

THE OLD WORLD PROGENITORS OF THE WYCKOFF FAMILY

A GENEALOGY

*Prepared from the Manuscript Genealogical
Collections of the late William Forman Wyckoff
of Jamaica, New York*

Edited and published by
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of which this is No.3....

To
William Forman Wyckoff
April 18, 1858 - November 30, 1930

*In recognition of a lifetime devoted to research
that we of this generation and those yet unborn
might learn of the contributions of the Wyckoff
line to national, state, and community affairs*

*This volume made possible by his untiring effort
in collecting the material on which it is based
is affectionately dedicated*


FOREWORD

N THE YEAR 1637 one Claes Cornelissen van Schouwen came to Albany, with his son, PIETER CLAESEN, from whom descended a line in this country which has been fully set forth in THE WYCKOFF FAMILY IN AMERICA.

This present humbler volume, based on a special research financed by the late William Forman Wyckoff, and on his private correspondence, traces the ancestry of this progenitor of the family to about 800 A. D., by a well-established line which, while moving freely among the Saxon and Scandinavian races of Europe, appears to be soundly impregnated with the distinctive nationality of the Netherlands through marriage and intermarriage in both the Old World and the New.

Few of the family will fully appreciate the painstaking and costly effort made by this loyal member to clear the line of uncertain guesses and to establish the authenticity of the data delved out of ancient histories, legal papers, civic documents, and countless other sources of information in the musty archives and libraries of the Old World. But that his life-long interest in all matters pertaining to the family history is gratefully recognized, this volume will testify in behalf of all who feel a just pride of descent through this doughty and honorable line.

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THE OLD WORLD PROGENITORS
OF THE WYCKOFF FAMILY

PART I --- INTRODUCTORY

CHAPTER I

NOMENCLATURE

N THE tracing of genealogy the usual and natural line of approach is through the surname; but at the very outset we are confronted by the fact that nowhere in the Old World does the name WYCKOFF appear.

It is known that in the early part of the last century the bulk of the records of the Dutch West India Company were sold at auction as waste paper; and it is conceivable that these contained entries whereby we might have traced the ancestry unerringly. This chance is irretrievably gone, and any theory of thus following back our origin perishes with it.

And it is definitely established that the name does not appear in the civic records of the New World until after 1660, and then is never connected with any of the family of Claes Cornelissen except his son Pieter, Pieter's descendants, and Pieter's sister Pietertje who married Simon Jans van Arsdale, and was the mother of all of the Arsdales in this country.

Another effort to connect the name WYCKOFF with the Old World harks back to the days when only a small part of the great German tribe of the Saxons passed over to England; the larger portion occupying the present Westphalia and the intervening territory of the present Saxony. Among the latter was a great and noble family that owned a large estate, manor, or barony which was called Wykinkhof, and must probably be included with the numerous robber barons of that day. This family grew and spread, and at an early period some of them settled in Lubeck, on the Baltic Sea, where they became merchant princes and important men in the Hanseatic League. Other branches of this family settled in nearby

Hamburg, and in Bremen and East Friesland. The name was often spelled *Wyckinckhof* and was preserved through many generations, being used on formal occasions, although ordinarily the patronymic was given.

One of the early Old World progenitors of the WYCKOFF FAMILY, Simon Christoferson (or Christopherson), was a man of importance and high standing; and was, at least, a freeman, which in those days was almost if not quite the equivalent of a nobleman in our day. The names *Simon* and *Christopher* are Biblical, not Germanic or Gothic. At this period (1630), while the Catholic Christian religion had become the formal religion of Sweden, the people still clung tenaciously to their old names of Gothic origin: they were only nominal Christians, and many—perhaps most of them—still believed that Odin was as great a divinity as the *God* imported from Rome. It is quite possible that Simon Christoferson was born south of the Baltic Sea, where Catholicism had taken deeper root; and it is further possible that he might have been of one of the branches of the Saxon family of *Wyckinckhof*—perhaps the Lubeck branch; for Lubeck was very closely connected, socially and commercially, with Sweden, especially its principal cities, Calmar and Upsala. But this is pure supposition, wholly without substantiating records.

The remaining theory, that the name was created and adopted in the New World, appears to have a sound foundation of fact in the evidence that it was an occupational surname. Pieter Claesen was a magistrate of the town of Amersfoort, Long Island, for several years; and when he took the oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain in 1664, he called himself Pieter Claesen *Wyckoff*, or *Wijkhof*; a derivative of two ancient Teutonic or Aryan words: *Wijk* (*Wyk*, *Wick*, or *Wik*), which meant in 1650 - 1700 a parish district or town; the other, *hof*, means "court." So Pieter Claesen, to distinguish himself from other Pieter Claesens, added to his patronym-

ic the compound word *Wijkhoff*; and his signature meant Pieter Claesen of the Town Court. The spelling *Wyckoff* seems to have been the more consistently used; and the variations¹ are traceable to current lack of education and consequent indifference to exactness. Often letters were added which did not belong in the word and frequently some were omitted which should have been used. Entries in public records were spelled by sound, and if pronunciation was faulty, the result departed widely from the older form. In tracing this ancestral line, therefore, it is necessary to have some clear understanding of the system of nomenclature in use at that time; and this seems to have been fairly uniform in Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; and not dissimilar in England: the lands through which the line moves.

Claes Cornelissen married in Middelburg, Island of Walcheren (adjoining the Island of Schouwen), November 9, 1623, Margaret van der Goes, his second cousin (Joanna van der Goes, mother of Claes was a first cousin of Martyn van der Goes, father of Margaret). The sole child of this union was Pieter Claesen, born January 6, 1625. Margaret died August 2, 1631. Claes married a second wife (name and date unknown) by whom he had several children who were baptized in the Dutch Church in New York. One of these, Petertje, baptized October 28, 1640, as noted above alone took the name *Wyckoff*.

In the *Van Rensselaer Bowier* manuscript it is said that Pieter Claesz came from Nordingen, East Friesland. It has been contended that Nordinge, in Gelderland, near Hengelo, would be the correct location. The statement that Claes Cornelisz "was the father of

¹ *Wijkhof*, *Wijkhoff*, *Wykof*, *Wykoff*, *Wycof*, *Wycoff*, *Weycof*, *Wikof*, *Wikoff*, *Whycoff*, *Wyckoff*, *Wyckof*, *Waychoff*, *Wycough*, *Weyckoff*, *Wecof*, *Wycoffe*, *Wyycockf*, *Weycolf*. Sometimes the locative *van* was placed before it: *van Wyckoff*.

Pieter Claesen Wyckoff, a child when his father came over, 1636, from Netherland," is taken from *Riker's History of Harlem*. It is stated in the *Van Rensselaer Bowier* manuscript also that Pieter Claesz came in the ship *Rensselaerwyck*, which left Amsterdam September 25, 1636, "to Tessel (the Texel) . . . God preserve Rinselaers Wick," as the log has it. This ship arrived at New Amsterdam March 4, 1637, where Claes appears to have stopped, while Pieter continued with the ship to Albany and found work among the farmers there.

Turning back along this line, therefore to the nomenclature of the Old World, we find that in the days before the discovery of America the nobles and freemen were the only ones (at least, in the Scandinavian countries) entitled to use the patronymic; laborers, artisans, slaves, and even the clergy were not allowed to use it; they had only one name, that given at baptism: Karl, Gunnar, Håkan, Ivar, Sigurd, Sven, etc.

Surnames, permitted to "fralsemen" (freemen) only, were of four classes:

1. *Patronymics*, or the adding of the father's baptismal name to that of the son: Nils' son Krister became Krister Nilsson; a grandson was named Hans Kristerson; a granddaughter, Sigurd Kristerdotter; and so on, changing the surname from generation to generation. Erik Knutsson's son would be Peter Eriksson; *his* son, Cornelius Petersson; and the grandson, Claes Corneliszen; while the great-grandson would be Pieter Claesen.

2. *Place names*, taken from localities, beginning with *van* (Dutch), *de* (French), *ton* (town, English), or the Scandinavian *i*: Claes Cornelissen van Schouwen, Louis d' Estay, Peter Johnston, Bjorn i Vargården.

3. *Occupational names*: Smith, Clark, Tailor, corresponding to the Scandinavian equivalents, Lasse smed (smith), Olov skrivare (clerk), Sven skräddare (tailor).

4. *Nicknames*, from personal peculiarities of defect or feature, like Long, Short, Black, Strong. These also have Scandinavian parallels in *Styrbjorn starke* (strong), *Freivid döve* (deaf), *Folke ten tjocke* (the big).

To the patronymic, the nobility and the knights added *Herr*: *Herr Krister Nilsson* not only indicates that the man was the son of Nils, but also that he was a knight and a man of considerable standing in the community; while *Arent Persson på* (of) *Ornäs* was merely a freeman. The clergy assumed the title *Herr*, but were not permitted to take the father's baptismal name: *Herr Jon i Svärdsjö* was a clergyman of Svärdsjö.

These names were personal and were not inherited by the son.

Family names were assumed by the great families in the beginning of the seventeenth century². *Bonde*, from *husbonde* (husbandman); the *Ribblings*, from *Sigurd Ribbing*; the *Trolle* family; the *Stures* — all introduced on *Riddarhuset* in 1626.

Armorial bearings, borne by these powerful groups, frequently gave names to new families: *Oxenstjerna* (ox-star), *Leijonhufvud* (lion's-head), *Svinhufvud* (swine-head).

The same system was used in Holland, where these additional variations may be found: the son used the locality, retaining or discarding the patronymic derived from the father; or he might assume a new name: *Jan Tysen*, or *Mattysen*, was son of *Mattys Janse van Keulen*, and had children surnamed *Jansen*; while a brother of Jan, *Mattys Mattysen*, had children surnamed *van Keulen*. *Pieter Cornelissen* had children surnamed *Low*; *Lambert Huybertse van Wageningen* assumed the surname *Brink*;³ *Albert Heymanse* assumed the

² The Wyckinckhof family of Lubeck, page 11, is an example.

³ *Pieter Claesen's* second daughter, *Mayken*, married *Willem Willemse* and her male descendants bear the name of *Wyckoff* because her brother *Hendrick*, having no children of his own, left his estate to her only son *Johannes* on condition that he assume the surname of *Wyckoff*, which he did.

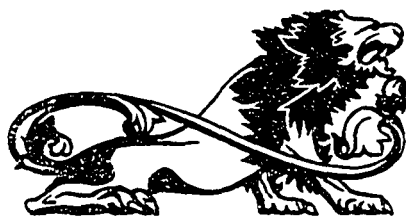
name *Roosa*; Abraham *van Steenberghen* was son of Thomas Jansse, as appears from early Dutch-American records.

It is therefore incontrovertible that the name WYCKOFF need not necessarily be an established surname in the Old World, and its actual creation and adoption in America seem to be satisfactorily authenticated. The variations in its spelling are as nothing when compared with certain changes in other names even in this country. For example, Hendryk Ryken came from Holland about 1663. His male descendants are now known by three names: *Riker*, *Suydam*, and *Lent*. *Riker* may be an illiterate spelling of the patronymic, and *Suydam* may be explained by the fact that Hendryk came from near a great dyke or dam on the North Sea called the *Suyt Dam*; but where some of his descendants found the name *Lent* nobody knows. Or take this case: a Scotchman named *Feyerston* early in the eighteenth century settled among the Palatine Germans around New Paltz, Ulster County, New York. There they translated his name literally "Fourstein." Upon his return to New York, the English found that *Fourstein* meant "flint" in their tongue, and most of his descendants go by the name of *Flint*. But one of these named Peter settled among the French near New Orleans. These folk of that early period knew that flint was used in the old flint-lock musket, and so they called him *Pierre le Fusil* (the French for *musket*). His eldest son, bearing the name *le Fusil*, returned to New York, and the English there promptly translated it and called him Peter *Gunn*. The name *Feyerston* does not now exist.

* * * *

Claes, or Nicholas Corneliszen, was born April 5, 1597. His patronymic shows that his father's name was Cornelius, who took *his* patronymic from *his* father, and so on back. This is the winding road over which we must proceed in establishing the line of descent.

MIDDELBURG AND ZIERICKZEE




LVCTOR ET EMERGO

CHAPTER II

MIDDELBURG AND ZIERICKZEE

THE BIRTHPLACE AND THE BOYHOOD HOME OF PIETER CLAESEN

 HERE are you going in Holland" ? asks the immigration officer; and we, waiting our turn, listen interestedly to the answers. "Maarken," replies a camera-laden, binocular-hung seeker for mighty cheeses and twirling windmills. "Amsterdam," condescends an important personage who, doubtless, is on his way to pick up five- or six-figure baubles. "Haarlem," barks a long-haired worshipper of Franz Hals.

But what is this? "Zierickzee." Everybody turns to stare at the three humble pilgrims declaring for this unsung fane on a tiny islet far out in the Oosterscheldt. These, dismissed with contemptuous shrugs, quietly disappear into a third-class for Middelburg.

