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**Brook Trout**

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CHAPTER ONE

1 DANIEL WEBSTER AND HIS “DEVIL TROUT”

The village of Brookhaven, New York, is a quiet, reserved village tucked among small harbors, tidal creeks, and salt marshes on Long Island’s South Shore. Its many old houses are hidden beneath remnants of majestic elms and copper beeches. It’s much like many other small communities on Paumonok except for one of its Presbyterian churches, built in 1745. Age alone can often be enough to make a church noteworthy but this one has a special claim to celebrity. Over a century and a half ago its congregation witnessed Daniel Webster catch the world’s largest brook trout just a long cast from its minister’s pulpit.

All that remains today of this historic event are some obscure records and a diary; a “picture drawn of the fish shortly after it was caught” that must be languishing, long forgotten, in some Long Island attic; a weather vane carved on a cherry plank in the outline of the trout; a brass nameplate inscribed Suffolk Club tacked on a pew in the little church; and a Currier print that depicts Webster catching the trout. Its caption reads, “We hab you now, Sar!”

Webster, like others born in the mountains of New Hampshire in the late 1700s, fished for trout in his boyhood days. But with Webster, that infatuation intensified and continued throughout his life. He was a modern paladin whose card could have read: “Have rod, will travel.” There were no noteworthy brook trout streams on Long Island to which he hadn’t been invited. As early as 1820, the senator, now from Massachusetts, began visiting the famous Long Island trout streams. He was a regular patron of Sam Carman’s tavern, gristmill, and general store at “the crossing-over place” at Fireplace Mills, later renamed

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1 *Paumanack or Pommanock*, a name for Eastern Long Island; that part of the island ruled by the Sachems of Montauk and Shelter Island. The word may mean “land of travelling by water” (from the Delaware *pomma'hum*, “to travel by water”), or “land of tribute” from Narragansett, *pauman*, “he offers” and -auke “land of.” Eastern Long Island was under tribute to the Pequots. It was also known as Sewanacka, “island of shells.”

2 A meeting house existed at South Haven from about 1740. The most recent meeting house, probably the third, was erected in 1828 and was moved to the hamlet of Brookhaven on December 28, 1960.

3 Members of the Suffolk Club did purchase a pew in the meeting house that was erected (or re-built, as it used part of the frame of the old meeting house) in the summer and fall of 1828. Pews were sold to raise funds to erect the new building. It is highly probable that the group of wealthy and influential individuals who fished at Carmans in Webster’s day were the progenitors of the Suffolk Club. The Suffolk Club, however, was not incorporated until the New York State Legislature passed an act on 11 April 1860. It’s corporate name was the “Suffolk County Society.” So the pew was purchased after 1828, either from a previous owner or when it became available upon the death of an owner who had purchased only a lifetime interest in a pew.
The meeting house “at South” was a Town of Brookhaven church. On election day, 03 May 1757, at the Town meeting, the freeholders and free men of the Town “voted and agreed” that the parish at South “shall henceforth retain the name of South Haven.” So the local-government name for the area was the Parish of South Haven from that date and included all of the southern part of Brookhaven Town. The name Fire Place referred to a smaller area, from the neck of land west of Beaver Dam (or Fire Place) Creek eastward to the Carman’s River. The post office was established at Carmans on 07 Sep 1802. It was designated “Fireplace.” From 1802 to 1853, the Fire-place post office itself was sometimes located near the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek and sometimes near or at Carman’s mills (near the west bank of the Carmans River). On 12 Nov 1853, the region served by that post office was divided, with the existing post office, then located at Silas Homan’s house, being assigned a new name, “South Haven,” while another post office was established just east of Beaver Dam Creek at Charles Swezey’s house and given the old name “Fire-place.” In the 14 Dec 1853 edition of The Corrector (Sag Harbor) newspaper, it was announced that “The name of the Fire-place post office, [Town of] Brookhaven, has been changed to South Haven. Silas Homan Postmaster.” On 24 Feb 1871, according to some, the Fire-place post office became “Brook Haven.” According to The South Side Signal (Babylon), the official date of the change was 01 Apr 1871. In 1924, the spelling was modified to one word and became “Brookhaven.”

In Carman’s custody, “Black Dan” — as many in Congress called him, because he always wore black — was able to slake his two greatest thirsts, trout and rum, often at the same time.

Come Sunday morning, however, in the acutely religious America of their time, both men could always be found across the road in the little white Presbyterian church, in a pew reserved for this unique fishing fraternity. Years later, after Webster’s death, the anglers formed the Suffolk Club. They built a Federal clubhouse a few hundred yards north of Carman’s house, on the edge of the pond created by the mill dam. Often, they were joined by other famous anglers such as Martin Van Buren, president-to-be and later Webster’s adversary; Philip Hone, mayor of New York City; and American inventor John Stevens and his brother Edward, both of Hoboken. The latter is said to have “never thrown a fly until he was 40 years old.”

While a member of the Senate, Webster maintained a law practice with offices in Boston and New York City. In Manhattan, he lived at the Astor Hotel on Vesey Street. One of his closest fishing cronies was Philip Hone, in 1825 the city’s mayor. Hone inflamed Webster with rumors of a monstrous trout, “bigger than any seen before,” that had been spotted on Long Island. According to Hone’s diary — which he didn’t begin keeping until 1828 and might more appropriately be called his memoirs — one spring afternoon in 1823,

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5The year 1825 is incorrect. Hone was elected an Assistant Alderman in 1824. The mayor of New York City was elected by the Common Council. In 1825, William Paulding was mayor. The divided Council chose Hone to succeed Paulding as a compromise candidate on 03 January 1826. Philip Hone took the oath of office on 16 January 1826 and served as mayor for a single one-year term, his successor being elected on 25 December 1826.

6It is definitely the case that a very large fish was caught at “Fireplace.” It was of such a spectacular size that the event was recorded in the newspapers. The date, however, was neither 1823 nor 1827. The Niles Register of July 7, 1821, reported that “a trout three feet in length and 17 inches round in girth, and weighing 13 lbs. 8 oz.,” was caught by Mr. Samuel Carman, Jr., on 25 June 1821. The Market Assistant, a book published in 1867, also states (p. 252): “The Gazette of the 29th of June, 1821, says: ‘A very large salmon-trout, weighing thirteen pounds eight ounces, and three feet in length, and seventeen inches round, was caught by Mr. Samuel Carman, Jr., in his pond at Fire-Place, Long Island, on the 24th inst. The Evening Post confirms the above ‘by three of our most respectable citizens.’”
he and Webster took the early ferry from Manhattan to Brooklyn.\textsuperscript{7} Catching the Friday stage, they arrived at Carman’s inn well after dark. Later, they were joined by Walter Browne and Martin Van Buren, who two years earlier had been elected to the U.S. Senate from New York. The next day they fished the spring-fed East Connecticut River (renamed the Carmans River) from sunup to sunset without sight of the trout. Carman told them the huge fish had last been seen a few days ago.

