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VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1888.

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THE STATEN ISLAND MAGAZINE.

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Stapleton,

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THE

# STATEN ISLAND MAGAZINE

## A NEW LOCAL LITERARY MONTHLY

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This number is a fair sample of what it is proposed to make the succeeding issues if this venture is appreciated and encouraged by the people of Staten Island to whom it looks entirely for its support. A list of the persons who have already promised contributions is given below. Of these some appear in this number and the M.S.S. of others are in press for the second issue. Others still will follow in succeeding numbers. Subscriptions may be addressed to the Publisher, box 181, Stapleton, S. I.

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RICHMOND COUNTY HERALD  
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## LITERATURE ON STATEN ISLAND.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

A NEW LITERARY VENTURE upon Staten Island naturally wonders whether it has had local predecessors, or whether it be

“the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.”

It is probably the first of its kind, and as much without a forerunner as Hendrik Hudson when his Half Moon first appeared upon our seaward horizon. Men of letters have lived upon the Island but their labors were not especially identified with it and we are not aware that any of its local traditions have been commemorated in song or story. Our pleasant Herodotus of the last generation, Gabriel P. Disosway, used to write chapters of local lore in the Island newspapers, which the wise reader transferred to his scrap book. But although he mentioned no hold upon literature taken by the genius of the Island his own reminiscences belonged to a very agreeable branch of literature.

Mr. John J. Clute devoted much of his time and diligence of the Staten Island kind to the exploration of old official books and documents, and he embodied the result in his Annals which is a treasury of information. But while he also gives us no clue to the literary achievements of Staten Island, his book is itself a local product and it was the most important literary work wholly devoted to Island interests, until the appearance of Mr. Richard M. Bayles's History of Richmond County, which practically absorbs Clute's Annals and is enriched by the notes of Professor Anthon and by later personal recollections. These works, however, are less literature than the revelation of the local material and opportunity of literature.

Charles Mackay, when he lived upon the Island in 1865, wrote a poem upon “A Home in Staten Island,” which must not be forgotten in any effort to recall our local literature. There are more than a dozen lightly tripping stanzas, which recount a colloquy between her “true love” and the poet. The allusions are familiar:

"See how the dogwood sheds its bloom  
 Through all the greenwood mazes,  
 As white as the untrodden snow  
 That hides in shady places.  
 See how the fair Catalpa spreads  
 Its azure flowers in masses  
 Bell shaped as if to woo the wind  
 To ring them as it passes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The air is balmy, not too warm,  
 And all the landscape sunny,  
 Seems like the Hebrew Paradise  
 To flow with milk and honey.  
 Here let us rest a little while  
 Not rich enough to buy land  
 And pass a summer well content,  
 In bowery Staten Island.

But the heart of the English singer longed for England.

"I miss the antiquities of home.  
 The gray church in the meadow;  
 The fragrant hawthorn in the lanes,  
 And all the beechen shadow;  
 And more than all that proves to me  
 It never can be my land,  
 I miss the music of the groves  
 On leafy Staten Island.

"There's not a bird in glen or haw  
 That has a note worth hearing,  
 Unvocal all as barn-door hens,  
 Or land-rail in the clearing.  
 Give me the skylark far aloft,  
 To heaven, uprising, soaring,  
 Or nightingale at close of day,  
 Lamenting, but adoring."

Where did the poet hide himself that he did not hear in deeper seclusion than his own the liquid, honied, long-vibrating note of our

hermit thrush? How did he miss our joyous bob-o-link or the overflowing gayety of our mocking bird or cat bird? The lonely Phœbe might have seemed to him a mournful echo of the nightingale, and although the song sparrow does not soar yet like the lark he sings. Could the poet not delight in a sweet brier rose because he looked in vain for the daisy? Were the delicate anemones and columbines and profuse azalias without a charm because the English primrose was lacking? As happens so often his wife was wiser than the poet and, with a truthful lilt which the vain heart of man could not resist, her tranquil wisdom closes the poem.

“‘Ah well!’ my true love said and smiled,  
‘There’s shade to every glory,  
And no true paradise on earth  
Exists in song or story.  
The place is fair, and while thou’rt here,  
Thy land shall still be my land,  
And all the Eden earth affords  
Be ours in Staten Island.’”

Charles Mackay brewed a sort of literary small beer which was not unpalatable although it had no sparkle or flavor of the divine wine of poesy. His music beat a rub-a-dub-dub of easy, familiar sentiment to which we listen as to the plain drum and fife when the great bursts of the band are still. But there are more famous literary names than his associated with the Island. Francis Parkman, the historian, lived for a short time in a house now gone which stood upon the present estate of Mr. George Bonner, on Bard avenue, and Henry S. Thoreau lived upon Todt Hill as tutor to the children of Judge William Emerson. But neither of them have left any distinctive literary memorial of their residence, although Parkman probably partly wrote his “Oregon Trail,” upon the Island and Thoreau unquestionably noted in his diary some of those constant and sagacious observations of nature which rank him with White of Selborne for accuracy, while thought and scholarship together with his solitary tastes, his mental independence, his detailed knowledge of the woods and fields and the virtue of simple and natural remedies, made him a highly civilized Indian. Thoreau always insisted that the Indians were much wiser not only than the white man acknowledged but than he suspected. In five

minutes he could have unfolded to the poet who sighed for England the immense compensations in bird and beast and flower which Staten Island offered him.

The works of Theodore Winthrop are the most memorable literary production of the Island. The scenes of his stories are laid elsewhere, but they were written here. He was not known as an author until his death; and his fame, like that of Philip Sidney and Theodore Koerner, is blended of the lyre and the sword. After a life of travel and daring adventure and of some sad experience, he lived here with his sister, who is herself a singer and her brother's biographer, and a story of Winthrop's had been accepted by Mr. Lowell for the *Atlantic Monthly* just before the civil war began. On the morning after the fall of Sumter he joined the seventh regiment and marched in its ranks to Washington. Then he served upon the staff of General Butler in Virginia, and with Lieutenant Greble of the regular army the young volunteer, leading the advance, fell at Great Bethel on June 10th, 1861. It was a death like that of Warren at Bunker Hill. At that early period of the war it touched keenly the heart of the country, as a forecast of the coming sorrow, and the impression was deepened by the publication of his articles and stories which soon followed. He knew the Island well, rambling and riding all over it, and his name and heroic death are among its precious possessions. His literary instinct and ambition were very strong but his temperament was shy, and few even of his intimate friends knew that he was a prolific but unpublished author, when he went to the field. Associated with Winthrop and his works Staten Island passes into literary history.

Hawthorne complained that this country was barren of material for romance, but he disproved his own complaint by writing romances drawn from American history, tradition and circumstance, which place him among the greatest of modern authors. Irving also, fascinated as he was with the exquisite charm of English rural life, yet found his best material at home, and his most characteristic works are those which deal with our own neighborhood and with the river at whose mouth the Island lies. It is not, therefore, to the want of material upon or around Staten Island that we can attribute our literary poverty hitherto. We must take refuge in the old explanation of the slow development of all literature in America, and insist that a people busy

in leveling forests and settling a wild continent cannot stop to sing songs and write stories.

We will not test the soundness of the theory. At least, we please ourselves by saying that instead of writing great poems we build great railroads and that the genius which elsewhere turns to literature here turns to industry and enterprise. We might say, indeed, that Chaucer was the child of a young country, that Shakespeare even upon an Illinois prairie would have warbled his native wood notes wild, and that Irving turned from business to literature. Doubtless, however, circumstance, tendency and natural selection are powerful influences in quickening the literary impulse by determining the mental inclination. But the mysterious power of genius is still superior to circumstance, and Burns born in the extremest poverty, of a long line of struggling farmers, as he toils along the furrow, breaks into immortal song.

But if the Island has not produced much that belongs to literature, it has the satisfaction of knowing that it is not destitute of what may be called the circumstance of literature. Its landscape is beautiful and suggestive, its neighborhood is historic. Its wooded hills, soft with verdure, slope eastward to the narrows, through which glides an endless fleet of various sea craft; or to wide silent meadows that fill the west where the narrow Kill, a winding line of light, threads the land of Beulah; or toward the busy, humming, peopled north and northwest, toward marts and factories and rattling steam roads, toward the great city and the broad Hudson, or southward they look upon the lower bay, and far beyond, the airy highlands of the Jersey shore undulating seaward and sinking to the long line of Sandy Hook blending with the ocean.

Upon these waters the shadowy Verrazano may have floated when the Cabots first saw New England, and before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Hendrik Hudson's crew penetrated the Kill van Kull. His river yonder was the prize of the old contest of France and England for the continent and the command of it was the object of the military strategy of the revolution. Along these waters passed the English and the Dutch fleets that took and retook New Netherland. There lay the fleet of Lord Howe and upon the Island hills and fields the camp of his brother's army. From our shores crossed the host of scarlet and gold to Long Island and pushed Washington back to the city and over the Hudson to the far blue hills of Morristown in the north-

west. Still following the line from the west to south it was upon the extreme southwest point of the Island that Dr. Franklin and John Adams and Rutledge met Lord Howe at the Billopp house and satisfied him that the spirit of America was unconquerable. In the hazy southwest in the hottest of June days the distant cannon of Monmouth echoed among these wooded heights and at last by the silent Island with its few people clustering on the shore, across the lower bay and beyond Sandy Hook where now the yachts sail and the long procession of ocean steamers passes, swept the fleet that bore away forever British authority from the American colonies. While we turn toward the north the few years pass and we hear the measured beat of oars from the decorated barge upon the Kill van Kull that bears President Washington to the city, and we catch the echo of the joyous bells and the thundering cannon that far away over the bay announce his taking of the oath which opens the great story of Constitutional government in America.

Moreover our neighborhood is the scene of the first enduring work of imagination in American literature. The deeply concave shore of New Jersey that stretches from behind Constable's Hook toward the Hudson is Washington Irving's drowsy land of Communipaw where Oliffe Van Kortland, the dreamer, having roused his brave boys with a sonorous blast upon his conch shell, set forth upon that perilous voyage to Hell gate than which the fabled voyage of the Argonauts for the Golden Fleece or the philosophic seekers for the lost Atlantis, is not more spirit-stirring and memorable. The muse of history herself cannot disentangle the sober verity of the annals of New Amsterdam from the mesh of grotesque banter which the blithe fancy of the humorist has woven around it. Wouter Van Twiller may have shown other signs of wisdom than prolonged and solemn smoking, but nobody will believe it. The echoes of the Hudson Highlands may be honest echoes, but the imaginative ear will hear in them only a trumpet blast from Anthony's nose. The Hardenbroecks may be the most respectable of solid families, but who can disprove the veracious allegation that the family name was derived from tough, tin, or ten breeches.

But, alas! all this establishes literature around and about Staten Island rather than upon it. It points out the literary opportunity and maintains the literary possibility of the happy Island but it does

not record its poets and historians, its novelists, essayists and philosophers. But what would the unreasonable reader of this Magazine require? Is he so poor a Staten Islander that he cannot wait? Waiting is the characteristic virtue of this enchanted realm. It has been waiting always and it is at last seeing the faithful promise fulfilled, that all things come to those who wait—if only they wait long enough. What is the purpose of this Magazine but to reveal the literature of Staten Island? It will not be its fault if modest worth is not at last recognized and appreciated. Let the doubter survey the list of contributors to the opening number. Nay, Oliffe the dreamer may well wind his conch shell for another voyage, and steering southward and landing at St. George, he will have performed as marvellous a voyage of discovery as Hendrik Hudson's, for, unless all veracity has fallen out of common rumor, and unless the names of famous authors deceive and betray, he will find that the stream which irrigates the Arcadia of Jersey street is a rill from Helicon and that Fort Hill is a veritable Parnassus.

## A FATHER'S LETTER.

BY BILL NYE.

**M**Y DEAR SON—Your letter of last week, found your mother and me fairly well, though I can see that I ain't the same man I used to be by any means. Every Spring I have trouble with my lungs. One of my lungs is entirely gone and the other one is hepatized, so the doctor tells me. I've tried most everything in the way of medicine for to renew my lungs, but they get worse and worse all the time. But still I eat a good, hearty meal of victuals. You refer, casually, in your letter, to a misspelled word in my last communication. You speak of grammar also in a reproachable way, which is annoying to a man like me. I am not great on the spell, I admit, Henry, for when I ought to been learning for to spell at the spelling schools and orthographical retorts of our section of country, I was licking the smart Alecks from town that seemed to be smarter than their parents.

No, Henry, I never got a meddle for spelling long hard words with

great fluency, but I've tried to be a well-behaved parent. In my poor, weak way I've aimed to be a good father to you, Henry, and so has your mother. I think I may say, with pardonable pride, that I have been more successful in that line than she has.

We have both tried, in season and out of season, to so live that we would not bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I, for one, have tried to shun the demon rum for your sake. I have come home early nights, so that you could know where I was, and I have always been willing that you should smell of my breath if you felt so disposed. I have never filled a drunkard's grave or brought reproach upon you.

Spelling is not always my best holt, but I aim to please as a parent. I have tried not to bring the blush of shame to your fuzzy cheek, and wish you would try to do as much for me sometime.

When I was a boy they didn't sugar-coat edjucation and make it one long drawn hallelouger to go to school as they now do. On the contrary, the stragglng ideas of the roodiments which I now have, was socked into me by main strength and awkwardness. To get the roodiments of an edjucation we had to possess great physical strength and normal courage.

When I see the student to-day with a big picture book done up in a shawl strap, wearing one of those little cigarettes in his mouth and riding on the hind end of a hoss car towards the big red female seminary, I often think of the days when I did a day's work before breakfast, and then walked two miles in order to be ready to get licked when the old cast iron cuss that presided over our school felt like it.

He was a noble brute. He taught our school, I reckon, because he hadn't edjucation enough to engage in other manual pursuits.

He is now dead. I do not go over to the cemetery every Spring to decorate his grave. Spring is a very busy season with me. If he had died in the Winter, about forty years earlier than he did, I would have gone out of my way to decorate his grave. It would have been a pleasure to me.

When he died, your mother asked me if I was going to the funeral.

"No," says I, speaking up in that droll way of mine—"No, says I, I shan't go to the funeral, but, as the feller says, I approve of it." That's the way I am about everything. I speak my mind right out and nobody ever knew me to hesitate about saying what I thought

of a man, even if he was dead. With better educational advantages, I always thought our schoolmaster would have made a good pirate; but his parents was poor and so he had to hustle for himself. He had an earnest desire to advance in his profession, but he did not succeed in carving his name on the heights of fame. He yearned for glory and grub. I remember that he used to teach school Winters and work out Summers on a farm. In this way he kept up his muscle all the time; and though he frequently got mixed up in long division, he was never successfully licked, up to the time that old Mr. Bright came along with his justly celebrated disease and introduced it into the schoolmaster's daily life. Then he yielded gently. Like a flake of ice cream on the bosom of a fat man, the schoolmaster began to subside. One by one his kidney's began to fade. Paler and paler grew the great educator, till at last, one evening in Spring, just as the bull frogs over in the north medder had unwrapped the red flannel from their throats and sounded "A," our old schoolmaster skun out for the sweet ultimately. Hundreds of his old pupils all over the State telegraphed their consent. It was the most harmonious thing I ever knew of. I regarded it as a great success.

So you can see, Henry, the kind of a tooter I had, and that is partly why I sometimes spell words erroneously if the ink has been froze.

I hope these few lines will find you in good health, and that in your subsequent letters you will devote more space to telling of the things you know, instead of telling me about the things I don't know. Your mother also joins me in hoping so.

Your father,

BILL NYE.



## A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR WATER SUPPLY.

BY ARTHUR HOLLICK.

THE AVERAGE annual rainfall on Staten Island, according to careful observations by Mr. Chas. Keutgen, during the ten years from January 1st, 1870, to December 31st, 1880, was about 47 inches. How many of our citizens understand fully what this means, or realize the facts involved and their significance? We have become so accustomed to our abundant water supply that its source is a matter of indifference to most of us, and even its delivery, except when some accident occurs, has become a matter of very vague interest.

Suppose we examine the statement in regard to our rainfall and see if it leads to matters having a claim upon our attention. It means, in the first place, that if all the rain which fell on any level portion of our Island during an average year could be retained there—none being lost by evaporation into the atmosphere or by absorption into the earth—it would form a layer of water over that portion of the Island almost four feet in depth. Now, one inch of rainfall means about 100 tons of water to an acre of land, so that during the average year each acre of our Island receives about 4,700 tons of water. If we apply the old housewife's adage that "a pint of water weighs a pound," we shall have 10,528,000 pounds or pints of water, equal to 1,316,000 gallons per acre. It is not necessary here to calculate and put into figures the amount that falls upon the entire surface of the Island, but for the benefit of those who may wish to do it I will state that the superficial area of Staten Island is about fifty-nine square miles.

The question naturally arises next, what becomes of all this immense amount of water? It is disposed of in three different ways: by surface drainage, by absorption into the earth and by evaporation. Where the surface is hard or impermeable the bulk of the water will run off at once in the form of streams. If the ground is soft or porous a large part of the water will be absorbed, forming the source of supply for springs and wells. The water carried off by evaporation

is not so apparent, but may nevertheless be a matter of considerable importance during dry hot weather.

Now, every community has a vital interest in its water supply, although they are often wilfully ignorant of the fact. In sparsely settled districts the natural spring or well is the usual source. When the neighborhood becomes more densely populated the cistern for collecting and storing rain water comes into use. Finally a public water supply becomes a necessity and then trouble usually ensues in regard to rival systems and the relative quantity and quality from different sources. Costly errors are often made, and considerable nonsense is frequently accepted as truth and gains credence by those who are not acquainted with the facts involved. We who have lived at this end of the Island have passed through these three stages of growth, at least a portion of us have, and the experience has been highly instructive. I can well remember the mystery which was supposed to be inseparable from the source of the springs which are now possessed by the Staten Island Water Supply Co. Some persons even went as far as the Orange Mountains in New Jersey to account for them, utterly ignoring the fact that the immense trap dyke, which begins at the Palisades, forms Bergen Neck, crosses the Kills and extends through our Island from Port Richmond to Linoleumville, entirely cuts them off from this source. Furthermore, we shall see later on that there is no necessity for leaving home to search for this source, and that it can be amply accounted for in a rational and simple manner.

These springs are situated at the lowest part of a water shed, which though quite large in area is constricted to a single narrow outlet, which is at this point. It includes Silver Lake and the Valley of the Clove on the east; the northern slope of Ocean Terrace from the junction of the Little Clove to the Manor Road on the south; thence the boundary is an irregular line to Bull's Head, along the ridge of land north-west of the Morning Star Road nearly to its junction with the Church Road, and from thence irregularly to its termination near Bodine's Mill—a total area of about five square miles, or 3,200 acres. We have already ascertained that each acre of our Island receives about 1,316,000 gallons of water per annum, hence the above described water shed receives 4,211,200,000 gallons per annum. Let us suppose that one-half of this amount is carried

away almost immediately by surface drainage and we still have 2,105,600,000 gallons remaining as a source of supply for the wells and springs of the region. This supply would represent a daily output of 5,768,767 gallons, if it could be concentrated at a single point, or in other words sufficient to supply 60 gallons per capita per diem to a population of 96,146 persons—about four times the population at present supplied from it. It should be borne in mind also that we have been very liberal in assuming that half the rainfall escapes by surface drainage, as this water shed is an admirable one for absorbing water. A large part is covered by woodland and meadow, and porous soapstone rock forms the backbone of the hills, while the soil is composed of strata of gravel and sand, interspersed with clay, forming all together a vast storage reservoir for the ground water. This water is struck at various levels, according to the stratum of sand or gravel which is reached—the lowest level in regard to which I have any information being at a depth of about 80 feet and immediately above the bed rock. I am pleased to see that our neighbors, the Crystal Water Co., have lately discarded their surface water experiment in the Willow Brook water shed, and have established themselves in the Clove Valley, where they now draw upon the same sub-surface supply with ourselves. Thus far no apparent diminution in the supply has been noticed, but one effect has been very marked and that is the fact that many springs and wells situated at higher levels than the pumping stations have been completely drained. Furthermore it should be remembered that as a region becomes more thickly populated the demand for water becomes greater and the available supply becomes less. Woodland and meadow act as sponges for absorbing moisture and retaining it in the ground, while hard roads, bare fields and house roofs shed the rain as soon as it falls and hurry it away, by surface drainage, on its journey to tide water. Nor is this the only feature of the subject that demands our earnest attention. *Quality* is of even more importance than *quantity*, and if the former is overlooked in striving for the latter an inevitable tribute is sure to be exacted. The pollution of soil and water is inseparable from man's occupation. Privies, cesspools, household refuse of all kinds, cemeteries, &c., each contributes its quota of contamination. In our case there is no immediate apprehension, as most of the water is drawn from lower levels than those

that receive the bulk of the soil pollution, but the rapid growth of the community will some day cause the danger point to be reached and then some other water shed will have to be utilized. At the present time four cemeteries are located within the boundaries of our water shed, and these alone will eventually become matters of serious moment. A most dangerous fallacy is the idea that polluted water, after filtration through fifty, a hundred, or two hundred feet of gravel is necessarily pure and wholesome. Bitter experience has proven time and again that the unaided senses can not be trusted to determine whether or not water is pure. The sources of pollution for surface water are usually so obvious and unmistakable that they appeal at once to our common sense and every day experience, but the dangers that beset sub-surface water are hidden from our view for the most part, and we are lulled into a false feeling of security, until nature calls our attention to them in a peremptory manner. Sanitary science is of such comparatively recent growth that the average "practical" man will have none of it. His senses are his only guide and they are frequently so blunted by long use or abuse that they serve him false. I was lately called to examine a well, the water from which was supposed to have been the cause of sickness. It was about sixteen feet deep and distant not more than twenty feet from a leeching cesspool, the bottom of which was about ten feet *above* the well bottom. The well water was merely diluted sewage of course, and yet it was almost impossible to make the owner understand or appreciate the facts, because he had lived there and used the water constantly for twenty years without evil effects. Of course the very fact of his having lived there for twenty years would be sufficient reason why the water should not be used for drinking purposes at the present time, but this was an answer that was too deep to be fathomed by him!

This leads me to say that undoubtedly the sooner all wells are abandoned, in the thickly settled parts of our villages, the better, as there is *not one* that can be said to be above suspicion and many that are veritable sinks of corruption. For example, most wells in a limited neighborhood are supplied from the same stratum of water bearing sand or gravel. The circulation between them is constant and free. The same causes that affect one affect all, and they rise or fall in unison. Now, since the advent of our abundant public water

supply many householders have found it a difficult matter to dispose of the greatly increased amount of sewage. As a consequence cesspools have been taxed beyond their capacity, and in several places *abandoned wells have been utilized for this purpose*. Considerable satisfaction is usually expressed with this arrangement, as the wells never fill up like ordinary cesspools and the neighboring wells experience a gratifying increase in their flow of water!

## OUR NATIVE PINES.

BY N. L. BRITTON.

THE PINE is a tree so widely and commonly known that any description of its general characters and appearance is unnecessary to the purpose of this article. Indeed it is almost the only tree that is recognized by everybody "on sight" and not liable to be confused with any other. While Staten Island is not very abundantly supplied with these trees in a wild state, it is unusually favored by the conditions of geographical distribution in having represented no less than four distinct kinds—a preference shared by but few counties in the State—and two of these find with us nearly their extreme northeastern habitat.

The Pitch Pine (*Pinus rigida*) is our commonest species, growing as isolated trees, or in groves of few individuals in all parts of the Island, though by far most abundant in the Tottenville district where there are several hundred acres in great part occupied by its timber. Among the most noteworthy of the small groves of this pine are those at the northern end of Todt hill at the prominent point above the school house at Garretson's Station, and another to the west of the railroad between New Dorp and Court House. It is the characteristic tree of the New Jersey and Long Island "Pine Barrens," and extends northward to Maine. It may be distinguished from the native species by its leaves being uniformly three in each sheath and the scales forming the hemispherical cone being tipped on their backs by stout spines.

The White Pine or Weymouth Pine (*Pinus Strobus*) is next in order of abundance, though its occurrence with us, is, at best but occasional. Its light green foliage and the symmetrical grace of young trees make it a well deserved favorite for lawns and parks. It is the largest of our East American pines, reaching an altitude of 150 feet under favorable conditions of soil and environment and in the north yields a most important lumber. Among our representatives of this species we may note a beautiful grove of half a dozen trees just east of the railroad between Garrettson's and Grant City, another near Kreischerville, and some very large specimens in the "Dongan Cedars," in the Clove Lake valley. We are near the most southern range of the White Pine along the Atlantic coast; a few groups only occur in Southern New Jersey, but farther inland, and especially along the mountains, it extends much farther in this direction. The tree is readily distinguished from our other native species by its five slender needles in each sheath and its long cones with blunt, unarmed scales.

The Georgia or Yellow Pine (*Pinus echinata*), frequent in Southwestern New Jersey and common on the Atlantic slope in the Southern States, finds with us, perhaps its most northeastern natural habitat. It is reported as growing in Suffolk and Westchester Counties, but there it may have been planted. It is a large tree with much the aspect of the Pitch Pine, but more slender with less rigid leaves and smaller cones. We have found it in but three localities on Staten Island. Tottenville has a few trees, a single one of large size grows in a field about half a mile east of Gifford's Station, and a group stand near the base of the hills about opposite the junction of the Fingerboard and Richmond roads. It may be known by its slender needles which are in two and threes in short sheaths and its cone scales tipped with weak bristles.

The fourth pine native to our Island is the Jersey Scrub Pine or Spruce Pine (*Pinus inops*), which, like the Yellow Pine, is certainly not indigenous much farther to the northeast. Very common in the lower Delaware Valley and occasional along the Raritan. We know it only from Kreischerville and Four Corners and a single tree near Clifton detected some years since by Mr. Hollick. It is a small tree, branching horizontally from the very base when allowed to stand uncrowded and forming with its dense, dark foliage and abundant

croppings of cones, one of our most beautiful and remarkable evergreens, has only two short, stout needles in each sheath and small cones with pungently pointed scales.

The pines should be of especial interest to us, for with the exception of the ubiquitous Red Cedar and the now rare holly, they are our only native evergreen trees and the only green islands in our winter landscapes. The White Cedar of Southern New Jersey comes as near to us as South Amboy. The Hemlock Spruce grows plentifully in the valleys of the Passaic and the Bronx and was doubtless found on Staten Island in the days of early settlement, but it has apparently disappeared from our native Flora before the march of civilization, though a few planted trees remain. The White Cedar or Arbor Vite of the North comes down the Hudson Valley to the northern end of the Palisades and has probably never been native with us.

Of the Pines, the especial object of our present sketch, the most suitable and interesting for lawn planting are the White and the Jersey Scrub. The numerous exotic species need not claim our attention in this connection.



## REMINISCENCES.\*

BY GEO. M. ROOT.

DO THE MODERN Staten Islanders know where Pavilion Hill is? The great knoll that rises behind the once called Tompkinsville, now part of Edgewater, 250 feet above tide water was a long time ago called by that name. Here stood a two-story structure, from the upper piazza of which on a pleasant July day could be seen a landscape not excelled in beauty and picturesqueness by any the world can produce. Although the house is no longer there, the same grand features remain, modified in later years. The distant city, which then seemed a flat uniformity, varied by occasional spires, now presents towering buildings, which blend in the purple haze of a summer's day with the numerous masts of shipping which fringe the surrounding rivers. The graceful lines of the great bridge stretch over to the neighboring city which has spread itself far into the interior. The great goddess of liberty raises her flaming torch where once the sentinel kept watch, the waves are ploughed by innumerable steamers, leaving long lines of smoke. Below us in every direction lining our shores are rows of buildings which have arisen within the last twenty years. Where now the American Docks and Warehouses, filled with cotton, and the picturesque cottages on Central avenue exist, stood the old Quarantine grounds. Scarce a vestige of its old brick walls remain. The officials and hangers-on of that establishment were then potent factors in local matters. The health officer was a king in his dominions, and his influence went beyond the walls. The vessels lay at anchor in the Bay, sometimes for weeks, and the hospital which crowned the eminences inside the enclosure were often filled with all manner of diseases. The crews of vessels came on shore, and with the hungry passengers were often permitted to go without the gate. The father of Prof. Drissler of Columbia College, was an honest German baker living near, and

\*Mr. Root has promised to continue these Reminiscences in succeeding numbers of this Magazine. He will also contribute an article on the Commercial Supremacy of Staten Island's Water Front.

many a time his entire stock of bread has been bought up by those, who, let loose for the first time after a long voyage, have rushed to get something fresh, not even waiting for it to cool from the oven. Uncle Sam had a station inside the walls, and here the Custom House officials would wait to board the vessels. They had jolly times, telling long yarns and discussing politics when not on duty. The crews of the customs officers and the doctors were stalwart fellows, ready at all times for a knock-down argument. On one occasion a Negro captain of a vessel from San Domingo came ashore to buy provisions. He put on considerable style and assumed many airs. Standing one day in front of a store, a number of the boatmen began to draw toward him with their hands behind their backs. Quite unconscious of their movements, he was considerably surprised to find a dozen or two of savory eggs besmearing his countenance and stylish attire, and following these as many thin paper bags of flour. Seeing that there was no redress in the face of such odds, he quietly walked away. The fourteenth amendment had not yet been passed.

The regular steamboat landing for the Island was the same as the late Tompkinsville dock. Communication was not the rapid transit of these days, but a few trips in the morning and afternoon with one boat. If anybody was carried away with love of theatres or dissipation they had to stay all night in the city. The steamer Bolivar, could carry about four teams on the forward deck, and not a very big crowd of people in the after saloon, and the wheezing engine propelled her diminutive paddle wheels so as to reach the city in an hour's voyage. Below the forward deck was the bar, where thirsty souls congregated. It happened on one occasion that the bar-keeper having been promoted to the airy position of pilot, essayed his first trip in the morning. Hardly had the boat left the dock when a dense fog settled around. Stopping occasionally, ringing the bell (there being no steam whistle) onward we went. Distant horns on board the vessels lying at anchor, and shouts of men sounded muffled through the encircling fog, but still we sailed until it seemed as if New York had moved away. At length, with a tremendous crash, we rushed into a ship which suddenly loomed up, and bounded back with a broken shaft. Hailing, we found we had been sailing in a circle, and were only prevented from going out to sea by the vessel

which was anchored opposite the present Clifton boat house. A sea captain on board proposed anchoring, as the tide was taking us out to the Narrows. Then, riding quietly, all hands commenced shouting and ringing bells, and very soon boats came from the shore, which happened fortunately to be near, and took us by degrees and for a modest fee, once more to land. Thus we had spent nearly the entire day in wandering about the Bay.

The Quarantine officials in those days were the great center of political influence in the County—tall, straight, with a vigorous constitution, which did him good service until he nearly saw a century of existence, the chief customs officer was potent in his party, in the church a prime factor, and in the choir a leader. Stern and dogmatic in his opinions, he knew how to manage men. His son, a Staten Islander, has the same rugged physique, and is as pronounced in his opinions. The tall old General, who also belonged to the same coterie, marched into church every Sunday as if his regiment was at his heels. He also had his distinct prejudices, and when a musical instrument was introduced into the choir and began to be played upon he indignantly arose from his pew, and strode out of church. One of the most cheery of the number, once a colonel in the militia and afterward a Congressman, was a universal favorite—a gentleman of the old school, whose genial manners made him a universal favorite, and the sunshine of whose presence has descended with renewed grace to his son. The old mansion overlooking the sea and the distant Naversink, whose hospitable doors were ever open to a friend, and whose hostess was as charming as her husband, did not close any churlish gates when the son inherited.

