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Stories of the Revolution told me by my grandfather General Pierre Van Cortlandt, who died 1848, when I was ten years old, and who lived through the Revolution but was not able to take part in it owing to his youth -- although he turned out at an alarm with some students at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N.J. He was quite proud of that exploit.

Once when returning from college on horseback, (in those days he went from Peekskill to New Brunswick on horseback) just before he reached Haverstraw he saw an officer on horseback coming toward him, behind the officer a carriage with curtains drawn, and behind that another officer on horseback. As they neared him he saw that he knew the first one -- Lieutenant Franks -- and he called out "Who is in that carriage?" Lieutenant Franks replied - "Mrs. Benedict Arnold. There has been treason, and we are escorting her to Philadelphia. I cannot stop to tell you about it, go home and your father will tell you." He quickly crossed King's Ferry and galloped on to his home above Peekskill, now Van Cortlandtville, and his father told him they had captured Major Andre, and he was in the little tavern - (afterwards the Holman house), so he and his little sister, afterwards Mrs. Philip S. Van Rennselaer, went up the road and looked through the window and saw Major Andre pacing the floor with his head in his hands.

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Very shortly before this some American officers and others had been dining at Birdsalls Tavern in Peekskill, among them Lieut. Jack Webb as he was called, and after dinner he went to the old Van Cortlandt house and asked to see Mrs. Cornelia Beekman. (She had left her home at Tarrytown because it was so exposed and so many British vessels lay in the river near her home. There was no N. Y. Central in those days, and the writer of this remembers when a child that the sloops sailed past the door of Philipse Castle to load at the old mill). Lieut. Webb asked Mrs. Beekman if she would take care of his valise, he had in it a new uniform of which he was very proud, he asked her to keep it until he sent for it, and not to give it to any one without a written order from him.

A day or two later she heard her husband talking to some one and, womanlike, went to see who it was -- there stood Joshua Hett Smith of Haverstraw, he said he had come for Lieut. Webb's uniform in his valise. She said: "Where is your written order?" He said: "I have none, but I saw him in Peekskill and he asked me to come out here and get his valise. It is all right, you know me, Mrs. Beekman." She said: "Yes, Smith, I know you, and that is the reason why I will not give it to you." Had she given it to him Andre would have escaped.

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people like you to call my father a rebel."

Once when my grandfather took me to spend the day with his sister at old Castle Philipse, after dinner he said he would take me to see something I must never forget -- so we drove down to Beekmantown (now North Tarrytown) and he showed me the spot where Andre was captured. North Tarrytown was then Beekman's Woods, and in the woods was the place where the Andre Monument now stands.

My sister and I still own the buttons that were on John Paulding's coat when he (with Williams and Van Wart) captured Major John Andre. He strung them on a cord and gave them to my grandfather -- who was his firm friend as long as he lived.

*He had but one friend
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Admiral Paulding -*

Cutham J. Mathews

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William T. H. H. H.