The next day, their luck changed slightly. Webster saw for the first time the fish that was to plague him. But no matter how often he and his friends cast, they couldn’t get it to take their flies. After that, Webster, who often fished Long Island’s other famous trout ponds and streams, returned often to Fireplace Mills, trying to catch the big trout. It would be several years before he would see it again. Carman and his slaves did see it from time to time, relaying letters to Webster, and this helped feed his desire.

It wasn’t until 1827 that both Webster and Hone were again at Carman’s. By now the fish had become a full-blown obsession. “We left Broucklyn [sic] on Friday,” according to Hone’s diary, traveling by stage, and arrived after dark. In addition to the tavern, Carman operated a community gristmill where the present-day Montauk Highway crosses the river. The day before, records have it, Carman and his slaves\textsuperscript{8} had taken out the mill’s huge waterwheel and “banked” it for repairs. The freedom to forage in the pool above where the wheel had stood would surely entice the behemoth to venture forth.

Webster and Hone fished Saturday without sighting the fish. That night, we’re told, rum and mulled cider flowed freely at Carman’s tavern — so freely that Webster had to be carried to bed by two men. The next morning, after the bell tolled, Webster, Hone, and Carman dutifully went to church to do penance for their indulgences. Most people of the day considered fishing on Sundays morally suspect, but before they entered church, Carman solemnly ordered his slave Lige to sit guard at the pool and watch for the trout. If it should appear he was to call them immediately, even in church. They then made their way to a pew beneath the scowling eyes of preacher Ezra “Priest” King, also a devoted trout fisherman. Fortunately for the revelers it wasn't the front pew, because King, from the manse across the road, had heard them carrying on the night before.

Sermons in those days were short if they lasted two hours, and Priest was a notoriously long-winded speaker. His voice droned on and on about the eternal faults of

\textsuperscript{7}Diaries were kept by Philip Hone from 1828 to 1851, but the first volume was used as a notebook beginning in 1826 and during the time Hone was mayor. The first diary entry is dated 01 May 1828. The diaries were published in two volumes, but, in the Bayard Tuckerman edition, the diaries do not contain any mention of a trip by Webster and Hone in 1823. The diaries do record later visits by Hone to Fire-Place (27 May 1833 and 24 June 1842). Allan Nevins published another two-volume edition in 1927.

\textsuperscript{8}In March 1799, an act was passed in New York that every child born of a slave in the state of New York after 04 July 1799 should be free. All slaves in New York born before 04 July 1799 became free on 04 July 1827. Before 1827, Samuel Carman had slaves, and although they would have been free to leave the area after 04 July 1827, the 1850 census would suggest that former slaves and free black men stayed around. (According to a law passed in New York State in 1817 — the General Manumission Act of March 31, 1817—, the owners had to list any children of slave mothers that were born after 1817 that the owner intended to keep as bound servants. Samuel Carman listed some children of his slaves as required by that act and an earlier one: \textit{Records of the Town of Brookhaven, Suffolk County, N. Y.,} (from 1798-1856), published 1888, p. 25. “Entered by me ISAAC HULSE Town Clk–January the 28, 1800–Agreeable to a Law of the State New york for the gradual Abolition of Slavery Passed the 29th of March 1799–Samuel Carman of the Town of Brookhaven made Return to the Record that he had a male Child born of a Slave of his on the furth [sic.] of August 1800–Childs name Selah–Entered 24 August 1801.”)
man, the wickedness of his life, his succumbing to the evils of drink and other sins. It must have seemed to Webster that King would never end. At last, it was time for a hymn.

While the congregation joined in singing “Shall We Gather at the River?” the senator's eyes must have strained through the open window for a glimpse of the pool. The new red leaves of the swamp maples flooded the river's banks with color, mixing with the yellows of the willows and the greens of the alders. Shadbushes were at the height of their bloom, and the yellow flowers of a dying forsythia framed the window.

The hymn over, everyone started to sit and prepare themselves for another long harangue, but they were interrupted by the shuffling of Lige's feet. It caught the attention of Carman and Webster. Dan knew immediately what had happened: Nothing but the fear of a beating from Carman for not reporting a sighting of the trout could have induced the slave to enter church.

“He's heah, Mistah Carman. He's in de hole where de wheel was,” said Lige. “Ephraim waitin' by de watah, lookin' at 'im.”

No matter how one tries, there's no way to leave the middle pew of a church inconspicuously. Everyone's eyes were on the trio as they walked out. The congregants, too, knew what the intrusion into God's House meant: The Big Trout. One by one many of the men also found an excuse to slip out. Within a few minutes the church was almost empty. Even the Reverend King left the pulpit and continued to deliver his sermon from the aisle, slowly working his way to the rear. After a hasty benediction, he ran to the pool with the rest of the congregation.

From Currier's print of the event, made 27 years later, we know Webster was in a black Sunday suit like most churchgoers of his day. He fished from a punt, whipping a 15-foot fly rod back and forth across the pool. Lige was in the boat with a landing net, as was Philip Hone, but where was the fish? Had it returned with the tide to the bay?

The congregation lined the pool's western bank and watched while Webster cast. The distal of three red-colored wet flies settled gently onto the water. The others quickly followed. With small flicks of the willowy rod's tip, Webster made them dance in short steps just under the pool's surface. There was a bulge in the surface and one fly disappeared. Webster set the hook. A small trout broke the water. A dull, disappointed moan came in unison from the onlookers.

The advocate impatiently pulled in the little brook trout and quickly released it. Webster went through the motions of casting the flies again but disappointment must have been written vividly across his face. Had he missed the trout again? Why was he constantly being plagued by this prize fish, the biggest trout anyone had ever seen?

After a half hour of fruitless casting, banksidewatchers were losing interest. A few began to leave. Webster made another long cast toward the bush where Lige said he had last seen the fish. As the flies landed, a massive swirl a few feet beyond broke the pool's placid surface. It was a big fish. Webster saw it. So did Hone and Lige. Webster snatched up the flies and again presented them, this time with a longer cast and renewed interest.

