

STORIES OF OLD LONG ISLAND

BY

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AUTHOR OF

*"Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales," "The Man
Mould," Etc.*

LONG ISLAND EDITION

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FOREWORD

ALTHOUGH its historical significance will be apparent, this book pretends neither to the dignity of exact statistics nor to that accuracy in narration to which historians are thought to aspire, but which they, happily, do not always attain.

It is an attempt to catch the spirit of Long Island, to visualize the phases of its old-time life in a series of pictures akin to those of the slow-motion camera. We shall try to get some fun out of its humorous aspects, to pause, as is customary, for a moment's reflection upon some of its tragedies, and to draw an occasional lesson from such incidents of its development as seem to offer that opportunity.

And if we can point out, especially, some past troubles that have been borne patiently and finally overcome, and draw an inference therefrom that the evils of the present time will likewise pass away, it will seem to have been something worth doing.

PAUMANOK
(Long Island)

Fish-shaped Paumanok fashioned of commotion,
Daughter of sea and land,
Thrusts far into the sunrise glow of ocean
Her gleaming lines of sand.

Within her white-rimmed walls, for those who find them,
She has strange tales to tell,
Of lore and legend, whose enchantments bind them
As in a witch's spell.

Her silver streams, her hills, and homesteads hoary
With age their secrets keep,
And many a tragic, half-forgotten story
Lies buried in the deep.

The virgin woods, the settler's broad-ax ringing,
And lo! we look again,
The cradles through her harvest fields are swinging
Beneath the falling grain.

Her trails, her mill-wheels old, her white sails flying
Upon the crested sea
Have gone long since. They were but prophesying
The things that were to be.

Her printed page yields richly to our gleaning,
And yet, between the lines,
We read the message of a deeper meaning
Than history defines,—

The magic of a mighty spirit moving
Across the fateful years,
With prudence, thrift and patient courage proving
The faith of her pioneers.

And if, neglectful of their paths immortal,
We turn to darkening ways,
Still waits Paumanok at her sunrise portal,
Pointing to brighter days.

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THE AIRLY DAYS

"Oh! Tell me a tale of the airy days,
Of the times as they used to be."

THIS is the first couplet of a charming poem by James Whitcomb Riley. But had he been starting to describe old Long Island scenes and customs, there would have been a pause at the outset by even that superb story teller. There is such a wealth of material, both historical and legendary, that the point of beginning is a difficult choice and a selection of the salient features even more so.

Our pioneer settlers did not cross the Atlantic on that overcrowded vessel, the Mayflower. Some of them came direct from England, Wales and Holland and some from the City of New Amsterdam, which then occupied merely the lower tip of the island of Manhattan. A still larger number were from Connecticut and Massachusetts. This latter group left the New England settlements because of unfavorable conditions there, religious persecution, strangely enough, being one of the causes of dissatisfaction.

And so they came from all quarters, each one seeking for his future home a location affording good soil and ample supplies of wood and water. There has always been such an abundance of these essentials on Long

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Island that later generations have grown to accept them as a matter of course, until we are now too often unmindful of our richest blessings.

With an impoverished soil, denuded of trees and without its copious supply of pure water, Long Island would not have been chosen by the pioneers, and any part of it which loses these will soon change from a garden into a desert. Our inheritance should be jealously guarded.

Many of the first settlers were members of the Society of Friends. Their influence no doubt accounted in some measure for the manner in which the colonization was effected. In no part of the new world was this done more quietly and peacefully than on Long Island, except possibly in Pennsylvania. Ample evidence of the accustomed purchase of lands from the Indians is furnished by the old deeds, many of which are still intact in the official files. A typical deed and one of the earliest of record is the one conveying the easterly part of the Town of Hempstead to two of the first settlers.

November 13th, 1643

Unto men by these Presents that wee of Masepeage, Merriack and Rockaway wee hoes name are hereunder written have sett over and sold unto Robert Forham and John Carman on Long Island Inglishmen the halfe moiety or equal part of the great plain lying toward the south side of Long Island to be divided or measured by a straight line and from our present town to be northward and from the North end of the line to run with a due east and West to the uttermost limits of itt and from both ends to run down wih a strait square line to the Southside with all the Woods, Lands, meadows, marshes, pasture appurtenances hereunto belonging containing within the compas of said lines to have and to hold to them and their

heirs and assigns for ever, in witness whereof wee have hereunto sett our hands, day and year above written.

Signed and delivered

in the presence of

the mark of the Sagamore of Masepeage.

AARANE, his mark

PAMAMAN, his mark

REMOJ, his mark

STEVENSON

WAINES, his mark

JOHN ROCKWALL

WHANAGE, his mark

FRANCIS CONOR

YARAFUS, his mark

This deed was confirmed 14 years later by another one.

July the 4th, 1657

KNOW all men by these presents that Wee the Indians of Marsapege, Mericock and Roakaway whose Names be Underwritten for our selues and all the rest of the Indians that doe Claime any Right or Interest in the Purchase that hempstead bought in the year 1643 and Within the bounds and limitts of the Whole tract of Land Concluded upon with the Gouvernr of Manhatans as it is in this Paper Specified, Doe by these presents Ratifie and Confirme to them and Peaceably for them and their heires and Successors for Ever to enjoye without any molestacon or trouble from us or any that shall pretend any Clayme or title unto itt.

The Montoake Sachem being present att this Confirmacon, haue hereunto subscribed in the presence of us.

RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE

JOHN SEAMAN

JOHN HICKS

The Marke of Takaposha, the Sachem of Mersapeage.

The marke of Wantagh, the Montake Sachem

The marke of CHEGONOE

The marke of ROMEGE

The marke of WANGWANY

The marke of RUMASACKROMEN

The marke of WOROUMACKING

We find in the names of these Indian localities and chieftains the origin of Manhattan, Montauk, Rockaway, Massapequa, Merrick and Wantagh. It is evident that the settlers chose generally the most pleasing of the Indian names for their use. But in this connection, the question arises, Why was Takaposha, great sachem of the Marsapege tribe, not remembered? An Indian chief with a name like that should have been immortalized. It is to be hoped that some Long Island village may yet be named after old Takaposha.

The descriptions in the Indian deeds were very indefinite, but there is little record of attempts on the part of the Indians to take advantage of this or to call into question the transfers. They had no surveyors to get them into disputes in regard to the lines, and no lawyers to tell them what to do about it. They were a happy and care-free people.

In most cases, the Indian deeds were later confirmed by grants issued to the settlers by the Colonial governors; and still later, it was decided by learned authorities that the grants were valid in law and that the old Indian deeds were not. The Indians had had undisputed possession for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, but the old world sovereigns had a more potent right, as Washington Irving aptly put it—the right of gunpowder. What a thing to marvel at is man-made law when interpreted by men to their own advantage!

Some of the old deeds had significant reservations in them. The Indians sometimes reserved the right to hunt and fish and to pick berries. The English sovereigns reserved the largest of the pine trees, to be used, doubtless, for masts for their ships-of-the-line.

Many attempts have been made to construe the old Indian deeds by modern standards and reduce their

descriptions to present day methods of location and measurement. The results have been, to say the least, unconvincing. In the first place, the Indians' knowledge of direction was of the most primitive kind and they were so fearful of anything they did not understand that at any effort to use instruments in locating the lines of the land they were selling, those simple sons of nature would have faded into the forest. And so the bounds were marked and the descriptions written in a way the Indians could understand. And secondly, land values in those very early times were so low that present day accuracy was not required. Meadow land was worth but a few cents per acre, and good upland was often sold for the equivalent of one dollar per acre, or even less.

There are many lessons for us in the lives and struggles of the early colonists. They too became embroiled in wars that started in Europe, and were taxed afterwards on account of them. They went through a long period of depression, compared to the depths of which, we are now living on the heights of the Himalayas. But this experience made them self-reliant and yet neighborly and helpful to one another. They exchanged labor and commodities because money was scarce. They learned to expect little or nothing from Europe. They found the answer to the riddle of depression in hard work—not perhaps of the kind they would have chosen, but of that which was ready to their hands. And if one sort of work failed them, they tried another. The choice between needs and wants was a very common one to them, and yet they, doubtless, drew as much contentment from a simple life as we get from a complex one.

One result of the present era of hard times will be that we shall find out whether or not we are worthy successors to those rugged pioneers who, without the aid

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of modern machinery or methods, wrung their scant livelihood from reluctant nature, and with the stubbing hoe, plough and broadaxe, carved a great commonwealth out of an untamed wilderness.

PIONEERS AND PEDIGREES

THIS may seem like a dry subject, but let us assure you that we are not going to trace anyone's descent through generations. The oldest genealogy, of record, perhaps, is that of the Scriptures, wherein it is stated that the first patriarch begat the second, and the second begat the third and so on for several pages. But this was written for a special purpose which those versed in such matters understand. Many other genealogies are merely long lists of descent and relationship, compiled with care and admirable accuracy.

But to follow this method in telling stories of old Long Island would be not to entertain anyone. By the time that we had got through two or three paragraphs, everybody would be either asleep or listening to the radio, and we should run the risk of having to answer personally a very old question which we have on occasion applied to others. After all is said and done, the question is, with some people, not when they were begotten, but why?

To avoid skating on this thin ice, we will consider at once another matter,—the two opposed schools of opinion as to the real value of a family tree.

Probably the best known representative of one school of thought is Mark Twain. He is reputed to have said that he did not like people who prided themselves on their genealogy, that they reminded him of a field of potatoes, because the best part of them was underground.

A witticism may be enjoyable, but it rarely settles an

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argument. The other side was never better presented than by old Pop Hammond, one of the veteran conductors of the Long Island Railroad.

The question came up in a political discussion during the campaign when Benjamin Harrison was running for the presidency. Mr. Hammond was pulling very strong for General Harrison and got into an argument with one of his commuters. Almost everybody joined in or listened, except the engineer and fireman who, fortunately, could not take any part in it.

The Democrats had a great campaign slogan that year:

"Tears are plenty, tears are many;
Grandpa's hat will not fit Benny."

When the commuter quoted this to Pop Hammond, the old man's spirit was aroused.

"How do you know," said he, "that Grandpa's hat will not fit Benny? When a man's grandfather has been President of the United States, he is likely to be of presidential timber."

"No more likely than anybody else," said the commuter. "What his grandfather did, or who he was, has nothing to do with it, absolutely nothing."

"Oh, hasn't it?" said Pop Hammond, glaring at his adversary. "Let me ask you a question, my boy. Suppose you were a very wealthy man and liked good horses and made up your mind to have a stable of trotters. Would you send your purchasing agent out to buy anything and everything to start your stable, or would you tell him to look up some records and pedigrees?"

With this, old man Hammond, after again glaring the commuter almost out of countenance, went on down the aisle collecting tickets.

So the matter rested and still rests. But if the question could have been debated by Mark Twain and Pop Hammond, whatever the outcome, it would have been worth going half way around the earth to hear. We would have bet on old man Hammond.

The illustrious Captain John Seaman, founder of the Seaman family, one of the best known and perhaps the most numerous, among those who were to make Long Island their future home, brought with him across the Atlantic what seems to us to be the touchstone of genealogy.

Among other insignia, there was a family motto, the translation of which reads as follows:

“Let us be judged by our actions.”

Here is the real test of genealogy, whether it runs through two generations or two hundred. The virtue that is in it must depend upon what the people in the ancestral line did.

The severe conditions of the days of the settlement of Long Island were well suited to the testing of the moral and physical fibre of the pioneers. And although life became gradually less arduous as generations passed, there were many recurrences of hard times.

About one hundred years ago, there was a period of great depression, when whole communities struggled with distress and want. In the very worst of it, the head of one branch of this family, the bread-winner, died, leaving his widow with seven children and a home heavily mortgaged.

This was indeed a crisis. His brothers and sisters took counsel together. To carry the burden of that home and family under the existing conditions was a hard task for a strong man, as they all knew by their own struggles.

And for a woman with seven children to attempt it seemed nothing short of folly. They could see no way out for her but to dispose of everything for what it would bring, including the farm itself; for none of them could take on the extra expense of contributing to keep the household going without bringing disaster to his own home. But each one of them was willing to take and care for one of the children, except the baby, too young to leave its mother, and they believed that she could find enough work to do in the neighborhood to support herself and the little one.

And so, after talking it over, they went to see her and told her of their plan, a hard solution to a hard problem, but the only one they could find. Her answer came like a flash of lightning.

"No!" she cried, gathering the children about her. "No! It would kill me. I'd rather die here trying to keep them. I'll work night and day. I'll wear my fingers down to the bone for them. I'll starve for them. But give them up—I will not! I tell you, I will not! I'll die first!"

Here was a hunted mother at bay and ready to fight for her brood even unto death.

"Oh, I'm not blaming you," she went on. "It's good of you all to offer it. It's all you can do, I know. But I can't give them up. Let me have a little time, a few weeks. Let me have one of your helpers, a good one, to do the plowing. I'll pay him. I can manage the farm, some way. Let me try it. I can and I will!"

One of the older brothers caught this vision of mother love incarnate.

"You shall have your chance, Deborah," said he. "I'll tell my best hand to come to work for you tomorrow morning, and I'll get some one in his place. I wish I

could pay him for you, but I can't. You'll have to do that."

Then began a long and terrible struggle. The days and weeks and months passed, but not for one instant did she falter in her set task. There was no useful work which the children were equal to that they were not taught to do. Clothes were never worn out in that household. They were mended and altered. The younger children simply grew into those which the older ones had outgrown. The abundance of summer and autumn was saved in some form to answer for the needs of winter. They had enough food, but it was of the very plainest kind, and it was raised on the farm almost entirely. It is of record that the children all looked forward to the coming of Sunday each week, for at the close of that day, they would have plain molasses cake for supper.

But even to feed and clothe the children was not enough. They must have such schooling as those of her neighbors had. She added this also to her burden and struggled on.

The long years came and went. Her children grew to manhood and womanhood. She was then an old woman and the whole community called her Aunt Deborah. The mortgage had long since vanished. No mortgage could hold out against the unyielding purpose of that valiant soul.

It became the custom with her brothers and sisters and with her neighbors, when they faced a difficult question, before deciding it, to go and see "what Aunt Debby thinks about it." That was only natural; but they were then paying homage to the surest judgment and the stoutest heart among them all.

Later, when she sat in her arm chair and raised a frail

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hand slowly to brush the white hair back from her temples, it went quickly down again to the knitting needles in her lap; for she was then making mittens and mufflers for her grandchildren. She was still motherhood personified.

The mother who sent her son forth to battle in days of old, telling him to return with his shield or upon it, was a brave woman. But for character and sheer courage, our choice would be this Long Island mother fighting for her home and children.

Had we been fortunate enough to be able to claim descent from her as a matter of genealogical record, we would have considered such a heritage priceless.

Similar events are now happening around us every day. There are those who are supporting large families on an income of twenty dollars per week. How they do it is a mystery. But they do. And their homes look better now than when the era of hard times began. We do not know whether they have an old family history or not. Nor do we care. They are making one now. Two generations hence their grandchildren will be telling with just pride of what they did to bring their families through the great depression. Such people are unconquerable.

Whether they know it or not, they are disciples of Aunt Deborah, and she is their Joan of Arc. Her spirit will lead them out of the wilderness and into the ways of plenteousness and peace.

SETTLERS AND SETTLEMENTS

LONG ISLAND was very fortunate throughout in the character of its settlers. Many of them were of high standing in the Old World, but answered the call to high adventure that came to them across the Atlantic, realizing that it meant leaving behind all the prestige of rank, insignia and title, and that manhood only could avail them in their future careers. A catalogue of their names and localities would alone fill a volume and it would be in great measure a social register of Long Island.

So it is obvious that only a few of them can be recorded here and we must try to set forth the spirit rather than the letter of their history, confining ourselves to salient features and outstanding characters.

The settlement of the major part of the Island commenced in the first part of the seventeenth century. The Dutch began at the westerly end and the familiar names of Flatbush, Utrecht, Bushwick, Williamsburg, Flatlands and Flushing originated with them and mark the location of their settlements, or English settlements under their jurisdiction. The name Brooklyn itself is, of course, of Dutch origin.

The well-known family names of Brower, Bergen, Rapelye, Kouenhoven, Van Siclen, Van Brunt, Van Size, Van Dyke, Tunis, Onderdonk, Hedden, Garritsen, Polhemus, Selwyn, Hegeman, Stryker, Wyckoff, Riker

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and Vanderdonk are among those representative of the substantial character of these settlers.

Prominent English names of early settlers in this section were Doughty, Bridges, Terry, Field, Lawrence, Lott, Feke, Bowne, Cornell, Harvey, Hinchman, Hoyt, Pidgeon, Stevens, Waterbury, Miller, Meserole, Sandford, Morrill, Cropsey, Hubbard and Tilton.

Many of these names, both those of Dutch and those of English origin, are perpetuated in our streets and avenues, and their descendants inherit the thrift and industry of their ancestors.

Most of the English settlements began at the easterly end of Long Island. Lion Gardiner, the founder of the Gardiner family, was the first settler. He bought Gardiner's Island from the Indians, as well as property at East Hampton and elsewhere.

The friendship between this man and Wyandanch, the Indian chief, is historic, and was based upon the sterling qualities of the man and his fair dealing with the Indians.

One very potent reason for the peaceful way in which Long Island was colonized lay in the fact that the powerful tribes from Connecticut had previously crossed Long Island Sound and conquered the red men of the Island and forced them to pay tribute to them. The settlers gave help to the Long Island tribes; and their enemies, after being warned to stay away and after several defeats, decided that it was no longer worth their while to try to keep the Island tribes in subjection.

The Long Island Indians were for the most part grateful to the settlers for this service, and it no doubt accounts for their quiet acquiescence in the passing of the title and use of their lands into the hands of others. It is true that the settlers paid for the land; but the

consideration given was wholly inadequate, as a mere cursory inspection of the records discloses.

There are likewise some other matters to be considered in this connection. There were restrictions in most of the Indian deeds, reserving to them the right to hunt and fish on the property. This was all the red men cared to use it for anyway, except possibly to raise a little Indian corn. But when the white men had cleared up the land and otherwise converted it to their uses, the Indians' rights and reservations no longer amounted to anything. In other words, the whites had then got what they bought and wanted, but the Indians had lost what they had intended to reserve to themselves.

No two races on earth could have had more divergent views regarding land and its value and best uses than the red men and the white. Everything considered, that there was no more serious trouble between them on Long Island is very creditable to both races.

From those early beginnings, we have gone on at much expense with the work of reclaiming thousands of acres for agriculture, great areas of it being swamp land poorly adapted to the purpose, only to have it transpire later that we had too much farm land already. We then find our game dwindling into insignificant numbers because the harboring and breeding places have been destroyed.

The brothers of the rifle and shotgun and the rod and reel, a great and ever-growing fraternity, are beginning to feel as the Long Island Indians must have felt two hundred years ago.

If the shade of Wyandanch, the great Montauk sachem, were to revisit these scenes, we will venture to say that, after looking things over, he would fold his arms across his breast, smile sardonically, and say:

"Ugh! Paleface has done heap much work. No good. The deer and the eagle are gone. The great swan is gone. And the big fish. Paleface can now hunt mice and sparrows. He is a fool. He has tomahawked himself!"

It may well be that the Indians' point of view had some merit after all.

Grouping the Long Island settlers according to townships seems to be the natural method and accords in most instances with the names of the settlements themselves.

Among the first settlers of East Hampton were Hand, Stretton, Talmage, Bond, Rose, Thompson, Barnes, Mulford and Howe.

The Indian deed to Southampton was executed to Gosmer, Howell, Farrington, Wells, Needham, Sayre, Halsey, Walton, Howe, Cooper, Bread and Harcher.

The Edwards family and the Mulfords and Conklings were especially prominent in the early days in the Hamptons by reason of their connection with the whaling industry.

Among Southold's first settlers were Wells, Horton, Mapes, Tuthill, Corwin and the Rev. John Young.

This was one of several groups who came from other sections bringing their minister with them, religious differences or restrictions being one of the main incentives for their migration in most cases.

Early Riverhead family names were Swezey, Terry, Griffin, Hallock, Raynor, Davis, Hallett, Downs and Squire.

Brookhaven was represented by the names of Floyd, Smith, Darling, Thompson, Tallmadge, Hawkins, Overton, Bishop, Ketcham, Woodhull, Nicoll, Candee and Strong.

Smithtown had the families of Adams, Blydenburg, Whitman, Mills, Hubbs, and a great number of Smiths.

Islip had Johnsons, Thompsons, Clocks, Vails, Westcotts, Nicolls, Greens, Snedecors and Albertsons.

Huntington has a longer list because Babylon was originally a part of that township.

There were, among others, Holdbrook, Williams, Whitehead, Kelsey, Armitage, Washborne, Powell, Chichester, Platt, Bailey, Wood, Baylis, Cooper, Sammis, Carll, Fleet, Reed, Oakley, Wicks, Foster, Litchfield, Southard, Ireland, Robbins and Jervis.

In Nassau County, early settlers of Oyster Bay had the names of Leveridge, Mayo, Wright, James, Carman, Coles, Bowne, Duryea, Valentine, Townsend, Frost, Weeks, Merritt, Whaley, Tappen, Davis, Totten, Carpenter and Woolsey.

In Hempstead and North Hempstead, which also comprised one township originally, there is likewise a longer list. It includes Seaman, Hicks, Gildersleeve, Jackson, Smith, Baldwin, Raynor, Hewlett, Foster, Pearsall, Willis, Willetts, Post, Mott, Loines, Doughty, Cornelius, Sands, Cock, Clowes, Bedell, Birdsall, Titus, Lawrence, Hopkins, Allen, Albertson, Ellison, Underhill, Davison, Pettit and Rhodes.

Many of the earlier names of Long Island villages were from the surnames of these settlers.

Most of the lands upon which the settlers located were bought by groups of them, but this was not always the case. Notable exceptions were the Indian purchases of the Williams, Seaman and Powell families, whose tracts were bought separately and were later taken into the townships of Oyster Bay and Hempstead.

Several years ago, we were called on to keep a business appointment with one of the older members of a typical

Long Island family, the Carmans. It was an afternoon long to be remembered.

Their house was almost like a storeroom for Colonial relics and heirlooms, among them being the Indian deed which had been framed and hung in the main stair hall.

The old gentleman was more than seventy years of age at the time, but he had a wonderful memory and his recollection of old time scenes and family history was remarkable.

"Our family came to this country among the first settlers," said he. "They bought their land from the Indians and we have owned it and lived on it and got our living from it ever since."

"Did anyone ever try to buy it from you?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "But there was always some reason why we could not get together. The last time, some years ago, a real estate man wanted to buy a part of the farm. He knew that I was fond of music, and when we failed to agree, he thought things might be more harmonious if he sang some songs for me."

"Did that help any?"

"Not a bit," said he. "The blamed fool couldn't sing well enough to buy our land!"

As a matter of fact, we do not believe the best singer in the world could have charmed the old gentleman into selling any great quantity of the ancestral tract. He was too firmly rooted in it and attached to it. We found some comfortable chairs in his sitting room, he seating himself near what appeared to us to be an old harpsichord.

As he talked further about old times and incidents connected with his family's ownership of the property, the years seemed to drop away and it seemed to us as

though we were listening to the spirit of the land itself telling its inmost thoughts.

"When I was a young man," said he, "my father told me that our family had some kind of a title and a coat-of-arms on the other side, but when they came to this country, they settled here as plain farmers; and as they had got their crops and their living from the soil here ever since, he thought the most appropriate coat-of-arms for us now would be a sheaf of wheat, and he asked me to have one carved on the headstone which would mark his final resting place in the old family burial plot."

We had forgotten all about the passage of time in listening to him and it was now beginning to grow dark in the sitting room, but we still sat entranced by that clear, even voice coming out of the shadows by the old harpsichord.

"I'll show it to you, tomorrow," said he, "the sheaf of wheat, our coat-of-arms, the only kind my father or I, or any of us, care to have perpetuated."

It was past time to go, but it was with reluctance that we broke the spell, this spell of communion with the spirit of the land itself, which is merely the pioneer spirit, rooted in the soil, nurtured by love of it and strengthened by hallowed associations.

COLONIAL DAYS AND WAYS

WE READ of old-time customs and we hear the lecturers discourse concerning them, but there is always something impersonal about it all. There is nothing to drive this knowledge home to us; and for the most part, no lasting impression is made upon us.

For instance, we know that there were in Colonial days practically no asylums for the insane. And we know that people who went crazy had to be taken care of nevertheless; but we do not think deeply of what this really entailed.

We may find among some old papers on file a record of the appointment of a commission to take charge of all the property of one of the old-time farmers who became demented, and we see numerous transfers by them of his holdings from time to time; and yet we think little more about it.

But in the floor of one of the rooms of the Dutch Colonial house that was his home, there is a large ring bolt. It goes through the floor and is set deeply into one of the rough-hewn beams underneath. To this ring-bolt was once fastened one end of an ox-chain and the other end of it was attached to a heavy wrought iron anklet that encircled the leg of this poor madman, who was at times violent.

His wife and children lived in the other rooms of his

home, and his food was brought in and placed within reach of him; but they dared not go near him, although he often begged them to do so in his lucid moments.

And thus he lived a sort of death in life for many years. And during all that time, the loving hands that would have ministered unto him and could not, were so near and yet so far; and the rest of his household lived through those dragging years under an ever-present and baleful shadow of fear and apprehension. It was a prolonged tragedy, too deep for words and far more terrible than death could ever be.

But the concrete evidence still to be seen of these domestic sorrows brings home to us more impressively than any words could do so the great difference between our living and that of Colonial times.

This is only one among many changes, some of which were from conditions almost equally tragic. How many people think nowadays of how operations were performed before anaesthetics were discovered? Do we know, or stop to reflect, that the only recourse then was to get the patient dead drunk or to stupify him with opiates?

We see the old solid shutters on Colonial houses with the crescent shaped apertures cut in them, but we forget that these were made for use as portholes by the householder in defense of his home and family.

We think of the picturesqueness of the old-fashioned well with its long well sweep, when we see one of the few that still remain intact, near the old houses built by the pioneers. But perhaps we may not notice that the well was always so near the kitchen door that the Colonial housewife could get water quickly with a minimum of exposure or risk of attack by stealthy enemies.

We see these evidences of what has gone into the

distant past, but the changes have taken place gradually and we do not comprehend their import.

The plain truth is, that even in this present time of distress and suffering we are overwhelmed with such showers of comfort and blessing that their very abundance causes us to ignore them.

The Colonial homes were heated by old-fashioned fireplaces, the most picturesque, and also the most wasteful, means of house heating ever devised by man. Anyone who has tried to feed the insatiate maw of a large fireplace with wood for any length of time will not have to be told how much work had to be done in those good old days to keep the home fires burning.

The means of lighting the houses were just as romantic and just as unsatisfactory. Whale oil lamps were troublesome. Candles have always furnished a charming way to light and decorate two objects, the birthday cake and the Christmas tree.

We moderns neglect the sun. We do not need it, or think we do not. The Colonists had a good wholesome respect for it and its powers and uses.

When Benjamin Franklin was ambassador to France he advised the Parisians to make the acquaintance of the sun, to get up once in a while early enough in the morning to see what it really looked like at that time of day.

The Colonists needed no such introduction to it. It governed their up-risings and their down-sittings and many of their activities. They had few clocks and still fewer watches. But the "noon mark" by the kitchen door told the good wife when to blow the dinner horn; and perhaps in some favored spot, a sun dial, with slow moving shadow, pointed its fateful index to the passing hours.

There were fewer kinds of mechanics in those old days; for the men were most of them Jacks-of-all-trades, but there were some kinds of necessary work for which a man needed special training.

The cooper and the blacksmith were important men on Long Island, and especially so near the easterly end, where the whaling industry flourished. The wheelwright and the cobbler were likewise indispensable. The blacksmith was also a gunsmith and the cobbler made harness.

Young men were bound out as apprentices to learn these trades and gave up several years of their lives to that end, with no pay except a living and the knowledge gained. At the end of their apprenticeship, their employers usually gave them a new suit of clothes to start life with on their own account. This was called their freedom suit and might be likened to a graduation certificate.

The unrestricted taking of game by land or sea was customary, for the people had to make use of all possible means to a livelihood.

The professions were much fewer than at present and many semi-professions did not then exist. People served themselves or did without the service. A good illustration of this is the way they tried to get along without doctors. This was partly because doctors were often inaccessible and partly because they were so hard put to it to pay them.

And so they had all kinds of old-fashioned remedies, so-called, and were ready to treat anything from whooping cough to hydrophobia on short notice. People were ministered unto in their own homes by their families as much as possible, and the doctor was called upon as a last resort only, oftentimes too late for his services to be of much avail.

A quotation from an old-time treatise entitled, "Every Man his own Doctor, or the Poor Planter's Physician," which it is stated, was "wrote by a Gentleman in Virginia," will perhaps not be inappropriate.

This gentleman of Virginia holds forth in his preface on the subject of doctors as follows:

"Indeed, some would be glad of Assistance, if they did not think the Remedy near as bad as the Disease. For our Doctors are commonly so exorbitant in their Fees, whether they kill or cure, that the Patient had rather trust to his Constitution, than run the Risque of beggaring his Family."

If the doctors of that day were as generous and as charitably inclined as are most of those of today, this "gentleman of Virginia" should have been ashamed of himself.

However, "the kill or cure" part of the paragraph brings to mind an old story which has come down to us through generations and which dates back to Colonial days.

An old-timer of the Quaker persuasion, whose wife got sick and who had great thrift and foresight, perhaps too much of both, bargained with his physician to treat her during the course of her illness for five pounds, kill or cure.

It is to be presumed that the doctor did his best, but notwithstanding his efforts, the patient died.

Repeated bills and statements of account from the doctor brought no response. Finally, happening to meet the debtor one day on the street, the doctor ventured to remind him of their agreement. This old-time Quaker neighbor looked at the physician a moment thoughtfully before he answered.

"Yes, my friend, I recall my contract with thee. But

before going further with the matter, let me ask thee two questions."

"All right," said the doctor. "Go ahead."

"Thee was to be paid five pounds, kill or cure. Did thee cure my wife?"

"No, of course not," said the doctor. "Your wife died."

"Well then, neighbor, does thee expect me to pay thee five pounds for killing her?"

We have often wondered when and how the Colonists found out that buckwheat flour made better pancakes than any other kind and that the planting of buckwheat on newly plowed virgin soil was the best way to tame it.

Their knowledge of these facts was a great help to them, and even after it was no longer necessary, they continued to raise buckwheat. After modern milling of wheat flour had superseded in great measure the old-fashioned way, farmers continued to raise buckwheat and have it ground locally. They were very loath to give up their buckwheat cakes. We agree with them in this matter. Molasses, they called it "melasses," had to be imported at first from the West Indies, and this made it too expensive for many families. But they had a substitute for it. They found out that they could make something that would answer the purpose from some kinds of sweet apples. It took a lot of hard work to produce it, but apple molasses was used for many years.

They preserved and pickled some unusual things, such as the buds of trees, mushrooms and walnuts. They candied some kinds of herbs and flowers and pickled other kinds.

A comparison of the cost of things to them and the prices of the same things today makes everything they

had to buy seem ridiculously low in price. But it was all relative. They suffered from the high cost of living and complained of it just as we do.

Some of them remembered the prices they had paid for things in England, and the commodities that were not to be had except by import, had to be transported across three thousand miles and more of ocean by the slow going ships of that time. Only those who were considered wealthy could afford such things at all.

No doubt many of them read of those good old days two hundred years before their own time, when in the reign of Queen Mary, "a Barrel of Beer with the Cask, cost but Sixpence, and four great loaves of Bread were sold for a Penny."

YE POLITICS OF YE OLDEN TIME

THE political systems of the Long Island townships in Colonial days were all similar and practically the same as those of New England. By vote of the people in town meeting assembled, all local questions were settled and the magistrates and town overseers elected. These elections were authorized and confirmed by the Colonial governors. The offices were few and paid little or nothing at the outset. This regulation of town affairs by direct popular vote, the purest form of democracy, was changed later to a more representative form of government, the transformation taking place gradually as the population increased. Many of our town ordinances have grown out of resolutions passed by the voters in very early times. Some of them are well worth noting.