The health officers of that period did not have the great perquisites of this time, and political chicanery did not keep them in term after term. Notwithstanding, one of them became rich, married the daughter of a distinguished man, left a comfortable estate to his descendants, and gave his name to one of our principal avenues, one of his sons attaining judicial honors. Another health officer left two descendants, who successively became counsellors to our Supervisors.

Thus, although the Quarantine was a huge blot on our beautiful Island, many of the descendants of the officials have done honor to our County.

The autumn after the Mexican war was an eventful one in our

midst. The weather had been very peculiar for several days. An easterly wind, without rain, blew steadily, and short chopping waves kept continually breaking upon the shores. There seemed something sad in the monotonous voice of the waters, and the monotone of the wind, with no clouds to break the steady blue of the sky. Large ships lay at anchor off the Island, freighted with troops from the deadly climate of the gulf coast. Whispers began to grow into alarming reports that a case of yellow fever had appeared outside the Quarantine walls. Soon the certainty spread that many more had been taken down. Frightened families hastened away, and the rest endeavored to keep as far as possible from the plague spots. We remember walking one day, in the height of the epidemic, from Vanderbilt Landing to Tompkinsville. Scarcely a person was met and business seemed nearly at a standstill. It was no wonder that wearied with opposition, and even after an act had been passed for removal, and nothing had been done, that the people should rise in their might and burn the accursed place to the ground. After it being declared a nuisance by legal authority they only carried out the decree of the local health board. The time was well chosen. There were very few sick, and the few yellow fever patients were carried out and all tenderly cared for, and strange to say, the very release from walls which had become saturated with fever and disease germs, and the freshness and vitality of the open air was the means of restoring the most of them. Thus, happily after years of intolerable suffering, the pest house disappeared. To be sure we were all denounced as Sepoys, but the first newspaper published after the event was boldly called by that name, bravely argued the right to abate the nuisance and was the first to suggest the employment of a floating hospital to be placed in the Lower Bay.

Then as now there were notable representative clergymen who were known all over the Island. St. Andrew's at Richmond had its venerable pastor, whose long, white locks and benign face were a passport to any home. The whole Island was his diocese. The sick grew brighter at his coming and his blessing left a charm in the household. When the aged could attend no longer the services of the church he would have meetings at their homes and the neighbors flocked in to hear his words. He was not afraid to tell them their duty, and in the course of his long life he had baptized, married and

buried the same individual. He was like a beloved father, and when he addressed them as his children all hearts went out to him. Not so talented, but as good, with a benevolent heart which would have taken in all the world to shelter them from care or trouble, was the pastor of the Dutch Reformed church, whose walls still stand, at Tompkinsville, converted into a carriage manufactory. Many a time, within its sacred precincts, have we listened to the solid truth of the Gospel. He was a great worker among his people, and did not hesitate to risk his life among the sick of the neighboring hospital. Here he often met the Catholic father, and jointly they consoled and ministered unto the dying, and when the priest died his last request was to be buried beside his reverend brother. What a commentary on the narrow bigotry of sects and creeds that can see no Heaven but their own, and are not willing to admit anybody to this but their own followers! But, perhaps that was a more primitive time.

We must not forget the good physician after whom our noblest institution is named. Well do we remember when he boarded at the same house where as a boy we saw him for the first time. No man, woman or child could look in his face without an instant recognition of his loveable qualities. He was untiring in his devotion to his work, utterly ignoring class distinction in his visits, going as far through all weather to attend the poor as well as the rich; his generous aid in distress, his warm smile of welcome and the cheery word of encouragement endeared him to all. We have seen him in later days sitting patiently beside a sick child, waiting half the night to see signs of relief, though oftentimes so weary with constant labor as hardly to be able to keep from falling asleep.

Any monument, however grand, could not be too good for him and we are glad that his memory is to be perpetuated by an institution which would be so consonant to his wishes.

His successor was a remarkable man. Full of knowledge in his practice, he studied assiduously both native and foreign periodicals which could increase his attainments. Many a night, boarding in the same house, have we known him to burn the midnight oil. He seemed so instinctively to know a patient's disease, and was so much engaged that he often seemed brusque, and the ladies complained

that he did not stay long enough to discuss their symptoms. His mind was so versatile that he could not content himself with mere practice but interested himself in every matter which concerned the Island.

When the Quarantine war broke out he boldly issued the *Sepoy*, and afterward established the *Gazette*, and many a terse and telling article was written by him. Afterward, like so many professional men, he became enamoured of agriculture and bought a large farm on the South Shore which he conducted in the most expensive manner, wrecking his fortune. The establishment of a floating hospital (the removal of the Quarantine), is his direct work, and is a worthy monument to his determined effort.

## A COUNCIL OF WAR AT FORT RICHMOND,

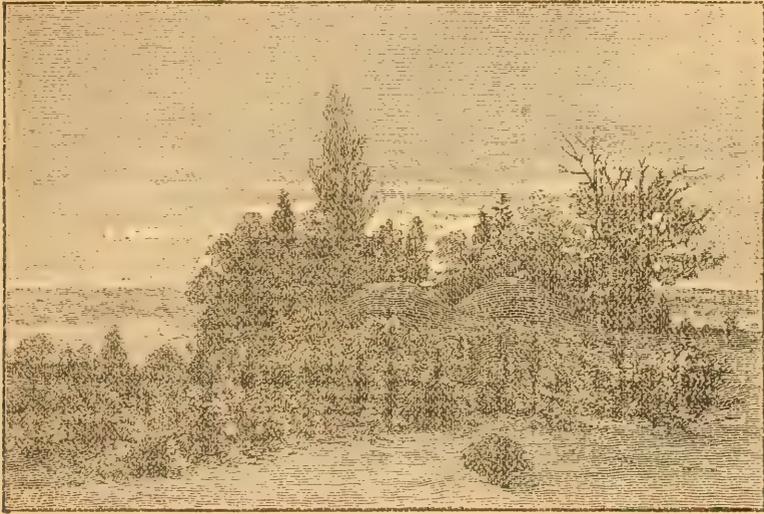
BY IRA K. MORRIS.

THE LAST PALE RAYS of a Summer's twilight were slowly fading away as the horizon in the West dimly marked the course of the setting sun. The flag of old England, moved lazily now and then by the evening breeze, hung suspended from the top of a tall staff imbedded in the rude ramparts of Fort Richmond. At intervals in the dark canopy of Heaven sentinel stars glittered brightly, and caught the eye of the disciplined guard or gunner, as he passed the monotonous hour in impatient expectation of the next "relief." The little village of "Cucklestown" lay so quiet at the foot of the great hill that it seemed to be dreaming in the holy hush of that summer evening. "The rude forefathers of the hamlet" had scarcely as yet learned to call it by its new name—Richmond towne.

The little red jail, which even at that day had withstood the storms of three-quarters of a century, was used as a rendezvous by the brutal Simkoe, while his famous "Queen's Rangers" were quartered near by. The jail (which the visitor to Richmond may look upon

to-day, but slightly changed) contained a group of prisoners whose only crime was their outspoken hope of freedom! The Court House was utilized by British officers, and St. Andrew's Church, made more sacred by the pious love of good Queene Anne, furnished a resting place for the sick and disabled of the King's army.

But while the village was sleeping, the fort on Richmond Hill knew no slumber. It was one of the main signal stations of Lord Howe's army, and the fate of that great legion of men depended in no small degree upon the vigilance of the sentry while pacing to and



FORT RICHMOND.

fro along the rugged embankment. So unsettled were the minds of the troops that the gunners slept at their posts alongside the guns, while Simcoe's mounted rangers kept their horses under the saddle and wore their full equipments throughout the night. Tory spies constantly kept the British commander posted upon the movement of the Continental troops, and too often even their plans were made known to the anxious royalists. There were four ten-pound cannons in the fort, and they belonged to the field artillery.

The old fort is located on the brow of a steep hill, now almost hidden by trees, while back of it there is a large field of level land. It was here that Lord Howe and his generals would turn to make

observations, necessary for the movement of their own troops, or to discover what they ever expected—an attack.

On the evening to which we have referred the shrill notes of a bugle broke the deep silence, and hastily called to arms every man at the post. The well-drilled troops stood in exact lines; the infantry with their polished pieces at “present,” and the artillerymen with their sabre-points near the ground, all glistening in the light of the flickering camp-fire. The rumble of hoofs and the clinking of swords and spurs were vividly heard along the narrow roadway leading from the village to the fort. The sounds grew nearer to the hill-top, and presently a group of mounted men could be discerned approaching. Slightly in advance, sitting gracefully on a handsome white charger, perfectly at ease, was an officer wearing the British uniform. His breast was lavishly decorated with medals. As the rider drew the reins gently the horse curved his neck and stopped. Two or three companions rode up to the officer and halted. There was a brief conference.

“Who is he?” “What does all this mean?” whispered the troops. No one seemed to understand. Presently the commander of the fort, in full dress, advanced and saluted the officer, who was still sitting upon his horse, and invited the party to dismount and accompany him to headquarters (the stone house in the rear of the fort, still standing). The officer of the guard and a detachment of riflemen escorted the visitors to their destination, and there learned who they were. The graceful rider of the white charger was Lord Howe, while closest to him was the handsome Major Andre, at that time acting as Adjutant-General of the British army. General Kuypphausen, the Hessian commander, and an aide-de-camp dashed up the hill and joined the party before reaching the old stone house. There were also present Lord Cornwallis, General Robertson, General Skinner, Colonel Billopp, Lieutenant-Colonel Mockton, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, and a number of staff officers.

It was a great event for Richmond Hill. The anxious, monotonous life of the troops was suddenly changed, and their cheers echoed through the woodlands and reverberated over the plains and meadows stretching far away to the West. The whole world was looking upon that group of distinguished men then gathered near the little fort. The fate of the struggling colonies depended perchance upon

the decision arrived at there upon that Summer's eve, and the interests of a score of powerful nations were more or less affected. The sentry, slowly pacing in front of the old stone house, could occasionally hear a portion of a question or answer relative to the condition of the country back beyond the Kills, and it was soon known throughout the post that a council of war was in progress and that an expedition was soon to be made into New Jersey.

"Let me lead, with the Queen's Rangers," suggested the impetuous Simcoe; "they fear no danger, nor do they care for the life of a rebel."

"It would be far better to name my men for such an expedition; they, too, have no sentimentality in their souls!" added General Kuyphausen, as he spoke of his heartless Hessians; "there will be little else than devastation to mark the route they have taken, and it will be a sorry hour for the rebels when my men meet them!"

Notwithstanding Simcoe's bravery was never questioned, it is a historical fact that Lord Howe had no confidence in his loyalty to the King, nor his honesty of purpose. He was a brutal fanatic, constantly seeking self-glory in a channel which most men despise. Consequently Lord Howe informed him that his rank precluded the possibility of his commanding an expedition where such a large body of troops was to be brought into action; he would, therefore, place General Kuyphausen in command, with power to select whatever troops, in his judgment, were deemed necessary.

An hour or more passed in animated discussion about the expedition and other questions that naturally rise at such a time, at the conclusion of which the commandant of Fort Richmond gave a reception to his royal guests. Near the huge stone chimney stood a large round table, which had been left there by the family that had occupied the old stone house for many years. On it rested the conventional well-filled punch-bowl and various other luxuries. The vexatious manœuvres of the great army were soon almost forgotten, and the time was given up to the merry scenes which characterized social gatherings at that particular period.

"God save the King," said the polite Howe, as he raised his glass in the presence of the genial company. "Success to the expedition," exclaimed Kuyphausen, when it came time for another toast and all raised their glasses but the disappointed Simcoe. Presently as the

eyes of the commander fell upon him, he too raised his glass and drank; but the effect upon the company was quite noticeable. Then, as with a great effort to regain his lost ground, Simcoe raised his refilled glass and said "Here's to the captor of George Washington's head!" Every eye rested upon Lord Howe, and every one present, who prided in being "an officer and a gentleman," awaited to learn how the rival of the American general would treat the sentiment. "Col. Simcoe," said Lord Howe, "while we are at war with a people whose half-defeated army is led by this man Washington, and while I have no sentimentality to devote to the distinguished but deluded subject of His Majesty, the King of Great Britain, I feel that it would be highly improper to behead him in the midst of all this gayety and pleasure. Can you not modify your toast so that nothing but good will shall prevail for the time being?"

Colonel Simcoe felt the rebuke keenly; but he was too shrewd to resent the stinging sarcasm of his superior officer. He attempted to assume an easy air, and then proposed the health of His Majesty, Lord Howe!"

"His Majesty?" whispered Major Andre, thinking that Colonel Simcoe had committed an unintentional error.

"Certainly!" replied Simcoe, in a defiant manner, "he's King of America, isn't he?"

The explanation was accepted pleasantly, and the other toasts were given to the finish. When the pleasures of the event had ended (and it may not have been until the great punch-bowl was empty), the group wandered out of the old stone house to the grassy lawn. It was far into the night. No sound broke the deep silence save the thudded stamping of the restless horses, as they stood impatiently champing their bits. The full, bright moon was directly overhead, lighting up the surroundings with such splendor as to reawaken in the minds of the warriors the scenes and memories of other days. Far beyond the dark, restless ocean there were homes and loved ones which could never be effaced from the hearts' lists of precious treasures. As the distinguished group strolled leisurely in the direction of the fort, with uncovered heads, the keen perception for the beautiful in nature which ever characterized Major Andre, seemed to awaken to its very limit, and his admiration for the magnificent surroundings found a cordial sympathy in no less a

heart than Lord Howe's. The narrow creek, winding its way through the meadow, far down below, reflected the silvery sheen of the great moon; the little town of Richmond, hushed in the deep silence of night, suggested only that peace which knows naught of war; while near and far the dark, rich, foliage of the deep woodland, amongst which nestled myriads of wild birds, stood in marked contrast to the starry canopy above. Why they were going over to the fort at that hour no one really knew; perhaps they were attracted by the unlimited fascination that surrounded the scene.

Suddenly the group halted and listened most attentively. The sweet bugle notes of the "assembly" were wafted on the air from the British camp over at New Dorp. What could it mean? "To horse!" exclaimed Lord Howe, and in a few seconds each one sat in his saddle and was hastening down the hillside. Farther and farther they rode, until the last sound of the prancing horses faintly died away.

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On arrival at headquarters at New Dorp, Lord Howe found the entire command in a state of great excitement, and under arms preparatory for movement at a moment's notice. Shortly after sundown, when attention had been centred upon the departure of the commander and a number of his officers, a squad of grenadiers had "run the guard," and at a late hour, when it was thought the family living in the farm-house (near the Elm tree light), were asleep, they attempted to raid the premises and carry away whatever might be of use to a soldier. But as the farmer and his sons had made a practice of watching their property throughout the night, they fired upon the invaders and wounded two of them. The report of the guns and the shrieks of the suffering men, coming from the direction of the shore, led the temporary commander, General Percy, to believe that an attack was being made by General Hugh Mercer, and immediate preparations for resistance were made. The real cause, however, was soon discovered, and the men returned to their quarters for the remainder of the night.

On the following day General Kuyphausen began preparations for the expedition. He selected his Hessians chiefly, as they belonged to the infantry branch of the service. A battalion of Light Horse, numbering about five hundred, and a field battery of six ten-

pounders, from Cleveland's Royal Artillery, completed the command. The force numbered about five thousand men, and were divided into commands under Generals Robertson, Tyron and Sterling,

The sun had commenced to descend as the troupes "turned their backs" on New Dorp lane, passed the old Rose and Crown and Black Horse taverns *en route* for the North Shore. As that portion of the Island through which the invading army passed was principally dense woodland at that time, it is generally believed that the route taken was by the old Richmond Road along the deep ravine back of Egbertville, through Morganville, Castleton Corners, down "Mill Road" to the shore, and thence to Decker's ferry (now known as Port Richmond.) The troops remained on Staten Island for the night; but by the first ray of light on the following morning they embarked on the vessels that had for a day or so lay at anchor in the Kills.

By nine o'clock the last man had reached the shore at Elizabethport, and the invading army of Kuyphausen awaited the order to start on its mission of destruction and death. It had been stated at the council of war at Fort Richmond that a strong desire had been expressed by the people for miles back of Elizabethtown to renew their loyalty to the crown, and this gave General Kuyphausen much confidence in his undertaking. The error, however, was soon discovered, when from behind every thicket and stone fence came unexpected volleys of buck shot and rude missiles.

Near Elizabethtown the Jersey militia made an onslaught upon the invaders. General Sterling was among the wounded. Kuyphausen's men were all well drilled and had been under fire many times. The "ragged regimentals" were unable to drive them back. They halted for the night, and early on the following morning took up the line of march for Springfield. It is told of General Kuyphausen that he became exasperated at the reception the people gave him, and caused the village to be destroyed by fire. Added to this was an act of brutality that must forever blacken the memory of the "handsome Hessian." After dwellings, stores, and even the little church had melted into ashes, the minister's wife (a Mrs. Caldwell), was murdered in cold blood. The event thrilled the Country with excitement and indignation, and had the effect of enlisting new sympathy for the cause of independence.

General Kuyphausen returned, under the cover of darkness, back to Elizabethtown, where he awaited the arrival of Generals Clinton and Arbutnot, on their return from Charleston. The invaders, being greatly reinforced, returned to Springfield, and, several days later, engaged the American army under Generals Greene and Dickenson. But, gaining nothing by the engagement, Kuyphausen again retreated to Elizabethport, re-embarked, and in the night time brought his army back to Staten Island.

The event, viewed from a military standpoint, was of but little significance; yet, it is safe to assume, had an important political effect upon the two countries at war. Lord Howe was greatly disappointed, and did not hesitate to make the fact known to General Kuyphausen, who, it is said, felt the humiliation so keenly that he actually wrote his resignation. He never fully regained his popularity among the troops, and those who knew him best have said that the scenes which filled his first day in the little hamlet of Springfield followed and haunted him to the very hour in which his eyes closed in their sleep of death.

Although a century has passed away since the veteran armies from far-away lands centralized near the little fort, the fact seems to be thoroughly established that the sacred principles which were born in those Revolutionary battles have grown stronger by the distance of time. Common ties of friendship and national interests enable the silken furls of the proud emblems of both lands to mingle in a cemented peace, and bespeak the perpetuation of two of the greatest nations existing under the providence of God. It is doubtful that a more neglected historical spot exists in the whole country than Fort Richmond; but it is likely to stand for a century to come, when, perhaps, it will be regarded with more interest than by those who, living here to-day, shall have passed away.

## VOCAL MUSIC IN THE FAMILY AND SCHOOL.

BY JAMES MCNAMEE.

**D**ULNESS IN THE home circle is apt to make its members dullards and society drones. The heads of many families thus afflicted seem to have never apprehended this fact, or else have never made a persistent effort to brighten the situation in their own households.

Though happiness has never been a drug in the market, its scarcity is largely due to neglect, by those who sigh for it, to cultivate it on their own premises and with the best tools they may find at hand. As for right living, it never has been easy, and, in these later days, has become more difficult because life is more complicated. Still, all the more must society strive to multiply and provide helps to better and happier living. The family is the true location for such assistance and the spot on which to begin the work of improvement, for life and social influence radiate from that centre.

Well, says some one, what are your helps toward brightening home and making right living easier? You must guess them, except that one bearing the title of this article, for there is the text and it behooves me to be brief. And yet, let me interject this much about such helps in general: no parent is helping to make home cheerful or right living easy who will not spend ample time in the society and training of the children. Such training is not possible by those who stand aloof and simply act the martinet. Come down to the level of their every day life, mingle with them in their amusements and troubles, play and sing with them, win thus their affection and not their fear, and they can be trained to almost anything.

Why do so many children in highly respectable families go wrong? is often asked. Because, in the home life, which we do not see, their

parents spend too much time and affectionate regard on themselves and too little on the boys and girls. But what has vocal music to do with this and how will it elevate and make life happier?

Try it, friend, for yourself and in your family circle and you will find the answer. Weave into the daily life there any pleasing study or exercise which naturally tends to refine and elevate, and you have opened a source of happiness and protection against evil, which is of priceless value to every member of the household. There are numbers of such studies or exercises which cannot now be discussed. Vocal music is certainly one and not the least in its power and effects. for it can charm the king or the peasant, banish care, cement fellowship, sweeten toil, bear messages of love, melt to tears of grief or pity, inspire to deeds of self-sacrifice or valor, or to thoughts of heavenly purity.

What a wonderful power to establish in the family, where it will brighten the daily life, inspire to better things and whence its influence may pulsate through the community and nation! Why should it not be installed in every household? The rich and great have no monopoly of it, nor are the learned the only ones who can lay hold upon it and enjoy its blessings!

What pleasures or advantages does it confer upon those who are its students? Ask the singer, whose spirit thrills with varied emotions as he renders the works of the great masters. Ask the humbler choristers, whose souls march with their voices through the great chorales of praise and adoration.

The family that sings together knits closer those ties that death cannot sever; the friends that join in chorus are more difficult to part thereafter; sorrow and care take flight as we join in that Heaven-born exercise; the hours spent by many under its influence are often those which, but for its superior attractions, might be wasted in evil companionship or pursuits, and the words of hope, love, consecration, duty, adoration, or thanksgiving that are uttered by the singer sink into his own heart and there unconsciously exercise corresponding influence for good.

Still, this is no recent discovery and to verge on rhapsodizing about vocal music will not make singers. Granted, but some form of force must be turned on if anything is to be set in motion.

Strange as it may seem to some, it is not so difficult to make

singers. Three things are necessary to make, for example, a piano-player—the piano, the will to play and the skill to perform. Everybody has not a piano, and that cuts short the idea of piano-playing in many quarters, though the will and even the skill be present. But everybody has a musical instrument, *the voice*, though myriads have a fixed idea that it was only given them to use in talking.

If this mistake is what has held you back from the pleasures of singing, awaken from your trance, announce that you wish to sing and that you will sing, if you can only ascertain how to sing. That determination almost makes you singers, for it is wonderful if you have the capital of a voice, and you certainly have, and a will to use it, how little stock in the way of knowledge about singing you need to enable you to start in the business. We are all born to sing, just as we are all born to swim; experience shows that only about one per cent. in civilized communities have monotone voices, a defect corresponding to color-blindness; the trouble is that very many think there is some mystery about the method of singing, revealed only to a favored few, from whom they assume to exclude themselves, or by neglect in early life, exclude their children.

It is never too late for those who are not semi-centenarians to enter the ranks, though youth is, of course, the time to enlist. Embrace then every opportunity to sing, both for yourself and for your children, and spend time at home upon this study and skill will come soon with experience.

If you cannot pay for instruction watch others and gain hints from them. Nine-tenths of those who dance never had a master.

If within your means, obtain at least a few suggestions as to how to handle and train the voice, from some careful, but not showy, teacher. Organize or join some club or society devoted to choral work and you will soon find yourself longing for the weekly rehearsal and regretting its termination.

Though musical traits and ability are hereditary, thousands, who may not be born *Marios* or *Jenny Linds*, have traits and abilities which might have given them constant pleasure and perhaps renown, had they not neglected to develop and cultivate them.

I am almost tempted to say, above all, learn to read music at sight, for that emancipates you from the thralldom of mere imitation.

A class of old or young can study sight-reading, under a competent

instructor, at small expense to each member, and practice at home will do wonders toward perfecting in this most important branch of the art.

This brings me to the subject of vocal music in the school, for, after all, that is the place where class and choral drill should begin. In the schools of England and of Europe generally, this fact was long since recognized and much more thorough provision made for such instruction than is found in the great body of our schools.

Several years ago Mr. John Hullah, a prominent musical expert and composer in England, at the request of the British government personally visited several countries of Europe and reported upon musical instruction in the elementary schools of the continent. He found various features of excellence in different quarters, some of which may be alluded to here.

Thus, he found, in portions of Austria and in Germany, that attention to individual students, while in class, the singing of this or that bar or phrase separately, was not an unusual practice, as it divested the scholar of aid from others and served to give confidence. In Holland he noticed excellent sight reading and that the instructor rarely sang at all.

In Holland and Belgium children sang, at sight and faultlessly, new and difficult passages, written at the moment by Mr. Hullah, on the blackboard, corrected faulty harmonies he had intentionally given them, named various combinations and modulations to be rendered on the piano, and sang part songs with a spirit and correctness that could hardly have been exceeded.

In the schools for boys in Brussels, he states that the scholars showed an extensive and accurate acquaintance with musical theory, and "all the classes sang from notes; the youngest children learn their songs so, none by ear."

In every school there the children, almost without exception, answered every theoretical question put, and read at sight, correctly, every passage written for them. Thoroughly trained professors were at the head of this kind of instruction, each having a general supervision over a number of schools, and the quality of the work done was kept up by frequent "surprise" visits from various disinterested experts who were allowed to demand exhibitions whenever they desired.

As an encouragement to English-speaking nations Mr. Hullah states that the growth of music in Germany, which is apt to be regarded as its original source, is comparatively recent; in the fifteenth and first years of the sixteenth centuries the Belgians, or Galo-Belgians, were the music masters of all Europe, then came the Italians and then the Germans.

In his opinion, notwithstanding the musical knowledge on the continent, the so-called musical power of the English people is equal to that of the German or any other people. It only needs development by proper and general methods of instruction.

The following passage from his report is very interesting in the present connection:

"The schools of Holland and Belgium more especially present instances, without number, of children of the humblest class, of the ages of nine and ten, who can not only sing what they have learned, with taste and refinement, but sing at sight passages of considerable difficulty with as much ease and evident intelligence as they would show in reading literary passages within the range of their comprehension.

"The teaching of notes has gone along with or immediately followed the teaching of letters and the one has presented no greater difficulty than the other."

No more needs to be said as to the practicability of this method of instruction. There are ample reasons why vocal music should be given a prominent place in all our schools, private and public, and competent instructors provided.

Solo training is not feasible there, but class, choral work, provided it is not imitative, is eminently suitable. Take, for example, instruction or exercise in reading music at sight. Such drill is largely brain-work and is thoroughly educational. It cultivates the power of concentration, quickness and accuracy of perception, steadiness in mental application amid distracting influences and accuracy in expression.

In certain respects its results coincide with those of mathematical training. The memory also is called upon as progress is made in the study of music and that, too, in a way to cultivate readiness in its response. Besides these strictly educational benefits, which contribute largely to success in every department of life, this study,

pursued in the method indicated, confers advantages, which even the unmusical readily recognize.

After reaching a certain point, ability to sing means ability to earn. The church-choir and the concert-room bear witness to this and also that pecuniary results, ascending to large amounts, can be thus earned, with delight in the work, with spotless reputation and without seriously interfering with still other business pursuits.

We all know that hardly any better passport in society can be furnished to those, not personally objectionable, than an established reputation for musical ability, if combined with due modesty and tact in the use of this great power to please.

The reasons already given for the cultivation of vocal music in the family-circle lose none of their force in this connection. Why, then if all this is so, have not our schools more generally made this study a prominent feature in the course of instruction? Simply because so far as they have taken it up, they have usually made it an imitative study, mere parrot-work. Thus pursued it is worthy of no greater attention, because none of the results described can follow.

So generally, by reason of this erroneous method of instruction, has the public mind become imbued with the belief that the study of music in our schools is valueless, that it is now no easy task to procure its sanction to the introduction of a correct mode of instruction.

Still, as with manual training, the advocates of this study are making themselves heard. The public schools in New England, especially in Boston and New Haven, are doing admirable work in this department. A visit to them, under proper guidance, will richly repay the friends of music and do much toward converting the skeptical.

In New York City, unfortunately, little in the true direction is, as yet, being done, outside of Public School No. 69, in 54th St., where Mr. A. T. Schaufler, Vice-Principal, and musical instructor, is illustrating most lucidly and effectively, the truth of the statements above made.

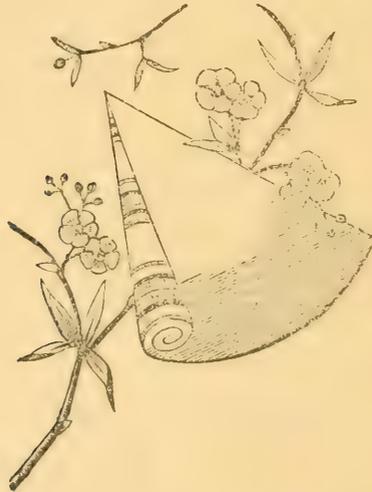
Mr. Frank Damrosch is, at this very time, delivering an interesting course of lectures in New York City, describing, by means of quite a large body of school children, the true method of class instruction in vocal music.

Within the month Mr. Schauffler gave a most interesting model lesson of this kind to three classes of children combined, in the large Broad Street Public School in Stapleton, Richmond County, at the invitation of friends who hope that the school authorities of Staten Island will promptly seize the opportunity, now within their grasp, to place their County, at least in this study, conspicuously in the van of the entire State.

Our people are awakening to the fact that life must be made more cheerful as it moves along, that rational pleasure duly mixed with toil brings no waste or loss and that familiar joys wear the best. The secret of success lies in the correct choice of the means best fitted to produce these results.

Here is one, within the reach of all, that has never failed, when called upon, to accomplish all that is claimed for it.

If the families and schools of the land generally avail themselves of it, no prophet is needed to predict the beneficial results that will speedily follow.



## THE BUILDING OF THE BODY.

BY W. C. JOSLIN.

ALL EXERCISES which give health, strength, and exhilaration of both mind and body need no apostle in this year 1888. That which is fashionable requires no advocate, and we can dispense with the argument that the land of Plato and Aristotle deified the physical powers, or that our great mother still wins her battles on Rugby field.

In the wonderful expansion of American life in the last score of years—a development not alone along the lines of least resistance, as in natural growth and commercial enlargement, but in all those things which adorn life and beautify humanity, the ardor for vigorous exercise has advanced with more than equal footsteps. As a nation we have been a long time in getting to know how to disport ourselves, but now that we have learned, there is no mistaking the quality of our enjoyment, and no words can adequately picture its scope and limits “*imperium sine fine dedi.*” The passion for sound bodies which fills our summer forests with amateur hunters and lights up the Adirondacks with the gleam of camp fires, which covers our border seas with yachts, our streams with birchen barks, our mountains with lusty climbers, and which graces with Pindar’s bay the brow of victorious youth at New London, is no mere evanescent fancy, but has all the signs of well-sustained national sentiment. We have become anglo-maniacs in so many silly, puerile ways that it is cheering to here see sense point with fashion. As Col. Higginson says, “we have the one drop more of nervous fluid than our English cousins, and need more than they the wholesome heartiness of full muscular development.

In its chief aspect then the mission of the believer in physical training is easy, everyone agrees with him as to the result desired. It is his task to guide and often to restrain. It is for him to systematically develop and regulate this passion, to so adjust the exercise to the capacity of the pupil that all parts of the body will be systematically developed, that one part will not be strong at the ex-

pense of another, and that vitality be not sapped for the sake of mere muscular strength.