It was the most eloquent cast he could muster and the most important he would ever attempt; it was a trial of lives. The flies settled upon the water. For a moment surface tension kept them afloat. Nothing happened for what seemed like the longest time, as the three men watched. In a blink of an eye, the farthest fly sank first; the two others followed. The fish approached the distal fly with a savage, committed rush, the kind only brook trout
make when they decide to strike. As the trout took the fly, its momentum carried its back clear of the water, creating a horrendous splash that startled the witnesses who lined the bank like a jury in its box.

What followed was a real trial in every sense — the trial of two combatants, the trout fighting for its life and Webster for peace of mind, which at times can be as dear as life itself. It was a trial that wasn't decided until the final appeal was made from both sides.

The trout gave up only after a long, drawn-out struggle. The congregation watched silent and spellbound. Finally, Lige slipped the long-handled net under the fish, pulling it into the boat. The behemoth's back had turned black from its long life in the river's acid tan-colored waters. But its underside flashed orange and red and the telltale white trim on its fins left no doubt as to its status as the biggest of all brook trout.

“We hab you now, Sar!” Lige is reported to have said.

Webster held up the fish for everyone to see. The somber, reserved onlookers broke out into unthinkable cheers — on the Sabbath. They jumped and shouted wildly along the banks of the river. Records have it that Squire Carman's surrey horses were alarmed by the noise and took off down the road without a driver.

Lige carried the huge fish to Carman's store as everyone tried to guess its weight. Sam deftly slid the weights on his flour scale until the arm gingerly balanced at 14 pounds, 8 ounces. Webster had caught the biggest brook trout in creation. A fish that large couldn't go unrecorded. Carman placed it against a wall and drew its outline. Philip Hone copied the outline and the next day transferred it to a cherry plank. Eventually, the carved trout served as the church weather vane. It's recorded that the wooden trout was increased in size by one-third before it was carved so that when viewed from the ground on the church spire it would look "more natural."

The fish, packed in ice and sawdust, accompanied Webster and Hone back to Manhattan. It's said that Martin Van Buren, Browne, and the Stevens brothers joined them at Delmonico's, a new restaurant on Beaver Street, where "there was more than enough trout for everyone."

That's one version of the capture of the world's first 14 1/2-pound brook trout. There have been several others, all written by authoritative, qualified persons. One that closely...

In the 1849 edition of Izaac Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, p. 339, edited by Frank Forester and published in London, Forester quotes from his own contribution to the 1847 edition that was edited by the Rev. George Bethune: “Another fish or two of the like dimensions have been taken in Liff. Snedecor's and in Carman's streams; and it is on record, that at Fireplace, many years since, a trout was taken of eleven pounds. A rough drawing of this fish is still to be seen on the wall of the tavern bar-room, but it has every appearance of being the sketch of a salmon; and I am informed by a thorough sportsman, who remembers the time and the occurrence, although he did not see the fish, that no doubt was entertained by experienced anglers who did see it, of its being in truth a Salmon.” The identical text appears in the Appendix of the 1847 edition on page 142.

In Henry William Herbert's *Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America*, on p. 117, the text reads instead: “There is, I am aware, a tale that many years since a Trout of eleven pounds was taken at Fireplace; and a rough sketch of the fish is still to be seen on the wall of the tavern bar-room. I know, however, that this fish was considered at the time, by all the true sportsmen who saw it, to be a Salmon, and the sketch is said to bear out that opinion, though I do not myself understand how a mere outline, not filled up, can convey any very distinct idea of

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the species intended.” Few agreed with Forester’s identification of the big fish when, years later, he changed his mind and called it a brook trout.

“After it was killed,” wrote Trapnell, “Uncle Sam Carman had it placed against the wall and an outline drawn. Philip Hone, copying this outline, had a weather vane made, one-third larger than the trout, so that it would appear natural when viewed from below; had it carved and gilded and set up on top of the church spire.

“On the back of the wooden fish is written: 14 1/4 pounds.

“And what a feast Uncle Sam got up for the fishermen when that giant trout was killed! The pantry, cellar, milk room and smoke house, and all the mighty culinary lore of Aunt Ellen, his wife — she who had been a Havens, of Moriches, a line long-known for its housewife ability — were called into play. It is told how nine kinds of pickles alone graced that table, and as for the blue point oysters — and in those days they were blue points — and the smoked ham boiled in cider and the sillabubs [a wine or cider dessert drink] and the slip-and-go-downs [?] and — oh, what’s the use? Those days are gone forever!

“That was a long time ago, but here you may still see the church today. And also a picture of that great trout as he looked in the day when Daniel Webster and Philip Hone and their friends helped catch and eat him.”

According to Eugene V. Connett III, who reflected upon this catch in his book Any Luck? in 1933 — the same year Trapnell’s magazine piece appeared — “The Big Trout was quickly taken to the [Sam Carman’s] shop and laid on a piece of board; its outline was traced and the fish weighed and returned to the water, in an inclosed pen that harbored Carman’s live goose decoys. The board was then sawed out, later to be sent to a Bond Street woodcarver to be furnished up properly. A picture was painted of the trout by Miss Nellie Stone of Morristown [N.J.]. This picture is now in the possession of the Miller family in Brookhaven. The wooden effigy was later used as a weather vane on the South Haven Presbyterian Church, and years after was given to the oldest member of the congregation Ellen C. Miller. Today [1933] it hangs over the doorway of Clinton Miller of Brookhaven.”

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12 Other sources confirm that Samuel Carman, Jr., was known in the community, at least in his later life, as “Uncle Sam.” Whether he was called “Uncle Sam” at the relatively young age of 32 when the “Big Trout” episode took place is another matter. Samuel Carman’s father was still living on 24 June 1821, the date ascribed to the event by the newspapers of the day. Samuel Carman Sr. died 21 Dec 1821.

13 Catherine Homan (17 Aug 1795 – 04 Jan 1861), daughter of Joseph Homan and Elizabeth Hawkins, was the wife of Samuel Carman, Jr., (31 Jan 1789 – 27 Feb 1869). Samuel Carman’s daughter, Ellen, married Nathaniel Miller Jr. Ellen’s mother-in-law, wife of Dr. Nathaniel Miller, Sr., was Sarah Havens (06 May 1791 – 11 Oct 1863). Edna Valentine’s ascribing an Ellen Havens as the wife of Samuel Carman is not correct. It surprising she didn’t get this right, since the Valentines would surely have known the name of the mother of their neighbor, Ellen Carman Miller.

