

all the visitors then at the Home to join in a fishing party, about twelve to fourteen in all. We anchored the scow at the foot of the falls, over a very deep hole, and fished for about five hours; we had chairs to sit upon, and when we became tired, we could stroll about the scow; upon counting the fish we had taken we found we had nearly *three hundred*. They were white perch, yellow perch, and sunfish. It was indeed a very memorable catch, as the fishermen say.

Dr. Schenck was fond of rowing, and would make excursions from the falls to the other side of the Hudson River. He would sometimes take visitors going to New York, by the way just described, rowing down the creek and then crossing the river to meet the steamboat at Hampton, on the opposite side of the river, as the boats would not stop on the New Hamburg side as they now do. He died, I think, in 1831, when about thirty-five years old.

Among the events at Wappingers Creek of which my mother told me, was the story of the Knocking Girl. At the house of Dr. Thorn, in Hackensack, there was a servant-girl about seventeen years old. A continual knocking was heard on the floor where she was. It made the home of Dr. Thorn very unpleasant, but he did not see proper to send