The object of physical training is not strength as the word is usually used, but perfect health, and that firm equipoise and vigorous condition of the mind which is the index of the well-conditioned and thoroughly cared-for body. To this end the building of the body demands as careful and as constant attention as that of the mind. The average boy if left to himself will turn to those sports and exercises in which he naturally excels, and neglect the parts of the body which especially require attention, in the same way as a pupil who is deficient in mathematics and above all needs analytical work shuns arithmetic and its successors. Or, if turned loose in a gymnasium with its bewildering array of apparatus, he will probably do himself irreparable injury from his ill-advised attempts at feats beyond his capacity for which gradual exercise has not prepared him. The chances are that if he grows up without well regulated instruction his development will be partial and one sided, that certain muscles will have suffered at the expense of others, and that manhood will come unattended with that vigorous and harmonious play of all the organs which is essential to successful life work. And if this instruction is necessary for the boy, how much the more for his sister! on her perfect health and complete physical development rests the future and the "World that is to be."

Physical education should begin as soon as the mind readily comprehends the purpose and the muscles can obediently and accurately follow the will. Much can be done with a pupil at almost any period before middle age, but to obtain the highest results the work must begin with the earliest years, before the twig has assumed a bent. The instruction should be regulated by growth itself, "beginning with its beginning, adding to, proportioning, consolidating and sustaining every cell of fibre and tissue as it is added to the frame." The work should begin while all is plastic and movable, changing and capable of being changed. As true education consists not in the acquirement of knowledge but in growth of mental power, so physical education is the *getting the body into that superb condition where it can work at its best in every line of effort*. Our duty to our children demands that we equip their bodies as well as their minds for the struggle for existence, a struggle never so fierce as now, and which

permits no one to say that the world must give him a living in the particular occupation that he fancies. The sound mind will fail a thousand times without the sound body; with both the possessor has but to labor to win success.

The flexible bones of the child can be turned to a grace and symmetry which a few added years will render impossible. As every graceful movement tends to make the child himself more graceful, an additional argument is adduced for those exercises which round the angles of rude and boisterous youth, and insensibly lead to a more refined and gracious life.

In the thorough and systematic carrying forward of this great work the Germans have shown us the way, and we are still their pupils. Wherever they are gathered in sufficient numbers they have set up their altar to the worship of the body and established a Turn Verein, always under the charge of a competent instructor. They are doing a magnificent work among the children of their nationality, and I can personally attest the excellenc of the results obtained by the organization recently started in Stapleton. It is a great tribute to the energy and foresight of our German citizens.

But it is reddening along the whole Eastern horizon, and the American people are beginning to take hold in earnest. Prof. Richards of Yale enters his plea in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and the youngest of our great magazines yields its attractive pages to the wide experiences of our foremost teacher. Within the last three years some two hundred of the leading teachers have formed themselves into the "American Association for the Advancement of Physical Training." Its members include such names as Sargent of Harvard, Seaver of Yale, Hitchcock of Amherst, Hartwell of Johns Hopkins, Anderson of Brooklyn, White of Berkeley, Betz of Kansas City, Starkloff of Millwaukee, and William Blaikie. Supt. Patterson of Brooklyn, Principals Perkins of the Adelphi and Backus of Packer, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage and Mr. Chas. Pratt are earnest members. Many of the leading western cities, as Chicago and Kansas City, have introduced regular physical exercise into their public schools, and at the last meeting of the association a resolution was passed that superintendents of schools should be urged to adopt some plan by which all public school children could have the benefit of a few minutes daily exercise.

Schools for the instruction of teachers have been established by Dr. Sargent at Cambridge, and by Dr. Anderson at Brooklyn and Chautauqua. Graduates of the latter are required to pass examination in physiology, anatomy, hygiene, anthropometry, military methods and the theory and practice of calisthenics and heavy gymnastics. They must give proof of their ability to handle classes, know what to do in case of accidents and be thoroughly posted in all branches of the subject. The graduates with such an equipment have no difficulty in finding excellent positions. They go to the great private schools and colleges, and their well trained pupils go forth as the apostles of a better order of things. From them springs the impetus which multiplies athletic clubs in our cities and larger towns, spreads the gospel of pure air and exercise among our citizens, demands ventilation and sanitation in our homes, and moves the people with the "strong lever of example." Within the last ten years the number of students taking regular exercise at the Hemingway Gymnasium has increased from ninety to nearly eleven hundred and there are now in Harvard two hundred and fifty men stronger than the strongest in 1880.

Both of the large incorporated schools upon the Island pay much attention to this matter, and in the one more recently founded at least the instruction follows the approved methods of the leading educators.

The work begins with free movements bringing into play every muscle of the body, thence leading to dumb-bells, wands, rings, pulley-weights, etc., and finally to the severer work of the gymnasium proper. Since development springs from activity alone, and this so far as possible spontaneous, the work is diversified in many ways, and healthful emulation excited between rooms, classes, squads and individuals.

With these exercises pursued continuously and systematically, there comes to every pupil who is able to follow them, the sturdy limbs, the ample lungs, the strong and steady heart, and that easy poise and carriage of the body which tells of the healthy action and harmonious relation of all the parts. With these acquired in early manhood and womanhood a very little will keep them so, and the momentum of this superb condition will carry one through the stress

of many a physical and mental conflict, and give to declining years a hearty and vigorous old age.

On our beautiful Island, we fancy, we can find as nowhere else all those gracious influences which tend to develop the human body into the likeness of that deathless marble which we worship as the god of physical perfection. Our Island, swept by the winds fresh from leagues of the open sea, girdled by the broad Bay and the wind-ing beauty of the Kills, lengthening its wide fields into spacious lawns, rearing its terraced hills under a genial sky, and everywhere sloping down to inviting shores, beckons the athlete and the pleasure lover to such an arena as never did Grecian isle of yore.

And the call is not unheeded. The loiterer on our curving strand and breezy upland sees the straight back bowing over the flashing oar, the sway of lithe figures on the green sward, the sweep of pliant muscle, and the swift rush of flying feet. He hears the sharp crack of the bat, feels the hot breath of the runner, and notes with kindling eye all those invigorating pastimes in which lusty youth and supple maidenhood exult and find the abounding joy of living.

May it be our beneficent task to see that those who are to follow us will not only make our favored Island the plain of Elis and the abiding home of all manly sports, but that our own sons and daughters shall wear the unfading laurel of a sound body and a healthful life.



## SYMPATHY.

BY C. WARNER OAKLEY.

IN THE DARK HOURS of distress, disaster and affliction, the heart of the true friend of those thus visited, is generously employed. Pity is but a momentary expression, and often disappears with its utterance. It is not clothed with enough potency to be of any direct service—it may, in truth, be called an economical contribution, but seldom if ever a beneficial one. Pure sympathy, on the contrary, is not content with a verbal outburst or a mechanical method. It is the product of an affectionate soul, and there is a sublimity in its presence that endows it with strength as absolute as its reception is welcome. What, indeed, can be more in unison with the Heavenly command, than a fellow feeling for any one we may admire and respect, when the pathways of such are clouded with care, and their daily trials are almost disheartening; when the eye is dimmed by suspense and disappointments, and all efforts for self relief are crushed, as it were, by the cold indifference, distrust and selfishness of their more favored acquaintances? Truly, Heaven alone can help the friendless, and from its portals the whispers of the angelic host are heard when mortal aid has been denied them. These messengers of peace and comfort, are sent to watch over the faithful whose lives may be weakened and shortened by the yoke of poverty, and their songs are so sweetly rendered as to arouse the hope most needed to dispose of the troubles of the humble and sorrowful. There are certain men and women in every community, who are made the mediums of substantial sympathy. Their hearts and minds are tutored by the Supreme Being, and being protected by the sacredness of their responsibility, they step out from their ordinary pursuits impressed mysteriously with the fact that frequently to the widow and fatherless whose deprivations are often exceedingly weighted and unexpected, they are to be of special service, and as they enter the home once made bright and happy by the companionship of a beloved protector, they wipe away the tears of the afflicted, and help them to be of good cheer in the midst of their loss, their loneliness, and their

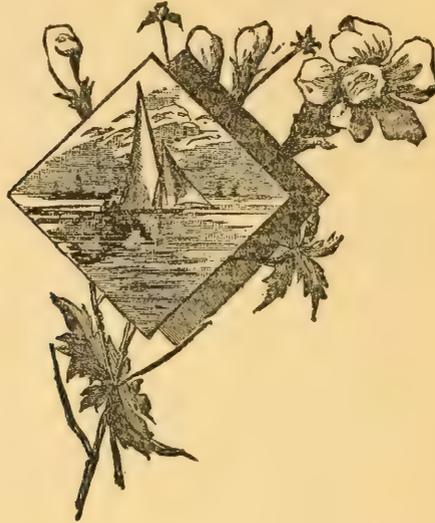
fears of further misfortunes. It may not strike them at the time that each and every act of kind sympathy to a fellow creature, becomes an immortal example. It lives while selfish gains and purchased honors dwindle swiftly, and finally pass into the foaming sea of worldly oblivion. In fine, active sympathy is the modest attendant of Charity. The humanitarian and philanthropist arm themselves with the virtues that reach the field of suffering, or where mortal diseases refuse to yield to mortal remedies; where the sick and dying are grateful in their helplessness for a ray of sympathy from any source, and in silent prayer give thanks for its gentle touch and noble watchfulness. To be the possessor of a sympathetic chord which cannot be broken by prejudice or misjudgment, or a wicked avoidance of duty when abundantly able to perform it, is indeed to be blessed—blessed by all we may soothe and care for, and blessed in the sight of the Great Master who knows when the heart is governed by His examples and commands. Yet the sympathy of some is subject to suspicion—it is of a strictly inventive nature, displayed so unnaturally that it had better been withheld than expressed, or unborn than looked upon as almost insulting. The world is well supplied with evidences of mockery, and deeds that are often supposed to be appropriate, yet lacking in sincerity, only bring shame and confusion to their authors, as they are morally condemned by the formality which has been cunningly employed by them without the least idea of its after discovery.

It is strange, but no less true, that the most sincere sympathy exists among the middle classes. They portray it with peculiar earnestness, notwithstanding its force may be restricted by the paucity of means usually to be found where the strong arm of labor represents a distinctive source of personal gratification, and yet in spite of their restriction, there is always a commensurate amount of sympathy lurking within it. Many sympathetic reflections invoked by keen observation are surely worthy of a liberal ventilation, particularly if applied to cases where human misery has to contend against human hypocrisy and human heartlessness. They are beyond the pale of narrow comment or faint praise, and far more conducive to the general welfare of society than the patronizing elements which so much disfigured it, and expose at least their shallow origin. Plausible people too are apt to excuse themselves for a lack of

sympathy when a worthy object is within their neighborhood, by an ingenious dovetailing of circumstances out of which they quiet their minds, and make themselves self-satisfied as to the limit of their labors, and the disposal of their time. Like the rich man who denies the right of being dictated to in a matter of charity, they claim to be the free or sole almoners of their sympathy in accordance with their humor or their condescension. Knowing full well how ennobling is a sympathetic character, we feel almost confused when we try to fathom the depth of any repudiative movement or opinion regarding its mission. It seems so unnatural for an educated man or woman to be without some gracious sympathies, so inhuman, alas! for self alone to govern their whims and desires, their actions and accumulations. They cannot, it would seem, ever ponder over the written warnings which are meant to apply to the marble hearted, the excessively proud, and we may include the miserly and tyrannical. Warnings that came from beyond the clouds when the world began, and are therefore not to be rejected or lightly referred to by any living creature. It is an open question as to whether our sympathies are not awakened and governed by our associations, and hence many men whose minds are absorbed in their pursuits, will express a momentary feeling of pity, and claim that such is akin to sympathy. The entire outlay on their part being a casual thought or notice of some afflictive case, and nothing more. It is very easy to assert, of course, that there are too many instances of suffering to command the substantial sympathy of the busy man and besides the monarchs of trade and speculations are not always inclined to accept the statements of those, who, on behalf of others, ask for their sympathy in a shapely form, equipped with the material which is sure to be serviceable. They apparently disbelieve that there is such a thing as pure sincerity, and resort to some eccentricity merely to show that they are different from other people, being confident likewise that the display of an adroit mannerism is oftentimes sufficient to excite the disgust of the sympathetic, and they escape by its use, from many duties which from mere gratitude for the privileges they enjoy, they should willingly perform. How they quiet their conscience, or what sort of philosophy they summons when shirking these duties, we are at a loss to say. We can only imagine that they feel assured of

their shortcomings being forgotten, and accordingly smile at the possible penalty of being shrewd at the expense of after humiliation. But who, pray, need envy such persons—who that has a warm and sympathetic heart would stoop to untie their shoes, much less wear them? There is one vocation, however, in which the fragrance of sympathy can always be found. It is intermingled with the daily rounds of the Sisters of Charity whose lives are adorned with acts of self denial, and deeds of fervent sympathy, making their profession so grand and sacred that not a vestige of unmindfulness can be found in their midst. Their duties are too purely and lovingly performed to be assailed by even bigoted sources, and their labors are, as they should be, attended with results as gratifying as the development of their faith is earnest and beautiful. "Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave" has been truthfully said to symbolize the lines of woman's devotion. Undoubtedly, sympathetic people are delightful companions. They are sometimes called congenial, and would that we had more of them. They should be in a majority instead of its opposite, and their efforts ought never to be disrupted either by the civic law or the brutal multitude. The charm they possess has a shelter in which the greatest of moral faculties is firmly enthroned. A most pleasing order of sympathy, we may also mention is that interwoven with joyousness. It may be traced to those who are ever forming with benevolent deeds the foundation of everlasting moral monuments. Human temperaments are nevertheless so varied that it need not appear surprising that here and there may be discovered a radical in point of sympathy, or a repudiator of all the essential traits of high character. Some may say that it is impossible for a man to be destitute of fellow feeling unless his senses have been benumbed by satanic influences, or the exhibition of a desire to barter away his manhood for some degrading habit; yet if the existence of hardened instincts is justly suspected, it is yet necessary that a lively sympathy for the welfare of even such a being, should be shown in some degree, as sympathy ought to be considered in the light of a humane commodity, the disposal of which is not circumscribed, but at the service of any one in need of its soothing applications. Fortunately there are some whose lives are refined, sympathetic, innocent and harm-

less, and for their bravery—since they constitute a little band—in maintaining them unblemished by prejudicial features of any description. They should be by kindred and friends, both proudly and emphatically remembered.



### FRIENDS.

BY THOS. W. BUTTS.

ONE'S FRIENDS are friends indeed or name,  
 As one sees fit to make them ;  
 But choose the pure, be you the same,  
 If they be less, forsake them.

Considerate be, frank, kind and true,  
 Though humble they or noted ;  
 All these to them and they to you,  
 Will ever be devoted.

## SHEPHERDSTOWN, ON THE POTOMAC.

SKETCH FIRST—BEING INTRODUCTORY.

BY MRS. F. R. GROTE.

The Potomac, as it flows through Virginia on its way to the sea, passes by many little towns and villages; among others by Shepherdstown, where many of my young days were spent. Shepherdstown thirty years ago, was an old-world, out of the way place which Progress, even then, wearing seven-league boots, had overstepped and left far behind. Intercourse with the outer world was carried on by means of a shabby old stage-coach called "The Hack," which, carrying the United States Mail and perhaps a passenger or two, daily travelled out to the lonely Railroad station, five miles away. The Railroad having, apparently, less time than the River which flows so liesurely by, utterly ignored Shepherdstown in those days, and kept steadily on its way to the West. "The Hack," having accomplished this journey, driver, horses, and passengers turned out to grass until such time as the train from the East came in; when, mail bags and passengers having been exchanged, they travelled comfortably back again, generally reaching Shepherdstown between three and four P. M., shortly after which time, the great event of the day took place,—namely: the distribution of the mail. This being so important and interesting a business, of course everyone was on the lookout, and as the Hack plodded along, toward Town, the cry went ahead of it, "Yon's the Hack!" and it was joined by first one, and then another, the crowd gradually increasing, until by the time it got to the Main street, it resembled (except in shabbiness), a triumphal Progress, rather than a peaceful affair of every day occurrence. The mail-carrier, who lived and was well-known, in Shepherdstown, quite an unimportant person in private life, became now a being of power and mystery worthy of all respect. No one would have presumed to jostle him, as, when at last the concourse halted in front of the Post Office, he stepped majestically out of the stage, and into the office; whence he presently emerged, a trifle less imporant and mysterious

than before, but still a being not to be trifled with, inasmuch as he still carried two mail bags which he had to deliver a few miles further on. But everything else was now swallowed up in expectation of the great event, to assist at which they had come to Town. Notwithstanding the size of the crowd, and the look of certainty which sat on every face, the mail was never so large as to keep the Post-master very long engaged over it. The door was soon open and the distribution began. The manner of it was this. The Post-master having arranged the letters, papers, and parcels in convenient little heaps on the counter before him, which it was a point of honor for no one to approach very near, he began at the first heap, and called out in a mighty voice, the name from the top letter or parcel, as it might be. From long acquaintance with his voice, he was almost never misunderstood, and the owner of the name, or his representative, called out, also in a mighty voice, "Here!" upon which the Post-master flung the property to its owner. Long practice had made him perfect in this, and the package seldom failed to reach its mark. If the owner was, perhaps beyond the reach of even the strong arm of the Post-master, [for on a fine day the crowd often extended far out into the shady street,] it was instantly picked up and thrown further; the second throw seldom failed. The first package safely disposed of, he took the second, and so on with perfect impartiality to the bottom of the first heap and from that to the top of the second, and so on until all were gone. The few unclaimed articles were then stowed away in their respective pigeon holes, most of the crowd hanging about until that also was done in case of any thing that might have been overlooked, which I never once knew to happen.

I do not to this day know whether there was anything unlawful in this proceeding, but I do know that it always seemed perfectly satisfactory to everybody, since it was entirely impartial, and also enabled one to hope to the last. It was an intensely interesting proceeding but though they sometimes tried, no one ever succeeded in making a frolic of it or indeed, of divesting it of a certain solemnity; for to a large majority, it was really a very serious matter, I am persuaded that many of these people lived through the day until four in the afternoon with no other object than to receive their mail if there were any, and to lament over it, if there were not. Many others there were who never received anything. No slightest re-

cognition from the outer world ever reached them, not so much as an advertisement, and yet day after day, there they were, with unimpaired cheerfulness, and apparently always expecting, that to-day, at last, the long expected letter would arrive. When it did not, they expressed rather surprise than distress, hung about the Post Office until the very last, so as to lose no possible chance, and finally disappeared with the last of the crowd, ready to come again to-morrow and again go the round of hope, suspense and disappointment, if disappointment it can be called, that affected them so little.

Any other excitement, indeed, it would have been hard to find. Theatres were an abomination in the eyes of both clergy and laity, besides being almost out of reach; balls, of course, would be almost as obnoxious to the serious as theatres; and dinner parties [at two p. m.] could scarcely be said to reach the point of excitement any more than could what were called tea parties, or, perhaps a shade more dissipated, evening parties; of the very mildest type these latter were, no dancing, and few gentlemen under middle age. There was not even the excitement of getting rich; the means to that end, if not the end itself, being generally too vulgar to suit this aristocratic community. For trade they had the absolute contempt of an agricultural people.

There were, and I believe, still are, for changes here are almost as slow as Evolution, certain ruined factories, which haunt like ghosts the lower part of the town, lying along the River side, a warning against ill-gotten, or rather ill-sought, wealth—that the wealth was not gotten the ruins were supposed to prove. Beyond this, as the ghosts have not spoken, I never found anyone who knew anything, even so much as the names of the founders, or the purpose for which the factories were built. If it had been to find the exact name of a far-back ancestor the largest force that this truly aristocratic and well-bred community could bring together would have assisted at it, but being merely a search for a certainly plebeian, (almost), certain stranger of plebeian tastes and pursuits, they were contented to remain in comfortable ignorance.

And, after all, this somewhat old-fashioned pride did not do so badly, for it generally carried with it certain—perhaps old-fashioned too—ideas of honor and responsibility. Names that had come down from so far must not have reproach brought upon them now; and

there were other things besides money and trade that the Shepherdstonians despised. Lying and the train of vices that come with it were still more despicable. The names of more important people than the factory builders and owners might be forgotten, but the name of a Shepherdstown man or woman who told a lie, was not forgotten. I have known the reputation of "liar" to cling to a man for years, and beyond his own town and even county, for what less tender consciences would have counted little more than a subterfuge. In short, they had almost as great a regard for their ancestry, for their honor, at any rate, as we Northerners of later date have for our posterity, just as the respect and consideration which, in those days, it was thought right that children should pay their parents and grand-parents, is now almost demanded by children from their elders. From the time, when, little barefoot children [as most of the children still are in that primitive region] they first ran about the fields and streets, this respect for their elders and betters, living and dead was never disregarded. They not only did not lie but they did not seem to consider that a lie was possible, as an escape from a difficulty, or as a stepping stone toward what they wanted. I don't know that this was derived from their religious up-bringing [though this was of the strictest kind] it was, apparently, partly inherited,"drawn in with their Mother's milk, and partly, it formed the ground-work of their education as gentlemen.

And so they grew up, and put on shoes and stockings as their forebears had done, living for the most part honest and honorable lives; many far away from their early home, to which after their first venture into the outside world, they never returned, until they were brought back to rest at last under the shadow of the old gray church of their earliest recollections; and many more, returning after a college course in some neighboring city, to marry a pretty townswoman, and live happily ever after;—or at least until time brought them, also, to the old Churchyard, and they slept with their forefathers.

The Town itself, even apart from its situation, which is very fine, was much handsomer than most American country towns. It was built entirely of stone and brick, and consequently, instead of the shabby, crazy appearance of many of our Towns, as they fall into years, it had only mellowed with age. There it lay among the

sunny meadows, as peaceful a picture as one would meet in a Summer day's journey. Its blue Mountains stood steadfastly around it. Its gentle River flowed quietly by, and for all the years that had passed over them Town nor Mountains nor River had much to tell that is of a stirring kind. But in a place where people live and die and are good or bad, and happy or unhappy accordingly, much must happen after all, of a quiet kind. These apparently eventless lives have their joys as bright, their sorrows as hard to bear as in the outer world.

All this had been told me, many and many a time, by my Mother, who had married and left Shepherdstown before she was twenty; and yet when I finally came to see it, I was no nearer to a right idea or understanding of it, than might have been expected from a prim little Yankee of my years (sixteen), who had never been South of Mason and Dixon's line—to make use of an old-fashioned landmark. To get through with my own story at once, I will say here that my father and mother having died, within a year of each other, shortly before, I was on my way to Shepherdstown to make my home with my Mother's sister, in whose guardianship I had been left, and whom as a child I had been accustomed to see every year, with my two eldest cousins; but as her family grew larger, the visits had been made at longer intervals, and it was now five years since I had seen them. I had lived all my life in a neat, thriving, modern brisk New England town—very pretty too, it was in my eyes, [and I still think it so], notwithstanding a slight monotony in its regular streets, shaded elm-trees, and its unornamented white houses and green shutters. Every one knows, however, that there is a certain pleasantness about this bright, cleanness and regularity; and the interiors contain an immense deal of comfort, greater I have found than one meets with in more picturesque places. The houses were plain, it is true, but they were surrounded by brilliant gardens, about which, if you studied them carefully, there was also a slight sameness—there being a great rivalry among the ladies of Brookdale about their flowers, and no one could bring out a plant, however rare, that was not presently seen, first in one garden, then in another, until it ceased to be a rarity; the great effort, now, being who could bring it nearest perfection.

It was well named Brookdale. It was only a small Town, and in

a short half hour you might be in the woods that surrounded it, on two sides. And such woods! I don't think I have ever seen any other like them—so mossy, so flowery, and full of such merry bratling brooks. It was many a day before I ceased to hear in my dreams, waking and sleeping the rush of the brooks and the song of the birds through the woods, or to smell the pines that grew higher up, on the Second Ridge, as it is called. Well, enough of Brookdale! It is here only to account for the writer of these sketches.

Like most Northern girls, I had listened to at first, and latterly assisted at discussions of all sorts—only, in our family there was very seldom any discussion about politics. My Mother having been brought up in Virginia and loving it as she did, loved its customs, its ideas and its institutions too; and my Father loved her far too tenderly to allow any one even to question her ideas. He had been a Democrat before he ever saw her, and had moreover lived long enough in Virginia to have thrown off his prejudices; he was quite ready to believe that there might be at any rate two sides to a question, as well as a place where people thought differently from what they thought in Brookdale. I had consequently no sectional prejudices. I had rarely heard North and South compared, and though I had a sort of general idea that I hated slavery, still it was more as a crime of which the whole country had been guilty, and which we were gradually casting off, than as something confined to one section. We talked of Massachusetts and New York and Virginia, but seldom of North and South.

Such I was, so old and so wise, but thinking myself, I fear, much older and wiser, as I travelled toward Shepherdstown one Autumn afternoon, in the veritable old Hack, with my luggage on the roof, a small handbag on the seat by me, and a much worn little edition of Longfellow's Poems clutched in one hand. Until I was sixteen years old I had had an uncommonly easy and comfortable life; no trouble had touched me, and consequently I had been eagerly crying up, to myself and to others, the divinity of labor and of suffering. Alas! the suffering had fallen upon me, heavily—and I found it anything but divine. If the necessity for labor had come with it, I think even Longfellow could hardly have upheld me. As it was, the volume had not been often opened during my journey; which made the less difference since all the most sustaining poems I had by heart. I had been

brought to the end of my railroad journey by a kind, motherly woman, a friend of my Aunt's, who was travelling West with her own children. My trouble was too new to admit of help, which she soon found out, and contented herself with looking after me very carefully; that I had plenty to eat, a good seat, always by the window, even when it was to the exclusion of her own children, a share of their books, papers and good things of all sorts, and, above all, she kept the children away from me. When she left me at —ville, with a kind kiss, I felt that I had lost a friend. There I sat—such a lonely little creature—my life finished and my story told, as I said to myself, too homesick and too heartsick to care any more for the nobility of suffering. Being left alone had the good effect of making me look about me for the first time since I had left Brookdale—years ago, it seemed to me, yesterday morning in reality. We were driving slowly along through the quiet Autumn landscape, and, even yet, scarcely more than half aroused, I began presently to feel that there was a change. Where were the bright, trim villages, the orderly little farms well stocked with labor-saving machines, the comfortable modern farm houses, the well built, well painted barns and stables, often presenting a finer appearance than the houses themselves, the tidily fenced-in fields? I saw no more of them. On each side of the Turnpike road along which we were driving was a long extent of fields; some green with grass or clover, some brown, the wheat not yet high enough to make much show. There were many breaks in the fences, even where they bordered on the Turnpike, breaks of ancient date. The farm houses were moss-grown, ancient and picturesque; the barns and stables were probably water tight, but I am afraid that is the only virtue to which they could lay claim, except perhaps size. As for paint I don't remember seeing any on house or outhouse, and I am pretty sure that three times at least I saw a flail.

I was entering a world that I did not know. Earth, sky, woods, all were different and ages older. I had left the modern, active, noisy, lively world of my childhood behind me, and was entering this quiet, solemn one, where the very sun himself looked old, and seemed to shine with a red, mellow light. I was still engaged in this half real half fanciful comparison when the driver, stopping his horses and his droning conversation with the mail carrier, at the

same time, got down slowly and heavily from his seat, and coming around to the window by which I sat, he said, pointing with his whip, down the road, "Yon's Shepherdstown." I looked in the direction he pointed, and there, sure enough lay the dear old town, [it became dear to me, afterwards, but this afternoon, with the well known though unreasonable feeling which every homesick person must have experienced, it was not very "dear"]. From the height on which we had stopped we could even see, shimmering in the afternoon sunshine, the River that separated it from Maryland. The driver stood there for a few minutes, partly to rest his horses, and partly with a good natured wish to give me a longer view, and perhaps time for any exclamations of wonder or admiration to which I might want to give vent; then lowering his whip, he lumbered away again, slowly disappearing from my view, as he climbed back to his perch and started on his way again.

But my time for observation was past. In about ten minutes, down came the driver again, back to my window, and pointing, this time to the left, "Yon's Forest Grove," he said. A little bare-footed, bare-legged, I might almost say bare-bodied, "nigger," [as he is called by refined and unrefined alike] sprang from somewhere, out of a tree apparently, waved his brimless straw hat,—the last article of clothing which he parts with—and opened the large, rickety gates, and the driver, after resting his horses, preparatory to "gittin' up that thar cussed ole hill," walks them leisurely upward.



## THE GENIE OF OLD.\*

BY JAMES BURKE.

WHEN THE AGES diverged from Eternity's stream,  
And rolled forth at his feet near the margin sublime,  
Mortal Man was subdued by a prescient dream  
As he gazed at events through the vistas of Time.

There he saw each event disappear as it sped,  
Gathered in by a Spirit which stood by the way,  
Near the gates of a fane consecrate to the dead,  
And illumined by the soft mellow light of their day.

Near at hand, rugged rocks broke the current's descent  
Till in wide-spreading fury, it seethed and hissed;  
Clouds of vapor with sunshine prismatic were blent,  
Till they arched the black pool in a rainbow of mist.

And this turmoil of vision went on to the end,  
Save at intervals bright where in reaches of Peace,  
The atonement of Love caused rebellion to bend,  
And commanded the uproar of passion to cease.

This chiara-oscuro meant Freedom of Will,  
Breaking off from the law that 'tis wrong to be proud;  
'Twas the first page of story, concocting to kill,  
And the Genius of Record emerged from the cloud.

As a seed from the garden of Heaven he came,  
Where the acts of the Lord are the flowers of the field;  
But the spirits of darkness, afraid of his name,  
Had resolved on his fall by the powers they wield.

So they siezed, ere it rooted, the genitive thing  
And enclosed in a bottle the luminous grain,  
Then they sealed up the flask with a magical ring,  
And consigned it sunk low to the depths of the Main.

\*A well known ancient fable pressed into service,

By the Ocean of Inde, after ages had passed,  
 An old priest of Arabia sat watching the sea,  
 When the long buried vase by a billow was cast,  
 Mid the thunders of Neptune close up to his knee.

He was curious to know what the vial might hold,  
 And the stopper was drawn, but with tremulous hand,  
 When the vapors of ferment in circles unrolled,  
 And spread outward and upward all over the land.

"'Tis a Genie," the Parsee, in terror exclaimed;  
 "I have broken a spell which I cannot repair;  
 By the world I shall be blessed forever or blamed,  
 For I've loosened a spirit as free as the air!"

He said well, for this spirit from prison set free,  
 Is the Peri that rides on the wings of the wind,  
 Taking notes of events on the land and the sea,  
 For instruction of men and enlargement of mind.

From papyrus and style to the parchment and pen,  
 In his flight he improved in adroitness and dress,  
 Till he found an ally in emblazonry when  
 Gifted Guttenberg's types gave the People The Press.

Then the Spirit of Wisdom moved over the deep,  
 And the globe felt his lever beneath it in play;  
 The wild winds paid him homage and forces asleep  
 In the earth, air and water acknowledged his sway.

In the ether of space was a giant concealed,  
 Whose hot fleet foot could rival the steeds of the Sun,  
 Even he to our Spirit of Light had to yield,  
 For he leaves not the field till the battle is won.

Not a rebel electric,—no physical force,  
 Can inertly or active resist with success,  
 The great Spirit of Truth in his conquering course,  
 For the Genie of Old, hailed to-day, is The Press!

