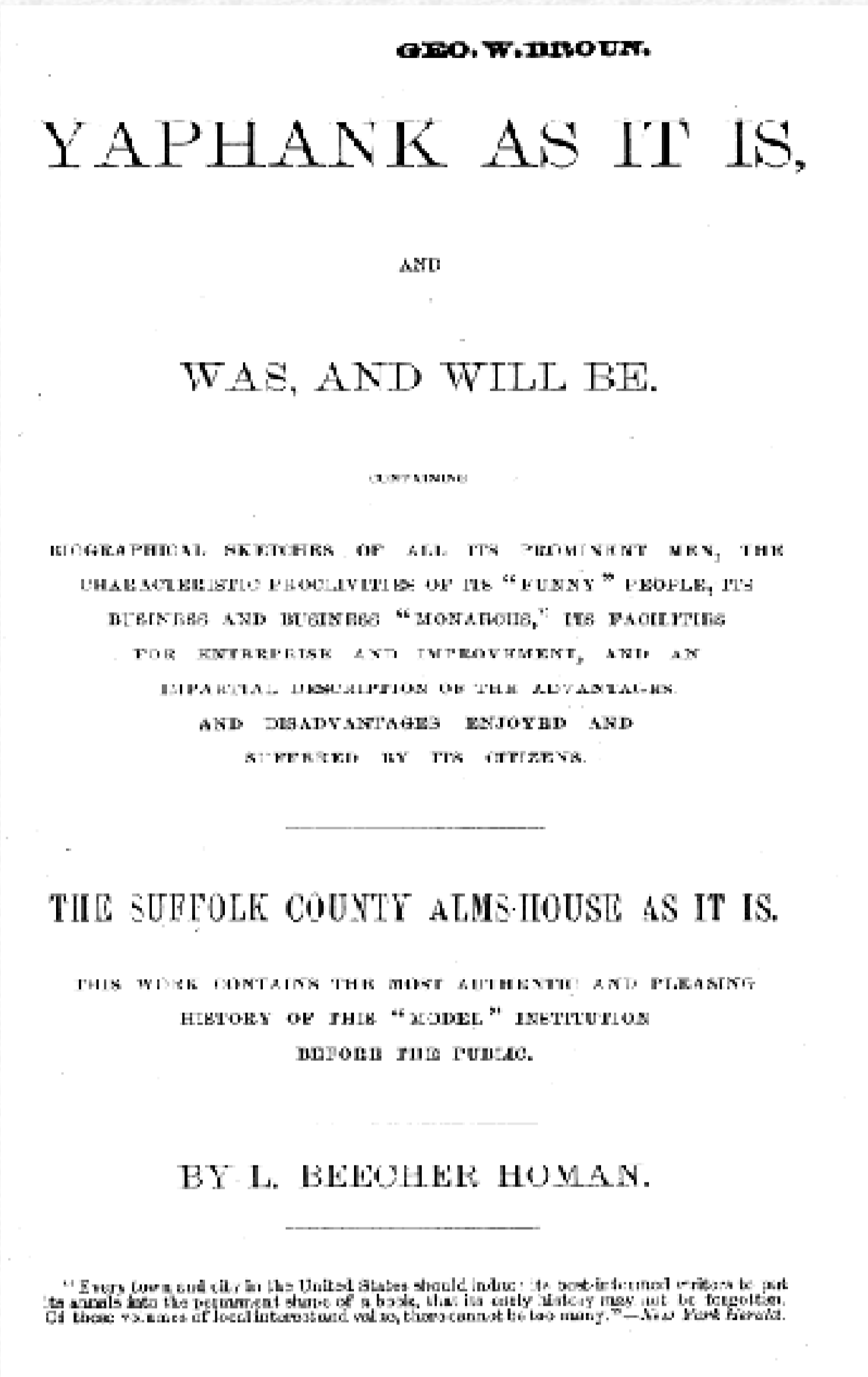


Yaphank as it is, and was, and will be

by Homan, L Beecher

Containing biographical sketches of all its prominent men, the characteristic proclivities of its "funny" people, its business and business "monarchs," its facilities for enterprise and improvement, and an impartial description of the advantages and disadvantages enjoyed and suffered by its citizens. The Suffolk County alms-house as it is. This work contans the most authentic and pleasing history of this "model" institution before the public.



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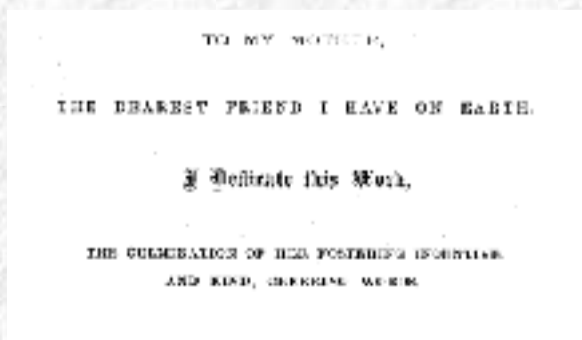
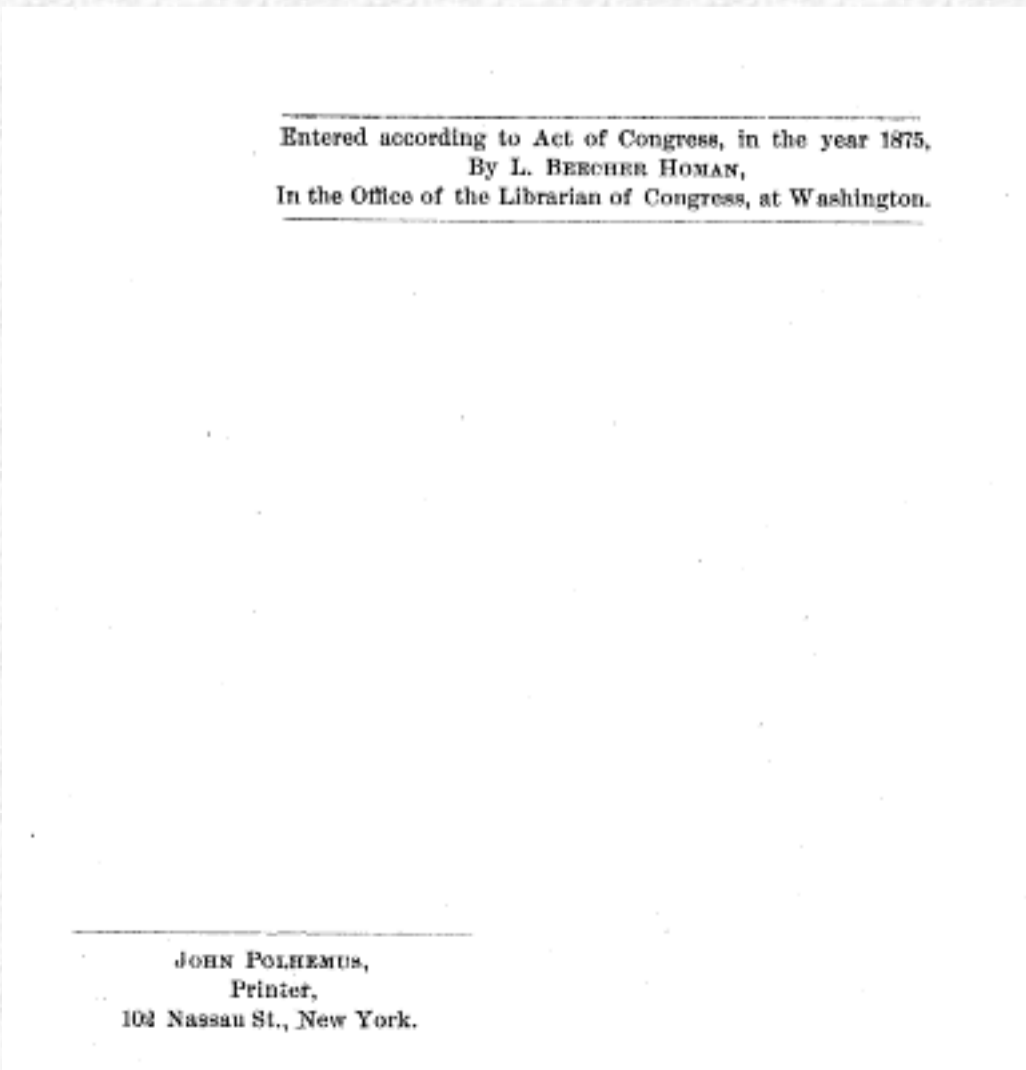
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INTRODUCTION.

"To know your country to its farthest veins,
Find out its heart ; there all its being tends."

I deem formality, or apology, not requisite as an embellishment to the INTRODUCTION of a work that *must* prove of intrinsic value to all to take an interest in the local affairs of their country.

To become acquainted with the lives of men who have figured in conspicuous capacities, and whose names are familiar in coalition with the LOCAL INSTITUTIONS, UNDERTAKINGS, EXCITEMENTS and AFFAIRS of their times, is an almost insatiable desire of some ; and to be familiar with the RELIABLE HISTORY of any town or village, and the peculiarities of the people, is an acquaintance as eagerly sought as it is laudable and beneficial.

To gratify that commendable propensity, I have gathered and carefully compiled the RELIABLE FACTS contained in this MINIATURE HISTORY, and look to the hearty appreciation of my reading friends, and the public, as a verification of its GENUINE WORTH.

When first I took my pen to write,
Strange bodings whisper'd "FAIL!"
And grim prognostics did unite
To make my faint heart quail.
I knew that rhetoric were vain
In lauding OLD YAPHANK,
And that success I must attain
By writing bold and frank.

I know the place of which I write,
And know the people better ;
Of ev'ry sentence—wrong or right—
I am the sole begetter.
I've tried the simple facts to write,
Impartially and true ;
And ev'ry thing that tends to blight,
Did faithfully eschew.

But if mistakes I do record—
For writers sometimes will—
I hope my FRIENDS will not accord
And blame an erring quill ;
For I am *sure* my *heart was* right,
And that no bias did
Encourage me to falsely write
What JUSTICE would forbid.

If I to please the Tinker write,
And *not* the Tailor, too,
I may be term'd a flatt'ring wight,
As "penning" Devils through.
In this fast age of Great Events,
The wonders we expect ;
And one will be "My Compliments"
From those I least respect—
If Fortune ever smiles as sweet
Upon my luckless head,
Or fills my heart with joy replete
O'er things I've *never said*.

L. B. H.

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Part First.

CONTAINING

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF YAPHANK,

AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF

ITS PROMINENT CITIZENS.

PART FIRST.

YAPHANK AS IT IS.

A GENERAL REVIEW—THE LAND OF LOCAL PENNY-A-LINERS,
AND EDEN OF GOSSIP—AS IT IS, AND WAS, AND WILL BE!
A GENERAL REVIEW.

Much has been said, and much written, about the listless mode of busines, and the quiescent enterprise of much-abused Yaphankers.

Among the many facts I am privileged to present in this little effort, an endorsement of all those reports may be credited.

When I began writing this record of local affairs, I was kindly informed by literary friends and advocates, that my future "inky" success would be sadly marred if I matured these my fool-hardy determinations: To publish, or chronicle the most interesting events that ultimately transpired since 1800; and to publish a complete, reliable, and readable history of this oasis in the wilderness of "local editors" and "county paupers," since that "dark age." "To err is human."

If I too highly embellish my illustrations regarding one peculiar class and their innate failings, please consider them the bloated apparitions of a clouded imagination, and not the base intentions of a prejudiced mind. As I have seen, thus have I written. I have faithfully sketched from original subjects, and conceitedly assert a correct transformation.

Another idea prompted me to complete my undertaking, although more dormant and not so philanthropical as my first. It was the natural one of pecuniary advancement—one of peculiar interest to me.

Some, also, declare that I have built upon a diminutive foundation, and failure is inevitable. Well, failure, and *not* success, is the general law of life; and if I gain the former I must content myself with the majority, if I accomplish the latter I certainly shall rejoice with the minority.

Yaphank is the Indian name of a creek and neck of land on the south side of the town, at South Haven; and the line running north from the head of Yaphank Creek is called Yaphank Line. Yaphank Neck is between that line and the Connecticut River, and consequently does not include Yaphank Station; but the name properly belongs to the Neck west of Carman's Mills.

The name Yaphank was suggested by William J. Weeks, about the year 1845, when application was made to the P. O. Department to establish a post-office in this place; the former name, Millville, being objectionable for that purpose, as there were already thirteen of that name in the United States, and one being in the State of New York. The name Yaphank was familiar here, as applied to a boundary line passing through the eastern part of the village. The appellation is unique for the purpose, for the place, for the people.

The district boundaries are more regular than any in the town—being nearly square—and are two miles and five-eighths from the north to the south boundary, and two and three-eighths from east to west. The district contains $6\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, one-quarter of which is under excellent cultivation.

PENNY-A-LINERS AND GOSSIPERS.

Arm-in-arm we meet this *debris* of society. One acts, and the other reports. As the Long Island *Leader* recently reported, Yaphank is truly made unenviably famous by its

"army of local reporters." All events, from a new door-knob to a clam-bake, are duly reported to our country periodicals by these "mashers" of the quill.

No one escapes. People fear to deviate from the beaten routine, for fear their names will "get in the papers" under some horrible heading. Thus many are compelled to curb their chafing enterprise, at the risk of serious individual damage—for instance, an explosion; and poor, fretting Yaphank must lie dormant because we support a standing army of —! Why, one of our most modest male inhabitants purchased an elegant pair of pants, recently, and he was struggling to "try them on," to ascertain the "fit," when some unfortunate mishap caused a fearful rent in the —, and the poor fellow dared not patch them for fear it would get in "the papers—" the patch I refer to.

The great bustling world or the busy little city would not halt to criticise a man's misfortune or a woman's success.

Business directs their attention towards objects more beneficial to mankind.

Life is more informal in the village.

There every man knows, or wishes to know, every man's business.

A new picket-fence, a repaired chimney, Mr. So-and-So's "beautiful addition to his house," combine to form the general digest of weekly instalments to our country papers, as the flavored literature of the village.

It has always been questionable with me whether or not the reading public cares if an unknown rustic has "painted his fence," or "is going to paint his cow-shed," and whether such information will prove interesting. It is generally believed that country editors publish such chaff from scarcity of interesting news.

Is there not a pleasing equivalent to this local swash? Yes. Encourage the compilation of home facts possessing historical interest, and welcome only such to the centre-

table. If it be not as "fresh," the "hash" will certainly be more palatable for being condensed.

FIGURES AND FACTS.

To descend from the realms of poesy into the world of fact, Yaphank is a scattered settlement, with clusters of pretty cottages at almost regular intervals.

It has a fine avenue, which connects it with the villages of the east and south side.

The population, within the Post-office district, numbers about eight hundred souls.

While such is its condition physically, Nature's fair handiwork has been sadly marred by individual neglect and quiescence.

The record of Yaphank is a record of one-sided prosperity and aggrandisement.

The prominent citizens are "characters" in the drama of our village life, which I have endeavored to portray in this book.

II.

ITS BUSINESS.

The occupation of the people is as varied as their tastes and characters. The primitive occupation was "tilling the soil;" but simultaneous with every limited "rush" of emigration, other original and necessary branches of trade followed. Now, in consummation, we present the following "remarkable" directory of business:

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1 Dry-goods and Hardware Store, including the Post-office. | 2 Medical Offices. |
| 2 Grist Mills. | 1 Shoe Shop. |
| 2 Lumber Mills. | 1 Lumber Yard. |
| 2 Blacksmith Shops. | 2 Wheelwright Shops. |
| 1 Printing Office. | 1 Meat Market. |
| 1 Upholstering Shop. | 1 Veterinary Establishment. |
| 1 Express and Stage Line. | 1 Dressmaking Establishment. |

A few years ago the people supported a factory, two stores, and three churches. The factory has long been closed, one store now forms the mercantile centre, and the Christian element support but two churches. The Baptist is *immersed*.

Why should not Yaphank be a city? It certainly has advantages that no other village in Brookhaven Town enjoys. Its railway communications are excellent. Its water facilities are unquestionably good for manufacturing purposes, and could easily, and without much artificial labor, or an enormous outlay, be made to supply sufficient power for half a dozen factories of different kinds, and not hinder the operations of the other mills in the least. Scientific men

assure me, and others of much experience in such matters declare, that such could be easily, cheaply, and successfully done; and that it would certainly prove remunerative. Labor is cheap here; living is cheap; and why can't as good a market be obtained for articles that may be manufactured in Yaphank as are supplied by a Lowell or a Lynn?

But no one can awaken Yaphankers or induce them into a new enterprise, however promising the inducements! They are aware that mill-owners make money here, and are the only class of men in Yaphank, with a few exceptions, who do. They know that labor is cheap, that transportation can be *made* cheap, and that all the facilities are convenient. They also know that they can invest in banking, railway and other enterprises elsewhere, and draw their semi-annual interest without the exertion an enterprise in Yaphank would require. But I wonder if they have lost money enough in foreign enterprises to convince them that it is not all success *out of Yaphank*? The city banks fail, the railroads pass into the hands of Receivers, curb-stone dabblers grow fat over their false ideas of business economy, and hundreds of dollars are lost here and thousands there; still our moneyed men will gather and invest their all in city institutions, double themselves up into a religious, philanthropical ball, wonder why Yaphank is so "dormant" and "far behind the times," and scorn upon the shadow of any home undertaking, and discourage and abuse the unfortunate wretch that may mention one. Such is Yaphank to-day!

We never expect Yaphank to make a movement! But why discourage strangers who see our great advantages and wish to improve them? Why entertain the conviction that because such a movement *was* never successfully established that it *never will be*? For, friends, I dream myself, at no very distant day, stopping wondering urchins upon the paved thoroughfares of Yaphank, and telling them of the days when J. P. Mills' store was the great commercial attraction, and John Hammond's shoe-shop, the mighty repository of boot-jacks and local news.

Instead of two hundred dwelling-houses and eight hundred people to occupy them, we want one thousand neat, comfortable cottages, and five thousand people. We want ten times the number of business institutions, and smart, energetic people to support them.

We needn't begin building churches for many years yet! Give one of the two already built three or four good resurrections, a big poke with the stick of enterprise, a little doctoring with generous medicine, and the "bread of life" will be broken by many more members, and by a happier and more Christian people.

Give the other a little support, cheering words, and shove it into the stream—it will float!

You men who own land adaptable for building lots, offer it for sale at reasonable prices—prices within the means of the laboring classes who wish to settle here. Because neighbor A lives only for himself and family, don't you imitate his actions. Open your heart and ears a little to the benefit of others. You will live happier, die happier, and your many friends will keep the laurels of your useful life ever blooming in their memories.

Draw ten per cent. of the money invested elsewhere, expend it in supporting and establishing home institutions and enterprises, give a cheering word now and then to struggling neighbors, grant strangers a cordial welcome, smilingly tell them of the great advantages long lain unappreciated and unappropriated, and explain and emphasize the baseness and disloyalty of those who consider it a duty to "run down" and falsely represent their own villages, towns or cities. Do these things—do them well and patiently—and the village will soon make the town, and the town the busy little city.

Don't listen to the prejudiced, out-of-date old stumbling-stones who will ever keep up a wicked sneering, and a sombrous "you can't do it!" They are the rocks in the channel to enterprise; a good chart and steady nerves will

safely pass them ; and they never amount to much, in the channel or out !

The specific and infallible remedy for the immediate relief of a sickly village is to talk it up ! cheer it up ! and it will soon build itself up ! Keep talking, don't lay on the oars, and it will *stay up* !

MY STARTLING REVERIE.

I.

Ah, "OLD YAPHANK !" land of my birth,
My young heart yearns for thee !
Few in the great world know thy worth,
And what thou yet wilt be ;
When we thy rustic life transform—
Thy car of progress move,
Thy money'd men will then reform,
And smilingly approve.

II.

Then haste the days—the palmy days—
And welcome noise and din,
When enterprise shall trill her lays—
When good times shall begin.
Then, cheer up, friends ; we *must* allow
We'll see what we will see,
And greet the change from what is now,
And what it yet will be !

III.

Though in the coldness now we wade
That chills our social love,
'Twill change when our rich men have laid
Their treasures up above ;
When checks and bank-books are pass'd in,
And balanced every one,
We'll greet the welcome noise and din—
The change we knew would come !

IV.

But oh! how sweet will be the thought—
When cold blows Winter's storm—
To know their hoarded gold has bought
Them quarters nice and warm!
Methinks up* there they all will hie
To found a local bank;
Supported, run and charter'd by
The RICH MEN OF YAPHANK!

V.

There are exceptions to the rules—
God bless the Fates for it!
And we have men—not Mammon's tools—
True men, we must admit!
But those who do the most in prayer,
Have records black or blank:
And the Dives here, I do declare,
Are the RICH MEN OF YAPHANK!

*Down.

III.

YAPHANK AS IT IS.

ABBREVIATED SKETCHES OF PROMINENT YAPHANKERS.

JOHN PHILLIPS MILLS.

HIS STYLE OF BUSINESS—PERSONAL—HIS CHARITY.

Mr. Mills is a shrewd, successful business man ; a model husband and father. He clings with unwavering tenacity to the interests of his advocates and friends ; but is austere and unrelenting toward the unfortunates who may fail in acquiescing with his views and ideas. As a politician—as a financier—he has been remarkably successful.

His anterior experience and education have proved a precise counsellor in all his speculations, and have brought him successfully out of all his business labyrinths and undertakings.

HIS STYLE OF BUSINESS.

He is very exact in keeping his contracts ; is generally prompt in his engagements, and requires the same punctuality of others. With his employees he is sharp and precise, and is very “driving” in his mode of business. He is generally regarded as “stern” within his business circle. If his disposition drew him thither, he would make a “noise” in Wall street, at the “Stock Board,” or as a railroad operator. He would be successful as a banker, broker, or at any occupation he might choose. He possesses shrewdness, tact, energy and brains. Mr. Mills’ prominent characteristic tendency is his innate determination to serve those to whom he is attached, at any inconvenience or cost.

PERSONAL.

In society he is affable, complaisant and interesting ; an excellent conversationist ; ever ready with appropriate anecdotes, and brief, ludicrous squibs.

He is about fifty-five years of age ; and the cares and changes of a business life have dealt gently with him. He appears not over forty ; has dark hair and beard, a well-knit and developed *physique*.

HIS CHARITY.

John Phillips Mills might tread as firmly on 'Change as a Gould or Vanderbilt, and possess a limited portion of their enterprising propensities ; but he certainly possesses none of the charitable proclivities that immortalized the names of Peabody and Drew.

Mr. Mills is not benevolently inclined—at least not in Yaphank. His philanthropical prodigalities are not extraordinary—rather miniature !

I have yet to learn that he ever claimed much generous distinction, and as he does not appropriate that which is not virtually his, we may credit it as a redeeming feature, compared with the "features" of most public paragons.

In early life he "tilled the soil," laboring upon his father's farm during the Summer months, and teaching the district ideas how to shoot, in Winter.

He has bowed before Hymen's shrine three successive times, and wept over the graves of two wives. He has but one heir to inherit the fruits of his invincible will and enterprise. He is reputed to be worth from one hundred to three hundred thousand.

IV.

ROBERT HAWKINS GERARD.

IN A MANUFACTURING CAPACITY—PERSONAL—HIS EARLY LIFE.

There will always be a niche in the history of Yaphank's benevolent, Christian men, for Hawkins Gerard. It may truly be said of him that he has taught many to do good, but not one to sin. Ever the same unostentatious, energetic man, he has pushed steadily forward, and rolled up an ample fortune—a deserved recompense for perseverance and exclusive attention to business. His life has been exemplary. A fitting guiding star for all young men to keep in view.

IN A MANUFACTURING CAPACITY.

Coalesced in partnership with William Sidney Smith, Mr. Gerard established a woolen factory in combination with his milling business. A crisis in financial circles, and the abdication of Robert Russell, the manager, caused a suspension.

Prelusory movements have since originated to remodel it into a cotton factory, and why the project never matured the originators solely know.

It would, certainly, embellish the physical condition of the village, benefit its inhabitants, and prove a remuneration worthy its establishment.

In the rooms, whose walls should ring with the enlivening din of trade, and a cheerful array of contented laborers be seen, are piled hundreds of feet of lumber, and grim silence reigns supreme within its empty corridors.

In addition to his other business, Mr. Gerard has a large lumber yard. It was a necessity long unsupplied until he founded the indispensable convenience.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Hawkins Gerard was born in Fire Place, Brookhaven. He wooed and won the hand of Miss Fanny Hawkins, a daughter of a fellow-townsmen, Rev. Nathaniel Hawkins. It is certain he has never had cause to regret the choice of his life's companion.

While yet immature in years he came to live with his uncle, Robert Hawkins, in Yaphank, and in the old red mill—a miniature structure—he mastered the trade that has since proved a fortune.

The original mill possessed less than one-third capacity of the present, and soon after Mr. Gerard became possessor it was torn down, and a much larger one built upon the old site.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Gerard is warm-hearted, genial, and noble-spirited. He is popular with our citizens generally ; with all classes, and all sects. Sociable in his friendship, he is regarded as a fast and true friend.

In years, he has reached the apex of man's allotted sojourn on earth ; and the iron hand of time is falling with withering effect as he advances in years.

In person, he is thick-set and stocky. In his years of prime he was powerful, with great enduring powers. He has a pleasant phiz. A perfect model of the "Old School."

Ever considerate in his public and private life, he has gathered never-fading laurels upon the mantle of a well-spent career.



N. J. Weeks

V.

WILLIAM JONES WEEKS.

ANECDOTE OF THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE—ORTHOGRAPHY—
ENGLISH GRAMMAR—WALK TO BOSTON—FIRST BOAT—
NATURAL HISTORY—SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON
SCHOOLS—MANAGEMENT OF BEES—HEXAGONAL CELLS—
DIVISION LINE—GREAT FIRE—CRANBERRY CULTURE—
TREASURER—COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF THE POOR—
HIS TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES—A SUBSTITUTE FOR TO-
BACCO—PERSONAL.

The subject of this sketch was born in the village of Oyster Bay, in the year 1821, and came, with his parents, in the Spring of 1828, to reside in Yaphank. From that date to the year 1833 he had such opportunities for education as the neighborhood afforded; which were chiefly at the district school-house.

The course of studies there pursued was not very extensive, nor were the text-books at that day of the most pleasing and instructive kind. He relates the following

ANECDOTE OF THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE:

“Philosophy was not a part of the course of study, yet an amusing incident occurred one Winter morning, which gave the pupils an inkling of that science.

The night previous had been sufficiently cold to freeze the ink in various ink-stands; in one, especially, made of lead, it was about solid, and the wooden stopple was frozen fast.