14 This is essentially the same story that Connett published much earlier (The American Angler, Vol. III, No. 12, pp. 664-665) under the nom de plume Virginius.

15 Ellen (Elinor) Carman Miller (23 Dec 1827 – 18 Dec 1914), wife of Nathaniel Miller, Jr.; daughter of Samuel Carman, Jr., and Catherine Homan.
It rests now in the vestibule of the church, moved from South Haven to Brookhaven.16

“A glance at the watercolor,” Connett continued — both he and Trapnell must have seen it17 — “dispels the theory [that it was a salmon].”

Connett’s version had a happier ending for the brook trout. “The trout, after being kept in the pen for some time at Carman’s was sent to Macomb’s Dam [on the Harlem River], above New York City,18 where we hope it lived happily ever afterwards.”

The shipping of the fish to New York alive wasn’t as preposterous a feat in 1827 as it might seem today. According to Connett, in the days before the Long Island Rail Road was built, market wagons fitted with large water tanks set out from New York and traveled along the route of the Sag Harbor Stage Coach — South Country Road. They stopped at each trout “pound,” picking up trout offered for sale by proprietors, and returned to the city with their loads. It was thus possible for patrons of Delmonico’s and other fashionable restaurants to enjoy what was considered “the finest tasting trout in the United States.” Because of the horde of trout it was impossible to weigh them. Instead, owners netted the fish and placed them in tubs; then purchaser and seller estimated the weight, haggling until a satisfactory figure was reached. Constant practice made the matter less troublesome than might be imagined.

In 1829, a year after his first wife’s death, Webster married Caroline LeRoy, daughter of wealthy Manhattan banker Herman LeRoy, who had a large country estate in Islip, just a few miles west of Fireplace Mills. Though Webster continued his fishing exploits on Long Island as well as the rest of the country, he never again caught a brook trout as large as the one from Sam Carman’s mill pool. Nor did anyone else until a Canadian physician, fishing in the wilds of western Ontario in 1916, caught one that just equaled the size of the fish Webster had caught 89 years earlier.

Webster’s fish predated the keeping of official records — not until 1895 would Field & Stream assume the custodial task of maintaining records of the largest freshwater fish caught by anglers. Despite this, the fish Webster (or another) caught was witnessed and authenticated by a member of the clergy and his congregation and entered into the church’s records,19 as well as by a president-to-be and an ex-mayor of New York City. The fisherman was both attorney and senator, and later secretary of state. How much more honesty could one ask for? However, in no literature or personal writings of his own or of

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16The original Trout Weathervane, as well as an N. Currier Catching a Trout lithograph owned by the church were placed with the Brookhaven-Bellport Historical Society in about 1979. At the time, an appraiser valued the remainder of the original Trout Weathervane at $1,200 and the lithograph at $650. The agreement signed by the Historical Society states that these items (and others) are to be returned to the Old South Haven Church upon its request.

17The water-color painting appears in a black-and-white photograph in Trapnell’s Field and Stream article.

18In 1813, Robert Macomb was granted permission by the New York State Legislature to construct a dam across the Harlem River. The dam was intentionally damaged in 1838 in protest of its limitation of navigation (its lock could only accommodate small boats). It was removed entirely in 1858 and is now the site of the Macomb’s Dam Bridge, the third oldest bridge in New York City.

19There are no known official records of the South Haven Presbyterian Church that mention this event.
anyone else did Webster ever take credit for catching such a large brook trout. But someone did, as we'll soon discover.

Trapnell seems to have had greater access to the source materials than did Connett, but it's difficult to discern where the actual descriptions ended and her coloring began.

“The fish — weather vane remained on the church for many years until,” as her story went, “a late summer thunderstorm, as big for a storm as that trout was for trout, came down on the little village of Fireplace Mills. There was a tremendous peal of thunder preceded by a blinding flash of sputtering, crackling, blue-green light which struck the church spire and knocked the wooden fish into the gutters. The lightning went down through the drain pipe and killed a mule that had taken shelter from the storm in the graveyard below ... quite a proper place as it turned out to be.”

The East Connecticut River, now known as Carmans River, still flows on Long Island. The big pool at the base of the mill yielded trout as late as 1958, when it was destroyed and the mill torn down to make way for a superhighway. If Daniel Webster had been alive, I wonder if he could have saved the pool — as he did in 1845, when he had the Long Island Rail Road remove a stone bridge it had built over the river downstream of the pool; the bridge's opening was too small, and backed the river into the pool. Brook trout inhabit the remnant of the pool even today.

Carman's tavern and home stood until 1936, when it was torn down and replaced by a fuel oil company office. The historic little church also felt the hand of progress. Carmans, as the community first appeared on maps, was renamed Fireplace Mills, then South Haven. After the first bridge was built it no longer prospered at “the crossing-over place.” Over the years the congregation dwindled to the point that the church was nearly abandoned. Those who needed religious guidance attended another Presbyterian church in

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20The “lack of prospering” had almost nothing to do with the building of the bridge. It had more to do with the saw mill and grist mill losing their importance in the economic activity of the community. The settlement at Brookhaven continued to increase while the population at South Haven dwindled. South Haven had so declined as a population center that on 15 March 1911 the post office there was closed.
The South Haven congregation acquired the Methodist church building in Brookhaven hamlet in the fall of 1945 when the Methodist congregation of Brookhaven vacated their building and merged with the Methodists of Bellport. At that point, the congregation changed its name to the "Brookhaven South Haven Presbyterian Church," but it was only a name change of the religious society that had been incorporated in 1802 as the "Parish of South Haven." The congregation used both its 1828 building in South Haven and the former Methodist building in Brookhaven hamlet about equally for the first five years, but as the South Haven meeting house was next to the Robinson duck farm on the Carmans River, it wasn't a pleasant place to be in summer. In winter, the building was difficult to heat. So, gradually, after 1950, the congregation began to use the 1828 building only for special occasions. After a vote on 12 April 1954, the South Haven building was no longer used until after it was moved to Brookhaven in December 1960. After the move, it took over a year to get the building in shape. The former Methodist building was then sold, and much later, in 1979, the name of congregation was again changed, this time to the Old South Haven Presbyterian Church. So, in fact, the little congregation never abandoned its historic building.