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CONSTITUTIONAL SOLUTION.

BY NATHANIEL J. WYETH.

PROPOSE TO DISCOURSE upon the Constitutional solution of the perplexities which have gathered around the Presidential election of 1876, and after some observation and reflection upon the effusions of notorious advocates and prominent politicians in gross or detail I adopt the Latin maxim:

“Adde parum pervo, magnus acenus erit.”

Add a little to a little and there will be a great heap—bearing in mind the pregnant proverb of the Italian:

“A causa persa paroli assai.”

When the cause is lost words are useless.

Virtue introduced the idea of right into the political world, and the comprehension of Right enables human beings to define anarchy

and tyranny, and permits independence without arrogance while counselling obedience without servility.

The form of the government of the United States and the powers of the same are to be found only in the ordained Constitution, and should be sought nowhere else. That Constitution has borrowed no essential features from ancient or modern or recent civil politics; but its authors may have had before them the French apothegm:

“A barbe de fou, on apprend a r'aïre.”

Men learn to shave on a fool's beard.

It is as native as the Indian corn for our sustenance or tobacco for our entertainment. DeTocqueville writes of the convention which was immortalized by its authorship, sitting between April and September 17th, 1787, “but George Washington was its president, and it contained the choicest talents and noblest hearts which had ever appeared in the new world.” This sacred instrument was adopted by the several states by conventions authoritatively called for its special consideration after mature deliberation. It has been expounded by Marshall and Webster with the aid of the profoundest arguments inspired by the pure purpose of making manifest in this organic law a National government adequate “to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity”—for Madison and Hamilton were among the luminaries of the thirty-nine signatures. I would therefore admonish the vain theosophist or shallow political sciolist who wished to disturb this masterpiece of polity by amendment or otherwise,

“*Alium quercum excute.*”

Shake some other oak.

The provisions of this Constitution pertinent to how a President shall be made, are in article II, §1, viz: “Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives, to which the state may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.”

And in article twelve, viz:

“The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each; which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate, the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and house of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President, shall be President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed.”

The following language of Marshall C. J. (in *Gibbons v. Ogden*, 9 Wheaton R. p. 188) expresses a sound rule of construction of this organic Law, viz: “As men whose intentions require no concealment, generally employ the words which most directly, and aptly express the ideas they intend to convey, the enlightened patriots who framed our constitution, and the people who adopted it, must be understood to have employed words in their natural sense, and to have intended what they have said. If from the imperfection of human language, there should be serious doubts respecting the extent of any given power, it is a well settled rule that the objects for which it was given, especially when these objects are expressed in the instrument itself, should have great influence in its construction.”

With no other motive than to arrive at the truth, and from no other standpoint than reason and patriotism, what is the meaning of the provisions quoted above? From the very language of those provisions the electors shall be appointed in such manner as the legislature may direct, in such number as shall equal the number of the Senators and Representatives, but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector—and these electors under article II, §4, of the constitution, and the acts of the Congress in pursuance thereof must be chosen on the same day; and these electors must cast their ballots for a President and Vice-President in their several States respectively on a uniform day named. And the same qualifications are required

for both the President and Vice-President—and these qualifications are of commanding importance. Now, article twelve merely requires the lists of all persons voted for as President and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and the number of votes for each to be distinct, which the electors shall sign and certify and transmit sealed to the seat of Government of the United States directed to the President of the Senate. There is nothing in these provisions requiring the certificates of the respective electoral colleges either to recite the provision themselves or manifest any compliance with them whatever. So that every possible non-compliance with them in form and substance may take place, and it may even result in one small electoral college or even one spurious elector defeating unlawfully a candidate, or electing one against these wise regulations; or foisting upon the people totally disqualified persons for either office! Such monstrous results wise and patriotic statesmen never could have meant to be the legitimate meaning of their constitution, which has been the admiration of the political savants of Christendom. They must then have effectually and clearly guarded against them by commanding the presence of the most august legislative body in the world to witness the opening of the certificates or more accurately the mere breaking of the seals, and themselves to examine the votes and ascertain whether there was any election of a qualified person, and if so of whom. There is much in the language to enforce this construction, and every reason and circumstance to require it where the most transcendent interests of the nation could only thus be subserved and preserved. The recent alarmingly disordered condition of this country demands the adoption of these items as the first which could well have been entertained by the founders of our novel and indigenous Government.

How could the President of the Senate examine and ascertain? What method has he as such to obtain the correct information in regard to the above threatened abuses? How send for persons and papers? Where are the ways and means? Where is the time or opportunity? Why should one man have the egregious responsibilities, and have no means to accomplish the most important achievement in modern times, the permanency of the United States of America? And this, too, with suitable and capable legislative bodies *idly* looking on! Nothing appears more absurd as the work of wise

patriots. Look, however, upon the construction which vests the two houses with these Governmental functions, acting in their separate and organized capacities with the ordinary constitutional right of negative on each other's proceedings, and you readily perceive all the machinery of legislative action arranged for the Constitutional solution of what was before utterly impossible, and a complete vindication of the wisdom and patriotism of our illustrious forefathers, who had no more confidence in the one-man power than was so often and so paternally expressed by Washington himself for our admonition. What more appropriate repository could mortal wit or experience devise than the Congress constituted of the House representing the industrial activities and immediate will of the people, and of the Senate impersonating the majesty and calm deliberation of the States?

Nor is this position shaken by the assertion that the power must reside somewhere, and the electoral colleges may as well have it. Because among other reasons the irresistible reply comes—that the several colleges belong to and are created by the *States as several communities*, and one of them could destroy the choice or rights of all the others without ever having been entrusted by any other with the ridiculous authority to do so—an injury which cannot be inflicted by implication at least, particularly when no such harm could arise from Congressional jurisdiction energized by legislative methods. By these Congressional methods the deadly enemies of Republican Government—*Cabal, intrigue and corruption* are excluded from our domains.

But it has been said that that the President is the direct representative of the American people. To this Mr. Webster, in the United States Senate in 1834 (four works Everett's Ed. page 144) replied.

“Now Sir, this is not the language of the Constitution. The constitution nowhere calls him the representative of the American people, still less their direct representative. It could not do so with the least propriety, he is not chosen directly by the people, but by a body of electors, some of whom are chosen by the people and some of whom are chosen by the State Legislatures. Where then, is the authority for saying that the President is the direct representative of the people? The Constitution calls the members of the other house, (Representatives) and declares they shall be chosen by the people, and

there are no other direct or immediate representatives of the people in this government."

The dangerous anomaly that the President of the Senate who may be so merely *pro tempore*, has the imperial power of making or unmaking a President or Vice-President of the United States, did not prevail in the working of our National Government at the beginning, nor has it ever since. An investigation into the practice of the Congress will disclose that that exalted assembly has in every instance exercised the right of distinct and exclusive jurisdiction and action upon the count of the votes of the Electoral Colleges upon each recurring period of four years—always by joint resolution, each branch retaining its own organization separately, and making their authority more apparent as the electoral votes were presumed to approach an equality for the several candidates.

In proof of this statement and construction let us recall from the records of the Congress their proceedings on counting the Electoral votes for President and Vice-President, February 13th, 1805, from 3 Benton's Debates, pp. 167-8, when the eminent statesman, Aaron Burr, presided over the Senate, in the following words:

"About 12 o'clock the Senators took their seats, and immediatly afterward the Speaker and members of the House of Representatives entered. The Speaker and Clerk occupying seats on the floor on the right side of the President of the Senate, and the members of the House being seated in front. Mr. Samuel Smith, teller on the part of the Senate, and Joseph Clay and Mr. Roger Griswold, tellers on the part of the House, took seats at a table in front of the Chair in the area between the Senate and the House. The Secretary of the Senate read the resolutions of the two houses previously agreed to. The President (Mr. Burr) stated that pursuant to law, there had been transmitted to him several packets, which from the indorsements upon them, appeared to be the votes of the electors of a President and of a Vice-President; that the returns forwarded him by the mail, as well as the duplicates sent by the special messengers had been received by him in due time. You will now proceed, gentlemen, said he, to count the votes as the Constitution and laws direct, adding that perceiving no cause for preference in the order of opening the returns, he would pursue a geographical arrangement, beginning with the Northern States.

“The President then proceeded to break the seals of the respective returns, handing each return and its accompanying duplicate, as the seals of each were broken to the tellers through the Secretary. Mr. S. Smith reading aloud the returns and the attestations of the appointment of the electors, and Mr. Clay and Mr. R. Griswold comparing them with the duplicate returns lying before them. According to which enumeration the following appeared to be the result:

“After the returns had been all examined without any objection having been made to receiving any of the votes, Mr. S. Smith, on behalf of the tellers, communicated to the President the foregoing result, which was read from the chair; when the Vice-President said: ‘Upon this report it becomes my duty to declare, agreeably to the Constitution, that Thomas Jefferson is elected President of the United States, for the term of four years from the third day of March next, and that George Clinton is elected Vice-President of the United States for the term of four years from the third day of March next.’”

Such being the natural construction of the language of the Constitution—the reason of the matter—the contemporaneous and subsequent practice of the Congress—strengthened likewise by popular acquiescence, certainly not opposed by the people, it is difficult to understand why the country should not be rescued from impending derangement and consequent industrial prostration by the Congress executing its Constitutional duties of canvassing the electoral votes at the appointed time for allowance, rejection and declamation—realizing the patriotic sentiment of Mr. Webster in 1851:

“Respect the laws of your country, uphold our American Constitution as far as you are able, consult the chart and the compass, keep an eye on the sun by day, and on the constellations, both of the South and of the North by night; and always feeling and acting as if our United Constitutional American liberty were in some degree committed to your charge; keep her, so far as depends upon you, clear of the breakers.”

## OUR BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA.

BY JOHN DE MORGAN.

**WE LIVE IN AN AGE** of energetic activity. Men are now engaged in an unceasing, never-ending struggle for position, wealth or power.

A century ago everything was slower, men lived quieter lives, enjoyed the recreations of their homes, and never allowed the cares of business to absorb the whole of their existence. The invention of labor-saving machinery and the subjugation of steam and electricity to the service of man have produced such changes that the slow, plodding ways of the past have had to make way and give place for the rush and hurry of the present. Men work now as they never worked before; life has assumed new aspects, and the latent energy in human nature has been brought to the front.

It has become self-evident that only the fittest will survive, and each has been called on to show his fitness or be crushed into oblivion.

We experience more friction in a day than our fathers endured in a month. But all this activity leads to a wasting of the tissues of the brain and body and produces new and prolific diseases, a century ago unknown.

Life has degenerated into a struggle for the "almighty dollar," and we are apt to ask

"What is worth in anything  
But so much money as 'twill bring?  
Or what but riches is there known,  
Which man can solely call his own?"

So thoroughly does this grasping for money prevail, that men are compelled to follow the crowd, or be pushed on one side unable even to retain a foothold.

In our large cities the strain is so great that business men become practically "monomaniacs," knowing nothing beyond business in which alone they "live and move and have their being." Their lives are mostly spent amid incessant noises, the jingling of car bells, the vi-

bratory and rattling, nerve-shaking sounds of the "L" trains; the wild, bewildering, confusing movements of a mass of human beings—men, women and children—hurrying along as though life itself depended on a few moments time.

No wonder that we are becoming a nation of dyspeptics!

No wonder that brain disorders are wrecking men's minds in every direction!

It would be a marvel were it otherwise.

Our cities, too, are not what they were. Instead of two-story houses with a shade tree protecting the windows, and a green grass plat front or in the rear, we have built houses and stores where roofs pierce the clouds; we crowd thousands of people in a few buildings devoted to offices, making them breathe and inhale the same poisoned atmosphere, hour after hour; we have valued city land by the inch, and so the oxygen-giving shade tree and the green grass have had to go to give place to many-storied buildings.

The only hope of the business man—the only chance he has to prolong his days is to sleep in the country.

What a relief it is to leave behind "the madding crowd," to lock up our business cares in our office safe, and steam across the beautiful bay, filling our lungs with the ozone from the Atlantic and reaching our Island home for a few hours of recuperation.

Travel the world over, seek rest amid the forests of Germany, wander by the banks of the glorious Rhine; sit and dream by Geneva's beautiful lakes, whose "waters glassing softest skies, cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows"; or climb the rugged Alps and contemplate the grandeur and sublimity of nature; journey through the magnificent fertile plains of Italy; in fact, "put a girdle round the earth," and no more beautiful, healthy, or peaceful place can be found than our "beautiful isle of the sea." Easy of access to the city man, unequalled in beauty and unsurpassed for its healthfulness, with the Atlantic washing its shores, and its woods filling the air with life-giving balsamic odors, Staten Island ought to be pre-eminently the city of homes. To the young it is full of attractions; its shady walks and pretty valleys incline the soul to love, and though its scenery is beautiful yet—

"Lovelier than all are its beautiful daughters  
Whose smiles are like sunbeams that gladden the earth."

The student finds interest in its legends and early history and the patriot is made more patriotic as he learns of the valor of its sons in the revolutionary war and the more recent fratricidal strife.

Why is it that this "beautiful isle of the sea" is so maligned and neglected?

It is a mystery, hard to solve.

We want not docks and coalyards, no oil refineries or gigantic factories! Nature designed Staten Island as a place of homes nestling under the trees. That is our dream of what its future shall be.

An island of homes where we can breathe pure air as we escape from the toil and turmoil of the city, where our children may grow up with strong physical frames and our wives and dear ones be surrounded by those pleasures which no city tenement or high sounding "flat" house can give.

Homes in the midst of "coolest foliage, musical with birds" where "when night came, amidst the breathless heavens" our souls would give thanks to the Great Architect of the Universe who had given us such variety of scenery and luxuriance of foliage on the "beautiful isle of the sea," so near to the great Babylon of the New World.

## OLD BRITISH FORTS ON STATEN ISLAND.

BY WM. T. DAVIS.

THE APPURTENANCES OF WAR are always displeasing as they only suggest one of the most powerful methods of making men miserable. A fort is first-cousin to a prison, though one is to keep men out and the other to keep them in, and they both produce the same effect upon the thoughtful observer and make him sorry that such things are necessary.

The old British earth-works of Revolutionary time, on the higher hills of Staten Island are so grass-grown now that they seem to have lost some of their harshness. Nature is taking them back into the fold. A few have been entirely destroyed by modern changes and

the most noticeable now remaining are the two on Fort Hill, one on Richmond Hill and one on Pavilion Hill back of Tompkinsville.

All but one of these have received some notice in a general way, but before it is too late a description of their size and present appearance should be given, for it cannot be a very distant day when those on the Eastern end of the Island will be levelled with the surrounding country.

The largest of the earth-works on Fort Hill is partly on the Herpich and partly on the Low property, the division fence running diagonally across it. One side has been "improved" by destroying the natural features, but the other side is quite thickly wooded with cedars, locusts, sumachs, some old apple trees and a thick mat of undergrowth. Some have thought that this fort was circular, and well they might if viewed only from the wooded side. However, it is square with the corners pointing North and South, East and West; the sides measured along the top of the breast-work being about eighty feet. The fence that runs across diagonally, as before stated, is one hundred and twelve feet from the West to the East corner, which would make the above measurements for the sides, made over the bushes, quite correct. What was probably the entrance is on the North-eastern side, which is also most approachable, and is the only spot where the ditch is filled in. In places this ditch is as much as fifteen feet below the top of the embankment, the sides of which are very steep even to-day.

The out-look from this fort is extensive, commanding a view of a large portion of the North shore and the entire Bay, a wider view than can be gained from any of the surrounding hills.

One day when I went to take some measurements, a rabbit jumped from behind the breast-work, it "held the fort" until it heard me coming and then bounded down the path. It is no wonder that Burroughs felt kindly toward the rabbit under his study floor and he merely said pleasantly what many of us think and feel.

The other earth-work on Fort Hill is in a field on the corner of what is now Bismarck and Second avenue, and part of the embankment has been dug away in making the last named road. This one is circular with a diameter of about seventy-five feet, and it is no more to-day than a low ridge of earth with a corresponding shallow trench within. It will be observed that we speak in this case of the trench

within, while in describing the other earth-work we spoke of it as without the parapet. In constructing the more pretentious earth-works, or forts proper, the soil has been thrown in, and the parapet made high and steep, while in less important situations occupying hill tops, where perhaps only a few guns were mounted, the ground was for the greater part thrown outward, leaving the trench on the inner side.

There is a curious sign on a fence surrounding a part of the old fort grounds, that seems to have been worded by a friend of the inquisitive small boy, such a sign as would make his heart glad to see on an orchard fence in green apple time. It gravely states that "All persons are forbid not to trespass under penalty of the law." Maybe it has had another artist since the brush was first applied like Sybil's portrait in Mr. Anstey's story, and that the original did not so peremptorily demand that every passer-by should scale the fence.

The earth-work on the most Northern portion of Pavilion Hill commands a view of all the Bay, and the hill is naturally so steep that its situation is peculiarly advantageous. It is constructed on the same plan as the one last mentioned, only in this case the circuit is not entire. The trench faces the water and is irregular, that portion completed indicating a circle of about ninety feet in diameter. It is also much nearer to the Bay than the other forts mentioned and occupies about the same position on the South-East of the main earth-work on Fort Hill as did the one to the North on the top of the steep terrace where St. Mark's hotel now stands. One commanded an extensive view of the Kill von Kull and the other of the Bay, as before stated, while both were overlooked by the main fortification. It was their good situation that deterred General Sterling of the American army, from making an attack when he appeared before Knyphausen's parapets in January 1780. The snow was waist deep and he contented himself with making camp fires of the "handsome Hessian's" cordwood.

Of all the earth works, the one on the hill to the North-west of Richmond Village, occupies the most pleasing site to-day, as far as the surrounding conditions are concerned. The view is largely composed of wooded hills and on one side only one or two houses meet the eye. Richmond Hill on the South-west and west winding tortuously through the meadows several hundred feet below, probably

does not show any more signs of advancing civilization to-day than it did when the old Fort was occupied by the British.

It is now entirely overgrown with a sort of semi-wild vegetation consisting of cedars, seedling cherries, celtis, mulberry, and some old apple and pear trees that have been planted near the surrounding trench. One of the cedars on the top of the embankment measures four feet four inches in circumference, and evidently dates from the time the British left the Island. There are also two tall Lombardy poplars on the edge of the embankment that were planted years ago by some æsthetic persons and they certainly make the place more conspicuous. The Huguenots brought numbers of them to the Island and perhaps a La Tourette or a Journeay planted these trees. The blackberry bushes and sumachs form a thick tangle over the entire central portion of the fort, which still shows considerable of the original depression. In outline it is square with the exception that the South-west side, facing the Kill, bulges slightly. As in the earth-work on Fort Hill the corners point North, East, South and West, and the entrance is on the North-east side, which is also the most easy of access\*. On this side also, the hill has been dug away to furnish earth for the embankments, though nearly all signs of the work have now been obliterated. Each parapet measures about forty-four feet along the top. On the South-west side the descent to the Kills is as precipitous as the nature of the soft crumbling serpentine will permit, but from the other sides the fort is more approachable.

In the surrounding ditch, which is now not very well defined, there grows a large plainwood tree, ten feet nine inches in circumference. The high-holders have their nests in its many dead branches; an occasional fish-hawk uses it as a station of out-look when he flies over from his New Jersey home and the crows make it a place of rendezvous, a black member of the fraternity usually occupying a conspicuously high branch. Quite an extensive pit has been dug at the roots of this tree and indeed it is some wonder that it did not cause its death. It probably was supposed, or really was the case, that treasure was hidden there, some of George's gold. Years ago a man came all the way from England and desired to dig in a certain place on the farm that

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\* It has been erroneously stated in one of the Staten Island histories that this entrance was on the North-west side.

was designated by a document left by a British officer, but permission was denied him.

We got into the pit and crawled under the tree, but only a little snail that was interested in growing a "lip" on its fragile shell was observed and it knew nothing of buried sovereigns. A most suggestive plant tangles in great profusion over this pit and around the tree, for what could more appropriately cover the money gained by a soldier than the long and limp branches and blood red berries of the deadly night shade!

## A CENTURY HENCE.

BY LEO C. EVANS.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the" Island "and all the wonder that would be."

**G**ENTLE READER, as an old essayist might say, let me slip my arm into thine. 'Tis an ancient trick of confidence operators, I am told, and in good truth I shall be for this once, in a sense neither unprofitable to you nor dishonorable to myself, a confidence operator. I wish you to accompany me on a journey into the future—a wonderland greater than Alice ever explored in her wanderings.

You must follow whither I lead—through green lanes, if any there be, by well-kept lawns, and up and down the thronged streets where busy men do ply their trades and the coins jingle in the counting rooms. But do not, I pray you, ask the reasons for the marvelous sights you may behold, for we are not to be students of people and places, but observers rather, with only a little time at our disposal and much to crowd into that time.

'Tis a century hence. Perhaps there are those of ken greater than mine, for I am but a roving scribe, with a commission to write up the world and a lifetime, whether it be long or brief, wherein to acquit myself of the task. I shall be modest, therefore, and I shall not

seek to describe scenes that a world older than this will be a century hence may afford. Indeed I may be pardoned if I own to a suspicion that whoever attempts to pierce into the future beyond the limit I have set myself will see but dimly and through an ever-growing mist.

We are in a vast office. Through the dome of colored glass, forty stories above, streams the softened light of midday. Tier upon tier, each marking a floor, are railings of fanciful and quaint designs wrought in brass. The office flooring itself is an extraordinary and beautiful specimen of the inlayer's art. It is composed of stones in the form of tiles, and on this floor every quarter of the earth is represented. The looms of Persia produce no finer fabrics than the carpets that cover the halls which diverge from the office. Into these halls open suites of rooms with luxurious appointments. You'd like a suite of rooms, gentle reader, and so would I. But your funds are limited, as are mine, wherefore shall we go above via a pneumatic tube which shoots us and our baggage—two valises—to room No. 3999, with thirty-nine stories of masonry and metal below us and only the roof of the Pavilion Hotel—the third of its name which rears its majestic front on the site of the first—and the cloudless heavens of a perfect June day over our heads.

Open that window and look eastward. Behold those piers of granite stretching far out into the bay and seizing its commerce as the devil-fish seizes the smaller inhabitants of the deep. See the men, miles in the distance, loading the stately vessels with casks and bales and boxes. To and fro on rails glistening in the sunlight rush the engines propelled by the Keely motor and drawing trains of freight and passenger cars, no train less than half-a-mile in length. The harbor is alive with ships flying the flag of the United States. The Thames at London is as nothing to the forests of masts that cast their shadows upon the waters, which break in spray against the seawall of Tompkins City, for there are we now on our "strange, eventful voyage."

But look across the Kills and northward. That thriving manufacturing town a century since was Constable Hook. It is no longer grimy, foul-smelling as it was in the days when our great-grandfathers on the opposite shore, under the management of the Janssens, the Davises and the Tyndales of the S. I. A. C. sculled their way to

Elizabethport and back on pleasant spring mornings, or when their eyes looked love to eyes responsive on the shaded walks of Bard and Franklin avenues. A truce to sentiment, however. Let's out and to the City Hall, a marble pile on Lafayette avenue. It covers an area five times as great as that on which stood its brick predecessor, built by Supervisor Moore, a mighty man in politics in his day. We ascend the steps of this magnificent capitol of municipal government. To the right of the ample hall is the entrance to the chamber in which the city fathers deliberate. One hundred and twenty feet in length by eighty feet in depth, it is simply yet exquisitely finished in hard woods. Twenty-eight of the Aldermen are in their places; the others are absent for various sufficient reasons, but none are in Canada. A very old man, a man with locks as white as the first of winter's snow, is apparently addressing the dignified body. You can hardly hear him as he speaks, and his voice seems to be but a very thin piping. Hark! it grows stronger—just a trifle, perhaps, yet stronger, and I think I hear—don't you?—the words "Jersey street." Now he turns his face toward us. That bronzed face is familiar; that large nose we have seen before; those eyes, not yet lustreless, have in days gone by gazed upon us. The gestures—whose gestures are they? I am not dreaming!—You, too, must recall them. They are the gestures, that is the face and that the accent of Health Officer Dr. Theodore Walser, of New Brighton, that was, and he is still pleading, with abated vigor but with unabated persistence, for a sewer in Jersey street.

Let's on, companion of my wanderings, let's on! And mark you, no philosophizing; keep that for the closet.

"Let observation with extensive view  
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

Here we find Richmond Square marked in the city maps as on the site of the county seat a hundred years ago. From it radiate twelve lines of pneumatic railway. We'll travel thence by way of the Davis avenue route, lighted by electricity throughout and with swinging fans in each car. To Richmond Square in seven seconds, through time, is very fair travelling indeed. What a wonderful change the hands and brains of men have wrought in this sleepy hamlet since Stephen D. Stephens, gathered to his fathers fifty years since, sat yonder in an ancient but substantial looking building which covered

a small part of the ground on which stands that magnificent structure known as the Universal Bazaar, an institution of trade not unlike the Bon Marche of Paris. You remember Stewart's in its palmy days? 'Twas as nothing to this—this store which towers above every other building in the city and commands from its roof a view of the mausoleum wherein lie generations of the Vanderbilts in their last repose, and the great bridge spanning the East river and still a roadway for countless thousands. The hills that once rose hereabout—where are they? Where the humble crossroads hotel in which the giants of the law after their wrangles were wont to sit and sip their brandy and wine, while the ordinary citizen, deep in litigation, eventually paid for his counsellor's tippie and often contented himself with plebeian beer. Hotels there are now, it is true, but unlike those of the bygone days when mine host raised succulent vegetables and delicious fruit on the little farm that supplied his table and he personally attended to the wants of his guests. The farm is scarce a memory, the inn when the century was young was levelled to the ground, the host has gone and the last guest has departed. Not a stone, not a timber, not a vestige of the old houses, of which this was a type, remains. In their places we have the "Wiman," the "Emmons," the "Norton," the "Satterlee," the "Edgar," the "Willcox," the "Johnstone," many roomed and splendidly furnished hotels, bearing the names of men who led the Staten Island that was out of the Egypt of commercial darkness or were prominent in its social life. Residences in this quarter there are none. Trade demands every foot of mother earth here and Trade's demand is complied with. Opposite the Universal Bazaar stands the office of the *Citizen*, a marvel of journalism before which the greatest newspaper achievements of the last century pale into insignificance. There are no better mirrors of a community's life than its newspapers. Observe this sheet—its pages, twenty-eight in number, present each a surface about as large as those of *Harper's Weekly*, an illustrated publication in great request seventy-five years ago and discontinued then in consequence of the retirement of Mr. George William Curtis from its editorial management. This paper goes to press at 4 a. m., and at 5:20 each morning 650,000 copies, printed, cut and folded, are ready for the dealers. Each of the four presses has a capacity of 175,000 copies an hour. Some of its items look odd and sound queer. This about

the western metropolis, for instance: "Chicago now claims to have been the birthplace of Homer." Here is one, one that will repay reading, from Cincinnati: "Frederick William, the exiled Crown Prince of Germany, has opened a ham curing establishment in this city. His father, the old Emperor who found it advisable to leave Germany in a hurry, is trotting about town in a plug hat, a linen duster, white flannel trousers and low cut shoes, trying to drum up trade for his boy Freddy. The old gentleman's military training has been so severe that it has developed his natural sternness, which is said to be so great that the infliction of punishment appears to afford him pleasure; that he spares no object and has been known even to punish vast quantities of beer. His Imperial Nibs is no slouch at piloting "schooners." This is the only branch of navigation he thoroughly understands."

"His Imperial Nibs!" Just think of it, my fellow Bohemian! Who would have spoken of an exiled emperor so irreverently in the nineteenth century. The most radical Republican would have used other and more respectful terms.

Note that foreign dispatches received at the office of the *Citizen* as late as 3:15 a. m. appear in its columns. Here under the head of "Washington News" is an account of a reception tendered by the President to Mr. Parnell, the minister from Ireland, sent here to discuss with our Secretary of State the details of a projected reciprocity treaty between the United States and that country. Nor does the *Citizen*, published in this busy, thriving city, neglect the gentle art of literature. Here are some original verses contributed to its columns:

#### THE COLOR LINE.

Her eyes were large and luminous,  
 Her tresses dark as night,  
 Her skin, I think, you'd call brunette—  
 I loved her? No, not quite.

Her teeth were perfect, every one  
 A pearl of purest white,  
 And faultless was this maiden's form—  
 I loved her? No, not quite.

Her lips were full and rosy,  
 Her step, graceful and light.  
 Perhaps you would have loved her—  
 I loved her? No, not quite.

She had one imperfection—  
 The Color Line's in sight—  
 I didn't love dear Becky 'cause  
 Dear Becky wasn't white.

Not poetry, old fellow, not poetry, of course, but tolerable verse for all that. These lines are perhaps a shade better. They are entitled

## RUTH.

Light of my life, thou charming Israelite,  
 Thou art my Ruth and I, a sheaf of corn,  
 Thine eyes the scythe 'neath which I helpless fell  
 One fair autumnal morn.

O loveliest gleaner in the teeming field,  
 Ah! smiling victress, pity, pity me!  
 Bind me with all thy arts, with all thy charms,  
 Bind me to thee, to thee!

And when each to the other's bound forever—  
 Listen, sweet Ruth, my words are fraught with meaning—  
 You'll not be angry should I ask you to—  
 Well—stop your gleaning?

“This Cat” is a remarkable feline as you shall see, and while the rhymes wherein she is described are not of any great merit, perhaps they will bear reading:

## THIS CAT.

'Tis a cat; a cat—that's all,  
 And it rests against the wall  
   Of my room;  
 And it never, never stirs,  
 And it never, never purrs,  
 From the dawning of the morning to the gloom.



## PROTECTIVE INTELLIGENCE.

BY C. WARNER OAKLEY.

**A** WILLFUL NEGLECT to acquire knowledge when we have the opportunity to become from study, if not from observation, reasonably intelligent, invites the impression that we are either unbalanced in mind, or do not care to apply ourselves to any task which may curtail our frivolous fancies. Some might call the mere evasion or avoidance of intellectual duties, an act of stupidity, and it would seem quite proper to so estimate it, since the younger branches of the human family often suffer sorrow when they arrive at a responsible age, and all because they have not equipped themselves with capacity enough to earn a respectable living. The children of the wealthy are of course educated, and can boast of many accomplishments, but unless they are ambitious to be of some note in the community, their tuition does not amount to more than a formal affair, its intended purpose being thwarted by indolent habits and vain conceit. The most useful moral being often subjected to ridicule in such circles, and religion itself also liable to be classified as an arbitrary relic always in opposition to personal enjoyments. The very lack of solid intelligence contributes, in fact, to their detestation of any sedate rule or discipline, or in plain parlance, the existence of a reverential disposition is rarely found among them. They lack that sensitiveness which expresses itself, or proves without effort, that their education has been a merciful privilege. They have not the desire to be thankful so long as their avoidance of intelligent industry places them in the way of corrupt pastimes, and being well acquainted with gratifications, and not yet introduced to deprivations, they indulge in an unbusinesslike indifference—an unnatural disposal of time with some expensive but unmanly style of occupation. While the educated world holds such trifles in contempt, it is sometimes surprised at the development of real genius among intelligent people who are strictly modest—almost painfully diffident—and who in a sort of secret way select for themselves certain tasks for reflection which require close

or serious study. They struggle, as it were, with their timidity, and merely by accident, in some cases, is their intellectual capacity revealed and made serviceable.