The owner placed it on the hearth, in front of the blazing fire, to thaw, and occasionally turned it, in order that every side might feel the heat, little dreaming that he was thereby evoking the latent power of steam; when suddenly, with a loud report, out flew the stopple, accompanied by nearly the entire fluid contents, which projected upward in a diverging column, and put in deep mourning a considerable space of the ceiling overhead. This lesson was neither repeated nor forgotten."

The district school—notwithstanding its disadvantages and discomforts—was beneficial; he thinks that he there acquired an excellent knowledge of

ORTHOGRAPHY.

One of the teachers, to excite the emulation of the spelling-class, adopted the plan of giving, daily, to the one who stood at the head of the class, a written certificate, testifying to that fact. These varied slightly in form, as his fancy dictated.

Young Weeks was the recipient of many of these honors, a package of which he still retains. One of them reads as follows:

"TAKE NOTICE!

William J. Weeks is at the head of his class; he has not missed a word for a considerable length of time; he therefore stands this day at the head of his class.

Brookhaven, Jan. 7th, 1832.

J. OSBORN, Teacher."

On one occasion the teacher was seized with a poetic frenzy, and indited the following:

"William J. Weeks, his mind has fixt
For the reception of orthography;
He also good improvement makes
In arithmetic and geography."

In the Spring of 1833, when but thirteen years old, he was sent to Southampton to attend the academy. Here he was first introduced to the study of

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

This subject was both novel and abstruse to him. He had been pursuing it a few weeks, when one day he went with the class to recite to Peter H——, the assistant teacher, who presided in the upper room of the academy, and in his turn, was directed to parse a word. The word and the sentence are totally lost in oblivion; but he is under the impression that he must have handled the parts of speech in a most extraordinary manner, for he had no sooner completed his—supposed—task, than Peter, who sat with his chair tilted back, and his heels balanced upon the table, turned upon him a severe look, and said: "Sir, did you mean to insult me?" No explanation was vouchsafed; and while Peter's instruction in grammar made no impression, that remark immortalized him.

After spending a year at Southampton, he pursued his studies for the next four years, successively, at the academies of Bellport and Miller's Place. These institutions were then in the zenith of their prosperity.

When he was about seventeen years of age, he remained at home for a year and a half, engaged in the labors of the farm and garden. He was at this time a

PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,

and was occasionally employed in running lines and measuring land.

Having decided to enter college, he returned to Miller's Place in 1839-40, to complete his preparation. He passed his examination, and entered the Freshman class of Yale College, in 1840. He completed the four years' course, and was graduated with honor, in 1844.

During his college course, believing that a sound mind could best be maintained by a sound body, he was careful,

by daily exercise, to retain his physical health. This was easy, from his naturally active disposition. At that time the college was destitute of a gymnasium, and the students were left to provide for themselves the means of exercise. These were chiefly foot-ball, wicket and walking; in all of which he took an active part. In January, 1842, was the ordinary Winter vacation of two weeks. Instead of a visit home, he determined to

WALK TO BOSTON.

The distance from New Haven was more than 140 miles. There was a considerable depth of snow. He set out with a single companion. Before reaching Hartford, his companion became discouraged, and abandoned the undertaking. Thence he continued the journey alone. After several days of steady walking, he reached his destination; saw Boston, Charlestown, Bunker Hill Monument, &c. He returned by the way of Providence, accomplishing, on the last day's walk, thirty-five miles, in nine hours including a halt of twenty minutes. He was somewhat impeded by his valise, and its contents of twelve pounds.

In the Spring of 1843, he conceived the idea of introducing the exercise of rowing among the students. He, therefore, purchased in New York a Whitehall boat, nineteen feet long, and took it with him on his return to New Haven. He induced six of his class-mates to join him in forming a boat club.

This was the

FIRST BOAT

owned by students of Yale College, and was the origin of the Yale Navy.

The boat was named the "Pioneer," and its crew the "Pioneers."

Many short and pleasant excursions were made in it about the harbor and adjacent waters. One morning, in the Summer of 1844, he, with four of the crew, rowed across the

Sound to Long Island, and returned in the same way, the next morning.

At this time, after thirty-one years of the changes and chances of human life, the entire seven forming the crew of "Pioneers," are still living. Mr. Weeks early imbibed a taste for

NATURAL HISTORY,

and was ever interested in reading anything relating to the subject of animated nature. Subsequently, having received some instruction in taxidermy—the art of preserving the skins of birds, animals, &c.—he became an adept in that art, and spent a portion of his college vacations in collecting and preparing birds and other objects—forming a small museum. He has since secured some fine specimens of the native wild animals of Suffolk County for the Long Island Historical Society.

Mr. Weeks is not a politician nor office-seeker. He has too much independence to intrigue for office. If he has held any public office, it has been the voluntary tribute of others. At the annual town meeting of his town—Brookhaven—in 1847, he was elected

SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

The town is a large one, and embraced about forty districts and school-houses. He discharged the duties with ability and fidelity; was re-elected the following year, but declined serving, in order to attend to his private affairs.

In 1850, we find him engaged in the

MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

He embarked in this with his usual ardor and energy. Every treatise upon this subject he procured and perused. He thus combined the knowledge and practice of other apiarians with his own observation and experience.

He has facilities for observing the bees in their varied operations.

In 1853, he discovered by what means the honey bee is enabled to construct its

HEXAGONAL CELLS,

of a uniform size and shape.

This mystery had elicited the admiration, excited the wonder and curiosity, baffled the researches of the most astute philosophers and mathematicians, from the time of Aristotle, more than two hundred years.

His elucidation of this was published in the *Scientific American*, of May, 1860, and some years after, in the *Bee Keepers' Journal*.

In 1853, he was elected a trustee of the School District here. In this position he had an opportunity to learn the conditions and needs of his district.

The school-house had been erected many years previously, by certain proprietors; some of whom still claimed their individual shares. The site had been granted to them solely for the purpose of a school-house, and was to revert to the grantor in case the house became "extinct."

It was erected upon the site of the highway, and had no tree nor convenience about it. The district owned neither the house nor the site, nor were the bounds defined. In this anomalous position, in February, 1854, he wrote to the State Superintendent for instructions as to the powers of the residents. The following extract describes somewhat the condition of the house:

"Of course, sir, after the lapse of nearly forty-three years, exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm, the fervid rays of the noonday sun, and the multifarious hack of little boys' jackknives, the marks of age—venerable, though not revered—are manifest upon its shattered frame. And though not "extinct," the hour of its dissolution is evidently not far distant. The crisis has come, and the physicians—with low tones and solemn looks—are consulting together."

It was proposed to repair the old house. A majority of the voters decided to purchase a site and erect a new one.

There was strong opposition to this by some of the tax-payers, which neither argument nor persuasion could overcome. Opposition to building school-houses is not an unusual circumstance in the rural districts.

Mr. Weeks saw that the opportunity to secure a site of an acre, in the central part of the village, if then neglected, might never recur. Nothing remained but for the inhabitants to exercise their legal powers.

After two years, the bounds were duly defined and established. The site was purchased, and the house erected. During this period few are aware of his personal labor, and the extent of his writing.

He toiled for the public good ! His efforts may have been misconstrued, but he never cherished any animosity toward those who caused him so much unnecessary trouble !

In 1859, he was appointed by Hons. D. R. Floyd, ——— Jones, and Chas. A. Floyd, then Supervisors of Oyster Bay and Huntington, to run the

DIVISION LINE

between those towns.

This line is identical with the line between the counties of Queens and Suffolk. It is about twelve miles in length over the land. Portions of the line at each end were traditionally located ; but the new straight line deviated from both, and led through forest and thicket, and across cleared fields. The survey was completed in July of that year, and the several monuments erected along the line in the Spring of 1860.

In May, 1862, occurred the

GREAT FIRE,

the most extensive and destructive that ever was known in the town of Brookhaven, or, in fact, on Long Island. It lasted two days, urged on by high winds, and devastated in its course his own and his father's woodland, and caused

much loss. Soon after, he spent some time in traversing the burnt district, and preparing a map, which exhibited, in a clear manner, the location and extent of that disaster.

Several years previous to this, the

CRANBERRY CULTURE

began to excite attention in Suffolk County.

Believing he had some land adapted to this culture, he undertook to prepare it for that purpose. It was a swamp ; a soil of peat, hidden under a thicket of bushes and trees. After a series of years, with indomitable perseverance, and the expenditure of much personal labor and money, he brought a portion into a suitable condition for planting, and has since grown some of the finest cranberries ever exhibited in our county.

At a meeting held at Thompson Station, February 1st, 1865, to reorganize the Suffolk County Agricultural Society, he was elected

TREASURER,

an office of trust, the duties of which he executed during four successive years with marked ability.

His financial reports are models of exactness in detail.

He took an active part, also, in other respects, to promote the prosperity of the Society.

While still engaged in the duties of this position, he was nominated by the Republican party and elected

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF THE POOR.

He aimed, during his three years' term of office, to discharge every requisite duty in a thorough manner, and to make as little expense as possible for his personal services.

In his third official year—1871—the County Alms House was completed, and he had the chief care of getting it in readiness for its future inmates. After the furniture and other articles were procured, he spent several nights alone

in the house, to guard the public property from fire or other loss.

Seeing the importance, in the first year of its practical operation, of having this new institution managed with prudence and an accurate account of its expenses recorded, as a criterion for the future, he concluded to accept the charge of it, and, with his wife as matron, resided there during the year 1872.

No two persons could have been found who combined more intelligence, industry, fidelity and efficiency for the varied duties of the position, than Mr. and Mrs. Weeks. Nor will the house ever be managed for the interests of both the inmates and the public with more sedulous care than was exercised by them.

Besides the active duties of supervising the house, he conducted the correspondence, purchased the supplies, kept the accounts and register, and never hesitated to "put his shoulder to the wheel," whenever his skill and strength were required. He originated and began the system of interments in a uniform manner, and of registering the same for future identification.

HIS TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

He may justly be considered a temperance veteran; for when he was about two years old, he refused all drinks but pure water. What at first might have been a freak of obstinacy, became, in time, a settled principle, from which neither persuasion nor ridicule could move him.

Before the first temperance society was formed—in 1825—he was a "cold water man," and for more than fifty years has quenched his thirst with nothing but water, to the exclusion of all spirituous liquors, tea and coffee. Nor has he ever used tobacco in any form. He feels neither the desire nor need of these articles. To his abstemiousness in this respect, and to his physical activity, he ascribes the long combined good health and strength with which he has been blest.

He would urge the youth of his country, for their health and independence, to adopt the same habits. And he would dissuade the young men of our land from the use of intoxicating drinks, and from the useless and pernicious practice of using tobacco.

To those addicted to this habit he likes occasionally to relate, that an ingenious citizen of Boston once devised

A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO,

The chief recommendations of which were, that *it was just as nasty, and a great deal cheaper!*

PERSONAL.

Mr. Weeks is about the medium height, compactly built, fully developed, active, and powerful. His countenance is dominant, but intellectual. He has a pleasing address, and is unpretending in his language and appearance. He walks with a hurried, eager gait, and, seen upon the street, would be taken for a mechanic, or some one with a job on hand, and a limited time to perform it in.

He is never at a loss for something to do. With his family cares, his bees, his garden, and work-shop, his attention and labors are ever employed and diversified.

He is skilled in the use of mechanics' tools, and his work-shop is replete with every one in ordinary use. With his books and the public journals his leisure time is beguiled. He always sees something ahead not yet accomplished.

Mr. Weeks was always fond of athletic sports, and is still a graceful skater. Although not an adept in all the variations of the modern art, yet he has never met an equal in delineating the capital letters of the alphabet, with his skates, on ice.

In 1848 he married Miss Mary Croswell, of Schoharie County, a most estimable and intelligent lady. Their union has been blest with twelve children—six sons and six daughters—nine of whom are now living.

VI.

DANIEL DOWNS SWEEZY.

PERSONAL—HIS BUSINESS—IN THE FAMILY.

Downs Sweezy is the eldest son and heir of the late Christopher Sweezy. His father kept a tavern for many years in the old homestead ; *that* has since been demolished. In those early days, what is now Yaphank was then Millville, or Middle Island, an almost unknown hamlet of about half a dozen houses.

PERSONAL.

D. D. Sweezy is about sixty-five years old, sickly and broken-down.

His sympathy for the outside world and the suffering masses is limited. Generally agreeable and entertaining, sometimes arbitrary and self-willed. He looks out on the world, he sees the oppressed struggling in the sea of poverty, he knows the bleak winds chill the hearts of thousands, and that the inexorable demon ever haunts their door. His ears are deaf to their cries, and his eyes rest upon them as upon a Summer landscape.

Downs Sweezy is not a charitable man !

In his dealings with men he is called honest and honorable, but exacting and stringent. If there be any enviable side of a bargain, he inevitably secures it.

The history of Downs Sweezy is the history of his brother, Van Ransellar. God has given them much of this world's goods. He has made their hearts smile with plenty. While others go down in the vortex, they prosper and are happy. Their "munificent" gifts are "showered" on the

church. If the spiritual demands are satiated they regard the world and social decorum secure. But, who will appease the physical? None can satisfy the requirements of God with an empty stomach! Did the Israelites in the wilderness? Will our local poor? Then let our rich unlock their coffers! God has blessed them with abundance; but he never intended they should hoard while poor humanity cries for bread. It is a solemn spectacle to see men, whose lives hang upon brittle threads, labor more eagerly on the road to riches as the grave draws nearer, and the curtain is rolling down over their last acts!

HIS BUSINESS.

By profession, Downs Sweezy is a miller and farmer. For years Van Ransaeller and himself worked the old mill their father owned. Time made rapid changes. Their father died; Van Ransaeller sold his interest to Downs, and the old mill was hauled down, and a more capacious and better modeled one built on nearly the old site.

His mills have proved paying institutions, and have a reputation of over sixty years' standing.

IN THE FAMILY.

He has a wife and one child—a daughter. In them is centered his interest. Bread would be deleterious to his stomach if his family pronounced it unfit food. May would be the dreariest month of the year if his family did not enjoy it; and thus he is known in the family. He is a pleasant man at home—affable and courteous.

Of late—Downs Sweezy has not given his business much personal supervision. He has suffered many long years with a chronic disease, and twice tottered over the brink of the grave.

As long as the waves murmur on the shores of Willow Lake, and the groans of Sweezy's Mill are wafted to the ears of the villagers, the name of Sweezy will remain fresh on the annals of Yaphank's history.



EDWARD WICKHAM MILLS.

VII.

EDWARD WICKHAM MILLS.

HIS YOUTHFUL ENTERPRISE—HIS SENSIBLE VIEW OF BUSINESS—POPULAR WITH ALL—PERSONAL.

HIS YOUTHFUL ENTERPRISE.

The subject of this sketch was born in Middle Town, Orange Co., the 19th day of June, 1849. He is the son of Edmund Smith and Elmira Finn Mills.

Early in life young Wickham evinced an enterprising inclination, and combining an invincible will with honorable resolutions, he launched into the business world. His name was first brought before the commercial public in a manufacturing capacity. Like *all* successful merchants and tradesmen, he was first doomed to endure a failure, before he could appreciate a success. His factory speculation was not auspicious, and may be credited as one stumble in his financial career. But defeat is indispensable to lay a facile road to wealth. Thus, when but a youth, he became involved in a money difficulty that would have discouraged more mature minds.

But young Wickham was not disheartened. Though his initiation into a business sphere slightly wilted his enthusiasm, it never daunted his fixed determinations and aspirations.

He canceled all claims against him, left the ether so unhealthy, and came to congenial little Yaphank.

In 1859 he entered the store of his brother-in-law, as under clerk. His restless enterprise did not allow him to remain contented in that humble position, and giving posi-

tive evidence of greater efficiency, was deservedly promoted to the head of Mr. Mills' mercantile affairs in Yaphank.

His increasing business increases his friends and popularity. Such laudable motives in a young man are sure prognostics of a brilliant future.

In 1872 we see him again settled upon a mercantile foundation, as the dashing young successor to J. P. Mills. No more a slave of the dry-goods counter, he is responsible for the success or failure of his own establishment. When the shingle of "JOHN P. MILLS, MERCHANT," was taken down, and the glaring appellation of "E. WICKHAM MILLS" looked out over the dormant village, a ring of joy echoed from every home.

HIS SENSIBLE VIEW OF BUSINESS.

Mr. Mills enjoys a reasonable view of this subject. He believes that what nature kindly bestowed upon us we lack in ambition and enterprise; that if we can centre capitalists' attention to our wasting virtues, a multiplication of population will inevitably follow, and opposition spring up. Opposition being the vital of trade, good effects will consequently ensue; thus benefiting merchants, tradesmen and citizens alike. He believes there are stumbling stones in every path to improvement, and that the path to Yaphank is no exception.

POPULAR WITH ALL.

With his customers and friends he is popular for his facetiousness and gentlemanly bearing. Always characterized by his humor and jocularly, he wins a friend in every patron.

From the four points of the compass his customers flock. No house in Brookhaven Town has a firmer corner stone, or has stood more firmly through financial eruptions and panics, than his.

The extent of his trade is really astonishing. Far up among the hills of Coram he sends his wares. The people of

Bellport, Brookhaven, Southaven, Mastic, and Moriches, use his merchandise. From the Manor and Eastport, and other Eastern villages, the people come to buy their goods, and to drive hard bargains. In Middle Island, Sweezytown, and the Ridge he is known as the luminary of "Mills' store."

His books will favorably compare with any similar establishment in Suffolk Co.

The head-light of his house is politeness. The tottering old lady, with a dozen eggs and a pound of butter, is granted an exchange as pleasantly and with the same air of politeness that is showered upon the "upper tens," who carry a rustle of nacarat and an odoriferous scent of band-boxes about them.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Mills is about five feet eight inches in height, and more handsome and prepossessing than business men generally are. His cheerful, agreeable manners win him friends among the stern sex, while the Napoleonistic twists of his elegant moustache charm the gentle element to perfection.

He has mastered the "dips" that fascinate the tender ones, and while he possesses all the art requisite to win the good graces of both sexes, he is also as undeniably popular in the parlor and home circle as in the business sphere.

A polite "good morning," and a graceful bow, are articles connected with his establishment that cost no outlay, but are priceless to him.

He is slight in build; compact and lithe; while a merry twinkle beams from his guileless orbs.

He never boasts, says but little regarding his private affairs, and carries concealed the tide that turns the wheels of his business.

He is very fond of music, and is quite an *Arion* in his way. For years he has sung in the Presbyterian choir, and he moves conspicuously at their meetings.

His heart is centered in his increasing business, in the young ladies of his acquaintance, and in the friendship of all. In consummation he is a model merchant, a model Yaphanker, and ah ! were it my privilege to declare him a model husband and papa ! Well, he is a model beau, nevertheless, as many blushing damsels are willing to verify.

May his lines ever be cast in pleasant places ; may his voice never lose its ring, or his smiles fail to plant roses in the hearts of the dear ones !

VIII.

ALFRED ACKERLY.

HIS BUSINESS—IN THE CHURCH.

Alfred Ackerly was born in Patchogue, Suffolk County, September 16th, 1818.

He came to Yaphank, December 9th, 1843, and began his apprenticeship with Tunis Whitbeck, a wheelwright.

He is fifty-six years old, but looks much older. Like Hawkins Gerard, his daily worth is daily substantiated; and it can never be said of him that his every-day life and examples have guided souls astray.

In the death of Mr. Smith, he suffered the loss of a Christian friend and confidant; indeed, he lamented much his tragic end.

His is the blended features of benevolence, consecration, and sincere piety. His heart is so evidently in consolidation and in unison with his missionary spirit, the warm-hearted Christian man, and not the egotist, wins the esteem of all.

During the great revival of 1853, in Yaphank, he found peace in a Saviour's love, and bowed before the God of his fathers. He has since been a supporting pillar of the Church; in fact, one of the *most* supporting.

Many affairs of the Yaphank Presbyterian Church are trusted with him; and the minds of its members rest unalloyed by fears of his abusing their confidence, so unbounded is their faith in his honesty and integrity. Mr. Ackerly wears the garb of every-day Christianity, and dons no pharisaical robes to make good impressions, and indulges in no crocodile tears to melt the hearts of the worldly.

He prays with unassuming earnestness and a heart overflowing with Godly and philanthropic love. He is a representative Yaphanker, because, if there is any external and internal virtue in the place, he is a representation of that limited morality.

His habits are regular; and it would not be difficult to meet him on weekdays, or on the Sabbath. He seldom deviates from the beaten routine of his business and habits.

Mr. Ackerly is a friend to every man, woman and child, and is an earnest advocate of the Golden Rule. He knows how to touch the hearts of sinners. Unlike many co-workers in the same vineyard, he never startles his hearers with a dreadful catalogue of crime attached to their individual selves, except those guileless ones within the partial walls of the church! He shuns egotism in his walks with men, thus escaping the rock upon which so many Christians split.

He was for years the chorister of the Yaphank Presbyterian Church and Superintendent of the Sabbath-school. The former position he probably would have occupied to this day, but the church, growing more aristocratic, he gave way to an imported bellowing machine.

HIS BUSINESS.

He is a wheelwright by profession, and is considered an excellent workman. After he was married he came to Yaphank and mastered his trade in his brother-in-law's shop. After he became a journeyman, and anterior to his permanent residence in Yaphank, he worked as a ship mechanic in Drowned Meadow—Port Jefferson.

His patrons know him, and his work meets satisfaction. Men that wish a job done on which reliance can be placed carry it to his shop.

A movement was set on foot in 1872 to establish a carriage factory in Yaphank, and Mr. Ackerly was conspicuous as one mover. It is a work still in contemplation, and one the vicinity is incomplete without.

IX.

SAMUEL F. NORTON.

AS A NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND—IN THE CHURCH—AT HOME.

Mr. Norton was born at Selden, Suffolk Co., in 1814; he is, consequently, 60 years of age. He married Eliza Sweezy, a daughter of Christopher Sweezy, Yaphank, and settled here in 1847.

AS A NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND.

If smiles and jokes scatter flowers along Life's rough path, Dea. Norton is a benefactor to mankind. His kind words and ever-smiling face have lightened the burdens of many weary travelers on the Great Highway; and where thorns would have grown, he planted the sweet rose by his cheering words and generous deeds.

If a neighbor or friend is in distress, succor and aid can always be found in Dea. Norton. Whether you meet him on the street or in the social circle, a pleasant word and smile will greet you. He never changes. He wears the same geniality under Winter's dark and lowering clouds as in the sunny days of June. When clouds obscure the sun, his jokes are just as pithy. While the storms of life are raging without, he has an Eden within. God bless such men! If more fathers were like him, and more husbands imitated his example, less tears would be shed, and less anguish be suffered!

IN THE CHURCH.

Dea. Norton is purely Presbyterian in his religious belief. He has been an elder in the Yaphank Presbyterian

Church for many years, and the position he will probably hold until he is borne to his grave. The same sympathetic cheerfulness characterizes his movements in the church that makes him popular without. No man in Yaphank possesses the qualifications, or could give the universal satisfaction that is annexed to his connection and relationship with the church and its affairs.

He is elastic and sprightly in his disposition ; cheerful, open-hearted, and honorable. The honor of Yaphank, his adopted village, is always dear to him ; and the spiritual and physical wants of his townsmen find a home in his heart.

As long as Yaphank has a being, his name will form an important part of its historic interest.

AT HOME.

In the family he is jovial and genial. To appreciate his true merit, he must be seen "At Home." His primitive occupation is "tilling the soil," but he is ingenious at anything, and worked for a long period in the shop where Alfred Ackerly is now settled. In the phrase of the country, he is a jack-at-all-trades.

Mr. Norton is well versed in the history of his age, and is an interesting conversationist ; not dignified and ostentatious, but social and instructive. An evening could not be whiled more integrally pleasant than with Samuel F. Norton.

X.

JOHN HAMMOND.

PERSONAL—AT HOME, ABROAD, AND IN THE CHURCH.

Sketches of prominent Yaphankers, minus the history of John Hammond, would not be complete. His burly figure towers prominently everywhere. Strangers don't appreciate the beauty of Yaphank until they gaze upon his elephantine form. He is acquainted with the history of nearly every citizen—old and young. Their lives—good and bad—lie buried in his astounding memory. He can rake over the bones of the past at will, and excite his hearers with a recital of the events connected with the career of "So-and-so." To insure the success of any undertaking in Yaphank, *he* must first be interviewed, his advice obtained, and ideas consulted; then rush impetuously onward—success is yours!

If a sensation throws the village into excitement, the details of the case can earliest be obtained of him. If one be in doubt regarding "the scandal about So-and-so," he directs his steps toward Mr. Hammond's shop. That shop is famous! It is as well known in this vicinity as the Mammoth Cave is in Kentucky, or the City Hall in New York City.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Hammond was born in Yaphank, Nov. 25, 1814. He is, accordingly, 60 years of age. He has a large, heavy frame, fully six feet in height—ponderous and powerful. Mr. Hammond is a pleasant companion, abounding with anecdotes and humor; and did he not dive too often into

personalities, and unlock his knowledge of men and things a more agreeable neighbor and citizen could not embellish the record of any village.

He is an old whaleman, and made a number of voyages to "Greenland's Icy Mountains," during the whaling fever. During James Weeks' administration, he was conductor on the Long Island Railroad, and during his three years of office he lost not one day. Mr. Hammond has traveled much, and has a knowledge of the great events of his day. He can recall, with remarkable exactness, what transpired a half century ago. It is interesting to listen to stories of his school days, and the incidents familiar with the names of our most prominent men.

AT HOME, ABROAD, AND IN THE CHURCH.

If John Hammond's pleasantry was not fitful and variable, and his spirits governed by the clouds, and changing events, a kinder father and husband could not exist. In the language of an old villager: "He can be the *most* agreeable, or the *most* disagreeable cuss on earth." But I would inform my readers that there are more despicable characters than John Hammond, and they exist in a land of civilization, too, and under the ring of the Gospel. His disagreeableness is an exception, and not the rule of his life. He is very blunt in the use of language, and what slumbers in his heart, he pours out on friend and foe alike.

Mr. Hammond is a pleasant man at home, and the wants of his family are few. The attractions of home are dear to him, and he never wearies in extolling his children.

Abroad, Mr. Hammond would be taken for an old school merchant, or a railroad king; in fact, one of the solid men of the times. At home, he would be taken for what he is.

In the church he figures conspicuously. He is called a man of rare musical attainments, but has superiors.

Mr. Hammond is considered a partisan of the "Iron Government"—a denouncer of improvement as circum-

vention. Gyneocracy, Woman's Rights, and Ben. Butler would be buried in one tomb if his will was supreme.

