

Between 10th and 19th Sts.

BORN A SLAVE IN FLATBUSH.

Uncle Sammy's Reminiscences of
Slavery Days.

HIS MASTER, JEREMIAH LOTT.

The Old Negro Remembers Dominie Schoonmaker and Sexton Antonidas. Joined the Methodist Church in 1829 and Is Now Only Waiting to Be Called to Glory—Once an Exhorter and Local Preacher.

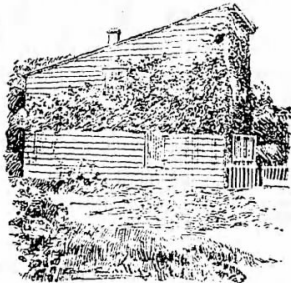
In an ivy covered cottage a few rods to the north of the junction of Church avenue and Hunterly road, Flatbush, lives Samuel Anderson, a negro, who nearly ninety years ago was born into slavery. He is known to the residents of the suburbs as simply Uncle Sammy. He is 88 years of age and is one of the two last negroes born under a master in the old Town of Flatbush. Uncle Sammy is



SAMUEL ANDERSON,
88 Years Old and Once a Slave in Flatbush.

especially spry and active for a man who has seen much hard labor during his many years of life, and on pleasant days can be found making his way around Flatbush. He usually carries a cane, but this is more for protection against dogs than as a means of support.

Uncle Sammy's home stands beside another similar structure on a narrow lane which is almost hidden from view by a luxuriant growth of weeds. It is about a mile to the east of Flatbush avenue and stands out in strong contrast to the many fine resi-



UNCLE SAMMY'S COTTAGE.

dences which line that thoroughfare. It is a two story white cottage and appears to have seen quite as many years' service as its occupant. The roof is in a bad state of repair and the weather beaten clap boards bear testimony to many years of exposure to the elements. The grounds which surround it are well kept. In the front door yard bloom many bright colored, old fashioned flowers while in the rear is a thrifty garden. Inside the little house everything is spick and span; there is a place for everything and everything seems to be in its place.

"Uncle Sammy is somewhat undersized and in appearance much resembles Mrs. Stowe's picture of Uncle Tom. His beard and hair are snow white and his frame is slightly bent, but his eyes are undimmed and denote that their owner is possessed of more than the usual intelligence possessed by those of his race. He has a sunny disposition and it is therefore with pleasure that

COOK'S Flaked Rice

The New Breakfast Food.



TO PREPARE:

Pour on as much boiling water (salted to taste) as the rice flakes will absorb. Then serve with sugar and milk.

Most nutritious and healthiest food. All doctors indorse it.

15c. large p'k'g.

ALL GROCERS.

Ready to Eat in a Second.
Needs No Cooking.

his friends greet him on his rounds. The aged negro has deep rooted religious convictions and it is on such subjects that he most desires to talk.

Yesterday, however, he was prevailed upon to tell something of his past life.

"I was born in Jeremiah Lott's house on what is now known as the Zabriskie homestead in 1810," he said. "My master was Jeremiah Lott, the late Judge John A. Lott's father-in-law, the judge having married his cousin. My mother had been a slave on the estate for many years. My father was owned by the late Richard Remsen. I attended services in the old Flatbush Dutch Church regularly and occupied a seat in the gallery. The men on one side, the women on the other. I remember well Dominie Schoonmaker's Dutch sermon and I also remember John Antonidas, who was sexton, chorister and grave digger. It was also his duty to go around to give death notices and invite relatives and friends to the funeral services. At that time it was looked upon as a slight if you knew the party who had died and was not asked to be present when he or she was laid at rest. I once heard about an old Dutch woman who, while she was standing at her front gate, saw Massa John Antonidas pass on his rounds without stopping at her house. She shouted after him, 'I'll have a funeral some day and then I'll know whom to invite.'"

"I was converted to Christianity in the High Street Methodist Church when I was 19 years of age. Then I used to walk from my home in Flatbush to the church three times a Sunday, my duties requiring me to be at home at noon as well as in the morning and evening on Sundays. At that time Flatbush avenue was not cut through and in order to reach the city it was necessary to go in a very roundabout way, through what is now Prospect Park. There was a stage line at that time from Flatbush to Fulton Ferry, but money was scarce with me and although it took longer, it was much cheaper to walk. On very rare occasions I would take a ride on the stage. Colored people had to sit on the top, the inside being reserved for white folks. In those days the farmers raised their own grain and had it ground in the wind mill back of Judge Hezeman's, on the Big lane, Gerretsen's in Gravesend Neck, Vandervoer's in Canarsie and Baldwin's. The toll for grinding was one peck for every bushel.

In those days when a house was to be built the timber was cut in the spring and allowed to season for a year, when it was hewn into shape. The neighbors for miles around were always invited to a house raising and it was made the occasion for a jollification, with feasting and drinking, Holland gin, Jamaica rum and cider being plentiful.

The elder was usually drawn from a cistern made for the purpose of holding a winter's supply of apple juice, because barrels were scarce. The only thing that I remember in connection with the War of 1812 was seeing some troops pass the door of Mrs. Cynthia Vanderbilt, aunt of Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt, and hearing that good woman ask the soldiers, 'How did those chickens taste?' I married young and was blessed with twelve children, three of whom are still living. My wife and the others are buried near the old brick church yonder. I was for a time an exhorter, a local preacher and active in the High Street Church. Then I became interested in our little church in Flatbush. We had great revivals in those days and the building was packed Sunday after Sunday."

A tear dimmed the eye of the aged speaker, he turned his face upward, raised his hands in supplication and said: "But it is now all past, and I am just waiting, waiting, to be called to glory."

SENT TO HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Joseph Maguire, the 16 year old boy who came to Brooklyn from Buffalo to ship in the Navy and landed in the Flatbush court yesterday charged with being a vagrant, was sent to the House of Refuge yesterday afternoon, by Magistrate Steers. When told that he could not get into the Navy the boy said that he did not want to go back to Buffalo and consented to his commitment to the above institution.