Rain, rain, and more rain. Our third slows to a stop several rods beyond the station. We bolt across the open tracks to the sheltered platform. The gloom suddenly lifts, for we see "Grand Hotel" on the cap of an upstanding young Dutchman. There had been misgivings about that inn with the high-sounding name, for it may as well be confessed that the budget was not unlimited. But when we declare ourselves for that caravansary, such a dazzling smile accompanies the self-introduction,—*in our own tongue!*—"I am Piet, the *portier* of the Grand Hotel," that we forget all about money in the delight of being greeted by a namesake of our famous ancestor. We enter a bus and rumble up the *Lange Delft*¹. A sudden stop in the narrow street and our guide's cheerful "Here, please." We step out and, lo, our hostelry! Any recurring financial qualms swiftly

¹ Middelburg's longest principal street.

change to pop-eyed wonder. Instead of imposing facade and portal lined with flunkies in major-general uniforms, fire-blackened walls frown on us. A board tunnel pierces the confusion, and as Piet herds us into this, astonishment almost reaches the boiling-point. But our shrewd Piet gives us no slack line for escape. "This way, please," and we are safe inside. The innkeeper makes us welcome in perfect English, ushers us into a tiny reception room, explains that a more or less general conflagration the preceding winter bit off the front of the building; but he assures us that what is left is most comfortable, the table is excellent, and we shall be well taken care of.

Recollecting our hesitation over that formidable "grand," we chuckle to ourselves as the plucky Dutchman talks up his wares, and our racial loyalty rises steadily in sudden, warm response.

There are two connecting rooms at the rear, with a bath between, and a lovely view of the garden of this old residence of a seventeenth century *burgemeester*. Would we look at them? We would. Apologies that the front stairway is, unfortunately, not in use. We see it out there in the rain, a thing of melancholy loveliness, gracious curves, soft frescos, marble steps, carved balustrade; impressive still in spite of sooty stains and the pungency of drenched fire. The goodman leads us to the back stairs. My soul! Are those stairs or a ladder? Curving spirally around the far corner of a huge common room, up they go; treads less than six inches at the widest, risers at least ten inches, a three-foot radius, and an ascent of better one hundred degrees—quite enough to give excess avoirdupois a moment's pause. An elevator? A lift? Illustrative gesture of the hand. A smiling *Nay*, the first Dutch word from our host, slipping a bit in sheer astonishment. We set cautious toes on each projecting ledge, and convulsively clutching the hand-rail tug and puff our way aloft. Well, we came out here hoping for novelty, didn't we?

Plenty of it, isn't there? Surely here's something about which to write home! *Mijnheer* is waiting patiently on the second floor. We are not to hurry, please. (We didn't.) At last we make it. The suite is cozy, the beds look comfortable, the view of the garden is delightful, even in the rain. There is an enormous copper beech at the other end of the path down the center, and chairs, and tables with gay parasols. Could we have lunch out there some day? We could. Are the rooms then satisfactory? They are. Would we have dinner here in the room, or in the *salon* below? Below, please. At what hour? At seven. Is there anything else? Yes, please; how about getting to Zierickzee? The next boat goes up on Friday, day after tomorrow. All that time to wait? Our disappointment is apparent. Our host to the rescue: but there is so much to see in Middelburg! Tomorrow is the weekly "market," a national feature which we must not miss; the town is full of other varied interests; and there is a daily bus trip around the Island of Walcheren, well worth three hours of anyone's time.

And then we suddenly remember that it was right here in Middelburg that Claes Cornelissen met and wooed and wed his wife, Margaret van der Goes; it was in this very town that Pieter Claesen was born and took his first steps. And we were all for rushing on like any chance tourist. Certainly the time until the next boat goes to the Island of Schouwen is not to be wasted. Rain or no rain, we are going out to see this town. *Mijnheer's* interest glows as he sees us kindle at his enthusiasm. He lists some of the sights, gives us a hastily drawn map, and starts us away from the hotel. We set out confidently, and arriving duly at the *Koeport* (we are getting hold of the language famously and scorn the translation, "cow-gate"), try to imagine Claes hustling his herd through here at just about this hour, with little Pieter stumbling along behind in his tiny wooden shoes. Then some one has to bring up the irrelevant fact that Claes was a

sailor, not a farmer, and probably had his supply of lacteal fluid fresh from the can. This rude shattering of our pastoral dream so upset our sense of direction that in another five minutes we are pleasantly lost and glad of it. The rain has stopped; nothing else matters.

Here's a lovely street, with beds of flowers right down the middle: the *Balans*, so the sign post says; rows of spic and span, homey houses, with carved white doors guarded by *spionnetjes*² (the originals of the "busybodies" of New England) at the windows. The sidewalks intrigue us, each at its own preferred level and cut off from its neighbors on either side by a grilled barrier; more like a private porch than a way for pedestrians.

When we left the hotel, we deliberately turned our backs on the glories of the Market Square, saving that climax until the last. Yet apparently we have come into it, and without consciously reversing our route. Later we are to discover that, no matter in which direction or by what street one sets forth, all roads eventually end in the Square. We drift along happily by the close-crowded shops, making mental note of the pewter in this window, the Delft in the second beyond, the lace in another—all to be seriously investigated later. Just now there is a most fascinating building across the Square. This must be the *Stadhuis* of which *Mijnheer* told us; and a gorgeous city hall it is, with a torrent of turrets, carved work, and hour-glass shutters across its buttressed windows: and over all a solemn tower whose sober-faced clock gravely masks the mocking laughter with which *Gekke Betje*³ suddenly jeers at the flight of time. Even as we check up on our insulted watches, we hear remonstrant corrections at spaced intervals by more sedate chimes which politely avoid interrupting one another. One of these remonstrants roundly chants

² A mirror set at an angle to enable one within to spy upon a caller at the door.

³ Dutch for "Crazy Betty," so dubbed because of the giggling tune with which this erratic timepiece mis-states the hour.

the Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhäuser. We choose another of the nine streets radiating from the Square, and lured on by this mighty harmony we come to stand at last beneath what can be no other than *Lange Jan*,⁴ the old tower first reared in twelve hundred and something, and burned and re-built again and again. We hear the tune through in admiring silence: no mere announcement of the hour, this, but all the verses with chorus. We move eagerly toward the portal. May we go up? For a small consideration. We climb steadily, counting: one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, one two, three, four (or is it five) steps; and reach the loft of the *carillonier*. Narrow slits give light and the promise of a view denied now by the omnipresent clouds. A sudden "bong" almost lifts us out of our shoes; and the quarter chime goes into action. We can imagine the sensations of an ant imprisoned in an active music box, as the deafening clamor of the bells, large, small, middle size and in between, sends us pell mell down the winding stairs. Certainly distance lends enchantment to this Wagnerian music!

Outside we pause to recover our breath and look up to the giddy height whence we have just come. What is this? Are we still giddy from the rapid descent? Or is *Lange Jan* leaning? The effect is the same wherever we stand. This must be looked to. Back inside we go to question the old woman who took our fee. Yes, it is true; Long John is not as upright as he should be. Recent? Oh, no; of a century ago, at least. An earthquake? More likely a settling of the foundation or a defect in one of the re-buildings. Increasing? Not perceptibly. The Middelburg folk are not at all worried about it.

Behind "Long John" lies his *raison d'être*, the *Abdij*. It is something of a struggle to make "Abbey" out of that; but none at all to surrender to the quiet beauty of the lovely hollow square bounded by the old and new churches linked by pillared cloisters, shaded by

⁴ Long John --- another instance of the lighter mood beneath Dutch seriousness

gracious trees, guarded by carved stone gateways with massive grilles. Over one of these portals, the Lion of the Netherlands fights bravely to keep his head above the threatening waters. *Luātor et Emergo*. To think that we are sprung from this stock!

It is growing dark, and we turn up the *Korte Delft*, trusting to the laws of chance to bring us back to the Square, which is a short half block from the *Grand Hotel*; and behold, when we turn the corner, we are on the *Lange Delft*, and in sight of our inn. The little shops beckon. Just a look, they tease, knowing that if we look, we must enter to price the porcelain, silver, brass, trinkets. Nothing but the tardy realization that we are late for dinner saves us, and we back out stammering apologies, to the evident amusement of the patient proprietor.

Dinner in a cheerful room, wainscoted in aged oak, high-shelved with Delft and glass and silver, soft with candlelight. As our grave *kellner* seats us and politely inquires as to our enjoyment of the afternoon, we begin to realize something of the good blown to us by the supposedly ill wind, and wonder how we could have left Middelburg off our list of places to be done.

Judicious suggestions relieve us of the uncertainty of ordering from an ambiguous menu. More embarrassing the finding of a suitable response when we are questioned as to our tastes in beverages. We fall back on the old reliable, "sparkling water," always safe in a tight spot. A *flacon* is produced promptly, but with the apology that while it has not "so many sparkles" as the brand we had mentioned, it is really very good. And so is the entire dinner.

Mijnheer greets us as we return to the lobby. A burst of rain on the wooden tunnel checks a question about another sightseeing trip this evening; and we settle down to a most interesting chat with our host who lays out more explorations for the morrow: the Market Day itself; the Town Hall; the old house, *de Oliemolen*, which

formerly really was a flaxseed oil mill; the famous Club of the Archers, with its date, 1582, in three-foot figures flanking the coats-of-arms above the windows of the second storey; the Butter Market; that bus trip around the Island of Walcheren—enough to keep us busy for a week, at least.

Reluctantly our only excuse for walking out on most of these fascinating possibilities is dragged out: we must get to Zierickzee, the ancestral home, and we have but two days left for Holland.

Ancestors, did we say? Then we are of Dutch descent? The name had not suggested it. Explanations, and much interest. We know then that family names are of comparatively recent origin, and are familiar with the winding ways of genealogy in Holland. Do we speak Dutch? Have we any clues to follow? Any letters to present?

With each echoing negative, our hearts sink lower and lower as we are forced to realize that we might reach the "fatherland" itself and tread its holy streets, and yet discover no slightest trace of Claes or Pieter; a wild goose chase indeed. Well, we had come this far, and we certainly meant to go through with it. Was it far? Or difficult or expensive to reach? Not at all. He would give us clear directions, and the proper phrase *in Dutch* wherewith to ask for round trip tickets, which he assured us would effect a considerable saving, besides insuring safe return to our point of original departure in case we became lost—a sly dig at our blind wanderings earlier today.

Comforted and with renewed eagerness for the morrow's quest, we "angel" up our Jacob's Ladder to celestial dreams.

More of the special Dutch variety of rain ushers in the Thursday Market; but no one seems to mind it; so why should we, the boasted descendants of good Dutch stock? Business as usual appears to be the order of the day; and after a cozy breakfast in our back bed-sitting-room, we drip up to the Square, checkered with

white-roofed stalls, a-blow with baskets swinging from arms, hanging from neck-yokes, pyramided in carts and booths and the lanes between. Cheerful-faced women everywhere. Their snowy caps are seemingly rainproof. They remind us of whisk-broom dolls, with low-cut, snug-fitted bodices and sleeves so tight that the protruding arms are strangled blue. The billowing skirts recalled the explanation of the bagginess of the Dutchman's breeches: he never doffs the old when he dons the new. Doubtless there were other and better reasons for this expansive feminine costume; but how was a mere man to find out, even if he knew the words?

The coral and garnet necklaces, five, six, seven strands wide, with their broad, elaborate golden clasps, excite the envy of our women. These are, of course, priceless heirlooms coming down from generation to generation; but excellent reproductions are offered in that silversmith's on the corner. Let's step in out of the rain and have a look at them. There is a beauty, No price tag on it? Yes, please, that one. Isn't it lovely? How much? A paralyzing number of *guilders*. A labored computation of this sum in "real" money — *fifty dollars!* But the gold is eighteen karat; the garnets are specially matched and cut and mounted. *And some of these women wear a half-dozen or more bands!* Our personal interest in the pretty baubles has chilled to zero and fails to rise at the warmest praise. Perhaps there is something less expensive? *Nay.* (There's an oppressive finality about the Dutch negative; it doesn't sound open to argument, *and it isn't!*) Nothing cheap of this sort could be sold here. Are we to understand that all those farmers' wives out there are wearing solid gold clasps? Of course; nothing else would do. And the gold pins on the caps, the *kurkenkrullen*, and the gold plates worn under the snowy head-dress—all solid gold. What might the total represent? A thousand, perhaps two thousand *guilders*, *eight hundred dollars!* We go out to gaze with deepened respect at these walking savings-

banks whose wealth *per capita* shames our meager wallets of express cheques.

The men, strolling idly about or smoking their cheroots in comfortable groups, discuss their Dutch agricultural alphabets. The sul-
len weather rates no special display from them. All wear the jaunty little visored cap, a size or two too small, and short-skirted jackets. Only a few of the older men and women wear the wooden shoes, and we feel defrauded.

But wait a minute! Here come two sprightly young women, decorative in district costumes, roaming about with keen eyes for any cameras that might yield a *florin* a pose. And they are wearing bright yellow *klompen*? (Isn't that a *real* word? When we Dutch mean "wooden shoes" we up and say so.) The camera goes into action with mutual satisfaction.

As if at a Quaker meeting, the men and women separate upon entering the Square and remain apart. Twice only do we discern any contact between them: once when a woman beckons a sturdy young *boer* to her and whispers in his ear, probably asking if he is perfectly sure that the windows were shut and the stove closed before they left home; and again when we come upon a buxom *vrouw* laying down the law in true Dame van Winkle style to an abashed gentleman who may have been partaking of *schnapps* overfreely.

A half-dozen fishwives with neck yokes and wicker baskets have been idling about in the rain since early morning, waiting for a delayed delivery of prawns, which finally arrives but proves inadequate to supply all six. Dice appear from some mysterious source; a few, swift, practised passes; and the unlucky sixth is "rolled out," and "klomps" away muttering something that sounds not at all prayer-like. The fortunate five divide the spoils and go off to their waiting customers.