“At a Generall town Meeting the 27th of November Anno 1658

It is ordered, that any Manner of person or persons . . . that after the day of the date hereof shall sell Eyther wine beere, or any manner of drams or stronge licquors, that they shall make Entry of the same, unto ye Towne-Clerke and shall pay for any kinde of drams or Spannish wine the some of five guilders the Ancker . . . , the one halfe to be employed for the provision of Amonition, for the use of the Towne, And the other Moytie and halfe part, to be imployed for ye Education of poore orphants or other poore Inhabitants children to pay for their schooling. And by default of an Exact and true Entry of all and Every part of Such beere

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wine or strong licquors, the same wine beere or strong licquors shall be forfeited unto the Townes use."

It will be noted that they confiscated, but did not destroy, the liquor. They had use for it. In one of the accounts of town expenses, the following appears,—

"To Mrs. Washborn for making a Holland shert for ye Saggamoore,—2 shillings."

This was encouraging. The Indians were feeling the influence of civilization. They were beginning to wear shirts, or at least, the sagamore, or chief, was. But a little further in the same account, we read,—

"James Pine for drinks Expended upon ye Saggamoore and for Laying out ye town bounds,—1 pound 5 shillings."

It seems probable that Mr. Pine got the chief to help him in fixing and marking the town lines and that they had a fraternal celebration of the event.

"Symon Seren for wine to ye Indians by ordre,—14 shillings, 8 pence."

Here the influence of civilization upon the red men is seen to be of a somewhat doubtful character. It is to this day questionable whether the Indians got more of good or evil from their palefaced brothers. Another item follows:—

"To ye Towne-Clerck for 18 months Service—3 pounds."

These town charges had to be all considered carefully, but there is no record of any objection to paying the Town Clerk about fifteen dollars for what he did during the eighteen months. There seems to be no reason why they should not have believed in rotation in office in those days.

Here is proof that they did not cling to the offices with twentieth century tenacity.

"At A Towne meeting the 26th day of February Ao 1659.

There is chosen by authority of this towne-meeting given to ye old townsmen who have served out their tyme upon the townes Imployment ye last year to nominate and chose other townesmen to serve this present yeare, whereupon there is chosen and presented to the towne this present day:—

Lawrence Ellison, Thomas Langdon, William Yates, Edward Titus, Thomas Foster.

It is ordered and Agreed by ye Above written the Townsmen that yf Eyther of them shalbe absent haveing had due Notice, and warning to meete, the same party or parties of them absenting theirselves w'thout A Lawful cause allowed off by ye parties present shall forfeit for Every such offense one pint of strong licquor. . . ."

We believe they all got there on time and set a record for prompt attendance at public meetings which is not likely to be broken by present day officials.

"We the Magisstrattes . . . Doe Ingage our Sellves To up-houlld the Towns men In All Lawfull things ore Matters to Bee Done for the Good of the Towne Excepting Giving of Land and Reciveing in of Inhabytance Butt they shall Bringe in thear Billes of Charges to the Towne Before that they Make the Ratte And have the Townes Aprobation of theare Orders bee Fore thatt thaye Shall Stande in Forse."

John Hickes

Richard Gildersleeve

Mr. Robert Ashman X his marke

It will be noted that the Townes Men (who are now called the Town Councilmen) could not then give the land, this being reserved for a vote of the people. It has been so ever since. Also that the taking in of newcomers

had to have the people's approval. The Colonists wished to be sure their new neighbors were of a desirable kind. In later years, it took the nation a long while to learn this lesson. The town bills had to be audited and approved as a preliminary to setting the tax rate.

As the principal charges against the town or the people were for the care of their cattle or fencing in of the fields, the tax levy was based upon the number of cattle owned by each citizen. The principal expense was for the pay of the cowkeepers or herdsmen. Their services were contracted for by the town and they were held to a strict accountability for any loss of, or injury to, any of the cattle in the herds. They were usually paid in farm products and the owners of the cattle could furnish these pro rata on account of their taxes, but the town was responsible for the payments to the herdsmen.

There were no easy pickings for those who made contracts with the townships of Long Island in those early days, nor for those who held the offices. The people had so little to do with that they had to watch all public, as well as all private, expenditures with sleepless vigilance. Therein lay the secret of their progress and success.

If we, in our day, who have so much where they had so little, have done so little where they did so much, if we have paid little or no attention to public matters, whose fault is it that we have arrived at a different conclusion? There has been no dragon in our path to the polls and places of public meeting. If there had been, we would have been praying from the housetops for a Saint George to slay him and deliver us. But if we would rather do something else than to express our wishes as to our affairs, or even to let the light of our countenances shine upon those in charge of them, then

we are clearly the authors of our own misfortunes. How different the politics of olden times. The pioneers got on the job and stayed there because they had to. We may yet profit by their example.

The work of keeping the highways in good condition was apportioned among the citizens, who could either furnish their quota of the labor or pay correspondingly for the same, as follows:

“And that any person that shall refuse to doe ye Labor belonging to them shall pay for A man 4 shillings, and for a man & his teeme 8 shillings.”

As nearly all the taxpayers paid their road tax in labor, the town needed little money to take care of this item. Many others were handled in the same way. Town tax levies for a year were often less than five hundred dollars. There was an additional tax needed for the tithe to be paid the Colonial Governor. But while the Long Island settlement was under the Dutch as a part of New Netherland, this was paid in wheat.

When the colony came under English rule, the same general arrangement continued, but the payment now had to be made in cash and was called “quit rent.” At first, the colonists were fairly dealt with, but the later governors began to make changes, always with the purpose of increasing their receipts. As the colonists were often hard put to it for a living, this caused great dissatisfaction. The troubles increased and were aggravated by similar ones in the other settlements, the final outcome being the Revolutionary War, the freedom of the Colonies, and the establishment of our present system of government, to which the ideas and practices which grew out of the old town meetings contributed in no small measure.

LOVE STORIES OF LONG AGO

IT HAS just occurred to us that, in our efforts to entertain the children with quaint yarns and the older people with matters of more serious and weighty import, we have thus far entirely neglected those romantic young folks of the flower-strewn ways and starry skies and happy endings.

This must be remedied at once. There are maidens in distress to be rescued, irate parents to be reconciled, heroes to be applauded and villains to be put into their proper places.

But, you say, "Those things, of course, did not happen on Long Island." Didn't they, though? We shall see.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a great and mighty ruler. He was very generous, which made him popular. He was peace-loving, by reason of which his power increased continually. And he had such a winning personality and became of such repute for wise counsel, that he was chosen to rule over the realms of thirteen different peoples.

He had a beautiful daughter. The daughter of such a ruler could not have been otherwise. And she had many suitors, of course. But to her father's great satisfaction, and perhaps to his surprise, for as we have said, he was very wise and knew that with all his power he could not rule over any maid's affections, she chose one of the young men of his own people.

This was so pleasing to her father that he decided that

this marriage should be celebrated with an amount of ceremony and festivity that should surpass any that had preceded it. And it was so. The feasting and the dancing lasted throughout the day and far into the night.

But in the very midst of the merrymaking, a terrible thing happened. The princess was kidnaped!

It seems that her father, the great ruler, had many enemies. This is always to be expected. A ruler, so long as he is in power, has many friends, and likewise many enemies. Frequently, the greater his power and influence, the more his enemies, although he may not know them.

These villains conspired together against the princess and her father, and taking advantage of the confusion attendant upon the event that was being celebrated, succeeded in spiriting her away and in escaping with her to their own dominions.

Now it happened that the princess' father had a friend who had traveled a great distance to see him and treat with him and they had come to have a great and growing regard for each other. Across nearly a thousand leagues of ocean foam, this titled stranger had journeyed, bringing with him many things rare and precious to the people of the country he was visiting. And he said to the ruler who was disconsolate at the loss of his daughter.

"I will go and treat with your enemies. Perhaps I can offer them something so rare and costly in exchange for your daughter that they will let me bring the princess back with me."

The great ruler hesitated, although he knew that this was the only plan that could succeed. If he declared war upon his enemies, they might sacrifice the princess at once. And still he hesitated.

"You may lose your life," he said, finally, "and even so, not succeed."

"I will take that chance," said the other. "I am your friend."

And when a few days later, the princess was restored to her father, his joy was very great. The princess ever afterward looked upon the titled stranger as little less than a god in human form.

But her father gathered his retainers all around his friend and himself and spoke to him in their presence:

"We have been friends. We would have been friends always. But henceforth, we shall be not only friends, but brothers. And there shall be an everlasting covenant of peace between us and our peoples."

And in token of this covenant which was never violated, and of his gratitude, the great ruler transferred to his new brother a goodly portion of his realm. And they were like brothers ever afterward.

But you may say that this story, told in the old-fashioned fairy tale manner, evidently tells of that which took place in some eastern country and is, no doubt, fabricated of old Arabian Nights' material.

On the contrary, it all happened on Long Island. The great ruler was Wyandanch, the Montauk Sagamore, and chosen as ruling Sachem over the thirteen Indian tribes of Long Island. His enemies were the Pequot Indians of Connecticut, who stole his daughter on her wedding night. The titled stranger who brought her back was Sir Lion Gardiner, the first white settler at the easterly end of Long Island, and the tract of land which finally became, and now is, Smithtown, was the chief's gift of gratitude to him for his distinguished service. The main events are correctly set forth above, with such adornments added by way of embellishment

as the storyteller must needs use to hold the interest of those whom he hopes to keep interested in his tales.

We do not have to voyage to far distant seas or penetrate little known regions to find stories to tell. They are right here. All we need is the seeing eye and the understanding heart.

Let us take an old family record and reconstruct or build up a love story from it by reading between the lines that which probably occurred.

It is of record and well authenticated that on the sixth of May in seventeen hundred and eighty nine, two young people with the Christian names Jesse and Mary became man and wife.

His family had moved about from place to place in previous years and had come to locate permanently on Long Island about two years before.

They were married by the Friends' ceremony at Bethpage, and as her father and mother signed the marriage certificate and his did not, it is evident that the bride's parents only were Friends at the time and that she was a Quaker maid.

It may be inferred further that she was not hoydenish or boisterous, but on the contrary, demure and very thoughtful. At the time of their marriage, it appears from the record that he was twenty years of age and that she was twenty-two.

No doubt he seemed older and more experienced to her because he had traveled a good deal for those times, and she had always lived in one place. His life had hitherto been somewhat adventurous, which appealed to her, and on the other hand, the quiet ways of his bride and her people attracted him.

At any rate, he was ready to settle down shortly after he met her. But, strangely enough, the records show

that a few months before they were married, he had applied for, and was admitted to, membership in the Friends' Society. So much for the record. Now let us try to supply some of the romance.

It is probable that he first became acquainted with her at the old meeting house and walked home with her from there many times. And whether it happened as they went through the fields where the violets mirrored back the blue of the sky, or along some leafy lane when the air was laden with the honeysuckle's incense, or perchance, where the June roses, hearing them, blushed red against the garden wall—somewhere we know, he asked her the old, old question.

And, it is probable that this thoughtful Quaker maid answered in this wise:

"Yes, Jesse, I do like thee very much. But if thee could only see thy way clear to become a Friend, I could care so much more for thee. Could thee not do this for me?"

And Jesse thought it over and concluded that there was no reason why he should not have done it anyway, and that he would do this for her; and that for her, he would do a great deal more than this, if necessary. And you may be sure that he was making no mistake.

So Jesse managed it. At least, he may have thought he did. As a matter of fact, he really did manage it about as much as Adam managed it in the Garden of Eden, or as much as the last man to get married on this earth thousands of years hence will do so, and just as all the others in between the first man and the last will have managed it—which is not at all.

And who will think that this thoughtful Quaker maid was not wise in wishing to build her love securely upon the solid bed-rock of a common faith?

And who will say that this Long Island love story did not take a course as true, and yet as romantic to its principals, as have all others since the world began?

In fact, it is very like to one of the world's oldest and most beautiful love stories, except that in the Scriptural story of Ruth, it was the maid who came to the man's people.

But to go on with the story. It appears that Jesse's father was a merchant and that Jesse was in business with him, and that they had a store in Raynortown, which is now Freeport, and one at Huntington, and one at Jerusalem, now Wantagh. The merchants of those days dealt in liquor. But this was not allowed to its members by the Society of Friends, and so Jesse gave it up shortly, selling his interest in the business. And buying the property of his father-in-law, he became a farmer.

To what extent these events grew out of circumstances, we cannot tell, but who shall say they were not all planned in advance by a very thoughtful young person?

She was an only daughter, and had to think of her father and mother, who were getting old. And so, we soon find Jesse and Mary and the old folks living together, and the record states that the old people were cared for until they died.

"Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Several years later Jesse became associated with one of the greatest religious teachers of his time and journeyed far thereafter in his company. But there was always a light in the window for Jesse to come back to, and in its clear shining, he was content.

For lovers of the happy ending, it must be stated that they had four children, that they had fifty-one years of married life together, and that they died within a short time of each other.

So concludes this Long Island love story of long ago, this story of Jesse and Mary. A simple one, and yet, withal, as it seems to us, beautiful.

It was really a story in two parts; but the second part, and better and much longer part, began where most love stories end, when on what we feel sure must have been a lovely May morning, about one hundred and fifty years ago, they stood together in the old meeting house, and clasping hands as is the Friends' custom, declared to all assembled and to the world, that they were become man and wife.

And so, it appears that we do not have to leave Long Island to find love stories. They were being lived here long ago, just as they are today. The skies were as blue then, the stars of winter twinkled with the same crystalline brightness, the summer wind was as soft and the wild rose as generous of its perfume. Eyes were as bright then as now. Lips and cheeks may not have been so red then, but they were no doubt just as alluring, and if they lacked today's rubber stamp characteristics, who shall say there was not some advantage in that?

It may be that the very wise and extremely up-to-date young people of today are not so much ahead of those of olden times after all.

OLD TIME COMMUNITY LIFE

THERE was an old home atmosphere about community life on Long Island years ago, which the hurry and bustle of the living conditions of today have almost done away with. Much has been said in derision of country life because everyone knows so much about everybody else's business.

This was not by any means the whole story. We remember one old gentleman whom we always think of as the original "kibitzer." He not only knew all about the way in which his neighbors earned their livings, but he used to go the rounds of the village in turn every day as a kind of self-appointed village superintendent. He visited his neighbors at their work, inspected their operations, and told them all how to do things better and more economically.

He had been engaged in so many different kinds of work himself that he had ideas about everything. He had a pet theory about any kind of labor you might mention, and only one thing prevented him from being very wealthy. He had always been short of the capital needed to put his ideas into practice.

He had plenty of time to visit his neighbors and tell them how "to do it better," because he was never known to have an occupation of his own and to keep it for any considerable length of time.

There were many such people in the old days, and

everyone living in a community had something of an inclination to do some "kibitzing."

This phase of old Long Island life had its disadvantages, its jealousies and irritations. But there were many compensations. Undue curiosity generally went hand in hand with sympathy and helpfulness. Troubles were not borne in silent isolation, and gossip was not always the malicious and back-biting kind of the stage and story book. Much of it was good-natured and wholesome.

We have many pleasant memories of daily vacation trips, when a small boy, to a neighboring farmhouse. The ostensible purpose of these visits was to buy a quart of milk which was to be paid for each day by the two pennies which rattled and jingled in the bottom of a tin pail as we trudged along. But there was a two-fold object in mind always on both sides of this business transaction.

The milk was kept in a spring house at the foot of the hill on which the farmhouse was located. And the good woman who sold the milk had to go down the hill with us every time. If there were any occasions when we did not tell this motherly old soul all we knew, or had heard, about neighborhood news and gossip, we do not remember them.

Our reward for this unofficial news service was a quart of milk which was nearer a quart and a pint and a good big drink of it besides, nearly two quarts, all for just two copper pennies. And it was not skimmed milk either.

But there is another side to this picture. If it happened that our daily budget had in it some news items of people in trouble or distress, if some one in the community was in dire need, the business in hand was fin-

ished very quickly, and that warm-hearted and generous soul had a first aid or emergency relief expedition going full tilt inside of half an hour. She wanted to know all about her neighbors, but it was not because, if she were needed, she would be prepared to "pass by on the other side." Quite the contrary.

Her husband, who was inclined to be close-fisted, might fume and rage about her home duties. She ignored him completely. This she could well do, because she was about three times his bulk; and if he said enough at such times to arouse her fully, what she said to him then would shrivel him almost into invisibility.

We recall a family cruise along shore in which many of what were then old-fashioned villages were visited and their hospitality enjoyed. We were interested in all of them and there was not one of them whose residents did not take an interest in the "strangers within their gates." The further we went toward the easterly end of the Island, the more unusual and colorful were the features of community life. A great deal that was unusual at that time has since disappeared. The names even of many of these towns were different from those by which they are now known.

We found a snug harbor at Canoe Place and made short trips from there in all directions; for it was centrally located for our purpose and a quiet and charming spot to return to at nightfall. We finally ran out of provisions and our whole party walked to the village now called Hampton Bays, but then known by the quaint old-fashioned name of Good Ground.

While we were making our purchases, a sudden thunderstorm came up, and we began to worry about getting back to our boat, as it was in the evening, and there were children in our party.

We had no need to worry at all. Everyone about the village seemed to be trying to help us and make us comfortable. Some had umbrellas to lend us; others had coats or blankets; and others looked up a conveyance for us. All this neighborliness for a group of people they had never seen before and would probably never see again. We left with a warm spot in our hearts for that charming village and the real old home folks who lived there.

People are not less kind today. But they have so much less of opportunity. How different the experience would be now-a-days. We would now merely call up a taxi and be whisked away so quickly that we would get acquainted with no one, and few would know that we had ever been there.

Most Long Island communities have developed from groups of settlers of some one nationality. The influx of newcomers has changed the population to a mixture of blood, but many characteristics of the original strain remain in evidence, nevertheless. Hicksville and Lindenhurst, formerly Breslau, are typical examples.

The colored settlements, now fast disappearing, are relics of the old slavery days of the first century of Long Island life. They have always been a problem to the near-by villages and to town and county officials.

The white man has had the most of this world's goods and the colored man, the least. Consequently, the white man has had the most to worry about, and the colored man has let him do most of the worrying. There has been plenty of need of it too, due to the confirmed habit of the dusky brother of getting what he needed to make him happy from the white man with the least amount of labor possible. An incident told us by a friend is typical and illustrative of some of these characteristics.

One colored brother, Mose, was troubled by a consuming thirst and a complete absence of money. The situation seemed hopeless, but after much thought, he devised a plan to meet it that was well worthy of a better cause.

Borrowing an empty gallon jug that had previously had rum in it, he filled it half full of water, and went to the local store with it. Whiskey and rum were sold by the storekeepers in those early days.

"Ah wants to git dis hyer jug filled up with some of yo' good ol' rum," said Mose to the storekeeper.

The latter took the jug, smelled of it, went back to the rear of his store and poured a half gallon of rum into the jug, filling it completely.

Upon receiving it, Mose started for the door.

"Hold on there, Mose," said the merchant, "you haven't paid for that half gallon of rum."

"Well, Ah thought you might trus' me dat fur," said Mose. "Ah ain't got no money now, Boss, but Ah'se 'spectin' some nex' week."

"You can have the rum next week then," said the storekeeper, pouncing upon Mose and laying hold of the jug.

After some show of resistance in which its contents became thoroughly mixed, the darkey gave up his prize.

"Well, Boss," said he, "ef yo cain't trus me fur the rum, yo'll have to take it back. But 'member, dat jug wuz half full when Ah brung it in hyer."

The storekeeper poured half the contents of the jug into his rum barrel and Mose went away with the rest.

"Ah done feels sho' dat half strength is better'n no rum at all," said Mose to himself.

This is a good illustration of life in the colored settlements. Their residents were, and are, satisfied with half of what the whites think necessary to living, pro-

vided they can get that half with little trouble and no responsibility. Theirs is the gospel of contentment. It may be that there is a lesson for us in their point of view.

Of the various kinds of life on Long Island in the nineteenth century, probably the most distinctive, and perhaps in many ways the most substantial, was that of the communities of the Society of Friends.

They had on the whole one of the best solutions ever found for that most difficult of all problems—the art of living. They had enough for all ordinary needs and uses and not too much. They had everything the season afforded at its best. They had few luxuries and few debts. Their social life was simple and wholesome, but not over strenuous. They had time for the courtesies of life and leisure for the cultivation of its kindly virtues. Life flowed along quietly and deeply with them like a placid river, and they usually passed down through the valley of the years to a green old age, full of its richer experiences and guided by that “inner light” which they believed in and respected.

A visitor to one of these families would take away with him some unforgettable pictures. He could recall the dinner scene, the grandfather, perhaps, seated like a patriarch at the head of the table, telling stories of olden times, and the others ranged along the sides. The silent grace at the beginning contrasted with the ensuing jollity. Everything went smoothly under the steady and effective guiding hand of one who seemed to mother everybody, including the guests.

Or he might remember the Friends' meeting on First Day morning, with its service so simple, so unostentatious, and yet so sincere.

On the whole, that manner of living harmonized per-

fectly with its old-time environment and has died out only because of changes that were inevitable. But it was one of the determining factors of early Long Island life, and its influence continues and will continue through the coming years.

LONG ISLAND LIARS

TO KEEP this series of stories from taking on an altogether too sombre tone, we will now consider a light and perhaps somewhat frivolous phase of Long Island life. In serious affairs even, we must not forget to be cheerful. This is characteristic of old Long Island liars. They were a cheerful lot. They knew that no one was going to believe them, and still they continued to be cheerful. Maybe that was the reason they were so.

They were to be found all over Long Island, on the farm and on the water, in the woods and along the shore. No matter what the subject, when the real Simon-pure, dyed-in-the-wool Long Island liar went into action, all others might as well sit back in silent awe.

We remember the one bewhiskered liar who reigned supreme in his day. The only way to overtop his yarn was to let him tell his story first. And that was all but impossible. He was of the agricultural, or garden, variety of liar, probably the most numerous of any that claimed Long Island for their habitat.

Let us suppose that one of his neighbors prided himself on raising something exceptional in his garden and was telling the blacksmith shop or grocery store gallery about it.

"My strawberries," said the neighbor, "beats everything I ever see this year. I can't hardly b'lieve my eyes, when I look at 'em. They are so big. Four of 'em filled

a half pint measure. I'll say I've got strawberries this time."

"Mebbe you'll raise some big ones some day, if you keep on tryin'," said the bewhiskered one, awakening from slumber. "I used to raise little ones like you've told about, but I got kinder tired of it after a while. But this mornin', I fetched in four real ones out of my garden to see how they would measure up. But they didn't fill my half pint measure, not them."

"Then they couldn't have been as big as mine," said his neighbor, triumphantly.

The bewhiskered one looked at him sadly, as though more in sorrow than in anger.

"The reason was," said he, "mine was so hard to measure. Every one of my four strawberries was too big to go into the top of the measure!"

Sweet corn was a favorite product of these agricultural liars. To hear them tell about how it grew for them, you would conclude that the man who wrote the song about Iowa being the state "where the tall corn grows" had never seen Long Island.

"My sweet corn this year," said one of them, "was over ten foot high, I tried it with a ten foot pole."

This only served to stimulate the champion. There is nothing like a good theme for a great composer.

"I used to raise it like that in my garden years ago," said the bewhiskered one. "But I had to give it up. I had to reach up too high to pull off the ears. So this spring, I planted mine in a row along the south side of my house right under the eaves, where it would have plenty of water. It growed right up to the eaves, an' it was the handiest place I ever had it in."

"I don't see that," said the first one. "I should think

it would be very onhandy to reach the ears. Much more so than mine."

Again came the same wistful look on the face of the champion, that aggrieved look of one wholly misunderstood.

"We pull 'em off from the second story windows," said he sadly.

The great chicken and egg men were not any behind the agriculturists. The old question of which came first, the chicken or the egg, might furnish some amusement, but was soon forgotten when their hens really got busy. Some of these hens were almost equal to South Sea Island turtles in their performances.

"My best hen gave me three hundred eggs last year," said one of them.

"She might do for an amachoor," said another, "but you'd better get a settin' of eggs from me an' raise some real layers. My Leghorns is cal'lated to outlay anything between Long Island Sound an' the Atlantic Ocean. But I had bad luck last year. Lost the best one I had."

"How did that happen?" asked the first one, not realizing the chance he was taking in thus giving the other one such a good running start.

"Oh, it was all my own fault," said the other. "That hen done right by me, but I didn't 'preciate her. She gave me an egg a day jest as reg'lar as clockwork. An' she kep' it up for three hundred and sixty-four days hand runnin'. But I got too proud an' smart, as a feller will sometimes, when things is all comin' his way. I got to expectin' that egg at exactly two o'clock every day.

"But on the three hundred an' sixty-fifth day, I went for the egg; but it wasn't there. The hen was off her nest cacklin', but no egg. It made me so mad to think

that she wasn't on time on the most important day of all that I grabbed her up an' cut her head off an' took her into the house an' told Maria to fix her for supper."

"So you had your prize hen for supper, did you?"

"Maria did, but not me. I was jest goin' to start in eatin', when Maria says to me,—'Henry, you done that hen a great wrong, killin' her 'cause she wasn't right on time. If you'd only waited, you'd 'a' had your egg.' Well, Sir, that hit me so hard, I couldn't eat, an' I ain't et no chicken since. Whenever I think of it, I'm ashamed of myself."

He might well have been ashamed of himself for more reasons than one, in our opinion.

Another well-known order of the Sons of Ananias was made up of mighty hunters. We recall one especially who lived in the vast wooded section in about the middle of Long Island. That there are so few deer left at the present time would have to be attributed to his prowess, if we were to believe his stories.

"Yes," said he one day, in telling of one of his exploits, "I thought that big buck was dead, but he was only stunned, an' jumped right to his feet. I grabbed him by the horns to try to stop him, an' when he slung his head around, he throwed me right up onto his back, an' away we went through the woods."

"How fast did you go?" he was asked.

"Oh, forty mile an hour, mebbe forty-five, 'cause he was scared an' he was a big one an' hadn't been hurt none to speak of."

"But I don't understand, then, how you killed him at all."

"Oh, that was easy," said Mr. Ananias, "I jest hung on with one hand an' got my knife out with the other an' cut his throat while I was ridin' of him."

It has been stated by students of mythology, that among the old beliefs and legends of different peoples, there is always one of a strong man. After his death, some Homer tells of his great deeds, using imagination and poetic license to make the story interesting. Long Island mythology is no exception to the rule, the biographer being usually a relative or descendant.

"When I was a boy," said one of these Long Island Homers, "I often saw my Uncle John do things that three ordinary men couldn't 'a' done all put together. Uncle John didn't hardly know his own strength. He used to cut about two cord of wood a day, when he was feelin' good, an' then he would load it onto his farm wagon an' drive home with it.

"Well, one day his team give out an' got stuck with the load right on the railroad track, an' the train was comin'. Uncle John tried to help the team by shovin' on the back of the load, but he didn't have no chance to use his strength that way. So he turned his team off to one side, so' they wouldn't be in the way; an' then he got under the rear end of that load an' slung it right off the tracks ahead of the train."

"Your Uncle John must have been a very powerful man," said someone.

"He was all of that," answered Homer the Second, "an' a good one. It was too bad he had to be sued by the railroad company for what he done that day."

"Why did the company sue him?"

"Well, you see," sang the minstrel, "as I was sayin', he didn't know his own strength. He didn't notice that the rim of the off side rear wheel had caught in the flange of one of the rails, an' so when Uncle John hove onto the load to throw that off the track, he tore the rail

right loose from the ties an' throwed that off at the the same time."

Sometimes, the tendency above noted to vary slightly from the truth took the form of salesmanship. One such salesman of our acquaintance made his living supplying a beach colony with sea food," one of the families served by him being especially fond of shore birds.

Several times in succession on a certain day of the week, this family had a dozen or more plovers for dinner and it got to be a habit with them. But finally, as the end of the season drew near, our friend could get only about half the number needed and so filled out the order with birds of the yellow leg variety, not much different in taste, but very different in appearance, the legs and bills being very much longer, in fact, a different species altogether. The lady of the house took him to task for the substitution.

"I don't understand this, Captain," said she, "these birds look so different."

"They're jest the same, Missus. They all git their livin' the same way, pickin' in the sand."

"But these have such long bills, Captain. How do you explain that?"

"Oh, them is young birds," said the Captain. "Their bills ain't wore off yet!"

Our own opinion is that the author of this piece of mendacity is entitled to the blue ribbon. It is only one instance of what he can do on occasion. We have wintered with him and summered with him. Beneath a plain exterior, he hides a heart of gold. There is no better friend nor better citizen. But when it comes to drawing the long bow, he takes a natural pride in his skill. On a deep sea fishing trip with a greenhorn on board, we have heard him giving replies to almost con-

stant questions, between puffs on an old pipe, replies that would have turned Baron Munchausen green with envy. We have had to hide in the cabin to keep from spoiling the fun. And yet, the greenhorn was having a glorious time all the while, and if he ever learned the truth of these fabrications, we know that he bore no malice.

Such were, and are, Long Island liars; at their best, the most amazing, amusing, preposterous and lovable old liars in all the world.

YE DAYS OF YE WHALE DESIGNE

IT IS in this quaint way that the whaling industry of Long Island is referred to in very old records. And it is not inappropriate, for the old Long Islanders certainly had designs upon the whales. If the latter could have understood what was in store for them, no doubt "ye whales" would have left "ye Island" alone altogether.

The very earliest hunting for whales was done by the Indians, who went after them from the shore in their frail canoes, wounding them with crude wooden harpoons and killing them by persistent and repeated attacks. The southerly shore of Long Island near its easterly end was especially well adapted to this kind of whaling, as there are here no bays to be crossed from the upland to the ocean front. Whales were so very plentiful in the early days that they were found stranded along the ocean beaches after every great storm. The Indian deeds to the easterly sections of Long Island contain reservations in this respect, the East Hampton deed being typical.

"The Indians to have the fynnes and tayles of all such whales as shall be cast upp, and desire that they may be friendly dealt with in the other parts."

One of the principal reasons for the early settlement of this part of Long Island was the hope of rich reward from whale hunting. These expectations were in the main well realized by most of those who became settlers.

The colonists found the Indians' skill and knowledge of whale hunting indispensable to them; in fact, the red men taught them in great measure how to do it. Even after the settlers had built whaleboats and made equipment for the purpose far better than any the Indians had, it was a long while before they could dispense with their services in the hunt.

It was necessary to regulate the Indians' pay on these expeditions to keep them in order. Sometimes they were paid in whalebone, blubber, or oil, and frequently in clothing, powder and shot, and liquor. The red men were just as poor at business as they were strong for having a good time. They preferred being paid in liquor. The colonial governors, be it said to their credit, tried to restrict this and even prohibited it. Then the Indians refused to go at all. One of the best of the governors chose a middle course, granting the colonists permission to give the Indians strong liquors—"not too much as to cause a disturbance, but a moderate proporcon as shall be usefull for their Whaling Designe."

Whaling from the shore, the first kind developed on Long Island, grew into a great industry. The prosperity of the Hamptons and other near-by villages was largely based upon it, for it was very profitable. The reasons are not far to seek. No building and expensive outfitting of ships for long voyages were necessary. The whaleboats were not costly and were home built, and the tools and implements were made by local blacksmiths. The boats were kept conveniently near the surf, and the equipment always ready for instant use. It remained only for those engaged to set a watch for whales and go about their ordinary work. The usual time for shore whaling being from December to May, it did not interfere greatly with the raising and harvesting of crops, and

the profits from whaling were an extra source of income.

Scuttles were built in the roofs of houses well located for a view of the ocean and lookouts maintained there. Rewards were offered for others who reported whales off shore, and punishments prescribed for not reporting them. When a whale was seen, a flag, or "weft," was flown from a tree or signal mast, drums were beaten, the cry "Whale off!" was passed quickly, the whaleboats were rushed to the shore, manned and launched through the surf, and the chase was on.

Sometimes, a whale was harpooned and lanced to his death quickly, but frequently it was a heartbreaking struggle. The greatest danger was from being thrown into the wintry sea, where death would soon ensue if a rescue were not made promptly. Those engaged in this work were men of iron. They had to be. The towing of a dead whale to the shore was a very heavy task, to say nothing of maneuvering the boats around a live one so as to harpoon him and finally to thrust a lance several feet into him to reach a vital spot. And yet these men seemed to thrive on the work. One of them was said to have harpooned his last whale at seventy-eight. Their adventures would fill volumes.