He is termed J. P. Mills' vindicator, *confidant*, and champion. What Mr. Mills don't like, Mr. Hammond will not endorse. What he does like, will be attained, if combined efforts possess power. It is astonishing what vast influence Mr. Mills sways over the minds of some of our most solid citizens! He is indirectly responsible for the present state of affairs in this place. In obedience with his will, one hundred thousand dollars would be invested in embellishing the place, introducing new improvements and business, and trebling the census of Yaphank in one year. A dozen prospering factories would raise their smoky peaks heavenward, and send the cheering din of trade to the languid homes, in accordance with his wish.

XI.

SAMUEL LESTER HOMAN.

PERSONAL.

S. L. Homan was born in Henry street, Brooklyn, Jan. 31, 1823. He is not a decidedly prominent Yaphanker at the present time, but sixteen years ago was the largest farmer in the place. He employed more laborers, and did more toward advancing the Noble Art, than any citizen in Yaphank.

But fire, fraud, war and ill-health did its work with him. When the Great Joel Smith Fire crossed the Island, it swept away his woodland. Affliction after affliction followed like an armed man. Piles of cord-wood rotted by the L. I. Railroad track, which he was obliged to lose through the rascality of the company. He looked blindly through a veil. To recover his losses, he purchased another farm, and enlarged his business. Ton on ton of fertilizing manure was plowed under the sod of his new purchase, and the sky looked clear once more. Soon the boom from Fort Sumter rolled over the land. That gun was the signal of his downfall. The men who grasped him by the hand in prosperity, refused him compromise or aid. He never asked for quarter, and it never was granted. His Summer dreams had vanished, and he went down as many strong men have gone before. His relations proved foes, and the waves of adversity dashed and beat him to pieces. He was a great conceptualist, with defective concentrativeness. When the clouds gathered, he was obliged to succumb to unrelenting creditors, and conceded without a murmur.

His new purchase faded from view, and his loss was another's gain.

PERSONAL.

He is a very retired and unobtrusive man. Failure has darkened the sky of his life, and the society of men is uncongenial to him. He believes honest men are exceptions, and not universal. He delights to talk of the smart men that are gone, and dotes much on the ability of his grandfather, Esq. Mordecai Homan. With his grandfather he always lived, and stood beside his couch when he expired.

It has been publicly declared that Esq. Homan was, and always will be, the most illustrious Homan that ever lived, or ever will live, in Brookhaven Town. That assertion remains to be substantiated by time! but it is remarkable, that among all his descendants, not one has inherited his indomitable will and enterprise.



SERENO BURNELL OVERTON.

XII.

SERENO BURNELL OVERTON.

PERSONAL—EMBARKS UPON A MERCANTILE SEA—THE TRUE
MAN.

PERSONAL.

S. B. Overton was born on the 6th day of August, 1827, which makes him forty-seven years old. He has a tall and muscular form, well proportioned and developed. Personally and physically he appears not over twenty-five. His invariable pleasantry and good humor have made him friends of all who enjoy his acquaintance and society.

Mr. Overton is the sole surviving brother of a family of five—all falling victims to that implacable foe to mankind, consumption. He is a working member of the Yaphank Presbyterian Church; and a supporter of that incorporation.

In his dealings with men, he is sharp and shrewd, but honest and relenting. All his actions are characterized by an original system of his own. No man pays more regard to the laws of health, or the demands of nature, than does Mr. Overton. He has learned that the best is the cheapest; thus walking in light, while thousands grope in darkness to their graves. He has, long ago, arrived at the laudable conclusion that "it is not all to live, or all to die;" and made the choice of eternity in 1853. Mr. Overton builds not on the sand; he knows that life is but a breath compared to the great unfathomed, and sows his seed wisely. He is an unostentatious man at home, and in the church; and attracts no attention with pompous words and gilded

deeds. No man completes my *beau ideal* of perfection ; for no man is free from guile. As long as the sun throws its effulgent rays over the earth, so long will wickedness abound. But, if more were like S. B. Overton, the sun's beams would pierce less dens of horror, and the peals of Sabbath bells echo over less "waste places."

EMBARKS UPON A MERCANTILE SEA.

Mr. Overton was early apprenticed to the carpenter trade ; and after mastering it, he restlessly gazed over more fascinating fields than wielding the indispensable plane. In 1851, he cast aside his architectural tools, and opened a store in Yaphank, in partnership with his eldest brother, Osborn.

In combination with butchering and marketing, they did an extensive business. In 18—, Alfred Ackerly and Son purchased the business and good will, and the Overton partnership was dissolved.

Reverses are many. Bankruptcy, and *not* success ; adversity, and *not* prosperity, is the law of trade. While many around Mr. Overton envy him his success in life, but few possess his energy, shrewdness, and clear comprehension of business. What sensible mind believes that the wheel of fortune is driven by the hand of luck ; and who credits the virtue of luck ?

Sereno Overton had fewer opportunities to rise in the world than most young men of his day. His parents were poor ; he early began to struggle for himself ; and if the tide of fortune ebbed and flowed in his favor, and the billows of adversity beat and tossed those around him, it was due to superior business talent on his part, and poor management on the other.

While in mercantile business in Yaphank, he was saving, prudent, and judicious. He made money, friends, and an honorable name ; and is more popular to-day than twenty years ago.

THE TRUE MAN.

No one can speak depreciatingly of Mr. Overton ; no one doubts his Christian integrity, and no one is too high or too low to cherish his name. In Yaphank, and wherever his popularity extends, he is honored and respected for his unchanging pleasantness, sociality, and honesty.

He is master of his business, and makes or refuses a bargain almost immediately. As a speculator in his business, he is very successful. He would be successful at anything he might apply himself thoroughly to. He is sagacious, has excellent judgment and much experience, and is candid and unwavering.

The struggle for wealth may prove the doom of many ; many memories may be destroyed by gold, and many may deviate from the pledged vows and narrow path, because the glittering god shines more transplendent in the broad ; but there are men that we naturally credit with more stability of mind, and firmness of will, than to be swerved by even the powerful influence of gold ; and one glance at the genial but firm-looking gentleman at the head of this sketch, will confirm that he can unquestionably be included in that list of lamentably scarce individuals who rank honor and friends and a hope in the good by-and-by above the short enjoyments of gold. Mr. Overton is a True Man.



EDWARD LIVINGSTON GERARD.

XIII.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON GERARD.

PERSONAL—A REVIEW—HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Edward L. Gerard was born in Port Jefferson, March 11th, 1836. He came to Yaphank in 1842—when but six years old—and entered the family of his uncle, Hawkins Gerard.

He early evinced decided executive ability, and soon became manager of his uncle's business, and is his probable successor. While the giddy and gay were whirling their leisure hours in the mazy dance, or frequenting places of amusement, young Edward was poring over his books and storing up the knowledge that has proved so indispensable in his after life. Mr. Gerard began life with nothing but an honest purpose, an invincible will, and a kind uncle and aunt; but by his untiring energy and his thorough comprehension of the details of business, he has gained for himself an unquestionable business reputation. He is an industrious, hard-working, public-spirited man, and has done much to improve Yaphank.

In the Autumn of 1871, he was elected a Superintendent of our county poor, in which capacity he reflects credit upon himself and his constituents.

Honorable as is his record in business relations, it is as a Christian and neighbor that his name is cherished. He has long been a member of the Yaphank Presbyterian Church, and at the present writing officiates in the following capacities: elder, trustee, organist and secretary. In the infancy of that enterprise, its prosperity enlisted his

uncle's sympathy, prayers, and beneficence ; while Edward, in its success and firm establishment, in the beautiful little house of worship, and under able pastors, greatly rejoiced.

He married in 1873, and decided to settle in Old Yaphank—a place made doubly dear to him by business success and friendship's sacred ties. Yaphank could ill afford to lose so honorable and enterprising a citizen as E. L. Gerard has ever shown himself to be.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Gerard possesses two peculiarities that won General Grant national fame. What he knows he uses practically, and for a purpose. He has chosen his calling, and mastered it. Like our illustrious President, he is not loquacious. What he says and does—although sometimes governed by innate arbitrariness—is intended in strict conformity to honesty and honor.

He is a trifle below the average stature ; slender in build, with a wide-awake, Yankee look and action. His prosperity is due to personal exertions ; luck is limitedly attached to his success.

Men who envy Mr. Gerard his sunshine, could never be induced to follow his clouds to acquire it. No man in the town works harder, or labors more hours than he. He is invariably at his business. Agreeable and accommodating, he deserves success.

When Robert Smith was nominated a Superintendent of our county poor against Mr. Gerard, he was universally considered the strongest and most influential candidate. Mr. Gerard's election annihilated all party fears, and he has since grown stronger in public favor, for none doubted his business qualifications and veracity.

Mr. Smith's defeat—while it won Gerard victory—reflects no discredit on his individual ability and qualification. The political sea ebbed and flowed against him. Majority won, and he lost the day.

A REVIEW.

Mr. Gerard is sometimes amusing, but never alluring; sometimes pleasant, never fascinating; often spicy, never satirical. He would be successful in any mercantile or commercial department. He would be prominent as a merchant, banker, or broker; but never as an orator or minister. He might become a second Stewart, but never a Spurgeon.

By strangers, Mr. Gerard is seldom deemed prepossessing. He is too retired unassuming and unpretentious to please the fancy world. Steady, honorable, not supercilious, nor ostentatious, he must be known to be appreciated. In consummation, he is neat, but not gaudy.

HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

He has what wealth or position cannot buy: a contented mind.

Dame Jenkins says. "A man is contented while fortune smiles." Oh, you cruel proverbial!

Mr. Gerard early took to beneficial study, and is considered as well informed in the current lore as the prevailing privileges allow.

Within the classical walls of the Miller's Place Academy, Edward mastered the rudiments of a common education. Even in his early life no great cables circumferenced the earth with bonds of electricity, and no iron horses thundered over the land as at the present day, snorting their civilization and steam enterprise into the trackless forests. Railroads were in operation, but not extensively. Galvanic batteries seldom shocked the skeptical nerves, and no Grecian bends frightened the superstitious. Science had made but little progress, and was crudely original. Now, steam plows uproot the sod, and golden grain waves over the land, where the original Americans slew the bison and built their wigwams but a little while ago. Thus E. L. Gerard acquired his education in an age—not over a quarter of a

century ago—when science had not reached the culmination we now enjoy ; and arithmetic, writing, geography and spelling comprised the principal academic course.

Mr. Gerard is somewhat of a musician, and is regarded as good musical authority. He is ingenious, withal, and has produced articles possessing mechanical excellence.

XIV.

SAMUEL SMITH.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE—HIS INSANITY—HIS HORRIBLE END.

Mr. Smith was born at West Field, Selden, September 26, 1822. He came to Yaphank from the East; he came in search of fortune and health, and found them; he found the inland air invigorating and bracing; the society proved congenial, and he prospered and was happy. In the church he figured actively, and helped to sustain a number of fruitful revivals. Mr. Smith was a working Christian, and feared he failed to meet the demands of his Saviour. Some say Mr. Smith pounded the anvil of his own glory; but it is a cruel accusation. He was a semi-illiterate man, and where he erred he did it blindly. With his settlement in Yaphank, to the day of his tragic death, the same Godly spirit guided him; and he often drank, with sorrow, the water of Jordan. Each heart knoweth its own sorrow! No one suspected the trouble battling in his bosom until the storm burst. Upon God's altar he often poured out his earthly tribulations, and wept over the indifference of straying sheep.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

He was a hard-working man, driving and precise in business; he was not a genius, but what he lacked mentally, he substituted physically. Mr. Smith was a remarkably punctual man at business, and as regular as old Sol peeped o'er the Eastern hills he was about his calling.

HIS INSANITY.

Thursday, January 29th dawned bright and cheering on the quiet village. No outward movement denoted that it was destined to be a very eventful day to Yaphank. In the cemetery men were preparing a grave for all that was mortal of Captain George Hulse, one of Yaphank's most respected citizens. After a protracted illness of three years, suffering with a disease he was positive must result fatally, he calmly and uncomplainingly yielded to the implacable summons.

The day preceding the funeral of Captain Hulse, it was rumored that Samuel Smith was a religious maniac. He was insane on religion, as proved. Many doubted the report, and others credited all pertaining to the sensational rumor, as Mr. Smith had established symptoms of an alienation of the mind, and appeared suffering and despondent for a number of days. Thursday morning he desired to be carried to an asylum, as he feared his inability to withstand the great mental conflict that was torturing him. The symptoms evinced a positive aberration of the mind, and he was no longer responsible for his acts. He was closely watched, and why the deed was not frustrated is a mystery. He at first attempted destruction by hanging, but a ladder in the barn was an obstacle. His wife appeared on the scene, and entreated him to "come into the house." She left him a moment to call his son, and the deed was done. With a maniac's instinctive cunning, he knew that a minute more, some one would interfere between him and his purpose. Determined to die, he grasped his pocket knife and plunged it twice into his neck. The blows severed a main artery and pierced his wind-pipe.

HIS HORRIBLE END.

Bleeding and dying, he was led into the house. Doc. J. I. Baker was immediately summoned, and declared his recovery hopeless. For three hours the Doc. held his finger

in the severed vessel; hoping a congelation of the blood would allow a junction of the artery. All that medical skill could execute was performed in the almost hopeless endeavor to save him from a suicide's grave.

He called a number of young converts around his bed, and though insanity was the originator of his blameless act, he rationally conversed with them on religious subjects, and implored them to shun the paths wherein he had erred, and to seek "the gold that is tried in the fire." "I hope you will speak well of me when I am gone," he said; "and regard my last acts as the work of the Fiend." He spoke commendably of Mr. Lockwood, the Presbyterian minister, and declared the last sermon he listened to a most impressive one. He spoke of friends he once knew and loved, and lamented that he had done the deed.

He lingered until the evening of the 30th, when his spirit abdicated its home of clay, and Samuel Smith was numbered among the gone.

No doubt he is singing the songs he loved to sing when on earth, and sounding praises with those that passed over before him.

XV.

EDWARD HOMAN.

AS A NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

This gentleman was born in Yaphank, Dec. 22, 1820. He married a Miss Mary Snowden in 1859, a lady then living in the family of Nathaniel Tuthill, of Y——

AS A NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

Mr. Homan is a quiet, unloquacious man ; fond of retirement and his farm. He is regarded as a gentleman of unblemished principle and honor. What "Uncle Ed." says is never doubted. He is a man that always appears happy, and on good terms with himself and the world ; but few are aware of the clouds that sometimes shut out the cheering rays.

He has a sister that for many long years has been a bed-ridden sufferer, and a burden to him. Hundreds of hard-earned dollars have poured into physicians' coffers for dear and apparently valueless advice and attention.

Mr. Homan is an "old school" gentleman—one of those paragons of solidity and uprightness. He received a clean record from his father, and will hand one down to his children.

His father, Thomas Homan, reared a numerous family, and Edward's brothers and sisters are scattered far and near over the land. He is the sixth or seventh child of a family of four sons and six daughters. Edward was the drone ; remained at home and "took care of the old folks." He inherited the "old farm," together with the consolations of

health and an iron constitution, and an invalid sister to support. He never murmurs, but plods steadily along, surmounting intervening obstructions patiently.

Mr. Homan possesses a fertile farm, with considerable wood-land; and is reputed to be in "comfortable circumstances."

He has but two children—a son and daughter. The former, like Joseph, is a "son of old age."

Mr. Homan depicts the scenes of his childhood with unfeigned pleasure, delights to recall the names of those that have faded in the past. He smiles as he greets those long absent, who were young with himself; and silently mourns as the faces of those he knew and loved in boyhood, fade from view.

His vociferousness never will make him popular or exceedingly ill-famous; nor will his impetuosity make him a man to be feared. He appreciates oratory and eloquence equally as enthusiastically as E. L. Gerard, and would be about as successful an orator or statesman.

Nevertheless, like Mr. Gerard, his talents are equal to his business and calling.

At home he is an example for all fathers and husbands, and guards precisely his walks and talks.

As a neighbor, he is cherished for his accommodating and honorable disposition. His virtues are not philanthropically or patriotically conspicuous, but appear in a more laudable direction than if remarkable for public spirit.

XVI.

DOC. JAMES I. BAKER.

PERSONAL—HIS EARLY LIFE—TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS—
A NEIGHBOR, FRIEND AND FARMER.

In this connection I will introduce Doc. James Irvin Baker, a very popular gentleman and physician.

PERSONAL.

Doc. Baker was born in 1829. He is forty-five years old, and five feet ten inches in height, tall and gracefully proportioned.

He studied and graduated in 1851 at the Albany Medical College. It may be added that his medical career has proved an enviable success, and an honor to that institution.

Few medical practitioners are more familiarly acquainted with the diverse changes and hardships that must harmonize, in the much-abused, and, sometimes, unappreciated art of successful medical practice, than Doc. James Baker; and the number is still less who can gaze calmly back over twenty years of daily experience, and view a cloudless sky at the lapse of that period, a sky unclouded by the abuse that physicians, as a class, are compelled to eat with their porridge and blend with their pills.

When Doc. Baker settled in Yaphank, in 1860, he was unknown—save by family relations—on Long Island. As is common with nearly every young physician's practical beginning, there are many fears to allay and doubts to

appease, before the public will place confidence and faith in newly-introduced talent.

Doc. Baker met with many obstacles; but he surmounted all, and soon gained a firm footing by his acknowledged skill and judgment. Professional prejudice naturally arose, and many schemes were hatched to crush the "young usurper." But he eluded the intrigues, stood firmly at the wheel, and eventually sailed into an "open sea."

He is every way qualified for his calling. He has talent, nerve and skill. He forms a prognosis quickly and accurately, and is seldom misguided by existing prognostics. A diagnosis, by James Baker, is generally satisfactorily received by the profession and the public.

HIS EARLY LIFE—TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

When sixteen years old he began teaching school and studying medicine. The latter he pursued, in connection with teaching, a portion of his time, living with his preceptor and aiding him in his practice during the time.

In 1849 he was matriculated into the University of the New York Medical Department, where he remained until March, 1850, when he entered the Albany Medical College; an institution he considered preferable for rapid and thorough advancement.

He graduated when but twenty-two years old, and immediately began business. Owing to hard work, exposure, etc., his health grew precarious, and he suffered repeated attacks of bleeding from the lungs. He grew more and more physically miserable, and, in 1860, determined to abandon his profession. In accordance with his resolve, he disposed of his home, drug store, etc., and visited Long Island.

His health rapidly improved, and he again entered into his arduous duties. His pulmonary affliction vanished, and he became a hale and hearty man; another verification that this is one of the healthiest sections in the wide, wide world.

The incidents and events coherent with his professional life are similar to those which must universally happen to all physicians engaged in a country practice, where the oracles of the dead language are expected to be surgeons, oculists, dentists, etc., etc., and to be prepared with all medicines, instruments, and the many mysteries that doctors generally carry about with them. They are expected to comply with all calls by day or night, rain or shine, and to uncomplainingly undergo exposures, cares and anxieties.

To enumerate one-quarter of the many amusing, sad and remarkable events attached to his record as a medical practitioner, would fill a small volume.

The Doc. informed me that the only "Reminiscences of a Physician" he ever perused, and that ever gained much popularity, was published in London, and caused much trouble; many persons believing that it alluded to them, notwithstanding fictitious names were used.

The medical art is the most profound, sublime and classical science extant; but one can count with the fingers the names of men who have gained the goal of medical ambition, and who stand pre-eminent among the *clique*.

Quackery is startlingly prevalent, and the men are many who professionally mislead the unwary and innocent with delusive circulars, and ruin soul and body with patent poison. As long as people patronize these dabblers in life, and disregard the warnings and advice of family physicians, so long will a dubious cloud hover over this great science, and a deteriorating effect be seen.

A NEIGHBOR, FRIEND AND FARMER.

To please "everybody" is an art few have acquired; and to please one's self and "everybody else," is accomplished by still less. Doc. James Baker is one of those rare paragons of pleasantries. He is determined to please, to be agreeable and mirthful.

No one ever interviewed or whiled an evening with Doc. Baker, without becoming captivated with his pleasantry and humor.

He is always accostable and courteous, and be the sun in the East or down in the West, he always greets with a smile.

He is a member of the Yaphank Presbyterian Church, and has held many offices of trust and responsibility in the parish and town.

Doc. Baker is an interesting companion, a pleasant neighbor, and a staunch friend.

He is, certainly, a "self-made" man, and his practice and wealth were secured by personal exertions. His success is a guarantee that "where there's a will there's a way."

XVII.

MORDECAI HOMAN.

OFF FOR THE MINES—ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA—SUCCESS AND FAILURE—ON THE SEA AND LAND.

Mordecai Homan was born in Yaphank, December 17th, 1825.

Probably no man that ever lived in Yaphank, or lives here at the present day, possesses a wider practical knowledge of the world, than the subject of this chapter.

He has circumnavigated the globe many times, and has experienced the frozen excitement furnished by the whale fisheries in the bleak Arctic. He has seen London in its glory, and Paris in its beauty ; is acquainted with the ups and downs of mining life, and familiar with the wild scenes in Australian mines and jungles.

He visited California during the gold excitement, when the country swarmed with desperate men and loose characters of all sorts, nations and color ; when murdering, robbing, fighting, and gambling was the universal pastime, and mining the occupation. He has met desperate men on the sea and on the land, and mingled with murderers, counterfeiters, forgers, and villainous people of all nations ; with some of the most depraved characters that ever sailed the seas or stalked the land. Not by taste or preference did he associate with villains and hardened men, but as a natural consequence of an adventurous life.

When whaling was a remunerative business he made a number of voyages to the frozen North ; but the fever soon subsided, and his roving disposition allured him into newer fields of adventure.

When but seventeen years old he sailed for the icy seas ;
but later in life we see him

OFF FOR THE MINES.

In 1849 he joined a stock company, which purchased the bark ship *Galindo*, and sailed for San Francisco. Arriving there, the company disposed of the ship and dispersed for the mines.

Mordecai labored in the mountains a number of years, when he was stricken down with the small-pox in a most malignant form.

He was alone in a half-barbarous country, prostrated by a deadly disease, and surrounded by cut-throats and bad men ; but hope never forsook him, and an iron constitution bore him through his terrible ordeal.

He arose from his couch of misery emaciated and feeble ; but kind hands and kinder hearts came to his succor, and his wasted form grew robust and strong. After his illness, being unable to immediately enter the mines in consequence of physical prostration, he "kept" store for the miners, &c., after which he sailed for Australia. There he worked in the vein a period, going all through the Australian mines, and remaining there about eleven months, when he sailed down the coast of Chili to Valparaiso. There he again shipped in the clipper ship *Mischief*, and set sail for China.

The ship touched at San Francisco, where Mordecai met an old friend and was induced to again enter the mines.

ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA—SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Again he swung the pick and blasted for gold. He suffered many hardships and exposures ; indeed, more than usually fell to his hardy companions.

By his efforts he had amassed a snug little fortune, and began packing his provisions and effects from the mountains toward Trinidad. He had packed and remained in an Indian encampment one night. The Indians appeared

friendly, and gave him much salmon and other tokens of friendship. The encampment was composed of fifteen hundred warriors, who, a few days after, gathered in councils of war.

Mordecai saw that an ominous cloud was gathering along the frontier, and, combined with the influences and opinions of prominent leaders, the company immediately started down the coast toward Trinidad.

On the march they came upon and determined to encamp near rich diggings, although opposed by those who were aware of the intended Indian revolution and declaration of war.

He left his three partners at the camp. They expected to bury their gold dust, provisions, &c., and then follow to the mines.

Mordecai was then prospecting with others, when a friendly Indian arrived and reported that the camp had been attacked, and "all hands killed and robbed." Their arrival at the camp verified the sad news. The Indians had surprised the camp and butchered and robbed all.

Mordecai not only was afflicted by the murdering of his partners, but lost seventy-five hundred dollars in gold dust, seven pack mules, and fifteen hundred pounds of provisions.

Two of his partners were killed outright, while the third—wounded and dying—had dragged his mutilated body into concealment.

He was rescued, but died soon after. The miners then consolidated and moved directly toward Trinidad. They met a body of soldiers on the march up the mountains, who were sent to their aid simultaneously with the first war-whoop.

Mordecai and many other miners entered the ranks, and returned to fight the dusky foe.

The incidents connected with his participation in the Indian war are to numerous to record. He assisted in demolishing Indian villages, destroying their crops, &c., and

then returned with the band to Trinidad, and thence to San Francisco.

In 1856 he sailed for his Island home, having passed seven years in the wilds of California and Australia; meeting success and failure, sickness and exposure; and passing through adventures and escapes that would fill a volume of thrilling events.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Homan is about forty-nine years old--crippled and prematurely broken down. His memory is rich in reminiscences of travel and adventure, which makes him an interesting conversationist. He is not egotistical, and is seldom the "hero" of hair-breadth escapes and bloody encounters. He is a thorough sailor and a superior navigator. His heart and kingdom are upon the "deep blue," and his love for excitement grows more enthusiastic as he sails down the tide of life. He probably will leave his boots at sea.

He is decidedly abrupt and unceremonious in his speech; but "if he stumbles with his tongue, it is the head that's wrong, and not the heart that goes astray."



EDWARD HENRY S. HOLDEN, M. D.

XVIII.

EDWARD HENRY S. HOLDEN, L. M., M. MS., N. Y.

HIS MORAL AND SCIENTIFIC WORTH—HIS RECOMMENDATION—A REVIEW.

HIS MORAL AND SCIENTIFIC WORTH.

I lament that I cannot grant the space and time to this sketch of a truly learned and popular gentleman and physician, that his worth and acquirements certainly deserve.

To say that Dr. Edward Holden is a true gentleman and scholar, would be to reiterate the oft-repeated declarations of his admirers and patrons. Not only a physician by title, but virtually a successful, gifted and thorough M. D. The great men of his profession in England and America, feel proud in ranking him a peer. In the halls of learning in the City of New York—everywhere where doctors of high standing are wont to assemble—Dr. Holden is gladly welcomed and appreciated for his profound learning. His most intimate relations with such eminent members of the fraternity as James R. Wood, Lewis A. Sayre, Willard Parker, and William Detmold, and many others of the first rank, is an unquestionable passport.

But he relies not upon his high standing among the great men of his profession to advance his success and public favor, for, I can say with authority, that no physician on Long Island—outside of Brooklyn—is better qualified as a doctor of medicine than Edward H. S. Holden.

HIS RECOMMENDATION.

He came not to underrate, disparage, or depreciate others, to establish himself in the good graces of the pub-

lic ; but with the bright laurels of his public examination still blooming, and the voices of his English admirers and classical collegiates bidding him God speed to the free shores of the New World, where honor and emolument awaited him.