Carts, stacked high with vegetables, fruit, crates, firkins, and jars,

powered by sad-looking dogs, and steered by their owners, jounce over the slippery cobbles. Farm wagons, boat-shaped, canvas-topped, with women and children peering out from the flaps, edge their cautious way through the crowd. The omnipresent bicycle dodges in and out, each equipped with a luggage carrier for anything which may take the rider's fancy: a nosegay of carrots, a wooden pail of eggs, a twist of butter, a couple of half-drowned fowl, a shivering puppy. Umbrellas, too, everywhere; but rolled tight and tucked under a protecting arm to keep them from the rain. We speculate as to the exact point of precipitation that would change protectee to protector; for none of the sharp showers of this morning has yet availed to unfurl one of these mighty shelters.

Here and there a local *huisvrouw* ponders and selects among the booths and carts which offer fresh supplies for the table, and occasionally a glance is vouchsafed the tawdry wares in the cheapjohn stalls; but the bulk of the trading seems to gravitate to the adjacent shops. The pitchmen hawk their novelties vociferously, and with attempts at a heavy sort of humor, but they draw only the faint attention given to performers who are none too entertaining.

About noon, Piet comes to warn us that the Walcheren bus leaves right after lunch. We tamely submit to being led back to the hotel, fed, and stuffed into the *charabanc* with a dozen others, all of whom seemed to be in one party. How much is conveyed by the word "fluently" when it applies to the ease with which a foreign language flows from the lips of a native! The cheerfulness of talk and laughter within (although it is "all Dutch to us") offsets the dreariness without; and in our amusement in watching and listening to the hilarity all about us, we quite forget that we are *uitlander*.

We come to a stop; the others get out of the bus and we follow, and find ourselves under a clearing sky. This is Veere, famous for its cathedral, a "*groote kerk*" indeed, dating from 1551, when the town

had a population of 10,000 against the 900 of today. A shivering round of the bare old sanctuary, cluttered with the beams and stones of abandoned repairs, made us glad to get out into the steadily increasing sunshine. The harbor nudges the threshold of the church, and the fishing boats lie at the *quai*. Their decks, littered with unstowed gear, must still make room for the stoves and steaming iron kettles in which bushels of prawns are cooking. These delicacies are overdue now at the Middelburg market; and as we see a consignment speed away, we wish that it might be tagged, "For the disappointed fishwife."

Beyond Veere, the road runs along the top of the dyke, and we get the bold sweep of the *Veerschegat* sparkling in the warm sun.

Then Domburg, with its broad strand for bathers; *and our first windmill in action*, the ultimate in satisfaction for the visitor to Holland. A group of children in full costume parade before us, all too evidently gotten up for tourist edification. A dear old granny, quietly knitting in a sunny corner, at the sight of our Filmo stiffens into a pose, and the portrait we hoped for is ruined. The prismatic eye turns the trick for us, a clever little attachment through which we appear to gaze off into space, while the unsuspecting victim, patiently awaiting our pleasure, is completely at our mercy. Then a professional pose, a make-believe shot, a *dubbeltje* apiece for the youngsters, a *florin* to their elders, and everybody is happy.

On to West Kapelle, where the great sand dunes, nature's barrier against the fury of the North Sea, re-inforced and maintained by the unremitting labor of every man in that community, rear a protecting wall three hundred feet above the sunken gardens of Zeeland.

We try to visualize all of this land inundated, and to imagine the incredible labor it has been, and is, and ever shall be to pump and keep it dry. And we recall the lion over the Abbey gate, unconquerably struggling to keep his head above the rising water. The courage

of Holland! Some of our own kin here strove mightily in this recovery and care. We are haunted by visions of midnight vigil and heart-breaking frantic toil along that slender barricade against the aroused furious might of the sea. And the meaning of those man-made hillocks of refuge with their spiral paths for the helpless cattle hurried upward when the resistless elements temporarily got the upper hand—we thrill with sympathetic pride in these ancestors of ours who grimly took back again, and with interest, whatever the sea had reclaimed, and set themselves anew to hold their insecure domain in the face of the impossible.

The huge square tower of a vanished church, true to the original ideal expressed in more material form, holds aloft a light to guide the ships curving in to this corner of Holland. Its three million candlepower beam is visible in London. A circular staircase mounts steeply to the lantern room, where a patient keeper welcomes visitors and exhibits with proper pride the watch-accurate machinery which operates the gigantic lenses. At that elevation a chilly gale howls past the bleak stone parapet, and we tarry for only a glimpse of "the cold gray sea" tumbling far outside the Great Dyke. An uneasy Channel boat heading for *Vlissingen* (Flushing to us) revives painful memories, and we turn back. Coming up was a test of wind. Going down is a test of balance; for the bus is tooting an urgent horn, and we race down the swift spiral at top speed, reeling out at the bottom like drunken sailors, to the large amusement of our fellow-passengers. We realize that we have held up the party, and would apologize abjectly if we had the words; but there is not a sign of impatience in these gentlefolk who have sat a good half-hour waiting for us. And even the driver grins good-naturedly as we scramble aboard.

At each blind corner of the narrow road a large mirror is set at the proper angle to disclose oncoming cars or wagons. Such safeguards, coupled with a maximum speed of thirty miles an hour, rid

motoring of its greater perils. We chug comfortably back to Middelburg and enter the Square by still another of its nine streets.

A wisp of eerie moonlight through the evening spindrift lures us back to the Abbey after dinner. It is easy to imagine the shadows inhabited tonight: Claes and Margaret over there under the spreading beech. *Lange Jan* strikes, the notes dropping soft as the petals of a spent celestial flower. Amid the fading echoes we listen breathless for the whispering of the lovers to whom Pieter was born. Claes chuckles as Crazy Betty, caught napping for once, scolds along a moment behind. These may be the very tunes his little son first learned to whistle and sing. A far-off clatter of *klompen*: the youngster himself scampering by. A child's piercing cry, a prolonged rattle of wooden shoes as if on many steps; silence—the heart stops, chilled by the thought of steep stairs and a toddling child! Well, thanks be that our tiny ancestor did not break his precious neck, and consign all of us to the limbo of imaginary descendants. Lights and laughter and a swift-moving party at the farther gate—a wedding in the *Nieuwe Kerk*? We start forward hopefully; but the door clangs to, shattering our dream of witnessing the marriage of *Mijnheer* Claes Cornelissen and the beautiful *Juffrouw* Margaret van der Goes.

The sky suddenly grows dark, and a sharp spatter of rain hustles us back to the present and away to the inn and our beds. After all, Claes and Margaret and small Pieter left Middelburg for the Isle of Schouwen; and so shall we in the morning. Let it rain!

But the morning smiles sweetly, and the sun comes out to go with us all the way to Zierickzee and back. (Literally; for when we returned, we learned that it had poured all day in Middelburg.)

Down to the station afoot, mouthing over and over the Dutch phrase which was to yield “three round trip tickets to Zierickzee.” We get into line, eventually reach the window and spring our “Dutch” on the solemn ticket-seller. Startled, at first he fails to get

it; then a grin breaks out, and he asks in good plain English, "Do you want return tickets"? (Curtain!) We take the varicolored strips, the fistful of change, and a very red face to a secluded corner to await the coming of the train.

Ten minutes brings us to Goes, another name to stir our interest, that of Pieter's mother's family; a whole town named for an ancestor—or was it the other way about? This is our first transfer point and we climb down expectantly. No stopping here to gloat, however. The bus is waiting. A very youthful conductor tears off a considerable portion of each ticket. One wonders what might happen if it should turn out that he had given back the wrong half. There might be a question about that preposition: is it *to* or *from* Middelburg? We show him the stubs, lift an inquiring eyebrow. He waves them aside; whereupon it seems clear that he doesn't want them; so they must be all right for coming back.

There are poppies along the way, hundreds, thousands of them nodding in the light morning breeze. Ever since reaching the Continent, we have wanted to pick just one to press for a keepsake; but always we have seen them from the window of a train or bus; and whenever the conveyance has stopped, the poppies have vanished. This time we shall surely have our chance, for we are nearing the boat-landing and the fields are golden with blossoms. The bus rumbles on; we catch sight of the stack of a boat, apparently in the next field. The road swings around toward that thin column of smoke hurrying straight upward, we roll onto the river bank, and there lies the little craft which is to waft us over the Oosterscheldt from Katzeveere to Zierickzee. She has been waiting for us; toots a welcoming blast, and casts off the moment we have hurried aboard. Alas for our poppies nodding a pleased fare-ye-well from the bank. Well, next time, maybe.

There are but five passengers in all. One of the other two, a

young woman in the uniform of a nurse, is taken from us by a diminutive ferry at the next port of call. The other, a stolid mechanic, goes through with a heavy piece of machinery for which he appears to have come over to the mainland.

Our little trader plows steadily north by east between the muddy shoals. The channel is marked by a lane of leafy saplings thrust deep into the ooze. Islands lift hopefully, only to be dismissed one after another. Then we realize that this next one persists; we are entering a long canal between the double jetty that makes out into the lazy brown tide, and slipping quietly into the snug harbor lined with close fitted stonework. Fishing craft fill the inner end of the canal. From a trim pleasure boat boys take a cold morning plunge. A huge windmill looms above us with stiff, still arms. Far off against the horizon a heavy tower thrusts its great thumb into the sky. The nearer houses stand on tiptoe to peer around one another's shoulders at the strangers. With aggravating deliberation the vessel noses up to the pier; and while we fume at the delay, the skipper elects to unload the clumsy lump of machinery parked across the starboard gangway before putting out the landing plank for his distinguished passengers. Eventually we are released and, unmindful of all else, set foot at last upon the "holy ground."

A voice from behind calls out, "Are you going back with us"? That is our intention; how long have we? Amazement seizes us when the captain replies, "An hour." We point to the watch-dial; we move a protesting finger from ten to eleven; we repeat incredulously, "Only an hour"? It can't be true. One paltry, insignificant little hour; sixty stingy, measly minutes; it just doesn't make sense. The well-meaning official explains that the boat must return; but why should not we stay on? There are lodgings on the island, and other sailings for Katzeveere. But when? we beg of him. "Oh, day after tomorrow." But we must catch the evening train at Flushing tonight.

We have our tickets and reservations and engagements which cannot be changed. Well, then, the boat leaves in one hour.

It is borne in upon us that he means it. The tour of "our old home town" must be compassed within the next sixty minutes or extended to two days. This is our cue to leave the dock without further delay, and away we go on a whirlwind visit to the shrine of all true Wyckoffs.

Our definitely limited stay has the effect of sharpening both apperception and appreciation of every detail of this historic spot. Fortunately, too, the town is compact: all of its abbreviated streets put end to end would not exceed two miles; and we are fast walkers.

"Spotless Town" is our first impression of it. Out from the door of the nearest house storms an energetic *vrouw* sweeping her way across sill and sidewalk to the exact middle of the cobbled road. And out to meet her sweeps the neighbor from the house opposite. One wonders which will have to take up the sweepings: *but there are none!* The whole performance is only the sanitary gesture of housewifely enthusiasm.

We attempt to pass these active workers by way of the sidewalk, and are reminded by a fearsome grille that the place of the pedestrian is in the street. Surely one coming home over-late from the tavern would do well to steer a middle course between the houses to avoid impalement on these dagger points.

Besoms rest while neighborly tongues wag vociferously. A diversion occurs, the rapid approach of a dog-propelled cart loaded with everything the well-appointed table will require: bunches of vegetables as fresh and clean and dainty as bouquets; flowers, also, cut and potted; firkins of butter; wicker crates of eggs, white ones circling a center of brown; roundels of cheese; boxes of berries and citrus fruits; hands of bananas; and over all a halo of odors tantalizingly defiant of analysis.

From the opposite direction comes a milkmaid, two tall cans of shining brass swinging from her yoke. A door opens and a roly-poly child holds out a jug. The cans rest on the sidewalk, a chained lid clangs, the ladle dips deep and smoothly tilts its white stream. The passed coin clinks into the leather bag at the hip, the lid clatters on, up swing the cans, and away to the next customer.

We leave the sweepers, broom in hand, chaffering with the huckster, whose dog takes prompt advantage of the welcome pause to lie down beneath the cart. At the corner we are forced to leap aside to avoid collision with an old grandmother in starched white cap, billowing skirts, and wooden shoes, careening along on her bicycle, with a load of groceries in the wire basket on the handlebars. Over the cobbles she bounces with a fine indifference to the rights of mere foot-passengers. Two youngsters, the older about ten—just Pieter's age when he last walked down this very street to the boat—are clattering across the intersection in *klompen* several sizes too large; and in hastily ducking to escape this same swooping bicycle, the younger literally jumps right out of his shoes. The matter-of-fact manner in which he steps back into his reclaimed footgear would indicate that this is not the first time that he has had recourse to such expedient. Of a sudden both boys freeze into immobility at sight of these outlanders, one of whom is peeking at them through a gadget that purrs like a kitten. As suddenly the spell snaps, the elder utters what is obviously the Dutch for "*Beat it!*" and they scurry away with wary backward glances at the strange beings from another world.