Everyone remembers the poetic conclusion of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, wherein his Indian hero is last seen paddling out on the great water in his canoe in the sunset. It is a beautiful ending. But one of the old whaling captains staged a far more dramatic exit. This man, Rennselaer Conkling, of Amagansett, made his departure going straight out to sea on the back of a wounded whale. This was going Longfellow one better with a vengeance.

The products of the industry in its early days were always marketable. Taxes were paid in whale oil and

also debts of all kinds, even part of the salaries of the schoolmaster and minister.

The colonial governors put a tax on the oil by claiming a portion of it for their sovereigns, and tried to apply this not only to stranded whales but to those killed on the ocean. The colonists of eastern Long Island felt that if they braved the dangers of the Atlantic to get something of value therefrom, it was no business of the English kings. It is no wonder that they were ardent patriots during the Revolutionary War.

Deep sea whaling came into vogue about one hundred years later than shore whaling. The good harbors near the easterly end of Long Island were well adapted to this. Sag Harbor was the greatest seaport of them all, and at one time only second in importance in the state—to New York itself. At the most, about one hundred whaling ships were outfitted there, and nearly as many more at Greenport, Port Jefferson and Cold Spring Harbor together.

The industry was at its best just before the Civil War. Electric light was still about fifty years in the future, and kerosene oil had not yet come into use as an illuminant. So whale oil was always in demand, and the many uses of whalebone made that readily salable. Whaling ships from these Long Island towns carried our flag around the globe and brought their cargoes home from every sea. They usually went out on long voyages and stayed until they were well loaded. The value of a whale was often two thousand dollars or more, and the annual returns from the industry ran into the millions. No one even dreamed that its products would be in great measure replaced by other things and that it would die out altogether on Long Island. But such was to be the final outcome.

Those who spent their lives in deep sea whaling had much hardship and adventure in common and many changes of fortune. We recall one who finally settled down to spend his latter years on a small property near the South Shore, where he made a meagre living raising chickens. Everyone called him Sailor Sam. He was heavily built and had long white hair and beard, except where the latter was discolored by the smoke from a very old and very strong pipe. He usually lighted this with a small lens, or sun glass, as he called it, probably a souvenir of his whaling days; and liked to sit in the sunshine by the corner of the blacksmith shop and watch the boys pitch horseshoes and tell his deep sea stories.

"My ole man was too easy on me when I was a boy in my 'teens," he said one day, "'cause I lost my mother when I was a little shaver. I got to playin' hookey from school, an' when he should have kicked my stern for me an' sent me back to school, he didn't do it. So I kept on playin' hookey, an' one day I run away an' shipped on board a whaler out of Sag Harbor. Got into a whale-boat in two or three year an' was boat-steerer in two or three more. We made money in them days, 'cause we all had our shares an' I was lucky. Got to be part owner of a ship, for I was savin'. Was a good many year doin' it, but in time, I had a fine brig of my own an' thought I was well fixed."

"What happened to her?" he was asked.

"Sailed her all over, but went 'round the Horn once too often, got ketched in a hurrycane comin' up on the Pacific side, an' left her bones on a reef off of Chile. When I see she was breakin' up; I lashed myself to a spar. The spar come ashore an' I come ashore with it, but with no bones broke an' glad to be alive."

"How about your crew?"

"I never see one of 'em ag'in. Had to git to food an' shelter or I'd 'a' died too."

"Did you have anything left?"

"Nothin' but the clothes on my back. Everything else was aboard-ship. All I had come from the sea, an' when she was ready, she took it all back ag'in. But I ain't kickin'. I got ahead some later. I seen a good deal. I done some things, an' boys, I've got some things to look back on. Well, I'll go home now an' feed my chickens and go out an' ketch a few flatfish for my ole woman. She allus likes 'em fried for supper."

Then Sailor Sam, once the owner of a gallant ship, started for home with a half bag of chicken feed slung over one shoulder. The man who had hunted to their death the great sperm whales, seventy-five feet and more in length, was now going to catch a few flat-fish a little larger than your hand for his old woman. So passes the glory of the world.

But who would not have changed careers with old Sailor Sam? His life, one long adventure; enough for his simple needs at the end; and the years of his manhood spent in the very heyday of that industry which afforded the most thrilling, useful means of livelihood known to his generation and perhaps to any other.

SCHOOL DAYS IN 1758

IN VERY early Colonial times, school days in the modern sense were uncertain, both as to the number there would be of them in any one year and as to what would be taught on any or all of them.

The different groups of settlers, in establishing a community center, usually built a school house or meeting house, and sometimes the building was used for both purposes.

But how to get a schoolmaster? That was the question. Schoolmasters in those times were almost as rare as the dodo, and all kinds of inducements were offered to tempt one to come and stay and instruct the youth of the new-born settlement.

And then, how was he to be paid? Sometimes, he received part of his pay in wheat or Indian corn, or if he located near the easterly end of Long Island, in whale oil.

Let the modern schoolteacher, if he or she gets at times discouraged, imagine the bags of wheat or the barrels of whale oil being delivered to the schoolmaster of Colonial days.

Frequently, the settlers offered a considerable number of acres of land to any teacher who would locate among them. This put him in a position to get at least part of his living from the soil. He had to be a pioneer as well as his neighbors, and to share in the common prosperity or lack of it.

If the schoolmaster had no family and did not become a land owner, the usual plan was for him to board with one or more families in the settlement as part pay for his services.

His duties were very different from the ordinary teacher's work at the present day. He had to teach everything in the whole course of study, which included instructions for making ink of various kinds and the art of producing a good pen from the goose feather.

We are in possession of an old school book of Colonial days which was used by many children of an old family in succession, as is evident by their names written in it by these school children themselves. The writing is very legible and much of it beautiful. It is evident that with the old goose quills, the pupils learned to write as well as children write to-day, and the present legibility of the writing proves that the ink made according to the directions given therein was durable. It is well preserved after a lapse of nearly two hundred and fifty years.

A description of it and some quotations from it should be interesting by way of contrast. It is leather bound and printed in the old style typography of the time.

"The Young Man's Best Companion" is its title, and it contains the whole curriculum, beginning with pronunciation, spelling and writing and continuing on to arithmetic, bookkeeping, mensuration, history and many other things, some of which are now useless.

It is a small volume of about 350 pages only; but after looking it over, we will say that any young man who learned what is in it would have to have it for a constant companion for several years and when he had mastered the contents, he would have had a good education for the times in which he lived.

In some lists of the words to be spelled, the incorrect,

as well as the correct, spelling is given. In other words, the pupils were taught how not to spell them as well as how to spell them. This will cause the modern teacher to smile. At the conclusion of the spelling section of the book, the author gives the pupil a curtain lecture in introducing him to the art of writing, as follows:—

“When any person has thoroughly acquainted himself with Spelling, the next Step necessary is the Acquiring of the accomplishing Art of fair Writing.

“First, and principally, there must be a fixed Desire and Inclination imprinted in the Mind, for its Attainment: For I myself had never acquired, or arrived to any Proficiency in it, if I had not had a strong Desire and Inclination to it, rising from being convinced of its excellent Use in Trade, and all Manner of Business, according to the Verse,—”

“Great was his Genius, most sublime his Thought,
That first fair Writing to Perfection brought.”

“Next to the Desire, there must be added a steady Resolution to go through with it, 'till it is gained; and by a diligent and indefatigable Application, overcome all seeming Difficulties, that may arise in the Progress of its Attainment, agreeable to this Distich:”

“By frequent Use, Experience gains its Growth
But Knowledge flies from Laziness and Sloth.”

It is evident from the above that any pupil at all inclined to take it easy would soon find himself or herself in great disfavor in the 1758 schoolroom.

The equipment needed by the beginner at this art was summed up in the following lines,—

“A Pen-knife Razor Metal, Quills good Store;
Gum Sandrick Powder, to pounce Paper o'er;
Ink, shining black; Paper more white than Snow;

Round and flat Rulers, on yourself bestow,
With willing Mind, these, and industrious Hand,
Will make this Art your Servant at Command."

Then ensue some instructions as to how to make a quill pen, followed by some further cautionary remarks,—

"Sit not long at writing (that is, no longer than you improve) especially at the first, lest it weary you, and you grow weary of Learning. Be not ambitious of writing fast, before you can write well; 'tis much more commendable to be an Hour in writing six Lines well, than to be able to write sixty Lines in the same Time, which perhaps is perfect Scribble, and altogether unintelligible. When you leave off, keep your Pen or Pens in Water, till you come to your Writing again."

The author now gives some suggestions as to the proper arrangement of a counting house as follows:—

"In your sitting to write, you place yourself directly against a fore-right Light, or else to have it on your left Hand (which I esteem best) but by no Means, to have the Light on your right Hand, because the Shadow of your Writing-Hand will obstruct your Sight, and therefore is very improper. And therefore, me thinks, all Persons in fixing up their Accompting Houses, should have a particular Regard to their Situation, in respect to what was before mentioned."

These suggestions were no doubt the forerunners of the arrangement of the modern schoolroom.

The copies to be written by the teacher on the top line of each page in the copy book were chosen as models of the art of living, as well as for that of writing. They were an alphabetically arranged collection of quaint, wise saws and exalted sentiments. Here are a few specimens that are just as good now as they were then:—

"A couvetous Man is always, as he fancies, in Want.
A great Lyar is seldom believed, tho' he speak Truth.
A blind Man's Wife, they say, needs no Painting.

"Beauty without Virtue, is but a painted Sepulchre.
By trusting to To-Morrow, men plunge themselves in Sor-
row.

"Contentment is a gem, beyond a Diadem.
Caution and Care, oft baffle a Snare.

"Death is before the old Man's Face and may be at the
young Man's Back.
Delight and Pleasure's but a golden Dream.

"Envious men do fret, when they see others get.
Envey and Care make the Body grow spare.

"Few do Good with what they have gotten ill.
Fortune and Fame create a great Name.

"Great Minds and small Means ruin many Men.
Good Men, as well as bad, have sometimes fortunes sad.

"Hypocrites first cheat the World and at last themselves.
He hath his work half done, that hath it well begun."

Upon looking over these worthy sentiments, the question arises, whether the boys and girls of 1758 imbibed them profitably, or whether they got so sick of writing them that they decided to throw them into the discard and do the opposite.

But if they failed to live up to their copy book maxims, there was no dearth of other good advice handed them whenever there was a chance offered.

Our own opinion is that if those dear old school-teachers of 1758 took upon themselves the superior attitude which the author of this book, *The Young Man's Best Companion*, seems to assume toward the pupils,

the chances were very strong that the latter would have developed into complacent smart Alecs. We do not believe, however, that the boys and girls of 1758 were of that kind. We think they were like those of to-day, with plenty of humor and a good deal of common sense. We think they made allowance for their schoolteacher, and saw something human in him, and got him to come down from the lofty plane on which the textbooks had placed him, so that they could have some enjoyment in his company.

Let us not think uncharitably of the schoolteachers of Colonial times nor judge the old school-days and ways too severely. Let us remember that the teachers were all men, that they lived under hard conditions and had a great deal to contend with.

Let us not forget that the feminine influence was then entirely lacking. But better days were to come to the schoolroom than the Colonists ever dreamed of. Womanly intuition was coming, accompanied by sweet reasonableness and persuasive charm; and the spirit of motherhood, the love of children, was to reign over them all. The schoolroom was to have a great transformation when the modern schoolmistress crossed its threshold.

How many people who own or use a penknife ever stop to think that it got its name from what was once its most important use, the making of a pen from a goose quill? And how many people who tried now-a-days to make a pen in that way, using a modern penknife for the purpose, would produce one at all serviceable or worthy of the name? Very few.

But the old schoolteachers had to be able to do this well and quickly. They had keen-edged penknives and were adepts in the use of them. Their art has been sup-

planted by the manufacture of the steel pens now used and we have almost forgotten it.

From the amount of time and attention paid to writing and instruction therein, it would seem to have been about the most important study of all in the school course of Colonial times. Printing was then in its infancy and typewriting and stenography had not been dreamed of. So writing was of great importance, and instructions for doing it well were given even in verse, as follows:

All you that in fair writing would excell,
How much you write regard not but how well.
Descending Strokes are dark but upwards small;
Even at Head and Feet keep Letters all.
From Blots keep clean your Book and always mind,
To have your Letters all one Way inclined.
Hold your Pen lightly, grip it not too hard,
And with due care, your copy well regard.
Time and Delight will easy make the Task,
Delight, Delight's the only thing I ask.
Vain are the Hopes of those that think to gain
This noble Treasure without taking Pain.
While idle Drones supinely dream of Fame,
The Industrious do actually get the same.
Youth is the Time for Progress in all Arts;
Then use your youth to gain most noble Parts.

It will be seen that the nouns were nearly all capitalized. This usage was general in old time writing. It will be also noted that the pupils of 1758 were still being lectured indirectly in the language of their textbook. We cannot help thinking that a few athletic games played with his boys and girls would have brought the old schoolmaster nearer to them in spirit and influence than this constant barrage of saintly platitudes.

When these things rained upon them constantly and

had caused a feeling of great weariness to come over them, we cannot help suspecting that the boys and girls of 1758 sometimes used a word among themselves that was not in the textbook at all. We can only surmise that they must have had such a word, and shall never be able to tell what it was. But the present day translation of it would be—apple-sauce!

So much for learning how to write. Then follow instructions as to how to address everyone from King George the Second and the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, down to all members of one's own family. We will quote from the old school book one model letter only,—a daughter to her mother in relation to marriage.

Honoured Mother,

With all Duty, Humility and Respect, I address myself to you in these Lines, hoping they will find you in perfect Health both of Body and Mind, for which I am never wanting in my Prayer to implore. As I would act nothing that is very material, without your Knowledge, Consent and Approbation, I thought it my Duty to acquaint you of a Matter of the greatest Weight and Importance, pardon me, if I blush to name it, viz., that of my Marriage; the Person (as I think) is well deserving of me, or one much better. You know both him and his character, viz., one sober diligent and good humor'd; but however I shall submit to your good Pleasure and Guidance in an Affair of such momentuous Concern, and remain,

Honoured Mother

Your dutiful Daughter

And very humble Servant

Mary Modesty

Thus was the school girl of 1758 taught to write to her mother about her fiancé and her engagement. But did the young ladies of that time always tell their

mothers what was going to happen, and if so, did they always ask their assent to it in this manner?

As the author of this school book, "The Young Man's Best Companion," would have said,—Me thinks they did not!

The next subject taken up as a part of this course of study was arithmetic which was "Arithmetick" in the old time spelling. It is referred to as "that truly laudable and most excellent Accomplishment, the noble Science of Arithmetick; a Knowledge so necessary in all the Parts of Life and Business that scarce any Thing is done without it."

But the "noble science of arithmetick" of those days was a fearful thing to contemplate in some respects. The tables of weights and measures were the worst bugbears probably. Here is a sample,—

A Table of Wool Weight

7 lb. makes 1 Clove; 2 Cloves 1 Stone; 2 Stones 1 Tod; 6 Tod and a Half 1 Wey; 2 Weys 1 Sack; and 12 Sacks 1 Last.

Their long measure was similar to that of today except that the inch was not the smallest unit. Their table began,—"3 Barley Corns make 1 inch."

Liquid measure must have been a nightmare to the boys and girls of 1758. A hogshead of wine contained 63 gallons, but a hogshead of beer had 54 gallons and one of ale 48 gallons. A firkin of ale had 8 gallons and a firkin of beer 9 gallons. The table of ale measure was as follows,—

"8 Pints 1 Gallon, 8 Gallons 1 Firkin of Ale Soap or Herrings, 2 Firkins 1 Kilderkin, 2 Kilderkins 1 Barrel, 1 Barrel and Half 1 Hogshead."

They called a half gallon a Pottle, and sold many things by weight and measure that would now be mysteries to us, and got their pay for them in Pounds, Shillings and Pence.

The amount of reduction that had to be done in the simplest business operation made it necessary three times as often as it should have been, and entailed about five times as much work as should have sufficed. On this subject, the author holds forth as follows,—

“Reduction shews how we of Names in Use,
May Great to Small, and Small to Great, reduce;
So that the Answer which shall thence arise,
The given Sum in Value equalize;
Multiply, or divide it, back you must;
Which makes again your given Number just.”

Some of the terms used in arithmetic in 1758 would mystify not only the pupils of the present time, but their teachers also.

For instance,—A Rool of Parchment was 60 Skins, a Dicker of Hides was 10 Skins, a Chaldron of Coals was 36 Bushels, a Stone of Fish was 8 Pounds, and a Truss of Hay was 56 Pounds.

Salmon, Eels, Spanish Tobacco, Gunpowder and Herrings were dealt in by the barrel.

Cuttle Bones, Tacks and Tenter Hooks, Squirrel Skins and Goose Quills were bought by the thousand.

The goose seems to have been a very necessary creature since the earliest times. The cackling that saved Rome may have been legendary, but there is no doubt whatever that goose quills were the means of perpetuating the arts and sciences for hundreds of years.

History had a very small place in the 1758 curriculum, for the obvious reason that people were too far away

from the rest of mankind both in distance and in time to take much interest in Old World annals and the glorious pages of American History were still unwritten. The pupils of that time were to live to see a great deal of it enacted.

They were taught very little, if any, Ancient History, and a brief outline of English History giving the line of succession of the English kings, and probably not much about them; for the people in this country were beginning at that time to get very sick of the English kings and their attitude toward the colonies.

The study of history concludes, however, with a reference to "George the Second, our most gracious Sovereign now reigning; whom God long preserve." Their prayer was not to be granted for the sinister figure of George the Third was soon to appear on their historic horizon; and what he did to them was only exceeded by what they finally did to him.

Geography had also a very small part in the school course. The poles of the earth and its axis are defined and 21,600 miles is given as the "Circumference of the Earth and the Sea." This is, of course, much too small. The following illustration of Latitude may be of interest, although it is not entirely correct in the parlance of to-day:

"When it is said that such a Kingdom, Country, City, Town, or Place, lieth from 40 to 50 Degrees North Latitude, it is to be understood that it lieth on the North Side of the Tropick of Cancer, or North Boundary of the Sun toward England, to which the Sun comes about the 10th or 11th of June and makes our Days the longest."

We will conclude this sketch with a few quoted references to the colonies, which are called the "British Plantation."

"New England—Comprehends four several Governments or Colonies. The climate is healthful; the People hardy industrious and sober.

New Jersey—a flourishing Colony. The Soil is in many Parts very fertile, producing all Sorts of Grain.

Maryland and Virginia—Pleasant and fertile Countries. Their chief Produce Tobacco. The People remarkable for their Hospitality.

Pennsylvania—One of the happiest Countries at this Time in the World. God grant it may long so continue.

New York—Is a Royal Government; both Governor and Council being appointed by the Crown. The People chuse the Assembly. It has not much Territory and does not people very fast, being hindred, some say, by the exorbitant Grants of Land made to particular Persons, who will not sell, but keep it for their Posterity. The Capital, New York, is seated at the Mouth of Hudson's River, very convenient for Trade, and makes a beautiful Appearance."

If the writer of the above were to visit New York State now, he would notice that a few people had got here, in spite of the above handicap.

JONES BEACH IN HISTORY AND LEGEND

IT IS probable that very few of the thousands who roll down the Great Causeway connecting the main thoroughfares of Long Island with Jones Beach have time to delve into the old records and legends connected with that historic spot. And yet, they should be of general interest.

It seems to be well authenticated that the Beach got its name from the Jones family who settled on the mainland directly opposite at Fort Neck, now a part of Massapequa. Their manor house was an unusual one for those times, being built of brick. It was located conveniently near the shore of the Great South Bay and was said to have been the fitting out place for various expeditions of one of the older members of the Jones family, who followed the sea.

This Captain Jones must have been a very unusual character, judging from the many rumors concerning him, some of which still persist. He was variously stated to have been a smuggler, a freebooter, a pirate and a slave trader. His vessel was a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, so the story goes, eluding all pursuers, and he could sail in or out of Jones Inlet, which was said to have been named after him, by day or by night and under all conditions of wind and tide. Whether he could or could not do this, nobody else has ever been able to do it since.

There were many dark whisperings of booty hidden in the sands on Jones Beach, and years after the Captain's

death, treasure hunters dug among the dunes for pirate gold. None of them ever brought back any coin. At a later period, the stories became old wives' tales, to be told to the children at twilight, and usually ended somewhat like this,—

“And so, children, when your great-grandfather rowed Captain Jones ashore from his ship, they came near the landing at dusk, and a large cask rolled off the bank and fell with a big splash into the water and went straight to the bottom. Your great-grandfather had heard the jingling of money and went there the next day to look for the cask, but it was gone. And that, children, is how the Joneses got all their money.”

This is pure fiction. The prestige and fortunes of that old family were established many years before any of them ever saw Jones Beach.

Two hundred years and more have passed, and old Captain Jones still sleeps on peacefully, unmindful of his wealth, or how he got it, or what he did with it. He may have done some smuggling, which was not then uncommon, and possibly engaged in slave trading, for the people of the North were not free from the taint of slavery and gave it up at an early date because it was unprofitable to them. But there is no proof of either, and the Captain's feats of navigation doubtless accounted for much that was told of him. Such is the penalty of greatness.

Visitors may have often wondered why Jones Beach and Jones Inlet are separated by a considerable stretch of intervening land known as Short Beach. The explanation is very simple. The inlet at one time adjoined the beach of the same name and was located about south from Seaford. But Long Island inlets move westward and this one was no exception. This movement is caused

by the continual wearing away of the westerly sides of the inlets due to the pounding of the great rollers from the eastward, driven by the full force of the Atlantic, and is most noticeable after southeasterly storms. When an inlet has moved so far away from its original location that the passage of tidewater to and from the area which it supplies takes place with great difficulty and delay, then, in the economy of nature, a new inlet is in process of formation. An overflow sluiceway cuts through the beach nearer to the old location at an extremely high tide, and this is soon transformed into an inlet, usually during a great storm. Then the new inlet in turn begins its westward progression.

When Jones Inlet had moved westward several miles, a new one was formed near its original location and the intervening stretch of sand, in contrast to Long Beach, was very appropriately called Short Beach.

This most natural and continual shifting of inlet locations has made all buildings near them insecure where unprotected,—houses built upon the sand, likely to disappear in a single day. But the present Ocean Boulevard and the fill upon which it is placed are a mighty bulwark against the inroads of the Atlantic and these together with the freer passage of tidewater to and from the inlet, due to the deepening of old channels and the dredging of new ones, render a recurrence of the past changes all but impossible.

It may not be generally known that Zach's Bay adjoining Jones Beach got its name from a worthy citizen of Seaford, Zachariah James by name, who with his good wife, Mary, had a pavilion on the High Hill section of the beach at a time when theirs was the only building there. It is said that this old-timer was one of the homeliest men who ever drew the breath of life and that his

wife was as beautiful as he was homely. Furthermore, she was reputed to be able to sail a catboat through the Inlet alone against wind and tide, and with trolling lines out, to catch bluefish at the same time. Here is a mark for the modern athletic girl to shoot at. How many of them could qualify?

The manner of going to Jones Beach in the old days and the time it took to get there are interesting by way of contrast. Now we go easily in ten minutes from the Merrick road. In the sailboat era with a fair wind, the trip took about an hour, and with a head wind, three hours. If you were not familiar with the many shoals and crooked channels, you would not get there at all. An excursion to Jones Beach was always planned as a full day's outing and the day chosen so that the voyager went out with the ebb tide and came back with the flood. All night sojourns on the sand flats were not infrequent.

At a later period, a few cottages were built at the High Hill section and week-end trips and vacation outings came into vogue with the motor boat era. But navigation was still hazardous and difficult. The late Judge Seaman, who had one of the first cottages there and made his trips across the Bay with a motor boat, said that he spent more time out of his boat than in it and referred to his week-end journeys as his walks to the Beach.

There was one shoal that was especially hard to avoid, because of the narrow and tortuous channel around it, where the least miscalculation meant no end of trouble. Not a day passed without someone getting stuck there. "Help one another," was the motor boat owner's motto. One occasion comes to mind especially, when upon reaching this spot, Judge Seaman was seen standing by the bow of his boat in the rain, above his knees in mud of the soft blubbery kind, and unable to move either

himself or his boat. It would not have been humanly possible to help the Judge without having a preliminary talk with him.

"Before getting you out of this fix, Judge, I want you to understand that you are guilty of unlawful trespass upon my property."

"What right have you got to this mud flat?" he asked.

"I claim it by right of discovery."

"Your claim is no good," said the Judge. "This mud flat belongs to me by right of possession!"

Some little time thereafter the Hempstead Town Board decided that the channels should be dredged and buoyed and otherwise made navigable. These improvements have since been supplemented by the work done by the state authorities, until now, anyone with even a slight knowledge of navigation can go and return by motor boat with little trouble. A new order of things has come to pass.

THE OLD HOMESTEADS

IN CHOOSING the site for the location of a home in the pioneer days, one of the first considerations was that it must afford a never failing supply of good water. So important was this that the well was generally dug at the outset, and the building of the house proceeded only after a copious supply of water was assured.

The very earliest houses were for the most part small but strongly built, with heavy rough-hewn timbers and sills set upon stone foundations, for the manufacture of brick in this country began years later. These homes were the expression of the bare needs of their owners, there being no ornamentation, and none too much of comfort. They were built close to the ground for economy and had very small cellars, only a portion of the whole area being used for that purpose. Every part was utilized and all possible spaces reserved for storage, for nothing was thrown away. The old-fashioned garrets were stocked with everything imaginable, even with much of the food supply for use during the long winters. We recall having found far back under the eaves of one of these old homesteads a bag of Indian wampum which must have been there for generations.

The old houses were often built endwise to the road, almost invariably so if the road ran in a northerly and southerly direction, thus giving the long side a sunny exposure for its more numerous windows. As the country became more prosperous, they were rebuilt or

added to, the additions being generally larger than the original structures.

We remember well the remodeling in later years of one of these old buildings. It was very hard work for the mechanics, because the oak beams were so well seasoned and hard that it was difficult to drive a nail into them and almost impossible to pull one out. In repairing some of the flooring near the rear entrance, a hammer or saw which dropped through the space being refloored was lost for a time, having fallen into an old well which had not been entirely filled in and whose existence was thus discovered. Here was a mystery; but it was easily solved. The old well had been located close to the rear doorway of the original house both for convenience and safety; and later, when it had fallen into disuse, the space above it had been enclosed by the larger building.

This is but one instance of what has happened to most of the very old homesteads throughout the length and breadth of our island.

If these old homes could speak, their story would be a recital of the evolution of Long Island life through all its many phases, a tale of danger, hardship and privation, of struggle for civil and religious liberty, and of gradual emergence during a period of three hundred years into the conditions of comparative ease and comfort which we now enjoy.

Much has been written of the deeds of the pioneer and patriot. But of the lives and struggles of the women who bore and reared their children and made homes for them under the most adverse circumstances, very little has been recorded. Their chronicles are in the very nature of things locked within the walls of the old homesteads, silent witnesses of the slow but sure fruition of

their devotion, their patient endurance and their prophetic faith.

The fathers of the republic have had their due meed of praise. But the great epic, Mothers of the Republic, cannot be told or sung. It must remain forever one of the world's unwritten stories. We can imagine enough, however, to think of it with reverence and humility.

Many of the old Long Island homesteads have come to be used for purposes far different from the intent of their first owners. This has resulted from their proximity to the metropolis, a very fortunate circumstance. There are many abandoned farmhouses in New England, but on Long Island, comparatively few. Many have been converted into summer homes, boarding houses or road-houses. It would be better if the present back-to-the-farm movement were to restore some of them to their former uses.

It is inevitable that one should look upon an old home which has been greatly changed with a feeling of regret. Upon making a business trip to one of the Hamptons many years ago, we fell into conversation with a fellow traveler who was on his way to the same village.

"I am going back," he said very enthusiastically, "after an absence of twenty years. I am going to buy the home of my boyhood and live there the rest of my life."

"Are you sure you can buy it? Perhaps the present owners will ask too much for it."

"I don't care how much they ask," he answered. "I'll buy it, anyway. I've made my pile out in the West, in the mines, where I have been ever since I left Long Island. They say that the birds always come back to the last year's nest, and it has been my dream for a long time to do the same."

We shook hands with him at parting and did not expect to see him again. But upon taking the train back that same afternoon, whom should we meet once more but our acquaintance of the morning. His eagerness and enthusiasm were gone, and he seemed to be saddened and bowed down as though by some sudden stroke of adversity. We could not keep from asking him about his intended purchase.

"Did I buy it? I should say not," he answered. "I wouldn't take the old place for a gift. The trees that I used to climb have all been cut down, the brook where I once went fishing has been changed, and the house altered. Nothing is there for me now but to remember how it used to be. I couldn't get away fast enough."

We never saw him again. He had made the mistake of thinking that he could buy back his vanished youth. But he might have consoled himself with the thought that his old home was at least serving a useful purpose. What if he had found it untenanted and neglected? Imagine yourself coming back to the home of your boyhood only to find it forsaken, a mouldering ruin, forgotten of the world. The feelings born of such an occasion can perhaps be best expressed through the medium of verse.

THE HOMESTEAD

Yes, 'tis the place by tangled copse half-hidden,—
About the old gate how the ivies cling,
As though to bar us out, who come unbidden
Where once each sight and sound made welcoming.

A riot of trellised vines now scarce discloses
Where purpling clusters harbingered the fall,
And where in June the robins and the roses
Held carnival along this crumbling wall.

The garden, overrun with weed and briar;
 The scraggly orchard; the road between that led
 Toward the great oak, now a dull-robed friar
 With outstretched arms and sadly shaking head;

 The barn, beneath whose eaves the swallows hovered
 To nests from which the birds long since have flown,
 Shielding with warping sides and roof moss-covered
 Its play-time secrets, kept for boys alone,—

 Old doors which tremble into rooms deserted,
 Whose deep-worn floors their weaknesses confess;
 Mould-crust'd hearths and corners each converted
 Into a dust-hung cobwebbed wilderness,—

 All tell their voiceless tale of retrospection,
 The same recurrent story, ever new,
 Of Love and Life awaiting resurrection—
 Of endless change beneath the changeless blue.

 Of eager lips that pleaded with caresses
 For twilight stories from the rocking chair;
 The bedtime gleam of snowy little dresses,
 And rosy feet that twinkled up the stair;

 Of little journeys forth and quick returning
 Unto the fireside's ever welcome blaze;
 Of longer flights beyond the roof-tree's yearning
 And on into the great uncertain maze.

* * * * *

And now—the Homestead stands forlorn, forsaken,
 Like Rachel weeping for her children dead,
 Lives in the past alone, nor can awaken
 From futile dreams nor yet be comforted.

 Ah! cold, grim Keeper of all things departed,
 Reverse your dial of the rolling years,
 Lure back youth's phantom train, the golden-hearted,
 Blot from the scroll its bitterness and tears!

Light up the hearth-fire, gather them about it,
The tired children, home to rest awhile,
And if it be that Heaven can do without it,
Bring back to earth the radiance of that smile

Which comes at sight of old familiar places
And sounds that knock at recollection's door—
Strike down the masks that hide those world-worn faces,
And childhood's lost, forgotten faith, restore!

Throw wide the doors, fling back the long-closed shutters;
Old laughs, old songs, old footsteps on the floor,
Ring out the notes of joy the Homestead utters
That Love and Life have conquered Death once more!

YE OLDE TOWNE CHRONICLES

A STUDY of old time records to get back of them to the thought or need or motive behind them is necessary if we are to reproduce the spirit of those early days. It is like trying to trace through the intricate design of an old tapestry the threads that make up the texture of it and especially those which give it color and distinction.

We find the fabric of that old time living woven of hard necessity. But through it all run the strong and shining threads of prudence, honesty, thrift and even-handed justice. Extravagance was frowned upon, and willful or careless waste regarded as little short of criminal, especially if the general well-being were affected by it. Many of the old-time laws were directed against this evil. Those quoted herein are from the records of the Town of Hempstead. They are fairly typical of the conditions throughout Long Island.