The heavy cherry weather vane has better stood the test of time and elements and, though suffering a little from weather and lightning, can still be seen in the church's vestibule. Today, as one walks down the aisle of the old church, one can almost hear Priest King delivering his sermon on that warm May Sunday, more than 150 years ago. And, in a center pew, one can see the spot, now marked by a brass plate, where Webster must have squirmed and fought with his conscience, and finally abandoned the word of God to do battle with a huge trout.

A somewhat abbreviated version of the above story appeared in a 1966 issue of *Sports Illustrated*, and a fuller version in the 1970 Summer issue of *Sports Afield's* quarterly publication, *Rod & Gun*. Eleven years later, in 1981, in an issue of *The American Fly Fisher, The Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing*, Kenneth Shewmaker attempted to debunk the story as a fabrication. As a Webster scholar working on a doctorate at Dartmouth College, he had two major criticisms of the above accounts and those by several other authors.

The first was that they lacked citations for various statements and facts. One would hardly find citations in *Sports Illustrated* or *Sports Afield*. His approach to denouncing the story was to research all the publications, diaries, and biographies of the people involved, looking for some printed reference to the catching of the 14 1/2-pound brook trout. I’m sure his search was scholarly and intensive, but after a lengthy period he came up without a single reference — and concluded that the event never occurred. Thus, his second criticism: Because he couldn't find documentation, it wasn't true.

Shewmaker was guilty of choosing documentary data that supported his personal thesis and disregarding other data that might have supported the catching of a 14 1/2- or, as in some accounts, 14 1/4-pound brook trout. He was aware of Charles Eliot Goodspeed's *Angling in America*, a 1939 documentation of fishing in these United States, because he referred to it in his 1981 critique. However, he failed to add William O. Ayers's reference to a 15-pounder being taken on Long Island. Ayers wrote in the *Boston Journal of Natural History* for April 1843 that “eight or ten years since a trout was caught at Fireplace, which

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21 The South Haven congregation acquired the Methodist church building in Brookhaven hamlet in the fall of 1945 when the Methodist congregation of Brookhaven vacated their building and merged with the Methodists of Bellport. At that point, the congregation changed its name to the “Brookhaven South Haven Presbyterian Church,” but it was only a name change of the religious society that had been incorporated in 1802 as the “Parish of South Haven.” The congregation used both its 1828 building in South Haven and the former Methodist building in Brookhaven hamlet about equally for the first five years, but as the South Haven meeting house was next to the Robinson duck farm on the Carmans River, it wasn’t a pleasant place to be in summer. In winter, the building was difficult to heat. So, gradually, after 1950, the congregation began to use the 1828 building only for special occasions. After a vote on 12 April 1954, the South Haven building was no longer used until after it was moved to Brookhaven in December 1960. After the move, it took over a year to get the building in shape. The former Methodist building was then sold, and much later, in 1979, the name of congregation was again changed, this time to the Old South Haven Presbyterian Church. So, in fact, the little congregation never abandoned its historic building.

22 The congregation moved its 1828 meeting house on 28 December 1960. The graveyard, which is still property of the congregation, remains where it has been since ~1745.

23 The distance of the move, along Montauk Highway to Arthur Avenue then to Beaverdam Road, was about 3.7 miles.
weighed fifteen pounds. It must, I suppose, have been this species Salmo [Salvelinus] fontinalis. It was called by many who saw it a salmon trout, on account of its great size or perhaps some peculiarity in the coloring, but the most experienced fisherman who was engaged in taking it (it was caught with a seine\textsuperscript{24}) considered it only a very large individual of the common brook trout. I must muse here, that on that stream, and possibly in other parts of the island, the name salmon trout is often applied to any specimen very strongly tinged with red on the abdomen, and it may have been so in this instance.”

More appropriately, the term “salmon trout” was usually applied to large sea-run brook trout, whose normally gaudy coloration is obscured by a layer of guanine — caused by exposure to salt and, to some degree, brackish water. Then, they do look a lot like salmon. However, the vermiculations on the back and the red dots on the sides are never completely hidden. And Ayers’s recollection of “eight or ten years” was not exact; some leeway would have put the catching of the trout within the time frame of Webster’s alleged feat. As to it being taken in a seine, this is as open to conjecture as the determination that it was a salmon, or that it could have been another fish taken on another occasion.

This kind of literary research reminds me of a tale a teacher told me while I was in graduate school. It seems that two monks were walking down a dusty road somewhere in Italy during the Middle Ages. One spied a donkey tied to a post. For some reason, one monk asked the other, “How many teeth do you think there are in a donkey’s mouth?” Being true scholars of that era they immediately returned to the monastery and spent days poring through the Bible looking for a reference that stated how many teeth were in a donkey’s mouth. Though there were plenty of references to donkeys, they couldn’t find one about the number of teeth. In frustration, they finally declared that “It isn’t in the Bible, therefore we can never know how many teeth are in a donkey's mouth!”

Shewmaker’s argument is weakened by his placing too much credence on the Currier print. Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait, an Englishman who had come to this country in 1850, drew the sketch in 1854, 27 years after the event, probably prompted by the death of Daniel Webster (of cirrhosis of the liver) on October 24, 1852. Currier had issued another lithograph of Webster, a portrait, just after his death. Tait, a freelance artist, saw this as an opportunity to sell yet another of his works to Nathaniel Currier\textsuperscript{25}.

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\textsuperscript{24}The version of the story that appeared in \textit{Forest and Stream} (June 23, 1906), says that the trout was trapped in the old spring hole by blocking the entrance to the hole with “Carman’s old menhaden seine that hadn’t seen the water in ten years and was full of holes.” (The Atlantic menhaden is a type of small oily fish that is also known as mossbunker, bunker, or porgy.)