At the end of another street rises the lonely tower of the old *Domkerk*. The stones of the fire-levelled sanctuary have long been translated from the spiritual into the material bulwark of jetty and wharf; aye, and become part of more than one dwelling on that island of scarce building materials. That monstrous tor is all that remains of the cathedral to which Claes turned for comfort and strengthening;

for from one of these homes Pieter's mother was buried soon after the family came up from Middelburg. It is exasperating to think that we may be standing before the very house that sheltered our forebears, and yet can have no assurance that it is so. Through this door, open to all but us, Claes' sorrow may have trod hard upon the heels of his joy. Across this threshold the father and son may have stepped forever out of the home twice hallowed, by gladness and by grief. How tantalizing to thrill with the trembling nearness of such an obvious possibility, and yet lack the evidence to prove it!

Down the next street we discover the Town Hall, its clock-tower unique in that the bells hang around the edge of the circular roof like tassels on a Mexican hat. As if questioning these pilgrims the chimes play: a tune so wistfully sweet that it seems to be asking us for news of those who have left it desolate for three hundred years.

We look at these folk about the little square, and wonder if any of them could be a relative. It may be just as well that we can not put it to the test; some of these gentlemen might be descended through a line with a bar sinister, the *Water-Geuzen* ("Beggars of the Sea", or in plainer English, pirates) who gave the Spaniards so many wakeful nights and disastrous days. Better take a chance among the exceedingly attractive young women who smile shyly at us. And there are plenty of children who would make most acceptable nephews and nieces. We realize, as they slip by, all intent upon business in which we have no share, how difficult it would be to establish any claim to a place in this ancestral home. The very houses stand cheek by jowl, as if to present an unbroken front against alien invaders. Perhaps it is this unspoken challenge that brings a lump up in the throat of the trio who can only walk the chilly streets and speculate disconsolately concerning the life which goes along well enough without them; expatriates with no convincing, acceptable

proof of kinship; strangers with not even a word of the mother tongue wherewith to plead for recognition.

A warning from the tower of the Town Hall: fifteen minutes to get back to the boat whose whistle is stubbornly backing up the ultimatum of the captain. The hour is almost gone. Just time on the way back to step into the old windmill by the wharf: a gaunt, crippled ghost of other, busier days; croaking shrilly as the turret, cobwebbed from long disuse, gloomy with dust, veers idly in the wind. What a cavern in which to pause and listen for the echoes to creep back across the void of three centuries! But even here there is no greeting. A nostalgic chill shoulders us out.

Must we go without one word of welcome? without a syllable of greeting, or even of recognition of our existence? We are hurried on board, the gangplank is all but snatched from under our feet, the screw is turning, the lines are cast off, the wharf slips back, the scowling stony jetties turn away, and Zierickzee is still silent. The hot tears start, as we stand at the stern utterly cast down.

And then, out of the silence of unanswered prayer, a voice speaks. Across the widening gap stretches the full, heart-warming melody of the bells of Zierickzee, soft, silvery; the same farewell and Godspeed they called after Claes and Pieter three hundred years ago: *Ave! Vale! Benedicite!*—the kindred voices of those who have gone before, chanting: "We be of one blood, ye and we." And our hearts are at home at last.

The ancestral roofs sink down into the haze, Zierickzee's towers shrink on the horizon, Schouwen disappears into the Oosterscheldt; but like bells within the heart, that threadlike melody on which the ageless hours are strung sings cheerfully on as we turn to follow a man and a boy from the Old World to the New.

EDITORS' NOTE. The author's assumption, that Pieter Claesen was born in Middelburg, (page 21) should be regarded as poetic license; for in the genealogy the true birthplace is given as Boda.



PART II --- GENEALOGY





IJKHOF, or Wyckoff, is not an Old World surname, but a derivative adopted in this country by one Pieter Claesen, a magistrate of the town of Flatlands under the Dutch Government; as has been explained at length in an earlier chapter of this book.

Pieter came to New Amsterdam with his father, Claes Cornelisze, or Cornelissen, who was designated *van Schouw* (from Schouwen) in a patent of November 14, 1642, for 16 morgen and 165 rods of land on Long Island opposite Manhattan, between the ferry and Andries Hudde (Brooklyn). But examination of the records of Zierickzee, under which "landrecht" Schouwen was placed, although discovering several persons of similar names, failed to produce the positive identification sought.

It was, rather, through the *van der Goes* family, well-known in Zeeland, — there is a town named Goes on Walcheren adjoining Schouwen — that the line was established; for our Claes Cornelisze married a member of this family settled on Öland, an island in the Baltic Sea. A search of the Scandinavian archives and libraries confirmed this clue and disclosed the true line. A completely adequate appendix of references will be found at the end of this volume.





RISH genealogies usually stem from the line of the Irish "kings," or chieftains. In Wales, also, ancestry was traced through traditions kept alive by the bards, collections of poetry and genealogy similar to the *Heimskringla* of Snorre Sturleson and other sagas of the Scandinavians. Irish and Welsh historians have, as a rule, accepted these tales as historical evidence of descent; and Scandinavian annalists have not been averse to following this precedent.

Nothing is to be gained by excluding these early "descents" if the reader keeps in mind that the English understanding of these sagas, or *rimkronika* (chronicles) is that, while they are more or less legendary, they are founded on fact.

In *Ragnar's Saga*, Lodbrok tells how Sigurd Ring's son, Ragnar Lodbrok, destroyed the snake that guarded *Jarl** Herrod's daughter, Tora Borgarhjort, and describes Ragnar's adventures in England. "Krakumal," Ragnar's song of death, called *Lodbrokarvida*, according to tradition was written by himself, or by his widow, Aslög Kråka. (See also: E. Tegner's "*Fritjof's Saga*.")

**Jarl*: a governor, military as well as civil in the modern sense; chief of a district; frequently of greater importance, wealth, and power than the "kings."

In the pages which follow is charted the genealogy of the Old World Progenitors of the Wyckoff Family, from Erik, A. D. 800, to Pieter Claesen and the establishment of the line in America.

For the succession from that point, the reader is referred to "THE WYCKOFF FAMILY IN AMERICA," by William Forman Wyckoff.



CHAPTER III

GENEALOGY

ERIK, 800 A. D., TO PIETER CLAESEN, 1625 A. D.

1. ERIK, one of the early chieftains, or "kings," as they were styled in Sweden, as well as in Ireland and Wales; occurs about 800 A. D.

Son:

2. Edmund.

2. EDMUND, "king of Upsala," 810-850; married a daughter of Ragnar Lodbrok.

Son:

3. Erik Väderhatt.

3. ERIK VÄDERHATT, "king of Svea Valde," 860; died, 882.

Son:

4. Björn.

4. BJÖRN, *den gamle*, "the old," (literally, "the old bear"), "king," 882; married Ingeborg, daughter of Thrond, *jarl* of Norway; died, 932.

Son:

5. Olof Björnson.

5. OLOF BJÖRNSON, ("son of Björn").

Son:

6. Styrbjörn.

6. STYRBJÖRN, *starke*, "the strong"; married Thyra.

Children:

7. Gyda, or Gytha.

8. Ulf Jarl.

7. GYDA, or GYTHA; married Godwin, earl of Essex and Kent, England.

Son:

9. Harald.

9. HARALD, king in England; born, *circa* 1022; married, 1064, Ealdgyth, widow of Gruffydd, and sister of Eadwine, earl of the Mercians; died at the Battle of Hastings, 1066.

Daughter:

10. Gyda.

10. GYDA; born 1065; married Vladimir, of Russia, grand duke in 1053; died, 1126.

Son:

11. Harald.

11. HARALD, grand duke in Russia, 1076-1132; married Kristina of Sweden.

Daughter:

12. Ingeborg.

12. INGEBORG; married Knut, duke in Denmark.

Son:

13. Valdemar II.

13. VALDEMAR II; born, 1170; married, (1) Margrete of Bohemia, (2) Berangaria, daughter of King Sancho V of Portugal; king in Denmark; died, 1241.

Son:

14. Knut Valdemarson.

14. KNUT VALDEMARSON; born, 1211; duke of Reval; married Hedvig (with whom he inherited large possessions in Sweden); died, 1260.

Son:

15. Svantepolk Knutson.

15. SVANTEPOLK KNUTSON, senator and knight of Viby and Hendelö; married Bengta Folkunge; died, 1280.

Daughter:

16. Ingeborg.

16. INGEBORG; married Jon Jonson Blå ("blue").

Son:

17. Knut Jonson Blå.

17. KNUT JONSON BLÅ, a man of great importance, owner of Gröneborg, senator in 1303, *lagman* ("superior judge of the county or district"), 1312; married Katrina Bengtsdotter.

Son:

18. Ivar Knutson Blå.

18. IVAR KNUTSON BLÅ, of Aspenäs in 1356; married Elin Larsdotter.

Daughter:

19. Elin Ivarsdotter Blå.

19. ELIN IVARSDOTTER BLÅ; married Simon Kristoferson Stråle.

Son:

20. Knut Simonson.

20. KNUT SIMONSON; married Barbro Knus, of Kymene.

Children:

21. Olof Knutson.
22. Erik Knutson.
23. Abraham Knutson.
24. Hans Knutson.

22. ERIK KNUTSON; married Cajsa Brita Gregorsdotter, daughter of *lagman* Gregor Mattson.

Children:

25. Erik Erikson.
26. Hans Erikson.

25. ERIK ERIKSON, of Borgholm, on the island of Öland; married Anna Olofsdotter, widow of Erik Carlson.

Children:

27. Olof Eriksson.
28. Nils Eriksson.
29. Hans Eriksson.
30. Peter Eriksson.

30. PETER ERIKSSON; born September 11, 1527, at Borgholm, on the island of Öland; married November 4, 1558, in Karlskrona, Matilda, daughter of Cornelius van Houden, a merchant trading on the Zuyderzee and the Baltic; died August 2, 1590.

Children:

31. Cornelius Petersson.
32. Sara; married Jacob Wijnblad.
33. Maria; married Carl Svennson, of Örebro.
34. Peter Petersson, of Karlskrona.

-
35. Claes Petersson, of Ryboholm.
 36. Jacob Petersson, of Borgholm, on Öland.

31. CORNELIUS PETERSSON; born 1560; *kopman*, ("merchant trader") of Borgholm; married, in Kalmar, May 12, 1593, Johanna, "*dotter af Jacobus van der Goes, kopman,*" of Holland.

Children:

37. Jacob Cornelissen; born at Böda, on Öland, March 9, 1594.
38. Cornelia; born at Böda, on Öland, February 10, 1595.
39. Claes Cornelisze; born at Böda, on Öland, April 3, 1597.
40. Peter Corneliszen; born at Borgholm, on Öland, December 20, 1598.

39. CLAES CORNELISZE; married November 9, 1623, Margaret van der Goes, daughter of Martyn van der Goes, of Middelburg, Holland, and his wife, Margaretha, daughter of Benjamin Tysen of Amsterdam, Holland; and by her had a

Son:

41. Pieter Claesen.

41. PIETER CLAESEN WYCKOFF; born at Böda, on Öland, January 6, 1625; married Grietje, daughter of Cornelis Hendrik van Ness, of Albany, and his wife, Maycke Hendrieux van den Burchgraeff.

Children:

42. Nicholas; born, 1646.
43. Margarietje; born, 1648; married, January 26, 1673, Mathys, son of Adam Brouwer, of Cologne.
44. Annatje; baptized, November 27, 1650; married Roelof Martensen Schenck, as his second wife.

- 45. Mayken; baptized, October 19, 1653.
- 46. Cornelius; born, 1656.
- 47. Hendrick; born, 1658; died in Flatlands. December 6, 1744.
- 48. Geertje; born, 1660; married, March 17, 1678, Christoffel
Janse Romeyn.
- 49. Gerret; born, 1662.
- 50. Marten; born, 1663; died, 1707.
- 51. Jan; born, February 16, 1665.

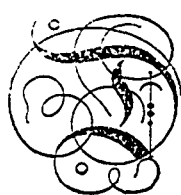


PART III -- BIOGRAPHICAL



CHAPTER IV

HISTORICAL SIDELIGHTS



UTCH and Scandinavian archives occasionally illuminate as by a searchlight this long line steadily marching up out of the dim past. As the finger of light picks out an individual figure here and there, giving color and substance to the nebulous shades of our forebears, one after another these ghostly progenitors become flesh and blood, actual men and women with historical background and personal characteristics, real people linked with and contributing to the goodly heritage into which their present day descendants have now entered.

This chapter turns the spotlight of place and circumstance upon some of these, not posed as heroes but in the commonplace of their everyday life; men of like passions with ourselves, toiling to advance the unfinished task to which we, in our turn, are now dedicated.

¹ 20. KNUT SIMONSON heads this more intimate study; and the details concerning his family of four stalwart sons are taken from the following sources:

Handlingar rörande Skand. Hist. I, 118

Girs: K. Johan III Kronika

Stjernman: (Register to the above)

Gezelii: Biog. Lex.

Klingspor: Svenska Adelns Ättartaflor, p. 93

Svensk Heraldik före 1625

Sv. Diplomatarium

Diplomat. Dalecariia

¹ Numbers match those of *Genealogy, Chapter III.*

De la Gardia Arkiv. XVII
Uggla: Rådslängd
Riddarhusarkivets Annaler

To Knut Simonson and his wife, Barbro Knus, of Kymene, four sons were born: Olof, Erik, Abraham, and Hans. All of these took the regular patronymic of the nobility, *Knutson*, and from each stemmed notable Scandinavian lines.