Among the tender sex protective intelligence is refreshingly discernable. The formative nature of refinement permeates the conduct of the conscientious, and the pride of sincerity is carefully maintained by mental exercise. Without education what indeed would be the status of society, and from whence would appear the safety of human virtues? Chaos in its worst form would be the substitute of law and order, and the ruffianly hand would deprive us of the nourishment we obtain from the fountains of cultured reason. Life itself would be burdensome, and the force of pure examples no longer recognized. Hence we claim that a goodly measure of intelligence is a source of personal protection, since it helps materially to prevent the entrance of vice, where, when richly clothed, it might fascinate the innocent, for the vicious are often exceedingly intelligent, but the bad use they make of their education should render the possession of a pure intellect thoroughly protective, particularly when its associations are invaded by the allies of wickedness boasting of everything but human shame. Yet intelligence cautiously preserved, will always guide or prompt us as to how we should regulate our sympathies and deportment. An instinctive power which the human mind when judiciously nurtured makes protective, can scarcely be wanting where high character and talent are openly assailed by vindictive ignorance—ignorance which may be the outgrowth of envious feelings, or ignorance which makes many well bred men and women when in contact with it, gratuitously polite notwithstanding they may be sorely vexed or disgusted.

Let us now turn for a moment to the historical testimony attached to the lives and labors of distinguished self-made men. Their first desire was to educate themselves, and the seeds of an elevated ambition did certainly bring forth good fruit in the careers of very many who if not statesmen, were authors of a shining order. To them a protective intelligence was moulded into shape so as to become a legacy to their countrymen, inasmuch as the results of their applications are now recognized as of greater value than the inheritance of great riches with all the select privileges that may attend them. We do not wish to be understood as casting a doubt upon the potency of a classical training, but we do lament the fact that so many who

have had the benefit of instruction of the loftiest grade, are in after time inclined to undervalue the reputation of the scholar, because they absurdly contend that a rigid education is too monstrous for any one who has no special duties except to keep pace with his supercilious associates, and to conceive from day to day some new plan or idea for creating gossip and sensations either defamatory, expensive or demoralizing. This assertion can be substantiated by the parents of many young men who would indeed have been industrious and useful, had they been comparatively poor. Nevertheless, there is hope for their ultimate reformation, simply because their early education does them good service when they are obliged to act at least the part of gentlemen, or when the grace and gentleness of the opposite sex demands some deference; it then becomes protective, if only for the occasion.

Through our public school system, moreover, the great avenue to intelligence in this country is open to all classes, and no special expense being required, the children of the poorest people can enjoy the most valuable privileges of a good education. The conception of the system so thoroughly American was most opportune, and even admitting that its maintenance is occasionally associated with political influence. Yet the grand result is beneficial to the masses who have become accustomed to such influence\*. It has been remarked by a learned physician who deprecated the fact that the mechanical work of the teacher has been so exalted that his real work has been sunk into insignificance. "It follows," he asserts, "that if a teacher knows all science, literature and art, and does not know the mind and its growth, he is not prepared to teach. His work is impirical." He, like the rest of us, must acknowledge that worldly experience is the most useful teacher, but it needs more than ordinary study to obtain it. There is a style of intelligence also which requires a measure of effrontery, we may say, to hold its position, and that same effrontery is but the companion of sharp practice. It may be connected with business success now and then, but it is nevertheless not entitled to recognition where truthful affairs predominate—it is trickery in the garb of intelligence.

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\* The late Matthew Arnold did great service in England in the cause of National Education, and in his reports as a School Inspector, his views were based upon wide observation and solid reflection, of pleas for the steady and practical improvement of elementary education, and an intense desire to get the middle class education better organized. It was one of his chief titles, says an English authority, to the regard of his countrymen, that in spite of the difference of party leaders, he continued to the end to press, with all the force of exhortation and of irony of which he was master, for this most penetrating of all reforms.

Very frequently gifted men who are so intent upon their professions that they appear to the ordinary observer to be eccentric, complain of their ideas being sometimes strangled by interruptions or forced delay. They require a sanctum in which a freedom of thought has a quiet disposal. From this class many noted anecdotes have emanated in which a mixture of wit and humor has formed a delightful feature; and one of this order has truly and soberly said "that every true friend of humanity and free government should give emphasis to the cry of educate the masses, until intelligence, culture and virtue shall pervade every home. Give every man such intellectual culture as will enable him to think for himself on all questions which concern his own interests, and his duties to others."

Furthermore, if the proper and pleasant regulations of the olden time could have been engrafted into a social law, there would be no occasion to bewail the discrepencies or weak points of what may be called a modern education. Not even a super-curiosity to ascertain the origin of any fundamental custom appears to be prominent. The love of freedom from every kind of restraint destroys the interest which might be appropriately applied to the force and necessity of intellectual acquirements, not for pastime but for the purpose of strengthening character, and adding to the glory and refinement of our united country. Purely intelligent persons are certainly not expected to aid in destructive or socialistic theories. The trail of the demon should therefore be avoided by those who are perfectly aware that the tearing down of useful institutions whether public or private is never followed by a single reform—nothing but a temporary advantage is the result. The wicked ambition of their would-be annihilators, ought to be crushed or set aside by the heroes of virtuous intelligence whose studies have armed them with the material to preserve such institutions.

After all, we cannot prize too highly the existence of that intelligence which cements the best characteristics of men with examples or precedents that will never die; and as we approach the middle of life, and are employed in the study of human character, and with the cause and effect of public circumstances that often decide the destiny of fortunes, then we find, as our fathers did before us, that the ever lingering rudiments of a good early education, helps us wonderfully in our battle with the world, and its countless temptations.

## THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF DOTS AND DASHES.

BY EDWARD CURRY.

“I’ll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.”—*Puck*.

WHEN SHAKESPEARE put this boastful utterance into the mouth of his mischievous sprite, he doubtless gave vent to his free imagination, and had no idea of expecting to see that active little individual put the boast into practice, and girdle the earth in verity. In that sombre tale of how not to do it, “Bleak House,” Mr. Dickens gives Ariel the credit of making this rash promise, a natural error in which ærial methods were confounded with the name of the latter fairy, by an easy mental process.

However, since Shakespeare lived and wrote, many generations of men have been born into the world, fought their little fight, and have been gathered unto their fathers, have smiled at Puck’s folly and egotism, and it has been left for this later practical age to girdle the earth, not in forty minutes, but in a moment, in dead earnest, not with with airy whisperings of nymphs and fairies, but with the brief but earnest stories of the business, pleasures, comedies and tragedies of daily life, flashed from continent to continent, and daily and hourly. Puck’s boast is thus more than realized, silently and mysteriously.

Any person who has for a few years operated a telegraphic key and worked a line in all kinds of weather and with all kinds and sorts of operators, carries a fund of odd experiences and funny tales, which he naturally lets die because of their, to him, commonplace character, and I shall attempt to resurrect a few such, which may be new and interesting to readers of what promises to be a new and interesting home magazine.

The Morse alphabet contains several spaced letters, the source of most of the errors committed, and if those letters are not dotted out with care, mistakes are liable to arise. For instance, a slight mis-spacing of a letter turns protect into protest, and many an innocent note has gone to protest through this cause.

The letters "e s," when poorly separated, form the character "&," and thus become troublesome at times. Recently "Gillespie, Baker" became "Gill & Pie, Baker," and it is said the Briton would have forgiven the loss of the pic-nic order for loaves, but that he fancied he saw in the erroneous address a slur on his wares and handicraft. The lady operator at Milwaukee who some years ago received a dispatch for B. & T Brewing Co., had better fortune, for the manager of that brewers' paradise office decided that her apparent innocence pertaining to "*Best's*" lager spoke volumes for the temperance principles. It was pretty generally believed that no masculine operator in that office would have made such an error. The letters "ice" are almost identical with the letters "yo," and last winter a leading daily announced the opening of the "yo palace." Any proof reader who understood the dot and dash alphabet would know by intuition what was intended, and make the needed correction, but that individual is not always present when required.

The letters "me" when run together form the letter "g," and when a certain man was requested to "send Hog the parcel on my desk," and failed to comply until action was too late to be of service, owing to the impossibility of finding Hog, the usual explanation hardly smoothed his temper. Nor was the telegram of a western clergyman to his son at Yale, to come "Hog" soon as convenient after commencement, received with a better grace, as the young man associated the obnoxious word with a certain remittance he had asked for a short time before, and felt like a black sheep for several days until relieved of his suspicions. There being nothing to distinguish capital letters receivers put them where they suppose them to belong.

Many years ago a joke went the rounds of country villages and towns with uniform success. A collect message was sent to a Mr. L. E. Phant, at some hotel, signed Adam Goodfellow, requesting him to come and get his trunk which he had forgotten. After a fruitless search a better address was of course plaintively called for, when the receiving office was told to examine the address and signature carefully and they would perhaps see the elephant and the joke at the same time. In course of time when *collect* messages, when uncollectable, were charged back upon the sending office, such jokes became too costly to be longer popular. Upon this point a good story is told of a genial western manager who started a lengthy cablegram

to the Emperor Napoleon III, criticising his attitude toward Italy in sarcastic terms. The sender expected that the operator at the next repeating office would see the joke and tear up the message. But it takes more than one person to complete a contract. Several weeks passed, when our friend was startled upon receiving a bill of over one hundred dollars charges on that cable message, payment of which was refused peremptorily by the hard-hearted official who took charge of the Emperor's telegraphic correspondence, and the sender had to pay the piper.

Operators can converse by dots and dashes by using any two metals or any other articles that, beaten together, audibly dot out characters. Not long ago two of the boys while waiting for their dinner (the waiter had received no tip and was tired), and were with knife and fork tappingly discussing the lady opposite, her fine appearance as contrasted with the dude who accompanied her, etc., when the duet was rudely nipped in the bud, as it were, by a staccato request in the same language from across the table, to cease meddling with that young lady, who by the way, was his bride, or there would be a case for the coroner. Our friends hastily ticked out: O. K. 30. G. N. all right, end of report, good night, and fled to think it over and kick themselves. In such cases two is company and three sometimes proves a whole army.

Among the earliest uses of the electric telegraph was that of heading off fugitives from justice, and even now it not unfrequently happens that a detective is for days awaiting the incoming vessel in order to spot his unsuspecting man. This heading off power is an important factor in the commission of crime, and its knowledge doubtless prevents many intended infractions of the peace. The story goes that one of these gentry upon mildly asking his pal: "Is everything O. K.?" received the laconic reply: "Read Proverbs, chap. xxvii, 12." When referred, to the following words stared him in the face: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and *hideth himself*; but the simple pass on and are punished!"

The same sacred vehicle was used not long since by a thrifty newly married lady whose husband cut short their honeymoon by starting away on a business trip, and at his first stopping place received the mysterious reply to his message as to her welfare: "Despatch received, Deuteronomy xxiv. 5." The verse reads thus: "When a man

hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, *neither shall he be charged with any business*, but he shall be free at home for one year, *and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken.*" It is to be hoped that if said business man ever found the verse his conscience would smite him as a deserter from the domestic hearth.

The question is often asked: What happens when two telegrams meet on the same wire? The same thing that happens when two trains collide. One has to give way to the other. Josh Billings says "a collision is the result of two trains trying to pass each other on a single track, and from the reading of newspaper bulletins, it generally appears to be a failure as a success." When two operators open circuit simultaneously they know the fact without waiting long for the "messages to come together," for electricity that would encircle the globe five times in a second doesn't take long to travel a few miles across the country. Before rules of precedence were as well established as they now are, obstinate operators frequently browbeat the timid ones, by contending for circuit and wrecking the other fellow, as it were. About the most characteristic story told, in fact a whale story on this point, is on a certain night operator, who always silenced his companion at the other end of the line and had the last word. The latter, to get even after contending for some time, put the office chronometer in the circuit, which opened and closed it each second, and he then went home. Next morning a disturbance was noticed still going on, and upon the clock being silenced our fighting friend sung out cheerfully: "Ha! Ha! I knew I would tire you out." He had fought the clock all night and came off conqueror.

Many manipulators of the key, who, like Buffalo Bill's bronchos, were spoiled in their training, are too profuse in the use of dots, when they get beyond three or four, and such errors as P. Pope for H. Hope occur, and people frequently find a change back from "p" to "h" necessary to the understanding of their telegrams. Well trained operators, however, seldom fall into the errors I have pointed out, and the qualifications that make a good operator show themselves in sending and receiving alike. In other words, a good, careful sender is usually a clear and careful penman, and *vice versa*.

These interesting jottings could be continued to considerable length, but the limits of space at their disposal warns me to remember that brevity is sometimes necessary to insure an interested perusal of even an interesting topic.

## REMINISCENCES.

*(Continued.)*

BY GEO. M. ROOT.

**B**EFORE THE ADVENT of the jolly German, with his rotundity, expressive of good lager, the great breweries, and the numerous small hotels and refreshment saloons, which have dispensed such immense quantities of the amber foaming fluids, the old-fashioned inns, where one could "take his ease," were few and far between. Nautilus Hall on the Eastern shore was a famous resort, where families came from the city to breathe the fresh air, where the politicians met at all times to discuss never ending questions, and swarthy captains and sun-burned passengers, waited with impatience their release from Quarantine. Seated in the wide piazza all saw the bay glittering in the summer sunshine, while far away the dim Naversink Mountains almost blended with the line of the gray-tinted ocean, and the bold bluffs of the Island, crowned with the old round forts, and the signal station loomed up, while between, fringing the curve of the shore, wooded heights and farm houses gave a richer color to the scene—the brown battlements of fort Lafayette on the small Island, the green banks of Long Island opposite, the houses and spires of the city mellowed by distance, the ships at anchor in the bay formed a picture that could never tire. It was something to see the approach on the afternoon of a hot day, of the South breeze. Like a burnished mirror the waters reflected the sky, the sails hung lazily, the boats drifted with the tide until looking seaward you beheld a gathering haze over the far faint blue of the lower bay, a darker line of green began to shadow the waves, creeping onward until it marked a distinct line across the entire space of water. After it spread innumerable little billows of white, then onward rushed the cool surges of wind, the sails bent to them, and every tired and heated denizen of the land gave them joyous welcome. A short distance below Nautilus Hall was the Planter's Hotel, now occupied as a photographic gallery. This was also a great resort for Southerners who came to spend the summer

at the North. New Dorp was well supplied with taverns. The old Rose & Crown, once the headquarters of the British army of occupation, where Lord Howe and his brilliant staff held court, afterward turned into a farm residence, was pulled down many years ago. Its opposite neighbor, the Black Horse Tavern, still survives, remodelled into a semi-Queen Ann hotel with imbedded crockery in its eaves for ornamentation. Standing at the juncture of those ancient roads, the Richmond and Amboy, many a raid has doubtless been planned by the British troopers in Revolutionary times.

The more recent, many-storied and piazzaed structure, the New Hotel, was a great stopping place for returning picnics in summer, and sleigh-riding parties in winter. Oh! those straw rides, how well we remember them. A select party of about forty with an even complement of opposite sexes. Imagine a cold, frosty night, the heavens steely blue, the glittering stars, eclipsed only by the chaste Diana, the snow with its white mantle covering hill and dale, and bending the evergreen branches with its clinging load; three big sleighs, without seats, except the driver's, with fresh straw filling the body. Into these climbed the men and women, not quaker fashion, but nicely sandwiched. Plain dresses without hoops, for which there could be no room, mufflers about the head and ears, just giving piquancy to the bright eyes, and cheeks which glowed redly in the keen air. The packing completed amid a great amount of laughter and exclamations, the sleighs, each with its team of four horses, started off. The merry bells, and soon some popular song, with ringing chorus of many voices, the occasional crack of the driver's whips, the swift passage of the sleighs over the crunching snow, the tingle of the frosty atmosphere, exhilarated every nerve. After a ride of several miles the hotel came into view, and soon the whole company assembled in the parlor, and after removing wraps and overcoats settled down into friendly chat and flirtation. From the big ball room came presently the sound of violins, and impatient feet began to tap the floor. The couples marched in, and the dancing was carried on with vim, without the languid motions of the society belle or the stage dude. After many successions of different dances the welcome announcement was made that supper was ready, when flushed with excitement and hungry with fasting, each gallant led his fair partner to the refreshment room. Then in the small hours,

## SHEPHERDSTOWN, ON THE POTOMAC.

SKETCH SECOND—INTRODUCING VARIOUS PEOPLE.

BY MRS. F. R. GROTE.

**T**HIRTY YEARS AGO, in passing from a Northern to a Southern State, there was a change of more than latitude. The change from Maryland to Florida was infinitely less than from Massachusetts to Maryland. When a Marylander left his own State and travelled down to Florida, he only went to a different part of his own country; but when he went to Massachusetts he found himself among people quite different from those to whom he was accustomed, and he did not take kindly to them. What he saw of them—and that was little, for he was too prejudiced to try to see more—he liked no more than what he had heard of them—which was a great deal, and always of an unpleasant character. Their high voices grated on his nerves; their methodical ways, and, what seemed to him, petty economies, offended his taste; he felt smothered in their small, compact rooms, each with its one door and two windows; and nothing, *nothing* could reconcile him to codfish—or to trade.

They, on the contrary, liked him. Southerners, collectively and from heresy, they did not like, nor could they approve of them; but this particular Southerner, with his gracious manner, his careless way of speaking of money, a certain picturesqueness about his attire and himself generally, they did like. Notwithstanding his gracious ways, he had a haughty air too, which warned off triflers; and there were vague stories of his dexterity in the use of fire arms; and of duels that had been fought, which invested him with awe, and added to the admiration in which he was held. Constitutional haters of slavery as they were, no opprobrium attached to his name on account of the slaves he was known to hold. In short, although his institutions were utterly abhorrent to them and his character as opposed to all their notions of right and wrong, as it well could be, and although there were a few who never succumbed, holding all his

attractions as mere temptations of the enemy, the individual Southerner was liked and admired.

At the Summer resorts to which Southerners flocked in those days, it was he whose haughty grace troubled the peace of the Northern belle. Her dreams and her confidences were not of the homely but faithful lover, who, happily unaware of the serpent that was threatening his Paradise, was working for her, far away in some hot and noisy city, but of "a young Southern physician," or "young Southern planter," as she persisted in calling him, though he called himself plain "farmer." Luckily for the far away lover, the "young Southern planter" usually "loved and rode away" and neither she nor her real lover were the worse, even though in moments of sentiment or discontent she seldom failed in later days to entertain her husband with the story of the "young Southern planter," which gathered interest and even volume with time.

But the visitor from Massachusetts to Maryland, somehow, did not find the Southerner so agreeable, either collectively or individually. Their grand airs irritated, and, if he was young and home-bred, abashed him. Accustomed to the carefully guarded but not necessarily "stingy" regime of his own home, their lavish hospitality and ostentatious waste bewildered and horrified him—used as he was to doing everything by clockwork; to rise, breakfast, go to business, dine, sup, and go to bed, at exactly the same moment, almost since he could remember, here he was in a country where in many houses there was no clock—a sun dial perhaps, or an old negro who could tell the time, within half an hour or so, by the sun; where people took breakfast when they were dressed and ready for it, dined at noon, and had supper when they were hungry—perhaps having to wait until they were *very* hungry, but taking that easily and as a matter of course when the cook chose to give it to them. Knowing, or thinking that he knew himself to be superior to them in everything, except the art of making life pass easily and pleasantly, he yet had an uneasy suspicion that he was being sneered at and looked down upon, his ways and ideas considered narrow, and himself vulgar.

What I have here set down was the result partly of my own observation during the next few months (explained, I am well aware by my later experience), and partly picked up in the course of many long

walks and conversations with my young cousins, conversations sometimes so bitter as to verge on quarrels. As for instance: "Well, Helen, you've had six months of us now," (it was late in May) "what do you think—will you be able to live with us? How do we compare with the Yankees?" asked Harry Southard, my oldest cousin. "Now, Harry, Ma asked you not to call them Yankees, and Helen is not a Yankee anyhow," said my cousin, Margaret, the oldest of the girls. But I had made up my mind on this point. "Yes I am a Yankee, Margaret," I said, "I would not be anything but a Yankee if I could. I wish I could make you understand, once for all, that I love Yankees, and I love the name. Please believe me when I tell you," exaggerating slightly, perhaps, as I warmed up to the business, "that I don't consider that there is anything absurd or ugly in the name, and I would rather be called by it than by any other. It really belongs to you Southerners as well as to us. The English who gave it to us, applied it to all of the Americans; and they call even Canadians Yankees. But I am sure we are quite willing to take it for ourselves, and all I hope is that we will never disgrace it." "Well, you may call yourself a Yankee, Cousin Helen, but you really are not like one," said Ellen Southard, the second of the girls, aged about fourteen. "Cousin Helen can't be a Yankee," came to our ears in Charley's piping tones, "she has real blood. I saw a lot of it yesterday when she cut her thumb."

"Well, what in thunder should she have?" asked Bob.

"Cold white stuff, like turnip juice," said Charley, confidently. "It is so—all Yankees have that"—he went on angrily, as Bob roared out laughingly, "Old Uncle Si told me so, and I reckon he knows. Why he's more'n a hundred years old, and his old master told him about it, himself, and he had seen it—so now!"

"Oh, Helen!" exclaimed Margaret, "I am so sorry that you should hear such ignorant, impertinent nonsense. Uncle Si is perfectly dreadful. I heard Ma, this morning, tell the boys that they are not to go to his quarters any more. He's always putting them up to mischief, or teaching them wickedness of some sort or other."

"Dear Margaret, I don't mind it at all, indeed," which I did not, "of course I know it is nothing but childish nonsense."

We were taking what Harry Southard called a family walk; he was at home on a short vacation, and he seldom stirred abroad with-

out being followed by a train of admiring brothers and sisters. So they were all with us, and a fine disturbance they were making through the streets. As I finished speaking we met Mr. Devon, the Episcopal clergyman, coming out of his shabby little parsonage. Shabby it certainly was, externally, but I had long ago found that it was also uncommonly bright and comfortable inside. Mr. Devon was just starting on his constitutional, and his offered society was received with vociferous thanks and delight, so we continued on our way to the cliffs.

"And now about this childish nonsense, Miss Helen," said the clergyman, "who has been talking childish nonsense?"

"Why, Mr. Devon, Charley says that Cousin Helen has turnip juice for blood, because she's a Yankee," cried Bob. This was too much for poor Charley. "Oh, Bob! what a big lie. I said she had blood, for I saw it yesterday when she cut her thumb." "Oh, Charley, Charley!" exclaimed Mr. Devon, "what will your cousin think of us? I am sure she never heard the Yankees say anything so mean about us." Mr. Devon was a Massachusetts Yankee, like myself, but he had apparently forgotten that, and could talk of Yankees with the ease and contempt of a born Southerner.

"We don't say anything about you, Mr. Devon," said I; "I don't understand how it is with you Southerners; you seem to think that you are always being talked about; whereas except among very rabid people you are seldom spoken or even thought of. I certainly don't remember hearing Southerners spoken ill of; I think when one of them came among us he was generally admired rather than otherwise. But we don't talk about North and South as you do here; that is, in comparison with each other. I've heard more of it since I came here than I ever heard in my whole life before."

"Well, I don't suppose you love us very much," said Harry.

"We don't love you or hate you," I said, "we don't think about you at all." "What," said Mr. Devon, slyly, "nor about slavery either?"

"No, nor about slavery. We don't speak about it—at least we at home very seldom spoke about it, and I think it is only among the Abolitionists that it is generally talked about. I know they talk very noisily and I think they are generally sincere, too, but there are not so many of them, after all. When my Father and Mother did talk

about it, they spoke of it as a great wrong, but they did not blame the South for it; they only considered her less fortunate than the North, in not having gotten rid of it so soon; and I have often heard my father say that if the South were only let alone, slavery would gradually die out from that part of the country as it had out of the other part; for it is as much against the interest of the white man as of the negro, and as hurtful.

“Please, cousin Helen, don’t call them negroes,” said Ellen peevishly, “it makes me so mad to hear you say negro; they are *niggers*; and as for me, I don’t care what the North says or thinks about it, I hope that slavery will *never* die out; I want always to have a lot of little niggers to box and order round.” I could not help recalling, just here, a speech of Harry’s made only the night before, in the course of a discussion on the inexhaustible subject of slavery, in which he said that he considered that institution to be the cause of the chivalric character of the Southern man, and of the noble and refined manners of their women. I glanced at him as Ellen spoke, but he was apparently quite unconscious. Indeed no one seemed to take the speech amiss, and Mr. Devon laughed and clapped his hands and called her a little patriot—why I could not exactly understand; but then I was often puzzled by their way of speaking, as if the North and South were at variance; and often, too, as if they were trying to make me betray something, when really I had nothing to betray. But I was gradually awakening to a knowledge of the bitter feeling toward the North that existed here, and which was not so very unnatural if one considers all the outrageous accusations that had been brought against the South by fanatic though really sincere people. It mattered little that it was a comparative handful of men who brought the accusations, and that the majority professed not to believe or care for them which they did not; the fact remained that such things had been said, and that the professedly unbelieving majority had not arisen in their might and annihilated those who had said them. Uncle Tom’s Cabin had been written and Mrs. H. B. Stowe was going about untarred and unfeathered; in perfect safety in fact. All my own protestations of disbelief in such exaggerated enormities had been useless; I was constantly suspected, and I even felt that traps were laid for me. Dreadful stories of the cruelties of Masters to their “servants” as they called them, were told me, or in my presence, the strongest

proof of their untruth being that they were told to me by themselves. And it was in vain, equally, to protest disbelief and to be silent. They would insist (not at the moment, but shortly after) that I did believe them. That I was the most credulous person that was ever heard of and that nothing was too bad for me to believe about the South, etc., (always speaking of *the South* as if it were a separate country,) until I hardly, myself, knew what I believed, and only understood that they were determined to twist my words to whatever meaning best suited themselves, or their own views. "I see how it is Miss Helen," said Mr. Devon, "you love the sinner, though you hate the sin. Now I should think you had been here long enough to see how absurd that horror of slavery is which you had before you saw it." "No," said I, "I think a great deal worse of it now than I did before I came here. Then I fancied it something dreadful enough to be sure, unjust and cruel, but at the same time, I fancied the slaves, themselves, hating it, and longing for freedom; and now, when I see how debased they are, how contented, and how utterly unfit for any other condition, I see at the same time how much greater the wrong we have done them is than is generally supposed. Their souls are enslaved as well as their bodies.

"Niggers haven't got souls," said Bob, who was listening with all his ears. "Uncle Si says they haven't, and he ought to know, for he's a nigger, himself." "Oh, dear!" said Margaret, "there's Uncle Si again; Robby, you know Ma told you not to talk to Uncle Si."

"Ah, yes! but he told me about that long ago; long before Ma said I must not talk to him" said Bob, "I remember" said Ellen, who to a very complete knowledge of passing events added a clear recollection of the past, and very positive if not altogether correct views as to the future, the natural sharpness of her age and sex being further supplemented by considerable cleverness of her own. "I know; it was last Christmas. Bob asked him why he never went to church, and that was his excuse."

"Your Mother is quite right said Mr. Devon, with more gravity than he had spoken before; I wish she could get rid of Uncle Si altogether; he ought not to be on the place." Mr. Devon really said "Your Ma" as Southerners do, but I have changed it for the sake of my Northern readers. Many expressions may be covered by the gentle voice and pleasant intonations of the Virginian, which would

be ugly enough spoken in our harsher tones. Mr. Devon was, as I said, a Yankee, but long association with a softer voiced people had modified his naturally high tones, and when he said "your Ma," it had by no means the vulgar sound which one might expect. "I don't like the idea of the children exposed to his influence, he is such a dreadful old Heathen. Now you hear Miss Helen, from one of themselves, what they are. Of course old Si is an exception in some things, but there are none of them who are fit to be free. I believe they would relapse into idolatry if they were left to themselves; and I truly believe that their present condition, where they are looked after, and taken care of in the smallest particulars, when even their religion is provided for them, is the only one where there is the least chance of evangelizing them. As it is, the majority of them can only be taught a sort of wild, excited religion; I never attempted to teach them the doctrines of any particular church. Though there are many exceptions here too. I must confess that there are, among them many humble and earnest Christians, members of the Episcopal church, here in this very town; to whom I give the Communion regularly every month, with a thankful heart; for I have brought them up from children; I christened them, I prepared them for Confirmation, I gave them their first Communion, and will probably give them their last. I don't say that they understand the doctrines of the Church; they do not; but they do much better than understand them; they take them on faith. Still these are only a few, in comparison with the noisy crowd that you saw baptized in the River last Sunday. I am convinced that though the latter looked wild and almost heathenish to us, it is what they understand best, and that it is the Religion best suited to them. That violent excitement will, of course, wear off, and many of them will be about where they were before, perhaps, no better, but certainly no worse; but many more of them will be better for it to the end of their lives. And yet when Uncle Si says niggers have no souls, he is only repeating what has been told him by white people. I suppose it is hard for you to believe in such ignorance, and yet it is a sad truth."

We were beyond the town by this time, and were walking along a narrow foot path above the cliffs which were here, very high and steep and everhanging the Potomac. The day was very quiet, but no sound from the river reached us; it flowed too softly. The Mary-

land shore rose opposite us but not nearly so high. We had reached the highest point, and the path now descended, and after running for a short distance close along by the river made a gentle ascent over a hillside the like of which, for beauty, I never saw, except here, either in Virginia or elsewhere. A grassy slope facing the Southwest, with trees scattered here and there, and at first that seemed all. But you had scarcely taken ten steps before you found that you were crushing pansies, or violets as the others called them, by the hundred, the hillside was blue with them. A clump of maples crowned the hill, a soft grey sky, more misty than cloudy spread over all, and saddening the scene slightly, not for such youngsters as we, but for Mr. Devon perhaps, a very faint and pale ghost of a well grown crescent just showed itself, above the tree tops.

All down the rough, stony side toward the river were trailing great bunches of red columbine. The river itself rolled tranquilly past, the whole scene, hill and sky and lovely crescent moon reflected in its quiet depths.

"This is Violet Hill," said Margaret, "you have never been here before—I know you would like it;" and then Nanny—the third and last of the Southard girls—and the boys, who had left us as we approached Violet Hill, came tearing back with hands and baskets full of pansies, and eyes brilliant with delight.

"Oh, sister Pidgy, there are millions of violets," cried Nanny. I regret to say that my cousin Margaret was known as Pidge or Pidgy (diminutive for Pigeon, I suppose) not only in the bosom of her family, but to the world at large; indeed very few people knew what her real name was.

"My flowers are all for you cousin Helen," Nannie went on as soon as she had regained her breath. "I picked them for you; and you may have the basket too, they will keep fresher in that," and quite relieved to be rid of them all, and with free hands once more, basket and flowers and all, were tossed into my lap. "And mine are for sister" said loyal Charley, in whose heart no new cousin, no matter how agreeable, could rival the well loved sister. "Mine are for Ma," said Bob, "and Nell may keep them for her—" and away the three ran again. We elder ones sat there quietly for a while, and though it was growing late, no one seemed inclined to make a move.

