machinery, and the creaking of the planks, made this first successful steamboat appear like some strange monster in a convulsion of agony.

Nevertheless, Fulton had done successfully what no one else—neither Fitch, nor Livingston, nor the two Stevens brothers—had quite achieved. He made his journey to Albany—one hundred and fifty miles—in twenty-four hours, against

practical inventions. At the age of fourteen he was painting portraits, and about the same time he was known as a mathematician whose services were in demand by manufacturers. At this early age he drew designs for guns. He prepared



THE CELEBRATION OF THE OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL, IN NOVEMBER, 1825, WHEN GOVERNOR DE WITT CLINTON POURED A KEG OF WATER FROM LAKE ERIE INTO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN AT THE MOUTH OF THE HUDSON RIVER

the current; and he made the return trip, partly against the tide, in the same time. While this seemed rather like the success of a freak, it soon appeared that it meant nothing less than a revolution in the means of navigation.

In celebrating the centenary of Fulton's first voyage by steam upon the Hudson, we ought to remember that the man was something more even than a successful pioneer in this particular field. Robert Fulton was in reality one of the very greatest of Americans. He began life as an art-student, and it was his artistic imagination that aided him in his

the model of a boat to be propelled by paddle-wheels. Then he studied art in England under his countryman, Benjamin West, court painter to the king. Contemporaneously he addressed a letter to Lord Stanhope regarding the application of steam to navigation (1793); and three years afterward he published in London a treatise on the navigation of canals. In 1797 he painted the first panorama seen in Paris, which ever since has been noted as a city of panoramas. He likewise made the designs for Joel Barlow's ponderous historical epic, "The Columbiad"; and it is only faint praise

to say that the designs are infinitely better than the poem.

FULTON AND THE SUBMARINE

Fulton is often called "the father of the steamboat." He might with equal truth be called "the father of the submarine." Only to-day have submarine vessels of war reached anything like approximate perfection. One hundred and eight years ago, in the harbor of Brest, in France, Fulton exhibited a submarine, the *Nautilus*, which he navigated for a few moments under the eyes of the naval officers of Napoleon; and then, suddenly diving, the *Nautilus* disappeared from sight and remained under water for nearly four hours and a half. Only the incredible stupidity of the French officials led Napoleon to reject Fulton's designs—an instance of short-sightedness which may well have blocked his scheme for invading England.

In England, Fulton's submarine, but more especially his torpedoes, were regarded by the British government with seriousness. Fulton blew up a hulk by means of a torpedo. Oddly enough, however, the lords of the Admiralty, instead of acquiring these inventions, offered Fulton a large sum of money to suppress them; and so it was that he returned to his native land and gave his thought to steam navigation wholly, designing in all some twenty-three steam-vessels. Had our war with England not terminated when it did, it is likely that Fulton would, in 1814, have revolutionized the art of naval warfare.

In spite of all our victories, the preponderance of Great Britain's naval strength had gradually driven our isolated cruisers to take refuge in harbors, where they were blockaded. The American flag had practically been swept from all the seas. It was then that Fulton came once more to the front, and constructed a huge steam-frigate with a double hull. It made a trip of more than fifty miles out into the ocean and back again within eight hours; and it was soon to receive its armament.

The English newspapers were thrown into great consternation by the story of the formidable marine monster. Fulton's ingenuity was well known in England, and the reports of this latest in-

vention lost nothing in the telling. The British people were informed that the steam-frigate carried some fifty guns, that its sides were nine feet thick, that it could close in upon an opposing vessel, flood the enemy's deck with scalding water, and thrust mechanically a host of huge iron pikes into the ribs of its adversary. It is not unlikely that the news of this invention helped to persuade the English peace commissioners to make the easy terms to which they agreed in the treaty of Ghent. It is almost certain that to this strange craft, the monster *Demologos*, New York owed its freedom from any active hostilities during the last year of the war.

"CLINTON'S BIG DITCH"

One cannot ascend the Hudson without thinking of another noble work which gave immense commercial strength to the Northern States, and, in a larger way, aided in the opening of the once unknown West. The canal-boats that still float down the splendid river recall the time when the central part of New York State was almost the limit of the white man's civilization. They likewise bring to mind the bold and far-seeing plan of a great canal which is linked with the name of De Witt Clinton. The centenary of its opening is still sixteen years away; yet the history of the Hudson is incomplete without some recollection of it.

Surely, no celebration held within the State before this year has equaled that which marked the completion of what had been contemptuously styled "Clinton's big ditch." It was on October 26, 1825, after eight years of incessant labor, that seven gaily painted boats left Buffalo to make the first passage of the Erie Canal.

Probably no one of the shouting thousands present remembered that the canal had been planned by the engineers over the long-lost trail of the Iroquois in the preceding centuries; but there was a certain accidental fitness in the fact that the first boat should bear the name of Seneca Chief. It carried two casks of water from Lake Erie, to be emptied at the end of the journey into the ocean's brine off Sandy Hook.