21. OLOF KNUTSON, married in 1468, Gertrude Grip, of Norway, whose family occurs in Sweden as early as 1353, when Bengt Algothson Grip was duke of Skåne and South Halland.

Olof and Gertrude had a son, Anders Olofson, of Fors, armour-bearer in 1495, who received a freehold of King Karl Knutson, and married Margareta Axelsdotter Ulf, a family which (according to Dalin: *Svea Rikes Historia*, III, 78) "descended directly from King Stenkil." The first one of the name was one Thorsten i Skogen,² or Skoglar Toste, a man of such great wealth that all the kings in the North wooed his daughter, Sigrid Storråda, another "Queen Elizabeth" or "Catherine of Russia" from all accounts.

23. ABRAHAM KNUTSON, according to Hogienskile Bielkes Slågtbok, had a son, Erik Abrahamson, who married, January 18, 1512, Fru³ Ebba Wasa, and had, as his fourth child, Margareta Lejonhufvud,⁴ born in 1515, married, February 22, 1538, King Gustavus Wasa.

Erik Abrahamson's sixth child, a son, Sten Erikson, born on August 25, 1518, was in 1551 the king's Överste Sekrete Råd,⁵ Governor of Småland, ennobled to Baron by King Eric XIV; married,

² "of the forest"

³ Lady

⁴ Lion-head

⁵ Councilor of State

October 7, 1548, Ebba Månsdotter Liljehök, and had a son, Axel Stenson Lejonhufvud, born in 1554.

Baron Sten was killed in his efforts to capture King Gustaf I, May 10, 1568. On the same day his son was ennobled to Count and his widow declared a countess. From this son descended the famous Lejonhufvud family.

Erik Abrahamson was himself a notable man, the owner of Langmansholm, or Loholmen, afterward called Gräfsnäs; and was a knight, the captain of Örebro castle, Svea Rikes Råd⁶ in 1510, Governor of Westergötland in 1512. He was killed in the Stockholm Blodbad⁷ in 1520, when many of the nobles were executed.

24. HANS KNUTSON, married Selma Swinhufvud,⁸ and had a son, Jöran Hansen, who settled in Bergen, in Norway, and was Ombudsman⁹ at the royal castle, Procurator in 1516; had a grant of arms.

22. ERIK KNUTSON was one of those who signed a "stagda för guldsmeder"¹⁰:

"Wij Jacob me guds nåd Ercke biscop i Upsala,¹¹
Hans, biscop i Strängnes, Sten Sture, Sweriges för-
ståndare,¹² Erik Axelson, Erik Ereksson, ERIK
KNUTSON, . . . göre weterligt¹³ . . ."

Erik Knutson married Cajsa Brita Gregorsdotter, a daughter of lagman Gregor Mattson. Of this family were:

Andreas, called Bath, who by will in 1291 bequeathed all his

⁶ Member of the King's Privy Council

⁷ Massacre

⁸ Swine-head, a famous family in Swedish annals

⁹ Deputy, Commissioner, Captain: a word of variable meaning

¹⁰ Ordinance for goldsmiths

¹¹ "We, James, with God's grace archbishop of Upsala"

¹² Regent of Sweden

¹³ "make known"

goods to the monastery Predikarebröderna of Strängnäs. His son Andreas, also called Bath, of Fröberga in Öfver Sela socken,¹⁴ väpnare¹⁵ in 1352, had a son, Sone Soneson, of Lagnö, Svea Rikes Råd in 1359, who married Margaret Posse, and had three sons:

Nils Soneson, father of John Nilson of Säby;

Ödisgiel Soneson, father of Mattis Ödsgison, of Lagnö, father of Gregor Mattson, father of Cajsa Brita Gregorsdotter, wife of Erik Knutson;

Jons Soneson, father of Ether Jönson, father of Jöns Soneson, father of Håkan Jonson, father of Jöns Håkanson, father of Erik Jonson and of Gustaf Axelson (*assumed name*) whose son, Axel Gustafson Lilja, Baron Lilja, was ancestor of that famous family.

25. ERIK ERIKSON, of Borgholm, on the island of Öland, son of Erik Knutson, married Anna Olofsdotter, whose illustrious line contributed largely to the character of the four notable sons born to this couple. She was the daughter of Olof Magnusson, the son of Magnus Gustafson and Kristina, the daughter of Lars Ulfson, at whose ancestry we may well pause to look.

JEDVARD, a Swedish odalbonde,¹⁶ who married Cecilia, daughter of King Blot Sven, and had a son,

ERIK JEDVARDSON, *den helige*,¹⁷ who married Kristina, daughter of the Danish prince, Björn Jernsida, and died as the king of Norway, May 18, 1160, leaving issue, of whom the youngest, a son,

FILIP ERIKSON, married a daughter of Birger Brosa; had a son,

¹⁴ Parish

¹⁵ Armour-bearer

¹⁶ Yeoman

¹⁷ "the holy"

HOLGER FILIPSON, alive in 1191, who had a son,

KNUT HOLMSGERSON (*lange*),¹⁸ king in Norway in 1231, married Helena, daughter of Peter Strangeson; died in 1234, leaving a son,

FILIP KNUTSON, who had, as a third child, a son,

JOHAN FILIPSON, knight; married Ingeborg, daughter of Svante Svantepolk Knutson; had a son,

KNUT JONSSON, district judge in Östergötland, married Katrina, daughter of *lagman* Bengt Magnusson, and had, as a fourth child, a son,

JOHAN KNUTSON, who married, 1338, Elena, the daughter of Lars Ulfson, and had a son,

ULF JONSSON, judge in Östergötland, armour-bearer, alive in 1393, married (1) Margaret Petersdotter, (2) Gunilla Udormsdotter; had a son,

LARS ULFSON, knight; married (1) Katrina Stensdotter, (2) Ida Johansdotter Bylow; had a daughter,

KRISTINA, who married Magnus Gustafson and had a son,

OLOF MAGNUSSON, whose daughter was

ANNA OLOFSDOTTER.

To Erik Erikson and Anna Olofsdotter were born four sons:

27. OLOF ERIKSON, of Tomta, who married Kerstin, daughter of

¹⁸ "the long"

Knut Karlsson, of Väsby, in Allmunge socken, judge of an inferior court. He bore as arms a raft or spar above a leaf.

28. NILS ERIKSSON was born about 1520, "aged 44" at the time of the trial for cowardice during the sea-fight off Öland when he commanded the *Troilius*; a charge from which he cleared himself, as appears from the document quoted farther on under 30. *Peter Eriksson*. In the year 1567 hofvidtsman¹⁹ Nils Eriksson and several nobles were arrested by the king on suspicion of conspiracy, and carried to the castle of Upsala, where a Riksdag²⁰ was convoked. When the Parliament refused to pass a sentence of death, the king, in a rage rushed into the prison and stabbed to death Nils Sture, son of Count Svente Sture. At the instigation of Göran Person, the king's chancellor, the Parliament was finally forced to pass sentence of death for high treason upon the nobles and their adherents. Among those killed before sentence was passed, but after the king had ordered, "Kill all but Lord Sten Sture," we find Count Svante Sture, his son, Eric Sture, Abraham Stenbock, Nils Eriksson, *et al.*

Nils Eriksson had married in 1556 Margareta Michaelsdotter, of Östhammar, and had with her four sons. The eldest of these, Mårten Nilsson,, born in 1557, was väpnare of Sköllersta, where he had a frälse.²¹ He married August 7, 1598, Anna, daughter of Sven Knutson, of Vexio, and had a son, Knut Mårtenson, born April 11, 1600, "who is believed to have gone to New Sweden," on the Delaware. (There is a list of June 20, 1644, in Christina, New Sweden, "oppå allt deedt Folck, såsom vthi Nye Sverige ahre,"²² and in this list we find one Knut Mårthensonn.)

Michael Nilsson, the second son of Nils Eriksson, born in 1558

¹⁹ Commander

²⁰ Parliament

²¹ Freehold

²² "of all persons in New Sweden"

on Borgholm, married, September 11, 1598, Constantia, daughter of Lars Hård, colonel of artillery, and his wife, Britta Ribbing, daughter of Governor Nils Knutson Ribbing. Through his wife Constantia Michael obtained jordegendom²³ at Barnarp and Westbo, and removed thither in 1603. Fogden²⁴ Michael Nilsson of Barnarp was in 1607 accused of having "utfort mynt till Rysland,"²⁵ but was exonerated. Lagman Michael Nilsson in 1611 "sålde in en och två alnar jord med allt hvad dertill hörde."²⁶ Michael Nilsson and Constantia Hård, his wife, had two sons. The elder, Jacob Michielson, born on Borglum July 15, 1600, married September 9, 1634, Maria Kristina Piper, daughter of Berendth Piper, borgmästure²⁷ of Wiborg, Finland, who owned property at Persnäs, on Öland, not far from Borgholm. Jacob Michielson was a member of the Swärd-Fäjäre-Embetet²⁸ of Jönköping, styled "sin aghin man."²⁹ He resided at Barnarp, of which he had a fastebref³⁰ as a morgongåfva³¹ to his wife, consisting of "ett stücke åker som är 30 stänger i bredd."³² The value was 8 öre, 3 örtuger, and 8 penningar.³³ Evidently he was a herrman³⁴ of the gentry, as the peasants in 1649 complained before a commission that they could not pay him "4 mark örtuger årlingeni hosbonde-hold eller hemmans öre."³⁵

²³ Land and mansion

²⁴ Bailiff

²⁵ "exported coin to Russia"

²⁶ "sold a piece of land one by two yards with pertinents." A "yard" was then equivalent to an English "oxgang," i. e., as much as an ox could plow in one day.

²⁷ Mayor

²⁸ Armorers' Guild

²⁹ Master

³⁰ Title-deed

³¹ Marriage-gift

³² "a piece of field 30 stanger wide," i. e., about 500 feet

³³ Graduated money like the English pounds, shillings, pence; values unknown

³⁴ War-lord: a land-owner whose tenants owed him military service also

³⁵ "4 mark yearly in farm-rent"

Jacob Michielson and his wife Maria had fourteen children. Jan Jacobsson, the eldest, born at Barnarp August 18, 1635, was a member of the Smeds-Embetet³⁶ of Jönköping, and afterwards of Göteborg, where he was a master-smith. Here he married May 24, 1656, Helena Olofsdotter, daughter of Olof Hansson of Frölunda, near Göteborg, and emigrated, with his wife, to New Amsterdam where his daughter Elizabeth was baptized November 28, 1657, in the Dutch Church, "Erick Michaelzen and Anna Gustavus getuygen."³⁷

Michiel Michielson, the younger son of Michael Nilsson and Constantia Hård, born at Barnarp August 4, 1605, married September 19, 1626, Maria Nilsdotter, daughter of vapensmeden³⁸ Nils Skytte, and was a master in the Armorers' Guild of Jönköping. His son, Erick Michielson, born at Barnarp June 24, 1627, married August 31, 1649, Anna, daughter of Gustaf Horn; and this Erick and Anna are the couple named above as witnesses at the baptizing of the daughter of Jan Jacobsson in the Dutch Church at New Amsterdam in 1657.

Erik Nilsson, the third son of Nils Eriksson, was born in 1560, väpnare, lagman of Fjällsjö in Ångermanland, a Swedish province; married there September 11, 1603, Fiken, daughter of Johan Petersson of Ström in Jemtland.

Hans Nilsson, the fourth son, born in 1563 at Östhammar's bruk,³⁹ was one of those selected by Göran Person as his victims, both he and his father, Captain Nils Eriksson, having taken active part in the troubles of this period. Hans Nilsson fled to Bergen in Norway, and occurs there in 1601 as "from Östhammar," with the

³⁶ Smiths' guild

³⁷ Witnesses

³⁸ Armorer

³⁹ Iron works

notation, "skibtimmermand."⁴⁰ Here he married November 3, 1601, Märta, daughter of Jonas Lie, of Holsenö near Bergen, and in 1607 Hans Nilsson's kone⁴¹ is mentioned as witness to a deed. Hans Nilsson settled in Hamburg, "einzeidler aus Bergen,"⁴² prior to April 4, 1611, when he occurs in Urkunden, and died prior to May 4, 1619: "Die Eheleute Gerit und Alit v. Russwic versichten zu Gunsten Martha, Wittwe von Hans Nilsen, auf ein Stueck Land am Markt auf der Ecke gegen Will . . . aenger . . . und ihrer eigenen Wohnung . . . Mai 4, 1619."⁴³

Hans Hansen *van Bergen*, son of Hans Nilsen, born in Bergen September 11, 1602, ship-carpenter of Rotterdam, Holland, emigrated, in company with Wouter van Twiller, in the *Salt Mountain*, Captain Jurian Blanck, to New Amsterdam where he married, 1639, Sara, daughter of Jorse Janse Rapalie.

29. HANS ERIKSSON, called "Store Hans,"⁴⁴ was a sea-captain who took part in the sea-battle off Öland May 30, 31, 1564, as appears from King Erik XIV, Nämnds Dagbok,⁴⁵ (p. 145) when on July 4, 1564, the ship-captains during said battle were tried for cowardice, on complaint by Secretary Erik Mattsson. (See under 30. *Peter Eriksson* below.)