What color there had been had died out, as the sun had got lower,

and the gray had deepened; the river spread out vaguely ahead of us, its opposite bank no longer so distinctly visible, its song breathing mystery if not sadness; even the melancholy crescent had disappeared.

"I know cousin Helen is homesick," said Ellen suddenly, "she always looks that way when she is homesick."

"What" said Mr. Devon, rousing himself, "do you still indulge in that? and what makes you homesick this afternoon?"

"I think it is very mean in Cousin Helen to be homesick so often," said Ellen, in an offended tone.

"Mean!" exclaimed Harry, "why you unreasonable child, how in the world can she help it?"

"She could help it, if she would only try to convince herself that Shepherdstown is as good and as nice as Brookdale," said Ellen.

"And does she not think so?" asked Mr. Devon, laughing; "what fault do you find with Shepherdstown, Miss Helen?"

"I don't find any fault with it," said I. "I knew it was a very different place from Brookdale; but I think it is quite as good in its way."

"Just hear how condescending she is," exclaimed Ellen, angrily, "in its way! I think it is a very good way. I would rather have one lovely Potomac River, than all the brooks in the world."

"I believe that it is its loveliness that makes me feel a little melancholy," said I, "Brookdale is such a bright, bustling little place! I always think of it with the sun shining and the birds singing, and an old hand organ playing in some back street, while everybody seems bright and cheerful, though they are probably all hurrying off to work. Now here, every thing seems larger and slower and quieter, and above all, I suppose you will laugh at me when I say it, older. Instead of those noisy, tumbling brooks there is this lovely, slow, melancholy River. Yes, Ellen, I don't care what you say, it is melancholy, not only to-day, but on bright days, but that does not prevent it from being lovely too, and no one that we meet seems in a hurry, any more than the River is. They all seem contented and comfortable, as if there were nothing for them to do, until they were ready to do it."

"But you don't think we are lazy, do you, Helen?" asked Margaret.

"Yes she does" said Ellen, "she thinks that we make the servants do all the work, while we sit by and look on and starve and ill-treat

them. I really don't mean you Cousin Helen, you can't help being a Yankee, and you are not like one, but that is what they think and say all the time. I wish they would leave us alone, and never think or speak of us. We could say enough about them—how mean and stingy they are; *economical* they call it—and "*shameful waste*" they call it, if we give a stranger a decent meal. For my part, I don't believe they ever have enough to eat. Don't you remember that old saying of poor Pa's? that a Southerner never sells anything he can eat and a Northerner never eats anything that he can sell.

"That's a mere saying though, Ellen," said I, "I never, in my life, saw eggs and butter, or anything of that kind, in fact, sold by a gentleman's family, until I came here; and you know Aunt Helen sells them to Perkins, whenever she has anything to spare, and no one thinks any the worse of her for it. As for our talking about what you do, or how you live down here, I have told you already that we don't do it. I don't remember ever hearing anything at all, on the subject; whereas, it seems to me, you talk of nothing else, and it is not at all amusing, and I am tired of it."

My cousins were invariably kind and affectionate to me, and, except upon this subject, Ellen would have been snubbed long ago, and told to hold her tongue, but about these things it seemed impossible for them to be just, or to look at them through anything but the distorting glasses through which they had looked at them all their lives. They were too much amused to see my distress and anger, and kind though they were, they would not disagree with what Ellen said; which, after all, at their age, was hardly to be expected; though kind Margaret put her arm around my waist and Harry said, rather shortly: "Let's change the subject; we've had enough of this." We had had enough of it, and too much, for though the weather suddenly changed for the better, and the sun showed himself at setting, we were but a quiet party going home.

We were, of course, very late for a six o'clock supper, but one of Aunt Helen's kindest and most delightful traits, which indeed she shared with all the housekeepers I ever met with down there, was never to spoil one's dinner or supper by being disagreeable and sulky when one came in late. She rather pitied us for being tired and hungry and having to wait longer till something a little better than usual was tossed up for us in the kitchen than herself for merely

having had to wait, with the alternative of eating her supper alone if she became too hungry to wait longer. We forgot our squabbles over a good, hot supper, and we had a pleasant evening, after all, though it was short, and when I went up stairs at the end of it, I was happier, or at any rate more contented than I had thought, at one time, I ever could be again, and this though I carried a dip—I beg its pardon—a mould candle, and retired to a room very different from any I had ever slept in before last Autumn.

The room was large and bare, evidently intended only for sleeping and dressing purposes; but admirably adapted for those purposes, the bed being much more luxurious than any I had ever slept in before; and the old-fashioned dressing-table, a perfect miracle of white muslin, ruffling and lace, furnished every comfort and luxury. There was a large basin on the wash-stand, but no pitcher; instead of which, standing by the wash-stand on a wooden chair, there was a large bucket full of water with a dipper in it. There was matting on the floor and two or three chairs about the room; these, with the bureau and mirror, completed the furniture. Everything was intensely clean, but there was the same air of shabbiness over all. Nothing was new, or nearly new. The matting was of two kinds, and every breadth was pieced. The white counterpane was thin and old, and the paint was scoured off of everything that could be scoured. The windows (there were three with old-fashioned chintz curtains), and doors (there were too), were loosely hung, and rattled with the slightest wind.

I sat for a long time, that night, looking out on the dim starlit fields, which stretched away toward the Town, until I was startled by the church clock striking twelve, which was deepest night here in this country place. What a sweet, solemn sound it was! reminding me somehow of what a peaceful haven I had drifted into after the miserable storms of last year. I thought of this as I made ready for bed, moving softly about the room in a vain endeavor to keep every board in the room from creaking; and I fell asleep presently, listening to the wind sighing past my window and thinking idly that it was for the old time, and not for the new.

But every one in this world must “dree his weird,” and Shepherdstown though almost was not quite, out of the world, and the day was not far off when the loudest din that ever shook the greatest city of the Union would be but child’s play to the storm that would roar through these quiet streets.

## OUR NEIGHBOR---OLD COMMUNIPAW.\*

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I was permitted to visit the garret of an old Staten Island dwelling, which had long been unoccupied and was rapidly tumbling into complete decay. There stood the old, well-worn spinning-wheel, half hidden in cob-webs and dust; clocks, large and small, long since removed from duty; faded paintings of ancestors, long ago "gathered to the fathers;" and innumerable other objects calculated to occupy the space of a house-top catch-all. Books and papers, worn and mutilated, rested in half-filled barrels, or were scattered about the floor, and had long furnished cosy nesting-places for mice, or food for the destructive moth or worm. It was a grand treat to spend almost a day alone among those crumbling ruins—if I may be permitted to use the almost meaningless term *alone* to describe my position. How the hours flew away as I foraged among the relic heaps, now and then adding an old, stained paper to my pile of musty treasure. It was not until the dim rays of the setting sun stole in through the little paneless window that I gave a thought to retracing my steps. Dizzy and cramped, I at last arose, and as I gathered my "plunder" and began to grope my way through the half-darkened and deserted room, I recalled with all the vividness that such a scene might awaken the haunted stories of boyhood. Many a page of local history has been written from the "material" gathered on that Autumn day. It was then and there that the following article was found, and which will no doubt be of interest to the readers of THE STATEN ISLAND MAGAZINE. I think it must have been written about the year 1830.

IRA K. MORRIS.

We love, when visiting New York, to explore the antiquated by-places in the environs; haunts where the primal traits of the New Netherlanders still flourish in immortal youth. Looking from the Castle Garden, you observe from the Jersey margin of the bay, a group of low-lying houses, on which the beams of the sun, or the shadows of a cloud, rest with tranquility. In Summer a sleepy haze lies over that region, and it nestles lovingly in the midst, much like

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\* It is generally, but erroneously, believed that the word "Communipaw" is of Indian origin. Its history is this: The Dutch "Patroons," who were the first great landed proprietors in New Netherland, were Samuel Godyn, Samuel Boemart, Killian Van Rensselaer and Michael Pauw. The records prove that the two first settled in Delaware near the middle of the seventeenth century. Van Rensselaer got possession of a large tract in the vicinity of Albany and Troy, and "Pauw became the proprietor of all the country extending from Hoboken southward along the bay and Staten Island Sound, then called Achter Kull, including Staten Island. This grant was made to him by the Directors in 1630. At the same time the country was purchased from the natives for 'certain cargoes or parcels of goods,' and called Pavonia. The name of this proprietor still attaches to a part of his possessions in the locality known as Communipaw—the *Commune of Pauw*."

the imaginary realm where the bard of the "Seasons" fixed the site of his Castle of Indolence:

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was—  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
 And of gay castles that in the clouds that pass,  
 Forever flashing round a Summer sky;  
 There eke the soft delights that witchingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
 And the calm pleasures hovered ever nigh:  
 And whate'er smack'd of 'noyance or unrest,  
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest."

To reach this little hamlet you must cross to Jersey City (city by courtesy, like the vast metropolis of Camden), and walk a mile or two southward on foot. When there, you may behold a scene of noiseless ease and security, which has been undisturbed for ages. The great Capitol, Brooklyn, Staten Island, the splendid bay flocked with shipping—the Narrows, ending in the ærial hues of the distant Atlantic, and the Hudson, rolling from the North, are all commanded here.

As all the world is doubtless perfectly acquainted with Communipaw, it may seem somewhat superfluous to treat of it in the present work; but my readers will please to recollect that, notwithstanding it is my chief desire to satisfy the present age, yet I write likewise for posterity, and have to consult the understanding and curiosity of some half a score of centuries yet to come; by which time, perhaps, were it not for this invaluable history, the great Communipaw, like Babylon, Carthage, Nineveh, and other great cities, might be perfectly extinct—sunk and forgotten in its own mud—its inhabitants turned into oysters,† and even its situation a fertile subject of controversy and hard-headed investigation among indefatigable historians. Let me then piously rescue from oblivion the humble relics of a place which was the egg from which was hatched the mighty city of New York!

Communipaw is at present but a small village, pleasantly situated among rural scenery, on that beauteous part of the Jersey shore which was known in ancient legends by the name of Pavonia,‡ and

† "Men, by inaction, degenerate into oysters,"—*Kaines*.

‡ Pavonia, in the ancient maps, was a name given to a tract of country extending from about Hoboken to Amboy.

commands a grand prospect of the Bay of New York. It is but half an hour's sail from the latter place, provided you have a fair wind, and may be distinctly seen from the city. Nay, it is a well-known fact, which I can testify from my own experience, that on a clear, still Summer evening, you may hear, from the Battery of New York, the obstreperous peals of broad-mouthed laughter of the Dutch negroes at Communipaw, who, like most other negroes, are famous for their risible powers. This is peculiarly the case on Sunday evenings, when, it is remarked by an ingenious and observant philosopher, who has made great discoveries in the neighborhood of New York city, that they always laugh loudest—which he attributes to the circumstance of their having their holiday clothes on.

These negroes, in fact, like the monks in the dark ages, engross all the knowledge of the place, and being infinitely more knowing than their masters, carry on all the foreign trade, making frequent voyages to town in canoes loaded with oysters, buttermilk and cabbages. They are great astrologers, predicting the different changes of weather almost as certainly as an almanac. They are, moreover, exquisite performers on three-stringed fiddles; in whistling, they almost boast the far-famed powers of Orpheus' lyre, for not a horse or an ox in the place, when at the plow, or before the wagon, will budge a foot until he hears the well-known whistle of his black driver and companion. And from their amazing skill at casting up accounts upon their fingers, they are regarded with as much veneration as were the disciples of Pythagoras of yore, when initiated into the sacred quarternary of numbers.

As to the honest burghers of Communipaw, like wise men and sound philosophers, they never looked beyond their pipes, nor troubled their heads about any affairs of their immediate neighborhood; so that they live in profound and enviable ignorance of all the troubles, anxieties and revolutions of this distracted planet. I am even told that many among them do verily believe that Holland, of which they have heard so much by tradition, is situated somewhere on Staten Island or Long Island; that *Spyking-devil* and *the Narrows* are the two ends of the world; that the country is still under the dominion of their High Mightinesses, and that the city of New York still goes under the name of Niew Amsterdam. They meet every Saturday afternoon, at the only tavern in the place, which bears as a sign, the square-headed

likeness of the Prince of Orange, where they smoke a silent pipe, by way of promoting a social conviviality, and invariably drink a mug of cider to the success of Admiral Van Tromp, who, they imagine, is still sweeping the British channel, with a broom at his mast-head.

Communipaw, in short, is one of the numerous little villages in the vicinity of the most beautiful of cities, which are so many strongholds and fastnesses, whither the primitive manners of our Dutch forefathers have retreated, and where they are cherished with devout and scrupulous strictness. The dress of the original settlers is handed down inviolate, from father to son—the identical broad-brimmed hat, broad-skirted coat, and broad-bottomed breeches, continue from generation to generation; and several gigantic knee-buckles of massy silver, are still in wear, that made gallant display in the days of the patriarchs of Communipaw. The language likewise continues undiluted by barbarous innovations; and so critically correct is the village schoolmaster in his dialect, that his reading of a Low Dutch psalm has much the same effect on the nerves as the filing of a hand-saw.



## ROBIN AND JENNIE.

BY THOS. W. BUTTS.

ROBIN waked early and quick' with his trilling,  
He roused all the flowers, the birds and the day;  
He sang of his Jennie, of joy and of billing,  
Entrancing them all with his sweet roundelay.

And Jennie, his mate, on her nest sitting sweetly,  
Gave ear and full credit to ev'ry fond word,  
While eying with motherly care and discreetly,  
Her young, and with wifely devotion, her loved.

The callers were many to see Rob and Jennie,  
To hear Rob sing over his favorite lay;  
And after a good lively chat with dear Jennie,  
To fly away home and come back the same day.

'Twas not long before one ("Miss Pert" they called her),  
Flew in, she said, "Just to see such rare bliss."  
Hospitably moved, Mrs. Jennie installed her  
In th' bough next the nest, from which Rob used to kiss.

Rob ruffled his feathers and warbled his sweetest;  
"Such beauty!" thought Robin, "and such a fine eye!"  
While Jennie thought too, her figure the neatest—  
"Like mine, when much younger," thought she, with a sigh.

Escorting Miss Pert to her home in the clover,  
Rob thought her more charming than when at the nest,  
And sorry was he when the journey was over,  
Though pleased when she said "Now you must stop and rest!"

'Twas late and quite dark when t'ward home Robin hurried,  
And later, next day, when returning the call;  
When giving the reason he seemed strangely flurried—  
"I helped her find worms," said Robin, "That's all!"

Each morn he flew off and returned in the gloaming;  
"I know he don't stay at that minx's all day—"  
Said Jennie to neighbors, who told of his roaming,  
"—The stumpy mean thing!" "That she is!" they would say.

'Twas that very night that Rob came later than ever;  
"Why, Robbie, what kept you?" asked Jennie, surprised;  
"What kept me?" growled Robin, "What kept—! well, I never!"  
"To think that a Robin should be tyrannized."

"I'm sorry!" sighed Jennie, "I meant nothing by it."  
"Your sorrow don't help it," said Rob, in a pet.  
"My temper you ruffle—you wickedly try it!  
The older you grow, why the crosser you get."

No carol heard Jennie, next day, on awaking,  
For Rob and Miss Pert had flown, the birds said;  
But Jennie was brave though her heart was nigh breaking  
And, hiding the tears, her dear birdies she fed.

The days into weeks, lengthened never so slowly,  
But Robin came not and her friends disappeared,  
For friends court the gay, not the blighted or lowly,  
And th' nestlings were mated and off when half reared.

Alone and so lonely, she passed the days sighing,  
Till Fate let an arrow fly, piercing her side;  
"I'm grateful—" gasped Jennie, who knew she was dying,  
"I'm happy at last—so—happy—" and died.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE SECOND installment of Mrs. Grote's story of Shepherdstown, which appears in this number, completes the ceremony of introduction between the reader and the people of Shepherdstown at the time with which the story deals. Many persons who did not feel the Southern pulse in anti-bellum times, as Mrs. Grote did, will probably be surprised at some of the expressions which she records as having been uttered by the characters of her history—for the story is really a record of actual occurrences. The impression of one of the juvenile characters that Yankees had something like turnip juice instead of blood seems almost incredible but Mrs. Grote assures us that the utterances which she records in regard to this matter were actually made. She tells us, moreover, that it was a most beautiful and refined young lady of 19 who said: "Please, Cousin Helen, don't call them negroes; it makes me so mad to hear you say negro; they are *niggers*; and as for me, I don't care what the North says or thinks about it, I hope that slavery *never* will die out; I want always to have a lot of little niggers to box and order round."

THIS NUMBER contains many excellent contributions, every one of which is from the pen of a Staten Islander, and, taken with those contained in the first number, they form a collection which few Staten Islanders would have believed it possible to gather together before this venture was undertaken. Every Staten Islander who has the ability to write interesting articles and can afford the time to write them in, should send their manuscript to the Publisher, for as they have been entertained by the articles written by their neighbors, so might those neighbors be interested in the articles produced by them. There are many things concerning Staten Island which should be made more extensively known and it is to be hoped that persons having such things in their possession will send them in.

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OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 3.

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THE STATEN ISLAND MAGAZINE.

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STATEN ISLAND JOURNALISM.

BY IRA K. MORRIS.

THE REMARK is often made that "Staten Island is a little world all by itself," and there certainly can be no branch of "human industry" within its limits that feels the effect of the isolation as forcibly as journalism. Yet the profession, handicapped as it is by its limited field, creditably keeps apace with the progress of the age, and, I believe, compares favorably with "newspaperdom" throughout the country.

Since the first establishment of newspapers in New York city there has been a constant and tender solicitude for Staten Island on the part of the journalists of the great Metropolis. Few important

events have occurred here that have escaped their notice and consequent publication.

Prior to the establishment of a newspaper on Staten Island, the people who desired to read the local news were compelled to scan the columns of Rivingston's *Gazette*, Gaine's *New York Gazette*, the *New Jersey Gazette* (of Trenton), the *Evening Post*, *Pennsylvania Journal*, and a few other papers published before and after the Revolution. They all seemed to have manifested considerable interest in the Island.

The first Staten Island newspaper, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was called the *Richmond Republican*, and its first number appeared on the seventeenth day of October, 1827. It was edited by Charles N. Baldwin, whose office was at Tompkinsville; but it was printed in Chambers street, New York City. It was Democratic in politics, and its publication day was Saturday. Mr. Baldwin announced that he sold lottery tickets and solicited orders for signs and ornamental painting. The paper contained four small pages, and continued to be published for a number of years. I have been unable to ascertain the date of its suspension.

The New York and Richmond County *Free Press* was started about 1830, by William Hagadorn. It was a twelve-page paper, and its title page bore the following announcement: "Devoted to the advancement of the liberal arts and sciences, and to the promulgation of useful knowledge, general literature, etc. In its columns may be found interesting selections in natural history, geology, mineralogy and botany, original and selected tales, poetry, strictures, essays, biographical sketches, traits of distinguished characters, etc." The publication office was at 174 Broadway, New York City. I have a bound volume of the *Free Press* commencing Saturday, June 13th, 1835. Under the editorial head is the following ticket: "For President, Martin Van Buren, of New York; for Vice-President, Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky." The leading editorial is as follows:

"The first number of a new series of the *Free Press* is now laid before the public. Our readers will perceive that the interval, between the date of our last and our present number, has been employed in making a considerable improvement in the form and appearance of the paper. Subscribers, almost without an exception, desired us to make this improvement; and, while we state that its

accomplishment has incurred a heavy expenditure of time and money, [we mean, of course, an expenditure *heavy* in proportion to our *light* resources,] we will take leave to express our assurance of being amply reimbursed, by the accessions that will be made to our subscription list, and the promptitude and pleasure with which the old subscribers will now call and settle their dues, knowing that we have spared no pains or expense in placing this publication on a footing commensurate with the liberality with which it has been sustained during the past five years."

Following the above is an editorial comment concerning the order of President Jackson, to the effect that "public officers must pay their debts, or suffer immediate removal." A great deal is said about the tariff, and it is evident that Democrats and Whigs were having a lively time of it. In the following number this paragraph is printed:

"Our *Richmond County Paper* (the income of which has not for the past six or eight months paid the extra expense which it has been to us), will be continued throughout the present volume. Our paper has lately been 'got up' with considerable expense to us, and we are determined that it shall be punctually and regularly delivered to our subscribers. If at the end of this volume, our circulation in Richmond County has not enlarged sufficiently to warrant the continuance of that branch of our paper, we will then be compelled to discontinue it."

The *Free Press* contained a limited amount of local news. On the 27th of June, (1834,) there was an account of the robbery of Jacob De Groot's store on the North Shore, on the previous Saturday night. About \$300 worth of dry goods were stolen. The old U. S. Frigate "Constitution" had just passed Staten Island and was anchored in port. July 4th there was a long list of uncalled-for letters in the Tompkinsville post office. John C. Thompson was post-master. Some of the names in the list are familiar to the residents of the Island to-day. There was also a list of letters, remaining in the City Ville post office (West Brighton), D. V. N. Mersereau, post master. The "Tompkins Guards" was the name of the "crack" military company in those days. The Richmond and Quarantine stage made a round trip each day. One dollar reward was offered for the capture of Richard Long, an apprentice, who had run away from Daniel Merrill, Sr., of Northfield. On August 15th the publisher offered to sell the

“copyright and patronage” of the paper. He claimed that it was one of the best established papers in the city. October 3d this item appeared: “A farmer on Staten Island, whose fertile grounds we were admiring at the time, informed us that when he first came into possession of his farm, there was but one blade of grass within its precincts, and that a famished grasshopper was perched upon that, making his dying prayer.”

The *Free Press* lost its interest in the Island shortly, and was superseded, in a measure, by the New York *Plaindealer*. Its first number was issued on December 3d, 1836. It was a very ably conducted paper. The great bank question, which at that time was the absorbing topic for the whole country, consumed a very large portion of its space. Its love for Andrew Jackson was only equalled by its hatred for Martin Van Buren. It was printed for the proprietor by William Van Norden, at 96 Nassau street; the publication office was at the corner of Pine street and Broadway. The editor was very bitter in his denunciation of the respect shown to Aaron Burr, at the time of the old soldier's death at Port Richmond, and a day or so later, when the college authorities at Princeton, with distinguished honors, placed his mortal remains at the feet of his fathers. The language used is far more forcible than elegant. The Pavilion Hotel at New Brighton, was a social center in those days, and the *Plaindealer* gives an elaborate description of the house and becomes enthusiastic over the charming scenery of the Island.

The *Staten Islander* made its appearance at this period, as near as I can ascertain. Its editor was John J. Adams, who, on retiring from it, became one of the editors of the New York *Sunday Morning News*. The paper contained four small pages and was printed in New York City. There was a revival at that day, of a strong feature which characterized the press of America immediately after the close of the Revolution—namely, a strict regard for all matters of a literary nature. Local news, the little details of every-day life in village and and country—was a secondary matter, and the *Staten Islander* “moved and had its being” in the beaten paths of its contemporaries. It continued to be published for many years.

The first newspaper ever printed on Staten Island was the Richmond County *Mirror*, which made its appearance in July, 1837. Mr. Francis L. Hagadorn was the editor and proprietor, and the publica-

tion office was located on Richmond Terrace, New Brighton, somewhere between York avenue and Belmont Hall. It contained eight pages of three columns each, was ably edited, neatly printed, and reflected credit upon its manager. The editor was the son of the publisher of the *Free Press*, and had been connected with that paper. The first number contained a steel engraving, entitled, "A View of New Brighton," by Chapman, and later on there were printed engravings of the Pavilion Hotel and the castle-like residence of Mr. A. G. Ward, still standing at the corner of Richmond terrace and Franklin avenue. "Every one will remember," says the editor, "that as recently as 1834 the present Richmond terrace, which now forms one of the finest drives in the country, was the very worst tatter of a road on Staten Island. Where, so lately as the year '34, the uncherished domicile of Capt. Lawrence, with the dilapidated stillhouse opposite, and three or four random cottages around, were the only objects around to occupy the visual organs; now the stately Pavilion and its surrounding palaces do honor to the emboldened shore, that, bristling from the sloping chain of mountains in its rear, leaps like a startled deer upon the bay and arches up its antlers of Corinthian as if doubting whether to proceed."

In the same issue is a "History of Staten Island, chapter 1, by the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt," (who was pastor of the Dutch Reform Churches of Port Richmond and Richmond,) who also contributed an excellent outline history of the Huguenots, our earliest settlers. I quote from the editorial address:

"In commencing the arduous duties of a public journalist, we reverently bow to the 'usages' and time-honored customs so religiously observed in such matters, and herewith essay to make known our rules of guidance. Those who will expect this paper to support and close up the deformities of any political party, must, at the outset, be undeceived. Those, also, who will image us as either the radical enemy of all social distinctions, or the court journalist of our Anglo-American aristocrats, must also be apprised of their error. Many of our compeers who affect to hold in abhorrence everything that savors of antiquity, although they have yielded reluctant obedience to this necessary requirement, have only in the same breath declared open war against the practice; and with all the punctillious devotion of the Quaker, have grumbled at the stern necessity which has com-

pelled them to tip their beavers to the public. For our part, we honor the practice and willingly yield obedience to its just requirements. It is a happy thing that there is a manner to be observed in coming before the public, as well as in entering the drawing-room. In perusing the hebdomadary offerings of the candidate for public patronage; the eyes of the public are instinctively directed to the editorial column, and the devoted wight is closely and attentively watched as he goes stumbling along, hat in hand, like a reviewing officer at a militia training, with all the eyes of a criticising populace upon him. This is a wholesome discipline. It, at least, requires moral courage as an essential in the composition of its object.

“In a community so small as this, and so equally divided in political sentiments,\* it is evident that a paper devoted to either of the great political parties which now divide the people of this country, could not anticipate a patronage co-extensive with the necessary expenditures. Apart from this—if impartially considered, the so-called political papers of the present day teem with such tortured and one-sided statements, even of those things which fall within their especial province, that the enquirer after political facts meets on every side with continual reverses, which finally engender fixed disgust or blind acquiescence; and he who should have been a champion of his country sickens in the vain attempt to see her as she is. Thus the empirics, who, for the most part, guide the political journals of this country, are not only muddling, but poisoning those once vivifying streams over which the too-confiding public have given them control. And thus, in politics, as well as in science, the student is oftener presented with ill-defined outlines of conflicting theories than with established facts, or any real requital of his pains.

“Skillful politicians cloak their deep designs, and only act with openness and vigor when success is certain and applause is sure to follow. Political journalists oftentime deceive themselves and others, and—in the vainglorious attempts to play the general—conceal from the ‘rank and file’ of their partisans all such intelligence as may tend to exhibit the deformities and pregnable points of the party to which they are attached. And, inasmuch as all those opposed to the sentiments of its conductors, habitually discard every-

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\* The population of Staten Island, at the time of taking the last census, in 1830, was 7,084. The population of Westfield exceeded that of any other town in the County.

thing which emanates from a partisan paper, so it is evident that it must finally become a burden, not an aid."

Editor Hagadorn, of the *Mirror*, was a genuine patriot, and we find him censuring the people of the Island for not celebrating the "Glorious Fourth." He boldly calls them "a generation of vipers and hypocrites," because they refused to honor the memory of Washington and his compeers. An advertisement also appeared for "a travelling agent for this paper in the township of Westfield, to engage in the business of procuring subscribers and superintending the delivery in that quarter of the Island; one who will find security to the amount of few hundred dollars, and also attend to the collection of moneys, will be able to secure a steady and profitable employment." The following item appeared in the issue of August 20th, 1837:

*Richmond Village.*—A new street has lately been opened in this village, on which seven pretty little houses have been created. These, in addition to the new Court House, give quite a business appearance to the place. 'Who'd have thought it?' Till lately Richmond had been a by-word for inanity."

At New Brighton "everything was teeming with life and bustle." The editor lectures the Supervisors on account of the condition of old Richmond road. Probably his comments will be appreciated at the present day:

" \* \* \* This is a matter of some importance, gentlemen, and should be so treated. The old road has become warped into its present state by neglect of ages; like an old, untutored mind, it has followed the inclinations of passion and lawless folly—it has left the sterling paths of probity and truth, and rambled through the mazes of romance and adventure, prompted, it would seem, by nothing but the bent of idle curiosity. So we find it—and all the mild persuasions and even the examples of the brave old fences, will affect nothing against the prejudices of age; forcible means must be called into action. The gullies of recklessness must be ploughed up. The rocks of stubbornness must be blasted, and the small stones and weeds of folly must be uprooted. The channels, where the stagnant pools of inanity have planted themselves, must be upturned, and the mud and filth of their sediments must be exposed, in lieu of the *golden surfaces* which now glitter to allure."

The chief agitation among the Islanders, at that time, was the attempt to secure the erection of a light house on Robin's Reef, and the survey being made for the establishment a navy yard and fort at "the cove" on Bergen Point, opposite New Brighton. The *Mirror's* editorial comments are as follows:

"This undertaking, like everything else new, excites our wonder why its object has lain so long unnoticed. The advantages of bold water and proximity to the ocean, this location adds the important consideration of cheap and cosy defence. It is only approachable by large vessels from one passage. Nature too shut it off in every other direction by shoals and flats. It is also further proposed to establish a fort, similar to that at the Rip Raps, on the reef of rocks at the mouth of the Sound, known as Robin's Reef; and this, in addition to the defense of the navy yard, would from its position be able to effect more—in case of an attack upon New York by sea—than all the other forts within the harbor. A strong fort upon Robins Reef, with a short chain to the shore of Staten Island, would effectually defend the navy yard; and any other flotilla, or attempting to force its way into our harbor, would inevitably be exposed to a raking fire of four or five miles."

On September 2d, (1837,) the editor speaks of his prospects as follows: "Bad, badder, baddest! We will continue, however, to publish semi-monthly, until we have obtained a sufficient patronage to warrant our driving the *Mirror* well. Perseverance is our motto. Everything is attainable by industry and application; and when we have established a business on Staten Island, we shall take to ourself the credit of some fortitude." He then proceeds to criticize the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, whom he had engaged to write a history of Staten Island, for omitting a "period embracing the Revolution, and some years after, up to the days of Tompkins." That was the very last of the history. The same number gives accounts of a ball at the Pavilion and the parade of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth Regiment. "Major Tompkins, of the staff of Maj.-Gen. Van Buren, had lately been promoted to the command of the regiment, and this was his first parade or drill of officers." The editor says he unexpectedly met the battalion on its way from Richmond, and then proceeds to criticize it.

One of the habits of those days has not been forgotten, but is still practiced. For instance, this in October: "The Whigs of Richmond County meet on Monday night, at Richmond Village, to make the nominations for the ensuing election. Gentlemen, who does your printing? Sort o' crooked, this fashion of calling Richmond meetings through the medium of New York. Can't understand it."

In those days the two parties—Democrats and Whigs—were about evenly balanced in this county. A majority of from twenty to twenty-five was considered very large. The *Mirror* gives the following returns on November 11th, 1837: "Israel B. Oakely, the Whig Assemblyman, is elected by about ten majority. Andrew B. Decker, the Van Buren candidate for Sheriff, is certainly elected. Walter Betts, the Whig County Clerk, is re-elected—no opposition; and it is supposed that V. B. Connors are all in. So much for our higgledy-piggledy, mixed-up little county. Our citizens go for the best men, and kick at everything like party discipline. We have not the *official* returns, or they would have been given. We cannot depend on flying reports.