"It is ordered for this present yeare, That every Inhabitant of this towne that hath any fence adjoining to the front of the field Shall repair and suffitiently make up the same, And also ye Common fences belonging to the said field, Shall bee suffitiently made up so as to keep out swine and Cattell, all by the tenth of Aprill next, upon penalty of paying Six pence for every Rayle and twelve pence for every post that at ye said time bee found defective."

Fence mending was not all confined to politics in those days, although the use of the term in a political sense probably came from this old time regulation.

"It is Ordered that no Inhabitant of this Towne shall Make or Kindle any fire in his home-lot, without ye consent of two or three of his Neighbors and suffitient help with him, upon forfeiture of paying twenty Gilders to the Towne for every such offence."

The voters of the township were their own fire commissioners in those days.

"it was woatted and Concleuded x x x x x x x that if any parson or parsons shall peale the barck of any standing tree or gurdell them they shall pay six shillings in mony for to defray publick Charges of the town and that is to say any tree or trees on the undevided lands."

This was one of the first steps in forest conservation.

"it was voted and concluded by ye maior vote of ye town yt Provided any Swine of what sort so ever shall be found at Libertie in ye streets on any Part of ye towns commons after the twenty-fifth of March next in suing ye date it shall bee Lawfull for any Person or persons to tacke them up and dispose them one halfe for their one use and ye other halfe for ye Publicke use of ye Towne."

It is too bad that with the lapse of time this ordinance has been disregarded altogether. But it is a sad fact. The hogs are still on the highways. Some of them own touring cars, but most of them are driving trucks.

"it was agreed and concluded on by the MaJer Vote of the townd that thay would Give Mr. Jeremy Hubbard seventy Pounds a yeare in Currant Pay as it Pasis amongst us for his yearly maintaynance and that he shall have his fire wood brought him a free Cost.

both this ackts was disowned by Nathaniell Pearsall and the fire wood was disowned by John Jackson and Robert Jackson and Joseph smith and Joseph baldwin and George Pearsall."

Nathaniell Pearsall, Clarck

Having translated ourselves backward in thought two hundred and fifty years to those ancestral dissenters and their associates and having communed with their spirits, we can now state authoritatively that their opinion was that a little physical exercise would be a good thing for ministers in every way. They believed that if their minister carried his own firewood, his sermons would have more carrying power.

Another old record is just as diverting. This one recites an agreement to pay,—

"to Jeremiah Wood of ye same Towne ten shillings for this present yeare ffor ye Lookeing after ye opening and shutting of window shutts belonging to ye meeting House and to Looke Carefully after ye hour glass."

This was very moderate pay for a sexton, but his duties with the window shutts were evidently not arduous and there could not have been much looking after the hour glass to do. Is it possible that Mr. Wood was to manipulate the hour glass a little, if the sermon was getting too dry or musty?

Some of the New England meeting houses were said to have been equipped with a long pole with a feather attached to the end of it for use in tickling sleepy worshippers back to consciousness. We have found no record of its use on Long Island.

It has been said of Henry Ward Beecher that he once told his deacons that if they noticed anyone in his congregation asleep during the sermon, one of them was to

come quietly up to the pulpit and wake up Mr. Beecher. This instruction was unnecessary. People did not sleep when Henry Ward Beecher preached.

Here follows the forerunner of the work of the dog-catcher,—

“Likewise it is Ordered, That any Cattell that shall be found in the field after the Cow heardes goe out under a keeper, shall be liable to bee pounded. And the owners thereof shall pay for every heade so pounded 4 shillings to the driver and 2 shillings to the pounder, besides all Damage.”

The custom of having a pound for keeping of stray animals having been established, it was necessary to elect poundkeepers.

“at the above said town meeting theare was Chosen for a Pender John Tredwelle Juner for the time and tearm of seven years if hee doth be have him self as a ponder ought to do and mack and Ceep a good sofitiant pound at his own cost and charg and taking such fees as the town has allowed.”

It appears from this that Mr. Tredwell got his office with a string attached to it and had to behave himself to keep his job. Whether there was something in Mr. Tredwell, Jr.'s record that made this condition necessary, or whether the unusually long term for which he was elected made the citizens cautious, we can only surmise. Let us be charitable and attribute it to the latter cause and have faith that Mr. Tredwell did behave himself and served his full seven years well and faithfully.

It is worth noting, however, that even in Colonial days, the possibility of the recall of an official who was not giving service satisfactory to his constituents was considered by the voters.

Society was not perfectly organized in those old days.

Negro slavery existed on Long Island, as we all know, and as it is well for us to remember sometimes, when we get to feeling too proud and smart. But the following quotation tells of something quite different which is not generally known. Yet it is in the records and is no doubt authentic.

“To all people to whome these presenc shall Come
thomas hawarden of new yorcke - - - Sendeth greeting
Know yee that I the sd. thomas hawarden for a Compitant
sum of mony to me in hand paid have bargened and sould
and by these presenc doe bargain and sell unto Christifor
Dene bucher one indian boy named will to have and to hould
the sd. indian boy to the said Christifor Dene his heirs
Exseceters administraters or assigns for ever—”

The Long Island colonists succeeded in their aim to have well-ordered lives and to live amicably without serious disputes among themselves or with others. It is probable that one good reason for their success may be found in the following:—

“all such persons as are Listed in the traine Band or any
other that shall have been resident in the Towne above one
Month shall Repair in their Armes to their colours this day
ffortnight (or ye next faire day after, if that be Raynie)
there to attend to Marshall Disapline by eight of ye Clock
in the morning (or at the second beat of the Drum) x x x x
every souldier and householder shall constantly keep in
stor by him a pound of powther, and two pounds of lead (or
great shott) in forfeiture of paying foure Gilders if they be
found defective in either of them,”

In those parlous times, the householder was not only allowed to keep firearms, but he was required by law to be at all times ready to defend himself. Evil doers of whatever kind or color knew what to expect. They were then at a disadvantage rather than the citizens.

Of course, we shall never get back to the ways of living set forth in these quaint old chronicles. Doubtless, it is better so in many ways. But we are free to choose the things that will benefit us the most. And if we could weave into the fabric of modern life even a few of the shining strands of economy and thrift and forethought of those early days, how much stronger and more durable it would be.

THE OLD SAILING DAYS

WHAT throngs of memories come back to us when we recall the old sailing days, the days before the motor boat era; when a forest of masts was the first view we got from the water of Babylon, Bay Shore, Patchogue, Greenport, or any village of any considerable size on the North Shore. The big freight schooners and oystermen plowed their way regularly through the waters of the South Bay or the Sound, running in to the public wharves occasionally for supplies or to discharge their cargoes. The docks were then scenes of bustling activity.

There one could see almost any kind of a boat that ever spread her wings to the wind. Big and little, schooners and oyster sharpies, sloops and catboats, yachts and canoes, working boats and pleasure boats, every kind of craft and every kind of sailor. The retired sea captain who could not keep away from the water and a reminiscent whiff of salt air; the amateur owner of his first boat who knew all about boats and boating because he had not yet found out that he knew nothing; keen-eyed hunting guides with faces wizened by peering through the early morning mists and into the dusk of many twilights; stalwart bronzed crews of the deep sea fishing fleet, men of the Viking breed if any ever were,—all foregathered at the docks to talk about the wind and tide and weather and to watch the boats come in.

One glance at a sloop or catboat rounding up to the

bulkhead was enough to tell the real sailor from the greenhorn, and a half day's observation was equal to many lessons in seamanship. The practiced hand brought his boat up to the leeward side of the dock with fluttering sail and just barely headway enough to reach it. His judgment seemed almost uncanny, unless you saw the center-board rope in his hand and knew that he was using the board as a brake. Sometimes, when the berthing spaces at the docks were well filled or other conditions made it necessary, a boat landed at the windward side of the wharf. Then the problem was to haul the sail in and get it down and housed quickly when still far enough away to land easily. To do this safely in heavy weather required the skill of a master. Yet it was often done so well that it looked easy to the ordinary observer.

An incident comes to mind of a would-be sailor of this casual kind who came, saw and expected to conquer the art of sailing at once without any advance instructions whatever. Some of the captains rented their boats to amateurs, in fact, there were often several in every port who made that their business. They usually asked the applicant some questions before letting a boat, but in this case, the young fellow had such an air of assurance that it was taken for granted by an easygoing old captain that he knew whereof he spoke.

He got clear of the dock and sailed away in high feather, tacking out in the open water with fair success, and nothing more was thought of it for the time being.

Several hours later, he was seen heading straight in for the middle of the wharf, with all sail set, and drawing full before the wind. The owner of the boat looked at him in amazement and then did some wig-wagging. But

the only result of this was to give the old man some exercise, which may have prevented apoplexy.

"What'll I do now?" sang out the helmsman when about fifty feet from the bulkhead. "What'll I do?"

These words were to be the inspiring refrain of a jazz song many years later, but they struck no responsive chord in the captain's breast at the time.

"Keep her a-comin'!" he shrieked. "Keep her a-comin'! Make a clean job of it!"

The young man "kept her a-comin'." There was nothing else he could have done just then. And he made "a clean job of it," too, took the mast right out of her, smashed a section of the wharf, together with the stem post of the boat and most of the forward planking.

"I'll think of this beforehand next time," said the young fellow, looking ruefully at the wreckage.

"If you'd 'a'done your thinkin' aforehand this time instid of arterwards," said the old captain, "it would a-cost you a hull lot less money."

A restfulness pervaded the old sailing days which is sadly missing from the heedless rush of the present time. There was no lack of strenuous days, the days of sudden storm or gale, of full-reefed sails and slatting canvas, when a good sailor's hand never left the sheet-rope and the white-winged fleet drove to port through foam-crested waves amid showers of spray, with one washer under and all hands up on the other one.

But even in emergencies, there was some deliberateness, some weighing of consequences, some thought of an anchor to windward.

Then there were the days of the full sail and soft summer wind, and the slow, lazy roll shoreward in the late afternoon.

But whatever the nature of the homecoming, it was all

in the day's work or play. Everyone was too tired to grumble. It would have done no good anyway. The sea heeds neither complaints nor excuses.

If you had very bad luck or had not managed your trip well and looked for some sympathy at the wharf, one of the captains would be likely to give it to you in the form of an old salt water adage: "If our foresight was as good as our hindsight, we'd all be better off by a blank sight."

You had to know your craft in the old sailing days, and sail her according to your own best judgment. To depend on, or imitate, anyone else was the sure way to forfeit everyone's respect.

One of the young amateur sailors of that period had a new boat built at a Connecticut shipyard, and when she was finished, got a North Shore captain to take him across the Sound to get her. It was arranged that the captain was to try out the new boat on the way back and the amateur was to follow him in the captain's own boat.

When they were part of the way back, the captain leading the way by about a mile, a sudden squall came out of nowhere, as sometimes happens on the Sound. They were running before the wind. The amateur felt that he was carrying too much sail, but seeing that the captain ahead kept on without change, he concluded to do the same. So both boats went careening across the Sound, making heavy weather all the way with several narrow escapes from capsizing. When they had tied up to the dock, the captain came on board his own craft. He was very much wrought up and in no mood to conceal it.

"I thought you knowed somethin' 'bout sailin'," said he, "but I see you don't. You won't sail no more boats

that belong to me. Why didn't you lower the peak an' ease her up some, when that squall struck?"

"Why, Captain," said the other in astonishment, "I saw you ahead carrying full sail on my boat; so I thought it must be all right."

"You did, did you? What if I was? You was doin' your own sailin', wasn't you?"

"Why didn't you lower the peak on my boat, then?" asked the other.

"You blankety blank blank," roared the captain, "I tried to a dozen times, but one of your new halyards was stuck in the block, an' I couldn't git it loose."

A light broke in upon the amateur and he mollified the captain by paying him well for the trip.

"Well, it's all right. I'll overlook it this time, my boy," said the captain finally. Then with grim paternal humor, "But remember, if ever I ketch you doin' that ag'in with my boat, overboard you go!"

A little independent thinking was what the captain expected of people sailing his boat, and this salt water philosophy is good anywhere and at any time.

The days when the sail was supreme have passed. Its traditions are maintained only by the yachts and some of the smaller pleasure boats. The square-riggers have almost vanished from the high seas, and the thrilling sight of a freight schooner going wing and wing through the Sound or Bay is rare indeed. Even the small hunting-guide boats have kickers, and the old fishing sloops and catboats have engines tucked somewhere under the cockpit floor or cabin table, as though they were ashamed of them. The tang of the sea is mixed with that of gasoline. Instead of watching the sky, we watch the engine and wonder whether the feed pipe will clog or the water pump stop working.

All the old-timers and most of the newcomers on the salt water will tell you they would prefer sailing, if they only had time for it. It is nobody's fault. "The times are out of joint," as Shakespeare would say again, if he were here. But it almost makes us wonder whether or not we shall have time to die, when the voyage is over.

LOST ARTS OF LONG AGO

THE changes from generation to generation in ways of living and ways of making a living are often so gradual as to pass almost unnoticed. But they are none the less potent. Labor-saving devices result in different methods. The new supplants the old, and only after a lapse of years, do we look back and realize that the old way had its merits and that perhaps something of artistic value has gone out of life.

The old watermills are a good example. A hundred years and more ago, many of the principal streams furnished the power for mills for various purposes. There were saw mills, paper mills and grist mills. Sometimes, if the streams had sufficient fall, there were two or more mills on the same one. The miller had to get from the authorities a mill grant, or privilege to divert the water to his uses, and had to be a man of character and standing in the community to obtain this.

There were more grist mills than any others and they were the most interesting. The miller got his pay for grinding the grist by taking for himself a small portion of the flour or meal, which was called the miller's toll. Trips to and from the mill were a part of the farm work and something of a diversion from its regular routine. The miller had to keep his machinery in good condition or soon lose his reputation. The setting and sharpening of the mill-stones was an art in itself, and the services of a good mill-wright were always in demand.

Some of the old mill grants and the conditions therein recited may be of interest.

"Att the Town Meeting their was Liberty Given to Thomas Frost and Nathaniel Oakley by Major Vote to Sett a Grist Mill on a River Called Merack River on Conditions of taking ye Eleventh part as Long as they keep a Mill on that Stream but In Case they Lett ye Mill Goe Down ye privilege to Return to the Town Again Entered by order by Me.

Micah Smith, Clerk.

"Att a towne meting held ye 25 day Jenewar 1686 was voted and agreed by ye Mager vote that John Pine shall have Liberti to Sett up a Grist Mill upon any Strem in the towne bounds where he finds convenient Where no mill is all Redy set or appointed to be sett and to have five acors of Land by it upon the Conditions following the use of the Stream and the Land aforesd. shall be and Remaine to the aforesd. John Pine or his order So Long as he or they Shall Ceep in Repaire a good Suffisiant Grist Mill to grind ye towns Corne for a twelfth part of it which Mill Must be sett up and Completed with in one yeare after the date hereof if not ye grant to be invalied & of none efect.

"Joseph Pettit, clarcke."

Little or nothing now remains of the old mills. They have been driven out of existence by the steam engine and modern milling machinery. At first, there was a lessening of the work done; then "the sound of the grinding was low"; and finally, in the words of the old song, "The mill-wheel is now silent." The old structures have either fallen into decay or disappeared altogether.

But after all, how fascinating was the water-wheel with its mill race swift and strong, its flashing waters and its mossy stones, and how picturesque the old mill itself, with the wagons coming and going, the mill-stones

rumbling on steadily, and the miller covered with the products of his toil.

Have we not lost an art? And yet it may be that the old mills have left behind them something which cannot die, that they have given us some rare glimpses of beauty which will still abide when the mills themselves shall have all crumbled into dust.

After the principal highways were laid out, they remained dirt roads for many years and were cared for by commissioners or deputies. These men were usually land owners whose property had frontage on the highways under their charge, and they naturally vied with one another in having their respective stretches of road kept in the best possible condition. They were often farmers and stock raisers. It was to be expected that the breeding of good horses would appeal to them, and that the owning and driving of one or more fast trotters would be a diversion for those who could afford it, as well as for some who could not.

If the owner of a good trotter had visions of a blue ribbon, the natural and convenient place to try out his horse was the highway. And if his neighbor had an opinion that he also had a good horse, it came to pass that differences of opinion were settled there also. Two arts were thus developed together, the making of a good roadbed and the training and driving of a good horse. The try-outs were usually held in the dusk of the long summer twilights after the day's work was over, and sometimes, it must be admitted, on Sunday mornings.

An instance comes to mind of one old-timer who was especially good at both the above arts. We will refer to him as Deacon William, for he was a pillar of the church, and a most worthy citizen. But his church at-

tendance in the morning died out, because he could not resist the temptation of proving that his horses were the best for miles around. And if any of the boys thought that a bet would make it more interesting, Deacon William was always ready to accommodate them.

These were his weaknesses, which his neighbors were all willing to condone, for they knew that he was a very good man, and, moreover, because most of them had much worse faults themselves. So the deacon lived and died much respected.

It happened that the local minister was away at the time and that a clergyman from a distance was called upon to preach at the deacon's funeral. This good pastor had perhaps taken to heart the teachings of a celebrated divine who said:

" 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' but they make much better time if the righteous keep right after them." And the speaker did not believe in giving the wicked any rest at all, not even at funerals. This may have been good doctrine, but its application did not work out well in this case. He had made some preliminary inquiry about the Devil and his works in the community, and had learned a few things, but not enough, not enough by a very large percentage.

His sermon was excellent. Criticism could be made of one paragraph only, near the end, which concluded as follows:

"Oh! my hearers, if good Brother William, instead of living the exemplary life he did, had indulged in the all too prevalent sins of betting and racing horses on Sundays, where would Brother William be now?"

No one present felt competent to answer this question and no one did. Even a repetition of it brought no response. It remains unanswered to this day.

Imagine trying out a spirited horse on one of our highways on a Sunday morning at the present time. It is a lost art.

Inspection of the records of pioneer days discloses that most of them were very poorly written. The spelling was bad and the penmanship worse. Many of the settlers had to make their mark, or cross, because they could not write their names. They made their own pens from goose quills, no easy task if well done. As time went on, they improved steadily, and about one hundred years ago, writing had become a fine art. Some of the old deeds of that period are beautiful specimens of penmanship and look almost like engraving. Due to the use of stenography and typewriting, handwriting is now sadly declining. It is said to have begun in hieroglyphics and seems destined to end in the same way.

The old-fashioned wells have nearly all gone, taking the long well sweeps and the old oaken buckets away with them. The homespun clothing has disappeared with the samplers and embroidery of our grandmothers. The brass candlesticks are merely ornaments and the spinning wheel is only an heirloom. Of the woodcraft and skill of the Indians, nothing remains except the stone arrowheads occasionally found on their former hunting grounds.

The building art has changed until the modern builder could hardly satisfy the requirements of former days. The converse is certainly true. The heavy braced and pinned structures are built no longer. Hand-rived shingles have disappeared, together with rough-hewn timbers and floor beams. House raising and barn raising celebrations, once the events of a lifetime for the owner, are now things of the past. Threshing and mowing machines have driven the cradle and the flail into the

hinterlands and even the scythes go swinging through the fields no more.

Times change and customs with them. The old days pass and we cannot bring them back. The new wine cannot be put into the old bottles. And the new wine will continue to be made, whether we like it or not. But the flavor of the old will remain with us always in memory.

TIDEWATER HUMOR

THE humor to be found along shore has its own unique flavor and is very alluring to most people. We recall one captain who had an old converted catboat equipped with a tricky single cylinder engine, the kind which those who have better engines call a one-lunger. His boat was often dirty and the engine usually out of order, causing many delays; but, nevertheless, he made his fishing trips almost every day with the old one-lunger wheezing and coughing its way out and back and threatening every minute to die of consumption—of gasoline. This it often did; but the captain would revive it by injecting stimulants, making it breathe again by the prone pressure method applied to the fly-wheel.

The sportsmen who went out with the captain always seemed to have had a wonderful time, even if they brought in no fish at all. On one occasion when this had been the case and when the captain was out of earshot, we said that it was too bad they had not had better luck.

“Oh, we don’t have to catch anything to enjoy ourselves,” said one of them. “We get our fun listening to what the captain says to that old engine.”

This is the secret of the enjoyment and real success of sport—good companionship. The captain and his engine were doubtless wonderful entertainers.

In this respect, the old hunting and fishing guides

were unusual. Among them all, Captain Tom Roberts of Seaford was first and foremost. There was nothing in the sky above or the waters below that Captain Tom could not get fun out of, and we have known him to keep it up all day long and all night long and to be just as fresh and ready for the second day's fun as he was for the first. And his humor was spontaneous.

"Captain," said someone one day shortly after we had started, "the engine's missing."

"Strange," said Captain Tom, looking straight ahead over the water, "I seen it in the boat when we left the dock."

This may have been said before and has no doubt been said many times since, but nobody else ever said it just as Captain Tom did.

On one trip of inspection of some waterway improvements, the captain had finished painting the wicker chairs in his cockpit a bright green just as we got on board. Our assistant, whose eyesight was not very good, sat down in one of them, while the rest were casting off the lines and getting the boat under way. We stood beside the captain at the steering wheel, expecting him to tell our friend about his misfortune. But never a word.

"Let him take a good long rest," said the captain in a whisper, "he'll have some work to do later on. He'll use up all the gas I got on board gittin' the paint off them clothes."

Then the captain took his hands off the steering wheel and made a criss-cross pattern with his fingers, indicating what was happening to the clothing of our assistant sitting back comfortably in the big wicker chair. Finally, as we were nearing the end of our journey, Captain Tom slowed down his engine and turned to our friend. A look of sadness came over the captain's face.

"I must be gittin' old, I'm so blank forgetful," he said. "Orto told you an hour ago. That chair you're settin' in was fresh painted this mornin',—but I've got more green paint!"

Everything was grist that came to Captain Tom's mill. It made little difference what the occasion or who the people concerned. High or low, rich or poor, it was all the same to him. One sportsman who came often to go gunning with him always arrived the evening before the day set, and stayed at the captain's house all night. The latter's wife set a very good table and the guest was sure to eat a hearty meal.

About bedtime, the visitor always complained of not feeling well and had grave doubts as to whether he would be able to go with the captain the next day or not. But he always revived in the morning and always went. This happened so often that it began to get monotonous. So one evening, as his guest was going to bed, grumbling about his usual suffering from lumbago, Captain Tom said to him:

"I've got a kind of plaster that I could put on your back that would fix you up all right."

"Oh, anything, anything," groaned the visitor. "I don't care what. But are you sure of the effect of it?"

"Wouldn't offer it to you if I wasn't," said the captain. "In cases like yours, I've never knowed it to fail. You'll be a new man in the mornin'."

So with much more groaning on the part of his guest and much solicitude on the part of Captain Tom, the plaster was put on.

Early the next morning, the captain went in and awakened his patient.

"Well, how do you feel this mornin'?"

"Never felt better in my life," said the sportsman,

popping out of bed quickly. "That plaster of yours worked wonders."

"Didn't I say so last night?" said the captain. "It's jest as I told you. In cases like yourn, I've never knowed fly paper to fail!"

The captain was a good mechanic, able to do the work of a journeyman mason and to superintend construction. On one occasion, we had him looking after a building job on which one of the bricklayers was of the kind who go on strike every time your back is turned and work in a frenzy while you are looking at them. If you notice a sudden commotion among the workers, upon approaching a job in plain view of everyone on it, you may be sure it is caused by someone who has been doing very little and is now making a desperate effort to cover up.

This kind of thing always disgusted Captain Tom. If he thought of something funny, he might stop work to tell it, whether you were there or a hundred miles away. But he expected everyone to earn his pay, and this one bricklayer who took every occasion to sit down and rest, exasperated him beyond measure. We drew near the work from an unusual direction one day and came within earshot just in time to hear the captain explode.

"Here, you, Jim. You blankety blank blank. I see you, settin' there as if you'd growed fast. When the boss wants statues on this buildin', he'll pick out some-thin' a blank sight handsomer than you are. What in blank does he pay you for, anyway,—to lay bricks, or eggs?"

Captain Tom was always interested in politics and at one time was appointed a deputy constable with orders to see that there was no disturbance of the peace in his district. Shortly thereafter, he called the young fellows of his home town together on the street and

made a speech which he thought would, and which did, produce the desired effect. It was one of the shortest and most forceful ever delivered.

"Now, boys," said he, "I've got somethin' to tell you. I've jest been 'pinted constable, with orders to keep the peace. We've got to have reform. There's been altogether too much quarrelin' an' fightin' an' hell-raisin' on the streets here in the evenin's an' later. It's been so folks couldn't sleep nights. From this time on, there ain't goin' to be no disturbances. While I'm constable, everything is goin' to be quiet, and peaceful here in this village, if I have to lick every blank one of you every night of your lives!"

Captain Tom's reform administration was a great success. Some little time later, he had an accident, and through some mischance, developed tetanus. His condition became serious and he was rushed to the hospital, a very sick man. Two of the captain's cronies saw the ambulance pass and one of them said to the other:

"That's the last we'll ever see of Tom."

"I don't believe it," was the reply. "Cap is mighty tough. I'll bet you he'll be back here as good as ever in a few weeks."

"An' I'll bet you a paper of chewin' tobacker you never see him alive ag'in."

So this unique bet was made. The bet was in itself a good example of grim tidewater humor. The captain had a hard struggle, but skillful treatment, good nursing, and a strong constitution pulled him through. A friend who knew of this unusual bet visited him at the hospital and told him about it. The captain was not too sick to ask:

"Who did you say picked me for a winner, Smith or ole man Verity?"

He was told that Verity was backing him to win.

"Well," said he, "when you go back, you go an' see ole man Verity an' tell him I wouldn't have no friend of mine lose anything by bettin' on me. You tell him that if he'd lost the bet, I'd 'a' give him half a dozen papers of chewin' tobacker!"

There is no better test of a real humorist than this. When a man sick almost unto death can still see the funny side of the situation, if there is one, he must have, not only genuine humor, but plenty of courage and a good fund of wholesome philosophy. This is characteristic of tidewater humor.

The captain's words can be quoted, but his expression, which he often used to conceal the joke he was getting ready for you, and the sly way he had of glancing at you out of the corner of his eye, just as he was at the point of springing it on you,—these cannot be reproduced.

You will notice that he always reserved the unusual turn in his yarn, the surprise feature, for the end. Professional humorists will tell you that this marks the perfect workman. The captain did not have to be told this. He was not a professional, but a born humorist, one of the greatest. Some others have equalled him, but we do not believe there were many with the same continuous flow of humor, a never failing source of pleasure to all who knew and appreciated him.

What a pity that more of his fun could not have been recorded. Real fun makers are so rare and there is all too little of it in this sad world. The captain was typical of his class and represented tidewater humor at its best. He did not die unhonored and he shall not pass unsung.

It is both a privilege and a pleasure to pay this poor tribute to a friend of years gone by. We do not know

what port you made on your last voyage, Captain Tom, but we do know that we would be well satisfied to reach the same one some day, for two reasons. In the first place, because in a lifetime of over seventy years, your kindly humor never injured man, woman or child; and secondly, because of the air of general hilarity which we know is going to pervade that neighborhood.

THE HEMPSTEAD PLAINS

TO UNDERSTAND the history of the Hempstead Plains, one must bring to mind the conditions under which this part of Long Island was settled. That many sections of the Plains' land have an exceptionally rich soil and can grow magnificent crops, may be verified at any time by an hour's drive through them.

The pioneer settlers probably knew this as well as we do, or better. But as to the other absolute essentials to their living, wood and water, the first was far from the Plains and the second could be had in many places only by digging wells to great depths, a very hard task with the crude methods then in use.

It is related of one of the early settlers who was prospecting the Plains, that he was told he could get wood from the north side of the Island, and salt hay from the south side, and plenty of good water by going straight down about a hundred feet for it. Whereupon, he remarked,—

"I'll never locate where I have to go to the North Pole for wood and to the South Pole for salt hay and to Hell for water!"

Present day transportation and modern well driving and irrigation have overcome the old pioneer's objections completely, and great stretches of the Plains' land now blossom like the rose, but therein lay the reasons why this vast area was held for generations as a common grazing ground for cattle by the people of the Town of Hempstead.

It must be remembered that a border of what the settlers called brushy plains, scrub oak land in present day parlance, encompassed the Hempstead Plains, and from this, stretching across the Island both northward and southward lay unbroken tracts of virgin soil and forest. It took many years to subdue this wilderness and transform it into garden and field and orchard. And meanwhile, the pioneers had to live. Some of them turned to the sea for a living, but they became for the most part of necessity a pastoral people.

Their herds were driven, or meandered, to the Plains, in the morning and back again at nightfall through forest trails which later became highways. This is why our older roads, and especially those which lead in a northerly or southerly direction, wind in and out among the fields and hills with charming picturesqueness. And for this, we must be grateful, not to the landscape architect or highway engineer, but to that often unappreciated but always faithful friend of man,—the kindly cow.

The inhabitants of the Town of Hempstead found it to their advantage at an early date to appoint one or more of their number to watch over their herds, and some of the Articles of Agreement with their cow-keepers may be of interest:

“As Followeth:—

Imprimis the sd William Jacocks doth hereby agree together with Edward Reyner to take ye charge of keeping all the Cowes belonging to ye East-ward of ye sd. Town of Hemsteede, Beginning the 11th day of May next Insueing ye date hereof And to Continew untill ye sd Townesmen finde itt convenient to release and discharge them, wch shal bee About ye time that ye Indian harvest shal bee wholly taken in and howsed.

Item, ye shalbe ready at ye sounding of ye horne to sende out theire Cowes, And ye sd Cowkeeper shalbe ready by that time the sonn is halfe an hower above ye horizon to drive them out. And About halfe an hower before Sonn setting to bring them in.

And in concideracon of ye premices the sd Kowkeeper is to have Allowed and paid unto him by ye owners of ye Cowes the some of twealve shillings sterling ye weeck from ye 11th of May before specified untill the time of Kowkeeping be Expired. The first payment towards the said kowkeepers wages shal bee made in butter, viz: for each kow in the herd, one pound of Butter ott sixpence ye pound. And the remainder of the halfe pay is to be made in sufficient wampam, or otherwise to be paid in corne with ye rest of ye full pay, the one halfe to be paid in wheate And the other halfe to be paid in Oates or Indian-corne."

Their herds suffered a great deal from wolves and the Town paid a bounty of about twenty shillings for each wolf killed, as witness the following:

"Thes may sartyfy that whare as a sartain indian caled wamassoniman kiled two wolfs and delivered them to the constable John Smith the sd constable have payd and satisfied the sd indian for the sd two wolfs two indian cots and five shilens and a quart of rum and the sd indian acknowledged him selfe fully satisfied for the sd woulfs before us William Jecocks and Joseph Williams, October the 17, 1682.

by me Richard Gildersleeve"

Clark

"These may sartify that tackapousha the sagamor brought to John Smith the constable the head of a wolfe the sd constable have fully satisfied the sd tackapousha to his content for the sd wolfs head and this was done befor two oversers William Jacock and Joseph Williams.

by me Richard Gildersleeve"

Clark.

How Tackapousha was "fully satisfied to his content" is not stated, but it is a good bet that his reward was all in rum and that they were ashamed to put that into the record. Be that as it may, Tackapousha stood high in the estimation of both whites and Indians. If misunderstandings arose, he was ready to forgive and forget and to start over again. He was a good sport, he did not speak with a forked tongue, and his wampum was worth more than the I. O. U.'s of European nations at the present time. So,—Here's How! to you, Tackapousha, friend of the paleface and mighty Sagamore of the Marsapeges.

As the numbers of their herds upon the Plains increased, the townspeople found it necessary to adopt markings for their cattle and to register these with the Town Clerk. A few of the marks of older Long Island families are given below as recorded, and most of the names are very familiar to us all.

"Soeld and delivered By Tho. Hicks Two samuwel dentun this 17 of desember 1666 one hors Cullered baye with a star in the forhed and a hollow Crak in ye aer and a nick in under the ner aer, aged 4 years sum next after ye' datte her of."

"Soeld by John Carman to Mathy Bedell one ster Cullared Read with a swallow tayil one ye' of aer and a slit in it this 13th of feberwary 1666."

"Hemsted novembear the 4 day: 1695 The eyar marck of John Sothard is a flour de leuse on the Right eare and a Latch undear the Left eare."