30. PETER ERIKSSON, fourth son of Erik Erikson and Anna Olofsdotter, born at Borgholm, on the island of Öland, September 11, 1527, was one of the sea-captains who took part in the battle off Öland. A charge of cowardice was lodged against certain of these

⁴⁰ Ship-carpenter

⁴¹ Wife

⁴² "settler from Bergen"

⁴³ "Gerit and Alit, his wife, sell to Martha, widow of Hans Nilsen, a piece of land at the market, in the corner opposite Will . . . and their own house."

⁴⁴ Big Hans

⁴⁵ Court-book, jury-book

by Secretary Erik Mattsson; but at the trial, July 4, 1564, it appears from the "jury-book" above referred to, that this particular accusation failed to stand, for we read there: "eftterscrevene höfvedsmen haue sigh tappert, troligen och manligen bevisth emot fienderna: opå Biörnen, Store Hans Eriksson; opå Troilius, Nils Eriksson; opå Calmarne Bancken, Peder Eriksson."⁴⁶ But to offset this it was offered that a number of prisoners taken in this battle and left in the hands of their captors had escaped; and for this negligence or connivance several of the accused were "condemned to death by the king's jury and Jöran Person." Among these we find Hans Eriksson, who had "lössläppt fågarne,"⁴⁷ and who was executed May 3, 1566. Nils Eriksson, the captain of the *Troilius*, was also condemned but managed to receive a pardon. As we have seen (page 58), he was arrested the following year on suspicion of conspiracy, and carried to Upsala castle where he was killed before the sentence of execution was issued.

Peter Eriksson was more fortunate. In May, 1560, there had begun a war with Denmark, which has been called the Seven Years War of the North. In May, 1563, a Swedish fleet, commanded by Jacob Bagge left Sweden to bring Princess Christine of Hesse, the promised bride of King Erik XIV. A Danish fleet met them off the island of Bornholm in the Baltic Sea. A naval battle followed, ending in a defeat for the Danes, who lost their flag-ship. Jacob Bagge was ordered to sea with the Swedish fleet later in the summer of the same year and met the united fleets of Denmark and Lubeck off the island of Öland in the Baltic. A terrible battle ensued, but the

⁴⁶ "The following captains have shown courage and fidelity in the battle against the enemy: on the *Biörnen*, Store Hans Eriksson; on the *Troilius*, Nils Eriksson; on the *Calmarne Bancken*, Peter Eriksson." --- *Riksarkivet, Acta Historica*

⁴⁷ "liberated the prisoners"

ships were separated by the darkness of the night without victory on either side. The following spring Bagge started out with his fleet. His flag-ship, the *Matchless*, carried two hundred cannon, most of them made of church bells confiscated by Gustavus Wasa. A battle was fought between the islands of Gothland and Öland, and in this fight Peter Eriksson commanded the *Calmarne Bancken*. A gale had separated the greater number of the Swedish vessels from the admiral and his flag-ship, but he fought valiantly for a whole day and continued the battle the next morning. Through some negligence the *Matchless* caught fire, and Bagge had to surrender. He did not remain long in Danish captivity, but returned to Stockholm, where he received a great ovation and was made Governor-General.

Captain Peter Eriksson commanded the ship *Ornen*⁴⁸ in the battle of Buchow off the coast of Mecklenburg the following year, and also at Bornholm. The Swedish fleets from now on held the mastery of the Baltic.

Eric XIV had succeeded his father, Gustavus I Wasa, in 1560. He was one of the most gifted monarchs of his time, but vain, overbearing, quick-tempered, licentious, and cruel. In order to reduce the rank of the dukes, whose power he sought to curtail by the *Arboga Articles* of 1561, in June of that year he instituted hereditary dignities of counts and barons. Svante Sture and Peter Brahe were created counts; Sten Lejonhufvud and Gustav Stenbock were made barons. Only small fiefs were given with the new dignities, but they were exempt from "russtjenst."⁴⁹ A supreme court was instituted, consisting of twelve men of low birth, creatures of the king, who soon brought upon themselves discredit and hatred through their servile and cruel acts. Among these justices was Jöran (Göran) Per-

⁴⁸ Eagle

⁴⁹ Equipment of troopers

son, an able and powerful man, revengeful and cruel, who quickly rose to be the favorite and influential adviser of his master. Attention has already been called to the arrest of several nobles and their adherents and to the sentence of death passed upon them. The immediate result was a revolt by the nobles; and in 1569 Stockholm was captured, Göran Person executed, and the king forced to abdicate. Göran Person left behind him a list on which the names of his intended victims were written, and on this roster we find listed the sons of Captain Nils Eriksson, Mårten, Hans, and Erik Nilsson, and also Peter Eriksson and his son Cornelius, "a child at the time." Göran Person's death probably prevented the consummation of his desires. Life was, however, uncertain at that period, and many fled to foreign countries, to New Sweden on the Delaware, and to New Amsterdam, as has been related. Johan III, the successor of Eric XIV, through his slack and unsteady government caused commerce and industries to suffer, population to decrease, towns to go into bankruptcy, and hundreds of farms to be abandoned.

This doughty Captain Peter had certain interesting business relations with one Jacob van der Goes of Walcheren in Holland, and thereby hangs a tale of considerable significance to his descendants; for out of these relations came acquaintance between Peter's son and Jacob's daughter, which ripened into love and marriage. Yet it is not to be assumed from this happy outcome that said business relations were altogether friendly. On the contrary, the two fathers were at legal odds. It may be that these business difficulties between their elders properly roughened the road for the proverbial progress of the true love of these children. Probably sternly forbidden to see each other, young Cornelius and the fair Johanna were irresistibly drawn together. "Kapten Peter Eriksson gifte sig med köpman Cornelius van Houden's dotter Matilda, och hade med henne en son

Cornelius Petersson omkring 1560, af Borgland på Öland.”⁵⁰

Jacob van der Goes, merchant of Kalmar and Walcheren (Zee-land), deposed in a suit before Kalmar Hofrätt,⁵¹ September 11, 1599, to possession of “åtskilliga lägenheter uti Calmar skate, vilka nämnde beskedelig man, Peter Eriksson, i Borglum, hade gifvit köpe-bref på till sin svärfader Cornelius van Houden och dennes äkta maka, Matilda, moder af Matilda Eriksson, vilka lägenheter sednare testamenterats till kapten Peter Eriksson's son, Cornelius Petersson och dennes maka, Johanna, dotter af nyssnämnda Jacob van der Goes, och af henne, sedermera affiden, för en skulfodran af 100 \mathcal{L} till nyssnämnde Jacob van der Goes, köpman af Calmar och Walcheren, för hvilken han dock haft borgen, med sigill bekräftat köpe-bref på nämnda lägenheter.”⁵² . . . “Cornelius Petersson, köpman af Calmar och Nordinge, bestrider af vannämnde köpebref, enär Jacob van der Goes med orätt bekommit detsamma, enär han aftvungit godsets förre egare kapten Peter Eriksson och dennes ställföreträdare, Cornelius van Houden, köpebref, under hotelse att Peter eljest skulle ganga i tornet på Calmarne.”⁵³ That there was reason for such a threat is proved by a list of persons whose property was

⁵⁰ “Captain Peter Eriksson married Matilda, a daughter of the merchant, Cornelius van Houden, and had with her a son, Cornelius Petersson about 1560, at Borgland on Oland.”

⁵¹ Court of law

⁵² “various tenements in Calmar sold by said Peter Eriksson of Borgholm, an honest man, to his father-in-law, Cornelius van Houden, and his wife Johanna, daughter of the said Jacob van der Goes, and by her, who is since deceased, been sold to said Jacob van der Goes, merchant of Calmar and Walcheren, for a promissory note of 100 pounds (or thalers ?), for which he had a bond.”

⁵³ “Cornelius Petersson, merchant, of Calmar and Nordinge, denies said indebtedness, because Jacob van der Goes had obtained the same unjustly from the former owner of the manor, Captain Peter Eriksson, and his assignee and representative, Cornelius van Houden, under the threat that Peter otherwise would go to the tower (prison) of Calmar.”

confiscated in 1587, and on which we find the name, *Kaptain Peder Eriksson af Borgholm*.

Peter Eriksson married November 4, 1558, in Karlskrona, Matilda, daughter of Cornelius van Houden, a merchant trading on the Baltic and the Zuyderzee; and signed an äktenskapsförord⁵⁴ by which all of her own property was excluded from seizure for her husband's debts. Cornelius van Houden died in 1589 and bequeathed by will, dated May 14, 1568, "Till min älskade och dyra maka, Matilda van Houden, alla mina ägodelar i Borgholm, Sveeige, och i Walcheren, i Zeelandt . . . till min dotterson, Cornelius Petersson, af Borgholm, son af min dotter, Matilda, och hennes äkta make, kapten Peter Eriksson, min skuta, nu liggande i Kalmar hamn . . . min son Peter Cornelissen van Houden, hans förstfödorätt"⁵⁵

Captain Peter Eriksson died August 2, 1590, and his enka,⁵⁶ September 13, 1691, when Cornelius Petersson, "äldsta sonen af Förmyndare-Kammaren bleff utnamnd förmyndare ofver sina yngsta bröder, Peter Petersson, Claes Petersson, och Jacob Petersson, all minderårige, November 4, 1591,"⁵⁷

Captain Peter Eriksson is said to have had ten children, six sons and four daughters, of whom four, two boys and two girls, died in infancy. From the youngest of the six surviving, Jacob Petersson, of Borgholm on Öland, descended a family surnamed Jacobson for several generations and later changed to Höök.

⁵⁴ Marriage contract

⁵⁵ "To my beloved and dear wife, Matilda van Houden, all my properties in Borgholm, Sweden, and in Walcheren in Zeeland, . . . and to my grandson, Cornelius Petersson of Borgholm, son of my daughter Matilda and her husband, Captain Peter Eriksson, my 'skuta' (*a vessel for coasting trade*) now in the harbor of Calmar, . . . my son, Peter Cornelissen van Houden, his legal rights as my firstborn."

⁵⁶ Widow

⁵⁷ "oldest son, was appointed guardian, by the Court of Wards and Guardians, over his minor brothers, Peter, Claes, and Jacob Petersson."

31. CORNELIUS PETERSSON, eldest son of Captain Peter Eriksson and his wife Matilda, daughter of Cornelius van Houden, was born in 1560. He was styled *kopman*, and was a trader, owning and operating the ship *Calmarsund* of Borgholm on Öland. He married in Calmar Cathedral, May 12, 1593, Johanna, daughter of Jacob van der Goes, and engaged, with his father-in-law, in trade on the Baltic and the Zuyderzee, to Nordinge in East Friesland, and as far as the Walcheren in Zeeland. He had three sons, Jacob, Claes, and Peter Cornelissen, and a daughter Cornelia.

At King Johan's death, Sigismund had reigned several years in Poland. In 1593 King Sigismund arrived in Sweden, surrounded by Jesuits and Polish nobles. Shortly afterwards conditions in Sweden became troubled, and conflicts between the Poles and the populace occurred everywhere, particularly around Calmar which, after the king was dethroned, was captured by the new king, Charles IX, then merely a duke, but chosen king at the Riksdag of Linköping, 1600. At this Parliament the king appeared against five imprisoned nobles and a number of their adherents and tenants, among whom we find Cornelius Petersson of Borgholm, *handlande*.⁵⁸ Thirteen of the accused were sentenced to death for "*riks-förräderi*,"⁵⁹ although after the battle of Stängebro, near Linköping, September 25, 1598, where the royal army was defeated by Duke Charles, it was understood and agreed that none should be punished except five of the nobles. The councillors, Gustavus Baner, Eric Sparre, Sten Baner, and Ture Bjelke were beheaded, and the others "pardoned upon confession of guilt." As a matter of fact, several were imprisoned, and some had to fly to save their lives. Among the latter we find Hans Nilsson

⁵⁸ Trader

⁵⁹ High treason

"från Osthhammar," who went to Bergen in Norway, a descendant of Peter Eriksson of our line. Whether Cornelius Petersson was killed or imprisoned is not known; but he was "dead" in February, 1601, when "Jacob van der Goes, van Borgholm, ende Andries van der Goes, van Antwerp, compareeden voor hem selven ende also oomen ende vooghden van de Weeskinderen Jacobus, Claes, ende Petrus Cornelissen, soonen wiljen Cornelius Petersson, in zijn leven koopman van Walcheren, ende Cornelia, dochter van wiljen, ende heben geconsttuert Jacob van der Goes, erffgename voor nach een part in dee voorsz goederen."⁶⁰

As has already been stated in introducing the GENEALOGY, the contribution made by the *van der Goes Family*, into which both Cornelius Petersson and his son Claes Cornelisze married, was sufficiently important to give the line a place in this chapter of SIDELIGHTS.

HENDRIK VAN DER GOES, the progenitor of this family, had with his wife, Margaretha van Rossum, two sons, Pieter and Martin; and died in Holland in 1460. From the *Kanselarij van de Graven van Holland en Zeeland* we find that Heinric van der Goes was "meesterklerk"⁶¹ to Jacoba, Duchess of Bayern, Countess of Zeeland, in the year 1418, in which capacity he had "clerken cledinge,"⁶² as appears from a payment of 60 Wilhelmus schilden. In the year 1428, Heinric van der Goes, "vroegar"⁶³ in the service of Jacoba, was secretary to

⁶⁰ "Jacob van der Goes of Borgholm, and Andries van der Goes of Antwerp, appeared and claimed for themselves and also as guardians of the orphans, Jacob, Claes, and Peter Cornelissen, sons of Cornelius Petersson, deceased, in his lifetime merchant on Walcheren, and the interest of Cornelia, his daughter, who has appointed said Jacob van der Goes her representative to claim all goods belonging to the deceased, in Walcheren."

⁶¹ Chief secretary

⁶² Clerk hire

⁶³ Formerly

Philips van Bourgondie, and received for his services from December 24, 1428, to June 24, 1430, 40 schilden, as appears from treasury accounts.

PIETER VAN DER GOES, elder son of Hendrik, alive in 1479, married a daughter of the Jew, Aertsdochter, bore arms, and had three sons: Aert, Willem, abbot of Edmond, and Bartelz. The latter's son, Cornelis Barthelzen Goes, of Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren, in Zeeland, was "shepen"⁶⁴ there in 1517, and occurs in inventories of the "oud Archief der stad Middelburg,"⁶⁵ 1517, November 6, etc.

AERT VAN DER GOES, pensioner of Delft, advocat, married Margaret van Brincken, and died 1545, leaving a son,

ADRIAN VAN DER GOES, who was born 1495, and married April 14, 1536, Anna van Spangen, daughter of Laurensen van Spangen and Maria Gout. He was an advocat, and he died at Gravenhage November 5, 1560, leaving several children. Of these,

JACOB VAN DER GOES, of Walcheren, *koopman*, married August 14, 1558, Matilda, daughter of Jean Balbani, of Antwerp. He was a trader on the Baltic and the Zuyderzee, and finally settled in Sweden, where he was naturalized in 1572.

37. JACOB CORNELISSEN, born at Böda, on Öland, (near Borgholm) March 9, 1594, "son af köpman Cornelius Petersson och hans äkta maka, Johanna van der Goes,"⁶⁶ married September 6, 1636, in Gorkum (Gorinchem), Netherlands, Marie Langaer, daughter of Leonard Langaer and his wife, Marie de Behault.

Jacob's son, Cornelius Jacobze, born March 3, 1638, at Gorkum, married July 14, 1670, Cathrina, daughter of Jan Wark and Catrijn

⁶⁴ Alderman

⁶⁵ "old records of the city of Middelburg"

⁶⁶ "son of the merchant, Cornelius Petersson, and his wife, Johanna van der Goes"

d' Este, of Middelburg, on Walcheren. This Jan Wark came with his family from Egilschaw, Orkney Islands, to the island of Walcheren in 1647. He had married July 14, 1640, Catrijn, daughter of a Zeeland merchant, Louis d' Este, who had been engaged in extensive business communication with Lieth, Scotland, and finally migrated thither, marrying there Margaret Craig.

In a letter of Sir William Dick, of Braid, sheriff-principal of Orkney and Zetland, summoning witnesses to be present at the trial of Katherine Craigie for witchcraft, we find constant reference to Jan Wark (*John Work*) and his wife. (Louis d' Este died in 1630, and his widow, Margaret Craig, had married one Thomas Corse in Egilschaw. She had a sister who was the accused witch.)

"Sir William Dick . . . to my writts . . . officeris and serjendis . . . I charge you that ye lawfullie summound, warne and chairge Thomas Corse in . . . and Margaret Craige, spouses, jonet Sklatter, spouse to William Trails, Thomas Irwing . . . and Katherine Ethay, spous to John Work in Egilscha, to compeir befori me or my deputis ane or mae at Kirkwell July 11, to bear leill and suthefast witnessing in so far as they knowe or sall be speirit at thame for proving the poyntis of dittay of witchcraft, sorcerie, and divination persewit at the instance of Abr. Stevensoone, procuratour Phischall of the said scherifdome against Katherine Craige alias Estaquoy," charged with

"Item . . . ye are indytit and accusit that thrie yeiris since or thairby quhan Katherine Ethay, spous to John Work in Egilschae, was contractic in mariage and proclaimit in the Kirk with him, and before they were mairyt together, ye came to her and said, 'Quhat now, are ye going to dwell in Egilschae? Tak my counsale with yow and ye be wyse and ye sall not speid the worses. Quhan ye are going out of Rowany to your awin hous to Egilschae remember to take

home with yow the wash cog and the catt of this hous with yow to your owin hous.' "

Catherine Craig was convicted of witchcraft, and this was undoubtedly one of the reasons why the Wark family left the Orkneys and settled in Zeeland, where they had relatives. Among these was Johan van der Warck, who was born in Antwerp of Scottish parents and eventually became president of the Staats General.

John Wark's mother, Barbara Sinclair, wife of William Wark, also had been mixed up in the witch-processes of that troubled time. "November 11, 1629, Wolliman (the accused witch) came to hir first in Nicoll Jockis hous in Huelland . . . Confest the second point of dittay anent Manse Works wyff that she said sho repent it and that Walliman gared (stared) the Manse Wyff die. Confest the fourth point that she was discontent that William Work wold not give hir lodging, and that Walliman was angire at it, and gared his wyff pairt with child (delivered of a child as the witch stared)."

March 17, 1633, before the Kirk Session of Sandy (Orkney) "further deponit be Margaret Work, laughful daughter to William Work, that the said William had any horse quhilk was seik (sick), the said Catherine (the witch) bad the said William get thrie Sundis Sorties of sillernis and put them within ane arive and sist ner them the bak of the horse quhirk was seik, and wold be haill (well). . . . Deposit be Barbarey Sinclair, spouse to the said William, that scho had ane kow that was standing haill ijn the byre, and the said Catherine cam in to the said Barbarys house to puik sum bair, and presentlie the kow fell seik; quhan scho geid away with the corne that scho was knowing, and that wold did rys that the kow was seik, the said Catherine came to the house; and quhan scho cam in and saw the Kow, scho was restotit to health agane, and did eat hir meat well enough."

All of the foregoing is set down in fuller detail in these records:

Kronic van Zeeland

Codex Diplom. Neederlandisus, iii

Biog. Handwoordenboek van Nederland, iii, 336

Oorkonden uit Het Archief van Brabant

Kirk Session records, Scotland

38. CORNELIA, daughter of Cornelius Petersson, born at Böda, on Öland, February 10, 1595, married November 18, 1621, Carl Carlsson Bonde, of Tidaholm; and sold September 17, 1638, her "intresse i fartyget Kalmarsund till Cornelius van Ness, köpman af Walcheren i Holland,"⁶⁷ which her father, Cornelius Petersson had commanded in his tradings on the Baltic and the Zuyderzee, "hälften här af egd af Jacob Cornelissen af Böda, handlande;"⁶⁸ the other children of Cornelius Petersson being then "i utlandet."⁶⁹

40. PETER CORNELISZEN, the youngest son of Cornelius Petersson, was born at Borgholm, on Öland, December 20, 1598; married August 4, 1622, Constantia, daughter of Claes Christensen, a Dane, of Fanö, in Jutland, Denmark, one of the North Frisian Islands on the North Sea, a trader on the Baltic and the Zuyderzee, who settled at Oosterleek, Noord Holland, in 1629. Constantia died in 1624, leaving no issue, and it is probable that Peter Corneliszen and his father-in-law, Claes Christensen, came at the same time to Oosterleek, on the Zuyderzee, in 1629. He occurs in Hoorn nearby in 1632 as a "molenaar."⁷⁰ These places are not far from Monnickendam, on the Zuyderzee whence Peter Corneliszen came, in the *Rensselaerwyck*, March 4, 1637, to the New World, and at *Rensselaerwyck* (Albany)

⁶⁷ "interest in the vessel Calmarsund to Cornelius van Ness, merchant, of Walcheren in Hoiland"

⁶⁸ "half thereof owned by Jacob Cornelissen, of Boda, trader"

⁶⁹ "in foreign parts"

⁷⁰ Miller

joined Albert Andriesz, (called Albert Andriesz Bradt in Rensselaerwyck) from Frederikstad, Norway, in erecting a mill.

Claes Christensen's father, Christian Olefsen, had come from Frederikstad, in Norway, in 1568, to Fanö, in Denmark, where the son was born in 1569. Claes' mother was Gunilla Braadt, of Bergen. It is possible that she was related to the two brothers, Albert and Arent Andriesz Bradt who came over in the *Rensselaerwyck*.

39. CLAES CORNELISZ, born at Böda, on Öland, April 3, 1597, son of Cornelius Petersson and Johanna van der Goes, of the island of Walcheren, Holland, and Calmar, Sweden, a trader on the Baltic and the Zuyderzee, and part-owner of the ship *Calmarsund*, was a minor when his father died in 1599, and under the guardianship of his maternal grandfather, Jacob van der Goes, in 1603. He married November 9, 1623, a grand-niece of his guardian, Margaret, daughter of Martyn van der Goes, of Middelburg, Walcheren, and his wife Margaretha, daughter of Benjamin Tysen, of Amsterdam.

In the *Schepenbrieven van het Kapit. van St. Sebastian*, Margaretha Tysen is styled "de weduwe van Martinus van der Goes,"⁷¹ October 18, 1634. By a deposition of April 13, 1632, Martinus van der Goes conveyed his house and land, after his death: "Myn huysvrouw Margaretha Tysen sal hebben en blyve in het besitt van myn gantsche staat geduringe haar wedulycke staat sonder dat sy sal syn Reeckenschap te geven aan eenige van myn zes kinderen Andries van der Goes, Tysen van der Goes, Philip van der Goes, Jacobus van der Goes, Margaretha huisvrouw van Claes Cornelisz, en Cornelia huisvrouw van Cornelis Lambertzen Dogh Indien myn vors. huysvrouw wederom quam te hertrouwen dat als dan myn voors. staat uyt te keeren Ente betalen aan myn Erfgenamen hier onder ges. end de andere helft van voor. staat uyt te keeren sall myn

⁷¹ "the widow of Martyn van der Goes"

voors. huysvrouw on te benefitte van inventaries en profyten des selve geneiten geduren de leven." "Aan myn minderen mett namen Tysen myn oudste Zoon, myn huys en landt . . . myn zoon Andries van der Goes . . . zoon Philip, en zoon Jacobus van der Goes . . . landt gen Hooge-lande."⁷²

Free trade between Sweden and Netherland had been fostered by Gustavus I by the treaties of 1525 and 1527, and Kristern II had in 1513 promised that "all the coast cities and their inhabitants shall have free navigation for all vessels and are not to be interfered with by Rikets Råd."⁷³ Works of art were introduced in Sweden from Antwerp, fishermen plied their trade between the Baltic and the Zuyderzee, merchants had offices in the Swedish coast cities, Calmar, Malmö, Gothenburg, on Jutland in Denmark, and on the eastern and western coasts of the Zuyderzee and the North Sea. It was, however, the ambition of Christian IV of Denmark to cut Sweden off from any communication with the North Sea, and this was the principal cause of the war which ended in 1613. Gothenburg, which had been destroyed, was moved to its present site on the mainland, and endowed with extensive commercial privileges encouraging Dutch merchants to settle there. The war with Russia, which broke out in 1614, was unfavorable to commerce on the Baltic, and many of the merchants around Calmar and on Öland fled to Netherland, some settling in Gelderland, some around the Zuyderzee, some in Zeeland.

⁷² "My wife, Margaretha Tysen, shall have and remain in possession of my entire estate during her widowhood but she shall give an accounting to each of my six children (*named*). But if my aforesaid wife marries again, out of my aforesaid estate she shall pay to the hereinunder named half, and of the other half shall my aforesaid wife enjoy the benefits from the income and profits for herself during her life." "To my children named: to Tysen, my oldest son, my house and land; to my sons, Andries, Philip, and Jacob, the land called Hooge-land (*on the island of Walcheren, north of Middelburg*).

⁷³ Privy Council

The peace of 1617 cut off the Russians from the Baltic, and gave to Sweden Esthonia, Livonia, Ingermanland, and Kexholm. In 1618 the "Thirty Years War" began, which ended (for a short time) in 1629, when an armistice to last six years was agreed upon.

Claes Cornelisze apparently took active part in the latter war, as we find his name in a "Berättelse om den Trogne och Tappre Swänska Män hvilka fångades af de trölosa Polacker i slaget wid Mitau men lyckades fly, 1623: Claes Cornelissen, af Bergholm, sårad i hufvudet."⁷⁴ This probably incapacitated him for further military service, as we find him commanding the ship *Svenska Kronan* for trading between the Swedish coast and Zeeland, August, 1623. In November of the same year he married, as of Walcheren, in Zeeland; and occurs two years later at Duiveland, on the island of Schouwen. In 1629 he is mentioned in a tax list as of "ne Bree-brugge en Gasthuyskerk tot Zierickzee,"⁷⁵ on the island of Schouwen, where he appears to have had some sort of a warehouse: "Claes Cornelisz van der Oostzee, koopvarder."⁷⁶

The aldermen of Zierickzee had made strenuous efforts to engage in commerce with Denmark, Norway, and the Baltic, as early as the year 1400, and had in 1401 received extraordinary privileges from Duke Albrecht van Beyern to that end. Philip van Burgundien had confirmed and added to these privileges so that no duty was levied on goods shipped into Zierickzee, merchandise was unloaded free, and the ships were permitted to take in new merchandise and leave for the sea. The Staats General of Holland curtailed these privileges somewhat by an octroy of 5 florins, and trading became

⁷⁴ "Account of the faithful and courageous Swedish men captured by the disloyal Poles in the battle of Mitau, but who managed to escape, 1623: Claes Cornelisze, wounded in the head."