The same number of the *Mirror* publishes this little paragraph: "ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE.—Married, on the morning of the first instant, by the Rev. Mr. La Fevre, Francis L. Hagadorn, E-s-q-u-i-r-e, editor of the New Brighton *Mirror*, to Miss Eliza Lawson, daughter of the late Peter Lawson, all of New York City."

November 25th: "To-night the Whigs of Richmond County celebrate the result of the late election in this State, by a jollification at Richmond Village. Grub, grog and ginger-bread at six." At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors the following was adopted: "*Resolved*, That the old Court House in the village of Richmond [the building now occupied as the residence of Mr. Isaac M. Marsh,] and lot on which it stands be offered at auction, at the Richmond County Hall, in said village, on Saturday, 17th of December next, at 2 o'clock p. m., if not previously disposed of at private sale."

Editor Hagadorn issued annual addresses to his readers, in one of which he stated that "gratitude is a keen sense of favor to come." He continued to publish the *Mirror* for a number of years, and, I am told, that at last it was merged into the *Staten Islander*, and that the publication office was in the little wedge-shaped building standing nearly opposite police headquarters at Stapleton.

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Many years ago a little paper was printed at Rossville, by a sensational Bohemian, whose idea of journalism was to print such statements about the people as would "get the laugh on them and sell the paper." He published several numbers, I am informed, and the love that the residents of the village bore for him was not such as characterized Damon and Pythias. One day he was called away suddenly, and when he returned, he found that his printing-press and types had been carried away and dumped into the river. There was a note left behind stating that, "Somehow or other, a newspaper wasn't appreciated in that locality, and there might possibly be other fields of labor where the editor could serve his country to a greater advantage." It was not very long before he "folded his tent" and departed.

## COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY OF STATEN ISLAND'S WATER FRONT.

BY GEO M. ROOT.

THE NATIVE or the foreigner who, leaving behind him the Ocean and the blue hills of the Navesink enters the bays of New York cannot but express his admiration of the scene before him. The Lower Bay encircled by the Jersey hills and lowlands, the green meadows and eminences of Staten Island and the white sands of Coney Island, an expanse of waters stretching from East to West about ten miles, and from North to South about ten miles, with the entrance of the Narrows into the upper bay only one mile wide. As he glides through this, a still more striking view presents itself; on the East the low bank of Long Island, extending about five miles in nearly a straight line from Fort Hamilton to Brooklyn; on the West the bold bluffs of Staten Island gradually receding from the Bay to give space to the numerous dwellings and business places. The shore line from the Narrows to the entrance of the Kill Van Kull forming a considerable curve toward the West, beyond the Kills, the flat shores of New Jersey melting into the Palisades of the

Hudson, and on the North the dense mass of buildings and spires, and innumerable masts of shipping which outline the City of New York, and the bold span of the Bridge, over the East River which links that and Brooklyn together. As one sets foot on the wharves of New York, let us see what presents itself on the water front of the Hudson River. Beginning at the Battery, we find docks, with barges vessels of moderate tonnage, ferry boats, steamboats plying on many adjacent waters, market docks and pier after pier occupied as temporary receptacles for the freight of the great railroads, coming into New York, or conveyed by barges from the New Jersey depots.

Take for instance the enormous traffic of the Pennsylvania Railroad; block after block stretch its docks filled with freight; the streets are blockaded, and any one who has ventured to ride in a West street car can vouch for this.

It can be safely stated that the loss of time in transporting freight along this water front costs millions of dollars. Here and there, at long intervals, the masts and funnels of ocean steamships are seen. These piers and docks, with short spaces between, and not more than 400 feet long, and many not as long, are crowded at all times with vessels, many having to wait a considerable time to get a berth. The ocean steamers that come in have great difficulty in getting along side their docks, in consequence of passing vessels, the swift tides and the danger of collision. Above Canal street, we begin to see the many colored smoke stacks and tall masts of the ocean steamships:—the Anchor, Guion, Cunard, White Star, National and Havre lines. These ships are from 2,000 to 10,000 tons capacity and are therefore capable of carrying an enormous amount of freight. On this side also there is a constant crush of trays, cars and trucks, productive of a great deal of hard language from the drivers. Proceeding up the East River front, the conditions are the same, except as to coastwise steamers and others engaged in the East and West India and South American and Australian trade. A stranger coming from the great Liverpool docks would naturally ask, where are your houses to hold the products which arrive and depart from all over the world. On the New York shore there are almost none, the streets facing the docks are filled with ordinary stores for the sale of merchandise, articles for shipping use, market produce, numerous drinking places and restaurants, and here and there and in the adjacent streets, a bonded warehouse.

The adjacent shores of Brooklyn are better situated for storage. The Atlantic docks contain a large basin surrounded with long rows of warehouses, in which a great extent of storage is enclosed, and along the river front also as far as the Navy Yard are brick structures full of the wealth of the world's products. In New York the only direct lines of the railroad entering in, are from the North, there are none that reach the Brooklyn warehouses, all freights from the railroads must be carried in and out in barges or small vessels; the freight charges are therefore enormous and burdensome. From the Atlantic docks Southward the Pier lines, as established by law are at no great distance from the mainland, and the difficulty of reaching them, have prevented any development. In addition to this the prevailing winds, during the winter are from the West, and during the time when the ice is running it is nearly always driven over to the Long Island shore, which would often impede the movements of vessels. On the Jersey shore, from the Palisades to the Central Railroad docks, the whole front is filled with docks. Numerous ferries ply from hence to New York; steamship and passenger depots, coal docks and two railway elevators; but in all these there are no such storage room or facilities as would make the reception and delivery of merchandise and products to the greatest advantage, and at the least cost. From the Central docks to the mouth of the Kill Van Kull, the shore recedes, so that between it and Robin's Reef there is a space of about a mile; the entire inland water is very shallow and a great storage Company proposed to fill in a large portion of this space, and dredge a deep channel to the main channel of the Bay. It was found however that underlaying these shallows was a bed of rock so hard that it would have to be blasted, and although much money has been spent nothing of a permanent character can be accomplished, and to fill in this great area to the main channel would be entirely too costly; the railroads therefore are forced into a contracted space, and occupy at their outlet but a small portion of the water front. Leaving the New York, Long Island and Jersey shores, the remaining water fronts of Staten Island take at once the foremost rank. Isolated as they formerly were, they were of no value. Less than ten years ago a considerable piece was sold at a referee's sale for less than \$5,000, which was subsequently sold for more than \$100,000. The prospect of extensive storage facilities due

to the entrance of the great railroads into the Island caused this advance. These railroad enterprises were entirely due to the far-reaching thought and enterprise of Mr. Erastus Wiman, who with an indefatigable purpose and untiring labor and undaunted by any obstacles, pushed forward the project of rapid transit; and the co-operation of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad culminating in the building of the great bridge across the Kills. Thus the entire products of the West and South could be brought to the Harbor of New York, received, stored and shipped at the same place. To enter into detail, we will consider the different shores of the Island and their capabilities. Beginning at the Narrows and going North, the pier and bulkhead lines are consolidated for a mile in length, and with varying widths of from 260 to 625 feet, and with a depth of about 40 feet at low water. Thus the largest vessels can lay alongside or basins can be formed, as the Atlantic Docks of Brooklyn, as the deep water extends very close to the shore; from thence north to the American Cotton Dock, a distance of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles; the pier and bulkhead lines are separate and 600 feet apart. The distance of the pier line from the shore varies and increases from 625 feet to 1200 feet; the depth is 30 feet at low tide. Along this entire front are splendid chances for development with piers 600 feet long, at which the largest steamers may lie, or two or three of smaller dimensions, with plenty of space for great warehouses for direct receipt and transshipment of all the wealth of the world; with grain elevators receiving that great product of the West without breaking bulk, and delivering direct into vessels, sailing to European ports; refrigerator cars unloading into cold storage warehouses, the dressed beef and hog products, to be re-shipped without delay; great cotton receptacles, safe from the thieves of the city, re-shipped without light-erage charges. Even this, however, does not comprise the whole availability of this water front, as portions of it, where steamships may not be able to lie, can be made into basins, where surrounding warehouses can contain the merchandise of the world, and be sent by lighters into the city, with as reasonable charges as the Atlantic docks, Brooklyn, or from the Staten Island Cotton Docks, which latter have demonstrated the perfect feasibility and safety of such storage. From thence to the entrance of the Kills, a distance of about one mile, will probably be taken up by the needs of the Rapid Transit

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Railroad and its accessories. From the entrance of the Kills going westward to Newark Bay, a distance of about three miles, the pier and bulkhead lines generally consolidated, except in the coves, have an average width of 300 feet from the shore, with a depth of from 18 to 20 feet at low water. This is admirably fitted for manufacturing purposes where vessels of lighter draft can securely lie. The water works of the Island, whose mains are along the entire shore have ample supplies for all such enterprises. On the lower bay of New York on the south side of the Island, the water is too shallow to admit of any commercial improvement, except at Seguine's Point where the water is 25 feet deep. A considerable portion of the South shore could also be used for the shipment of coal, as in the case of the Jersey shore of the Kill van Kull. These water fronts also present superior advantages for ship-building, if our absurd navigation laws shall be amended. Already on the Kill van Kull are several yards for the building and repairing of small sailing vessels and tug-boats; on the North and East sides sectional and dry docks can be constructed to admit the largest vessels. The repair docks at Clifton have had large vessels upon the way, but the want of capital, and the drawbacks upon ship-building, which has crippled so many enterprises of this kind, has prevented a successful undertaking.

To show the production from 1860 to 1880 the increase of the grain crop was 1,459,000,000 bushels.

The merchandise moved in 1887 over various railroads was 552,000,000 tons, equal in value to \$13,043,250,000.

For the year 1887 the Pennsylvania Railroad—

Carried 17,770,396 passengers.

Through freight, moved 2,979,359 tons.

Way freight, moved 8,442,083 tons.

Total freight moved, 11,421,442 tons.

Miles of road operated, 44,693.

The Delaware, Lackawana & Western in 1887—

Carried 6,916,406 passengers.

Freight moved, 4,647,858 tons.

Miles operated, 16,690.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad—

Controls 821 miles of track.

Received from passenger traffic, \$4,878,575.00.  
 “ “ tonnage, \$15,780,460.00.  
 Carried to Baltimore, grain, 12,977,035 bushels.  
 “ “ flour, 1,274,542 bushels.  
 “ “ live stock, 43,220 tons.  
 “ “ lumber, 76,103 tons.  
 “ coal, immense quantity.

With the superior facilities of the Staten Island water fronts as detailed above. there is no reason why some of this immense tonnage shall not be brought hither without breaking bulk, and be immediately shipped to all parts of the world; and the building of the Kill bridge, the entrance of branch lines of the great railroads, which have all a common interest in the bridge, must in time, and that not distant, make our Island shore be filled with commercial enterprises, and a great city arise on its borders.

Back from this will spring up thousands of suburban houses, and the more distant hills, made accessible by lines of rail, will be filled with tasteful residences, and thus the lovely heights and valleys, now lying almost uninhabited, will be appreciated and made desirable.

## MEMOIRS OF MY NAMESAKE.

BY JAMES BURKE.

THE WHOLE HISTORY of a human life has never been told. The biographies of the greatest men give only the salient points of their career, not unlike the stepping-stones of a ford or the wayside station of a railroad.

The stages of life's journey mark  
 Our mem'ry's waste with solemn sheen,  
 Like lamps at night and all is dark,  
 Or dimly braced, that lies between.

A record of all the thoughts of a single life, though it were only that of a cowherd, would make more books than the world could

hold—in the sense of the last verse of the Gospel of St. John. The beauty of many of these fleeting thoughts, poetry is powerless to adequately express; the depth of others would appall philosophy, while the pain of most, if constantly visible or too frequently appreciable, would drive humanity mad!

And yet the biography of an ordinary individual is a literary effort of uncommon occurrence. The “diary” is a numerous *vade mecum*, but it requires circumstances which lift it from the category of the ordinary to give it the dignity of publication. If the story of a life comparatively private, has been published at all, I am not aware of the fact. This, however, is not saying much, for what a celebrated Irish member of Parliament once said to a boaster might be readily applied to me: “What you don’t know, sir, would fill volumes.”

“Then,” it may be asked, “why is this attempt made to acquire distinction for the narrative of a life comparatively private?” Frankly, because it is not copied from a diary; because it is by no means, an “o’er true tale,” but fills out a skeleton of perfect truth with an adipose of imagination; because it is made the vehicle of facts, fancies and philosophy long clamoring for expression in printer’s ink, and because said philosophy is thought to be something of a novelty, at least in its presentation to the public.

Every person of thoughtful and observant habit who has noted or felt the effect of “man’s inhumanity to man,” believes that a remedy for the crying evil might be found in adequate description, and dreams that, some day, when the avenging spirit moves him, he will give the world a piece of his mind in such a graphic style and with such glowing colors that vice will vanish and heart-burnings will be felt no more forever! It is this benevolent breath—this divine afflatus—that now fans the latent fire of my sympathetic soul! I would picture the events of one simple life, unmask many hidden abuses, and by exposure, end them. If my readers will have patience with me, and permit, good-naturedly, many erratic rambles into adjacent territory, I will promise them glimpses of a region not often explored before, but which Dickens would have trodden had he lived.

Would to God he had, for only such a Hercules as he was could slay the monsters which infest it!

Right here, on the fertile subject of breaking strange ground, or roaming, fancy free, through “fresh fields and pastures new,” there is

room for rhetoric rich is fairy flowers, and for philosophy broad as heaven's breast. And why, pray? Because he who traverses a new land

Can sing his song or say his say,  
With never a one to say him nay.

Glorious privilege! In my excursions through tracts of fact and fiction I will avail myself of it to my heart's content if to that of nothing else.

Is not this hifaluting?" It is. Porsiflage? Why not? Is not the baloon my own? Well, then, in my ascents and descents, the risk of breaking my neck is also my own, and one inducement to the dear reader to witness my eccentric course is that he may be repaid for his trouble by seeing me do it!

Ah, but there is consolation in such morbid catering to popular excitement, for the finale will create sympathy, and "Poor fellow, I'm sorry for him," will, as a reward, be another flattering proof that the end justifies the means."

But, again, "what's the matter" with using big words? The prejudice against their use is not well founded—that is, when the big words do not halt or stammer, but flow trippingly off the tongue. As well reject diamonds because pearls might do as well.

Here ends my preface, because as my brilliant nyebor, Bill Nye, in his happy perversions, might say, "A word to the sufficient is wise," which might with him be a diamond of wit, but, with a lesser light, it is certainly a *pearlous* one.

The pertinence of my proverb is shown by the length of the "word." And now to my story.

My maternal great-grandfather was sheriff of the County of Limerick, Ireland, and he claimed kinship with his namesakes, the Carrolls of Carrollton, while his son was the owner of a homestead, pretty to this day, known to not a few on Staten Island, called "The Greenhouse," in the town of Hospital. My paternal grandfather claimed kinship with the de Burghs, a branch of the ducal house of Ulster, of which the present head is the unpatriotic and unpopular Marquis of Clanricarde.

There had been a great falling off in his ancestral pretentions, for, at the time to which I refer, he filled the plebeian, but by no means

dishonorable, office of Master Workman of the Guild of Brogue-makers, of the "City of the Violated Treaty." Subsequently, strange mutation of fortune, he was adjutant of His Majesty's (William IV) 36th Regiment of Foot (green facings) his white horse, in rear of the passing regiment, having been for many years, a noticeable feature of its routes through Ireland. His love of Ireland, however, caused his early retirement from the red-coated police.

Anent the brogue-making, there is to say that the brogue was the forerunner of the modern shoe, and, although like many of its contemporaries in the arts, despised for its "homeliness" now, it was well made, and as comfortable a foot wear as the policeman's brogan of to-day. The trade was very popular, a favorite ballad of the times celebrating it with the chorus:

"For they are the boys with their aprons on,"

the glory of the boast lying, as Captain Cuttle would say, in "the application on it."

It is a singular fact that the "gift of the gab" among mechanics is vouchsafed to shoemakers first, and, after them, to tailors, and both are noted, in trades-unions, for being "tall talkers" and deep thinkers.

This *may be* due to the fact that they work sitting down, a position favorable to reflection, and to a surreptitious perusal of a book or paper. A sitting posture is the synonym of understanding, "whence we get "seat of wisdom," seat of learning, and soforth and so fifth to the end of the chapter.

ENTER JACOBUS.

My honored father commenced life as one of the "lads with their aprons on," and developed into a maker of very respectable "top boots." He was, in truth, a type of manly beauty—a perfect Apollo—being popularly known as "The Handsome Shoemaker." The line, "Sparkling eyes, red, rosy cheeks, and curly, coal-black," written of the celebrated Father Trainor, was often applied to him, even in my presence as a lad.

From top boots to horses was not a violent transition, and so, in time, and, after the necessary *training*, he was admitted to practice as a veterinary surgeon. His education was above the average, and, in the local debating classes, he usually clinched an argument by a

quotation, more or less correct—often most effective when coined—from Homer or Virgil. He was such an enthusiastic admirer of Cicero that he earned for himself the nickname of “Milo,” after the champion of the renowned orator. He spelled his name “Bourke,” from affinity with the elder branch of the family, and, therefore, (bless the mark, although *strictly historic*) claimed descent from the loins of no less a progenitor than Charlemagne. “A child of Charlemagne, and down upon the French!” was once said to Edmund Burke.

In passing, it is right to say that my degenerate Burke (Bourke, without the “O”)—that is, degenerate in my case, but not in that of inheritors—was given to me at the recruiting rendezvous, No. 12 Bowery, in 1864, when I enlisted for a “boy in blue;” and to draw my pay I had to drop the beloved “O” when signing the rolls, or “go without.” I have worn the junior name of the clan, “O’Buirk,” ever since.

Half a century ago, on the glorious Fourth of July (you see I am an American by natural right), the writer of this *seanchas* made his first appearance on the troubled stage of the world.

My memory of events commenced with the dangerous collisions between “the O’Connellites, or “Old Ireland Party,” as they were called, and the followers of William Smith O’Brien, or the “Young Ireland Party.”

In one of these conflicts, while in my father’s arms, I was grazed by a pistol ball fired into a crowd of the former party by one of the latter, from a window of “Egan’s brush factory,” in Thomas street, Limerick.

#### ADVERSITY.

Ah, then came to Ireland the dreadful years of cholera and famine, ’47 to ’49. My dear mother (*requiescat in pace*) was the first who survived the Asiatic plague. As a little boy, pure of heart and white of soul then (whatever I may have been since), when my mother lay in the embrace of the black death, I knelt on the highway, in the moonlight, and I prayed, oh, so fervently, to God, close and personal as one should always pray, to spare my darling mother, who was an angel of modesty and mercy, if one ever lived on earth! My prayer was heard; God gave me back my mother. For that, I have always, worthy or unworthy, thanked God. By that I will always

know that if we ask aright, and His providence permits. "He is ready to help to the uttermost those who come to Him."

My father, poor man, (*requiescat in pace*, also) wrestled bravely with the giant, Famine. He suffered the pangs of hunger, (money was often valueless;) we passed through every stage of domestic hardship, (without its vices, thank God,) which the mind of man can conceive or pen describe but the whole family,—father, mother, one daughter and two sons,—survived. This statement is a testimonial to my father's memory more eloquent than the legend of bronze or marble, which latter, o'er his noble dust, is lacking to this day, (small thanks to me,) as he sleeps near a venerable willow in the ancient graveyard of St. Patrick's church. His faults, true to the traditions of the "real, ould stock," in Ireland, for the Norman-Irish became "Hibernes hiberniores" "more Irish than the Irish themselves, was an aristocratic lack of thrift, and a foolish fondness for the social glass. The first of these rollicking traditions, reinforced by similar heredity from "the princely O'Carrolls of Ely," "my mother's people, flows on in the blood of one son at least, and must be accepted as his apology for a pocket-book of chronic leanness and other short comings.

The horrors of my experience, during the famine period beggar description by brush or pen, and they laid the foundation of a self-diffidence which unquestionably has marred my prospects. To this day my soul shudders when I think of them. I have stood by the curb while "twenty coffins on a car" went by to interment.

I have seen the interment, and I have seen dogs later on, scratch away the few inches of soil and feed upon the blackened dead! Why, then, have I not been thrifty?

First, such an experience begets a morbid recklessness as to life, *per se*, and impresses in the soul, too deeply to be wholesome, the cynical truth that "All is vanity." *Verbum sat sapienti*. And, second, to sail against the tide, one needs a fair wind, and that upper currents to the contrary notwithstanding I have not had. The adverse tide was my own; the wind was not. Though a loving breeze, it made me tack.

SCHOOL DAYS. I was sent to school, "packed off" as my neighbors called it in a phraseology all their own, alas, for me, as I will show later on.

It was not a "hedge school," but it was two half-naked rooms on the second floor of a tenement house. Two tables and a dozen benches, or forms, were the furniture of the school proper. The fuel was contributed, a contribution consisting of a sod or two of turf (peat) from each pupil, and he who brought most sat nearest the fire. The pedagogue was a man of gigantic stature, with a foot so large as to promptly suggest the quotation—if any one had known it—of *Ex pede Herculem*. I see him now, with his large white face and mild blue eye, his hands behind him, the left grasping the right upper arm, as, dressed in frieze coat, corduroys and glazed military cap he walks the floor, and strikes, rhythmically, one heel against the other. He addressed every woman as "Misthress," and his pronunciation of words (well remembered by me) was so barbarous that, what between his teaching and that of some of his successors, it has cost me to unlearn what was taught me an amount of time and study which, if employed in progress, would have given me an education which I have missed and mourned. "Antitrinitarians," big words meant learning, you know—he compelled his advanced pupils to pronounce "Antherntahr'yans" with the primary accent on his third syllable, for he made only four of the word. "Constantinople" was spelled thus: C-o-n—con—and that's the con, s-t-a-n—stan—and that's the stan, and that's the constan, t-i—ti—and that's the ti, and that's the constanti, n-o—no—and that's the no, and that's the constantino, p-l-e—pull—and that's the pull, and that's the Constantinople. This may seem to be a wanton exaggeration or worse, but in the case of my special mentor, I can prove positively, by living witnesses, that it is the truth. In doing so, moreover, I should take occasion to castigate the legislators of England, who by setting a price on the heads of schoolmasters and wolves alike, banished competent teachers from the land and thus made imperative the employment, by a learning-loving people, of such wretched makeshifts, self-mistaught as the poor friend I have described. Again, I would claim for Mr. Brady and others of that ilk, the proud distinction of having been, in their crude idea of memorizing by association, the founders of that method of memories which is one of the glories of our admirable school system of the present day.

So true it is that, even as the bee extracts honey from the poisoned rose, so the providence of God from evil bringeth good!

And lastly I would ask the Americans who are disposed to be harsh to especially Irishmen, to pause in their uncharitable course long enough to reflect that they themselves have been highly favored by our common Father—yea, more than all others—that the unpolished accent and astuteness which offend are at once the result of persecution and the effort of native, indestructible, independence to assert itself, and that a doubt of being able to hold their own without persecution of persons less favored every way is unworthy of American manhood, and that the wonder is not that many Irishmen may be rugged and uncouth, but that all of them are not soulless savages, as most others would have become if similarly trodden down!

*(To be continued.)*

## BARGING ON THE KILLS.

BY G. D. SPARKS.

It was on Monday night we said,  
That according to our sweet wills;  
We all should hasten and go  
Barging on the Kills.

The stars and the moon shone bright  
As we left the boat house all trills  
From the men who saw us go  
Barging on the Kills.

“Ah, what a night it is!”  
Said a girl with a glance that kills.  
“Yes,” came the answer, “might we always go  
Barging on the Kills.

And so thro’ the moonlit waters bright  
Our merry party with nothing that chills,  
Went, rowed by our oarsmen true,  
Barging on the Kills.

And the brightest remembrances will be  
When winter sees us busy with ledger and quills,  
Of the hours so pleasant we spent,  
Barging on the Kills.

## A SMALL MEASURE OF "CHESTNUTS."

BY LEO C. EVANS.

A CUFF on the wrist is worth two on the ear.

Some people are too tight to get tight.

A lazy fit is the only perfect fit I ever have.

The teeth of time are not false teeth.

Brewers are so fond of their lager that when they die they have their bier as usual.

The Universalist preacher is to be avoided, for however sharp we may be he will take us all in.

Strength, when found in butter, is always misplaced.

A dandy no matter how thoroughly perfumed, is generally in bad odor.

An old toper is like a modern steamship inasmuch as he has a water-tight compartmet.

"The milk of human kindness," even when condensed, is very thin.

Father Time lives on "tick."

Love letters should always be written on the dearest paper.

There are no sweets in family jars.

When you are traveling, hug shore as much as possible, if you cannot hug shore, hug something more interesting. Hug something more interesting anyhow.

To what lengths will not fashion lead us? A few years ago we were padding our shoulders; now we are padding our livers.

Never despair, ambitious youth, seeking distinction. You may make your mark when you make your will.

In the world of wit there is a center of gravity.

When all is lost save honor nothing is lost.

There are sins that charity cannot cover.

There are no plumbers in Paradise—and that's why its Paradise.

Women often swim out of a sea of trouble in a flood of tears.

Let us not be good, for the good die young.

Your dead beat is generally a pretty live fellow.

One swallow, it is said, does not make a summer; but a good many swallows often make fall.

## SOME EXPERIENCES IN CAMP LIFE.

BY P. C. KENNEDY.

IT WAS IN June, 1882, that a telegram reached me at my house in the Valley of Virginia, directing me to report at once for duty at Wytheville; so, having packed my trunk, I started on what proved to be the most enjoyable epoch of my life.

I traveled down the Shenandoah Valley, past the famous Luray Caves; close to the battlefield of Port Republic; within a mile or so of the great Natural Bridge, and under the shadow of the Peaks of Otter, in Roanoke, which had then just changed its name from the more suggestive "Big Lick." Transferring myself and belongings to the Norfolk & Western railroad, we steamed on to Wytheville, which was reached about ten o'clock at night, and where there was still a ride of a mile in a rattling omnibus before supper and bed could be enjoyed. In due time however, we reached the Hancock House and supper, and soon slept the sleep of the tired in spite of protests from certain uninvited bed-fellows.

The next morning I found that my journey would be extended over the mountains into the New River Valley, where several corps of Engineers were at work; as it was a long and tedious trip we started at once. My one fellow-traveler was a young man named Lawrence from my native town, and being packed into a "road wagon" (a vehicle whose only spring is that obtained from the vertical motion of a board stretched from side to side,) we bore with Spartan fortitude the agonies of that forty miles ride over the mountains. For twenty miles our team of two raw-boned horses toiled up the steep ascent, going at a funeral pace and pausing every mile to rest and blow. It was horribly monotonous, but when we began to descend the other side we would have been glad of that monotony. The road was very rough, and sometimes ran close to the edge of a precipice down which it made us dizzy to look.

The driver had gotten a stout piece of fence rail, which he ran between the spokes on each hind wheel of the wagon and thus effec-

tually "locked" them, although the horses would almost sit upon their haunches in their efforts to hold back. We eventually reached the Valley of Cripple Creek in safety, but very badly used up.

Cripple Creek had several large mining establishments along its banks, at one of these, the Eagle mines we stopped for the night. Here, also, Lawrens was to stay, and the next morning I drove a few miles further to the camp of the party I was to join.

There was nobody to be seen when I drove up, except Aleck, the negro cook, who showed me to my quarters, and then continued to rattle around among his pots and pans. The tents were pitched on a beautiful spot in the bend of the creek, (or river as it really was,) covered with soft grass and shaded by locust and walnut trees in profusion; the ground was level and about ten feet higher than the water of the creek. There were three tents besides the "dining saloon": one for "Little Dick," the Engineer-in-charge, one for transitman and levelman, (which Porter and I occupied,) and a very large one christened "Purgatory" where the seven other members of the party slept.

While I was taking notes of my surroundings, the party came tramping home for dinner, and cordial yells, gripsand slaps greeted me as I met them, for I had known nearly all of them before on various corps, and some of us had begun life together. Porter, a great tall, slim fellow from my own section of country, made me sit up nearly all night to tell him the home news; and while we talked sounds of hilarity reached us now and then from Purgatory, where poker was the chief attraction, and an occasional song would break out upon the quiet stillness of the night with rather jarring effect.

We were in a little valley of our own at this camp, surrounded on all sides by high hills over which we tramped for many days, running lines through places apparently inaccessible.

A part of our work lay along the cliffs which rose almost vertically from the water for many feet. We took great pleasure in starting huge boulders from the slopes above these cliffs, watch them roll down with ever increasing speed to take tremendous leaps through 200 or 300 feet of air into the deep water of the river, with a roar like thunder.

One of our boys—a little fellow from Philadelphia, named Jerry,

—came very nearly following in the wake of one of these “rolling stones” one day, and but for a lucky grab made upon the seat of his pants by a stout companion, would have met with a horrible death.

Many were the happy days we spent there in “camp, No. 4” and many the wildly improbable stories of adventures and hairbreadth escapes poured into the ears of the credulous members of the party. Rarely have I seen such nights as we had during that summer, and it was a delight to all of us to lie outside the tents upon the soft grass, smoke our pipes and watch the stars twinkling through the leaves of the trees, sometimes being lulled to sleep by the gentle murmur of the waters below us.

Sometimes the beauty of the night would be desecrated by loud exclamations of “my deal!” “who straddled that?” “ante up or leave the log!”—but these were counterbalanced by the tender manner of two of our young men, as they stole up the moonlit road to the Eagle mines, to gaze into the blue eyes of Miss Mollie, the Superintendent’s pretty daughter.

Our Sundays were spent in divers ways, Little Dick generally worked upon his maps and profiles, the rest of us lounged about camp smoking and telling yarns, or teasing poor Jerry, who was a simple minded fellow, and the butt of all our jokes. Whenever there was any “meetin’” held in the little Methodist church near the mines, we attended in a body, and astonished the natives with the volume and sweetness of our singing. We were rather a well-behaved set, and Sunday generally found us in good order, although Purgatory’s “flaps” were often securely fastened down. Camp life with a set of jolly and congenial fellows is an ideal existence (so long as summer weather lasts) and the ten men in that party were the right sort.

Little Dick was both an accomplished engineer and gentleman, who had spent some years in Mexico, and often told of his experiences, which lost nothing by the telling.

Porter, the levelman, was a splendid fellow of quiet tastes and habits, and to whom everybody went for sympathy. Berger, the level-rodman, was a country youth who had a fine opinion of himself and also of Miss Mollie. Billings and Van, the chainman, generally went as one man; the latter was the prince of good fellows, and

the former was the great appreciator of Van's wit. Jerry whom I have somewhat described, was the greenest fellow ever seen—always getting into trouble and meeting with unpleasant mishaps, and whose one great friend was big, clumsy Howard, the chief of axemen, although the latter was continually getting poor Jerry into traps.

When I reached the camp Jerry was just recovering from the effects of too much curiosity, having undertaken to explore a hornets nest with the end of his foot, after Howard had said it was a nest of silk worms. In spite of this and other pitfalls laid for his unwary feet, his faith in Howard was implicit, and when, one day, we were crossing the river on foot, and little Jerry with the lunch basket was perched on Howard's shoulders, the latter stopped in the middle of the stream and said very gravely, "you'll have ter git down, Jerry, while I spit on my hands," why Jerry, just as gravely, got down into water up to his neck, and afterward had to trudge back to camp for a fresh lunch.

