

Woodbridge, Aug. 19, 1780.

Timothy Brewster.

My father, Samuel Brewster, having two sons and one daughter, myself being the youngest, moved from Long Island in the year 1749 to the Highlands of Goshen, and bought him a farm, but soon after engaged in the iron business, at which business I was closely brought up. My mother died when I was about ten years old. My father married again, and had sons and daughters. In the year '71 there was a new vessel built up the North River by the people of Goshen, my father being a part owner. I had a desire to go one voyage to the West Indies. I was previously inoculated with smallpox. This brig accordingly sailed from New York on the 17th of March, 1771, under the command of William Grandle, being well laden, myself under the character of a passenger, with an adventure to the amount of one hundred pounds. This vessel proved very unsuccessful. We started out for Santa Cruz and Corcoran, but unfortunately had not been out five days, when we were cast away on Bermuda, three hundred leagues from land, it being about midnight, with a bitter storm of wind and rain. My journal of this voyage is lost, or I could give a more full account of it. However, the vessel lay there about eight days, in which time the lading was chiefly got on shore, and the vessel got off, dismasted and in a shattered condition. While the vessel was repairing her damages in order to prosecute her voyage, my venture being wholly lost and taken in repairs, I got a passage with Captain Thomas Hunt to New York, where we arrived on the first day of May. I then again went to my hard work of making iron.

Soon after this there came a remarkable freshet and carried off the iron works, together with the dams. This seeming misfortune turned out rather to our advantage, as the works had grown old and much out of repair. We soon built them again. After this was over I began to be seven or eight and twenty years old. I requested my father and brother to assist me in building a house and barn, as I had a desire to leave the iron business, get settled in the world, and follow farming, which they accordingly did, three miles from New Windsor, in the County of Ulster,

on the great road leading to the Walkill, giving me all the lands on the north side of said road, which amounted to near one hundred acres.

About this time began the disturbances between Old England and her Colonies, which brought about the Revolution. In November 1773 the shipload of tea was sent out to enforce the duty, which the Bostonians destroyed. In the spring 1774 the Harbor of Boston was blocked up with troops taking possession of the town.

By this time I thought it proper and convenient to marry, being in my eight and twentieth year, which I accordingly did on the 17th day of October, 1774, to Phebe Wood, daughter of John Wood of Huntington, Long Island, being in her one and twentieth year. In the year 1775 we had our son Samuel, born on the 12th day of July. The next spring, being in '76, I and my wife went to Long Island, carried our child to see our friends there. By this time the war began to grow serious, the armies moving in almost all quarters. In the year '77 we had our second son, John, born on the 15th day of August. This was a bloody summer. Hard indeed was the struggle at this time. In this summer there were seven or eight general alarms, when it was expected the enemy would attack the fort on North River, which did not happen till the 6th day of October. They then came on the fort very suddenly, when but few of the militia had got to the assistance of the garrison. After surrounding Fort Montgomery and Clinton, they sent in a summons demanding a surrender within ten minutes, which Governor Clinton very bravely refused, choosing rather to die in a good cause than yield to a set of unjust men. They then attacked the fort, it being nearly sunset, with six thousand against five hundred, and taking it by storm just in the evening. In this dreadful fray about one half of our garrison were killed and taken, and the other half made their way through the inning, in which latter number it was God's will I and my brother should be included. Now it was the enemy got possession of the North River, Burgoyne pushing down with an army of ten or twelve thousand men almost to Albany. The Lord did now in a wonderful manner appear for the Americans, for on the 16th of this month happened the wonderful event of

Burgoyne's surrender with his army. . Sir Henry Clinton, who had by this time burnt Esopus, finding what had happened to Burgoyne, made the best of his way to New York, lest he should share the same fate.

Previous to this my wife and I had been to the Jerseys to see some friends there, and had received pressing invitations from Aunt White to come and live with her and keep the tavern, so after Fort Montgomery was taken, we determined to move to the Jerseys. Accordingly I went to Jersey and settled matters with Miss White, and returned to make all possible preparations for a removal. On the six and twentieth day of November took our departure from New Windsor with an ox cart and wagon, driving the cattle, hogs and sheep. This journey was attended with great fatigue. However, we arrived safe to Baskingridge, on the first day of December, 1777. Here we lived and kept the tavern in good credit and friendship with our neighbors, nothing happening material till March 1779, at which time the Confiscated Farms were sold, and I bought the farm I now possess.