\textsuperscript{25}All the conjecture regarding A. F. Tait’s motives are based on the incorrect belief that his painting depicted Daniel Webster catching a trout. The speculation about the identity of those in the punt (Webster, Lige, and Hone, or perhaps Stevens) is also insupportable, since \textit{Tait’s painting had nothing whatsoever to do with Daniel Webster!} Also, it is unlikely that it shows a very large trout being caught at Carman’s. The first source (found to date) that links A. F. Tait’s painting to Daniel Webster is in a 23 March 1950 column, “Historic Long Island,” written by Paul Bailey which appeared in a Huntington, NY, newspaper, \textit{The Long Islander}. He says that his information is based on the conclusions reached by Harry T. Peters, an authority on American lithographs. The Harry Peters source has not yet been found. The claim is demolished by the work of Warder H. Cadbury, who writes that although Arthur Tait rarely left any record of who the people were in his paintings, in the case of “Catching a Trout,” he did! In \textit{Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait: Artist in the Adirondacks / An account of His Career by Warder H. Cadbury, A Checklist of His Works by Henry F. Marsh} (Univ of Delaware Press; 1986), p. 36: “Apart from John Osborn, Tait’s most important patron at this time was James H. Clark, a Tammany politician who worked in the auditor's office of the Brooklyn Customs House and who, with his brother, was an enthusiastic sportsman. He paid Tait the princely sum of $450 for \textit{Trout Fishing} [sic], and then permitted its publication by Nathaniel Currier with the subtitle, “We hab
When Currier published a lithograph in 1835 showing Planter’s Hotel in New Orleans after it had been gutted by fire, he ushered in a new era in pictorial journalism. Currier began selling individual prints of historic events, and the more sensational the event, the better they sold — the precursor of the tabloid newspaper. Tait has been criticized as overdramatizing his scenes and making them look implausible — probably with Currier's encouragement. But drama sold then as it does today. In the case of Webster and his great trout, Tait probably had no access to first-hand, contemporary knowledge of the tale; otherwise the trout would really have been big.

While Tait later became an outdoorsman and fell in love with Long Island and the Adirondacks, where he owned a home on Long Lake, his print reveals that he had no idea of the actual size of a 14 1/2-pound brook trout, or with the events as documented by others who were there. He put Lige in the boat with Webster and had him landing the trout; Trapnell stated that it was Sam Carman who actually landed it. Nor is there any mention in any of the story versions of the anglers fishing from a punt. Tait may have taken it upon himself to put them in one, possibly influenced by contemporary English painter Henry Alken (1785-1841) and his watercolor Fishing in a Punt, or even more so by the 19th-century engraving Punt Fishing by W. Burraud. Both very closely resemble Tait's drawing of Webster and Hone.

Shewmaker wrote that the fish was taken from the mill pond, but it was actually taken from the pool below the spot where the wheel poured its water into the East Connecticut River. There was no need to use a boat to fish this small pool.

The only two accurate items in the Currier lithograph are Webster's likeness and the flat landscape in the background. The second man in the boat is most likely Philip Hone, because the figure is quite similar to portraits of the one-time mayor found now in the Museum of the City of New York. Hone was described as an "intimate" friend of Webster’s and the two often fished together, a fact revealed in Hone's diary. While the scene includes Hone, though, it may well be that Edward Stevens also fished with Webster. There's even a reference stating that it was Stevens and not Webster who caught the big trout. And

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26 The water wheel may not have “poured its water.” Carman mills used undershot, tub, and turbine wheels. The tub and turbine wheels rotate in a horizontal plane with the axis of the wheel perpendicular to the water’s surface. The power on the Carmans River came mostly from flow rather than head, since the elevation change, even with the dam, was modest. In 1912, the Board of Water Supply of the City of New York published Long Island Sources --- Reports, Resolutions, Authorizations, Surveys and Designs Showing Sources and Manner of Obtaining From Suffolk County, Long Island, an Additional Supply of Water for the City of New York. Appendix 14 is about the then existing uses of water on Long Island, in which it is stated: “Grist-mill And Sawmill At South Haven—This mill is situated at the outlet of the pond on the Carman’s river, just above the South Country road, and belongs with the surrounding land, and the pond above, to the Suffolk club. The sawmill has an under-shot wheel 2 feet by 10 feet rated at 25 H.P. which is said to do about $750 of business annually. The grist-mill has two turbines 24 and 16 H.P. respectively, and one old 12-H.P. tub wheel. This mill does about the same amount of business as the sawmill.” An undershot wheel is the only type of vertical wheel that can be used when the elevation change is less than about six feet. The sawmill's undershot wheel may date only from about 1876, since on January 8 of that year, the newspaper reported that S. C. Hallock “has just completed repairs on the Suffolk Club Mills, putting these standard mills in perfect running order. Mr. H. has also put in one of his new style of water wheels, which are a complete success---vieing [sic] with the turbine wheel in point of power, and costing much less to run.” Hallock then leased the Suffolk Club Saw Mill himself in April of 1876.
Ellen (Carman) Miller died in 18 Dec 1914. Nathaniel and Ellen Miller had conveyed their home and property to their son, George Miller, before they died. George died 27 Nov 1948. The house and property then went to George's nephew, Frederick W. Miller Jr., who moved to the house in Brookhaven with his wife, Lillian Myra (Field) Miller and two children, Ann L. Miller, born 09 Jan 1929, and Frederick W. Miller III, born 07 Apr 1933. Fred Miller Jr. died 07 Jun 1949, only seven months after his uncle. Lillian and her children continued to live in Brookhaven. Ann married Robert Clayton Kip of Brookhaven. They then all moved to Shaftsbury, Vermont, where Lillian died on 27 May 1981 and where her son, Fred Miller III, who suffered from severe depression, took his own life on 02 Jun 1991. His cremains were interred at Oaklawn Cemetery in Brookhaven. Ann (Miller) Kip died of heart disease in Shaftsbury on 10 May 2007. Fred Miller III's wife, Marie (Lyons) Miller is believed to still be living in Shaftsbury, Vermont. Ann Kip's son and grandson live in nearby Bennington.
Art. XXII. —ENUMERATION OF THE FISHES OF BROOKHAVEN, LONG ISLAND, WITH REMARKS UPON THE SPECIES OBSERVED. By William O. Ayres, of East Hartford, Connecticut (Communicated January 12th, 1842.)

During a residence of three years on Long Island, I have endeavored to improve the opportunities occurring to me of observing our fishes, and of ascertaining their habits; some of the results of these observations, I now take the liberty of presenting. My location has been at Miller's Place, a village in the township of Brookhaven, sixtytwo miles from New York. About a mile west of the village, a sheet of water enters from the Sound, called Old Man's Harbor. This harbor and the parts of the Sound adjacent, have afforded most of the marine species recorded. The fresh water species have been derived from different places which will be found noted in connection with the fishes. Enjoying the advantage of gathering specimens in waters in the neighborhood of those whose Ichthyology was illustrated by Dr. Mitchill, I believe that I have been able to identify many of his species, including one or two in which, it appears tome, an error has been committed, in the Report upon the Fishes of Massachusetts. Such an error, from the looseness and inaccuracy of many of Dr. Mitchill's descriptions, is very natural, and in certain cases unavoidable.