How proud am I, that to me was accorded the honor of penning this miniature sketch of a truly talented, but not sufficiently appreciated scholar. Dr. Holden is the author of many beautiful sentiments in prose and verse, and the varied culture of his mind is illustrated by the diversified talents of the men he once loved to gather around him. His nature is true and sympathetic, but untinged by any sickliness of taste. He is a critical, dispassionate commentator on the great questions of the day, with a mind that cannot be shaken by political storms. How common place and dim the brilliancy of preceding chapters appear, when I consider the contents before me.

A REVIEW.

Edward Henry S. Holden was born in Birmingham, Warwick Co., England, on the 9th day of April, 1801. His parents were Richard and Ann S. Holden. He is five feet and two inches in height, slight in build, and almost feminine in his physical development.

Three score years and ten have sprinkled his hair with the silvery emblems of old age, and his stooping form predicts a sure decline of the physical man.

In imagination we will tread back through the hazy past of seventy years, in England, and dwell over the events of his boyhood.

His fourth to seventh years were passed at boarding school in his native county, in the acquisition of the arts of spelling, reading and English grammar.

On the completion of his seventh year, his uncle being one of the governors of Christ's Hospital, London, he entered the classical department, under the Rev. Drs. Arthur

W. Trollope and F. W. Franklin, where he pursued the study of the Latin and Greek languages, with a view to the clerical profession, but, on the completion of his fifteenth year, being dissuaded, he abandoned the intention of studying Theology, and left the institution.

After some months' deliberation, he eagerly resolved to adopt the profession of medicine, for which purpose he went to Bath, and began his studies under the tuition of Surgeon Walker, a former pupil of Surgeon Baynton.

He there enjoyed the most cordial friendship of the highly accomplished scholar and judicious physician, Doc. Caleb Hillier Parry, to whose scientific attainments he is indebted for much information, both of a medical and literary character.

Before the expiration of his second pupilage year, he had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose parents were desirous of breaking off the growing affection because of her extreme youth.

Young Holden deferred the study of medicine for a season, and returned to London, where his father then resided, and engaged in the counting-house of an eminent commercial firm until the close of the year 1821. On the 25th day of February, 1822, banns having been previously published in due form, he was married by Rev. J. W. Bellamy, D. D., at St. Mary's Abb. Church, to Ann Margaret Gladstone, granddaughter of Sir John Gladstone, formerly of Newcastle, England, and sailed from London at the end of May in the same year, in the ship *Acasta*, of the Griswold line, bound for New York, where they arrived on Saturday, July 13th.

The yellow fever appeared very soon after his arrival in the great metropolis of the New World, which, causing an interruption to business, made it imprudent to engage in any permanent occupation.

The following year he opened a drug store, which he steadily attended till the month of March, 1826, when he resumed his favorite study, by entering the office of Doc.

Alexander H. Stevens, Professor of Surgery in the old College of Physicians and Surgeons, in Barclay street, at which college he matriculated, and attended the lectures of all the professors during 1828 and 1829.

In the Spring of 1830 he presented himself before the President and Censors of the Medical Society for examination.

Those gentlemen, to testify their appreciation of the promptness and correctness of his replies to every question propounded to him, proposed to honor him by a public examination in the hall of the college, to which he readily assented. Thus, on the 15th of February, 1830—date of his diploma—Doc. Holden verified, to the satisfaction of all, his profound and extensive learning, and the remarkable adaptability of his genius to the great science, of which he is an honorable and superior representative. He was then admitted as a member of the Medical Society of the City and County of New York, in 1832.

After practising in New York City (with the exception of two years—one in Washingtonville, Orange County, and one in Troy)—from 1830 to 1850, he moved to Holbrook, L. I., where he remained three years. He then moved to Middle Island, remaining there until May, 1858, when he moved to the Manor; from which place he moved—November of the same year—to East Moriches. There he lived until November, 1859, at which period he moved to Yaphank, where he still resides.

His wife—now in her eighty-third year—was afflicted, between two and three years ago, with a severe and dangerous illness of six weeks' duration, which left her in so debilitated a condition that she has never regained her previous degree of health.

Of a family composed of three sons and two daughters, only one survives, the Rev. Robert Holden, an Episcopal clergyman, and Rector of Trinity School, New York City.

Doctor Holden may well feel proud of such a noble son. The old gentleman has not long to gaze upon the bright

things of this land, for weight of years is bearing him down, and the smiles of the genial old man must soon fade ; but how sweet will be the consolation of his declining years, to know that when he is summoned to go, and the implacable sword of death shall sever the brittle band that holds to this vale of tears, his name will still be borne ; aye, borne upward to honor and distinction in the estimation of his fellow-men.

The pillow of death will be softened, and the agonies allayed, by the sweet voice of a tranquil conscience.

Tranquil, because his palmy days are o'er, and no cloud bedims their glory ; peaceful, because he ever drank the gall himself, and gave the sweetened honey. No thorns will be gathered with his harvest of roses, and no troubled conscience will mar the long, long sleep.

Soon the bitter words of foes will be forgotten, and the taunts of enemies will cease over the grave. With me, the little world of Yaphank will ever speak with reverence of the man who was too good to be rich, too great to be in authority, and too learned to be fully appreciated.

XIX.

NATHANIEL TUTHILL.

MR. TUTHILL'S BUSINESS—HIS BENEVOLENCE.

Nathaniel Tuthill was born at West Wading River, Brookhaven Town, January 22, 1797.

He is the fourth child and second son of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Tuthill. His mother's maiden name was Skidmore. She was an ambitious woman, and inculcated upon Nathaniel's mind much that has been of service to him.

From his boyhood everything was regarded secondary by Nathaniel, but money. When a lad he would play truant from the district school to earn a few dimes by doing chores and cutting wood in the forests that surrounded his early home. Those principles became habitual, and were indelibly stamped upon his mind, and he grew to be a man with the determination to be rich.

He worked upon his father's farm until twenty-two years old; he then went to what is now Baiting Hollow. There he and his brother Benjamin labored; they inherited a fertile farm, and the well-known Conumgum Mills.

In the Spring of the year 1819 he exchanged the farm with his brother for the old mills, and by the operation made one thousand dollars.

During the same year he sold part of the mills to John Buckingham, and the remaining portion to Richard Tuthill, his cousin, in 1820.

During the Summer of 1820 he wandered about, like Mr. Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up." The business "turn up" was not accommodatingly profitable, and

he returned to Baiting Hollow in that Fall and purchased back the farm from his brother.

As usual, he made money by the operation, and as in business, so in love, he was remarkably successful.

He married in the year 1828, and came to live and die in Yaphank.

Mr. Tuthill is about seventy-seven years old, above middle height, and a good type of the solid old men of his time.

He has the large bone and rather loosely-knit frame of the Long Island farmer. A narrow, small, but intellectual face, refined away from its rugged prototype, and that cleanly shaven face and powerful frame peculiar to that class of men who believe in race and brawn. He is a rapid talker, and one that comprehends the mighty power of words.

There is no idealism in Mr. Tuthill; and no poetical or romantic sentiment ever reflected in his composition.

He may see the blue sky, the majestic mountain, the flashing cascade, the tender flower blooming upon the inhospitable hillside, but he strives not to fathom the great and mysterious lesson they teach. He will perceive more beauty in a gold dollar, or a fine herd of cattle, than can be reflected from all the tender flowers and flashing cascades in Christendom.

Mr. Tuthill is an old man, and the sands of his eventful life are fast running out. It would not be startling if it were soon said that he were dead.

His wealth is signally identified with his life, but may the gold that is tried in the fire be identified with his death!

He is reputed to be worth nearly seventy-five thousand.

Years of practical experience with the world have sharpened his shrewd, keen intellect, and made him a wealthy man.

He is a bland, pleasing man, seldom losing that aggravating equilibrium of mind and purpose that make men successful in the trafficking world.

While others are plunged into chaos, *he* retains a stolid indifference. Soft words of honeyed sweetness fall from his well-oiled tongue, thus paving a facile entrance into all hearts.

If a man has a bargain to give away he knows he can find a "taker" in Nat. Tuthill. Men who are "cramped" in business, and want money, and who are willing to grant a liberal bonus, interview Mr. Tuthill.

He is a far-seeing business man. He knows that men enter into undertakings that are too much for them. He watches their movements, he marks the rocks in the channel, and when the crisis comes he blandly offers aid.

Bankruptcy, disgrace and abuse loom up before their bright dreams; they accept his proffered kindness, and are fast within his toils.

A young man just launching his frail bark in life receives little encouragement from Nat. Tuthill. He points to his own record, and smilingly advises "To root or die." He little thinks that deep down in some hearts is written the secret of his success. Men look upon his hoary head and bent form and exclaim, "There goes the shrewdest man in Brookhaven Town." It is music in his ears; he delights to be known as cunning in trade, and as "a rich man."

He has confidence in his own ability. In his own language, he "lays his plans, and makes them work."

Those who deal with him seldom request a compromise. His ways are not obvious, and a mist hovers over his whole life.

A gentleman soliciting alms for a religious purpose came to Mr. Tuthill for aid. He subscribed twenty-five cents, and a laborer in his employ gave one dollar. Twenty-five cents is, apparently, his fixed charitable donation.

Nat. Tuthill is the poorest rich man in Yaphank. If he creates odium by his actions, he smiles upon the wound, and vanishes hatred by odoriferous words.

Everywhere he is regarded as the same comprehensive and penetrating man; possessing astute and sagacious judgment.

During the religious revival of February, 1870, Mr. Tuthill became deeply impressed. He bowed before the altar among a chaotic crowd, and mingled his tears with the young converts.

April 16, 1870, he joined the Presbyterian Church, and his sins were washed away (?). Four years have elapsed, and that great showering of the Divine Spirit is still fresh in the memory of our people. Thirty professed to have bidden farewell to the vain things of earth, and donned the robes of Christianity. Where is the wheat of that beautiful harvest? Why are the supplications that rang in '70 dying in '74? 'Tis one of the unexplained mysteries of Yaphank.

MR. TUTHILL'S BUSINESS.

He has been a farmer all his life, and by close attention to business, has acquired wealth amounting to many thousand dollars. Mr. Tuthill is a popular veterinary surgeon, and has made more money at that branch of his business than on his farm.

"Uncle Nat." is acknowledged authority on all the mysteries pertaining to the agricultural art, and his counsel is eagerly sought. He takes delight in fine stock, and reiterates with pleasure the remarkable weights his animals have attained.

When he married his wife he married a fine farm and considerable property annexed.

In the old farm-house where he lives, lived and died the lamented Isaac Mills. Mr. Mills was his father-in-law, and complained much of Nathaniel's severity to him.

Although the broad, rich fields were "Uncle Isaac's," and although he reared the roof above his head, he enjoyed little fruit of his labor. In the person of his son-in-law came a dictator, and when his daughter was led to the altar "Uncle Isaac's" happiness was blighted upon the bunch of matrimonial sweets.

As a veterinary surgeon, Mr. Tuthill has realized some success, but any success at all grants a premium to ignor-

ance. How a man with no theoretical knowledge of an art, and meagre education to achieve success, practically, can succeed is a scientific enigma.

HIS BENEVOLENCE.

Like his wealthy neighbors, Mr. Tuthill is not public-spirited, and he bestows as much upon religious advancement as upon other enterprises where his personal interest is not concerned.

While conversing with a friend he remarked that, if it were possible for him to "step back" thirty years, and still retain his knowledge of money-getting, that he could rear a colossal fortune.

How inexorable is the law of Nature! How blessed it is that the rich and the poor, the triumphant and the oppressed, must *all* take equal chances in the lottery of life! The rich man must finally bid adieu to the land of gold and lie down as low as the plebeian. Wealth *may* make one famous, but a great man *must* be good. The emoluments earned in life will fade from the tablet of memory, but honor and principle will endure forever.

ALEXANDER SMITH

is a colored compeer of Frederic Douglas, in Mr. Tuthill's employ at the present writing.

How true the words of a popular writer, "That in many unknown graves lie the mouldering mortality of men who could have startled the world, had the blessed ways and means been proffered them."

How many great minds are living in obscurity to-day, who require only the little accident to burst open the bud of their latent talents.

How many men--black and white--have loomed up amid the stately hills of New England, and made their names way-marks in the world. How many sturdy lads have left the plow, the lap-stone, and the anvil, to cross swords in

martial glory, and to dictate the laws of the land in their walks and talks with men.

Frederick Douglas' youthful attainments were no more promising than the colored subject of this sketch. Those who are acquainted with the character I have the boldness to present, will probably laugh at the variety of my composition of this work, but must acknowledge the moral superiority of my subject to others who possess whiter exteriors.

There is no regal road to fame, and no royal covering to budding greatness.

Alexander Smith was born at Coram, Long Island, Dec. 15th, 1849. He came to Mr. Tuthill's when but five years old. He has a brother and sister living. There is not a family in all Yaphank but welcome him as a friend. The people honor and countenance him because of his uncommonly excellent disposition and character. Although the slave of one of the most exacting men in Brookhaven Town, he stands upon a whiter reputation than my preceding subject.

He has wonderful inventive faculties, and he offered to wager that he could properly adjust all the complicated and complete parts of a steam engine, however distributed.

He is a working member of the Presbyterian Church, and is respected everywhere as an upright and honorable man.

It is not presumptuous in predicting for him a brighter future than usually falls to the luminaries of his dark race.

XX.

AUGUSTUS FLOYD, Esq.

THE DESCENDANT OF A NOBLE FAMILY—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE—HIS ECCENTRIC AND RETIRED LIFE—A BRIEF SKETCH.

Familiar and cherished is the ancient family name of Floyd. From Gen. William Floyd, one of the revolutionary heroes, down to the present period, the name has been prominently before the people of Long Island, and especially of Suffolk County.

The Floyds are a dignified and noble family, and their lineage bears connection with a proud and haughty people, who flourished during the reign of the warlike George.

Back, far back in the past of old England, the same aristocratic blood coursed through veins of men whose illustrious names have been swallowed up in the vortex of time.

Augustus is a peculiar looking man. One might travel from Maine to Texas and never meet a face that would closely resemble his. In his face are the fading lineaments of departed nobility. In the Houses of Lords and Commons he would easily appear as a dignitary who had passed from the excitements of parliamentary life into the gold and silver seclusion of an English nobleman's retirement.

Mr. Floyd makes a confidante of but few, and he greets strangers with jealous coldness. His connections with the outside world are through reliable agents, and men whose family relationship secure his confidence.

He was long an honorable practitioner at the New York bar, and a conspicuous luminary among his legal associates.

His chronic deafness forced him to exchange the bright prospects of his profession for the quiet sweets of a village delitescency. For many years he was slightly "hard of hearing," but the disease gradually assumed a more aggravating form, and finally culminated in his abandonment of a remunerative and popular profession.

Mr. Floyd was born at Mastic, in this town, in 1795, and came to Yaphank in 1849.

Mastic is, and was, the country home of some of the first men of the country. There Gens. Nathaniel Woodhull and William Floyd—prominent in revolutionary time—erected homes, and commuted the grim excitements of the great struggle for independence, for the rustic enjoyments furnished by the shores of the Great South Bay. There lived Col. Floyd, and there grew up around him a talented and successful family. Among them the Hon. David G. Floyd, a brother of Augustus, and the popular Judge, John Floyd, another brother.

David G. Floyd and the Hon. William Sidney Smith, of Longwood, were the representatives from Suffolk Co., in the Assembly, in 1856, and old Suffolk was never better represented.

Mr. Floyd lives a very retired life in Yaphank, and it is seldom that the footsteps of a stranger break the routine of his privacy.

It is difficult to gain any information from him regarding the ups and downs of his life, and his physical misfortune places him uncongenially with the villagers.

Men, like Mr. Floyd, who have figured much in the bustling world, always have interesting histories; but, of all men, they are generally the most difficult to approach upon matters connected with their lives, and never endeavor to conceal their hereditary abhorrence of informing the public about their concerns. Their stolid exteriors veil the trials and triumphs of busy intercourse with the world, and the humble and honored are ever minus their experience in the field of enterprise.

Richard M. Baylis, in his elaborate sketches of Suffolk County, dwells interestingly, in a semi-biographical sketch, upon the lives of Mr. Floyd's most illustrious progenitors. Indeed, it would be apprising my readers of what they must already know, to say that Augustus Floyd is highly connected, and bears a family name that leads limpid and untarnished to an ancestor who lived and died in the palmy days of England's great men.

He never participates in our village undertakings, never appears at public gatherings, and is seldom seen upon the street.

His circle of acquaintances and friends is limited to the members of a few families in highest standing, and he converses freely with but few.

To the "gentle ones" I would say that Mr. Floyd has never borne Hymen's galling chains, and his days are whiled in "single blessedness." What will establish him more charmingly in their estimation, is the extent of his wealth. What he is actually worth I have not the authority to declare, and even a hazarding estimation could not be received as satisfactory. It is generally known that his possessions consist principally in money investments, but it is as absolutely unknown to what extent and where invested.

In person he is tall, spare, and decidedly unprepossessing. He dresses carelessly, and without artistic taste. He walks with a sweeping gait, looks down at the ground, and pays but little attention to what is transpiring around him.

With his books and correspondence he spends the principal portion of his time, and he sups and dines when nature prompts him, be it at midnight or otherwise.

He gives but little to charity, and his subscriptions to local institutions are seldom marked for their munificence.

Mr. Floyd is far down the shady side of life, and for nearly four score years has experienced the alternate clouds and sunshine which form the wormwood and honey of a life.



GEORGE FRANKLIN THOMPSON.

XXI.

GEORGE FRANKLIN THOMPSON.

HIS QUALIFICATIONS AS A BUSINESS MAN—A WORD TO THE GENTLE ONES—HIS DECIDED STEPS.

This gentleman was born in Hempstead, Queens Co., September 19th, 1852.

Although but twenty-two years of age, he has had a liberal experience in the world, and has acquired an accurate understanding of what men must undergo to enjoy success.

When but a lad he was apprenticed to Thomas Calister, of Brushville, Queens Co., a carriage manufacturer, where he became an excellent painter, and garnered many ideas of business life.

Of a family composed of eleven children—three of which are dead—George is the eighth child and third son.

His parents are good, substantial, every-day people, and rejoice in a family of stirring, energetic children.

HIS QUALIFICATIONS AS A BUSINESS MAN.

George has a ready intellect, and a quick perception that is reliable and peculiarly adapted to his profession. He is attentive and civil in his dealings with men, and “knows how to make money.” The public is a contributor to his pocketbook, and he is determined to please.

When beginning in life, he made the resolutions to be industrious, and to never gamble or drink liquor.

He went steadily to work to learn a trade for himself. Was frugal, industrious, and attentive. He has good

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Although very young, he is a representative man. The best society in Yaphank is pleased to welcome him, and he is regarded as a young man of unquestionable good character, with a prosperous future before him.

Panics may shake the country to its business centre, the reverses may throw the business men into chaos, but there will always be an opportunity for such as Mr. Thompson. He keeps his own counsel, is driving, far-seeing and stirring.

It is but natural that one should picture a pleasing future for Mr. Thompson. A loving wife and a pleasant home are the double portion he deserves.

XXII.

ALFRED REID, SR.

AN ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE—BEGINS BUSINESS—A FINANCIAL CRASH—PERSONAL.

Mr. Reid was born, June 25th, 1822.

His parents, James and Sarah Reid, were steady, industrious people, but death separated him from their kind, parental attention when he was very young.

AN ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE.

When three years of age, he was deprived of a kind mother's care, and to his indulgent father he turned in his youthful grief. But the fates were plotting against him, and in October of 1834 his father died.

Without a cheering word to buoy his anguished heart, he plunged lonely and inexperienced into the angry sea of adversity and affliction.

But few stopped to soothe the orphan's trials, and he earned his bread at various callings until the close of the year 1835, when he became an indentured apprentice to the upholstering business.

At that he served three years and a half, when the firm became bankrupt from the effects of the great panic and business revulsions of 1837; at which time he bought his indentures for the balance of the term he was bound to serve.

Being well advanced in his trade, he labored at journey work—earning from three to seven dollars per day—until the year 1840, when he engaged for one year with a Mr. Charles Irving, to take instructions at the bench as cabinet maker.

BEGINS BUSINESS.

At the expiration of that time, he admitted his brother as partner, and they began manufacturing sofas for old Tom Bell, the great auctioneer of Fulton street, at that time.

They continued that branch one year, when they opened a wareroom in Bleeker street, New York City. Business not prospering to Alfred's satisfaction, and for other causes of a private nature, he withdrew from the firm.

He again began at his trade, working for Mr. Abial W. Swift, packing his work by contract, and hiring his own assistants.

He continued in Mr. Swift's employ until that gentleman sold his interest to John Meads, of Albany, when he engaged to Mr. Meads for two years.

By that time he had accumulated about five thousand dollars, and he immediately established a wholesale furniture house at 36 Essex street, in April, 1853.

In 1846 he had married a daughter of Nathaniel H. Van Winkle, with whom he has ever lived happily.

He continued his business at 36 Essex street until the year 1857, when he sold out, and bought property at 53 Bowery, where he remained in the furniture business until the breaking out of the Great Rebellion.

A FINANCIAL CRASH.

When the bombardment of Fort Sumpter began, Mr. Reid left his elegant home in the morning, a wealthy man, and came back at night penniless. Over sixty thousand dollars he lost in the period of twenty-four hours. War severed all concurrent or reciprocal action with his debtors in the South, and to this day he has not received the smallest percentage of his dues.

He groaned under the cruel load for a short time, but at last tottered and fell; went down again to his small beginning; went down as many strong men have gone, without hope of recovery.

He returned to his trade as a journeyman, exchanged his colossal home and beautiful furniture, in a fashionable part of the city, for a humble home and humble fare in Tremont, Westchester County.

That house he soon exchanged for his pleasant home in Yaphank, where he now resides.

Reverses came upon Mr. Reid like thunderbolts from a cloudless sky. His health grew precarious, and life became blacker and blacker to him. A fortune lost in a day ! A home among the *elite* to-day, and a humble cottage out of town to-morrow, all are features of business reverses in New York.

PERSONAL.

Trouble and ill-health have broken him down ; his hair is grey, his constitution shattered, and his cheerful laughter seldom heard.

He is a superior conversationalist, and always has a pleasing fund of anecdote, humor and intercourse with the busy world.



JAMES HUGGINS WEEKS.

XXIII.

JAMES HUGGINS WEEKS.

HIS EARLY HISTORY—AS A RAILROAD MAN—PERSONAL—
HIS EARLY HISTORY.

Mr. Weeks was born in the city of New York, July 28th, 1798. He was the son of James Weeks, a merchant in that city.

At an early age he began attending select school in that city, and although educational advantages were more primitive, and classical privileges less extensive than now, he began the study that culminated in a sound business education.

In 1808, his parents moved from New York to Oyster Bay, Long Island, and took up their residence upon the old paternal farm. There young James continued his studies in the Oyster Bay Academy, then under the supervision of Rev. Marmaduke Earle.

In 1818 he married Susan Maria, the second daughter of Major William Jones, of Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, residing principally in Oyster Bay until the year 1827. At the expiration of that year, he moved to Yaphank, having previously purchased a large tract of land—a portion of Col. Smith's patent. In 1836, in conjunction with William Sidney Smith and Robert H. Gerard, he purchased the old Homan Mills, and erected a new and commodious one upon the site of the old one.

Mr. Weeks' land estate is extensive. His farm is productive and valuable, and his acres of thrifty timber-land are many. He has suffered much from repeated fires, and the damage he sustained is considerable.

There is a system of cleanliness and exactness about everything Mr. Weeks supervises, and his farm and buildings are models of neatness.

AS A RAILROAD MAN.

In 1834 a project was started by some prominent men in the city of New York to build a railroad from Brooklyn to Greenport.

Mr. Weeks early took a strong interest in the promotion of the scheme, and was one of the Commissioners named in the charter for receiving subscriptions for the capital stock.

In 1846 he was elected a director of the road, and in 1847 was chosen president—continuing in that office until 1850.

He has also been a trustee of Brookhaven Town for four consecutive years, a commissioner of highways, and filled other positions.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Weeks is a man of the day ; fully up to the developments around him.

The record of his life-work is one that may be studied with advantage by every one possessing sufficient spirit of emulation to wish to learn the true secret of successful lives. The undoubted success which he has achieved appears due to the healthy, vigorous mental and physical education he received. He has a wide-awake, practical knowledge of the live questions that concern the world of to-day, and a sound judgment of his own, which he ever reserves.

Mr. Weeks has but little sympathy for the struggling masses ; possesses a calm, even temperament, with no love for notoriety, and no patience with any truckling for popular applause, and no greed for the honors of office.

His public life has been marked with judicious actions, a firm conviction of his own ability, and a clear comprehension of public policy and not civic rule. He and the Hon. William Sidney Smith wielded great and acknowledged influence during their active connection with the Long

Island Railroad, and Mr. Weeks' administration was a successful and prosperous one.

Mr. Weeks has a spirit that was born to lead as well as to follow, and is nearly coherent with that class of men who are "born to command."

Few men have a better understanding of political and private economy than he; and he is a gentleman of quiet but most genial manners, always true to his convictions of duty, and very efficient in his quiet but usually successful support of his ideas.

He lives apart from the village and the world in a beautiful home, whose greatest charm is a loving wife, who, for over half a century of years, has walked the sunset way with him.

Mrs. Weeks is a refined and accomplished lady, and is highly connected. She is a sister of Mrs. William Sidney Smith, a lady of refined and cultivated mind and manners, and the mother of a noble and talented family.

Mr. Weeks never boasts of his wealth, his position in life, or of his accomplishments. He is a thorough business man, and wastes no time in useless debate or parley.

From the *New York Times* of Sept. 26, 1866, is extracted the following account of a daring attempt to rob Mr. Weeks, in his home at Yaphank. The spirited and business-like way in which Mr. Weeks usually disposes of difficulties, will be evidently apparent in the *Times'* description, which is as follows:

"On Saturday evening, soon after 8 o'clock, as Mr. and Mrs. James H. Weeks, of Yaphank, L. I., were sitting in a small front room of their house, in the eastern extremity of the village, a gentle knock was heard at the door of a narrow entry adjacent. Mrs. Weeks called the attention of her husband to it, who arose to open the door. Having been in a slight doze, and not at once seeing clearly, he did not go directly toward it, which Mrs. Weeks observing, went herself and opened the door. As she did so, two men, with faces disguised, pressed through the entrance. At the

same time, she saw two others standing outside. One of the former presented a pistol toward her, with a threatening 'hush !' while the other entered the sitting-room and aimed his pistol at Mr. W., with 'Your money or your life.'