"Hemsted Desember the 4 day 1695. The ear marck that Richard Williams marcketh his Cretors With is a Latch marck on the under side of the left ear and a nick on the same.

Recorded By Mee
Thomas Gildersleeve
Clarck"

"Jeremiah Wood Juner his Eare marcke is a Latch under ye neare."

"Joseph Willis his Eare Marcke is a Swallow forcke on ye neare Eare and a nicke under Each Eare."

"The Ear Mark of John Birdsall is a Crop of the off Ear and a Nick under the same June 8 1764. Which Mark belonged to his father."

"Richard Jackson his ear mark is a Latch on the upper Side ye of ear and a half flower deluce the upper side the nere ear. Entred March ye twenty third 1732 by me

Tho Gildersleeve Clarke"

From time to time the partitioning of the Hempstead Plains among the townspeople was discussed and the matter was brought to a vote more than once, but there were always a good many among them who had more to lose than to gain thereby. So it was never done and the Plains remained common land for generations.

Gradually, through the continual clearing up of the forest and the consequent increase in farm areas, the townspeople turned more and more from stock raising to agriculture for their living. And finally, the farms afforded ample pasturage and the Plains' land was no longer needed for that purpose.

About sixty years ago by vote of the people, the Hempstead Plains tract was sold in its entirety to Alexander T. Stewart, one of the merchant princes of old New York. His purpose was to establish a chain of villages, through the Plains, connecting them by a railroad,—one of the largest and most ambitious real estate operations ever projected.

It was a wonderful dream, destined never to be realized. He succeeded in building his railroad and in starting his first development, the beautiful village of Garden City. The circumstances of his death, the theft of his

body and its final recovery and disposition according to his wishes in the great Cathedral which he built are all matters of common knowledge. But when we drive through the wide parkways of this model community of lovely homes and gardens, a feeling of regret comes over us at its founder's untimely death, and a vision rises before us of the Hempstead Plains as he intended it to be.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRES

THE country squires, or justices of the peace, of the old days were as a class perhaps as unique a body of men as any who ever dispensed justice to a young and fast-growing commonwealth.

They were elected by their fellow townsmen just as they are today, and were men of outstanding character in their communities. But their work brought them little pecuniary reward and they invariably had some other means of making a living. Most of them were farmers; very few of them were lawyers.

Nevertheless, their keen knowledge of human nature and thorough understanding of local conditions made up in great measure for their lack of knowledge of the contents of the sheep-bound volumes, and they deserved well the respect and honor in which they were held.

In early days, the title "esquire" was shortened to "squire," or more often in the vernacular, to "square." And in the minds of many people, "Square" Hawkins, or Cooper, or Seaman, or Nichols, or Smith, as the case might be, was synonymous with "squareness" or uprightness of character. And the term was not inappropriate.

Sometimes, their lovable traits endeared them to the people to such an extent that their first names only were used in speaking of them and they then became Square Jimmy or Square Tommy.

Their methods of handling complaints and cases were often very different from those in vogue today, or from

any that could possibly satisfy the conditions of present day life.

One of the best of them had a theory that time is the greatest and best cure-all for the ills of life; and he applied this to his judicial work very successfully.

As this paid him little in proportion to the time spent on it, he aimed to do as little of it as possible.

Let us assume that two of his neighbors had quarrelled and that one came to him very much overheated and ready to insist upon swearing out a complaint against the other at once.

The old squire would light his pipe, sit placidly in his easy chair, and hear the whole story through without comment; and would then even encourage the irate neighbor to give him further details. The more there was of it, the better the old squire seemed to like it; and the better it answered his purpose.

"Well," he would say finally, when the whole picture was complete, "that is bad, mighty bad. But there is so much to it that I couldn't possibly write it all out this afternoon. Come back and see me tomorrow. No, not tomorrow, either. I've got to get in my hay tomorrow. Make it the next day. Then I'll have plenty of time to write out the whole complaint and get it just right."

In nine cases out of ten the complainant would not come back at all, the forty-eight hour interval having given him time to cool off and think better of it.

Many marital difficulties were smoothed out in the same way. The old squire had Father Time working for him whenever possible. This plan kept down the number of cases that he tried, but it was good philosophy and likewise good religion.

People for miles around came to consult this wise old man, and he gave them richly of his experience and

wisdom without money and without price. Some of his wise saws are still remembered. Here is one of his favorites:

"Before investing a hundred dollars, take a week to think it over. For a thousand, take a month. For five thousand, take a year." What an invaluable counselor he would have been in 1928 and 1929.

The country squires were very practical in their solution of social problems of any kind. A veil of pretense or hypocrisy would be pierced and torn aside instantly by them.

It is related of one of them that a wealthy newcomer in his neighborhood, a pompous and pretentious individual, came to him once with a public benefit subscription list in his hand.

"Now, Squire," said he, "this list lacks only twenty dollars of being completed. And we two, being in a way, the leaders in this community, ought to make up the balance between us. I'll give as much as you will. What do you say?"

"Let me see the list," said the squire. Then, after looking it over, "Yes, as you say, we will give equal amounts. I notice here the names of many people who cannot really afford to give anything at all toward this total of five hundred dollars. So I will just tear up the list and throw it into the waste paper basket in this way, and you and I will each give the same amounts, as you have said, two hundred and fifty dollars apiece."

One of these old justices of the peace had a fondness for slouch hats and rarely wore any other kind, even on his occasional trips to New York.

His countrified appearance led the green goods men into thinking that he would be an easy mark for them. Nothing could have been farther from the fact. It puz-

zled him, however, and annoyed him that his visits to the city should be broken in upon so often by those oily gentlemen.

Finally, upon being again accosted by them in the usual way, he spoke to them in this wise,—

“Yes, gentlemen, your proposition is very attractive, but before going further into it, I want to have a quiet little talk with you. Suppose we go into this café and have a drink together where we will not be disturbed.”

Then after a drink or a smoke with them, he continued,—

“I would like to ask you fellows something. Out in my home town, the people think I am quite a smart man; in fact, I have been a justice of the peace there for many years. But I don’t seem to make much of a hit here in town. Now tell me, candidly, why is it that you fellows always pick me up for a flat?”

The confidence men were somewhat nonplussed, but they rose to the occasion.

“Well, Judge,” said one of them, “it’s all on account of that blanked old slouch hat you are wearing. Our advice to you would be for you to go and buy yourself a good derby or a classy alpine.”

A half hour later, when the squire came out of a nearby store wearing a fine new hat and started on his way homeward, he passed his advisers who were prospecting for a more promising vein of wealth. They bowed in excessive politeness and the squire tipped his new hat to them.

His wife had a charge account in one of the large department stores and the squire usually settled the account upon receiving the customary monthly statement. By some mischance on one occasion, he sent one check

and later in the month another one for the same amount, thus overpaying the account.

With the first of the following month, the next statement came showing the balance in his favor, but no rebate check was enclosed. When the squire wrote for this, he got only a polite letter in reply. Then followed more correspondence. Finally, the following letter was received by him.

Dear Sir:

If you will look up our rating, you can easily satisfy yourself as to the financial responsibility of our firm. You will find that you have no need to worry about your account with us. You stand credited with us on our books for the amount in question and we trust that we will continue to deserve your patronage in the future as heretofore.

Yours very truly,

Blank & Blank, Inc.

Upon receipt of this, the squire told his wife to go shopping and buy from this firm everything she would need for several months. The amount of her purchases far exceeded the balance due him.

When the bill was rendered for the difference, he paid no attention to it. Then came a flock of duplicate bills and letters, to which the squire finally wrote one in reply as follows:

Gentlemen:

Please look up my financial rating and satisfy yourselves as to my responsibility. You have no need to worry about the bill. You stand credited on my books for the amount, and I will be glad to serve you with anything you need as per my letter head. I have been established here for a long while and shall hope to be thought worthy of your esteemed patronage.

Yours very truly,

It was a long while before this firm got the squire to settle his account and he had more than enough enjoyment out of the situation to repay him for the annoyance he had been put to.

Some of these old magistrates were located where they were under especial disadvantages in meting out justice. One of them lived near a thickly settled community of colored people. They gave him many a headache. But he made allowance for their lack of responsibility and saw the humorous side of their weaknesses. He was rewarded by their good opinion of him and an almost worshipful respect and veneration. On one occasion, the constable caught one of them in some petty thievery and took him before the justice, who stated that he intended to be very severe with him.

The justice insisted upon going with the constable and the badly scared darky to the lockup. On the way there, as they were approaching a dense woods, the squire engaged the constable in earnest conversation, giving the prisoner a chance to escape into the woods.

The constable went home disgusted, but the squire sat down to his meal that evening in a very jovial frame of mind; for one of his problems had been solved.

"That blamed darkey got away from us," said he to his wife. "But he was so badly scared he'll not stop running for miles. He can make a new start somewhere else. He was not a bad darky at heart; and he had no family."

The squire sighed happily, and looked across the table at his wife, as though expecting criticism. But the lady only smiled.

Some of their wives knew the old country squires better than they knew themselves.

OLD TIME CRUISING

IT WAS an old-time custom with many people, after the summer's labors were over and the harvests gathered, to make an annual cruise along shore. It might be just an exploring or sight-seeing trip, or its purpose might be to shoot, and fish, or perhaps a combination of the two.

Such a cruise was planned and looked forward to for weeks in advance. It must be remembered that this was before the motorboat era, and that the conditions for cruising were very different from those of today. If you got caught on a shoal at the top of the tide, no one was going to come along with a high-powered motor and pull you off.

A small boat in tow, a wise provision at any time, was then absolutely essential, for two reasons. In the first place, because you could in case of necessity, use it to carry out an anchor into deep water to help yourself with; and secondly, because if you had to make an indefinite stay on a sand bar, you could use your small boat to go for game or provisions, if need be.

No dredging of the channels had been done then, and as they changed somewhat from time to time, you had to be able to judge them by appearances. If you did not judge correctly, you would be informed of your mistake by the familiar and significant grating sound of your boat's keel upon a sand shoal. It was considered a wise precaution, even in sailing before the wind, to

keep the centerboard down a short distance, so that you would have some warning if you were getting into shoal water.

As to the best way of working a boat off a shoal upon which she was badly stuck, opinions differed. We have done this by putting on full sail, getting an anchor out into deeper water, and with all the rest of the crew pulling on the cable, at the bow, tying a knot in the sheet rope near the end of it; then pulling the sail in and letting it go until the knot brought up against the pulley block at the traveler. This was repeated with a few inches movement of the boat each time, and was usually successful.

It was a severe treatment for a boat and her rigging, but the old catboats and sloops were built to stand misuse and they could take it.

Weather conditions were not allowed to interfere with the start of a seasonal outing. We recall one such trip, when we started out in the teeth of a howling southeaster, a company of six in an old working sloop, with two gunning boats in tow and our old friend, Captain Tom, as chief pilot and hunting guide.

The tide was up over all the meadow islands, and as we were rounding the point of one of them, the sheet rope broke. The old sloop had to be swung up into the wind at once, and ran at full speed upon the point of the island.

It happened that one of our party had brought along a new pair of hip boots of which he was very proud, and which he had been careful to store in a well chosen place in the cabin with admonitions to everyone that they must be kept dry.

Whether from accident or design we know not, but when this mishap occurred, Captain Tom rushed into

the cabin, jumped into our friend's boots, ran up on deck again, and plunged into the water at the bow.

In his efforts to free the boat, he went in above his waist at once. He succeeded finally, but when he climbed back on board, our friend's new boots were completely smeared with mud on the outside and, of course, filled with water.

Our friend looked at his boots, the Captain looked at them. We all looked at them.

"I'll have to 'pologize for them boots bein' a little damp," said the captain. "I jumped into the blank things so quick, I didn't have time to notice that they wasn't self-bailers!"

The worst thing to contend with in the old cruising days, however, was not the shoal water or even a howling gale. It was then, as now, the fog. Many of the old guides, for whom the strength of tide or wind had no terrors, would hesitate before cruising far in a fog.

"Better put over the mud hook an' wait," was their advice.

This opinion was based upon experience, and anyone who thought he knew better than they did was welcome to try his luck. He would soon get experience enough to satisfy him.

We have tried to gain time by cruising in a fog, as we thought, being very sure of our direction. After keeping at it for a couple of hours, we have noticed something familiar about the surroundings in the small circle of visibility around the boat, and discovered that we were where we started.

The compass was not much use in such conditions in old-time cruising. You could get a general direction from it in open water, but it would not locate the shoals

and reefs and narrow channels for you and you were sure to come to grief sooner or later if it were foggy.

Everything, even the sound that comes out of a fog, is weird and unnatural. If you drift with full sail up in a fog, you may hear a terrifying noise just a few feet ahead of your boat, like that of a mighty cataract or maelstrom. You will have scared up a large flock of wild fowl. If you have not heard this sound before, you will have been frightened more than they.

All sights seem magnified in a fog. This is because you cannot see anything until it is right upon you, when it will appear distorted and monstrous.

We well remember lying out at a gunning point with a friend in a very dense fog. Two large herons came at us out of that fog and were within a few feet of us before we saw them. We seized our guns and shot them in self defense, because they had frightened us so badly. They looked to be about as large as horses.

So much for fog. When we encountered it after these experiences, the advice of the old guides was good enough for us. When the fog came on the job, we were ready to call it a day.

Sometimes the limitations of old-time cruising were cause for apprehension. We once had an exceptional day's fishing in one of the large inlets, as a part of our annual cruise. A small sailboat, two good fellows for company, plenty of fish,—what more could be asked? The weather was fine and the other conditions perfect,—or so we thought.

We sailed and drifted about the inlet until sundown, when we were near the outer buoy. Then, having decided to go in, we pulled up our lines and turned the bow shoreward. But the wind was falling, and although we had full sail up and the water was purling at the bow,

as we drove through it, we noticed by looking at the buoy that we were losing ground. In other words, we were being carried stern first out to sea at nightfall!

How much would we then have given for an auxiliary motor? They had not been heard of at that time. So we had to provide our own auxiliary power. There were two large oars on board. The desperate and continued use of these to supplement the sail power was the only alternative to putting over the anchor and riding to that in pitch darkness until the tide turned, no matter what weather conditions developed.

We improvised some oarlocks, and after a prolonged tussle with the sea, reached the point of the beach at the side of the inlet. When one of us, with the end of the cable tied around his waist, got a foothold upon the sand spit, and started towing the boat shoreward, we were happy. There was still much hard work ahead of us, for the wind had now deserted us altogether, and we had to relieve one another at the task of towing up the inlet against that relentless tide. But the outcome was certain and we were a contented crew.

We do not remember taking any sleeping powders or counting any great number of sheep to put us to sleep that night.

Cruising on Long Island waters has advantages impossible to that along a coast having a more picturesque sky-line. You may see less of the shore, but you will see just that much more of the sky. There are many ways in which such a cruise may be profitable. And some of them do not depend upon modern methods of water travel at all, but upon things that have always been and will always be. We will digress enough to illustrate this.

It is possible for anyone to get to thinking too often

and too much about the wickedness of the world and the cruelty of nature and the suffering of poor humanity. All this may lead to doubts, to a feeling of atheism even. This has probably occurred to most of us at some time or other. Even the ministers are not immune to it, as we happen to know, for some of our very close and intimate friends have been of the clergy.

But if you are ever troubled by this feeling, at the next opportunity take an autumn cruise along shore in a small boat, the smaller the better, and sleep on board alone under the open sky. One night beneath the September stars will see the last of it.

Let us assume that you have ended the first day of your cruise, and have anchored your little boat far enough from shore to be free from mosquitoes. We will try to paint the picture in which you will have become the central figure.

The sky is clear. The sun and wind go down together, and the reddened west grows dark. Then Night leads forth her shining hosts above to gaze on kindred hosts beneath the mirrored sea.

If it is late enough in the year, you may see a wonderful display of the aurora, or northern lights. We have seen them stream all the way to the zenith and half way down to the southern horizon. There may be shooting stars in great numbers. Sometimes these come almost too fast to be counted.

But the others are always there; and you can see them all. And as you lie and watch that glorious galaxy swing up and over you, you will feel as did those who watched them thousands of years ago from the far-off Judean hills.

A soft breeze will spring up and brush your face as lightly as an angel's wing; the boat will rock gently;

the waves will lap musically against the side; and the sea, awakened by the wind, will begin to sing to you its song of the ages, a melody alike soothing and inscrutable.

Then the stars will seem to come very close to you, and all your troubles and worries will withdraw into a dim remoteness and insignificance. You will be alone with the stars. The boat will swing slowly back and forth at her anchor, cradled between the two eternities of sky and sea.

And then from somewhere, out of that star-lit majesty, will come to you a feeling of deep restfulness and peace, and of faith that, whatever of woe or ill betide, you are likewise held to your place and cradled safely in the great infinitude. And you will sleep like a tired child.

The next morning you will wake up in broad daylight with the sunshine upon you and permeating you. You will burst into song. Whether you can really sing or not, will make no difference. You will sing anyway, even if you scare away all the waterfowl within half a mile of you. And you will resolve to grasp this cantankerous old world by the tail and make it jump through the hoops for you.

And so, cruising along shore may be of benefit, not in proportion to how, or how far, you travel; but rather in relation to the direction and extent of your mental journeyings. Bodily, your voyage may have been limited to the level of the ocean plains; but, mentally, you will have been cruising among the stars; and spiritually, far beyond them.

LOVE LETTERS OF OLD DAYS

IN LOOKING over these sketches of Long Island life, we are once more conscience stricken by reason of having neglected the romantic young folks again. And to make amends, we are now going to invite them to take part in a game we have been playing, and which we will call the game of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. Its object is to put together in jig-saw puzzle fashion the fragments we have unearthed of an old love story of Colonial days.

We will try our hand at Sherlocking and the reader may play Dr. Watson, or the parts may be reversed, if that will result more successfully in making the pieces of this old-fashioned puzzle fit together.

In the school book to which we have referred heretofore in these stories, there are two love letters. There were a few blank pages in the book. On one of them some records were made of the births of different members of the family, as was the old-time custom with family Bibles. This was probably the reason for the blank pages in the book.

But on one of them appear some lines, written in ink in a beautiful hand in the quaint manner of writing of that time and with an amount of grandiloquent flourish and ornamentation that is a witness to the writer's romantic nature.

This love letter of nearly two hundred years ago reads as follows:

My heart was like a lump of Ice
Until warmed by your Bright Eyes
Then it Kindled in a trice in a flame that never dies.
Then Take and Toy and you will find a heart that is most
true.
And of all the Girls I Ever Saw
I never loved any but you.
(Signed) Henry O'Hara

Henry does not tell us whether she was blonde or brunette, tall or short, nor whether her eyes were blue or brown or hazel; but we would not be any more certain that they were bright ones, if he had sworn to it upon the Book. There is no doubt whatever that Henry fell for them. And he fell hard.

But who was Henry O'Hara? We have done a great deal of Sherlocking in the attempt to ascertain. There is no record, so far as we could find out, of any Colonial family of that name on Long Island at that time, at least not in the section of it in which this love affair took place. If there had been, we are very sure we would have found it. So it is quite certain that Henry was not a native. But of his nationality we are certain.

He was no doubt warm hearted and generous and with plenty of Irish wit. You may be sure he was impulsive and that he had magnificent courage. Henry was no sneak. He was in love and he was not ashamed of it; for he wrote it in the maid's "cyphering book" proudly and firmly in ink, for her family and all the rest of the world to see. And he wrote it so well that the writing has lasted for nearly two centuries and is good for two more.

Upon making a careful study of the writing, we perceive that it is done by a practiced hand. Henry was no novice in penmanship, whatever his experience may

have been in love-making. He knew how to make the old goose-quill do his bidding, and it must have taken a goodly number of years to acquire the facility which his writing shows.

Now we happen to know that the Colonists had a great deal of trouble to find school teachers and that some of their teachers came from the old country and traveled about from one community to another. Frequently, they liked a neighborhood well enough to locate in it permanently. Some Long Island families trace their descent from these schoolmasters who settled and married here.

So by doing some Sherlocking with all the above facts, we put them into their proper places in the puzzle and the conclusion is inescapable, Henry O'Hara was not a school pupil. He was the teacher!

Henry fell in love with one of his older pupils. This had happened before and has happened many times since.

But how did Henry's affair progress? The maiden was very coy and shy. She must have looked with some favor upon Henry and his suit; for she did not tear his love letters out of her school book, as she might have done. She thought enough of those letters to keep them. She may have treasured them. Nor did her family destroy them.

In all probability, Henry boarded with them during at least a part of his term of service as a teacher. And the chances are very strong that they liked his straightforward way of making love, his candor, his courage and his captivating Irish wit.

The maiden hesitated for what seemed to Henry to be a very long while. But she did not say "nay" to him. So Henry thought it might help his cause, if he

wrote her another letter. He wrote this one in exactly the same way that he had written the first one. The same candor, the same courage, the same flourishes were there as before, all in ink in his bold hand in the old "cyphering book" for all men to see, as follows:

"Most charming creature your longg Sylence makes me at last So presumptious as to write these fue lyns to you as a Token of the Very Great wound which I received from your Brilent Eyes—My Dear ——

(Signed)

Henry O'Hara."

In the space marked with a dash after the word "Dear," there is a word that cannot be deciphered, the only one not legible of them all. It was probably her name.

He is still captivated by her eyes. At first, he thought them "Bright." Now they have become "Brilent."

What was her name? There are the names of several of the girls of the family in the old book. They all used it. But by the genealogical records, we find that one of them was between nineteen and twenty years of age at the time these letters were probably written. Her first name was Rozetta.

And on another page of the book among a series of model letters one is headed—"The Answer." Before the word "The" is written the given name Rozetta and right after the word "Answer" comes the family name Jackson. Both words are written in ink in the same hand.

Was this Rosetta's answer to Henry and this her shy way of replying to his love letters? The first part of "The Answer" reads in the printed text as follows:

"I received your Letter of the 6th instant, and I take Notice of your dutiful respect and kind Wishes ——"

The rest of the text of the printed letter is entirely irrelevant. So it remains an open question whether this was Rozetta's answer or not. We think, in our capacity of Sherlock Holmes, that it was. But if Dr. Watson dissents, we will admit that he may be right.

This much is certain, she did not marry Henry; for the simple reason that she married some one else.

On another blank page of the book further on appear in Henry's handwriting the words:

"My Dear," and the words, "Remember me!"

Poor Henry! We can only surmise what shattered his romance. Here is our guess. We know that her people were Friends and we know by how much they preferred marriages that were not "out of meeting."

And so, Rozetta's mother probably said to her when occasion offered—

"Rozetta, thy schoolteacher friend is a very nice young man. But his people are far away and thy father and I know little about them. Their ways and beliefs are very different from those of thy family. Thee would not be happy with him, my child. Thy father has arranged it for Henry to teach somewhere else next year. Thee must forget him."

Several years passed before Rozetta's marriage to a young man of her own community. Perhaps it took a lapse of time for her to cease thinking of Henry and the frank open face of him, his ready wit, and his smiling Irish eyes. But she kept his love letters in her "cypher-ing book," which was found many years later in the bottom of an old trunk.

What became of Henry O'Hara? No one knows. When he wrote "My dear, remember me," it was probably his final message. There was no upbraiding. He

could have scorched the paper with hot reproaches. But he did not.

Henry took it like a man. He did not get his desserts. But who does? So runs the old-time story of Henry and Rozetta; and so runs the world.

THE OLD SURVEYORS

IN MAKING a comparison between the old-time life of one hundred years and more ago and that of the present, we find perhaps as great differences in the methods used by surveyors and in the surveyors themselves as in any other kind of work and the men doing it.

To get a general idea of what manner of man the old surveyor was let us look over some of the records of one of the best of them, one who was sent out by the office of the Surveyor General of the Province of New York. His principal work was the location and survey of tracts of land granted, or to be granted, to the settlers by the Colonial governors, and his notes furnish the best evidence now obtainable in many cases from which the extent and boundaries of the tracts may be determined.

Tuesday, Nov. 7th, 1749

"Sett out from New York, I rode to Flushing."

Weddnisday 8th

"Rode from Flushing to David Seamons near Jerries and from thence to Thomas Allens at Jerusalem."

Thursday 9th

"Went out on my survey and began at a white oak tree standing on the west side of a field * * * * The distance sot down is just as the Chain Bearers gave me it in without any allowance But it must be minded to make due allowance as I am through a very brushy plains the most so that I ever surveyed which took up a good deal of the chain and will make the line considerable shorter than as sot down.

* * * Found several marked trees along this line was tolerable good running and good land.

* * * * *

There is a small gore of the swamp runs still more northerly but then it may rather be called a run of water as it seems only to be made by waters running there in wet times from this place there is a hollow free of brush that runs North Easterly a good way. * * * * *

Friday 10th

"Went to the salt meadow and began at a white oak tree * * * Then crossed the said creek in a canoe to Ye Island of Salt Marsh."

From a detailed study of these notes as a whole, the portions quoted not including the measurements, it will appear that this old surveyor rode on horseback from New York to Flushing and thence to Jericho, surveyed a tract of upland containing about 800 acres, some of the lines being through the scrub oaks; then went to a meadow island by canoe and surveyed about eighty acres of salt marsh there,—all in four days. And this was done in the month of November, when the days were short.

It is probable that there are few surveyors on Long Island at the present time who would have been able physically to keep up with this man in his journeys and field traversing during the four days, to say nothing of recording field notes that are clear and plain in every detail, including his observations of the character of the lines he was running and the land he was surveying. It will be noted that some of his descriptions are almost photographic. No one reading them with an unprejudiced eye, could fail to locate with fair accuracy the areas in question.

The reason that so much more stress was laid upon a

description of the land itself, is that the reference points in the old time surveys were likely to, and generally did, disappear in time, but the contour of the surface and the character of the soil were permanent features.

His statement about "due allowance being made" on account of the wooded character of the lines being measured brings to mind the method used in such work. The measurements were made by the chain, which was pulled around trees and bushes without stopping to cut them down, and from the number of chains and links thus measured, a deduction was made, the amount of which was a matter for the surveyor's judgment. One link per chain was an ordinary allowance.

When a survey was reviewed after an interval of time, and changes had taken place in the intervening years, a different allowance might approximate the true measurements more closely. If the land had been cleared up meanwhile and transformed into an open field, a much larger difference would be found.

We recall working many years ago with an old surveyor when he was reviewing some of his own previous work. Whenever one of the measurements differed from his old field book record, he would throw down his chain and pins in disgust, set down his latest results as a separate reference memorandum, and put into his new field book exactly the same measurement that he had previously recorded in the old one. Then he would look around sagely at everybody, and remark with a kind of mixture of gravity and humor,—

"It's a blank poor surveyor that can't agree with himself!"

The old surveyor, to be successful, had to have something of a judicial temperament, because he was placed in many situations where there was little to guide him in

locating property boundaries and he was often called upon to decide between conflicting interests.

One of these old surveyors was once called upon to run a dividing line between two adjoining woodland parcels which were owned by two brothers who had never agreed upon the common line, but who both wished to have it determined and made permanent.

So he got one of them to show him the line as he thought it should be; and to make the matter equitable then got the other brother to do the same. The second brother's line was very different from that of the first one, and it soon became evident that the surveyor had encountered an old family difference which was almost like a feud.

But as he went through the woodland with the second brother, following the latter's ideas of the line, it finally ran out into an open field at the side of the woods. Whereupon, he said to this brother,—

"This seems strange to me. It looks as though you would own nearly all the woodland at this rate and your brother have almost none at all."

"Wall, mebbe," answered the old timer, "mebbe I did come over this way a leetle bit too fur."

The surveyor finally ran the line about midway between the locations given for it by the contentious brothers, and as they were both very much dissatisfied with it and would hardly speak to him thereafter, the conclusion was that he must have got it about right, especially as neither of them ever contested the line afterward.

Sometimes, the property owner helped the old surveyor in his work, and some owners have been known to try to expand their farms at the expense of their neighbors by ranging out the lines for the surveyor somewhat differently from the way in which he directed it to be

done. But it was practically impossible to succeed in this.

On one such occasion, the old surveyor, perceiving the owner's intent, asked him to range out a line ahead through the woods and cut it out for him.

This the farmer did, setting some range poles to his own advantage, and going joyously on with his part of the work, cutting out the line to suit himself, while the surveyor was busy elsewhere.

After working for an hour or two at this, he came back to tell the surveyor that the line was ready for him. But the surveyor was not to be found. He had gone home, taking his equipment with him. Several days later, the two men met.

"I thought you was goin' to survey my farm," said the owner.

"So did I," answered the surveyor. "But when I found out that you wanted to do it yourself, the competition was too strong for me. So I had to quit the job."

The farmer did not pursue the subject. He knew that the conversation would lead into embarrassing channels if he did so.

The old surveyors had many difficulties to contend with in their equipment and in the unskilled labor of their helpers. There was also another limitation which those who are inclined to criticize them unduly may not be aware of. Its nature will be apparent from the following old official record of the employment of three men to survey some town lands in 1663.

"Also by a Major vote was Concluded ye same towne-meeting, (Dec. 14, 1663) that Mr. Seaman, Mr. Jackson and Henry Pearsall should lay ye aforesaid land. (Mathew Garisons bay and Matinacock) and have for their labour a penie an Acre."

Probably the penny per acre was to be divided equally between the three surveyors. If some indefiniteness should transpire in this section as the result of their work, perhaps the old surveyors should not be blamed too severely for it.

The limitations of their equipment were many and hard to overcome. Not the least of these was the old field compass. In using this, the surveyor had to depend upon his eyesight solely, as it had no telescope. The needle was more sensitive and better than that with which the modern transit is equipped, but it was the sole means of getting the angles and courses.

Its vagaries require special mention. We have heard public speakers make countless references to it in their lectures and sermons, speaking of it as an example of such unchanging constancy, pointing so surely and steadily to the pole, that we should all emulate it in our daily living.

This oratory is wasted upon anyone who knows how the magnetic compass needle really behaves, or rather, misbehaves.

It almost never points to the true north. It points differently in different places. It changes from year to year by variable amounts. It varies at different times in the same year. It is different at different hours of the same day. And finally, one compass differs from another, and any one of them may be put out of business at any time by local attraction.

That the old surveyors did as well as they did, speaks volumes for their good judgment and self control, when we reflect that they had to rely upon this erratic and temperamental member of their professional entourage. Their predominant trait was said to have been a turn of mind inclined toward humor and philosophy. They needed it.

MORE LONG ISLAND LIARS

WE HAVE been troubled somewhat of late by the thought that in our recent story, Long Island Liars, we may not have been altogether impartial. It seemed to us upon looking it over that we may have been inclined to favor the fresh water liar and may have neglected the salt water, or web-footed, liar to some extent.

This was surely not intentional and we will make amends by stating that the old rock-ribbed and weather-beaten salt water liar had few equals; and as for the deep sea liar, there was a breadth of vision and a power and expansiveness about his lying that smacked of old Father Neptune himself. There is no better way to prove this than by illustration.

An old salt water liar sat in the sunshine by the doorway of his fishing shack on one of the meadow islands. His chair was tipped back against the side of the building, a corn-cob pipe was in his mouth, and a carefree and contented expression overspread his leathery features. A sign that had been nailed up over the doorway read as follows:

BATE AND TACKEL FOR SAIL

As we tied our boat to the dock and came up the boardwalk, he gave a few preparatory puffs on his pipe, but was otherwise unconcerned. Anyone could have told that he did not owe us any money.

"I cal'late you want some bait an' tackle," said he.

"Yes, Captain, but what we want most of all is to get some extra strong bluefish lines for outside trolling."

"Now, ain't that lucky?" said he, "You've jest happened to strike the right place to git the best there is anywheres."

"But we must be sure it's extra strong. We're going after big fish."

"The bigger the better," said he. "You set right down there on them planks an' I'll tell you 'bout my lines. My boy, Johnny and me was out blue fishin' tother day. We went out in the small yawl boat and Johnny got fast to a big bluefish at the bow. He was so durn big, Johnny couldn't hold him. So when he come nigh the end of the line, Johnny hitched it to the ring in the stem-post an' that bluefish started towin' us up the inlet."

"That must have been a very exciting ride you had, Captain."