In the course of my researches, I have obtained several species which appear to me as yet undescribed; of these I propose to offer descriptions and drawings.


(Continued from page 264.)

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Salmo Fontinalis. Mitch.

The trout, for which the streams and ponds of Long Island are famous, are often taken of very considerable size; those of three or four pounds are not uncommon; and eight or ten years since a trout was caught at Fireplace, which weighed fifteen pounds. It must, I suppose, have been this species. It was called by many who saw it a salmon trout, on account of its great size or perhaps some peculiarity in the coloring, but the most experienced fisherman who was engaged in taking it (it was caught with a seine) considered it only a very large individual of the common brook trout. I may here remark, that on that stream, and possibly in other parts of the island, the name salmon trout is often applied to any specimen very strongly tinged with red on the abdomen, and it may have been so in this instance.
On the sailing of the Macedonian from Callao, a boat was despatched from the British frigate, Periion, to bring the people to the boat, under the command of Captain Downes; this compliment was exchanged with the utmost good will. This circumstance is mentioned as being a peculiarity of the British commander, and not often shown by British ships to those of the United States.

**Horrible affair.** The sloop Norfolk was freighted at Philadelphia for New Orleans, a short time since, and being laden, proceeded on her voyage; on or about the 15th ult. she was discovered to be on fire, but by the efforts of the captain and crew the fire was extinguished, after doing so much damage that it was thought necessary to put into Norfolk to refit. The cargo was here overhauled, &c. and what passed for boxes of dollars to the amount of 20,000, and for other valuable articles estimated at about 15,000 more, in the invoice, were found to contain only pieces of iron, lead, and hay, &c. The vessel and cargo were insured at Philadelphia and Baltimore for 35,000, and the design of the horrible villains was to set her on fire, at the risk of destroying the valuable property on board, smugnded on board under the name of other denominations. The names of the shippers at Philadelphia are said to be Scull, Holling-head, Greene and Holme. The pursuit is hot. Four persons have been arrested and held to bail in 6000 dollars each, to answer the offence. They are said to have hitherto maintained a respectable standing, and the Philadelphia printers are too delicate to mention the names of those seized.

**Cruelly.** A person was taken up and committed to prison in New York, for so fastening the tongue of a calf that it could not suck its mother—both were for sale. Now in Baltimore, it is quite a common thing, when cows and calves are driven through our streets for sale, to see the mouths of the latter severely tied up with strings—but what is much worse, in passing the Centre market every Wednesday and Saturday, we see calves with their four feet bound together with ropes and so suffered to lie for hours together on the public pavements, exposed to a burning sun! If there is no law to punish such cruelty, the people might soon check it, if they would act as I do. I enquire what butchers are in the habit of this cruelty, and avoid their stalls as if their meat was as putrid as their hearts are callous to humanity and disregard of decency.

**Died.** At Winchester, Va., about two weeks since, the Rev. Alexander Balmain, aged 80—a chaplain in the Virginia line in the revolutionary war, an able minister and much beloved by his flock.

**Cotton.** The crop is said to have been much damaged on the lowlands of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, which had been overflowed until the 50th of May. Domestic wine. Dr. Dyer has established a vineyard near Providence, R. I. It was planted in 1818, and contains forty acres, cultivated with currant bushes. It has already become profitable, and it is believed that, in a few years, it will produce two hundred pipes of a sound, wholesome and pleasant wine. This is good.

**American glass.** A splendid bowl, supposed to be the largest article of glass ever manufactured in the United States, was lately made at the South Boston glass works. It is 26 inches high and 16 inches in diameter, elegantly cut in strawberry diamonds, and in color and brilliancy equal to any ever imported, as well as more solid.

**The Weathersfield bonnet.** A bonnet made in imitation of the Leghorn, at Weathersfield, Con. by the Misses Woodhouse, being an order for a great price in New York, appears to have reached England, as is announced by the publication of the following extract from a letter dated London, April 28, 1821.

"I received the bonnet by the Radius, a few days since, in perfect order, and what is very remarkable it quite meets our expectations in every respect: I cannot find a Leghorn flat in any of the shops equally fine and beautiful. I have been requested to lay it before the society of arts, in order to obtain a medal for Miss Woodhouse, and which I have every prospect of obtaining: Although it be said, that a foreign production must render it more doubtful, as they reward native merit only by their rules, yet, the thing is so highly meritorious, and would be so very important to this country as a manufacture, I am quite sure it will be well rewarded."

**Mammoth trout.** At "Fireplace," Long Island, about 70 miles from New York, Mr. Samuel Carman, jun., on the 25th ult. caught at the "tail of his saw mill" a trout three feet in length and 17 inches around the girth, and weighing 15 lbs. 8 oz. It was kept alive in a pen several days for the gratification of the curious, the largest trout ever caught before, in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants, never having exceeded 5 lbs. in weight—seldom being more than 2½ lbs.

**March of mind.** Though in France and Spain the catholic religion is established by law, yet, in either country, a protestant may fill even the office of first minister to the crown. In free England, a catholic cannot hold such offices.

**New York canal.** The tolls received on the middle section of the Erie canal, up to the 19th of June last, amounted to $5369—a greater sum than the whole receipts of last year. Yet the rates of toll are now very low.

**New Hampshire.** The people of this state, 13,553 to 2,407, have decided against calling a convention to revise and amend the constitution.

There are twelve incorporated manufacturing companies in this state whose property is exempted from taxation. The aggregate value of their property is $678,000—from which $553,000 are vested in nail and iron factories, 25,000 in glass, and the remainder, 120,000, chiefly in cotton.

**General post office.** From the Democratic Press. It is confidently said that the receipts at the general post office, for the current year, fall short of the expenditures nearly 40,000 dollars. This is principally to be attributed to the state of business throughout the United States. There are, however, those who insist that no considerable portion of the sum deficient is retained in the hands of delinquent post-masters, and that the retaining of public defaults, as post-masters, affects the revenue by destroying public confidence.
p. 171.