⁷⁵ "near the Bree bridge and the Hospital Church in Zierickzee."

⁷⁶ "Claes Cornelisze of the East sea, trader."

less profitable. "Jacob Cornelissen, af Böda, på Öland, September 14, 1631, för 80 mark kopte af Claes Cornelissen, af Schouwen i Zeeland och dennes äkta maka, Margaret van der Goes, och deras arftagare och son, Peter Claessen, all deras interesse uti fartyget *Kalmarsund*; nu liggande i Borgholm på Öland, bestående af en fjerdels interesse såsom arfvinge efter kaptän Cornelius Petersson, fader af nyssnämnda Jacob och Claes Cornelissen, och af Peter Cornelissen, och Cornelia Cornelisz, dotter af nyssnämnda Cornelius Petersson, längesedan afliden."⁷⁷

Whether the octroy placed by the Staats General of Holland upon merchandising or the restrictions laid upon the traders between Zeeland and the Baltic on account of the war had a devastating effect upon commerce, "Claes Cornelissen af Zuirickzee på Schouwen, December 11, 1634, sålde till Herr Carl Carlsson Bonde, af Tidaholm, allt interesse i briggen *Svenska Kronan*, med victualier och koopmanschappe, på vilkor att kaptän Jacob Cornelissen ginge i borgen med 200 Svenska thaler."⁷⁸ This he evidently did, for on May 9, 1638, Carl Carlsson Bonde sold the same brig, *Svenska Kronan*, to Captain Jacob Cornelissen, of Borgholm, "nu af Middelburg, Walcheren."⁷⁹

In September of the same year Cornelius van Ness, merchant of Walcheren, acquired by purchase from Carl Carlsson Bonde and

⁷⁷ "Jacob Cornelissen, of Boda on Oland, September 14, 1631, bought of Claes Cornelisze, of Schouwen in Zeeland, and his wife, Margaret van der Goes, and their heir-apparent and son, Pieter Claesen, all their interest in the vessel *Kalmarsund*, now lying at Borgholm on Oland, as heirs of Captain Cornelius Petersson, father of said Jacob and Claes Cornelissen, and of Peter Corneliszen, and Cornelia Cornelissen, daughter of said Cornelius Petersson, long ago deceased."

⁷⁸ "Claes Cornelisze, of Zierickzee on Schouwen, sold to Herr Carl Carlsson Bonde, of Tidaholm, Sweden, all his interest in the brig, *Svenska Kronan*, including the victuals and goods, on condition that Jacob Cornelissen give a bond of 200 Swedish thalers for the fulfilment of the contract."

⁷⁹ "now of Middelburg, Walcheren"

his wife, Cornelia Cornelisz, half of the ship *Kalmarsund*. Jacob Cornelissen and Cornelius van Ness, both of Middelburg, Walcheren, then went into partnership as traders on the Baltic, the Zuyderzee, and the North Sea; each commanding a ship, *Svenska Kronan* and *Kalmarsund* respectively, on which they appear as captains in the clearance lists.

Claes Cornelisz returned to Böda in 1624, probably to introduce his wife to his relatives and to arrange the paternal inheritance with his brothers and sister. He does not appear in Walcheren before the end of the following year, December, 1625, when he occurs there with the brig, *Svenska Kronan*. There the family resided in Zierickzee while Claes plied his trade as a merchant and captain of his own vessel between the North Frisian islands and those of Zeeland, through Skagerack and Kattegat into the Baltic, and undoubtedly stopping at Nordinge on the East Frisian coast, where he may have kept a supply of merchandise as it was eminently adapted to the purpose, being one of the leading ports of call in the commerce between Netherland and Sweden.

Claes' wife, Margaret, died in Zierickzee August 2, 1631; and this bereavement, together with the break-up of the coasting trade as the result of the continuous sea-fighting, induced him to sell to his brother Jacob and to his brother-in-law, Carl Carlson Bonde, all of his interests and to migrate to America, where he already had relatives (probably on the van der Goes-Tysen side), taking with him his son, Pieter Claesen, then eleven years of age.

Killian van Rensselaer, (a member of the noted family of that name) from near Nykerk in Gelderland, Holland, was the governor of the East India Company of Holland and had advocated its establishing a plantation in America. He selected Arent van Corlear to superintend this colonization, gave him the title, *Director of the Colonie*, and sent him overseas in 1630. The first company arrived in the

ship, *Goede Vrouw*, and established themselves at the manor of Rensselaerwyck, calling their village Bewerswyck, "The House of the Beaver." New settlers were taken from all over Holland and from the adjacent countries. On September 25, 1636, the ship, *Rensselaers Wijk*, sailed from Amsterdam to the Texel, and thence to America, where it arrived March 4, 1637, at New Amsterdam. There is no extant passenger list, but the incomplete log contains certain names of definite interest to us:

Albert and Arent Andries, from Frederikstad, Norway;
Pieter Cornelisz, from Monnickendam, North Holland;
Pieter Claesen, from Nordingen, East Friesland.

Just why Pieter Claesen should be styled "from Nordingen" is not clear. It may have been the port of embarkation or the temporary residence after Margaret's death and immediately prior to the emigration to the New World. Or "Nordine" may be an error in the spelling of Noording, or Noordink, near Hengelo in the province of Gelderland.

This log contains names of other settlers from various parts in Holland, as well as from Norway, Sweden, and Pomerania. Although Claes Cornelisz is not named in the log of the *Rensselaers Wijk*, it is wholly reasonable to assume that he was on board as accompanying his young son. But even if Pieter was sent over in the care of his uncle, Jacob Corneliszen, and consigned to distant relatives at Albany, Claes appears in the New World shortly afterward. "Claes Cornelissen van Schouw had on November 14, 1642, a patent for 16 morgen and 165 rods of land on Long Island, opposite Manhattan, between the ferry and Andries Hudde (Brooklyn)." He was later on styled "meutelaer," or "meuzelaer," denoting that he was a merchant. And a local deposition confirms the year of his birth as 1597.

Claes Cornelisz received from the East India Company in 1643

a grant of 40 acres of land on Brooklyn Heights along the East River from Fulton Ferry southward. This was rather poor farm land, so he disposed of it and bought a farm at Amersfoort about six miles away, a very fertile tract, on which he apparently spent the remainder of his life. He seems to have had considerable means for those days. According to court records of several law-suits in which he was involved in New Amsterdam between 1650 and 1660 he was owner of at least one team of horses, a wagon, and some cattle; and horses and cattle were extremely scarce in the new colony in that period. He does not appear to have taken part notably in public affairs in the New World; perhaps he was unfitted for a more active life by reason of the head wound he received in the sea battle of Mitau.

Of the first marriage of Claes Cornelisz, that with Margaret van der Goes, there was born only one child, Pieter Claesen. Claes evidently married again in the New World, though the name of this second wife and the date of the marriage are unknown. But records of the old Dutch Church of New Amsterdam show the baptism of four of his children born between 1640 and 1649:

Pietertje, a daughter, baptized October 28, 1640;

Cornelis, baptized October 4, 1643;

Floris, baptized January 20, 1647;

Gerbrant, baptized April 4, 1649.

Claes Cornelisz probably died about 1674, as in that year he is mentioned for the last time. He always went by the name of Claes Cornelisze, or Corneliszen, which was his patronymic; though he is generally referred to as Claes Corneliszen van Schouwen, and often as Claes Corneliszen *meuzelaer*, (frequently mis-written *meutelaer*.)

However inconspicuous his life may appear, he must have been a man of considerable ability, force, and even influence; for his children, of whom we know far more, took a leading part in the af-

fairs of the colony and, as still better evidence, the marriages they made indicate a considerable social standing.

41. PIETER CLAESEN WYCKOFF,⁸⁰ born January 6, 1625, at Böda on Öland, came from Holland, probably with his father, in the *Rensselaerwyck* to New Amsterdam March 4, 1637. This vessel carried settlers and commodities for the young colony at Fort Orange, or Rensselaerwyck, now Albany. Some of the freight and a few of the passengers were unloaded at New Amsterdam and, after waiting for the ice to get out of the Hudson, on March 26 the ship continued its journey up the river and arrived at Fort Orange April 7. Pieter was immediately hired by one of the colonists and worked for several families until 1648, when he rented a farm at what is now Bethlehem, a few miles southwest of Albany. Here he stayed until June, 1649, and then came to Long Island.

Pieter settled in Amersfoort, later called Flatlands, where in 1653 he bought a farm of 58 acres, and shortly after, in 1656, another farm, increasing his holdings to well over one hundred acres. From time to time he bought other parcels until he became by far the largest land-owner and, for his day and station, a very rich man. In 1655 he took charge of the tobacco plantation of the governor, at Amersfoort. He was magistrate of that town in 1655, 1662, and 1663, and one of the patentees of the town under the patents of 1667 and 1686.

He is considered the founder of the Dutch Reformed Church of Flatlands, which was organized in 1660. He was buried under its pulpit and his bones rest there to this day for the church has never moved from the original site. He was frequently appointed Arbitrator by the Burgomasters Court in New Amsterdam, to settle law-

⁸⁰ The adding of *Wyckoff* as the distinguishing patronymic from 1683 to the present has been explained and authenticated in the chapter on NOMENCLATURE.

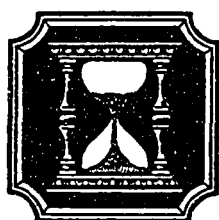
suits on Long Island. He was a man of great influence and a power in the colony under both the Dutch and the English governments, and was elected several times to represent the town in assemblies gathered to protest against the shortcomings of the government. Tradition says that Pieter was over six feet tall and large in proportion, that he had blue eyes and tawny yellow hair, high and prominent cheek-bones, a broad face, and a firm square chin.

In Flatbush, in 1665, Pieter built a house which is still standing and which, it is hoped and expected the State of New York will be interested to take over and preserve for its historic value.

Pieter married Grietje, daughter of Cornelis Hendrik van Ness, a member of the Council of Rensselaerwyck, and a magistrate with the official title *Rechtsperzoon*.

Pieter's children and the lines that stem from them in fullest detail appear in the book of *THE WYCKOFF FAMILY IN AMERICA*, to which painstaking and imposing volume this present smaller work aspires only to serve as an authentic background.

APPENDIX A



APPENDIX A

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APPENDIX C



APPENDIX C

GLOSSARY

å, or aa, is pronounced like the o in go
ä, like a in care; ö, like e in new

abdij, *abbey, the church of a monastery*

äktenskapsförord, *marriage contract*

boer, *farmer*

borgmästare, *mayor*

charabanc, *an omnibus with cross seats*

dittay, *indictment*

domkerk, *cathedral*

dotter, *daughter; usually in compounds*

dubbeltje, *a coin of about four cents value*

döve, *deaf*

einzeidler, *an immigrant settler*

embetet, *a trade guild*

enka, *widow*

fartyget, *a vessel for coastal trading*

fastebref, *title deed*

florin, *a coin of about forty cents value*

fogden, *a bailiff, deputy-sheriff*

fralsemen, *freemen*

Fru, *Lady*

frälse, *a freehold*

gamle, *old*

getuygen, *witnesses*

groote, *great in size*

Groote Kerk, *Cathedral*
guilder, *the florin*

handlande, *a trader*

hof, *a court*

hofvidtsman, *commander of a warship*

huisvrouw, *housewife*

jarl, *governor, military as well as civil*

jordegendom, *homestead, land and mansion*

juffrouw, *young woman, Miss*

kellner, *a waiter*

klompen, *"clumpers," wooden shoes*

kone, *wife*

koopman, kopman, köpman, *trader*

koopvarder, *trader*

korte, *short, little*

kurkenkrullen, *gold cap pins*

lagman, *judge of a county or district court*

landrecht, *a political division, or district*

lange, *long, tall*

meesterklerk, *chief or private secretary*

meuzelaer, *merchant*

Mijnheer, *landlord, Sir, Mr.*

molenaar, *miller*

morgongåfva, *marriage-gift*

Nay, *No*

Nieuwe Kerk, *New Church*

octroy, *customs duty*

odalbonde, *yeoman*

-
- oliemolen, *oil-mill (flaxseed)*
ombudsman, *deputy*
ornen, *eagle*

på, *of*

quai, *wharf*

Rikets Råd, *Privy Council*
Riksdag, *Parliament*
Rimkronika, *chronicles in verse*

saga, *a medieval Scandinavian story*
schnapps, *gin, strong drink*
shepen, *alderman*
skibtimmermand, *ship-carpenter*
skrivare, *clerk*
skräddare, *tailor*
smed, *smith, craftsman*
socken, *parish*
spionnetje, *window mirror, "busybody"*
stad, *city*
stadhuis, *city hall*
starke, *strong*

tjocke, *big*

uitlander, *foreigner*

vapensmeden, *armorers*
vrouw, *wife, woman*
väpnare, *armor-bearer*

weduve, *widow*
wick, wijk, wyck, *district, parish*

Errata

page 20, lines 25, 26, read, "better than one hundred degrees"

page 35, line 24, read, "*Beat it!*"

page 70, line 5, read, "Leith, Scotland"

page 74, footnote 72, lines 5, 6, read, "for herself during her life"

page 78, line 31, read, "from the West India Company"