

## A POET'S NEGLECTED GRAVE.

The Half-Forgotten Cemetery at Hunt's  
Point Where Joseph Rodman Drake  
Lies Buried.

About two miles above Harlem Bridge on the Southern Boulevard a road turns sharply off to the right and leads after a mile of pleasant walking by suburban villas to a little hill overlooking the Sound and almost directly opposite the village of Flushing on Long Island. This is Hunt's Point, so called after the family which owned the property until recently for one hundred and sixty years. The remains of the old "Grange," erected in 1689 and long the Hunt family homestead, occupies the highest point of the hill, though now it has the appearance of a modern villa and is surrounded by well-trimmed hedges and closely cropped lawns. For years after the beginning of this century the Grange was the home of the poet, Joseph Rodman Drake. Half way to the point the road—Hunt's Point road, as it is called—slopes down to the marsh meadows which surround the point on all sides except that washed by the waters of the Sound. In this little valley, on the left side of the road, rises a little knoll surrounded by four or five small trees and covered with a growth of dense brushwood, out of which rise four small white tombstones. The knoll has been the burying-ground of the Hunt family for nearly two centuries past. A dilapidated picket fence surrounds it on three sides, while the fourth opens into a poultry yard. No signs of care are visible. Some of the tombstones are broken, and nearly all are covered with moss and hidden in the underbrush. The ground is now covered with dead leaves and the bare branches of the trees give the place a desolate appearance. To the east the marsh lands stretch away to the Bronx River where it leaves the woods around West Farms. On the other side the dismal, chilly marsh still wearies the eye till the sunlit waters of the Sound and the white sails of the schooners sailing down to the city close in the view.

### SOME OLD TOMBSTONES.

The old tombstones are of soft brown-stone, and time and the elements have obliterated many of the inscriptions. Some have been broken and lie in pieces on the graves, while others have been sunk into the ground until only the tops of them are visible. The oldest one that remains entire is among a mass of brushwood; but by carefully crawling on one's knees and with much trouble the following inscription may be read: