

At the base of the falls on one side of the creek echo would answer to our voices on the hills among the trees. At a short distance below the falls, the stream spread out wide, and with the rising of the tide from the river, it formed a beautiful sheet of water for sailing, rowing, and fishing. Large quantities of striped bass came up the creek to feed, of which some, taken in nets, weighed twenty-five pounds. Trolling could be enjoyed with great success. The dye from the print works has long since driven the fish to seek other feeding ground. There were two mills on the creek for the grinding of wheat. Dutchess County had the best wheat land then contiguous to the city, by the Hudson River.

There was a farm house on the estate, to which Peter Mesier and his wife, Catherine Sleight, removed with their then small family. Having some tea on hand, of his own importation, he took that with him and disposed of it to the few tea-drinkers of that day. There he resided ever after, and children were born there, during the Revolution and after. Grandfather and grandmother Mesier made a visit to my father and mother at No. 4 Broadway, about 1807 or 1808, after which they returned to Wappingers Creek. They died, I think,