

correct suburban fashion, on the high banks of the noble Hudson; but Yorkville had mystery and interest of a richer flavour, commanding the passageway to the Sound, bordering on the turbulent waters of Hell Gate, and overlooking the islands in the East River.

The boundaries of Yorkville have been variously described. From all accounts the nucleus of the village seems to have lain along the old Post Road between Eighty-third and Eighty-ninth Streets; while its expansions included the district east of Fifth Avenue to the river from Fifty-ninth to One Hundredth Street. The nomenclature of the features of the East River shore is romantic and suggestive. Kip's Bay indented the eastern bank of the river at about the location of the present ferry slips at Thirty-fourth Street; it was here that the British landed, when they took possession of the city, on September 15, 1776, while the quick-witted wife of the owner of Ingleberg prepared a feast for their detention. Until 1851 the old farmhouse of Jacob Kip, who gave his name to the bay, stood on Second Avenue near Thirty-fifth Street.

During two wars with England fortifications occupied the vicinity of the rocky cove on the eastern edge of the Duffore Farm, near Forty-

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pleased with its unusual features that when it came upon the market, on the death of Hart, in 1834, he bought the house for his residence. It was occupied by his family as late as 1906.

The old Schermerhorn farmhouse, until 1914 a landmark of this region, dated back to colonial days. It was built in 1847 by Symon Schermerhorn, one of the old Dutch family of that name settled in Albany. Standing on a bluff, overlooking the East River, on land now included in the grounds of the Rockefeller Institute, the old house bordered Jones' Wood, the ninety-acre farm of Samuel Provoost, the first bishop of New York and president of Columbia College. The bishop had a cousin, David Provoost, a Revolutionary soldier with a rare talent for smuggling which won him the nickname of "Ready Money Provoost." He used to hide his booty in "Smugglers' Cave" on the shore of the bishop's farm, or in a cave at Hallett's Point, Astoria.

There was an old house at Horn's Hook, belonging to Mrs. Provoost, taken by Archibald Gracie, who built on the site the so-called "Gracie House," now included in the East River Park. This house in its day saw interesting life and extended princely hospitality, for its owner was a merchant and shipowner of

wealth and had excellent connections in this country; his son married the daughter of Oliver Wolcott. Josiah Quincy describes a dinner which he attended in the Gracie House in 1805. Washington Irving was a frequent visitor, and the exiled king of France, Louis Philippe, is said to have been entertained here.

Before the rocky bottom of the river was blown up at the point where the Harlem and East River tides collide in their rapid action, the waters of Hell Gate were a formidable feature of the navigation at this point. The Gracie House overlooked this prospect, and Quincy speaks of the shores of Long Island as full of cultivated lands and elegant country seats. John Jacob Astor's villa adjoined the Gracie estate, and Washington Irving describes this delightful retreat, "opposite Hell Gate," where he retouched and perfected his "Astoria," written at Astor's request.

The spectacular entrance of the Queensborough Bridge, uniting New York with Ravenswood, in the borough of Queens, has made terrific changes in this once peaceful locality. One of the most cruel is the partial destruction of that charming realization of *Pomander's Walk*, the Riverview Terrace, a row of dwellings built directly on the top of the rocks facing the river, and cut off from

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all contamination by gates at each end, guarded by a private watchman. Perhaps I feel towards this pretty block with especial tenderness, from personal associations, for a certain house in the terrace, held by an early schoolmate of my father, figures in my earliest and latest recollections of New York. This charming old gentleman has been one of the stoutest defenders of his rights against the invasion of the enterprises connected with the construction and maintenance of the bridge, which has taken to itself half of the houses. The bridge has brought many annoyances but contributes an amazing note to an already exhilarating view of the river, the island, and the passing craft.