Almost every square yard of the three

hundred and fifty miles between Buffalo and Albany was crowded with spectators. When the little fleet started, the fact was announced by the booming of cannon placed at intervals from Buffalo to Albany, and from Albany down the Hudson to New York. By this primitive telegraphy the news was carried over a distance of five hundred miles in half an hour.

The event was indeed worthy of the extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm which greeted it. To link the Hudson with the Great Lakes, and thus with the rivers of the West, had a profound significance. It poured a flood of daring pioneers into regions where hitherto the Indian alone had penetrated. And to those who thus went forth it meant an increase of commerce, a greater comfort,

far lower prices for merchandise, and a remarkable impetus to internal improvements. First hamlets, then villages, and finally great towns and cities, sprang up along the new canal. It is recorded that in the year after it was opened nineteen thousand boats and rafts passed over its waters. In the end it brought back a returning stream of wealth, which passed down the Hudson, and made the splendid city at its mouth the metropolis of the Western world—supreme in wealth, in luxury and power; so that today, because of all the history which clusters about the Hudson, New York has become, as it is described in a much quoted sentence:

A turreted peninsula, whose forest of stone sings boldly forth into the breath of the Atlantic.

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

ANGRY and wild was the fearful night,
Pierced by the zigzag forks of light,
As pole struck pole with rumbling might
Like hammer against mail;
And many a brave soul quaked with fright
As we sought the Holy Grail.

Valiant and tried was our little band—
Victors of many a well-fought strand,
Pilgrims o'er sea and distant land,
On mountain-top, in dale;
O'er meadow green and burning sand
We marched for the Holy Grail.

Some of the faces were bright and fair,
Others were seamed with deep despair;
But each in the lightning's lurid glare,
Burning with hope and zeal,
Like meteor in the blackened air,
Gleamed from its casque of steel.

Then a wail arose from the thousand brave:
"Suffer, O Lord, the stream to lave
Our burning feet! Thy pilgrims save
From death! We thirst, we thirst!
We fear not pain or the silent grave,
But grant us the conquest first!"

My heart was smitten that fearful night:
"O Lord, wilt Thou pity Thy servants' plight,
And show them the way with Thy wondrous light
Ere they dash on a hidden stone?"
When morning broke with radiance bright
I had won the Grail—alone!

Kenneth Bruce

SLUMMING IN NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN

A GLIMPSE INTO THE SORDID UNDERWORLD OF THE MOTT
STREET QUARTER, WHERE ELSIE SIGEL FORMED
HER FATAL ASSOCIATIONS

BY WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

ON the morning of June 18 last, New York was horrified by the discovery of the body of a murdered girl hidden in a trunk in a Chinese waiter's room over a chop suey restaurant in Eighth Avenue. Within a couple of hours, detectives and newspaper men had established the girl's identity, and the news of the crime went ringing to the ends of the world.

The girl was Elsie Sigel, a nineteen-year-old Sunday-school teacher, and a granddaughter of the famous Civil War general, Franz Sigel. Letters of an astounding nature, which were found in the room of death, led the police before nightfall to telegraph the authorities of every community on the North American continent to arrest, as her murderer, one Leung Lim, known also as William Leon, a "Christianized" Chinese, who had been one of her Sunday-school pupils for nearly two years. The police also telegraphed to arrest, as a "material witness," Chung Sin, another waiter of the "Christianized" type, who had occupied a room across the hall from Leung Lim's, and of whom, as of the accused, there was no trace.

Three days afterward, Chung Sin was caught in Amsterdam, New York. After a day and night of "sweating," he made a confession to the police, fastening the murder of Elsie Sigel on Leung Lim. Chung Sin said that the girl had been killed on the morning of June 9. He told how he had peeped through a key-hole and watched Leung Lim first chloroform his victim then strangle her to

death with a cord, and put her body in the trunk. He explained his flight by saying that he feared, if he had remained, or had informed the police, they would have accused him of the murder.

Investigation disclosed that Elsie Sigel must have been slain within two hours after leaving her home on Washington Heights to answer a secret summons from Leung Lim. During the first few days of her absence, her family's apprehension as to her safety was allayed by a telegram signed "Elsie," which her mother received from Washington on the night of June 9, and which said that the girl had gone to the capital in connection with her church work. This forged telegram was sent and prepaid by a Chinese, who was either Leung Lim or one of his agents.

Mrs. Sigel and her daughter had been frequenters of New York's Chinese quarter for several years. The mother, in the beginning, was dominated by an obsession to save "heathen souls" from the burning. Under such an influence this obsession was quickly communicated to Elsie—an impressionable character, who, with all her girlish ardor of innocence, plunged headlong into an unguarded association with Chinese of the cueless, "Americanized" sort, like Leung Lim.

It was in a Chinatown restaurant called the Port Arthur, and owned by Chu Gain, cueless and well-to-do, that Elsie Sigel met Leung Lim, who was employed there. The girl accepted the two Chinese on a footing of equality.