"Yes, but that wasn't nothin' at all," said he. "That was only the beginnin' of it. I was settin' on the stern watchin' Johnny an' his big bluefish an' I got sort of keerless, as a feller will sometimes, an' let my line run out free at the stern, an' all at once somethin' grabbed it, an' took it out full length 'fore I could git hold of it. But I had tied it to the stern. It was one of them blamed porpuses. Wall, my porpus wanted us to go to sea with him an' Johnny's big bluefish wanted to take us up the inlet."

"What did you and Johnny do then, Captain?"

"Oh, we couldn't do nothin'. We jest set still an' smoked our pipes an' let 'em fight it out. That blamed porpus drug us four mile stern first out to sea. Johnny's bluefish done all he could on his end, but it wasn't no

use for him. He wasn't big enough. He jest tired himself all out for nothin', an' then Johnny riz up an' pulled him into the boat."

"How about the porpoise?"

"Oh, we got him, too. He wore himself out tryin' to break that line of mine. But we had some trouble gaffin' him."

"I don't see how you gaffed him at all."

"We done it with our small anchor an' pulled him in with the cable," said this deep sea liar, taking a few short puffs on his pipe, as a man will sometimes, when he feels very well satisfied with himself. Anyone who had not bought bluefish lines right then and there would have been a very poor sport.

Sometimes the Long Island liar used his talents to play practical jokes on people. There was one about whom numerous stories were told many years ago, and who made a specialty of having fun at the expense of anybody or everybody. He was a tavern-keeper in one of the old-time hostelries at Jamaica, but how he could have carried on any business of that kind successfully without restraining himself in this respect is hard to understand. It may be that he was like a kill-sheep dog and played his pranks far from home.

Here is one of his favorite forms of recreational lying. He would attire himself in the height of fashion and with a cane and a high silk hat resting somewhat unsteadily on his head, would stagger into one of the old-time saloons and after considerable effort, would reach the bar. Leaning against this for support, he would look around at those present and begin to talk in a disconnected manner as follows:

"I'm a sport, I tell you all. I'm a real sport an' a good ole sport. An' I'm a bettin' man, a good sport's al'us a

bettin' man. An' he al'us pays his bets. An' I don't care what I bet on, or what side I bet on,—I al'us pay. Now that may s'prise you, an' I don't care if it does s'prise you. An' I'll bet on anything—anything. I'd jest as soon bet I've got on a white hat as a black one. Don't make no difference to me. If anybody says I ain't got a white hat on, I'll bet him. I'll bet him five dollars—five dollars an' drinks for the crowd that I've got on a white one. An' here's my five dollars."

There would always be some very smart man in the crowd, who would take this easy way of making some easy money. So he would put up five dollars. The bar-keeper usually held the money.

As soon as the bet was made, this combination of Long Island liar and practical joker would straighten up, hang his cane on the edge of the bar, and put his foot on the rail in readiness to drink. Then he would take off his black silk hat, carefully, and disclose to view a small white hat which he had put there beforehand for the express purpose of catching unawares the object of his deception. The victim of the joke got no sympathy, of course; the rest of the crowd had a good time and got free drinks; and the Long Island liar got five dollars and had all his fun besides.

Sometimes, the form of the joke was somewhat more crude. In the old days, as the storekeepers all took in eggs in trade, there would invariably be a basket full of them standing somewhere in plain view in any of the country stores. This jokesmith would appear on the scene at one of them, dressed as a bayman with an old slouch hat on, and wearing a pair of long rubber boots.

He would then tell about what wonderful boots they were, and how he could jump into the basket of eggs and out again without breaking an egg. The bet was

usually a very small one, if the unthinking storekeeper, or more often his clerk, could be inveigled into it. After it was made, this practical joker would take a good running start and plunge into the basket of eggs at full speed and out again, the result being very dramatic and colorful.

Thereupon he would apologize for his boots not being up to the manufacturer's guarantee, pay the small amount of the bet, and generally succeed in stalking away in feigned indignation before the astonished clerk had had time to decide what to do next or how to collect the damages.

But this man's colossal nerve and assurance were to get him into grave trouble with one of his victims, his own wife; for he played a great number of practical jokes on his long-suffering better half. In fact, he played just one too many upon her.

The occasion was a shopping trip in town. After he had been with her for the greater part of a day, he grew very restive. It was his intention to have some fun out of the trip on his own account, and with that end in view, he made all kinds of excuses to get away from her. But the good lady knew from experience that if he did get away it was very uncertain when she would see him again, and likewise that when he did turn up, it would probably be at home several days later and that it would then be several days more before he got over his part of the shopping trip. And so she vetoed all his proposals.

Finally, he hit upon what he thought was a very clever scheme. Seeing a policeman a short distance ahead of them on the sidewalk, he asked her, upon some pretext, to hold his pocketbook for him for a moment. Then dropping behind her just as she was about to

pass the policeman, he rushed up quickly and cried out to the officer:

"Arrest that woman! She has just stolen my pocket-book!"

"Why, John," said she. "What is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" Then to the officer, "I am his wife."

"Don't let her pull that on you! I never saw the woman before in all my life!" said this monumental liar.

Whereupon, the officer placed her under arrest and they started for police headquarters. As the indignant lady was being ushered into the building, her husband managed to sidestep them in some way and disappeared, having recovered his pocketbook meanwhile.

He had his little joke and his good time as he had planned. But when he came home several days later, his wife was not there. It took him a long time to find her, and a still longer time to persuade her to come back and live with him again.

It is said that this Long Island liar had to eat humble pie for many long weary months, and finally succeeded in placating his wife, only by promising never to play any more jokes upon her or upon any of their mutual friends, as the price of her forgiveness.

It may be that she made a truthful man of him; but the probability is that he merely became more careful in his choice of the time and manner of his prevarications.

This is the forte of the successful liar. He knows not only how to do it, but when to do it, and especially when not to do it. It is in this respect that the deep sea liar above referred to was superior to the other one. He chose the proper time and occasion for lying, and

his mendacity had the right background and atmosphere to be effective. And besides, you got your money's worth. The price charged for his fish lines was normal, and the lies, which were worth more than the fishing tackle, as we thought, cost nothing at all.

We have now ticketed and pigeon-holed two more varieties of the Long Island liar and we'll have to stop for the time being, although there are still many other kinds that we could describe. But we do not wish to weaken our conviction, or that of anybody else, that old-time Long Island lying was a diversion and not its chief industry.

YE LAW SUITS OF YE OLDEN TIME

THERE is a trait inherent in human nature, a fortunate one no doubt, which leads us to think more about the achievements and successes of our ancestors, than we do about their bickerings and shortcomings. But they had plenty of both and paid the penalty for them just as severely as we do in our own generation.

They could not swindle one another according to modern methods, for the art of high pressure salesmanship of things not worth selling had not then been developed, but there were those among them who slandered and wronged others and recourse to the courts of their day was often had to settle their disputes.

Their quarrels seem unique to us and some of the punishments meted out to them are no longer used. The records of these old-time lawsuits are interesting because of their quaintness and the many side lights which they throw upon Colonial life. For instance, many of us do not know that people were sometimes put into the stocks on Long Island in those days, usually for too much use of an unbridled tongue.

"At a Cort Held by the Cunstable and Overseres this 3 day of febrewary in the yeare of our Lord 1674 by his majestes athority John Junnins Pla. Richard totten defen. The Plaintive Enters an action of defemation against the defendant and declares that he is damnified to the Value of five Pounds."

This was a very heavy claim for damages. Mr. John Junnins, the plaintiff, considered his character worth about twenty-five dollars, and if Mr. Richard Totten, the defendant, had had to pay it, he might have been seriously crippled.

"The testimony of John smith Juner this deponant testifis that he herd Richard tottun say that he herd John Junnins should say there was but thre or foure ownist wimmin in the townd an further saith not Daniell Bedell testyfis the seame."

It was a very serious matter that Mr. Junnins was said to have impeached the virtue of the women of the whole township. But the witnesses for the defense were still to be heard from.

"The testimony of Jeames stell testyfis that he an John Junnins was Riding to the North side together an John Junnins did cummend Jeames for Riding by an would not take notis of him when he was in the stocks then Jeames stell tould John Junnins that he thought he had degraded sume of the townd in saying there was but three or foure ownist wimmin in the townd but John Junnins denyed it then Jeames said do not deny it for I think it will be Proufed to your fease then John Junnins said it is trew frend I did say that there was but thre or foure ownist wimmin in the townd and further saith not:

"these testimonys were sworn in Cort."

Now the evidence was all in. On the face of it, it might look as though Mr. Junnins had a chance to win. But his previous record was against him. He had already been in the stocks. For what offenses, we do not know fully. But it is probable that the Court knew. No doubt the whole township was on hand to hear the verdict, which was as follows:

"In the foregoing Cease the Cort finds for the defendant: an orders that the Plaintive shall Pay all the Charges an sixpence damage."

Mr. Junnins had lost his case, but he was not discouraged. Some people are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, as will be seen by the next quotation.

"At a Cort Held this 7 day of Eaperell in the yeare of Our Lord 1675 by his MaJesty's authority John Junnins Plaintive in an action of the Cease against Jeames Pine defendant the Plaintive decleares to the Cort that the defendant hath wronged him in Reporting that he had spoke sum slandros words against Mr. Jackson which he did not speke as he saith.

"The testimony of John Marshall this deponant testifis that upon sum disCors that he had with John Junnins that Junnins said there was two things that Caused him to be set in the stocks first for giving of Mr. Jackson a hint of being in drinck by saying he tould him of the aCount but he was Not Capable of hering of it"

It is evident that Mr. Jackson presided at the hearing of the accounting John Junnins was called upon to make and which resulted in Junnins being put into the stocks. John Junnins had talked about others, and this resulted in their talking about him. Hence his suit against James Pine. But the court did not believe that Mr. Junnins had been injured and handed down its decision as follows:

"In as much as John Junnins Plaintive hath Entered an action of the Cease against Jeames Pine defendant an proves Nothing the Cort therefore upon Request of the defendant doth onsut the Plaintive an awards him to pay all Charges."

Mr. Junnins had had no luck on the "3 day of february 1674" and none on the "7 day of Eaperell 1675," but on "this second day of June in the yeare of our

Lord 1675 by his MaJestys athority" he tried again. Mr. Junnins evidently had a kind of a community grudge and was looking for some one to work it off on, as follows:

"John Junnins Plaintive in an action of debt against Mathew bedell defendant, the Plaintive deCleaes to the Cort that the defendant is indebted to him for a New Cart an wheles for which he was to have three pounds to be paid to him when the Cart and wheles was mead but is Not yet Paid."

The decision was as follows:

"the Cort orders thus that Junnins shall finish the worck about the Cart aCording to the last agreement mead an then Mathew bedell shall pay three pounds to Junnins aCording to agreement an Junnins shall pay all Charges."

But it is written that he who draws the sword shall perish by the sword. The townspeople were by this time beginning to get very tired of John Junnins and his various law suits against his neighbors. And so, coincident with his filing of this last suit, three suits were filed against him in retaliation. They were as follows:

"Daniel Bedell Plaintive John Junnins defendant the Plaintive Enters an action of debt against the defendant an deClaes that the defendent is indebted to him for a sow which he bought of him an was by bargin to give three an twenty shillings for the sow which money is not yet paid."

"Robert Jackson Plaintive in an action of debt against John Junnins defendant the Plaintive declares that the defendant is in debted to him 5 shillings for a weeks diat an 5 shillings for a teme one day the defendant ones it."

"Samuel Cumstock Plaintive in an action of debt against John Junnins defendant the plaintive deClaes that the de-

fendant is indebted to him the Cuting of 8 lode of wood which is oned."

These cases being decided against Mr. Junnins, we find no more about him in the records. He evidently decided that his health would be better elsewhere. He had discovered that "with what measure ye mete, it shall be meted to you again."

It may have been worth a day in the stocks to tell the judge in court that he, the judge, was too drunk to understand the case. But he was fortunate in dealing with Long Islanders when he made the remark that there were but "thre or foure ownist wimmin in the townd." Had he said that in some township in the South, he would have been given a nice warm coat,—of feathers buttoned on with tar. And he would have left the town "by rail," although railroads were still more than a century in the future.

How many people of our day know that tobacco was an important crop on Long Island in Colonial days?

"John Seamans Plaintive in an action of debt against William wire defendant the Plaintive deCleres that the defendant is indebted to him 300 weight of tobaco by bill which was to be deliver at Yorck in Cash almost 2 yeare ago which is Not yet paid.

"In the foregoing Cease the Cort finds for the plaintive an Orders that the defendant shall satisfy the bill within three weeks time an ten shillings dameage an all Cost of sale."

Suits and counter suits were often filed on the same day and there is much to be read between the lines in such instances as the following:

"Joseph sutton Plaintive in an action of the Cease against Robert Hubs defendant the Plaintive declers to the Cort that the defendent did once imply him to Go after his daughter

that was Rune away with thomas daniells and the Plaintive said he had a grete dele of work to dwo an the defendant said he would put a hand to work in his Please with that the Plaintive did Go after the maid; and in his absence he suffered Gret damage; in sume of his swine for he found part of them ded; an damage in his other bisnis”

We are left to imagine whether the maid was returned to her father or not, or whether she married “thomas daniells” the man with whom she “Rune away.” But Mr. Robert Hubs, her father, felt aggrieved at his former employer and started a counter suit on the same day as follows:

“At the seame Cort Robert Hubs Plaintive Joseph sutton defendant the Plaintive Enters an action of debt against the defendant and decleres to this Cort that he is damnyfyed—”

As no decision by the court is recorded in either of these suits, it is probable that the participants decided to call them off and be friends once more. This opinion is strengthened by the fact that further on in the records Joseph Sutton appears as a witness for one of the Hubs family in a suit.

But it is a good bet that when Mr. Hubs’ daughter ran away again, if she did, he had to get someone else to go after her. Breaking up elopements was no more popular then than now.

These quaint old records are very different from court records of the present era, both as to the matter and manner of recording, but it is evident that the human nature back of them all was very much the same as it is today.

THE OLD STOREKEEPERS

THE country stores of the old days were much more like trading posts than any kind of stores now existing on Long Island. The amount of money that changed hands was very small compared with the amount of business done. Butter, eggs, poultry, fruit and vegetables were brought in from the nearby territory, and these were exchanged for necessities that could not be produced on the farms, such as sugar, molasses, boots and shoes, calico and a few luxuries like ribbons, silk and satin, the amount of these latter being small and only purchased occasionally for special reasons.

Tropical fruits, such as oranges and bananas, were not stocked regularly, but were sold at seasonal times, especially at the Christmas and New Year holiday period.

Powder and shot were exchanged with the hunters, for feathers from wild fowl, and most of the hunting guides expected the feathers to bring them enough in trade to buy their ammunition.

This plan of bartering instead of buying was not without its advantages to the storekeepers, as their aim was to make a profit on both sides of the transaction. This was not always possible.

We recall one old lady who brought in butter among other things every month for exchange with one of these old storekeepers. She always made poor butter, but would have considered herself grossly insulted had he

told her so. So she continued to make poor butter for years and to bring it in for exchange. And he continued to take it and to use or sell most of it for axle grease.

So the situation the old storekeeper was in, although sometimes the object of envy, was not always exactly like a bed of roses. He had many duties additional to his work as a merchant. He was the natural arbiter of the discussions and debates of those geniuses who gathered about the pot-bellied stove on winter evenings for the purpose of settling all important questions of church and state. The right of free speech had to be maintained and yet the storekeeper must not allow anyone to offend his customers or let their disputes become serious. And he must try to keep everybody good-natured. So he only had to be a sort of combination of Solon, Solomon, Alfred the Great and Will Rogers.

He was also often called upon to take on the duties of a pawnbroker, although without the advantage of getting the commissions of that kind, or any other kind, of brokerage.

In severe winters, when the snow lay deep over everything and the lakes and bays were locked in ice and the work of the hunter, the fisherman, or even that of the woodsman, was at a standstill, many of them came to the old storekeeper with all kinds of pledges for re-payment of debts. He was usually equal to the emergency, and in exchange for flour, sugar, coffee and clothing, all sorts of articles, many of them unsalable, were left with him, frequently in strict and secret confidence.

And strange to say, his losses were not very heavy in this kind of loan accommodation. Such as they were, he took them and said little about it, considering it part of his stock in trade and of his necessary service to the community.

The old storekeeper was shrewd. He had to be or go out of business. The dandified drummer from the metropolis came regularly with a great fund of funny stories, and the old storekeeper laughed heartily at them. Then the drummer used his high pressure salesmanship. But how much did he really sell that could not be quickly resold? Very little. Those salesmen had to earn their money.

"To beat him any," said one of the winter stove coterie, as one of the old storekeepers was talking to a customer in the front of the store, "you'll have to git up mighty early in the mornin'."

"Oh, no," said another of them in reply, "you'd never do it that way."

"Well, how would you do it, then?"

"I wouldn't go to bed at all," was the response.

In some places when his store was located on a main thoroughfare, the storekeeper had a platform scale installed in front of his property for his own use and also to be used by those who were buying or selling farm products that were sold by weight. The driver got from the storekeeper slips marked with the weight of his wagon or truck before and after loading, and these were used in settling the account for the purchase of the load. The storekeeper did the weighing for a small fee, and prided himself on having the weights correct.

On one occasion, one of the old storekeepers was seen with a wheelbarrow collecting some heavy stones that lay along the roadside and that had been thrown out of one of the wagons after it had been weighed. These he brought back and piled up by the side of his scale platform. A little later, the driver returned and drove his load of hay upon the platform and the storekeeper came out of the store.

"All ready for my load slip," said the driver.

"All right," answered the storekeeper, "I'll give it to you in a minute."

And he began to lay the stones on the platform under the wagon.

"Here! What are you doing?" yelled the driver.

"Well, you see," said the storekeeper calmly, piling the rest of the stones upon the platform, "we try to have our weights right. And these stones bein' weighed in with the wagon before, we'll have to weigh 'em in again to be correct. Here is your slip."

The driver took the slip and drove away without comment. His little scheme for making the old storekeeper an accessory to the theft of two hundred pounds or more of the hay he was buying had failed.

An incident that occurred in one of the old country stores many years ago may be interesting by way of price contrast. In those days, long before the Christmas savings fund idea had been put into practice by the banks, many old-fashioned families of meagre means had put a similar idea into use.

A pig, or more often, two of them, constituted the family savings bank. They were bought in the spring, grew steadily all summer long, and often assumed lordly proportions in the late fall, when they were being fattened for killing. Hog-killing time came regularly as a part of the yearly routine of work, and when it was over, many families had their principal meat supply for the winter. Some of the products, we will mention old-time sausage in particular, had a flavor which is missing in those which we get today.

In those days, it was often a question of how long to allow the pigs to live and fatten, or in other words, how large the Christmas fund was to get before its dis-

tribution and use began. The answer often depended on the price of corn meal or other feed as compared with the cost of meat.

At one of these critical periods, an old-timer came into one of the country stores and bought two pounds of pork.

"How much will it be?" he asked.

"Well, pork has gone up again," said the storekeeper. "It will be eleven cents for the two pounds."

"What!" said the customer in amazement, "pork up to five an' a half a pound? I can't stand this no longer. My hogs has got to die tomorrow mornin'."

On the main street of one of the old-fashioned country villages of many years ago, there were two stores, one at either end of the business section. The storekeepers were rivals but friends nevertheless. Their sales prices were about the same, not because there was any collusion between them but because they both marked their goods for sale at a fair profit only, and because their ideas of how much they should reasonably make were about the same. Let us suppose you had said to one of them:—

"Do you know, J. C., your price on this must be high. R. B. is selling it for less, and he says he thinks his price is about all it should be, the way things are just now."

The answer would have been as follows:—

"Well, if R. B. says I am high, quite likely I am. He generally knows what he is talking about and his judgment is mighty good. I'll have to look into this a little."

If you had asked the other one a similar question, you would have received a similar answer.

They had order and delivery routes which extended out into the farming sections at either end of the village, but these business zones did not overlap to any great extent. The general conditions of this generous rivalry continued unchanged for about thirty years.

It happened to be the same period that saw the rise of Standard Oil cut-throat competition methods. The contrast in business ethics is startling. There are a few of the old stores left on Long Island. We are told that they are doomed, that the chain stores will replace them altogether. Let us hope that this prediction will not be verified. But if it should be, when that time comes, something will have gone from Long Island life which will be sadly missed.

But to return to our two old storekeepers, they sold out at about the same time and both lived for a number of years in retirement. Finally, when one of them died, it transpired that he had made the other one his executor. The settlement of the estate was not easy, but the survivor would accept no commission for this service to his old-time friend and rival.

At length, as the years passed, he too came near the end of the long road, although he lived to be past eighty. His faculties began to leave him. He spent much of his time in bed reading. Then he asked his daughter to read to him, which she did. But when his hearing failed, his communication with the world was difficult, and when speech was impossible, he knew it was about to cease altogether.

Medicines did no good. There was no disease. It was only old age, as he well knew. He motioned to his family that he wished to write. They brought him a writing tablet and a pencil, and this is what he wrote:—

“Do not let the doctors give me anything to prolong my life. It has been a long and useful one. There is no more pleasure for me here. I am ready and shall be glad to go.”

This was his farewell message to the world. The old storekeeper was going to his “exceeding great reward.” And he had faith enough to know it.

OLD-FASHIONED BEACH PARTIES

MOST of the social diversions of old-time living grew out of the necessities of the periods in which they were in vogue, and for that reason, had a utilitarian origin or aspect. Such were the husking bees, the quilting parties, and the house-raising and barn-raising celebrations.

But as the living conditions became less severe, the people began to seek forms of recreation merely for the pleasure they afforded. These functions did not entail the loss of time, money and sleep of present day diversions, for those who took part in them knew they could not afford expensive pleasures. Their social affairs were simpler and more in keeping with their resources.

Among them all, the old-fashioned beach parties were perhaps the most unique. They took place on Saturdays or holidays in summer, and a day was usually chosen when the tide would be high in the early morning and late afternoon. The day was set well in advance and nothing was allowed to interfere with a beach party. Most of the excursionists wished for fair weather, but all were prepared to go, even if it rained cats and dogs.

There was too much fun to be had on such an occasion to allow such ordinary things as rain and wind to put a stop to it. In fact, some of the participants, the captains who sailed the boats in particular, seemed to like it better if the weather were stormy. They knew that they would have plenty of live ballast on board and could sail their

boats almost under without much danger of capsizing them.

There were no motor boats. It was the day of the sail, "the wet sheet and flowing sea" of storied rhyme. If the wind failed, the long "setting poles," which lay along the washers were put into use; but such occasions were very rare. There was almost always plenty of wind.

The boats were catboats and sloops, ordinarily employed in oystering and fishing, and they were sailed by men who used them every day and knew exactly what they could do. The rivalry between these captains was often very keen, and the day's outing generally resolved itself into a boat-race from the upland to the beach in the morning, a dinner and dance at one of the beach pavilions in the middle of the day, and another boat-race home again in the afternoon. So the day's pleasure was divided into three parts, any one of which would have furnished enough enjoyment for an ordinary outing.

Old and young participated in beach parties. Home cooked provisions were provided in great abundance and lunch boxes and baskets overflowed with things delectable. The dinner was like a large family party in which everyone was welcome to anything that anyone else had. The good housewives vied with one another in their methods of making clam chowder, fruit short-cake and home-made pies, and everybody got the benefit of this generous rivalry.

It may have been from boyish appetite or from the enthusiasm of youth, or the stimulus of the sea air and the occasions themselves, but it does not seem to us that coffee and fried chicken have ever since tasted so good as they did on those old-fashioned beach parties. In fact even now, it makes us hungry to think of them.

The music for the beach party dances was usually furnished by darkey fiddlers and banjoists whom the excursionists brought with them. Each of the boats claimed one for the trips across the water both going and coming, and the music enlivened the boat-races and spurred on the contestants.

When the musicians combined forces at the pavilion and started playing and calling off the figures for the quadrilles and other square dances of the period, to say that things began to get lively would be putting it very mildly. Everybody danced, young and old, and the hoe-downs and pigeon-wings executed by some of the old folks who renewed their youth to the tunes of "Money Musk" and the "Devil's Dream" were the envy of the whole company.

At some time during the proceedings, the musicians were invariably called upon to show what they could do in juba or tap dancing. If there ever were any of the dusky fraternity who were unequal to this, we never saw them. They might be a little reluctant to get going, but some extra money for drinks or a vision of chicken pie and layer cake would tempt them into action, after which they furnished singing and dancing that were as enjoyable as many modern vaudeville acts, and especially so, because there was never anything to be ashamed of.

Sometimes, severe weather conditions added the spice of danger to these outings and unusual incidents were likely to occur at any time. On one occasion, an easterly storm with the moon at perigee caused an exceptionally high tide, which flooded all the marsh lands and rose above the board-walk approach to a beach pavilion which was to accommodate one of the parties. The only recourse then was for the men to wade through the water carrying the women up the board-walk to the pavilion.

Every young fellow who had brought a girl along had to carry her as best he could. This worked all right in most cases, but one of the young women who was exceptionally stout had an escort who was exceptionally small and thin. His courage was equal to the task, but his physique was not. The board-walk was slippery. He made a good start with his precious cargo, progressed for a few feet unsteadily and finally fell off into about three feet of water, young lady and all.

This mishap was said to have broken up their love affair. If so, they could not have been very deeply in love. Had it been really serious with them, three feet of water, or three thousand, would not have made much difference.

If there was a choice of routes to or from the beach, the captain of the leading boat made the decision, and it was usually in favor of the larger channels and rougher waters. The captains were often criticized for this, especially by those addicted to sea-sickness. But they were probably wise in their preference for blue water. They knew their boats and had them well freighted. They did not fear deep water. It was the shoals and sand reefs that they were afraid of. A good sailor fears the land far more than he does the water.

A view of the ocean in its stormy moods was rare for most people in those days. Access to it nowadays is so easy and we see it so often that we think very little about it. By staying away from the ocean in rough weather, we miss one of the greatest manifestations of power and majesty which the earth affords. The ocean as seen from the shore during a great storm is worth going many miles to look at. At such times, the serried ranks of mighty foam-crested rollers sweep across the intervening sand slopes and fling themselves tumultuously upon the sides

of the dunes, throwing the spray fifty feet or more into the air. To us, this has always been a far more awe-inspiring sight than Niagara.

If a storm occurred on a beach party day, there were many who wished to go to the beach to see the ocean in its fury. This was only one of the pleasures incidental to the old-fashioned beach party.

For those who did not care to dance, there were plenty of other diversions. A clam bake or potato roast with a drift-wood fire was always in order in good weather. Any kind of food prepared in that way seems to have an especially choice and distinctive flavor. This may come from an appetite akin to that of our ancestors, the tree-dwellers and cave-men.

Surf-bathing was often engaged in by those who went on beach parties, but it was very different from that of today. There were no life guards and few, if any, life lines. One bathing suit of that time would have furnished enough material for a whole colony of present day bathing beauties. Often-times, the people who intended bathing merely brought along some old clothes and used those. We do not believe anyone ever learned to swim on these beach parties. In fact, it would have been a hard task for a good swimmer to keep afloat in some of the outfits we have seen used. There were very few casualties, because no one went into the water far enough to cause trouble.

It became a custom for the colored people of Long Island to have their own beach parties, and finally, the practice was established of having one day set aside for them especially at the beach pavilions. The second Saturday in August has been "darkey beach day" for generations. The custom still persists and bids fair to continue indefinitely. But there seems to be something

lacking in the zest and enthusiasm as compared with that of the old days.

Then the white-winged fleets flew across the water loaded to the scuppers with crews as thick as huckleberries. The beach pavilions were held for their exclusive use on that day. Many white people were on hand, but merely as spectators. It was worth all the trouble of going and more to see the cavorting of the dusky cohorts on the dance floor. They did all the high stepping of the whites and a whole lot more besides. The extravagant gestures, the excessive politeness, the care-free expression of irresponsibility, and the loose-jointed flexibility of movement of the colored man were never shown to better advantage than on these occasions on this, their gala day of all the year. Their concluding number was sometimes a cake walk, and anyone who saw this at its best will never forget it.

Such was that unique institution, the old-fashioned beach party. It was on the whole probably the most distinctive and enjoyable social function of its day on Long Island. It was well suited to its era, as it entailed very little expense comparatively. A whole community was entertained for less than three or four couples now spend oftentimes in an evening.

Romance grew naturally out of the circumstances of those old-time outings. Moonlight and the babbling brook and the waterfall have been extolled by poets from time immemorial as furnishing the best environment for romance. But it may be that these poets had not fallen under the enchantment of the sea, whose voice whispers softly of love and tenderness, and is attuned alike to the siren song of hazard and adventure, and to the roar of tumult and conflict. Perhaps they had not looked out upon its eternal restlessness and dreamed of journeys to

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the world's remotest rim and of far horizons encircling
strange waters and mysterious shores.

At any rate, some old-fashioned beach parties would
have done the poets a world of good.

SCHOOLMASTERS OF THE OLD SCHOOL

THE schoolmasters of the nineteenth century were far in advance of those of Colonial days, but the conditions under which they did their work were not at all ideal.

At the present time, much emphasis is rightly placed upon what manner of person the teacher is as well as upon the ability to impart knowledge. We do not mean by this that the schoolmasters of the old school were not of good character. The average of those whom we knew was very high. But they were not all so careful about setting a good example to their pupils in some ways as is the case today.

For instance, we recall one who came very highly recommended as a teacher and he lived up to all expectations in this respect. He had great ability, especially in mathematics. He had few equals as a lightning calculator and his accuracy was uncanny.

But he was very fond of tobacco and apparently could not refrain from chewing it during school hours. This he did rather slyly and he was no doubt ashamed of it. But sometimes he would become very much engrossed in a mathematical problem and would pace the center aisle of the schoolroom, at the rear of which the stove was located. On such occasions he chewed vigorously and abstractedly used the stove as a target. His accuracy as a marksman was not at all equal to his genius for mathematics and the results were often disastrous, although decorative.

Corporal punishment was the rule in those days, and each schoolmaster had his own method of inflicting it. One of them had a cat-o-nine tails which was made of leather that was very tough and hard. He used it so often and so strenuously that two of the larger boys finally said they had felt it for the last time.

They came to the schoolhouse after school hours, crawled in at a window that had been left unfastened, broke open the teacher's desk, got out the old cat-o-nines, and buried it deeply in a nearby swamp.

This did not require so much nerve, but the real test of nerve came on the following day. They did not dare stay away from school; for that would have been confession. So they were on hand as usual and they were the most lamb-like pupils present. They were so innocent that they could hardly remember what the old cat-o-nines looked like, although they had been whipped with it only the day before. They stuck together better than do most evil-doers and got the benefit of the doubt.

They had succeeded in their resolve never to be flogged with that cat-o-nine tails again. They were not. The teacher got a bigger one.

Another of those old schoolmasters used in punishing his pupils birch or hickory switches which he cut and trimmed to a nicety for that purpose. He always had a collection of them on hand. They were very uniform in size and were kept standing upright in a wastepaper basket at the corner of his desk.

He had a two-fold use for them. He would seize one quickly and launch it like a dart or spear to any part of the schoolroom where mischief-making was going on. Although he was very expert in this use of it through long practice, it sometimes happened that he hit the wrong pupil. This worried him not at all; for the javelin

exercise was only preliminary, a mild prelude to further proceedings.

Whether his aim was good enough to hit the right one or not, the real culprit was required to bring back the whip to the teacher, whereupon there followed no uncertainty as to the weight of it being felt by the miscreant himself.

A schoolmaster of the old school had so many pupils and so many subjects to teach, for he taught everyone and everything, that he had no time to devote to the niceties of discipline. Any severe punishment meted out to wrong-doers was for some flagrant misconduct and was often administered before the whole school, so that it would serve as an object lesson to everybody.

The schoolmasters of the old school were conscientious. We recall one of them who used to whip his own son twice as hard as he would any other boy for the same offense. This was from no lack of affection for his son, but merely because he wished to make certain that he could not be justly accused of favoritism.

This teacher stayed on year after year at one school until he was looked upon almost as a village institution. Finally, his fellow townsmen elected him to the supervisorship. His farewell school session was somewhat like a wedding ceremony, with congratulations and tears intermingled.

Sometimes the incidents that took place in the old-time schoolroom had a dramatic aspect. These were generally associated with the punishment of the pupils, especially of the big boys of the school, some of whom were often about as large as the teacher.