On April 10, 1745, nearly all of the land on which the present hamlet of South Haven (Fireplace Mills) is located was sold to John Havens of Shelter Island for “720 pounds lawful New York money.” Three dams straddle the river, all built around the mid-1700s. Mordecai Homan built the original dam, just above the “crossing-over place” at the head of tidewater, where South Country Road crossed the river. He used the power to run a saw-, grist-, and fulling mill. During the next 50 years, the mill changed hands several times, eventually returning to the descendants of Mordecai Homan. Sam Carman Sr. married Theodosia Homan near the beginning of the 19th century and gained control of the mills. He died in 1821. It was Sam Carman Jr. who later turned part of his large house into a tavern and inn, which, during the early years of the 19th century was also a stagecoach stop on the route from Brooklyn to Sag Harbor.

28 The name is shown as “the going over” in most historical documents.

29 In his will, John Havens bequeathed the eastern part of Yamphank Neck, including the mills and other buildings, to his son, Benjamin Havens. On 16 January 1750 Benjamin sold this property to Mordecai Homan. Then, on 05 Sep 1764, Mordecai Havens sold equal shares in the mill property to Jeremiah and Ebenezer Havens.

30 The marriage was on 30 Apr 1777, not “near the beginning of the 19th century.” Samuel Carman Jr. was born 31 Jan 1789.

31 Ebenezer Homan, a clothier, sold his half-interest in the property to Samuel Carman Sr. on 24 Apr 1781. Thomas Ellison, a hatter, sold a one-quarter interest in the mills to Carman on 02 May 1785.

32 21 Dec 1821. He is buried in the Carman cemetery, south of South Country Road (about 0.2 mile southwest of the church cemetery). The Carman cemetery is adjacent to and immediately south of the Miller cemetery.

33 This is incorrect. Samuel Carman Sr. lived “at Fire Place,” now South Haven, before April 1781. It was Samuel Carman Sr. who would first run a tavern, inn, and general store there. An account book (Book No. 4 Carman & Reed) dated 30 Sep 1789 reveals that powder and shot, rum, molasses, spices, venison, snuff, tobacco, flax, ribbon, cloth, velvet breeches, nankeen vests, shoes, and shoe buckles were sold at his store. In fact, a tavern may have been located there at the time Samuel Carman Sr. purchased a one-half interest in the property in 1781.

34 The stage coach line from Brooklyn to Sag Harbor (where a passenger boat to New London, Connecticut, was available) was started in the summer of 1772 by Samuel Nicolls, Benjamin Havens and Nathan Fordham. It originally ran fortnightly. Initially, the stage coach stopped in Moriches, at Benjamin Havens’. When the stop was changed to Fireplace has not been determined.
Sam Carman Jr. fathered a dozen children. When he died in 1869, at 80 years of age, the house was bequeathed to his son Henry and the mill to son Robert.

p. 172.

. . . The house stood on the northern side of Old Country Road (Montauk Highway), well in front of the mill, and existed until June 1936. Then it and the surrounding lands were purchased by Charles E. Johnson for use as a duck farm. He tore down the older, original part of the house and used its wooden sashes for duck houses, retaining the new part, on the eastern side, as his home. This, too, was torn down, in December 1958, to make way for a new four-lane superhighway.

Carman’s mill was in operation until 1910, then stood inactive until 1958. That year, the current dam was built north of the old dam to make way for the four-lane extension of Sunrise Highway. The Presbyterian church, which played a part in Webster's catching of the big trout, was moved to the hamlet of Brookhaven (alias Fireplace) to make way for the highway. The tavern, store, and mill were also torn down to make way for the road. Only the lower half of the famous pool exists now, between Montauk Highway and the four-laner.

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35 South Country Road.

36 The razing of the house was reported by Helen (Morrow) Ewing, *Patchogue Advance*, 26 Jun 1936, p. 18, “Mr. And Mrs. Charles E. Robinson, who live in the old Carman house on Carman’s river in South Haven opposite the Presbyterian church, are having most of the old house torn down because it is in such poor condition. The small wing on the east side which is of more recent date, will be remodelled to be used as a cottage for some of the Robinson employees.” She also wrote a longer article that was published on 31 Jul 1936, p. 9.

37 “Then” is incorrect, as is Charles E. “Johnson.” The Carman River Duck Farm was a business of Charles and Ernestena Robinson and their sons. The deed from Mabell W. Carman (daughter of Henry Carman) to Charles E. Robinson and Ernestena, his wife, for the land south of the highway adjacent to the church property is dated 24 December 1926.

38 The moving of the 1828 Presbyterian meeting house on December 28, 1960, was entirely unrelated to the Sunrise Highway extension in 1958. In April 1954, the congregation had ceased holding regular services at its building in South Haven and had used only its building in Brookhaven—which it had acquired in the Fall of 1945. The congregation soon became too large for the Brookhaven building, formerly a small Methodist church, and on 22 Jun 1959, it purchased from Elisabeth Post Morrow property in Brookhaven hamlet at the southwest corner of Beaverdam and South Country Roads. The meeting house was moved from South Haven about a year and a half later, after a campaign to raise the funds needed to move the historic building, prepare a site for it, and restore it.
RECORDS: TOWN OF BROOKHAVEN

DEED OF YAMPHANK NECK & MILLS, 1745.

Extract

INDENTURE made on the 10th day of April, 1745, Between Mordecai Homan, Jr., Richard Floyd, of Brookhaven; Nicoll Floyd, of the Manor of St. George, of the one part, and John Havens, of Shelter Island, yeoman of ye other part, in consideration of Seven Hundred and twenty pounds received of said John Haven, convey to him “All that Tract or Neck of Land and Meadow known by the name of Yamphank, Bounded on the East by a river called Connecticut river, South by a small river called Yamphank, where it joins to the said Connecticut, West by a Tree marked at the head of said Yamphank, North by a Swamp called Asawsunce, together with the Grist Mill, Saw Mill, and fulling mill, and all ye other houses, buildings, orchards, gardens, improvements, &c., with the appurtenances, “always reserving and excepting out of this present indenture of sale, two acres of land, or thereabouts, granted for ye use of a presbyterian meet-ing house, whereon the said house now Standeth, together with free Egress and Regress to the same.”

Warranted and defended, & signed.

In presence of us. RICHARD FLOYD, L. S.
Josiah Woodhull, Nicoll Floyd, L. S.
W. Nicoll, Jun., Mordecai Homan, L. S.
Joshua Hallock.

Possession given same day, and money received in full.
Both witnessed by Signed by the three Grantors,
Nicoll & Woodhull.