"The words had barely been uttered, when Mr. Weeks, now thoroughly aroused, sprang toward the fellow, and with one hand seized the arm which held the pistol, and diverted its aim, while he grappled him with the other, forcing him against the wall and window, and driving his elbow through the latter. The outcry of Mrs. Weeks brought in a domestic from another room, whom Mrs. Weeks directed to blow a horn. In the meantime Mr. Weeks' assailant, still firmly clutched by him, struggled toward and succeeded in reaching the entry, through which they both went with a rush ; to avoid which the others precipitately retreated, and in so doing overthrew a large box of earth and flowers, with its heavy supporting block, which, happening to fall in the way, tripped the heels of the fellow, who fell backward, with Mr. Weeks on top of him. The fall disengaged the parties, when the fellow sprang to his feet and fled with the others, leaving a large black felt hat upon the ground, where it was presently picked up, and is still in Mr. Weeks' possession.

"The whole affair occupied less time than its recital, and had it not been for the resolute courage and activity of Mr. Weeks, who, by the way, is almost seventy years old, we might have had to report—what has lately become too frequent an occurrence—a bold and successful robbery, or something still more serious, instead of this unsuccessful attempt.

"We are happy to announce to the friends of Mr. Weeks that, with the exception of some bruises below the knee, occasioned by striking against the edges of the block, he came out of the struggle uninjured.

"W. J. W.

Monday, Sept. 24th, 1866."

Thieves and house-breakers entertain a poor opinion of Mr. Weeks since that occurrence, and leave him severely alone.

Mr. Weeks is one of the marked men on Long Island, and among the most influential. He represents the general convictions and aspirations of the class of men with whom he has long been connected. He may be wrong, but is never arbitrarily so. People may curse his actions, but can never deny his fixed and honorable motives. He has been schooled for defeat as well as victory, and neither can overcome him. Neither friends nor money can allure him from what he believes to be right, and nominations for office cannot corrupt him. He is no political tool, and never was, possessing no elective affinities of a great leader.

XXIV.

HON. WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH.

AS A MILITARY TACTICIAN—FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS—AS A PUBLIC MAN—PERSONAL.

Mr. Smith is a lineal descendant of Col. William Smith, the patentee of St. George's Manor, and was born at Longwood, a portion of the Manor, July 8th, 1796.

At seven years of age he was left an orphan, and his educational culture was under the direction of his uncle and guardian, Gen. John Smith, of Mastic, Long Island. After completing a thorough course, he entered the counting-house of Cotheal & Russell, in the City of New York. When twenty-one years of age he returned to his home at Longwood, and took possession of the vast estate inherited from his ancestors, and in the year 1823 he married Eleanor, a daughter of Major William Jones, of Coldspring, Queens County, Long Island, and settled permanently at Longwood the following year.

AS A MILITARY TACTICIAN.

Mr. Smith has been a public man for over forty years. In 1815, while in the militia service in New York City, he was appointed an ensign in the 142d regiment of the New York State Infantry, by Daniel D. Tompkins, then Gov. of New York State, and in the following year was promoted to the lieutenantcy of a company in the same regiment by Gov. Tompkins. From that period until the year 1823, he continued in the militia service. After his return to Long Island, Gov. Yates tendered him a commission as

Brigade Major, after which he was offered a commission as Colonel, which he declined.

FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM ACROSS THE WILDERNESS.

In the year 1819—over half a century ago—Mr. Smith undertook, and actually accomplished, a perilous journey from New York to Natchez, Miss., through a trackless wilderness of howling forests and barren plains.

In those semi-barbarous days, and in that wild country, life was purely original, and it must have been an effort for a gentleman—born and bred within the delicate circles of refined life—to have burst the silk and satin ties and plunged into the then almost unexplored precincts of savage Indians and wild beasts.

He was obliged to adapt himself to the primitive and novel modes of travel; the hardships of crossing mountains, fording streams, &c., and the many inconveniences of “roughing it.” Having accomplished the desired business, he returned in safety, after an absence of four months.

AS A PUBLIC MAN.

Mr. Smith has held various town and county offices, and has been a public man for nearly three score years. He was County Treasurer for fifteen years; has been Supervisor of the Town, a School Commissioner, a Trustee, and a Member of the State Assembly in 1834, '48 and '56. He has also been a railroad director, trustee, executor of many estates, and many minor offices of trust and responsibility has he filled, and always with honor to himself and satisfaction to his constituents.

His many years of official life are an undeniable verification of his ability and integrity, and the utmost confidence always reposed in him, a proof of his honor, ableness and solidity of character.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Smith is of the medium height, about seventy-nine years of age, with a slight, erect form, straight as an arrow. His manners are quiet and unostentatious. He is a man of great liberality, and a devout Presbyterian. He erected a handsome residence at Longwood, and reared a family of smart, energetic children. His sons are mostly public men, and inherit much of their father's popular spirit.

People know Mr. Smith but to honor him. Conservatives and Radicals, Democrats and Republicans, Catholics and Protestants, say nothing ill of Mr. Smith.

There is an air of frank benignity in his manner, sometimes a tenderness in his tone, and always so sincere in his efforts to please that one is captivated with his society. He has a mass of information, anecdote, incident and story about earlier days that is interesting and pleasing.

Mr. Smith is a generous creditor. If a man cannot meet his contracts, and Mr. Smith is satisfied that he is honest, he will never press him. He is a liberal supporter of the gospel, and his family imitate his philanthropy. Like the immortalized Sidney Smith, he is a great joker, and a more merry, jovial man one seldom meets.

But the eye once bright is growing dim, and the machinery of life runs no more with noiseless accuracy. The snows of many Winters have whitened the auburn hair, and the weight of years causes the stately form to totter.

Sidney Smith has been a busy man, and has taken an active part in the town and county affairs for many years, but his busy days are over. A few years ago he suffered a paralytic shock, and his health is greatly impaired.

His son Robert conducts his affairs here, and his sons and agents in the City of New York manage his business there and elsewhere. He is very wealthy, but to what extent cannot be definitely stated. He has interest in railroads, banking and other stocks, besides thousands of broad acres.

The pleasure is a sufficient remuneration for me to write of such men as James Weeks and Sidney Smith, and I acknowledge the honor and privilege of first recording in history the most important facts connected with their lives and times.

Men who live peaceful, honorable and active lives, and who live for the benefit of others as well as for themselves and families, are men the world love to honor and read about.

Messrs. Smith and Weeks are men that have lived for some good in life ; men that have advanced enterprise, and men that may die, but can never be *forgotten*.



SIDNEY H. RITCH.

XXV.

SIDNEY H. RITCH.

STATION ISLAND—WILLIAM GURNEY—FALL OF SAVANNAH—
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S DEATH—PERSONAL.

Mr. Ritch was born in the village of Port Jefferson, May 27th, 1840. His parents died when he was in his fourth year, and he was then cared for by his grandmother and uncle, who resided at Middle Island.

His father, believing he would financially better himself by removing South, resolved to go to North Carolina, where, for several years, he followed the occupation of teaching, and aided in revising the school system.

He settled in Hyde County, and was appointed President of the Board of Education established there.

Young Sidney was left with his uncle and grandmother, and was happy in his pleasant home. He was sent to school at an early age, and received such an educational polish as could be obtained at the village school. The teachers were usually very competent. Among them was Doc. E. H. S. Holden, regarding whose ability it is needless to comment.

On leaving school he found his store of knowledge incomplete, and has since been striving to add to what he then possessed. His favorite reading is the poetry of the best authors, such as Pope, Milton, Young, Southey, and others of acknowledged repute.

In the year 1859 the bud of his latent ambition burst, and he exchanged the common-place excitements of his rural home for the startling adventures of a "life on the ocean wave."

He led the free-and-easy life of a "jolly tar" during the year of 1859, when he returned home and taught singing-school during that Winter. In the year of 1860 he again bade farewell to home, and entered as an apprentice to the carpenters' trade. In 1862 he says, "I felt a power of patriotism burning in my bosom. I thought, instead of taking three pills, that I would take three years in the army. Hearing that there was a dispensary at 308 Broadway, New York City, I determined to secure a prescription. Some of my friends advised with me, and I resolved to try a 'dose.' I soon found my name enrolled among the 'true blues' of the gallant 127th N. Y. Volunteers, and met one thousand men equally as bad off as myself."

He says, "We were sent to

STATION ISLAND,

where we remained a few days waiting for equipments, clothing and State bounty.

"We stood guard with clubs and condemned muskets, which soon became monotonous. At last we received our clothing and equipments, but, instead of our State bounty, a stirring appeal to our patriotism from our Col.,

WILLIAM GURNEY."

Mr. Ritch has much of the Billings and Twain vein in his jolly composition, and his spicy descriptions of army life are decidedly entertaining and racy.

In one description of his soldier life he pleasingly says:

"We were cordially received at Baltimore and hospitably treated to a sumptuous supper—the last we were to enjoy for nearly three long years. We left again, *en route* for the national capital, but were delayed at the Relay House nearly all night in consequence of a severe rain-storm, which swept away the track in places, thus rendering it unsafe for us to proceed in the night. We at last arrived at Washington, having passed two days and a night in cattle cars which

looked like riddles. Finding ourselves at the capital, we expected soon to be introduced into more comfortable quarters, or, what would have been more pleasing, invited into the President's reception parlor, suffer the agonies of a private interview with the 'old man,' puff into oblivion a few of his choicest brands, listen to a round of his crackling jokes, and then be politely ushered into elegant sleeping apartments, whose downy couches were made doubly soft because a Simon Cameron or John Morrissey once found sweet repose in the perfumed foam of the snowy coverlets.

"While we were waiting in glorious anticipation of something grand, we were sternly ordered to 'fall in,' 'right face' and 'forward march!' We bivouacked for the remainder of the night in the field, with the canopy of heaven for our ceiling, the verdant earth for our bed, and a shoddy blanket for a covering. Thus surrounded and shut in from the outside world, we drew around us the curtain of repose, and for the first time laid us down to the peaceful dreams of a soldier. The remainder of the night we passed in heavenly slumber and bright dreams and brilliant visions of the battles of Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellerville and 'hanging Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree.'

"In the morning we awoke at the first tap of the drum, climbed up the hill, and fell in for roll-call. Each one answered to his name with an air of much uncertainty. We proceeded to take account of 'patriotism,' and found on investigation that it had depreciated about ten per cent. Some of the boys lost it all 'on the march' the previous night, and never deemed it worth going back after. During the day the ambulances arrived with whatever had been thrown away, with the exception of the 'patriotism.'

"We spent the Winter of 1862 in the defence of Washington, moving our camp frequently. From Arlington Heights we enjoyed a pleasant view of Gen. Lee's house, plantation, and beautiful surroundings. The residence is on the bank of the Potomac, and presents a magnificent

prospect of the Capitol. Near the house is the family burying ground of the Custis family. At the foot of the hill and near the river is the tomb of Peyton Randolph. Before Lee denied the authority of his country, and raised his hand in rebellion, he possessed all that heart could crave to bind him with endearing ties to his home and country.

"In the Spring of 1863, we were ordered into the field. Then began our long, tedious marches. In the outside precincts of Frederick City we found the 7th encamped. We entered into conversation with them, and our hearts were stirred, by their tales of suffering. Shelter tents covered them from inclemencies of the weather, and 'Government rations' stilled the inner man, and supplied the fountain of their 'patriotism.' We could decidedly sympathize with them, for we 'feasted' on the same kind of rations, but as for the tents, we had not been obliged to live in them. We were pleased to see their condition improved, for they were then in barns, doing duty at the front.

"One of our regiment became deranged, and ran about the field, with his fingers pointing heavenward, continually shouting, 'There's a light in the window for thee,' which was quite consoling, as we hourly expected to be called into action.

"We left the 7th regiment to 'guard the barns,' and advanced towards Boonsboro. We rested for the night, and the following day proceeded to Hagerstown. On the road we saw a signboard, bearing the inscription: 'Kilpatrick is not dead yet.' This was very cheering. We had the assurance that Kilpatrick was still 'up and doing,' and if we were slain, 'there was a light in the window.'

"During our many days of marching, we saw much picturesque scenery, and marched many poor mules to death. It was very much like ascending the side of a house to climb some of the mountains. We dared not look back for fear of falling a mile or two down the craggy sides. In Greenfield we found only one accessible well of water, and

that was filled with calves' heads, hens, chickens, &c. We soon cleaned out the 'little mess,' and, putting down a bag of charcoal, shortly purified the water.

"One day we were called out to witness the shooting of a deserter, a member of another regiment. The regiments formed a hollow square, and an ambulance approached with the victim, who calmly sat upon his coffin. He was led to his grave, placed upon his coffin, while twelve men, with loaded muskets, were drawn up before him. Clear and startling rang out the command to fire, and the next instant the poor wretch was writhing in the agonies of death. A few moments more, and the cold clay closed over the scene.

"During our passage to Charleston we were obliged to boil our coffee over lighted candles, on the steamer's deck. During the voyage an altercation took place, and in the excitement I threw a chap out of a third tier bunk to the floor. After my exhibition of physical prowess, I was politely informed that I had played a joke on the 'bully' of the regiment. Of course I did it accidentally!

"The voice of an angel used often to disturb the peaceful slumbers of those in Charleston. It was the 'swamp angel'—a single gun battery, mounted in the mud directly under the guns of Castle Pinkney. From this gun the first shot was hurled into the City of Charleston. Our leisure time was occupied in fighting sand-fleas, gnats, 'silver-tongued mosquitoes,' and drinking water that had been drained through the bodies of fallen heroes. Such was the bright side of my soldier life! I organized a class in singing, which I drilled in the quartermaster's tent once a week. One dozen books were presented to us from a friend in New York City, and four men were selected to form a quartette, viz.: George Reeves, Van Buskirk, Youngs, and myself. We received our appointments from Lieutenant Col. Woodford.

"During a battle a lad of fifteen years was mortally wounded. He was as fine a looking lad as I ever saw, and

of pure Union sentiment. He was pressed into the rebel service, fired his gun in the air, and shortly after received his death wound. In the agonies of death, deafened by the din of battle, he cried out for his mother and sister. Such incidents make tender and lasting impressions upon the mind, even of a soldier. In another battle two of my intimate friends were killed. While our batteries were firing in the morning, one of them wrote in his diary: 'If I am killed to-day, God help my mother.' Little he suspected, though he penned the sentiments, that the bright sun was beaming on him for the last time.

"One day a shell struck a cook-house of one of the regiments. The building being built of logs and mud, the shell caused a general demolition, and for a short time the only visible objects were mess-pans, kettles, and a thick cloud of dust. After the excitement subsided, the *debris* was seen moving in a certain place, and a moment later a Dutch cook emerged, saying: 'Vot in heell ish de madder?'"

Mr. Ritch is an amusing and gifted writer, and all of his narrations are spicy and pleasing. I heartily wish that time and space permitted yours truly to record more of his elaborate accounts of "life at the front," but this contracted biographical and descriptive record will not allow more extended details, although positively entertaining. My readers must content themselves with the broken extracts I can only present; remember that "brevity is the soul of wit," and "a good time is coming."

Our hero again modestly breaks forth thusly: "Well, I have been hungry all day, and when the shades of twilight fell, slept on two rails to keep from sinking in the mud, so I could find myself in the morning. I have seen men with their heads blown off, with arms and legs, and all that tends to make life desirable, shattered to fragments; but this does not seem to call forth much sympathy, because I was not blown to atoms, I suppose. One night there came up a dense fog—thicker than a stone wall and higher than

the tower of Babel. With this fog came the news of the 'fall of Savannah.' All the troops turned out at midnight and gave three cheers, a tiger, and a tom-cat. Our bands struck up the new tunes, called Hail Columbia, Star Spangled Banner, and Yankee Doodle—all composed for the occasion. I am glad to hear that they have since become somewhat popular. Out of justice to the fog, I would state that some of the notes didn't come down until the next day, and some of the artillerymen got their ramrods fast in the fog, and couldn't get them out until it cleared in the morning.

"Beauregard having heard of the

FALL OF SAVANNAH,

and of General Sherman's advance, started farther South. While in the City of Charleston I formed some pleasant acquaintances—of course, the most agreeable of them were with ladies, with excellent vocal talents. Many enjoyable moonlight excursions have I whiled on the pleasant Bay. But this is the romantic portion, of which we read so much in books. We took possession of one of the finest and largest churches in the city, and soon established a fine choir of mixed voices. In the post-office I became acquainted with General Harrison's grandson, John Taylor, Stanly G. Trott, and others of note.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S DEATH

caused deep regret, not alone to the soldiery, but with the citizens. Leaving Charleston, we started for Hilton Head, and thence for New York. Talk about moonlight excursions with Southern beauties, with golden, raven, auburn, or any other tresses! Such things are appropriate for poets and love-sick swains to prattle about, but is naught compared to a

"'HOMEWARD BOUND,'"

after a three years' knock-about in the war.

“After returning to civil life, I again took up my trade for a season ; but finding myself not as robust as before the war, I gave it up, and for a period was with Prof. Abby, in New York City, receiving musical instruction. At this time I was chorister in the Tabernacle Church, in Greenpoint, where I became acquainted and rather fascinated with the young lady organist in the same church. Both being musicians, I thought it might prove beneficial to study our natures a little. We used sometimes to while whole evenings in this delightful study, until at last we found our chords so complete that we ventured to appear in public, where we struck the hymenal chord, from which we have not as yet resolved into the dominant Seventh.”

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ritch has a peculiar and rare gift of song. He is tall and well-formed, with a long, flowing beard, dark and wavy. There is a freedom from cant and affectation in his manner. His voice is clear and ringing, and sweeps from the lowest bass to the highest register, in tender and pathetic notes.

His wife is a sweet lady—talented and musical. Theirs is a harmonious life, devoted to the soothing powers of song. Mr. Ritch has taught many singing schools, and qualified many pupils for the sweet field of music.

His whole make-up assists him ; his actions are pleasant and natural ; he puts himself in perfect sympathy with his audience, and his ringing voice pours out charming music. Whether the flowers are blooming in Spring or dying in Autumn, the change affects not his jolly jokes. Down the flowery path he treads, arm-in-arm with his gifted wife. The roses and the lilies bloom for them, and their songs mingle with the warbling notes of the birds, and are wafted o'er the placid waters to the sweet Eden of song.

Part Second.

OLD YAP AS IT WAS.

THE

OLD LAND-MARKS THAT HAVE PASSED AWAY.

PART SECOND.

I.

YAPHANK AS IT WAS.

CONTAINING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE MEN THAT
ONCE WERE PROMINENT.

ESQUIRE MORDECAI HOMAN.

HIS SMALL BEGINNING AND FINAL ACHIEVEMENTS.

While Yaphank has a history and Brookhaven Town a record, the name of Mordecai Homan will form a prominent feature in both.

He was the most popular and illustrious Homan and citizen that ever lived in Yaphank ; he was a sagacious politician, of keen penetration and judgment, a discerning and judicious business man, and a noble and much-loved citizen.

No man was better acquainted with the history of his day and town than he ; for forty-two years he was Town Clerk, a responsible and trusted officer.

When age laid its unrelenting hand upon him, and infirmities forced him to lay aside the quill forever, it was a lamented period in Brookhaven. The old veteran laid down his harness with a sigh. Long years had he been the social friend and adviser of public men ; long years had he been a faithful servant and an honorable leader.

During all the years of his public life, not a murmur was spoken against him. No one doubted 'Squire Homan's ve-

racity and honor ; no one questioned what he discharged. When his eyes grew dim and his steps tottering, he bade farewell to a busy life, lived to see a successor established, and then girded on his armor for the long, long march of his fathers.

When the cruel grave closed over him, and the mourning ones turned toward the home made sad by the Angel of Death, a soothing consolation cheered every heart, and mitigated the deep sorrow ; he had left a spotless record, a white rose of a blameless life behind him.

Those who had differed with him politically, dropped a tear over his grave. The bad, bold politician, feared, but loved him. When he died the sun set over a sorrowing people.

His life was a martyrdom of care and trouble. A large family of ailing relatives depended upon him for the things of life, and hundreds of dollars went to alleviate physicians' demands. With but few to assist and many to pull down, he still trudged manfully on, and reared a snug fortune and an enviable name.

From boyhood to ripe old age he carried that ambitious and business-like air. He was truly a self-made man, and erected the pillars of his success. He was born of plebeian parentage, and no golden spoon held dainty morsels to soothe his childish whims. No wealthy relatives or financial king placed him in public favor, or assisted in sustaining his reputation.

During the most seditious and tumultuous political times, when the trusted and tried party men were abused and crushed by a people who had lost confidence in them, Esquire Homan was among the few who ran the gauntlets unabused, and passed the ordeals unscathed.

There were no Camerons, no Wades, no Butlers or Sumners in his day ; and he lived before the men of Morrissey stamp became honorables and national dictators.

HIS SMALL BEGINNING AND FINAL ACHIEVEMENTS.

Early in life he taught school and labored upon his farm. He lived with his father upon his farm at Middle Island during his younger days.

When about twenty-eight years old, he married a Miss Polly Buckingham, in Old Milfred, Conn., and purchasing his brother's interest in the "Homan estate," at Yaphank, moved thither.

He evinced original ability, and his appreciating townsmen soon elected him a Justice of the Peace. In consummation, Esquire Homan officiated in nearly every town office.

In the days of his glory, his many friends were enthusiastically in favor of his accepting the nomination for Assembly. That nomination, and the proffered one for Supervisor, he decidedly refused. He was, without doubt, the strongest candidate for either position in the town, at that time.

THOMAS HOMAN.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

This deceased yeoman was born in Yaphank, 1781. His remains are buried in the Presbyterian churchyard, surrounded by the graves of those who were young with himself.

He died Feb. 6th, 1860, aged seventy-nine years and six months.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

Thomas Homan was a farmer, and owned and tilled the farm now occupied by his son Edward. He was a much respected neighbor, and an exemplary Christian. "Everybody liked 'Uncle Tommy,' and 'Uncle Tommy' liked everybody." He had a small body, but a large heart; and his mind was invariably contented and happy.

Thomas was the youngest of a family of three brothers—Mordecai, Philip and Thomas. Their father was named Mordecai, and their grandsire also.

Mr. Homan lived during the "Sunny Era," before the "new fangled things" drove the good old established customs into obscurity. He lived in Yaphank when it was not Yaphank, and when every citizen now living was far in the future.

There are many anecdotes connected with the lives of these "Subjects of the Past," that would interest and amuse; but time and space does not permit me to record them.

By plunging into the buried past, I contracted a more arduous task than I at first imagined. To recall the local interest of my own day is a facile effort compared to my gleaned reminiscences of the long ago; but I endeavored to make my sketches as authentic as they are brief.

I smile in my heart as I write of these old patriarchs, who, many years ago, guided the plow and gathered the harvest where dwellings and business institutions now stand; whose lives were unbroken by fashion's tide; whose years were unmarred dreams of rustic happiness, remote from the engine's screech or the roar of enterprise.

What a grand transformation! The old men that are gone could never live happy in this age! It is too scientific and enlightened!

"Uncle Tommy" was an industrious man, and an unchangeable Christian. His voice has long been silenced, and sweet flowers have many Summers bloomed over his grave; but when the Resurrection shall arouse the slumbering dead, his face will beam brighter than the flowers that wave o'er his grave.

II.

DEA. SIMMONS LAWS.

Dea. S. Laws was born in England, 1781, and died at Yaphank, Feb. 4, 1867, aged 86 years, 10 months and 10 days.

He came to the "States" with his parents when fifteen years old, and settled in the Ridge. He married there, and early moved to Yaphank, where he kept a tavern in an old structure that stood west of his more recent residence.

To the day of his decease he was a senior elder and deacon in the Presbyterian Church, and quite ecclesiastically famous.

When he came to Y—— he was not wealthy, but continually added to his estate, and ultimately possessed a large tract of wood and cultivated land.

Dea. Laws was a pious man, but ignorance often caused him to grope in darkness. He was arbitrary and self-willed, and blindly grasped for worldly goods. Like many exemplary Christians, he carried the world in one hand and God's Word in the other. His besetting sin was an inborn love for money; but that peculiar failing is as universal within the sanctuary as in the "Broad Road," and is not generally declared a "very bad fault."

Mr. Laws lived to a ripe old age, and calmly sank to sleep. He left many mourning friends behind him, and a breach that has never been filled. It was a lovely winter day when his remains were lowered to their long, long rest; but at the last trump his face will beam from beyond the setting sun, and he will be judged with his fathers.

RICHARD HAWKINS.

Richard Hawkins was born in Setauket, 1796, and died at Yaphank, April 29th, 1855. He was fifty-nine years old.

Mr. Hawkins was a quiet, retired man, and not very popular or exceedingly unpopular. He reared a large family, and died poor. He died in obscurity, and in the bosom of his family.

No lioness cast her whelps in the streets when he was born or when he died. No warring of the elements, or strange appearances in the heavens, denoted that a great soul had passed into eternity; but, calmly and serenely, as the sun rose in the east, his spirit sank down the west.

He was a laboring man, and worked alternately at farming, tailoring and carpentering. He never gained pre-eminence in his combined callings, or even distinction in one.

His children are separated far and near. One son lies beneath the dark waters of the Atlantic, and another, Robert, entered the Mexican war, came home, "went up the Mississippi," took ill and died.

Mr. Hawkins married a daughter of Dea. Simmons Laws, and settled in the home of his after scenes.

He established no enduring name, and his good and bad acts lie mouldering with his mortality.

III.

JONAH HAWKINS.

HIS EARTHLY LABORS—UNCLE JONAH'S ANTERIOR POSITION.

This jocund old gentleman was born in West Moriches, Sep. 3, 1790. He died Dec. 3, 1856. His epitaphic words were: "When my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord."

Jonah Hawkins was not an exceedingly fascinating man, physically, but a more agreeable and honorable citizen never existed in Yaphank. Always feeble and frail in constitution, but active and ambitious.

He was hunchbacked and very deaf; but, notwithstanding his physical deformity, he always wore a genial smile for every one. Mr. Hawkins possessed an irreproachable reputation while living, and left a white record of a blameless life.

HIS EARTHLY LABORS.

Where E. W. Mills now "gathers in the dust" stood an unpainted, weather-beaten, brown structure, one story and attic high. In that old building, Jonah Hawkins established a grocery store on a limited scale, and from behind the low, rough-planed counter, the old gentleman would smilingly greet his rustic customers.

In those "ye olden days," Yaphank—then Millville—gloried in the accommodations of three stores. Isaac Terry's was declared the model mercantile institution, and he the "princely merchant."

J. P. Mills was then unknown upon the mercantile sea, but he soon launched his chip. He purchased Mr. Terry's business and interest, and became possessor of the lit-

tle brown store. A larger and more commodious one was soon erected upon the old ground, and the romantic name of "Mills" was a business fact.

UNCLE JONAH'S ANTERIOR POSITION.

What is now Van Rensellar Swezey's carriage and store house, forty years in the past was a popular grocery and Yankee Notion store, where the vivacious subject of our sketch bartered his commodities and notions for farmers' produce, and the hard cash of the local yeomanry.