One of the old schoolmasters made it a practice to whip the boys just at the end of the afternoon session for any offense that had been committed during the day.

Thus they were doubly punished, anticipation of the coming event being a part of it. But this plan had its disadvantages.

On one such occasion, one of the bad boys, who richly deserved all he got and more, decided to be the leader of a revolt and conferred with some of the others to that end during one of the recess periods.

"When he starts to whip me," said he, "I'll run under him an' grab him by the leg. Then you fellers all come up an' help me an' we'll down him easy."

The others gave a tacit assent to this plot, but they were not enthusiastic, because their self-appointed leader was not very popular. He had previously done some mean things to them, which they had not forgotten.

At the close of the school session, the schoolmaster proceeded to carry out his part of the program. But when he grasped the miscreant by the collar, this revolutionist broke loose from the teacher's hold, ran under him as had been arranged and seized him by the leg.

"Come on, fellers!" he shouted to the others, "I've got him!"

But the other boys did not budge from their seats. They were too comfortable and were enjoying the situation too much. When the rebel realized that he was getting the worst of the encounter and that the others had deserted him, he glared at his classmates in mingled pain and anger.

"Aw, gee!" said he disgustedly, "You're fine fellers to help, you are!"

He had succeeded well in his plan to run under the teacher. The sad part of it was that he stayed there.

One of these old schoolmasters had a long beard and it was bright red. This gave one of the big boys a happy thought. When the teacher started to whip him, he laid

hold upon the teacher's beard with both hands and began tugging away at it vigorously. Whereupon, the teacher was forced to suspend the punishment for the time being and a sort of catch-as-catch-can wrestling match ensued.

But the boy had the best hold, and as he had no intention of giving it up, the teacher had to resort to strategy; for he was being punished far more severely than his pupil.

It happened that one of the old-fashioned low benches used for class work was near at hand. The teacher succeeded in propelling his adversary backward against the end of this. They fell upon the bench together with the teacher on top, but with the boy still maintaining his hold. The teacher finally forced him to let go by choking him into unconsciousness.

He remained in that state for a short time, during which everybody was worried, including the teacher. But finally, seeing that his rebellious pupil was reviving, the old schoolmaster recovered quickly and took the occasion to impress upon him and all others the results that came from trying to overthrow his authority.

"Let me tell you," said he to the miscreant, who was just coming back to consciousness and barely able to hear what was being said to him, "let me warn you, Freddy, your misconduct today has been very irritating to me. If you continue to provoke me in this way, some day you may force me to get really angry at you. And if that should happen, I may lose my temper; and then, Freddy, I might punish you severely!"

The modern schoolmaster has at least one great advantage over some of his predecessors. He does not wear a flowing beard.

The schoolmasters of the period of which we are writ-

ing had not the benefit of a course of study arranged especially to prepare them for their work. Many of them were to a great extent self-taught. But some of them for that reason did not limit themselves to any course of study in their acquirement of knowledge. We recall one who became interested in French literature. He studied French in his spare time and could read any ordinary French book understandingly at sight. He then became interested in the works of German scientists, and took up the study of German in the same way. He could soon read books in German also.

And so, he had mastered both these languages sufficiently for his purpose, although he could speak neither. Nothing but a real thirst for knowledge could have held him to the necessary mental application and discipline. Such a man would have succeeded in almost any intellectual pursuit.

The schoolmasters of the old school almost always had some hobby to take up their spare time. This was partly due to the meagerness of their pay as teachers. With some, it was gardening, and with others, it was politics. Their summer vacation periods were frequently devoted to helping in the farm work in the localities in which they lived. Many of them took up surveying as their avocation, and became expert in this work, of which there was then no more than could be done at holiday and vacation times.

Most of these schoolteachers lived to a ripe old age and their careers were a connecting link often between the old order of things and the new. The names of Wells of Riverhead and Candee of Sayville are household words in Suffolk County, and Nassau (in former times a part of Queens County) can proudly boast of Wallace, Matthews and a distinguished triumvirate of Smiths.

These were all in their day shining lights in their chosen calling.

But among all the teachers whose careers go well back into the past century, we believe the highest award for fidelity and continuous service must be given to a woman. She has gone down the generations successively teaching the children of former pupils, then their grandchildren, and possibly their great-grandchildren. She belongs to the whole of Long Island, for we do not believe there is any part of it to which her influence has not extended. We salute Miss Caroline G. Atkinson of Freeport, in all that the term implies, at its best—teacher extraordinary!

BOATBUILDERS AND GUIDES

IF THE old Greek philosopher who went about with a lantern looking for an honest man had lived on Long Island in the days of the old boatbuilders, his search would have been soon over. The reason that the sloops and catboats built during that era have lasted so long may not have occurred to the casual observer.

It seems to be all but impossible to wear out those old boats. After having served their time as sailing craft, many of them have been converted into motor boats, heavy duty engines having been put into them in many instances.

Having stood the strain of carrying their canvas through storm and gale, they have been called upon to answer the needs of an entirely different motive power applied in an entirely different manner. And the old boats have stood the test magnificently because of the way in which they were put together. They were built by honest men. Their builders were honest, not merely in the workmanship and materials that were apparent to the eye, but in all those hidden parts which a purchaser could not examine, but which he would find out about ultimately to his sorrow, if they were not as they should be.

We have known one of these old boatbuilders to take off one of the planks of a boat's underbody, which he had fitted and put on with great care, merely because of a knot which had been too small to attract attention

while he was doing the work. This could have been easily covered up with paint and would not have been noticed.

But no, that would not do. He had agreed that all the underwater planking was to be free and clear of imperfections, and it had to be so at whatever cost. She had to be as well built as he knew how to make her.

This old boatbuilder was typical of a class of men whose integrity was equalled by few and surpassed by none. They were well satisfied to make an honest living at their calling and took a just pride in their craftsmanship.

It goes almost without saying that few of them made much more than a living from their work and if a little of it remained to them for the needs of their old age they were content.

Their workshops and boatyards were popular gathering places alike for the old sailor and the village gossip. And every boat turned out by them was a subject of general inspection and comment for weeks. They sought continually to improve upon the models of their craft and if more speed could be obtained without sacrificing seaworthiness they would take no end of trouble to get it.

A boat built by one of them was always his boat in his eyes, no matter who owned her afterward. They had an attractive heartiness about them, and a choice vein of humor enriched their lives.

If there was some fun to be had out of the building of a boat and putting her into commission, they were always ready for it. We remember well the first boat we ever owned. She was built by one of these old boatbuilders, who took no end of pains in building her and in showing us how to get the most speed out of her. We learned just enough about it in the first few weeks to become conceited, and that gave him an opportunity

to give the whole community some entertainment that had nothing to do with the boat-building contract.

A new assistant had just come to work for him at the time, a young fellow who said he was from somewhere upstate where they had no boats. It seemed that he hardly knew one end of a boat from the other, but he was very anxious to learn about boats and the salt water in general. This thirst for knowledge on his part gave the old boatbuilder an idea.

"Now, Sammy here," said he to us one day, "Sammy don't know nothin' 'bout boats, nor sailin', nor swimmin', nor nothin'. But he wants to learn, an' I tol' him that you was jest the boy to learn him them things, with that new boat your daddy had me build for you. With a new boat like that an' a good sailor like you, I tol' Sammy he wouldn't be runnin' no risk at all, an' mebbe he might ketch onto some of them things in a day or so."

It was hardly possible for us to express our appreciation of his good opinion of us, and a forthcoming holiday was chosen for beginning Sammy's course of instruction.

Everything went as had been planned. Sammy was very eager to learn. He asked many questions about the sail and the anchor and other things. The center-board was an enigma to him. This and the working of it had to be explained to him many times.

We stopped at a sand bar near one of the main channels in the Bay; for Sammy was anxious to have a swimming lesson. After some instruction in the different strokes, Sammy managed to flounder along at the edge of the channel in a very crude way.

But Sammy was ambitious. He had heard somewhere about diving, and he wanted to try it. And so, after

some illustrating of how to do it and considerable urging, he made a dive off the side of the boat.

He went all under, but when he should have come up, he did not. Sammy had disappeared! After a frantic search, we found that he had come up on the other side of the boat, although he could not seem to understand how he got there.

But Sammy was not discouraged. He tried a second dive. This time he came up in the middle of the channel, about a hundred feet away. We then decided that Sammy did not need any more swimming lessons, and left him to his own devices.

But the day was not over yet. A squall threatened. We got up sail hurriedly and tried to reach one of the meadow islands ahead of it. The squall struck first. But Sammy was on the forward deck near the peak hal-liard and happened to lower the peak about two seconds in advance of the squall. We had now learned that things had a way of happening with Sammy at about the right time.

As we were not then expert at reefing a sail, he kindly offered to do what he could. As a matter of fact, Sammy tied four reefs into the sail and sailed the boat home through that squall while we looked on. It was a great trip, but we did not enjoy the latter part of it much. It was a long while before we heard the last of Sammy and the swimming and sailing lessons. Before coming with the old boatbuilder, he had been in charge of some of the boats at a well-known yacht club.

Anyone who could not take a joke philosophically, or who could not stand a good panning at the expense of his own conceit, would have done well to steer clear of the old boatbuilders. But if he could, and did, take it in the right spirit, he was one of the elect in their eyes and there

was then nothing too good for him and his boat in the whole wide world.

The hunting and fishing guides of the old Long Island days had a reputation that extended throughout the country. Many prominent people valued their services highly. We knew one of them who told how Daniel Webster used to come to go fishing with him; and Chester A. Arthur was also one of his patrons.

This guide was a small man, but seemed almost to be made of iron. There was no limit to his powers of endurance, and he lived to a very great age. He used to walk several miles frequently to see baseball games when he was over ninety-five and he had an ambition to live to be a hundred. As we remember it, he did come within two weeks of it.

There were many changes in the methods of taking game during the long period of his service as a guide, but he was in demand as long as he was in active life.

As these changes and the increasing limitations of the game laws restricted the guides more and more from year to year, it was inevitable that their work should grow less and less continually, a shorter open season for many kinds of game and decreasing numbers of game at all times.

It was natural that the old guides should fall into the habit of yarn-spinning about the days when game was plentiful. If they could not give their sporting patrons fishing and shooting such as they had furnished in former days, they could at least tell them some things that would be of interest.

Their stories were of their former exploits at shooting and fishing and they lost nothing in the telling.

Anyone who has done much fishing with a small boat, especially in trolling through schools of small fish that

are trying to get away from big ones, may have the experience of having a little fish flop upon the deck or into the boat. But the old guides elaborated upon this. One of them had to row for shore as hard as he could on one occasion, as the fish were coming into his boat so fast they threatened to sink her.

Every sportsman has shot wild fowl heading toward him in fast flight and had them fall on the battery or into the shooting box. But the old guides had such wonderful fowling pieces and shot into such immense flocks of birds passing overhead, that the birds kept falling into the boat until there was hardly room for the gunners.

But the best one among them all, as a raconteur, if not as a guide, was the one who made changes in his gun and her shooting powers, as occasion required.

"Yes, it's mighty aggervatin'," said he to us one day, "mighty aggervatin' the way a flock of snipe will scatter after they light, an' spread out so you can't git only a few when you shoot into 'em. But I fixed one big flock of 'em once, so's I got plenty to eat. I changed my gun jest specially for them birds."

"What did you do to your gun to get better results?"

"Oh, I flattened out the barrels so the shot would spread out sideways instead of up an' down. I went for that big flock on a mud flat an' shot both barrels to once at 'em. But they jumped all together jest as I was pullin' the trigger an' flew away."

"But I thought you said you got plenty to eat."

"Yes, that's what I said an' that's what I done. They didn't jump quite quick enough to git away clean. I went out an' picked up a half clam basket full of snipe legs."

"You must have had enough for dinner. I suppose

you were so well satisfied with your gun that you always used her that way afterwards."

"No, sir—no, sirree! I had to change her again, or I'd never got the big blue heron, the biggest one I ever see."

"Was the blue heron a hard bird to shoot?"

He was the worst one I ever tackled. He used to feed down to the beach near a big sand hill. Jest stayed 'round near that hill. An' when you went for him, he kept a-runnin' 'round it, an' when you shot at him, he'd be alus dodgin' 'round the side of it. I wasted a lot of powder an' shot 'fore I got him."

"How did you manage it finally?"

"Oh, I jest bent the barrel of that gun of mine into a half circle, so's she'd shoot 'round the hill. He tried the same ole trick on me the next time, but it wasn't no use for him then. I fetched him all right. But I had a close call, myself."

"How was that?"

"It happened to come to me, when I was pullin' the trigger. I dropped jest in time, as the shot went over me."

At this, we concluded that the old guide deserved our congratulations upon his narrow escape. We had thought of telling him some stories, but after this recital, decided to call it off. There is no satisfaction in staying in the ring after you know that you are outclassed.

OLD TIME SPORTS AND SPORTSMEN

ONE of the very earliest sports to be developed on Long Island was that of horse racing. It evolved naturally from the fact that one of the principal occupations of early days was stock-raising, and this continued to be a great asset to the people for generations.

The first race course was said to have been laid out near Hyde Park within thirty years of the time of the first settlements. This was followed by others at or near Jamaica, Hempstead, Massapequa, Amityville, Huntington, Babylon and on down through Suffolk County.

Long before the blue grass region of Kentucky was ever heard of as a place especially well adapted to this use, the breeding and raising of fine horses on Long Island was a matter of common knowledge in this part of the New World.

This development continued until many world-renowned sportsmen had their stables located here, and during the nineteenth century, new records were made and repeatedly lowered by some of the greatest horses the sport has ever known. The trotters were especially popular, the celebrated Lady Suffolk and Grey Eagle being among the favorites.

As the early settlements developed into thriving communities, the need for transportation to and from the city resulted in the establishment of stage-lines and the coaches ran regularly, or with such regularity as was possible under the existing conditions of road-bed.

Business or shopping trips to the city were real events in those days, to be thought about and planned for weeks in advance. From a distance of thirty miles out, it took a full day to go and a day to return; so three days were necessary in all.

The stage coaches had to be no less substantial than those of the West, the drivers were bluff and hearty, and the horses were chosen for stamina rather than speed.

Some of the stage-line proprietors took an especial pride in their records for uninterrupted service on schedule time, and were very ready to make the performances of their horses a sporting proposition, if anyone had an opinion differing from their own.

A bet is of record by one of these men, that he could drive a team in harness and hitched to a wagon weighing 300 lbs., from Brooklyn to Montauk Point, the distance being 140 miles, in less than twenty-four hours. The purse, or wager for this feat, was \$600, and it was won by the driver, who made it in about twenty-three hours, although the weather conditions were unfavorable. The stamina of the coach teams may be judged from this.

Stops were necessary along the stage-coach routes, and as the villages traversed had usually at least one tavern or hotel, these hostelries became the accustomed stopping places.

Coaching parties from the cities were a natural development from these conditions, and at a later period, sleighing parties out to the hotels and back became a part of the social activity of those who lived in town, and these festivities assumed even the proportions of winter carnivals.

Sometimes the sleighrides took place under very se-

vere weather conditions. There was one occasion of especial note when a sleighing party came to one of the old hotels for an evening's merry-making, their driver being the son of the proprietor of the livery stable from which they had hired the horses and sleigh.

They returned in the early morning with the sleigh bells jingling merrily on the way back, and reached their destination safely, only to find that for the latter part of the return trip they had been driven by Death itself, for the driver on the box seat in front had frozen stiff with the reins in his hands, and the horses had brought them home.

One hundred years ago, turkey shoots and hog-guessing contests were the sporting events of the fall and early winter seasons.

A big gobbler was usually the first prize in a turkey shoot, and who got him was sometimes a matter of luck and sometimes of marksmanship, depending upon the conditions of the shoot. Shot-guns were generally used, and if it was a question of putting the greatest number of shots within a certain area around the center of the target, the result might depend upon marksmanship. If the winner was one who put a shot nearest the exact center, it depended merely upon who got the lucky break.

Hog-guessing was an altogether different contest. There was plenty of opportunity for the exercise of judgment or to make comparisons. Most of the contestants had usually raised hogs for years and knew how much theirs had weighed, and they were allowed to measure in advance the one whose weight they were striving to guess. The guesses were marked on numbered slips of paper which were deposited into a ballot box, the con-

testants keeping a stub or record. Sometimes the names of the contestants were written on the ballots.

After the hog was killed and weighed, the box was opened and the ballots canvassed. The winner was rarely more than ten pounds away from the actual weight. As the hog often weighed between 600 and 700 lbs., there was plenty of latitude for wildly different guesses.

The prize might be the big porker himself, but was more often an amount of cash sufficient to enable the winner to set up the drinks for all hands, the balance being his, after he had performed this social service, which was considered a duty as well as a courtesy.

Pigeon shooting as a sport came into vogue at a later period, and has been discontinued in recent years only, the reason for the law against it being that under conditions in which it was usually done, especially if the weather were mild, the pigeons had almost no chance at all. When the killing of any kind of game becomes slaughter, it ceases to be sport.

But frequently, when the shoots were held under adverse conditions, with the sky cloudy and dark and a high wind blowing, the flight of the birds was very erratic and their chances greatly increased.

If the marksman failed to bring the birds down within the prescribed limits, they passed "out of bounds," after which "outsiders" were allowed to shoot them. So the shoot furnished some sport to those who did not enter the contest, but hoped to get a brace or two of the birds for dinner.

We recall a pigeon shoot in which the marksmen considered it real sport, because of the restrictions placed upon them. Instead of the usual thirty yards rise, the contestant was required to release his own birds, and

then to seize his gun and shoot. Any bird that he brought down before it had flown at least thirty yards was not to be counted in his score. This gave the birds thirty yards in which to get started and make the shooting much more difficult. Another condition was that those taking part were required to change guns after each round, so that each one would have to use every other one's gun at some stage of the contest. As the guns varied greatly in size, shape, weight, and bore, the chances were greatly in favor of the pigeons, and it took real skill to bag them under those circumstances.

If similar restrictions had been imposed upon all of those taking part in pigeon shooting, it might have continued as a sport.

The game of baseball became popular on Long Island in the early stage of its development, which was far enough in the past for it to be considered one of the old-time sports.

There were plenty of good ball players on Long Island. White of East Rockaway threw a fast overhand ball with a hop on it that made it almost unhittable at times. Kane of Far Rockaway had one just as good, and in addition, a straight drop which sometimes struck the ground in front of the plate while you were swinging at it. If his fast one got away from him and hit you, it was worse than being kicked by a mule. Lott of Merrick had a big out curve, and when he got two strikes on you, the next one would be a sizzling in curve which you might possibly hit with the handle of the bat, if you were lucky enough to hit it at all.

Tuthill of Rockville Centre, who came originally from somewhere near Mattituck or Riverhead, where they are said to have baseballs for dessert with every meal, played a great game at short and certainly hit

them far and wide. Bedell of Bellmore was one of the fastest men who ever traveled the base paths. There was a big fellow at Hempstead named McCormack who was listed as a first baseman, but really played all over the infield. And at a somewhat later period, Fishel of Babylon struck out almost everybody, even including the umpire sometimes. There was a host of other good ones down in Suffolk County.

For a number of years in early baseball history, the catcher used no mask, and chest protectors came into use much later, especially for the umpires. We have a distinct recollection of officiating as umpire without a chest protector, and of receiving a solar plexus blow from a foul tip and of losing all interest in the subsequent proceedings. The players were very sympathetic in carrying us to the bench, but the crowd enjoyed it thoroughly. Our decision to retire from the game was, we believe, the only one we made that afternoon which met with general approval.

After the season's baseball argument had been settled in Queens County, which at the time included Nassau also, it happened quite often that the winning team made a trip through Suffolk County, playing the teams of the larger villages. This was an excursion of much enjoyment and also one of disillusionment. To win over half the games on such a trip was unusual. The farther east you went, the tougher the going. Those Suffolk boys certainly knew their baseball then, and there is no indication up to the present time that any of it has been forgotten.

Such were some of the principal sports on Long Island from early times to the latter part of the nineteenth century. Their history forms part of a record in which

our whole country is interested, for it has always been a fruitful ground for athletic sports.

Our first president was a great athlete. He would probably have captured the pentathlon easily, had there been such a contest in his day. Most of our other presidents have been lovers of sport. Two of these at least were from New York State, and the greatest sportsman of them all sleeps at Oyster Bay.

What his remedy for this depression would be we shall never know, but we do know that he would have counseled us to bear in a sportsmanlike manner the evils that afflict us, until in the fullness of time, the way appears and the means whereby we shall be rid of them.

THE BEACH COLONIES

IN MOST instances, the beach colonies of Long Island developed from small settlements that grew up around or near the Coast Guard stations. At the outset, most of the stations were difficult of access from the mainland, and consequently, the life savers were separated from their families for the greater part of the time.

Small houses built to accommodate these families for a portion of the year formed the nucleus about which the settlements developed.

To these were added others, built by those to whom the lure of the sea was irresistible and who wished to spend their summer vacations on it or near it.

Many of the colonies were begun in the era before motorboats came into use, and at first there was no ferry service to and from them. Then people going to the beach for their vacations had to provide their own means of transportation, and if they needed provisions or other necessities, had to find ways of getting them for themselves. Any party that was organized for a vacation at one of the beach colonies in those days arranged for the use of a catboat and one or more decked skiffs or canoes.

We recollect one trip ashore with an 18-foot catboat, when it was necessary to go, because we had eaten ourselves out of house and home at the beach. We made the trip across the bay, about a dozen of us, including

two small children. The buying of provisions at the stores in a nearby village took most of the afternoon, and when we were ready to set sail for the beach, it was near nightfall.

Meanwhile, a storm was brewing, being ushered in by a head wind that was menacing and with a tendency to increase to dangerous violence. But we decided, after some discussion, to take the hazard of the return trip, a four mile thrash dead to windward with full-reefed main-sail. The provisions were put on board well forward under the summer cabin, a large watermelon which one of the young fellows of the party brought down to the boat on his shoulder being stored under the forward deck near the foot of the mast.

We were in for an exciting experience. The water often looks inviting when viewed from the shore or from a safe haven, even when it is really dangerous. This is because the full force of the wind or waves is not felt behind a sheltering wharf or bulkhead.

But we were soon heading into that smother of foam with our faces stung by flying spray and our small boat tossing about like a shell.

We found ourselves unable to carry even the small amount of sail we had up and had to "drag" some of it. Although full-reefed, it seemed but a tiny square of canvas. It was dangerous to trim the sail flat and we could not gain a foot to windward by reaching. So we compromised and made less progress with less attendant risk.

Everybody was soaked to the skin before we had gone half a mile. Some thought of turning back, but to do that would have been even more hazardous. It was no time to square away before the wind in a small boat. So we kept her going into the seas.

She was small, but she had been built by a man with a good conscience and he had every reason to be proud of her and himself. The time for going about was chosen to take advantage of any slight lull in the wind flaws. Some boats will miss stays occasionally when coming about full-reefed. This one did not. She marked her zigzag course through the waves driving steadily into the teeth of the gale, gaining slowly but surely to our haven in the lee of the beach.

We reached the wharf in the growing darkness with barely enough energy to crawl up the boardwalk to our cottage. Our provisions, the object of the trip, were, most of them, in a semi-fluid condition, the only thing that came out of the boat dry being the watermelon. But our supper was a wonderful meal, nevertheless.

Such were some of the experiences of the early days at the beach colonies. There was much more hard work to be done than at present. But there was likewise more sport to be had, for game was more plentiful and the restrictions upon the taking of it less severe.

No one was then in a very great hurry to get to the beach or to get away again, for it was impossible to hurry anyway. You either went there leisurely or you stayed away.

The early beach colonies, like all other similar groups of their time, were small, but consequently afforded much more sociability. The gatherings at the pavilions for dancing or other diversions, were almost like an old-fashioned country "sociable."

Life at a beach colony has always been subject to moods, as many and changeable as the sea itself. In the old times, things might drift along in a sleepy, uneventful way for days, and then a cry of "Blue fish in the surf!" would be the signal for action. Or a seasonal flight of

snipe among the flats and meadow islands might cause everyone to rush in that direction. And they were well worth going after. If there is anything better than broiled snipe or plover done to a turn, we do not know what it is. Of course, we are now speaking from memory only, as we have not tasted any for years.

It all reminds us of a visit we once made to the peach orchard of a New Jersey friend of ours. We chanced to be driving near his place and stopped to see him, and he invited us to look at his peaches. The trees hung loaded with them, for it was at the beginning of the marketing season and he was just about to begin shipping them away.

We wandered about with him among the trees for some time, admiring the wonderful display of luscious fruit. At least, we presume the peaches were luscious. They looked as though they might be.

He was very proud of his success as a peach grower, and had all the enthusiasm of a great specialist for his work. Finally, he said:

"Did you ever see anything to beat these peaches of mine?"

"No," we replied truthfully, "this is one of the most remarkable displays of peach culture we have ever witnessed."

But it occurred to us just then that our time was limited; so we had to merely shake hands with him and hurry away.

He was a great fruit conservationist. A fine fellow. But, possibly, he had forgotten something.

Life at the beach colonies was, and is, much more subject to changes due to weather conditions than ordinary living. A somewhat amusing incident of several years ago is a good illustration of this.

A young fellow who had a two weeks' vacation in midsummer, decided to take his recreation at one of the beach colonies. His sojourn there came at a most favorable season. The weather was fine during the whole period. The breeze came in from the sea every day, keeping the mosquitoes away; the moon was full and golden most of the time. There were boat races during the day and moonlight strolls along the surf in the evenings. The fishing was good, and a jolly crowd of young folks made his stay a delightful one.

He said the place was almost like a fairy land to him. He grew more and more enthusiastic every day. He had a chum who worked in the same office with him in town and whose vacation came immediately following his own. His glowing accounts of the fun he was having and his enthusiasm decided his chum to spend his vacation in a similar way at the same beach colony.

But the second young fellow came at the wrong time. It was in the period of the dark of the moon. The sea breeze had been succeeded by a harsh east wind. This spoiled all the fishing. It rained almost every day and when it was not pouring, it was foggy. The mosquitoes had had a long period of fasting, and whenever it stopped raining, they came up from the nearby marshes with ferocious appetites and in countless hordes. Most of the congenial young folks left the beach or stayed indoors.

The young fellow spent a great deal of his time wandering disconsolately about or sitting alone on the beach like a hermit. When he got tired of doing this, he would go in out of the rain and write a letter to his friend in town who had recommended the place as an ideal one for a vacation. What he said to him was plenty. The two series of letters printed in parallel columns would have made an interesting exhibit. The

truth concerning life at a beach colony could be found by striking an average between their conflicting opinions in regard to it.

Because of the attractions of beach colony life in the summer and the high prices paid for rental during that season, many people have looked upon beach cottages as a desirable form of investment. It is the same old story of a large return on the money. The principal is not secure.

A friend of ours thought he had made a wonderful investment in a beach cottage. It proved to be a very good one for several summers.

But one year late in the fall, long after he had closed the cottage for the season, he received a telegram from the Coast Guard captain telling him to come to the beach at once. A new inlet was breaking through the beach near his house.

When he got there he found the house partially afloat. The life savers had fastened a cable around it and anchored it to a sand hill, but their other duties had called them away. He got into his house and tried to do something to save it. The floor was tilting now one way and now another, as the water rushed underneath. Finally, he went into the kitchen, just as the stove left its accustomed place in the corner and started toward him. He eluded this, got out of a window, and made for the safety of the sand hill. The mooring cable parted and the last view he had of his beach colony house was the sight of it going straight out to sea and being made over into kindling wood as he watched it. His good investment had dissolved like many another one that has been watered too much.

In the early days, there was an opportunity for a much closer association between the beach colonists

and the members of the Coast Guard than at present. The picture of an old life-saving captain of blessed memory singing his favorite song, "The Lass of Mohee," to banjo accompaniment, surrounded by a group of cronies and beach colonists will never be forgotten.

There were also many stories of adventures with the sea, such as would be told only to intimate friends, vivid tales of ceaseless vigil in sunshine and storm, of night patrol of lonely stretches of beach through snow and sleet and flying spray, of the thunderous crash of gale-driven breakers, of signal lights flashed to the shipwrecked, and of thrilling rescues by lifeboat and breeches-buoy.

These recitals were an ever strange and fascinating background to the usual quiet serenity of life at the beach colonies in the old days.

OLD TIME COMMUTING

IN COMPARISON to that of the days of old-time commuting, the present commuters' train comes in to the station like an avalanche and goes out like a sky-rocket.

The electrically equipped and driven train of many cars is about as much superior to that of early commuting days as the present automobile is ahead of those erratic specimens which went wheezing and chugging and sputtering along our highways at the outset.

The train of three or four cars was not equipped with air brakes, but had to be stopped by the use of the old-fashioned hand brakes. And so, the brakeman had just that much more work to do; and it was very hard work.

If the rails were slippery in bad weather, the control of the train was uncertain, and for it to go far beyond the station was a very ordinary occurrence. The time table could not be adhered to as is the case today. When the road was a single-tracked one, a mishap causing traffic delay in one direction would disarrange the whole schedule both ways and result in almost endless confusion.

A washout somewhere along the line, making it necessary to send out a wrecking crew, might cause trouble and delay everywhere else.

The running time was far greater than at present, and the amount of uncertainty that prevailed would have driven the present day commuter frantic. But the

commuters of the early days of railroading on Long Island, although they often found fault openly, secretly regarded the service as a matter for congratulation to all Long Islanders, notwithstanding its many drawbacks.

It must be remembered that there was no present-day standard of comparison to make them unhappy. They could get satisfaction from looking backward to the old stage coach service, which had preceded their own means of travel.

The rivalry between villages on the same line in regard to express train service was keener than at present, when there are trains enough for any reasonable needs of the whole commuting class. The running time was one half greater, and in some cases, even double that of the present. Consequently, any amount that could be cut from it was a matter of primary importance.

Sometimes this desire for time-saving, as expressed by the commuters, was carried to such an extreme as to become ludicrous. We recall one pompous and self-important individual who was very much incensed that an express train which would have saved him some time did not stop at his station. He said so much about it that it became a joke with the other passengers.

"I won't stand this any longer," said he one day, standing on the platform of his own station, as the express train went whizzing by. "I'll see the president of the road about this, and I'll tell him if that train is not stopped at my station, I'm going to pack up and move to New Jersey next month."

He really felt very much aggrieved, but his estimate of his own importance was erroneous. Getting no satisfaction from his interview with the president of the road, he did pack up and move away, bag and baggage.

But, strange to say, Long Island continued to develop,

the railroad survived the shock and kept on increasing its facilities and the number of its patrons.

The heating of the old-fashioned trains was by means of cylinder stoves at one end of each car and the care of these added to the brakemen's duties. But with all the many disadvantages and the much greater amount of work devolving upon brakemen and conductors in the old days, there was an amount of social intercourse between them and the passengers that is impossible in these times of crowded trains.

The many delays with all their inconveniences served oftentimes to get commuters and railroad employees better acquainted, and they grew to have an amount of regard for one another that sprang from these old-time conditions.

As a train pulled in at a station then, some commuters would be seen rushing toward it from almost every direction, and the conductor would hold up the train good-naturedly for the tardy ones, and everybody looked upon it tolerantly. At the present time, if you are on the platform when the train stops, you go on it. If not, you do not go on it.

If the old-time train chanced to be stalled by storm or flood or break-down, and an hour or more, sometimes several of them, were spent in waiting, the time was usually filled in by playing cards or talking politics, there being much more chance for both diversions than at present.

Most of the old commuters and trainmen knew one another's opinions on almost any subject that might be brought up. Arguments sometimes became heated, but as soon as the wheels were ready to roll again, differences were forgotten. There was an amount of good

fellowship in the old commuting days that would now be impossible.

Of the unique experiences of those times, the great blizzard of March 1888 furnished by far the most. This storm stands by itself unparalleled in Long Island history. Some weather experts says its severity resulted from the collision of a western blizzard with a great storm that raged up the coast from the West Indies.

At any rate the amount of snowfall was unprecedented, and the high wind caused record snowdrifts, which came up to the second story windows and even reached the cross arms of the telegraph poles in many places.