"Uncle Jonah" lived to the mature old age of three-score years and six, and then he girded on his armor and began the long, long march through the valley. He died as he had lived, fearing God and loving man.

His mortality slumbers beside those of his faithful companion, in the Episcopal graveyard in Yaphank.

JONAS BUCKINGHAM.

Jonas Buckingham was born in the town of Old Milford, Ct., February 25, 1779. He died and was buried at Yaphank, February 25, 1815. He was, accordingly, 46 years old when he laid down the things of life.

There lives not a mortal upon earth at the present day who remembers Uncle Jonah's boyhood, or the scenes of 1779; and the number is meagre who can recall the period of his marriage and residence in Yaphank.

He married a widow lady named Greene, I believe, and settled in Yaphank on the bank of the bonny Connecticut.

IV.

MORDECAI OVERTON.

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.

Mr. Overton was born in Coram, May 26, 1797, and died at Yaphank, November 17, 1866. He was, according to mathematical exactness, 79 years old.

Mordecai was an ingenious man, and noted as a successful watch and clock repairer. He was a son of the "illustrious" John Overton, and brother of the "immortal" James.

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.

The Overtons are an almost innumerable race, and their names appear conspicuously at every point of the compass. They are a class that have become more remarkable for numbers than illustrious deeds or virtues, and Mordecai was a fair representative of the "great whole."

I know of none that begat criminals, or men eminent for innate greatness; in the language of the Englishman, they "are about arf and arf." It can be safely declared that the race never will do much damage by the impetuosity of family ambitions, or much national benefit by statesmanly greatness.

Mordecai lived in Yaphank many years, and was universally considered an honorable, ingenious and inoffensive man; a pleasant neighbor and companion.

Mr. Overton was a remarkable inventor in his humble way, and constructed many things of decided merit. He invented the famous crank augur now in use in every shipyard in the country. He also invented the combination shovel, for digging cellars, cisterns, wells, &c. None of

these were patented, and, like nearly every other inventor, Mr. Overton died poor.

DANIEL HAMMOND.

THE SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF HIS DAY.

Daniel Hammond was born May 23d, 1774, and died December 30th, 1848.

Mr. Hammond was shoemaker, tanner and currier for the vicinity, and was considered a clever workman. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the farmers furnished hides to the local tanneries, and had them "done up on shares." Cobblers visited the rural homes and "made up" the family work once or twice a year. Cow-hides were considered fashionable, and even bare feet on the Sabbath were not regarded as violating conventional decorum.

Mr. Hammond was not remarkable for noble deeds, or for his individual malevolence. He was not illustrious for his elevated magnanimity or debased malapertness.

THE SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF HIS DAYS.

It was customary, and not considered debasing, in Daniel Hammond's time, to "tip the elbow." Men in exalted stations, and those regarded as examples, and highly respectable people in all capacities, drank "blue lightning."

The ring of the social glass was heard at every public and private gathering, and was countenanced by the aristocrat and the plebeian. Cider flowed in every man's cellar, and "good whiskey" was no luxury in the farming homes. But evil effects attended the old-time drunks, as it invariably accompanies our more modern "carousels," and *delirium tremens* was as common as the toasts.

Mr. Hammond liked the "fire water," but seldom drank to dissipation, or a pernicious extent. It was usual for him to drink a friendly glass with such men as Esquire Homan and Phillips, who generally drank the great toast of the day—friendship.

Five sons and a daughter grew up around him, and still live to read his record.

Mr. Hammond was familiarly known among his acquaintances and neighbors as "Neighbor Hammond," and by that *soubriquet* was universally addressed.

He was a smart man and an excellent workman, but if he ever suffered a besetting sin, it was a passion for intoxicating liquor.

The snows of many winters have fallen over his grave, and his body lies, with no monument to mark its resting place, in the Middle Island burying-ground.

V.

ESQUIRE WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

A REVIEW—THE OLD SQUIRE'S PECULIARITIES.

Time will not permit me to dwell lengthily on the biography of this lamented man, whose appellation forms the subject of this sketch.

He died as he had lived : in the bosom of his family, and high in the esteem of all who knew him.

Esquire Phillips was born in 1787, and died March 22, 1858. His body reposes among the tombs of his fathers and friends in the Middle Island burying-ground.

A REVIEW.

Before he was married he worked in an uncle's store as clerk, in Connecticut. There he learned to drive sharp bargains, and became acquainted with the varied tastes, dispositions and characters of humanity generally.

When still young he came back to old Long Island, married, and settled down as a farmer. He owned an extensive and fertile farm, and, unlike our farmers of this age, the farm made him and he made the farm.

He speculated much in wood and other staple products of the time, and amassed quite a fortune. The 'Squire was a hard-working man ; hale and rugged.

He made his wealth by honest toil and enterprise, and he left four children a father's blessing, an honest name, and the fruits of honorable toil.

For many years prior to his death he suffered with a painful cancer, which caused his death at last.

He was not a professing christian, but an exemplary moral man. His name would fittingly adorn the scroll of the good men of any time.

His son William, who bears his name, bears his reputation for enterprise and industry. He has done more to benefit Yaphank than a dozen Augustus Floyds or Nathaniel Tuthills ever did or will.

Where the County Alms House reared its leviathan frame, twenty-five years ago grew tall forest trees, and impenetrable undergrowth shut out the howling wood. 'Squire Phillips purchased the tract, and cleared the land now known as the county farm.

DANIEL HOMAN.

Daniel Homan was born in 1800, and died at Yaphank, Feb. 20th, 1847.

At seventeen he was apprenticed to the carpenter trade under the vigilant instruction of Benjamin Grover of Wading River, L. I.

In 1821 he married a Miss Melissia Griffing, and removed with his young wife to Brooklyn, Long Island. He purchased lots and built the first house ever erected on Pineapple street, Brooklyn.

The climate impaired his wife's health, and not proving exceedingly congenial to his own, he returned to his old home in Yaphank.

He was an ingenious and skillful workman. Apparently in the flush of manhood and health, that deadly ill of the human race—consumption—fastened its implacable coils around his form, and the strong man became feeble and emaciated. For seven years he suffered a lingering death, when the diseased body fainted and died. He has faced the "king of terrors," and suffers no more sickness, no more sorrow.

VI.

ISAAC MILLS, ESQ.,

HIS DEATH.

Isaac Mills was born in Smithtown, 1769, and died at Yaphank.

Some men are born unfortunate and die miserable. Genial smiles beam upon some from the cradle to the grave, and dark days never lower. Privately and publicly, no cloud darkens their sky, but all is sunshine.

How strange and intangible seem some of God's dispensations to man; and how varied are His dealings with us mortals. He allows the persecuted to suffer, nor guides a good Samaritan to cheer the sorrowing.

Still more mysterious is His dealing with the persecutor. The unrelenting and uncompromising man of the world lives to a ripe old age amid the blessings of health and mortal affairs, while the godly and moral suffer in body, mind and soul, from sickness, trouble, and unpardonable crimes compulsorily performed.

We cannot but believe that although Isaac Mills slept the nights of his unhappy end away upon a bed of thorns, that a couch of roses awaited him beyond the Great Unfathomed, where he is freed from the taunts and abuse of unnatural relations.

He lived unfortunately and died unfortunately. His earthly career was an ordeal of trouble—especially his latter life.

Trouble—domestic, it is asserted—bore him to a suicide's grave; and, indeed, it must have been aggravatingly

intense to have caused his committal of a deed so shocking, for Isaac Mills was inevitably gay and buoyant spirited.

His bones are mouldered to dust, and his tongue is silent forever, and the true reasons that caused him to commit the awful crime that lowered the black curtain over his dreary life, were buried with his body, and money has ever kept the sea unruffled that rolls above the mystery.

Who or what originated the trouble that caused him to take his life, is one of the sealed insolubles that time alone can reveal.

HIS DEATH.

It was a lovely Sunday eve that he committed the act that stamped his name upon the dark scroll of self-murderers. The night wind rocked the tall trees to and fro that towered above the old farm-house where he lived ; and the holy silence of a Sabbath evening had fallen over the settlement of Yaphank.

It was an evening in keeping with the horrible deed that was destined to make it long remembered. The stars glimmered dimly through a hazy mist, and twilight—the most solemn hour of the twenty-four—was slowly transformed into sober darkness. The lovely twilight hour had vanished, and evening had thrown its sable mantle over the quiet Sabbath scene, when the night air rang with the report of a shocking deed.

“Isaac Mills has committed suicide !”

The startling import roused the slumbering yeoman, and changed the sleeping settlement into a rustic bedlam.

Behind the barn that still stands upon the old farm, lay the subject of the report, groaning and dying.

His throat was severed from ear to ear, and the gurgling noise caused by blood flowing into his throat, attracted the attention of cattle in an adjoining yard, and their loud bellowing raised the alarm.

When a sufficient number of witnesses had arrived to sustain his removal, he was conveyed to his couch of thorns to die.

His wound was tenderly dressed by Doc. Samuel F. Norton, of Coram, his family physician, and he was urged to wait patiently the result. He rooked to and fro upon his couch, in an agony of mind and body. He did not wish to live ; oh, no ! What ! live to again undergo the trouble that robbed him of his happiness ? God forbid.

He tore the bandages from his wound, and prayed for death to relieve him of his agony. It came. The dreaded monster was welcomed in that little chamber of suffering, and the angel bore from the shores of time a great martyr. Isaac Mills was dead !

The cold sod had closed over his remains, and Isaac Mills was catalogued with the past. The affair created much "talk," but the excitement finally subsided and was forgotten ; but we are sanguine—although the stain of a suicide darkens his memory—that he is, this moment, praising the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.

APPOLLAS MILLS.

HIS ILLUSTRIOUS WIFE—THE TRUE MAN.

Appollas was the eldest son and heir of Isaac Mills. There were three sons and a daughter—Appollas, Horace, Philip, and Joanna.

Appollas married a Miss Urania Phillips, a sister of the popular Esquire William Phillips—who was seven years his senior. But, as considerable "cash" was annexed, the seniority was no obstacle to a happy union—and such it was.

She was a loving wife and mother, and an acknowledged business woman. Her name deserves to be cherished among the model women of the age, as a choice sample. She was more illustrious and popular than her husband, and did I represent feminine prominence in this little village record, be assured that Mrs. Urania Mills would be represented.

Appollas Mills did nothing while on earth wherein the world can recognize superior characteristical qualities, nor anything that does signalize his name.

By terming Mr. Mills conspicuous, I rank his sketch among others, who, in consequence of the scarcity of more brilliant subjects, I am compelled to notice in keeping with their family connections, rather than deserved eminence.

He was not loquacious, or taciturn; not classical, or illiterate; not obtuse, or gifted.

What was he? Well, he was "a man!" Yes, that is nice; it carries a deal of meaning with it. A man of honor! A man in the true sense of the word!

Although he did nothing worthy fame or story; although no historian will labor over pages of flowery words in extolling his obscure name, he nevertheless deserves a shining throne high above the fabled heroes whose crimsoned swords won bloody records, but not the enviable titles of "true men."

VII.

DANIEL B. SWEEZEY.

"Died at Yaphank, April 24th, 1863, Daniel B. Sweezy, in the 33d year of his age."

The above appeared, with the quoted obituary below, in the *Suffolk Herald* of May 20th, 1863.

"On the 11th of the same month, in leaping from a wagon, he struck the ground unfavorably, and broke his leg. The fracture was complicated, with a severe external wound from the protruding bone, and although at first hopes were confidently entertained, it became apparent in a few days that he was in a critical condition. *Tetanus*, or locked-jaw, supervened, and baffled all the efforts of his physician. His funeral on Sunday, the 26th, was largely attended by his sorrowing friends and neighbors, and was impressive as a remarkably mournful occasion.

"In parting with Daniel, our community has sustained a serious loss. Here, every one is known and numbered, and his death has opened a void that cannot easily be filled. Steady and industrious, he gained our respect; kind and obliging, he won our esteem and friendship. His open heart and willing hand contributed to his usefulness. In his dealings he was generous and liberal, and his deportment and cheerfulness comported with his Christian character and pleasantry. While he bore his sufferings with manly fortitude, he was resigned to his fate, and died lamented by all. This brief tribute is due to his memory, while his lineaments are still vividly before us, and ere time shall have wrapped all in forgetfulness. For him we may safely cher-

ish the belief that he has exchanged the cares of earth for the joys of Heaven."

"Lord, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

"'Tis he who walketh uprightly,
Whom righteousness directs;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart rejects.

"Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered round.

"Who, vice in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.

"Who, to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

"Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

"The man who, by this righteous course,
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secured."

YAPHANK, May 15th, 1863.

How the people mourned when Daniel Sweezey died !
Each grain of earth that fell over his grave, seemed to bear
down the lamenting hearts in deeper sorrow.

He was one of those scarce men who go down to the cruel
grave when their virtues can be ill spared.

For years Mr. Sweezey was the loadstone of J. P. Mills'
store, and when the unfortunate trip robbed him of his life,
he was fast becoming the most popular man in this vicinity.

He married the youngest daughter of Appollas Mills—a
sister of J. P. Mills—and entered the store as head clerk.
He left no children to mourn a father's death, but a loving
wife to suffer a husband's loss.

In the church-yard at Middle Island, he is sleeping the
sleep that knows no waking, and o'er his grave is reared a
tablet to the memory of one of nature's true noblemen.



VIII.

ROBERT H. HAWKINS, JUN.

HIS FIRST STRUGGLE—A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

Mr. Hawkins was a gentleman of sterling qualities, and, although his promising future was obscured by the grim mantle of death, his works on earth evinced his many excellent talents, and a beaming future of well-earned honors and happiness.

HIS FIRST STRUGGLE.

When but a lad his ambitious spirit led him into busy life. At an early age Mr. James H. Weeks gave him a letter of introduction to a prominent mercantile firm in the City of New York, and his movements upward began. It led him on to the bright goal of business aspiration. It helped him amass a fine fortune, and to form endearing ties with many noble characters.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

Mr. Hawkins died at Yaphank, L. I., December 16th, 1855, aged 38 years.

After a short illness Mr. Hawkins was stricken down in the prime of his manhood, and at an age when his prospects were bright for many years of happiness with his beloved and interesting family.

It is but a little while since he retired from an active commercial life in the City of New York to enjoy the rural and domestic pleasures of his native place, and to soothe

the declining days of his aged father, who, being entirely blind, was the more dependent upon his son.

Although the time allotted him to discharge these filial duties was short, yet his friends can testify how faithfully he performed them. Kindly he guided the faltering steps of the old man, and cheered his lonely home by reading and praying with him. Not only is his death a loss to his family, but to society, and to all to whom he had endeared himself by his frank and courteous manners and generous disposition. Kind and obliging, he was always ready to confer a favor, and ever grateful when he received one. The disease, which terminated in an affection of the brain, rendered him unconscious of all around, and insensible to the attention and solicitude with which he was watched by his family, friends and neighbors. They hoped and prayed for some favorable change, that he might be spared to his beloved ones. But no interval of returning consciousness permitted him to bid farewell to those so dear to his heart. Yet they are not without the ever-blessed assurance that his peace was made with God. That he had not neglected, while in health, to "set his affections on things above;" "to lay up his treasure in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt." Nor was he ashamed to confess Christ before men, in partaking of the Holy Sacrament in obedience to the command: "Do this in remembrance of me." His christian deportment and conversation were apparent to all, and he has truly left an example worthy of imitation. Although in the enjoyment of worldly prosperity, and occupying his new and beautiful residence, in circumstances where pride so easily besets the human heart, he was just as humble as in the isolated cottage. Before its completion his beautiful home was consecrated to prayer, and made a habitation for God.

One of the last acts previous to his death was to construct a fence enclosing the family burial ground, through the gate of which his own mortal remains were the first to be borne.

There may they lie in peace until the morning of the Resurrection; and, if we believe that "Jesus died and rose again," "even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

A sad day, a sad hour it was when Hewlett Hawkins was laid in the dark and stilly tomb. Every Spring the warm zephyrs fan the sweet flowers that bloom over his grave, and the cruel frost of Autumn cuts down the waving grasses, as Death's pale charge cuts down the bright and promising man.

Part Third.

FACTS AND FANCIES;

OR,

TRUTH AND TRIFLES BOILED DOWN.

PART THIRD.

I.

THE FAILINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

GOSSIPING—COVETOUSNESS—"RUSHING" ENTERPRISE.

There are black sheep in every fold, and deceptive grantees in all society. No village is complete without a town pump, where the feminine portion can draw up and lower down the characters, wealth, and social standing of neighbors and acquaintances. As long, as long as the world revolves, so long, so long will old maids and young, discuss the prevalent gossip over the historical tea-table !

A stranger visits the place. No matter about the sex ; Miss Grundy must first inspect, and establish her verdict, before her devoted followers will unmask their batteries. If rich, third, fourth and fifth cousins will flock down like the frogs into Egypt, and overflow with kindness. The past reputation is of no consequence. The elegant and refined grasp heartily the callous palm, and smile upon the marks of the wash-tub. Money flings open the aristocratic gate, and gold paves the road where the "heavy" are wont to ramble.

Whatever excites the village, Mr. So-and-So is surely the procreator ; and stories, like snowballs, increase in size as they are rolled around.

Yaphankers have three failings, viz : Gossiping, Covetousness, and "Rushing" Enterprise. The first is universal, the second is semi, and the third demi-semi. Too

much enterprise proves pernicious. Ah! the fate of ambitious Yaphank!

GOSSIPING.

Gossiping is innate with some, and easily acquired by others. No one escapes their cruelty. A book filled with Yaphank gossip would be more thrilling and interesting than any model effort of a Lytton or Scott. When our full complement is at home, no place of its size can equal Yaphank for gossip in the known world. The four winds of Heaven toss mail bags through their doors, and the Moon tells them hidden tales. It is impossible to please a gossip, for

“ We may go through the world; but ’twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We’ll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—

For people will talk!

“ If quiet and modest, ’twill then be presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You’re a wolf in sheep’s clothing, or else you’re a fool,
But don’t get excited; keep perfectly cool—

For people will talk!

“ If threadbare your coat, or old-fashioned your dress,
Some one, of course, will take notice of this,
And hint, rather close, that you can’t pay your way,
But don’t get excited, whatever they say—

For people will talk!

“ If you dress in the fashion don’t think to escape,
For they criticise then in a far different shape,
You’re ahead of your means, or you’re bills are unpaid,
But mind your own business, and keep straight ahead—

For people will talk!

"They will talk fine before you, but then at your back,
Of venom and spite there is never a lack;
How kind and polite is all that they say,
But bitter as gall when your're out of the way—

Oh! people must talk!

"Good friend, take my advice and do as you please,
For your mind (if you have one) will then be at ease;
Through life you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, 'twill be of no use—

For people will talk!"

COVETOUSNESS.

The Scripture saith, "The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy." It is a common failing that few are willing to confess they are beset with; and if Moses kept breaking the Ten Commandments, or obliterated the Tenth, more exemplary churchmen would abound than now receive that "coveted" appellation. The "root of all evil" generally supports the tree of covetousness, and thus, the more man gets the more he wants. The wealthy of every town and village are generally the most covetous, and the world and community are never better for *their* existence.

Show me the successful, grasping men of any place, and I will name the covetous ones. It is the most debasing obstacle in the world to true Christianity; a rock upon which many unsuspecting ones are wrecked, and go down where the blind never see.

"RUSHING" ENTERPRISE.

The proof that there can exist too much enterprise is startlingly verified in this "Gem of the forests." The screams of our factories shock the nerves of the aged, and their smoke choke the dormant villagers; while the shouts of merry workmen startle the cattle on the hillside, and send old women into hysterics. The voice of Improvement

thunders over the hills, and down into the quiet valleys, rousing the sleepy yeomen from their long lethargy, and scattering surprise and astonishment everywhere. Who says too much enterprise is not destructive? Ah! the fate of Yaphank!

OUR SOLID MEN

"Can't bear the idea of Yaphank being as large as N. Y. City." Seems hard, too! "Crime can and will hide its black form in the bosom of a great city; and vice allure the unwary and innocent into its dark embrace," say our Solid Men. That is the reason land can't be bought to build a second New York, I suppose! They also say, "That in a large town or city, none inhale the sweet air of security breathed by the dwellers in a quiet village." Too bad! Well, the public never can declare our "Gem of the woods" a second Gotham of the Western World. Too much vice in towns for Solid Men!

II.

THE BENEFICENCE OF YAPHANKERS.

Nothing is peculiar about the beneficence of Yaphankers, except the fountain from which it springs. Here the poor give their mites with a smile, and the rich stand guard over their coffers. To ride through the village, strangers would declare Yaphank a cold, inhospitable place ; inhabited by selfish, disagreeable people. But it's not true. Yaphankers, as a people, are charitable ; and no place of its size contributes more toward supporting the Word of God and hushing the cries of the poor. It is only the rich of Yaphank that are uncharitable ; the poor and well-to-do are generous.

One can count with the fingers the men who darken the name of Yaphank, and blanket its munificence. They can be found in the church, and their names are familiar in the business circles. Such are a curse to civilization ! They block up the roads and highways, and swarm where their presence is pernicious. Yaphank never will prosper until these men balance their accounts and rest where the "woodbine twineth."

A stranger, soliciting alms, passed through Yaphank. He entered a gentleman's house, and asked for money and food. The gentleman told him he was poor, and had not money to shower on strangers. He is a steady churchman, and worth over fifty thousand dollars.

"You appear comfortable ; have a nice house, furniture, and clothing," replied the stranger ; "while I am sick, and have a large family depending on me for bread." The stranger retired without comfort.

There are men here who have retired from business, and live off their income, who shut their doors on the poor, and send them to Mr. — for alms; informing the solicitor that "*he is able, and willing to give.*" The poor man's sky is made no brighter, or his wants less, by the philanthropical virtue of some Yaphankers. But, thank God, there are generous exceptions!

Oh! how long will the poor cry for bread! How long will thousands die in abjectness and poverty in this world of abundance! How long will hundreds live in an Eden of plenty, and thousands in huts of want!

The interrogation re-echoes from the unfilled mouths of thousands of widows and orphans, "How long?"

A very pious old lady is a member of the Yaphank Presbyterian Church. She is the wife of a wealthy and retired citizen; and never wearies in lifting sinners out of the mire of the world. It is her joy to gather children into the Sabbath School, and tell them the "sweet story of old." She visits the homes of the poor. She crosses their thresholds with God's love swelling her heart to exuberance. She pats the ragged urchins on the head, and pours into their ears the tale of the Cross. She tells them if they are good and pious children, she will meet them in Heaven one day. But she never will! She is uncharitable. She enters the homes of poverty; but not to ease the bodily pains. The ointment of Heaven she freely bestows, and mistakes the haggard, pinched features for Heavenly smiles. She reads God's Word blindly, and believes a continual shouting in His favor the direct road to the Kingdom. There are many Christians like her in Yaphank. God grant their eyes may be opened on this side of the waters; for Lazarus cooleth no tongues!

III.

MORAL AND IMMORAL YAPHANK.

MORAL YAPHANK.

It is not my intention to dwell protractedly on this ethical subject. An unquestionable person or place requires no redeemer. The inborn virtues form an impenetrable barrier, and paint an unassuming but unapproachable picture for public inspection. Truly, an untarnished title requires no aid to place it upon a favorable basis. The exemplary life of Washington can be told in a few words, while the varied career of the traitorous Arnold would occupy columns.

In reviewing the morality of Yaphank, and comparing with foreign samples, I am decidedly convinced that we have as sound and tried morality in our retired little village as abounds in other towns of more prominence, and far bolder pretensions ; the denizens of which ever delight in speaking and writing encomiastically of their people and Christian advancement.

I believe the elixir of Christianity consists not in pharisaical pompousness and absurd boasting of one's spiritual virtues ; and that the reverberating echoes of individual horns are no more a verification of individual greatness than the ass's bray is a proof of his fondness for oats. A man's virtues are confirmed by his deeds ; which fact is plainly established in the biographies of all truly immortal moral men.

The majority of our citizens are moral, highly respectable, and all pertaining thereto ; and if less inclined toward the mountain of self-aggrandizement and exaltation, and

more curbed their avariciousness and worldly lusts, I should be spared the painful duty of writing even a limited account of the immorality abounding here.

My friends and the public will expect and justly require of me an impartial and correct description of Yaphank and the people; and I shall endeavor to complete the obligations of my undertaking and present to the reading public what every town, city and county should—an authentic history of the inhabitants and place.

It is impossible to write in laudation of one without making a contradictor and opponent of another; and men who write, confining themselves to partial and relative limits, can never be regarded as reliable historians.

IMMORAL YAPHANK.

What more enlightened villages would term guileless amusement, moral and over-strenuous Yaphank would declare shockingly wicked.

While frolics are in vogue, the good congregate to offer prayers for the glddy and read *their* "titles clear." One foot must belong to the church, or the frequenters of the unholy ball-rooms are beyond redemption.

It has originated no little amusement among strangers visiting this hidden oasis of the woods, regarding the forced detestation some institute against that most pleasurable of our harmless pastimes, "a good country hop." Generally they cannot dance themselves, and never attempted the "useless and immoral amusement." But, as fast as they master the art, their enthusiasm overcomes their previous aversion, and it is astonishing the number of "hops" these "moral" ones will "get up" through the agency of some veteran dancer. Shy at first in instigating these "evil gatherings," they become more and more enraptured with the harmless enjoyment, and are soon catalogued—by those yet ignorant of the delightful art—among the irreparably lost.

If "tripping the light" will debar any from that heavenly choir, how many innocent ones will "pass in" their checks at Hades! Oh! ye Gospel-makers of cant and dollars—of free love and anti-local-eruptions, seek not for an occasion to come in contact with those who prefer dancing their way to the Great Unfathomed to living a lethargical career of valueless gossip in mansions built of glass!

IV.

YAPHANK AS IT WAS.

WHAT COMPRISED YAPHANK IN 1800—YAPHANK MILLS
AND THEIR HISTORY—THE OLD GRANTS—WHY YAP-
PHANK WAS NOT A CITY.

YAPHANK IN 1800.

In the early days Yaphank—Middle Island—Millville—was an almost unknown hamlet of about twenty houses.

To give its present inhabitants a brief idea of what constituted Yaphank in 1800, I will mention and situate the old land-marks that have been swept away by the cruel waves of time.

The number and sites of the cottages were as follows: One by the present residence of James Weeks, and an old dilapidated structure near the house of Appollas Mills, late deceased. Another near the site of Gerard's grist-mill—the home of Jonas Buckingham. One upon the ground where the house of the late William Albin now stands. The Paul Terry homestead was then a "palatial mansion;" it is more familiarly known as the "old John Owen house." The building still stands, and is the property of J. P. Mills. Esq.