Commuters had never seen the like of it before and probably will never again see the same interruption in their train service. It was but four or five hours after this storm began when the great drifts had blocked the railroad cuts and stopped the train movements completely. Many trains were stalled for several days. Commuters who started for the city on Monday morning reached there the following Friday. And this was about as soon as business was resumed in most sections of the metropolis.

One of the worst blockades took place at Rockaway Junction about two miles east of Jamaica. Here trains that had been going westward during all the morning hours of the first day of the blizzard were stuck fast in the same big snowdrift before noon. The wind and snow came with such driving force from the northwest that it was impossible to walk more than a few feet against them.

For that reason, everybody stayed on board the trains. When nightfall came, it was discovered that there was very little fuel. So the passengers were put into as few cars as possible and some of the fires were allowed to

go out. This was a wise precaution, for it was many hours before the passengers could leave the trains. They slept in the seats as best they could.

Some enterprising people with an eye to business brought sandwiches to the trains; which was possible because they made the trip from Jamaica with their backs to the wind. The passengers paid twenty-five cents apiece for the sandwiches at first, but when the price was raised to fifty cents, they rebelled, and some of them commandeered the provisions, paying a reasonable price only for them and distributing them generally.

When the wind abated, the people were able to reach Jamaica, where they were made comfortable for the first time since the storm began.

One of the old-time hostelries accommodated a large quota of the commuters. There was considerable discussion among them about the chances of making good a claim against the railroad company for their hotel and other expenses, and one commuter who was a well-known lawyer, offered his services to that end with confidence and much assurance of success.

This lawyer told many stories of his previous successes, and if he was as good a trial lawyer as he was a raconteur, he must have been very successful, as indeed some of the commuters who knew him very well said was the case. We would not consider him typical of the members of his profession, however.

At any rate, he entertained everybody for hours royally; for which they were duly grateful. But he told just one story too many. It was his best yarn, but he made a mistake in recounting it at that time. Some one asked him to tell about his best case.

"All right, gentlemen," said he, "with pleasure. My banner case was a damage suit. I once had an Irish

client who came of fighting stock. He was of the stuff of which heroes are made. He brought me a very interesting case. After hearing all the circumstances, I advised him to bring suit for damages.

" 'But are you sure we can win?' said he.

" 'No doubt about it at all,' I said. 'We'll win and we'll get damages.'

" 'Well, we came to trial and we got beat. He was discouraged, but he didn't like to give up.

" 'What'll we do now?' said he.

" 'We must appeal. When we get this case up where they have more brains, we'll win and get damages.'

" 'Well, we appealed the case, and we got beat again. My man felt blue, but he was built of good stuff. What a soldier he would have made!

" 'Do you think now that we can win?' he asked me.

" 'Of course, my dear man. It is as certain as anything can be in this world. We must still go higher. When we get up where there is enough real legal brains to understand the points in this case, we will get our verdict and our damages.'

" 'So we went on up, and finally we got high enough and got our decision just as I told him we would. My client was tickled almost to death when I began telling him about it.

" 'Yes,' I said, 'I told you all the time we'd win, as soon as we got up high enough. I congratulate you on your courage and on your success. I said you would win and you have won. I said you'd get damages and you have got damages. The court has awarded you your damages,—six cents!'

" 'That was my banner case. Why, gentlemen, I lived out of that case for five years!'

This was a good story, but after hearing it, the rest

of the commuters began to have doubts about the advisability of suing the railroad company. They were average men, those commuters, but somehow, they seemed to lack the courage of their legal friend's Irish client.

The great, ever-changing, ever-increasing stream of humanity moves incessantly back and forth between city and suburbs as before. The main features of this phase of American life remain unchanged. But the old commuting days are gone forever.

OLD LIFE SAVERS

THE old life savers of Long Island were a rough and ready lot. They were as a class uncompromising in their faithfulness to duty, with a strength of character developed from daily contact with the sea. No excuses availed them in their association with it, and they held others to the same strict accountability.

We recall one old captain who had grown gray in the service, and who adhered most faithfully to the routine of life-boat practice. The boat had to be launched in the surf and driven through the breakers, and maneuvered for a time outside the beach according to regulations, if it were possible for this to be done.

But with all his strict discipline, he had a keen sense of justice and would defend his men with the same vigor with which he held them to their duties.

On one occasion, a division superintendent chanced to visit his station on a day when the captain, believing the weather too severe and the sea too rough to warrant life-boat practice, had not ordered it.

The superintendent, who was a much younger man than the captain and had much less experience with the sea, took him to task for the omission.

"I'm not satisfied with your leaving out the life-boat practice today," said he.

"If there was a wreck out there," said the captain, pointing to the sea, "I'd bring my men out an' try to reach her, but the risk is too great with nothin' at stake."

"There is something at stake," said the superintendent. "Your job is at stake. The regulations call for this practice and you will have to go out according to orders."

"All right," said the captain, "if you say so, we'll go; but they'll be your orders an' not mine."

So he called out the men and they got the life-boat ready, with many doubtful looks at the angry surf and foam-crested rollers. When they were all in readiness, the captain turned to the superintendent.

"Jump in, Sir," said he, "we'll drive her nose right into it. Your place will be in the bow."

"Oh, I'm not going," said the superintendent. "That's your work."

"It's your work, too," said the captain. "If you say it's fit to go, it's up to you to prove it. Either you'll go with us an' take the same risk as all the rest is takin', or else I won't order my men to risk their lives with nothin' to be gained by it."

"I'll report you for insubordination and recommend your dismissal from the service," said the official.

"All right," answered the captain. "But I'll report why we didn't go out, an' we'll see whether they think your life is worth any more than anybody else's or if your job is any safer than mine."

Surf practice was omitted for that day, and the captain continued thereafter to give to his duties the same scrupulous attention as before. The incident was not reported and was never referred to afterward.

It is hardly necessary to add that the crew at this station were with the captain to a man on any occasion requiring great risks to be taken, and that their log-book was a remarkable record of faithful performance of duty in the face of danger. This captain was a born leader, for his men knew that they were not to be asked to take

any risk that he was himself unwilling to share with them.

An old-time scene comes to mind of a public wharf on a holiday at one of the beach colonies. It was mid-summer and the near-by waters were dotted with boats of all kinds. Flags and pennants snapped gaily in the breeze and the waves of the bay flashed brightly in the sunlight. A ferry boat was just tying up to the bulk-head and a crowd of passengers jostled one another in making ready to disembark to meet their friends, who were waiting to greet them on the wharf.

Suddenly, there was a confused movement at the side of the boat, followed by a splash in the water, and the startled cry was heard, "Man overboard!"

Some people rushed for the life buoys, some for the mooring lines, and some stared helplessly at a struggling figure in the water.

But before anyone really had time to do anything, another fully clothed man went into the water. It happened so quickly that some of the spectators cried,— "Another man has fallen in! See! Now there are two of them!"

There was a struggle beneath the waves. Then a head was thrust above the surface. It belonged to the first man who had fallen overboard, and it was apparent that he was held up by a hand which had grasped his coat collar at the back.

Presently, another head appeared above the water, and the bronzed face of the local life-saving captain was seen. The rescue was now accomplished with many helping hands and little further difficulty. The life saver's work had been done so quickly that most of the spectators did not realize what had happened.

There were strong swimmers a-plenty in bathing suits

on the wharf, but the emergency was met by instant action on the part of a man who was a life saver, not because he was in the government service, but because he was born to be one.

That man was a life saver at all times, whether he was on duty or not. He was always thinking of the possibility of human life being imperilled and seeking some way to safeguard it.

His station was near one of the smaller inlets along the South Shore, and there is often more danger lurking near a small inlet than a large one. It became a custom in the late summer to go down this inlet after bluefish, as it was a favorite feeding place for them.

Several of us used to go from the near-by beach colony almost every day. We soon found out that the best time for them was very early in the morning, and that they were usually caught within a few feet of the line of breakers at the bar. So we developed a plan of going with a small motor boat towing a decked-skiff, one person running the motor boat and two others handling the trolling lines at the stern of the skiff. It was great fun, and we had fried bluefish for breakfast often before they had been an hour out of the water.

But one day at sunrise, as we were hard at our favorite pastime, some one called to us from the sand dunes; and when, in response, we went over to the side of the inlet, whom should we see but our friend, the life saving captain.

"I want to ask you fellers some questions," said he.

"All right, captain, what is it?"

"Do you ever think of what would happen if your engine died out with you right near the break where you ketch them fish?"

"Yes, captain, we don't go there except when the tide is running in."

"Glad to hear that," said he. "What would you do if one of them combers fell onto that motor boat?"

"We have an axe here to cut the tow line and the fellow who runs the motor boat always wears his bathing suit."

"Then, I s'pose, you figger you'd all come in with the skiff?"

"That's the idea, exactly. It's a hard job to drown out a decked-skiff."

"Well," said the captain finally, "I guess you fellers can take care of yourselves all right. I've been watching you with the glass for several days, an' it got so you was keepin' me awake nights. So I had to come down here an' look you over."

With this comment, the captain left in the direction of the station, and his figure was soon lost among the dunes. But we never forgot the incident. The reason he was a great life saver was apparent. It was the same thing that made Edison a great inventor.

Years have passed since this old captain set out on his long voyage beyond the crash of breaker and roar of surf, but those who knew him well still take off their hats to his memory.

Many years ago, we used to make a summer vacation trip with a small boat every year, stopping at the various life-saving stations at nightfall. It was before there had been any considerable development of the beach colonies which have sprung up near the stations. There were no causeways or highways to the various beaches on the ocean front in those days, and consequently, provisions were transported by boat, and the life savers

had much less opportunity to get seasonal fruits and vegetables than at present.

With these conditions in mind, we used to take along on our trips some garden and orchard products which we felt sure the life savers would enjoy. But what we gave them was very little in comparison to what we received in return. There were many hours spent in listening to their stories of wreck and rescue, and in poring over the station log-books. In these, were set down by the captains in very plain language the bare facts of their adventures with the sea, the significance of which was left to the imagination.

For instance, there might be stated in the log-book the simple facts that a vessel stranded off shore in February, that the temperature was at or near zero, that it was snowing, and that the life savers went out to the wreck several times and brought the shipwrecked crew ashore in the lifeboat.

What it meant to do this under those conditions of weather and temperature was left for anyone seeing the record to read between the lines. Men have died trying to get to a ship under such circumstances and men have died on the way back. Fingers that grasped the icy oars have been frozen so that they came off, and sometimes, rescuers and rescued have been cared for side by side in the same hospital.

One instance is recorded of a life saver who had to leave the service because of prolonged illness brought on by repeated immersion and exposure in severe weather in an heroic attempt at rescue.

A condition of chronic invalidism threatened, but finally, through the determined efforts of a Long Island editor, seconded and aided by the late Congressman Cocks, his case was brought to the attention of Theodore

Roosevelt, who was then president. The man received further care and was restored to a fair condition of health. He was placed in the secret service of the government, and became as valuable there as he had been as a life saver.

Past performances, of which the above is typical, give us a good idea of what may be expected in the future from members of the United States Coast Guard.

LONG ISLAND'S TEN MILLION YEARS

AS WE draw near the end of these sketches of Long Island, it occurs to us that someone may appear suddenly, like a woodchuck popping up out of his hole, with the criticism that we have not gone back far enough in our researches.

To forestall any remarks from such a critic, of whom we are, of course, desperately afraid, we have decided to go back ten million years, which should be far enough to satisfy him. If not, we will make it twenty million. A few million years more or less are a relatively small matter, as Mr. Einstein would say, if they suffice to keep a critic happy and well-disposed.

If there should be any who still remain dissatisfied on that score, after we have finished with our stories, we recommend to all such a careful study of that veracious History of New York written by the eminent Diedrich Knickerbocker, who starts his narrative at the beginning of the world.

According to geologists, there was a long period in the world's existence before Long Island came into being. There had been a protracted spell of hot weather on the earth, during which the dinosaurs and ichthyosaurs had been chasing one another around, each one gobbling up another one whenever he had the chance. But they got very tired of this after a while, especially when a change of weather became evident. So they left for parts unknown.

It was beginning to grow cold when they made their exit, and it continued to get very much colder.

Mighty glaciers extended southward from the polar regions, and one of them came down the valley of the Hudson to the ocean, bringing with it through many centuries great masses of rock and debris, which, it has been said, finally became that ridge of hills known as the backbone of Long Island.

Of course, it took thousands of years to release this part of the island from the icy grip of the glacier. It was the longest period of frozen assets ever recorded for Long Island.

But this applied to the North Side only. The South Side was still in a very liquid condition; in fact, its real estate was all liquid. If the bank examiners had only been here then, how pleased they would have been. And how pleased everybody else would have been, too.

But although the South Side remained liquid during this period of the island's greatest depression, a change came about after a long time, whereby its liquidity decreased and its value as a place to live became correspondingly greater.

Like Father Neptune himself, it rose from the sea. We believe that, with the exception of the section of hills and rocks above referred to, there is no part of the island where sea sand and marine shells would not be found, if sufficient digging were done.

The depth at which these exhibits are seen varies considerably, but in general, the farther inland you go, the greater the depth. It is probable that the average would not exceed one hundred feet. Assuming it to be that, and that the island accreted or rose at the rate of one quarter of an inch in height per year, five thousand years of elapsed time would be sufficient to bring

it to its present level. This is a small period of time comparatively.

In any study of changes in the topography of Long Island, two things are especially noteworthy. The first is that it may remain practically the same for a very long time, so far as can be shown by man-made records. The second is the rapidity with which it may change in a short time, when the conditions bringing about a change have become established. This is especially noticeable at the shore lines and more particularly near the ocean.

For instance, at that part of Jones Beach lying somewhat eastward from the present water tower, an inlet existed several years ago. It had been progressing westward little by little every year. At an earlier period, it had been much larger and had divided into two parts as it turned seaward, there being a good-sized island of sand between the two branches.

This sand island was a favorite spot for snipe shooting. We used to make trips to it with a friend during the open season, and many a good day's sport was had there. With two settings of decoys, one placed at either end of this island, any flock of birds that came near would be sure to give one of us some sport.

The inlet changed from time to time, but we were always sure of the island, or thought we were.

After a lapse of several weeks, we made one of our accustomed trips there. One branch of the inlet had closed up and our island had disappeared. A short while thereafter, the other branch filled up and the inlet itself had vanished. These changes had come about by natural causes, before the beginning of operations by the Park Commission.

At another period, we had a more startling demonstra-

tion of what could happen in a short time. Being in charge of the buoying of some of the public waterways, we decided that a sand bar, or shoal, which had formed in the middle of one of the large channels had become a menace and that a danger buoy should be put on it. We inspected the place again with one of the best captains, who passed the spot with his boat almost every day, and his opinion agreed with our own that a buoy was needed.

Three days later, we got him to go with us there with his boat to help moor the buoy in the proper place. We had our trouble for our pains. We took turns in looking for the shoal and in poking fun at each other because we could not find it.

The shoal was no longer there. Long Island has been "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Changes that take place in marshes and meadow islands are equally interesting. In exposed locations, the banks are being worn away constantly, an average amount of erosion of one foot per year being common. At the same time, other parts of the islands may be gaining by accretion an equal amount.

The deposit of sediment by the tides in a favorable spot at the outset furnishes a foothold for the growth of the long thatch grass. This in turn causes more debris and soil-making material to accumulate. When this has been added to sufficiently to bring it above the level of average high water, the sedge grass begins to appear. The complete change from a soft yielding flat or marsh to firm, solid land may take many years, but it is inevitable if the right conditions are maintained.

A further accretion to the land, or a raising of its level above the reach of the salt water, causes further changes in the character of the vegetation. As soon

as the salt has been washed out of the soil by the rains, the land is ready for upland growths. Additional height above tidewater brings in swamp and tree development, and thus the cycle of nature's progress continues.

This is no doubt the story of Long Island's rise from the sea. But it is only a part of the story. There is plenty of evidence that the movement has not always been upward. Like its inhabitants, the island has had its ups and downs. There have been long periods of depression. A few thousand years of this at the rate of one-quarter inch per year would suffice to do away with Long Island completely. But, like the cat in the old ballad, the island has a way of always coming back. Of course, it might not do so every time in the future. And for those who must have something to worry about, this is a wonderful theme.

The manner of formation of the outer beach along the South Shore has given rise to much speculation. Some authorities believe that it has been formed by the wearing away of Montauk Point, the materials being carried westward by the wash of the surf.

This may have been a contributing cause, but that it furnished the bulk of the vast amount of sand forming more than a hundred miles of beach, we very much doubt. We believe the beach has been formed from materials brought up from the ocean bed in very much the same way the meadow islands were made.

We believe that the sand reefs, or bars, which form invariably where the waters of streams and channels commingle with the sea, furnished bases for the accretion of sand, and that these bars, extending laterally, connected, except where the passage of water between them kept them apart; and that these passages became the inlets.

The manner in which free-moving sand tends to collect around or behind any fixed barrier is little short of miraculous. We recall an instance of a wreck which foundered on the outer bar, nearly a half mile from the surf. It was impossible to salvage the vessel or drag her into deep water, although many attempts were made. But she was an iron ship, strong enough to resist the waves for a period of several months. In that time the sand had accumulated around her, and extending shoreward, had connected her with the main line of beach, so that it was possible to walk to her dry shod.

In a similar way beach hills are formed around a nucleus that has furnished a fixed point about which the sand can collect. If it is necessary to level off a dune for any reason, it happens more often than not, that a good sizable piece of wreckage or other debris will be found at the bottom or in the middle of it. Frequently, a large sand dune will be washed down or blown down in a few hours under conditions unfavorable to it, and conversely, a dune will make up quickly at any favored spot.

These rapid and desultory changes are accounted for by temporal conditions, but the long, slow movements of the coastline up and down cannot be explained in such simple fashion.

Perhaps the great forces that have caused other changes in the earth's surface may be responsible for them.

At any rate, we have told the story of how the greater part of Long Island rose from the sea, and of how the older part of it was brought down from the north by the great glacier.

But if you cross-examine us, asking what were the underlying causes which brought about these changes, we

shall have to fall back upon the last resort of a witness and say that we do not remember.

As this would seem to imply that we once knew, which is a very doubtful supposition, probably it would be better to anticipate your questions by saying at the outset, "Please ask somebody else."

MORE TIDEWATER HUMOR

AS THERE seems to be a wide-spread desire that we should try to unearth some more of Captain Tom's stories, we have made the attempt and offer a few more of them to enliven this series.

It has been difficult to bring them to light after such a lapse of years, although there were enough of them to have filled volumes, as was stated previously. But we believe it is worth the effort and will give some of them as best we can, stating the source as well as may be under the circumstances.

Captain Tom often filled in his spare time making wooden duck decoys, or duck stool, as they are called in the vernacular. He was very good at this work, and when he had finished them and painted them in imitation of the real birds, of which accomplishment he was especially proud, they were very true to life; and when properly moored and swinging back and forth near a shooting box or blind, they would fool any flock of wild fowl that ever flew, at least sufficiently well to get them within shooting range.

Captain Tom had just finished a number of them and had them all resplendent in a final coat of paint, when a visitor came to the boat house where he was working.

"Well, Captain," said the newcomer, "those birds look very natural."

"Yes," said the Captain. "I've been makin' 'em too natural."

"I don't see how that could be," said the visitor.

"Well, it's so," said the Captain. "They was made so natural that one of the neighbor's cats crep' in here the other night an' et the heads off of two of 'em!"

This yarn appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* several years ago under the headline,—*"Too Natural,"* and it was laughed about all over the country. His name was not mentioned, but we knew it was one of Captain Tom's stories as soon as we read it. It had all the earmarks of his brand of humor. And we suspected that there might be an addendum to it, as he had a way of adding to his yarns and sometimes getting an extra kick out of them.

So a little later, we went down to his boat-house one day and found him there; but the decoys were all gone.

"Sorry to hear that you had such bad luck with your duck stool, Captain."

"Yes," said he, "I've been losin' very heavy lately. I've been doin' my work too well."

"Is it possible that you have lost more of them?" we asked.

"Yes," he answered sadly, "I've jest lost every blank one of 'em."

"That's too bad. How did it happen?"

"All on account of my bein' so fergitful," said he, looking at us out of the corner of his eye. "I fergot an' left the boat-house door open, an' a strange dog run in here this mornin' an' barked at 'em an' the hull blank flock got scared an' jumped up an' flew right out of the boat-house, an' I ain't seen 'em since!"

It will be noted that the profanity was used for emphasis merely, and that the real fun did not depend upon that at all. Lots of would-be humorists make this mistake, and succeed in being, not humorous, but merely

vulgar. Tidewater humor and vulgarity are as far apart as the poles.

It frequently happened that one of the Captain's stories would go the rounds until it was finally taken up by some professional entertainer and adapted to his uses. We have heard some of them retold in vaudeville and over the radio, but we have yet to hear anyone else tell one of them as well as it had been told originally. It is probable that, on the other hand, the Captain may have used some old ones, but if he did, they belonged to him when he got through with them.

A story that may have been of this classification might well be given the title, "How to Cook a Loon."

Now, as everybody knows, a loon is one of the toughest of salt water birds, either to hunt or to do anything else with. Unless you catch him unaware of your intentions you may chase one all day long with the vain idea of bagging him, and the net result will probably be a number of empty cartridges and a knowledge of how far a bird can swim under water and how long he can stay there.

And after you have given up the hunt at nightfall, out of the darkness will come a long wailing shriek like the ironic laughter of a fiend. This will inform you that the loon is well and happy and still doing business at the old stand.

The question of the loon's edibility is sometimes debated, and another friend of ours, Captain Horn, was seeking information on the subject one day and broached it to Captain Tom.

"Can I tell you how to cook a loon?" said the latter. "You've come to jest the right man."

"Some say it can't be done."

"That jest shows how little some folks knows," was

the reply. "You take your loon an' pick him an' clean him. Then you split him right through the middle, an' throw the two halves into a tub of water with a piece of pine board."

"A piece of pine board?" said Captain Horn.

"Yes, that's what I said, an' don't fergit that," said Captain Tom. "You can't do nothin' without that. Some people uses long leaf North Carolina pine, but Michigan white pine is the best, if you can git it. A 10 inch piece, $\frac{7}{8}$ by 6 is about right. You let 'em all soak together in the tub for thirty-six hours?"

"What then?" asked Captain Horn.

"Then you take 'em all out of the tub an' parboil 'em together for four hours."

"All right," said Captain Horn. "What next?"

"Then you put the loon in a drippin' pan with the pine board in between the two halves an' bake 'em for five hours. Then they'll be done an' you take 'em out all together an' put 'em on the table, if you're ready to eat."

"I'd be all ready to eat by that time, I'm sure," said Captain Horn.

"Well, then," replied Captain Tom, "that bein' the case, my advice to you would be to set right down to the table quick before anybody gits ahead of you—an' eat the pine board!"

Some of the Captain's stories were written up by an appreciative newspaper writer several years ago and appeared in the Sunday issue of one of the great New York dailies. We read them with much pleasure at the time, and wish we could state the writer's name and quote from them as written, but as we have been unable to find them, we will give one of them as best we can from memory.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I had a pet dogfish once.

How he come to follow my boat, I never knowed. But seein' him in the water back of the stern one day, I throwed him a couple of dog biscuits that I happened to have on board, an' he was my friend for life."

"I alus called him Fido. He used to follow my boat all day long, and he slept in the boat house at night, right by my propeller."

"There was some trouble though. One of the old maids that lived down near the creek had a couple of pet catfish, an' they used to come at night an' quarrel an' fight with my dogfish. The neighbors was gittin' ready to complain of the noise, but all to once, the trouble stopped. I think Fido must have killed them two catfish."

"Fido must have been a good deal of company for you, Captain."

"You're right he was an' he was lookin' out for my interests all the time, I would have lost all I had in the world once, if it hadn't been for Fido."

"How was that, Captain?"

"Well, you see, I had all my money invested in my clam herds down in the Bay, an' once when I was away for a few days, they started to wander off from the feedin' range, an' I would have lost 'em all. But Fido was watchin', an' he herded 'em up an' brought 'em back an' kept 'em safe. He must 'a' been part shepherd."

"What happened to your pet dogfish finally, Captain?"

"Oh, he got sick an' wouldn't eat his dog biscuits," said he with a sigh. "I done all I could, but poor old Fido died an' I buried him down to High Hill Beach under a big tree."

Here ends this very sad tale of Fido, the pet dogfish. When you next go to High Hill Beach, which is a part

of Jones Beach, if you will look around there and find the big tree, you will then be at the burial place of poor Fido, the Captain's faithful and much lamented friend.

Those who wrote up the Captain's stories appreciated him. He told me once that one of the great story writers had sent him a check for half of what he had been paid for a story, with the statement that as the story was at least half the Captain's, half of the money belonged to him. This was very handsomely done, and we shall hope some day to meet the man who did it.

We have stated previously that the great humorists may have equalled our old friend, but were no better. And we will give just one more story in the attempt to prove this.

During the rush of business just after the close of the World War, the Captain bought himself an automobile. He very soon got reckless with it, and late one evening, ran into a tree or hydrant and had a bad smash up. He was thrown out along the roadside apparently dead.

A crowd gathered, and in the excitement, two undertakers were sent for, both arriving on the scene at the same time. One of them came from a near-by village, but the other had his establishment located much farther away. A discussion arose as to who should take charge of the Captain's remains.

After this had continued for some little time, a faint sigh was audible at the roadside, and a weak voice came out of the darkness.

"I've knowed Will the longest. Let *him* bury me!"

When Artemus Ward was dying of consumption in England on his last lecture tour, he is said to have remarked with a smile that it was customary for those who had visited the Prince of Wales to give him something

to rememebr them by; and so he thought he would leave him his cough.

Mark Twain's telegram home when it was rumored that he had died in Europe, to the effect that the reports of his death had been greatly exaggerated, has been repeatedly quoted ever since as representative of his humor at its best. And this is unquestionably true.

But was either of these examples of humor any better than the Captain's remark made as he was just coming back to consciousness? We will rest our case for him on your answer.

IN RETROSPECT

IN WRITING these sketches, it has been our aim to tell the story of Long Island life in a manner different from that in which its chronicles and histories have been heretofore written, to set forth its many phases in a series of pictures of old-time living, using such records, anecdotes, and reminiscences as would best illustrate and vivify the scenes and traits of character that are of especial note or interest.

The difficulties in producing such a work in its present form were two-fold. It was primarily a question of selecting from the vast wealth of material those facts and incidents which would have the general appeal of humor, pathos or historical significance.

And secondly, to arrange them for presentation in a manner entertaining to the reader, the quotations from records being not too great a part of the stories themselves, and there being a sufficient modicum of comment and characterization to leaven the whole and keep up the interest.

It has been said that any writing that is to be vital must make someone laugh, or cry, or make someone angry. We have been made aware often enough heretofore that we are duly qualified to produce upon people the last of the three effects; but we have herein tried to confine our efforts to the first two, especially as the printed word is so hard to withdraw, once it has gone forth, that we are ever mindful of its disadvantages.

This and a further resolve to have in the whole series no story without something of the humorous or pathetic or unique aspects of the subject, have imposed upon us sufficient limitation to make the task alike difficult and fascinating.

How the old Long Islanders lived and labored, their sufferings, their hopes and fears, their loves and hatreds, the round of arduous toil and simple pleasure that made up the circle of their lives, these taken together constitute a theme which must of its nature be many-sided and colorful.

We have not concerned ourselves especially with the facts and details of Long Island history, except as they have led us in our quest for the elusive spirit of its old time living. This has been the object of our search, and we trust that our pursuit and treatment of it have been worthy of the subject.

It may be observed that we have been inclined to prefer the lighter aspects of Long Island life rather than the gruesome ones. We will admit this. There are so many facets in the jeweled surface of that life that we could select the brighter ones and do not regret having done so.

In general, the dark pictures do not appeal to us. There must be some background of service, or sacrifice, or history, to make such themes attractive. If we have been able to shadow forth by such as we have given of them the struggles of Long Islanders of old times, and have shown them in their conquest of nature and in their upward march from hardship to comfort, that will have sufficed for our purpose.

Tragedy for tragedy's sake alone is not within the scope of our present labors. There has been enough of it as an essential part of Long Island's history. The

heroic pioneers and their still more heroic wives endured and suffered almost beyond description, and many of them died to make Long Island what it is.

Present day Long Islanders have done far too little to memorialize the lives and characters of its history. Many historic spots are almost unknown, and the heritage which has been left us is thought about too little and too lightly.

Of the four outstanding characters of pioneer days, there is little general knowledge. Two of them were of each race, the white and the red, and at least two of them sleep in unknown graves.

Lion Gardiner, near the easterly end of Long Island, was almost like a guardian angel to the unfortunate and fast-diminishing royal tribe of Montauk Indians.

Their great sachem, Wyandanch, sometimes called Wantagh, lived through the declining years of his power and prestige as the unwavering friend and ally of his white contemporary.

Captain John Seaman, near the westerly end of Long Island, kept peace with the Indians by his sterling character and courage, and fought his battle for religious freedom in accordance with his family motto, "Let us be judged by our actions."

Tackapousha, the great sagamore of the Massapeguas, saw the hunting grounds of his people so transformed that little hunting remained to them. But he had made a treaty with his paleface brothers and their big chief. He had marked his cross on the white paper, and he was resolved to abide by it and keep his word at whatever cost. It cost him a great deal, but Tackapousha went to his happy hunting grounds beyond the sunset with his word unbroken.

Had the lives of these four men been lived in an Old

World setting, they would long since have been memorialized in bronze and immortalized in song and story. Our wartime heroes have received scant attention and those of peace almost none at all.

In recent years, some of our civic and patriotic organizations have turned their attention to this need, and much good has resulted. It is only a beginning, but it augurs well for the future.

In our manner of telling these "Stories of Old Long Island," there may have been a tendency toward occasional romance and idealism of old time characters. It has resulted from our preference for this rather than for the harsh realism of fact and statistics.

It is told of a celebrated artist that he once invited a friend to look over some of his pictures and called the visitor's attention to a landscape of which the artist was especially proud.

His friend inspected it critically and somewhat doubtfully for some little time. Then he passed on to the other pictures in the studio, but kept coming back to the landscape.

"Well," said he finally to the artist, "this is very beautiful, but I do not think I ever really saw a landscape that looked as you have pictured this one."

"I know," said the artist, "but don't you wish you could?"

At best, we must admit, in concluding these crude and desultory sketches, that we have only been able to scratch the surface of the inexhaustible mine of Long Island history and legend. If we have brought forth a few small nuggets of truth and character, we should be satisfied.

It was not given to the pioneers and settlers to visualize the Long Island of today. They knew its great ad-

vantages of location and natural resource. But what form its development would take socially, politically or otherwise, they could not know.

Some of them may have had visions of its future, but we have, no doubt, exceeded by far their wildest dreams.

In an introduction to the printed "Records of the Towns of North and South Hempstead," Benjamin D. Hicks wrote in 1894, these words:

"We rush through life now at railway speed and compress into the limits of a day, the labor or pleasure that would have sufficed our forefathers for a week. High pressure, both physically and intellectually, seems to be the prevailing characteristic of the time. It drives our machinery with ever increasing velocity, and incidentally, it pushes onward our education, our business, and our pleasure, at a tremendous pace. The question will eventually present itself,—

"Can our mental and physical powers withstand the constantly augmenting strain to which our accelerated progress is subjecting them?"

This was written by Mr. Hicks long before the advent of either the automobile or the airplane, to say nothing of the motorboat and radio. But Long Islanders seem to be standing all of these things fairly well thus far, and will face future problems as confidently as they have faced those of the past.

We cannot peer into the mists of the future any further or more successfully in the twentieth century than could Mr. Hicks in the nineteenth or the pioneers in the seventeenth.

We can only draw from the premises of its past and present the conclusion that Long Island is evolving to a great destiny, and look forward hopefully to seeing some small part of it fulfilled.

We like to think that these records of old Long Island

life and the hardships of former times, which were lived through and patiently borne, may give added courage to some who are now struggling in the slough of difficulty.

If any word of ours is of such service, we shall be profoundly thankful that it was vouchsafed to us to transmit the message.

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To do justice to the titles suggested by them would have been to exceed by several times the limits of this volume. A wealth of material is still untouched and many stories remain unwritten. But their interest in the work that has been done was unfailing and association with them a constant source of inspiration. And moreover, they do certainly know Long Island.

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