A one-story house was situated upon the banks of the river, about twenty rods south of Richard Hawkins' late residence—the supposed home and property of Samuel Randall, Sr. Another ancient cottage reared its moss-embellished chimneys about ten rods east of D. D. Sweezy's hacienda; and one near the site of Samuel Norten's domiciliation. An almost antediluvian dwelling stood west of

the famous "Valley Farm Hotel," now the estate of Alfred Reid, Sr., but better known as the home of the late Dea. Simmons Laws.

The old farm-house owned and occupied by Edmund Homan was a fashionable cottage in 1800; and Nathaniel Tuthill's store-house another goodly dwelling. A few rods north of V. R. Sweezy's residence stood an old store and dwelling attached, owned and kept by the affable Jonah Hawkins. The frame was removed and is now Mr. Sweezy's carriage-house. Deeply imbedded in an old beam in that frame is the bullet that hurled John Sweezy into a suicide's grave. He was D. D. and V. R. Sweezy's uncle, and a brother of the notorious Christopher Sweezy.

Near by Robert Hawkins' domicile, where the public road is now established, stood another old land-mark. Northward nestled what is now the Sell's estate. Still farther toward the Polar Star was another ancient habitation. There Daniel Hammond dwelt and reared a sturdy family of giants—among them the famous John.

Next in order comes the old Homan homestead—an estate owned by the justly popular Esquire Mordecai Homan, and by the Homan family, for over two hundred years. There the old 'Squire conducted the financial affairs of Brookhaven Town for forty-two years. There a large family grew up around him, and there his spirit passed into eternal rest. Three more dwellings stood upon the Homan estate, and with probably one or two unnoticed in the vicinity, Yaphank—in 1800—was a farming settlement of about twenty houses.

YAPHANK MILLS AND THEIR HISTORY.

THE OLD GRANTS—WHY YAPHANK WAS NOT A LOWELL AND
ROCHESTER COMBINED.

THE OLD GRANTS.

The people who daily gaze upon these stately old structures, hardly realize the great metamorphosis they have passed through.

Sturdy men bore the grists of the old-time tillers of the surrounding farms, and the same pretty lakes carried the groaning stones for our forefathers in the eighteenth century.

The upper mills were first erected, and were built by a Capt. Robert Robinson, in 1739. In the old Town Record of Brookhaven is recorded the following Grant for the UPPER MILLS:

“At a meeting of the Trustees of Brookhaven Town, on the 12th of February, 1739, there were present, Capt. Robert Robinson, Samuel Thompson, Eleazer Hawkins, John Smith, Richard Floyd, Thomas Strong, and Nathaniel Roe. It was voted and agreed on and granted by the Trustees of the Town, that Capt. Robert Robinson shall have liberty to build a mill or mills on Connecticut River, above the going-over, where William Gerard now lives, at any place where he shall think convenient; and we, the said Trustees, do confirm unto the said Robert Robinson, and his heirs, forever, the full benefit of the said river—that is to say, the Town's right for the above said use—for the consideration of six shillings. To us in hand paid; and if he or his heirs shall improve the same, and build a mill or mills thereon, within the space of six years, or in some

convenient space of time after. Otherwise, to return to said Town."

Twenty-three years afterwards John Homan applied for and received a grant to erect a saw mill about one mile below. The following is a fac-simile in words of the grant given to John Homan for the privilege to build a saw mill in Lower Yaphank, in 1762 :

"At the Town Meeting on the 1st day of Nov., 1762, the Trustees then present, voted and agreed that John Homan shall have liberty to build a saw mill on Connecticut River, below his house, adjoining to his land ; but not to prejudice or hinder the going of the Upper Mill in any manner, for the sum of forty shillings.

"But not to build any grist mill thereon without the leave and order of the Trustees. And the said John Homan doth agree and bind himself, his heirs and assignees, to build a good and sufficient saw mill thereon, within the space of three years from this date ; and to keep the same in good and sufficient repair, and to saw at the rates of other saw mills ; and upon the whole and faithful performance of the above conditions, then the stream thereto to remain to him and his heirs. But, if any failure be made in the full and complete performance of the above conditions, or any part thereof, then this agreement to be void, and the whole promises to return and be again vested in the Trustees and their successors as fully as if this agreement was never made.

"And the said John Homan has liberty, also, to build a fulling mill thereon, if he sees fit, upon the same conditions and limits."

In 1771, the same gentleman received a grant to build a grist mill near or upon the same dam with his saw-mill ; and in the old Record is found the following curious restrictions and conditions of the grant :

"At a meeting of the Trustees on the 4th day of February, 1771, there were present, Jonathan Thompson, Benajiah Strong, William Floyd, Eleazer Hawkins, Richard Wood-

hull, and Joseph Brewster. At this meeting the said Trustees covenanted and agreed with Daniel Homan—that is to say, have granted and given liberty on their part, unto the said Daniel Homan, and to his heirs and assignees, that he or they may build a grist mill on the same stream, and at the place or dam where his saw mill now stands, with the conditions and restrictions following: That the said Daniel Homan shall complete the said mill for grinding, within the space of two years from this date; and also after that time, shall keep an approved miller, and also the said Homan shall take for toll three quarts and no more, out of each bushel of all sorts of grain which he or they may grind from time to time. Also, he shall always keep a bolting mill with a good country cloth, always to be freely used by those who have their grain ground at his mill.

“And, if the said Homan doth make default in the above agreement and covenant, then this above agreement and grant shall be void, and the same shall return to the Town and be the same as if it had not been granted. In witness thereof, I have set my hand of day and date as above written.

“DANIEL HOMAN.”

WHY YAPHANK WAS NOT A LOWELL AND A ROCHESTER.

Connected with the Lower Mills is an interesting history. Yaphank would have certainly been a Lowell and a Rochester had James Weeks and William Sidney Smith carried out their scheme.

While the Long Island Railroad was being built, the grain crops all over the country were failures, and wheat and other staple produce were imported from Germany and other European nations.

Messrs. Weeks and Smith purchased the Lower Mills of old Robert Hawkins, in 1836, and began what they should have terminated.

The failures of the grain crops, and Messrs. Weeks' and Smith's influence in the building of the railroad, originated their scheme.

They intended to bring the railroad in direct connection with their mills, import wheat from Germany, grind it into flour at their mill, and transport it by the railroad over the Island and country.

To make Yaphank a Lowell, they built a woolen factory near their other mills, and again began what they should have terminated. Why Yaphank is not a Lowell and a Rochester, is because Messrs. Smith and Weeks did not make it so!

V.

OUR DIMINUTIVE YALE.

THE YAPHANK DISTRICT SCHOOL AND ITS HISTORY—THE
SCHOOL-HOUSE—PAST AND PRESENT.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

This neat little octagonal building, with its pretty observatory as an apex, stands lonely and unadorned in an open, unenclosed lot, opposite the residence of Doc. James I. Baker.

Around and within it are the indelible marks of the ruthless propensities of Young America.

The village school-house! How meagre and unsensational seems the name of those thousands of isolated repositories of learning that sparkle in the quiet valleys, on the wooded hill-sides, and on the plains of our boundless Home of the Free! How many shouts of genuine happiness, and peals of healthy laughter, have echoed from those cabins of youthful struggles.

How fondly we all—but boys and girls of larger growth—cherish the memories of our school days! How the heart is stirred when the recollections of those pleasant hours bring back to us the merry voices of playmates who now are sleeping the long, long sleep; and whose paths of pleasure, and school-books torn and defaced, are forever forgotten in that golden Mansion of harps and sweet rewards!

How the unbidden tears trickle down our cheeks as we stand, in memory, by the little grave of a dear playmate, who laid down his books to die! and how silently the tears

are vanished by the recollections of the many boyish battles of those pugnacious followers of the "elementary" Webster!

How we smile as we again "stand at the head of the class," or sullenly walk down the narrow aisle, and shudder at the stern command to "hold out your hand, sir!"

How clearly the roguish faces we saw on the "last day of school" are transformed into a panorama of intermingled joy and sorrow! and how distinctly we saw in the boy and girl the coming man and woman.

Why should one speak in scornful depreciation of a country school-house? Do we ever stop to think, in these times of costly colleges and institutions of classical refinement, that men whose appellations are written in letters of living fire, and whose names will never be forgotten, once carved with the traditional jack-knife the rude outlines of those self-same names upon the rough walls of a log school-house?

Do we ever stop to consider, in these days of Yale honors and Harvard laurels, whether the edifice makes the man, or the college course the true gentleman?

Will my friends in Yaphank accept the flattery, when I assure them, that the noble father of their country—Gen. George Washington—never threw spit-balls within as "grand a room," or stole kisses from the attending belles of as "nice" a school as we have in Yaphank?

It is a false conception the lads and lassies of modern times maintain, when they believe that architectural grandeur is the favored producer of superior intellect; and as everything—ever so humble may it be—has a history, I shall endeavor to give the one coherent with the

YAPHANK DISTRICT SCHOOL-HOUSE—PAST AND PRESENT.

For many, many years, the young ideas of the past generations struggled to master the rustic classics in a little, red-painted, boxed-up shanty, bearing the half admissible

name of a school-house, that stood alone in an old field in the almost extreme upper part of Upper Yaphank.

There old 'Squire Mordecai Homan once "ruled up" the aggravating delinquencies of his home-spun pupils, and there William C. Booth and Brewster Saxton explained the mysteries of the half-explored globe. There William J. Weeks left the head-lights of his boyish propensities. There J. P. Mills, the acknowledged Governor and pompous potentate, engraved the transplendent star of his dry-goods and hardware fame, in the outlines of the dim one his father carved before him. There Richard S. Homan and Noah T. Sweezy, the former now dead, but both once prominent New York merchants, jumped the whirling rope and kissed the village belles. Indeed, nearly every old gentleman now living in Yaphank, and many that have gone down the sunset-way, and many that have made bright names in the world, took their initiatory step in education in that old school-house.

Generations grew up, and the advance of railroads and science advanced the tastes of the people. In 1856 the dear old ship that had borne so many minds out of the breakers of ignorance into the sea of knowledge was abandoned as a landmark of old times, and a new and very convenient building was erected in Central Yaphank.

A prime mover in its erection was William J. Weeks, Esq., who, although he suffered much opposition in the movement, at last achieved his praiseworthy object. The busts of Washington, Franklin, Webster and Clay embellish the walls of the school-room, and were presented by Mr. Weeks.

Mr. Weeks has in his possession a vast amount of manuscript matter pertaining to the district affairs, written and compiled during the school war of 1854, '55 and '56. The children were getting education under difficulties. Mr. Weeks took more interest in their welfare than did their parents. He suffered abuse because he wished the district

to abandon the old shell of a house that stood "conveniently out of the way," and build the neat and attractive one that hard work, and plenty of it on his part, at last erected for them. *Who thanks him?*

VI.

YAPHANK CEMETERY ASSOCIATION.

MAKE MY GRAVE IN THE WILDWOOD—WHY ARE OUR DEAD
PROMISCUOUSLY BURIED?—AN ABSOLUTE REQUIREMENT.

MAKE MY GRAVE IN THE WILDWOOD.

are words that never will be heard from the dying lips of the most romantic in the coming age of splendid cemeteries.

The poet Percival may slumber sweetly in his lonely grave at Hazel Green, Wis., with only an evergreen to mark his resting-place, and Edgar A. Poe lie tranquil and calm in an unmarked grave, but the coming poet will never die happily without the important assurance that the awful vault and pale marble will characterize the solemnities of his remembrance.

The living fashionables who love to sleep in the city while in life, as a counterpart, wish to sleep in the "city of the dead" when they roll up the warp of life; and a weeping willow over a lone grave in the quiet valley has no charm for the repose of their decaying mortality.

The old-time usages of burying the dead, and the manner in which they were distributed, causes us to exclaim:

HOW LONG WILL OUR DEAD BE PROMISCUOUSLY BURIED?

In Yaphank there are over half a dozen burying plots. Some are family grounds, and some are moss-covered remnants of a broken-down church. Here and there by the road-side, and in the deeper secludes, lay the sleeping dead.

It was an

ABSOLUTE REQUIREMENT,

when the cemetery movement began in Yaphank, and to the founders of the Association—although many declared it but a speculation—is due much praise for their thoughtful enterprise and consideration.

It was organized according to Statute in 1870. Six Trustees were elected, viz. : John Hammond, Alfred Ack-erly, Samuel Smith, John P. Mills, Sylvester Homan, and James I. Baker. Sylvester Homan was elected President, John P. Mills Treasurer, and James I. Baker Secretary.

They are so classified that two Trustees are elected every year. Four acres of land were purchased at a cost of about five hundred and fifty dollars. The object of the Association is to make a permanent burial-place, free from denomination or church ; also, that plots could be purchased and controlled, which is prohibited in church-yards.

A neat, substantial fence has been erected, and as the funds increase, the grounds are to be ornamented and made attractive.

Every person purchasing a lot becomes a member, and consequently enjoys a voice in its proceedings. No profits can accrue to any individual member, but be used in grading, fencing, &c., or be invested by the Association as per Revised Statute relating to Rural Cemeteries.

VII.

TEMPERANCE IN YAPHANK.

THE NOBLE CAUSE AND ITS SUSTAINERS—A BRIEF SKETCH.

THE NOBLE CAUSE AND ITS SUSTAINERS.

Early in the Fall of 1872, a movement was started by some enthusiasts to found an order in Y——.

The foes of the bottle besieged the philanthropy of our church supporters, and begged sympathy and assistance. The young indefatigables read the reports of the extent of the good work in neighboring villages, and soon became stirred into the preternatural longing to unfurl the same glorious pennant over this obscure home of—not decidedly unquestionable “spirits.”

The pillars of the church were absolutely conservative. Its supporters, with bank accounts amounting to many thousands, were too poor (?) to experiment in nonsensical undertakings, and no sunbeams ever fell from that quarter. Everywhere rang the war cry of temperance. The warriors of “spiritual peace” were digging up the tomahawks of total abstinence, and were laying the corner-stones of sobriety in every hamlet and village around us; but no “red war on red wine” was begun in Yaphank.

Were we to be ever exempt from the allurements of the fiery fiend? Were our sons to go out into the world with the bad example of Christians as their “cloud of fire?”

The rumsellers smiled upon us, and the habitual drunkard gave us the hand of reformation, but Christians refused us aid! The men who humbled themselves in prayer, and whose hopes were beyond “the things of earth,” stood

aloof and smilingly predicted failure. Sneers and jeers echoed from lips wet with the "dews of Heaven," and temperance received an unwelcome greeting in the precincts of Christianity.

Our young people—God bless them—organized, and began the slow, tedious march, unaided by mature minds. They added their link to the great fraternal chain, and began drawing the fallen from the pits of drunken degradation. They clasped hearts and hands of commiseration with other orders, and avowed themselves champions of a truly great cause.

The good ones guarded the contribution box to the interest of the "Missionary Fund," and cheerfully sent aid and healing balms to the far-off South Sea Islands.

Dear reader! can it be that they paused to think of the broken homes, the broken hearts, and the broken ties rum was rearing up around them? Can it be that they heard the cries of the innocent ones that were hurled into the cold, cold world to fight its battles alone? Could they have heard the widows' lamentations and the orphans' cries that arose in their midst, when they poured out the "milk of human kindness" for untamed and unappreciating heathens in the far-off Indies? No, it cannot be! It cannot be that these followers of the "only true and living" thus denounced the cause unworthy, and its sustainers unscrupulous, after earnest meditation!

It must have been a prejudice against moral improvement, or an hereditary inclination to sleep the sleep of traditionary Rip Van Winkle, that caused their wicked opposition; for we don't find them among the Rumsellers' Union, or among the mass of bloated sots.

Temperance! ah! what has it done?

It has torn down old breweries and drinking hells, and unfurled the stainless flag over polluted sod! It has made thousands of homes happy and peaceful, and gladdened thousands of broken hearts! It has dried the widow's tears and hushed the orphan's cries! It has hurled its

shafts of conviction through tavern windows, and snatched that buyer and seller of human souls from behind his glittering vases of deadly poisons, penitent and reformed before the world! Temperance has done all this! aye, more! and yet the high and good worked detrimental to the cause!

Do they term it a Christian spirit? Do they believe God will uphold them? No! Temperance *is a humane cause*. The *Bible* tells them so, their each *conscience* tells them so, and their *observation* confirms it all.

Without it, America with her vaunted power and wealth, would follow imperial Rome and down-trodden Ireland, and the fate of every town would eventually be the fate of ancient Babylon.

It was not my intention to give my readers a temperance lecture, when I began; thus I will forbear ere I weary my patient reader with superfluous additions to an historical sketch of Division No. 73. The public is our jury, and you, dear reader, must officiate as your own judge. You can easily define the spirit that rules Yaphank, and as easily picture the obstacles that always obstruct our way to improvement.

But after much trouble, expecting aid where we only received jeers and opposition, it has steadily moved into the brilliant ranks of the noble army, and at last throws out a beacon-light to guide the "reeling" ships safe over the Bottle Rocks, with forty enthusiastic, hard-working members to defend against the taunts of the foe, and to keep ever brighter the Heaven-directing beacon.

A BRIEF SKETCH.

In March, 1873, the first officers were duly installed by E. H. Hopkins, Grand Scribe of Eastern Grand Division of New York, and P. G. W. P. William T. Parsons. The order was instituted in the main body of the Presbyterian Church, and from the 15th of that month temperance has been a bright reality in Yaphank.

From March 15th, 1873, until April 1st, 1874, the meetings were held in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, when an unpleasantness arose between certain members of both societies, and the Division was compelled to vacate the bricked-up repository of goodness.

Until July 14th, 1874, the homes of members were abiding places, when, through the influence of the Worthy Patriarch then elected, and the kindness of Doc. James I. Baker, commodious Baptist Church was secured as a hall. The church was moved to Comsewogue soon after, and the Division was again "adrift!" The inhospitality of Yaphank is plainly apparent when it is obviously known that people don't only "leave the place," but take their houses too.

ROSWELL V. DAVIS.

This much-esteemed young man, who, by the way, is an untiring temperance man, has engraved his name and memory in his many indelible deeds of kindness, on the hearts of *all* who are fortunate enough to have made his acquaintance. 'Tis the moral worth of a true man that endears Roswell Davis to his friends, for he has no foes. May his sky never darken, may the flowers ever bloom in his pathway through life, and may he ever find friends in those he has befriended. God bless his efforts!

The following are the names of all the W. Ps. and R. Ss. who have officiated since the date of organization, March 15th, 1873:

TERM. WORTHY PATRIARCHS.	1873. TERM. RECORDING SCRIBES.
1st.—ALFRED REID, JR.	1st.—W. H. REID.
2d.—CHARLES W. TRAIN.	2d.—" " "
3d.—R. E. HAMMOND.	3d.—A. E. REID.
4th.—S. F. HOMAN.	4th.—ADDIE E. TRAIN.
No. Charter Members.....	11
No. Initiations.....	24

TERM. WORTHY PATRIARCHS.		1874. TERM. RECORDING SCRIBES.	
5th.—CHARLES W. TRAIN.		5th.—A. E. REID.	
6th.—Doc. E. H. S. HOLDEN.		6th.—“ “ “	
7th.—ROSWELL V. DAVIS.		7th.—“ “ “	
8th.—L. BEECHER HOMAN.		8th.—“ “ “	
No. Initiated.....			14
No. Expelled.....			1
No. Withdrawn.....			3
No. Members.....			45

VIII.

OUR RELIGIOUS HOMES.

THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIANITY IN YAPHANK—THEIR HISTORY, ETC.

What would the world be without its sanctuaries and Sabbath-schools? How long would our laws be enforced and decorum sustained, if it were not for God's temples that dot the land? Men would trample each other down in the great struggle for wealth and position, and women would become crazy in the hot-beds of vanity and vice, fashion and frivolity. Christianity is the great barrier that keeps our lusts within control, and that curbs our wild passions for emoluments and glory.

Men and women love to have a place where they can assemble together and exchange the whirl and excitements of the race for wealth and fame, for the nourishing and solid food that so stimulates the crazed mind and wearied body.

Six days of bustle and trade upon the streets and in the marts causes the reasonable minds to pause on the seventh, and exclaim: "How hard would be the drudgery of life if it were not for the sweet rest and sweeter words God gives us on the Sabbath!"

How the tired man and jaded beast must love the pealing Sabbath bells; and how sweet the voices of God's servants must break upon the ear as they pour out the cheering nectar, that the business world may sip and gather up strength for the six toilsome days that surely come.

Thus it is the sanctuary—where the bread of life is broken and where the burdened heart is relieved—that makes us respect the laws of the land, and causes us to turn our eyes

from the fading things of life and toward the great inevitable and Him who so wisely vouchsafed to man, a day and place to change and cheer his heart.

THE YAPHANK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Presbyterian Church, at Yaphank, was erected in the year of our Lord 1851, by the Presbyterian Society of Yaphank.

Our people must have had an understanding of the simplicity of true religion when they modeled and erected their little temple of worship. As God came not in the whirlwind, but in the still, small voice, why would He not meet and commune with them in their fifteen-hundred-dollar church, although no frescoed walls reflected his brilliancy?

God *has* visited us; notwithstanding our wickedness as a people; although so many profess a Godly life, and fall far short of a Christian reformation, God has not forsaken us. For many years the prayers of our good people ascended up against the mighty. Revivals were sustained and enjoyed, and the good work went grandly forward. The times were becoming faster. Steam usurped dull-edged tools, and hovels were transformed into palatial mansions. Was it not natural, then, that our good people began to look upon their box-like house of worship with disgust, and to sigh for that conical connection necessary to all similar structures—a steeple?

I am not aware that the towering spire looks down upon more sincere worshippers, or upon a more happy and Godly place. I do not believe the prayers are offered more fervently or more impressively because our good Samaritans erected a miniature Babel that points heavenward. But, I do believe that the aristocratic vanity of the Presbyterian Society was somewhat appeased when the first peal from the bell in the little tower rang o'er the wooded hills that surround our village, and the weather-cock first revolved to the four winds of Heaven.

In 1851 the church was dedicated by the Rev. Ezra King and Winthrop Bayles; and Winthrop Bayles then presided over the church, and enrolled his name among

THE CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH

that have officiated since its erection. After Mr. Bayles' retirement came Francis Drake. Mr. Drake was an energetic, whole-souled, working Christian, and uncomplainingly sacrificed his health and happiness in favor of ecclesiastical progress.

Cruel was the abuse he suffered from the men that then were a terror to the whole Christian community. Long nights he sleeplessly passed in fear and anxiety, knowing not when the wild whoops of enemies would echo from the gloom. His nights were passed in dread, and his days were never happy after his foes began their persecutions. In his home they abused him, and upon the street they never ceased to annoy. His brow became furrowed with trouble, and his jokes were never as pointed after that ordeal of fear.

What had he done that he deserved the abuse? What was the magnitude of his crime that his actions had stirred the ire of those that pursued him?

The blow to his nervous system was severe, and he never recovered. In the West he went to preach, and in the West he died. In the service of his Master he was stricken down, and in the cemetery at Southold, L. I., he calmly sleeps. No more will he tremble with fear, and no more will the taunts of foes break his slumbers. While the persecutors are still unsummoned, the flowers bloom o'er the grave of the martyred Drake—a true disciple while on earth, and a bright star in heaven.

CHARLES STURGES.

Charles Sturges was next called to expound the biblical consequences of sin, and to fill the place vacated by the lamented Drake.

Different in habits, different in taste, and heterogeneous in preaching, was the slow, unenthusiastic Sturges from the restless, ambitious and eloquent Drake.

Mr. Sturges preached mechanically ; Mr. Drake preached inspiringly. Both were Christian men, and both labored to achieve the one grand object—the diffusing of true religion. One was impulsive, and sometimes indiscreet, and the other calculating and slow. One was allowed to groan in the toils of persecution, and the other to pray out his religious engagement upon a tranquil bosom.

Mr. Sturges came among us with a glowing record of well-doing as a missionary in the lands of religious darkness. He had entered the homes of bigoted idolatry, and in their primitive veneration of hewn gods, had touched and turned the poor heathen's heart. God nourished the seed he sowed, and Doc. Sturgis was welcomed to the cannibal's home as an angel sent by the only true Great Spirit to soothe their spiritual woes, and force the scales from their eyes. With this bright recommendation as a ministering angel, he came to "our little church in the wild wood."

He remained until the mother church began an aggressive movement, and until the holy bonds that had long held the two together, were severed by mutual consent, when he sought pastures green and waters still up in the mountains of the Empire State ; and that old revivalist and veteran soldier of the cross,

CLARK LOCKWOOD,

brought us the "Balm from Gilead."

Mr. Lockwood is still as anxious, still as faithful, and more engaged in the field he has chosen, than ever before marked his success.

God also suffered this good man to pass through the furnace of slander, and, like his predecessor, Drake, to be the victim of a jealous intrigue.

He is known all over the Island as a free-thinking, independent Christian, and far have his triumphs extended, and many a weary heart has he made glad.

So earnest and devout, so kind and careful in all his examples, he is, and ever will be respected, honored, and cherished while he remains the pastor of the Yaphank Presbyterian Church.

With these brief remarks regarding the Presbyterian Church and the pastors who have officiated since its erection, I hope my friends will be content.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS—A CONTRAST TO-DAY.

This beautiful little edifice is situated in the eastern part of the village, adjoining Mr. James H. Weeks' property. Through the instrumentality of this estimable gentleman and his wife—who, for many years previously, were the only witnesses of the church in the whole of the church district lying around Yaphank—the building itself was erected. The death of a beloved granddaughter in the year 1850 was the first cause of suggesting to this aged couple the idea of establishing a church here—which is now proving to be the light of the village, and a source of great pleasure to its first members.

The interment of their granddaughter on Nov. 30th, St. Andrew's Day, of the before-mentioned year, gave rise to its name, "St. Andrew's Church." The church was opened for divine service, on the third Saturday after Trinity, in 1854, the Rev. C. H. Gardiner having been appointed by the Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., oxon, as missionary in charge. In 1861 the missionary stipend was transferred to St. John's Church, Islip, and St. Paul's, Patchogue, and therefore St. Andrew's was left without a settled clergyman for ten years. Occasionally services were held by visiting clergymen, and by Mr. W. J. Weeks, who was appointed lay reader by Bishop Potter.

Thus the church struggled along for twenty years; yet, for all, the courage of its two firm friends never for a moment failed. But a brighter day was dawning. The debt of \$500, which for the past twenty years was the cause of its not being consecrated, was liquidated in the year 1872 by Charles Jeffery Smith, of Mastic, in memory of his wife. In the same year, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks having united in the gift of the church and lot of ground surrounding it, to the Diocese of Long Island, they executed a deed to that effect to the Rt. Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., who was consecrated Bishop of the Island on its separation from the Diocese of New York, in the year 1869.

July 14th, 1873, this church was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by five of his clergy, viz.: Revs. Cook, Hewlett, Prescott, Buckmaster and Pierson. The Rev. Pierson delivered the sermon, after which the Rt. Rev., the Bishop, delivered an address, of which the following is a correct extract:

"We are assembled here to-day to do what may appear to some a very needless thing. It is now nearly twenty years since this edifice was built. During all that time it has been used for sacred purposes. Within its walls have been performed, with more or less frequency, the offices of our holy religion. Here, the message of salvation has been proclaimed. Here, little children have, by baptism, been grafted into the Body of Christ, and have been taught the way of God's commandments. Here, the steps of youth have been directed into the way of life. Here, manhood and womanhood have formed a heavenly balm to soothe the cares and mitigate the sorrows of this present world. Here, old age, bowed down with infirmities and oppressed with the shadows of life's evening, has been taught to lean on the christian's hope, which is as an anchor, sure and steadfast within the vale. Here, too, the last rites have been performed over the dead. And thus, by baptism and eucharist, by preaching and worship, and all kindred means of grace, this place has come to be regarded as the house

of God, and tender memories and holy attachments have grown up around it. What more, then, can we hope to do for this building by the services of this day? This office of formal consecration will not alter a line or a timber in its structure. It will add nothing, take away nothing, visible to the eye. And yet, as christians and churchmen, we believe that it will change the spiritual character of this house, and fill it with an atmosphere of religious feeling to which it was a stranger before. In our thoughts and associations it will make it more sacred than before. To the eye of faith, the divine presence and blessing will be vouchsafed as they were not in time past. Heretofore this building has been man's building—subjected to incumbrance and alienation. Henceforth by solemn deed and covenant, it will be God's property, and set apart as the special tabernacle of His glory. We are here—we, the official representatives of the church, nay, of God Himself—the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity—to publicly and formally accept the gift, and to put upon it the seal of divine ownership.”

“And then how shall I suitably speak of the givers—those aged servants of Christ who have so long and patiently waited for this day? Their offering is bathed in holy joy and gratulation it gives up to God, laden with the prayers, the toils and anxieties of many years. They desire me to qualify their agency, their liberality, so far as may be required, by the grateful acknowledgment of the gift of \$500 from Mr. C. J. Smith, of Mastic, in memory of his deceased wife, who, while living, was a warm friend of this church.

“This gift has canceled the only debt remaining upon it, and prepared the way for this service of consecration. Those venerable and venerated servants of God are near the close of their earthly pilgrimage. Their day is far spent, and the night of death is at hand, silvered over though it be with the sweet and restful light of eternity. What they have done to day may be among the last things that will

round out and finish their record here on earth. The act itself is one that will speak when they shall be no more seen. Its influence will be felt by their posterities. Their reward is only in part seen now. On the bright shores of the world unseen they shall reap the most of it. There it may be permitted them to greet many a soul that, in these courts, will have been turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Let us, Bishop and Clergy and people, so far as may, enter into their feeling—a feeling which rises into the dignity and pathos of that holy fervor which filled the breast of aged Simeon, when he called upon God to let him depart in peace, now that he had seen the glory of salvation. God grant that, full of blessings as this sanctuary may be to others, it may be to them, when God shall call them away, the bright and hallowed gateway through which they shall pass from the storms of this troublesome world, to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.”

At the close of this beautiful and impressive address, the Holy Eucharist was celebrated.

A CONTRAST TO-DAY.

Denominations, sects and *cliques* may contradict the originality of opposite organizations, may speak disparagingly of others who differ in opinion and sentiment, but the sensible world only requires the practical result.

It is *not* the church, 'tis *not* religious belief, but *the good result* that absolutely proves the real. The world cares not whether a man be a Catholic or a Protestant, if he be a *good man*. Yaphank, or most of it, is like the world.

The pretty little Episcopal church, with its talented young rector, who came fresh from the critical walls of a Theological College, are growing higher and higher in the popular good-will of our people.

I will stand responsible for the declaration, that the Spurgeon of Brookhaven Town is Rev. Ingram N. W. Ir-

vine, the most promising young divine, of any denomination, in Suffolk County.

My sketch would be incomplete if I were not to mention the zealous labors of Mrs. Josephine G. Collyer and her gifted family. No desire for public applause prompts her to shower her gifts upon the shrine of her holy religion; and her sweet, lady-like pleasantries are the natural and unaided flow from a tender and generous heart. With a grace of heaven's forming, she takes the poor and uncultured kindly by the hand, folds down the wrinkled home-spun, directs the doubting heart to the portals of life, tells the tale of Jesus and the bleeding side, and all is done with an unassuming, unpretentious grace, and a smile that she *must* wear, because she cannot frown.

'Tis the spirit of other days that is raising St. Andrew's Church; and oh, that it were possible to engrave the same spirit upon the altars of other sanctuaries, and upon the hearts of more followers of the "meek and lowly One." Let the good work go on! God surely assists those who help themselves, and St. Andrew's pastor, and St. Andrew's sustainers, will soon see the bright light of their ever-burning lamp casting its heavenly rays into the places darkened by prejudice and sickly dislike.



REV. INGRAM N. W. IRVINE.

IX.

REV. INGRAM N. W. IRVINE.

HIS EARLY STRUGGLES AND COLLEGIATE ACHIEVEMENTS— PERSONAL.

HIS EARLY STRUGGLES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

The Rev. Ingram N. W. Irvine, the present officiating clergyman of St. Andrew's Church, is not an American by birth. He was born in the town of Kenmare, Kerry Co., Ireland, July 8th, 1856.

His father, Nathaniel Irvine, a gentleman of vast estate, was a member of the Anglican church, and his mother a member of the Roman.

Though differing in points of doctrine, they did not neglect the spiritual training of their son, who was baptized and carefully reared in the Anglican church.

His father becoming entangled in debt, by going security for certain extravagant friends, his whole property at length fell into the Court of Chancery. This change in fortune determined the elder brother and sister to come to America. Their mother was unwilling that her children should leave home alone at such an early age, and decided to accompany them, and, after a few years, return to Ireland.

She intended leaving her youngest son, Ingram, in Dublin, with his father, that he might read law with his uncle, Robert Harvey Irvine, a solicitor of high repute. But Ingram was unwilling to adopt this profession as his calling in life, and with the firm intention, if possible, to study for the ministry, he came with them to America, arriving in New York, May 13th, 1866.

He pursued a course of navigation in the N. Y. Nautical School, at the end of which he became a student in St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y. Thence he entered a Union Seminary, in which was taught, as he terms it, "a conglomeration of Catholic truth and Calvinistic error."

Although having passed through the junior class of this institution, he became dissatisfied with his course, and in the following October, 1871, he entered the General Theological Seminary, with the famous class whose gentlemanly conduct and mental superiority will not soon be forgotten by their Alma Mater.

During the first two years of his course in the General Theological Seminary, he assisted the Rev. James Millet, D.D., rector of the church of the Holy Martyrs, N. Y.

In his senior year he connected himself with the Associate Mission of Long Island. He was transferred, by his own request, from the diocese of New York, to Long Island, May 27th, and was ordained on Trinity Sunday, by the Rt. Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., and immediately took charge of St. Andrew's Church, Yaphank, and St. James', Brookhaven.

PERSONAL.

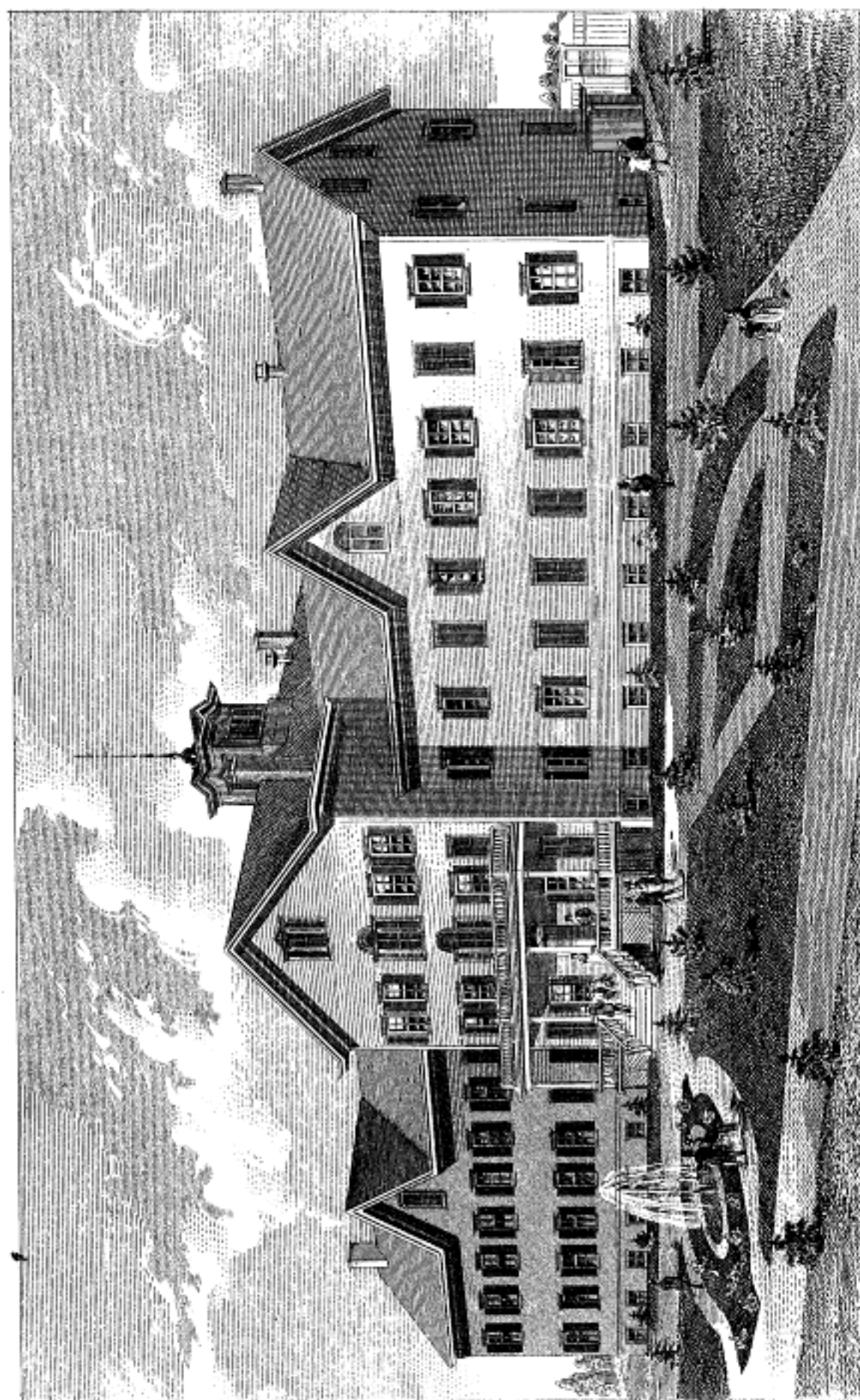
Mr. Irvine is a pleasant gentleman, with a college finish and student air about him. He has a true Catholic spirit, and is free from the taint of assumed vainness and ostentation. His tact is displayed in his management of the churches over which he is pastor.

Those who see Mr. Irvine in public, know little of the spirit slumbering in the man. Not a particle of haughtiness or codfish-elation is in his composition. He gracefully recognizes the rich in silk and satin, and as eagerly and pleasantly receives the humble in station and life. He answers the complicated questions directed at his faith by the learned, and cheers the bare-foot school-boy with kind greetings, and does it all with an unchanged and natural air.

His reading is extensive. He believes Christianity encircles social, moral, and political life. He holds up to scorn sickly doctrines which cannot be proven scripturally and historically. Mr. Irvine preaches for all. The clerks behind the counter, and the professional man, can learn something from his sermons. In dress and habits he is simple and plain.

The old-school merchants are the only true schools, but the new school ministers are decidedly the most popular. Mr. Irvine is of the new school. He comprehends the vital importance of thoroughly impressing the truths of his sermons upon the minds of his hearers, and he preaches with his tongue, his heart, and his actions. His logic is often irresistible, his eloquence frequently fascinating, and his arguments always substantial.

When he came to Yaphank, some gazed with jealous eyes upon the young student. He labored on. He preached the solid fact, and preached it right. Gradually the hearts of the people went out towards the energetic young man, who bade farewell to his home and father in the Emerald Isle to complete his study and preach the religion of the true God, in America. Gradually their hearts opened, and he poured in the sweet truths of the Great Book. He paved a flowery way into their good-will, and now, to-day, Ingram N. W. Irvine is esteemed as a good, gifted, and promising young divine.



Weed, Parsons & Co Albany, N.Y.

SUFFOLK COUNTY POOR HOUSE YAPHANK, N.Y.

X.

THE SUFFOLK COUNTY ALMS-HOUSE.

A MODEL HOME FOR THE POOR—THE FARM—THE HOUSE—
THE MAIN BUILDING—DIVISION OF SEXES—THE AT-
TENDING PHYSICIAN—WILLIAM J. WEEKS—EDWARD L.
GERARD—DOCT. HOLDEN.

When the project of centering the pauperism of our county in one institution was first presented, the thinking ones were doubtful about the economy and practicability of the proposed system, and questioned whether the abolishment of the Town-houses would not establish a disgraceful and illy-managed hot-bed of county corruption, poverty and expense.

What fears existed, soon vanished, and the people voted for, and soon began the erection of,

A MODEL HOME FOR THEIR POOR.

The Suffolk County Alms-House, at Yaphank, is publicly and universally regarded "as probably the best for the purpose for which it is intended, of any in New York State."

Very few people on the Island, comparatively speaking, are aware that such a systematical, economical, and well-regulated institution exists so near them.

Everywhere about the place there hovers an air of stern, yet pleasing discipline and exactness; and the rules of the house are rigid, but reasonable.

THE FARM.

The farm was purchased in 1870, of William Phillips, Esq., a Yaphank man, for twelve thousand seven hundred dollars, for which amount the county pays him interest.

It contains about eighty acres of highly-cultivated land, and ninety of growing wood-land. Nearly one-half is cultivated, and the paupers are constantly employed breaking up new land. The farm is convenient, and easily tilled. It lies in a square, level body, and is very fertile. The recent owner made a snug fortune on the same farm, before it was cultivated to its present highly-productive state, and our county should roll up another, in its present condition.

A certain class here are never weary in extolling the managers of this self-supporting affair, and praising the well-oiled system in the House and on the Farm. None can deny that all concerned deserve medals for the remarkable order they instituted over the chaos; but the county *pays for this system*, and supplies implements, manures, and every necessary article for properly conducting one of the finest estates in the county. The affair *should be* "self-supporting." Those of the paupers that are able, are required to work eight hours each day—Sundays excepted—and when the weather is unpleasant, they do the in-door work of the House and Farm. Not only is basket-making, coopering, and other trades represented, but finely-finished wagons have been manufactured on the premises.

If the one hundred and seventy acres of land, properly managed, cannot support an average of one hundred and twenty-five paupers, who can be clothed and fed for "about ninety-five cents a week, for each one," this model home for unfortunates had better be evacuated. The many articles manufactured on the premises, are sold, of course, to the interest of the county, and must assist in defraying minor expenses.

To the original cost of the establishment was appended over five thousand dollars in repairing the building, and

making improvements about the grounds. Much of the land has been recently fenced, the barns have been renovated, and surprising improvements made everywhere.

THE HOUSE.

The engraving of the house is a correct one. The grounds are tastily arranged, and all the surroundings present a neat and cheering appearance. So many elaborate descriptions of the building are before the public, that any attempt to give further details might be termed decided plagiarism. Of the many representations, Richard M. Bayles's is considered the most reliable and authentic.

The entire building contains about fifty rooms. The first floor contains eighteen large rooms, the second twenty-seven, and the third but four. The superintendents', overseers', and assistants' private apartments, are on the first and second floors of the main building; and the engineer's and medical room are included in the number.

THE MAIN BUILDING

is three-stories high, the wings two-stories, and the entire southern front is one hundred and ninety feet. A brick basement extends under the whole building. Trenches two feet deep, filled with stone and mortar, form the foundation. Three large water tanks in the garrets, with a capacity of three thousand gallons each, supply the house with the indispensable fluid, which is replenished from the roof, or pumped from a well in the basement. A hall-way runs east and west through the centre of the building, which connects with every room on the main floor by doors. A similar hall on the story above communicates with the rooms on the second floor. The north and south passage, which opens north from the long hall in the centre building, is accessible by stairs from the rear. This passage-way connects with the rooms where are confined the milder class

of lunatic paupers. Partitions separate the inmates of either end of the house. The propriety of

DIVIDING THE SEXES,

is here forcibly illustrated. The females occupy the eastern portion of the house, and the males the western. Separate stairways lead to their respective precincts, and exit doors to the separate yards in the rear. The kitchen and laundry are in the rear of the main building, and the dining-rooms in the rear of the wings.

The workshop, storage-rooms, drying-room, coal and engine rooms are in the basement, which also contains cells for the raving lunatics.

A powerful engine in the basement supplies the boilers, which have pipes attached that pass through every room.

The heating apparatus is excellent—the entire cost of which was eleven thousand dollars.

Hose, which can quickly be connected with the water-tanks in the garrets, are carefully coiled in the halls, ready for instant use in case of fire.

THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN

has a medical room on the second floor, with all the necessary drugs and medicines. The physician of the House at the present time is Doct. James I. Baker; and his success entitles him to much credit.

The laws of the Institution are stern but reasonable, and are enforced to the letter. The paupers are obliged to retire at dusk, and to rise as soon as the first gray light of dawn peeps through the windows. The inmates are managed by signals; in fact, everything goes by “cracks and snaps.”

A flowery penned reporter of a city paper says: “After rising, the pauper makes his bed, sweeps his room, and prepares for the morning meal. The first bell rings out an intimation to be in readiness for breakfast, and at the sound of the second bell, the door of the dining-room is thrown open

and he is requested to be seated. At the 'snap' of the third bell, he begins eating. The sane and insane eat separately, and so admirable is the discipline, that not even a lunatic pauper touches his food until he hears the signal from the keeper."

"On the first floor in the wing of the building, cripples are kept in several rooms, but allowed the free use of the halls and ground to hobble in and out at pleasure. A bath-room on the same floor contributes to the cleanliness and comfort of the inmates."

When admitted into the House, the pauper undergoes a thorough examination. In the examining department he is thoroughly questioned, stripped of all clothing, shaved, washed, and clothed in warm, clean clothing. He is then examined as to his physical abilities. If ailing, he is sent to the hospital department; if able to labor, he is required to work eight hours a day, at the labor he is best adapted to.

The "Charities' Aid Society" comprises some of the most wealthy and benevolent people in our County, and has contributed much toward appeasing the minor wants of the poor unfortunates. Many heart-sick paupers have been cheered and made happy by the Heavenly efforts of this Heaven-inspired Society; and should misfortune ever come to any of its noble sustainers, as come it may to all, may kind faces beam upon them, and their hearts laugh for the good works that are not forgotten.

The following named gentlemen are prominently connected with the County House:

Architect:—CHARLES HALLET, Riverhead.

Builders:—RANDALL BROS., Greenpoint.

Mason:—ISRAEL REED,

Building Com.:— { WM. R. POST, Southampton.
LYMAN B. SMITH, Smithtown, B.
F. H. OVERTON, Southold.

Superintendents:— { STEPHEN R. WILLIAMS, Amityville.
T. CORWIN, Riverhead.
E. HAMPTON, Mulford, Orient.

Overseer:—JOHN LOUDEN, Amityville.

From the observatory to the basement the house is a model affair, and Old Suffolk may well feel proud of the institution that is considered the best of its class in N. Y. State.

WILLIAM J. WEEKS.

No man that has ever been connected with the County House has been as basely misrepresented as Mr. Weeks. A large portion of the "admirable discipline," "excellent regulations," "unrivalled system," &c., were first instituted by him. Men envious of him, abused his best works. He labored for the public good, and I can prove it. Schemers heaped faggots of venom upon the fires of jealousy, and because they could not govern him, endeavored to haul him and his name over the coals. The beautiful pictures drawn by roving reporters and local dabblers sound very nice to indifferent outsiders, but we here in pent-up Y—— know a little more—and but a little, for it requires a wise one to know the whole.

Mr. Weeks is an honorable man, and those who know him best honor him most.

EDWARD L. GERARD.

Mr. Gerard's connection with the House was a mutually pleasant one. No one could give more entire satisfaction than he. He is a thorough business man, and was thoroughly competent to transact every portion that devolved upon him. His recent defeat was much regretted by those acquainted with his excellent management, and was regarded as one of the cruel reverses of political life.

If there were deception in transacting the County affairs, Mr. Gerard was no accessory. If there were a "ring" during his term of office, he was a missing link.

Scheming, oily-tongued outsiders, with their own interest in view, *may* have endeavored to culminate their plans through him, but it *never* will be credited that Mr. Gerard ever, knowingly, assisted in forwarding their schemes.

DR. E. H. S. HOLDEN.

This genial and gifted gentleman entered the House as a "ministering angel," Jan. 1st, 1873. Whether he failed to kill off the paupers as fast as a miserly element wished, is unknown; but it is enough to know that he had hardly got in his position before his foes clamored to get him out.

No reasonable objection could be produced against him, unless it was the death of only one pauper during his whole term of office. He never said that "paupers were better dead than alive," and his acts portrayed his skill, and his tender heart.

In the performance of his duty he might have felt contempt for the daily exposure to the presumption of preposterous pragmatism, but when interference with the duties of his office prevented him from protecting the county from the possibility of imposition, his sense of honesty was incompatible with a further continuance under such restrictions. At the expiration of the first quarter, the Superintendents proposing to adopt such measures as would, in Dr. Holden's opinion, be the most effective means of favoring imposition, he tendered his resignation.

FAREWELL.

MY LAST REVIEW.

THE PEOPLE.

And now, kind friends, attention lend,
The pages back retrace,
While I review this book for you—
The people and the place.
Ere I “ unbend,” please condescend
To let your ears “ luff;”
With partial eyes skip o’er the lies,
And all that sort of stuff.

I first, you know, to please you, show
My own sweet featur’d (?) face ;
Which, friends have said, proves me ill-bred,
And will my work disgrace.
Next, John P. Mills the office fills
Of Governor, I ween;
Sharp, shrewd and smart, he built a mart
Where rich and poor convene.

Thus, next in line, I do opine,
Is Robert H. Gerard—
A noble man—earth never can
Grant him his just reward.
The next theme speaks of William Weeks—
A true and trusted man,
Who ev’ry day proves what I say ;
Deny it if you can !

Up in Old Yale his hearty hail,
 Once cheer'd the college boys,
 And classic pride—his Honor's guide—
 Now wells his quiet joys.
 A contrast here, there will appear,
 By D. D. Sweezy made;
 A man of wealth, but not of health,
 Who knows that both must fade!

Words I conduce to introduce
 You Edward Wickham Mills;
 High in his place, with natural grace,
 That charms, and after, thrills.
 A firm recluse I introduce—
 'Tis Alfred Ackerly;
 A Christian man, nor *cliques* nor clan
 Doubt his true purity.

There is a man who life began
 With high and lofty aim;
 For ev'ry heart loves ev'ry part
 Of Dea. Norton's name.
 And by his side, with pompous pride,
 John Hammond writes his name;
 The man of sole, who knows the whole,
 What'e'er may be the theme.

I'll next present, with your consent,
 S. Lester Homan, sir;
 Whose enterprise all criticize,
 Whose honor we prefer!
 Without a blur, you must concur,
 Stands S. B. Overton,
 A Christian gent who is content
 With what his works have won.

E. L. Gerard—we must award
The honor he deserves—
To duty's call—he's all-in-all—
From right he never swerves.
A mantle black lies in the track
Of Samuel Smith's last days—
Sadness, indeed, you must concede,
His blameless act conveys.

And now again the simple name
Of Homan, I declare !
'Tis Edward H., although not great,
Is honest, fair and square.
Who has success must now confess
That doctors have it too,
For Dr. B., as you can see,
Has found it all way through.

I now again the funny name
Of Homan iterate ;
'Tis Mordecai, bold, brave and free,
Who's been a traveler great.
Next I will tell and fondly dwell
Upon the name I scan,
For dear to me, and e'er will be,
This fine old gentleman.

When others frown, would pull me down,
My old friend stands the same ;
If there's a thing sweet memories bring,
'Tis Doctor Holden's name.
Nat. Tuthill now will tell you how
He made the "stamps" when young ;
'Twill please you, too, to listen to
His smooth and oily tongue.

Next in the void comes Mr. Floyd,
 A man of noble rank,
 Who dwells alone in the quiet home
 He chose in old Yaphank.
 George Thompson now will make his bow,
 While ladies hold their hearts;
 Though young in years he has few peers—
 Is honorable, is smart.

A moment heed, 'tis Alfred Reid,
 On whom the Fates did frown;
 Who'd friends enough while he was up,
 But prov'd them foes when down!
 Where is the man more popular than
 James Huggins Weeks, Esqr.?
 Whose lofty name none can defame,
 And time will not impair;

An honest friend, who will defend
 The right against the wrong,
 Who loves to see all unity—
 To make the weak ones strong.
 God bless the man! he leads the van
 Of noble men in Y——,
 He's wronged no heart of the smallest part—
 No bosom of a sigh!

The low in state, the high and great,
 Love Sidney Smith, I know;
 For that proud name shines out the same
 As in the long ago.
 His generous deeds the poor man feeds
 With "crumbs of comfort" oft.
 He makes the sad and sick heart glad,
 'The couch of mis'ry soft!

Here breezes waft in balmy flakes
The sweet, sweet seeds of health,
While singing streams and limpid lakes
Roll over untold wealth!
Roll over untold wealth, my friends,
That long, long years has lain,
Like priceless pearls, whose glow depends
On efforts made again.

No hero great this place can boast,
No sage of high degree,
And only dabblers, at the most,
Write up its history.
No lyric poet sang her fame
Within the darkling dell;
Nor sculptor great e'er carv'd the name
Of Yaphank, to excel.

No painter ever drew the pen
For this far inland Rome,
And no great author wrote of men
Who make Yaphank their home;
But honor's counsels guide with care
The staid old villagers,
For we've none great—if any are,
They're "local editors."

Then old, old home, of good and bad,
'Tis fare-thee-well—farewell!
I am not sad, I am not glad,
Still fare-thee-well—farewell!
Begone, dull day! begone, dull dame
And break, oh! break the chain,
That long, long years has bound the name
Of Yaphank in disdain!

ADIEU !

Tho' you I bore, one moment more,
Kind friend, before we part,
Here is my hand, my friendship and
Well wishes from my heart!
Think well of me, though wrong I be,
Forever be it well ;
And let the end part you *my friend*,
Part with a kind FAREWELL.

FINIS.