Van had a beautiful voice, and was always willing to exercise it. His chief pleasure in life seemed to be to sing the most intensely lovesick songs to Miss Mollie with such a "con amore" expression that her innocent face would be suffused with blushes and her manner become very conscious. The two of them would go rowing on moonlight nights, and saunter home from the water in the most love-like fashion.

Poor Miss Mollie! Moonlight plays the mischief with sentimental people.

As the days went by, we were getting farther and farther away from camp with our work, and to our sorrow it became necessary to think of moving down stream to a more convenient location.

The day before we were to leave (the 31st of August, which I will never forget;) a photographer came out from Wytheville to take pictures of the camp, and after the tents of Little Dick and Porter, with their occupants were transferred to the plates, the whole party stood around Purgatory and struck graceful attitudes for the final picture.

Hardly had the negatives been secured before it began to rain, and by noon the water came down in torrents. By nightfall, Cripple Creek was a roaring, surging river, but we were so high above the average water mark that we felt no uneasiness.

Every one went to bed that night feeling very blue at leaving our old quarters, and for a long time I lay on my cot reading by the light of a lamp set upon a camp stool at my side. Suddenly, I saw the lamp totter and then fall with a splashing, hissing sound and I jumped out of bed into water up nearly to my knees. The others were soon aroused and we began to work like beavers, for the water was rising rapidly.

The trees and level nature of the ground prevented any current, but before we could get all our trunks and the instruments to higher ground, the water was up to our waists. It was some distance to the nearest hillside and when it was finally reached, the thick mud there was nearly as bad as the deep water below.

However, we managed to save nearly everything of value, though all the "eatables" were washed away and one or two trunks. When the last load was brought up it was necessary to swim across one or two of the deepest places.

Our Jerry, after doing his level best towards saving the instruments, went back for his most precious treasure—a big box filled with collections of curiosities for his home-people—and he was gone so long a time that we became uneasy, but presently saw him coming through water up to his chin and balancing the big box on his head. Even under such deplorable conditions it was a ridiculous sight, and when he stepped into a hole and disappeared entirely, we roared with laughter, although two of the boys jumped to the rescue. He came splashing to the surface and there were real tears in his eyes as he saw his treasured box sailing down the river on its way to some other museum than that in Philadelphia.

The water had risen too fast for us to move the tents so we had roped them to the trees and then stood shivering in the nasty black mud until morning. Of course there was not a dry article of clothing about us, and everything in our trunks was thoroughly soaked, but we managed to build a fire in a sheltered spot with the assistance of an old negro who lived near, and who would have done more for us had his cabin been large enough, and so we made the best of the very worst night in our experience.

Daylight brought an end to the rain, and showed us the water in its proper place again; but our beautiful camp ground was a scene of utter desolation, covered with slimy mud and hideous in every

detail. Mournfully we splashed through the mud and carried the tents away, and then hunted around for something to eat.

The old negro said "'Deed Marster, dey aint mor'n nuff fur me'n my ole ooman, but youse welcome to what dey is," and se we ate up everything he had and howled for more. The old fellow didn't have enough left to feed his pig upon, but was considerably better off in the way of coin than he had ever been before.

When the wagons came, which were to move us we heard that the dam at the Eagle mines had burst and poured its pent up waters upon the unfortunate valley below.

With sad hearts, tired steps and very hungry stomachs we said farewell forever to Camp No. 4. and trudged down the road to pitch No. 5.

## AMIABILITY.

BY C. WARNER OAKLEY.

AMIABILITY of character is an evidence of careful breeding. With man it is a shield bearing the impress of virtuous excellence, and with woman it is the credential of a pure and loving heart and of a mind full of fairness and forgiveness. Amiable people have so large a share of patience, and are so free from murmurings and open expressions of dislikes and disappointments, that we cannot help but admire and respect them. The world is adorned with their presence, as their very walks are strewed with kind and gentle offerings, some as beautiful as the flowers of summer, and all as precious and graceful as genuine human attachments can possibly make them. The love of an amiable being is certainly beyond price because it can be relied upon always. Its intensity corresponds with its preservative power, founded upon an honest acknowledgment of any personal benefit connected with the observance of active moral duties. It is so unlike an expedient affection that we

can only class it as superlative. Yet we must needs look in another direction than that of every day affection and assumption, if we expect to find the links of affection and amiability in all their pristine purity. Human innocence has but few representatives in comparison with human knavery and the very mist of deceitfulness now requires more than the sunshine of goodness, or the rays of refinement to dispel it even temporarily.

In fact amiable people are models of trustfulness, they are exceedingly sensitive, and consequently should be spared from the silent regret they undergo when deceived by those whom they have honored with their friendship. We might emphatically say that their nature is too delicate and harmless to be subjected to any sort of injury. But in the thickest of the various perplexities of the age we live in, it requires much strength of mind to maintain an amiable disposition, for among the array of disagreeable persons but few can cope with the notoriously captious—those, in brief who look upon amiable people as simple minded and will not acknowledge under any consideration, that the sweet tempered are fit for aught else than social fixtures. Never allowing that their quiet ease and modesty come from the best order of intelligence, an exquisite conception of tenderness, and a thorough observance of politeness in all its phases and upon all occasions. The enmity or opposition of the jealous and unlettered, to amiable personages, invariably reveals precisely what they most wish to cover up, and that is their inferiority of both mind and manners; yet the class of itself is of but little importance to society since its most charming members are alike apt and amiable.

But alas! how helpless are amiable people generally, when they have been reduced in circumstances by the wicked devices of others. Their ambition is painfully shattered, and they plod along through the remainder of their days as if they were desirous of being totally undiscoverable to their former friends and associates. They are willing to partake of the humble meal and the obscure abode, and to adhere to their original nature. Hence there can hardly be anything more despicable than to wilfully deceive or trifle with their confidence. The utter contempt of every advocate of meekness should follow the creature who may be so steeped in dishonesty as to commit such a wrong.

Indeed, it is to be regretted that the skeptical tendency of the times is to undervalue traits of character heretofore called praiseworthy, and this tendency has almost overshadowed the possibility of an amiable person being properly appreciated beyond the domestic circle that knows from daily contact how precious is the companionship or relationship of such a person. The mild glance of sympathy, the joyous sincerity, and the willing self-denial of the amiable, are nevertheless, of some moment to those who yet place the most lovely of characteristics among the gracious endowments which a kind Providence has allotted to certain men and women. But since excitable temperaments outnumber the milder ones, and foolhardiness in many shapes has almost got beyond the limits of condemnation, what particular opportunity is there for an increase of amiability. There is a wide difference, we must allow, between a subdued disposition and an amiable one, and even though a forced humbleness may make a human being appear calm and grateful, yet the elements of a temper originally restless and unruly, will never be entirely overcome. The idea of such people ever being really amiable would seem to be impossible. Nothing but the approach of declining years might induce them to practice humility, and that virtue we are taught will be one of the most prominent in the world to come.

Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt, and that is that amiable persons who are comfortably situated, or blessed with ample means, are valuable citizens. We would emphasize this fact because they are usually so active among humane organizations and our own beautiful Island can bear testimony to the personal love and exertions of many ladies and gentlemen, who feel proud to be of gratuitous service to the maimed and dying. They are literally valuable citizens taking a lively interest also in everything appertaining to the advancement of moral reforms and the glory of faithful stewardships. Their lives, in short, are enlivened and enriched with a sanctity of purpose, and their claims upon our regard are in every sense legitimate. Pray let us remember that there is nothing presumptuous among amiable people who reap the joys of earnest benevolent labor, unless their zeal and faithfulness are so considered by rude and envious sources.

## NATIVE BROOKS.

BY WM. T. DAVIS.

A BROOK that is purely natural, that shows no trace of man's innovation throughout its course is a great rarity. A bit of newspaper or an old rusty tin can lodged somewhere mid the tangled tree roots, tells the age if not the year, and in the more utilitarian communities there is that process of clearing up before which the trees and ferns are swept away. A brook without ferns, without shade, with old tin cans and bits of newspaper, is no longer under the rule of Sylvanus, and every additional stroke of the axe is one for the brook also, for a man cuts off his brook when he cuts down his trees.

However, on Staten Island there are some wood-land brooks still remaining, though not purely wild ones, and others whose banks have been partly cleared but which still retain many pleasing features. They are naturally divided into those of the eastern and western portions for the Fresh Kills from the Sound reaching inward approaches quite close to the Great Kills, and these arms of the sea leave only a neck of land a mile and three-quarters wide. On the eastern portion about a dozen streams have found their way on the map. But a map gives a poor history and though it may exhibit with great exactness all the windings and fantastic curves that a little brook may take, it cannot say whether its course is over sand or rocks, nor anything of the trees that grow along its banks. The map tells just as much to-day of the little brook that runs down to the shore nearly parallel to the Turnpike road, by Brook street as it did a hundred years ago, when it emptied as a pure little stream near the "Watering Place," where the ships stopped to fill their casks before going to sea. No one will say of it now "how beautiful," nor quote a line from Bryant's "Wind and Stream," and of all the wild creatures that once wandered along its banks only a few musk rats that occasionally appear on sidewalks and in cellars, now remain.

It is the same with the Jersey street brook that once ran to the shore by the old "Still House Landing," and the one that winds its way through Stapleton, an humble prisoner except in feshet time when it occasionally assists the Prohibition party, floating chairs and tables conveniently out of the saloon doors and basement windows. Such was the effect of the storm of July 23rd 1887.

That the alders with their dangling catkins grew along the banks of these little streams is a certainty and that some Dutch settler with expansive pantaloons, a "tough breeches," as Washington Irving would call him, lived near by is a great probability. But that definite description of the times and of the relationship of man to the surrounding natural features, that always lends a charm to a locality, cannot be made in these later days.

The little spring in the slightly rising ground near the swamp to the northeast of Silver Lake, or Fresh Pond, as it used to be called is much more interesting for bearing the name of Logan, the Indian who is said to have lived near it. He no doubt, would share our sorrow in seeing how often it is dry in recent years and would help if he could, in clearing away the paper boxes and eggshells that are left by the average pic-nic party. Logan's spring brook is a rocky one for Staten Island. In one place it is lost to view for several yards under rocks and tree roots, except when it is full of water, when it also makes use of an upper channel. There are monstrous cray-fish hidden away under the rocks and no end of "water measurers," or "water spiders," as they are called, that wait patiently for some luckless creature, often a young cricket, floating down the stream. In the grounds of the Sailors' Snug Harbor it runs through a thick growth of little trees, where the blue jays are numerous, and finally over a steep incline of serpentine rock and under the wall. It finds its way through many a shaded lawn in its course to the Kill van Kull, but art rarely improves upon nature, and a little brook can not be made more beautiful by being confined between two straight stone walls.

Clove Valley, formed by a fork of the otherwise nearly straight range of serpentine hills, forcibly reminds the rambler of more northern views, of the hills and mild farming country along portions of the Hudson River, only there the rock is different. So well is the Valley itself walled in, that if a dam were built at the Clove and

another where Britton's mill once stood, a considerable lake would be formed. In olden time just after the first pond was made, the place was particularly favorable for a naturalist; for in these days it is occasionally visited by the great blue herons, many rare plants grow there and the phaeton butterfly flies feebly in June. Trout have been caught in some numbers, even in recent years, and the common sucker abounds. A night rambler with a lantern will discover, in the month of May, scores of them swimming up stream to spawn, and when a shallow place is approached there is a scurry among the fish accompanied by much splashing, as they make for deeper water.

About 1796, John McVicker, who lived in the Dongan mansion constructed a canal through the valley from Silver Lake, to bring more water for the mill on "Mill Creek," and it was not so long ago that the trees were felled and turned into bungs for beer barrels at the mill on Clove Pond. The brook once flowed through a deep ravine and it is evident that there was less swamp then, than there is to-day, for the numerous dams made to collect the water into ponds have also caused the muggy meadows.

The brook system, one branch of which drains the regions about Four Corners, or Centreville, as it used to be called, is quite extensive, and its exact water-shed is hard to define. The main stream forms for a considerable distance, the boundary line between Castleton and Northfield, and in the days of Gov. Dongan was known as Palmer's Run. It formerly received the entire drainage from the Clove Valley, and its waters have at one time or another turned the wheels of many different mills. A portion of its course is still through pleasant pasture land, but a brook is so in sympathy with the season that it depends largely when you see it, as to the impression it leaves; it seems in Winter hardly the one we knew in Summer days. Occasionally as late as April, the more placid portions are frozen over, the caddis fly larvae and water beetles may be seen on the bottom through the ice, and it seems at such times nothing short of a miracle when it is considered what a change a few days will bring and how considerable that change really is. When Spring gets fairly started it comes very fast indeed and one may almost give the day of the month by the unfolding of the flowers of the *Benzoin* for they keep so truly the schedule time of the season.

On the banks of the branch that crosses the Turnpike to the northwest of Four Corners, there stands a large white oak with wide spreading branches, and the fern *Polypodium* finds a home there growing on top of a large boulder. This is a rare plant on the Island though so common northward and on higher ground.

There is an old Indian that wanders often about the woods and occasionally along this stream, carrying a book of songs under his arm, and when he gets tired of walking he sits down and sings. He says he can sing better than he can do anything else. One day he had a great bundle of catnip, which he had gathered for a family of his acquaintance in the city, who had a cat. As he walked along he gave an account of his people: "Among Indians, no education. Father take child to another tribe—he learn to speak language. Go by horse, across great prairie—only see grass and little bushes—great blue sky—nice." The idea of sky was expressed by throwing his arm over his head and looking upward, and the little bushes were compared to one near by.

Willow Brook is one of the best known streams on the Island, and also one of the largest; rising near the highest point, it empties into that arm of Fresh Kill known as "Main Branch," having in all a course of about four miles. At various times its water has been used by mills and small factories, the best known of these being the gun factory near the Willow Brook road, and the Crocheron mill near the Bull's Head, or Phoenixville. This mill was standing in 1884, though much decayed, and the Italians employed on the proposed cross Island R. R. made the building their home. It is now fallen down, most of the timbers removed, the wild flowers growing over the remaining ones and through the shaft-hole in the mill stone. By the pond that once served as a head of water for this mill there stands three trees of the River birch, which is not a common kind on the Island, though so plentiful along some of the New Jersey rivers. Since these trees were discovered some others have been found, and along the Annadale road, by a brook side, there are quite a number. They always seem dissatisfied, as it were, with their bark, apparently wishing to get rid of a portion of it, for it hangs in loose pieces that flap in the wind. Perhaps this bark is useful in retaining the rain that falls on it, as the tree is a particularly moisture loving species.

A shag bark hickory grows near by, and the nuts are remarkable

for their thin shells and large size. The wild mice have also found this out and congregate at the foot of the tree in a little pile of stones. They are not in favor of perpetuating this particular variety, and know nothing of selection for the good of their kind, and so nibble two little holes in every nut.

There is also a peperidge, or sour gum tree near this brook, which is next in size to the large one on New Dorp lane. It has long served as the corner of a fence, and perhaps is the mark of an old boundary line. The fence rails enter its hollow trunk at right angles, and are fastened to an old post propped up inside the cavity. A gray squirrel retreated to the tree, and wasps flew in circles about their home in its broken top one September day, when the leaves were just commencing to turn to that beautiful crimson, so characteristic of the peperidge tree. Not even the red maple, with its red flowers in spring, its branch-tips red, and its vivid red leaves in autumn has such a deep blood color as these peperidge leaves.

Brooks are not only in sympathy with the seasons, but they are glad or sad as we take them, and the Moravian brook, as it winds its way mid the white and gray tombstones in the cemetery, seems to be in accord with the scene. It is not the glad little brook that starts from the Woolsey pond on the Todt Hill road, nor does it seem the same that flows through the low lying meadows to New Creek by the shore. Out on these meadows it is joined by the stream from Garretson's, one branch of which rises in Mersereau's valley, where the hermit had his cabin by the spring in the days of the Revolution, and where that tragedy that makes the place so interesting was enacted.

An old deserted farm house with hand made lath and beams, and filled in with mud, stands on the hill facing this deep ravine, and the outlook extending to the ocean beyond is one of the most pleasing on the Island. Some of the orchard trees are very large and have many tenants among the birds, and cardinal gross-beaks live Winter and Summer mid the cat-brier on the hill side.

The other branch of this brook rises in the swamp where George Reed, and his father before him, raised willows for making baskets. The trees still remain and "forget-me-nots" grow along the brook bank, but the house is gone.

To the northwest of Richmond there is a wild piece of country and

two little brooks join in the woods and flow into that arm of the Kill that reaches so far into the Island. The last opossum is said to have been killed in this vicinity and as late as 1884 the night herons made their home near its banks. The deserted nests in young swamp oaks often several in a tree and an occasional one in a white birch or cedar, may still be seen. The people in the neighborhood gathered their eggs and beating them together fed them to the cows, and the Italians also ate many. They are as large as the eggs laid by many breeds of hens, so a very few would make a meal. These birds utter a dismal "qua," and always seem sad, sitting motionless on the trees through the day until evening, when they go to fish in the Kills.

There is a dark, gloomy old house in the woods near this brook, where some of the Italians lived. It is now given over to chimney swallows and wasps and the carpenter bees have bored their tunnels in the boards for many years. One of these boards has been tunneled sixty-five times, the work of many pleasant Summer days.

Woodland, brooks and springs are not only beautiful and interesting, but they play no unimportant part in the household economy and their sanitary condition is of great moment. Dairies are named after them, and citizens can choose their water supply with great accuracy. Many a cow has done the trustful purchaser of her lacteal product a great injustice by standing over night with her feet in the water of some pond or little purling stream. The dairyman will tell you that it is done to keep the flies off but "Bosh," "Cush," and "Speckled Jenny," only smile with a sort of increased dividend expression when slyly interrogated on this point.

In April the Blood root blossoms and its single leaf often closely clasps the flower stem forming a sort of green collar. It is a dainty flower, but none too choice to deck the steep hill sides of the crooked and shaded ravine where it grows in greatest profusion. This is Blood-root Valley and Blood-root Valley brook, along the course of which it is said a British messenger in Revolutionary days traveled on his way from camp to camp. This stream, which is often dry in Summer, also rises near the highest point and goes to form the Richmond brook. The drainage of the district was formerly collected in a pond, used by a saw mill, of which there is now only a few beams left and the dam is broken. About 1870 the boys bathed in

this pond and a little lame boy with crutches and a board for support, used to enjoy himself as much as his companions.

A number of skirmishes occurred along Richmond brook in the years of the Revolution, particularly on the day of the fight at St. Andrew's Church. But it is more pleasing to think of it in the times of peace, and see the water snakes glide in so smoothly, the turtles scuttle with much haste and the wayward frogs jump recklessly off the bank, frightening the black-nosed dace below.

When these little fish are disturbed they sometimes scatter in all directions, coming together shortly if they imagine the danger is past. At other times they will sink to the deepest point and remain on the sand or pebbles, not moving a fin, and as their backs are sand colored they are not easily seen from above. Occasionally when there is nothing to fear one will be seen lying motionless for a long time between two pebbles, and thus can they rest and sleep when they desire.

There are numbers of plane-wood trees on the banks of this stream and a profusion of wild flowers and a patch of periwinkle on the steep hill side to the West. A wooded slope, with a brook nearby always proves attractive to the birds, and this one is a great favorite with them. Cat-birds congregate about the smilax patches and sing their varied songs, which are always worth listening to, but it is in May, just before nest building commences, when the males talk to their drab colored mates in coaxing, faint undertones, that they are most interesting. Those who have not listened to this bright eyed bird at such a time, only know a small portion of his vocabulary.

There has been much discussion of late as to the real source of the Mississippi, and it would turn an explorer's hair gray to discover just where Old Place brook rises, to decide to the world's satisfaction from under which particular skunk cabbage leaf causes the first little rill. The marsh-marigolds that grow so plentifully nearby do not know where it rises and the snails that float on their backs, with their broad fleshy foot turned up to the sun, do not care. They start from some water parsnip stem or dead twig, on their journey, but all trials to place them gently in the water with the hand and have them float away, result in failures, for they also can appreciate the appearance of danger.

To the east of the Bohman mansion near Bohman's Point, there is a little brook that flows through a sandy semi-pasture and woodland region. It is bordered in part by willows and old orchard trees and the land has that unmistakable air of an ancient farming spot.

On the high sand dune nearby, about which this brook bends in bow fashion, the Indians lived in old time and their implements and little heaps of flint chips, where the arrows were made, may still be discovered. The spring, where they got water, is on the hillside, though now filled up with sand and grass grown, but the stones that formed its side mark the site and a tiny rill issues from among them in very wet weather.

They had an eye for beauty as evinced by the patterns on the broken pieces of pottery lying about, and no doubt they thought the warblers very gay, that congregate in Spring time about a moist place near the brook. The warblers come every year, just the same, but the Indians are gone, and probably in the big factory across the Kill, with its thousands of employes, only one or two would recognize their implements scattered among the other stones on the sand.

There are many other brooks on the Island too small to be recorded on any map and known to but few, but it is with brooks as when viewing a great estate, just as often the little gate-house as the mansion on the hill, that leaves the most pleasing impression.

Many a man remembers with affection the rill that turned his first water wheel or maybe where the brook mint grew, and though enlarged experience may show that it was a poor little stream indeed, yet it is the one that brings the tears to his eyes.

## EDITORIAL.

**PUBLIC MORALS IN POLITICS.**—Public moralists have long noticed with regret, that the political contests of this country are conducted with intemperance wholly unsuited to conflicts of reason, and decided, in a great measure by the efforts of the worst class of people. We apply this phrase, not to those whom the aristocracy designate as the “lower orders;” but to those only, whether well or ill dressed; and whether rich or poor, who enter into the struggle without regard for the inherent dignity of politics, and without reference to the permanent interest of their country and of mankind; but animated by selfish objects, by personal preference or prejudice, the desire of office or the hope of accomplishing private ends through the influence of party. Elections are commonly looked upon as mere game, on which depends the division of party spoils, the distribution of chartered privileges, and the allotment of pecuniary rewards. The antagonistic principles of government, which should constitute the sole ground of controversy, are lost sight of in the eagerness of sordid motives; and the struggle which should be of pure reason, with no aim but the achievement of political truth and promotion of the greatest good of the greatest number sinks into a mere brawl, in which passion, avarice and profligacy are the prominent actors.

If the question of government could be submitted to the people in the naked dignity of abstract proportions, men would reason upon them solemnly, and frame their opinions according to the preponderance of truth. There is nothing in the intrinsic nature of politics that appeals to the passions of the multitude. It is an important branch of morals, and its principle, like those of private ethics address themselves to the sober judgment of men. A strange spectacle would be presented, should we see mathematicians kindle into wrath in the discussion of a problem, and call on their hearers in the angry terms of demagogues, to decide on the relative merits of opposite modes of demonstration. The same temperance and mod-

eration which characterize the investigation of truth in the exact sciences, belong not less to the inherent nature of politics, when confined within the proper field. The object of all politicians in the strict sense of the expression, is happiness—the happiness of a state—the greatest possible sum of happiness of which the social condition admits to those individuals who live together under the same political organization.

It may be asserted as an undeniable proposition, that it is the duty of every intelligent man to be a politician. This is particularly true of a country the institutions of which admit every man to the exercise of equal suffrage. All the duties of life are embraced under the three heads of religion, politics and morals. The aim of religion is to regulate the conduct of man with reference to happiness in a future state of being; of politics to regulate his conduct with reference to the happiness of communities; and of morals to regulate his conduct with reference to individual happiness. Happiness, then is the end and aim of these three great and comprehensive branches of duty; and no man perfectly discharges the obligations imposed by either, who neglects those which the others enjoin. The right ordering of a state affects, for weal or woe, the interests of multitudes of human beings; and every individual of those multitudes, has a direct interest, therefore, in its being ordered aright. "I am a man," says Terence in a phrase as beautiful for the harmony of its language or the benevolence and universal truth of its sentiment, "and nothing can be indifferent to me which affects humanity."

The sole legitimate object of politics, is the happiness of communities. They who call themselves politicians having other objects, are not politicians, but demagogues. But it is in the nature of things that the sincere and single desire to promote such a system of government as would most effectually secure the greatest amount of general happiness, can draw into action such violent passions, prompt such fierce declamation, authorize such angry criminations, and occasion such strong appeals to the worst motives, often venal and base, as we constantly see and hear in every conflict of the antagonistic parties of our country? Or does not this effect arise from causes improperly mixed with politics, and with which they have no intrinsic value? Does it not arise from the fact, that government instead of seeking to promote the greatest happiness of the community, by con-

fining itself rigidly within its true field of action, has extended itself to embrace a thousand objects which should be left to the regulation of social morals, and unrestrained competition, one man with another without political assistance or check? Are our elections, in truth, a means of deciding mere questions of government; or does not the decision of numerous questions affecting private interests, schemes of selfishness, rapacity, and cunning, depend upon them, even more than the cardinal principles of politics?

It is to this fact, we are persuaded, that the immorality and licentiousness of party contests are to be ascribed. If government were restricted to the few and simple objects contemplated in the democratic creed, the mere protection of person, life, and property; if its functions were limited to the mere guardianship of the equal rights of men; and its action, in all cases were influenced, not by the paltry suggestions of present expediency, but the eternal principles of justice; we should find reason to congratulate ourselves on the change, in the improved tone of public morals, as well as in the increased prosperity of trade.

The religious man, then, as well as the political and social moralist, should exert his moral influence to bring about the auspicious reformation. Nothing can be more self-evident than the demoralizing influence of special legislation. It degrades politics into a mere scramble for rewards, obtained by a violation of the equal rights of the people; it perverts the holy sentiment of patriotism; induces a feverish avidity for sudden wealth; fosters a spirit of wild and dishonest speculation; withdraws industry from its accustomed channels of useful occupation; confounds the established distinctions between virtue and vice, honor and shame, respectability and degradation; hampers luxury, and leads to intemperance, dissipation and profligacy in a thousand forms.

The remedy is easy. It is to confine government within the narrowest limits of necessary duties. It is to give freedom to trade, and leave enterprise, competition and just public sense of right, to accomplish by their natural energies. Now is the time for the friends of freedom to bestir themselves. Let them accept the invitation of this glorious opportunity to establish on an enduring foundation the true principles of political and economic freedom.

CAPT. WILLIAM CORRY, of Clifton, has handed to us a copy of the following interesting letter, written by William H. Seward, Secretary of State, under President Lincoln. The letter was written to the Loyal League of Union Citizens of New York, in answer to an invitation to be present at a meeting of that body on a certain date during the war. We believe the letter to be of sufficient interest to warrant publication:

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your invitation to attend the meeting to be held on the 6th instant, designed to resolve itself into a Loyal League of Union Citizens and I deeply regret that public occupation here prevents my acceptance.

I pray that my name may be enrolled in that league, I would prefer that distinction to any honor that my fellow-citizens could bestow upon me. If the country lives as I trust it will, let me be remembered among those who labored to save it. If Providence could disappoint the dearest hopes of mankind, let my name not be found amongst those who proved unfaithful, I subscribe to your proposed resolutions in their exact letters and in their right, loyal and patriotic spirit I would reserve nothing whatever from the sacrifice which may be required by the country. "He that preferreth himself, his fame or his fortune, his friend, his father, his mother, his wife, his children, his party or his sect, his state or his section above his country, is not worthy to be a citizen of the best and noblest country that God has ever suffered to come into existance." No one of us ought to object when called upon to reaffirm his devotion to the Union however unconditionally, I would cheerfully renew the obligations of fidelity to it every day, and every hour, in every place at home, abroad as often as any citizen should question my loyalty or as often as the renewal of the obligations on my part should seem likely to confirm and strengthen any other citizen in his patriotic resolution. The reaffirmation is wholesome for ourselves even if it influences no one else.

\* \* \*

IN the first and second numbers of this *Magazine* were published the first instalments of an article by Mrs. F. R. Grote, in which that lady intended to tell of her experiences in the South before and during the war. The portions of this article, or story, which have already been published related the experiences of the writer among the people of Virginia just before the war, and the story was told in such an interesting manner that the reader was charmed at once by the simple beauty of the lady's literary style and by the curious and quaint things which she told of Southern life. Those of our

readers who read and were interested in these two installments of "Shepherdstown, on the Potomac," will look in vain through the pages of this number for the third of the series. They will not find it and the story will never be finished.

Before Mrs. Grote had completed the third installment of her story "God's finger touched her and she slept." Her death will be mourned not only by those who knew her and loved her for her many excellent qualities, but, also by those who knew her only through the productions of her pen.

### DANCING WITH THE POETS.

ARRANGED BY J. F. FAGAN.

SEE how like billows the couples with hovering motion are  
whirling!  
Scarce does the swift winged foot seem to alight on the earth.  
See I fugitive shadows set free from the weight of the body?  
Weave, in the light of the moon, elves their ethereal dance?

*Schiller.*

And fairest bosoms  
Heaved happily beneath the winter roses' blossoms.  
And it is well;  
Youth hath its time,  
Merry hearts will merrily chime.

*C. P. Cranch.*

Say what shall we dance?  
Shall we bound along the moonlit plain,  
To music of Italy, Greece or Spain?  
Say what shall we dance?  
Shall we, like those who rove  
Through bright Grenada's grove,  
To the light of Bolero's measures move?  
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,  
And thus to its sounds die away?

*Moore.*

Endearing waltz!—to thy more melting tune  
 Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadoon.  
 Scotch reels, avaunt! and country dance, forego  
 Your future claims to each fantastic toe!  
 Waltz—waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,  
 Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;  
 Hands which may freely range in public sight  
 Where ne'er before—but—pray “put out the light.”  
 Me thinks the glare of yonder chandelier  
 Shines much too far—or I am much too near;  
 And true, though strange—Waltz whispers this remark,  
 “My slippery steps are safest in the dark!”  
 But here the muse with due decorum halts,  
 And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

*Lord Byron.*

As Tammie glowered amazed and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
 The piper loud and louder blew,  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew:  
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,  
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
 And coost her duddies to the wark,  
 And linket at it in her sark.

*Robert Burns.*

The dancing pair that simply sought renown  
 By holding out to tire the other down.

*Goldsmith.*

I turn from the rebuking morn—  
 The cold gray sky and fading star—  
 And listen to the harp and horn,  
 And see the waltzers near and far—  
 The lamps and flowers are bright as yet,  
 And lips beneath more bright than they—  
 How can a scene so fair beget  
 The mournful thoughts we bear away!

*N. P. Willis.*

Large  
T

among the Republicans of Richmond  
County for a paper which can be trusted  
not to betray their confidence. Mr.  
Birmingham, when but little more than a  
boy, bought the *Richmond County Gazette*  
from Dr. Anderson, and edited it with  
conspicuous ability for several years,  
giving it a large circulation and a broadly  
felt influence in local affairs, and of which  
it has since his retirement been the prin-

cipal of the West Brighton school  
when they thought necessary. The  
use who have gone before—and behind  
sisting circumstances to do as well as  
responsible to expect them under certain  
the principals of to-day it is hardly  
comfortably acquainted; but in justice  
"s," with whom we were intimately and  
the days of the "predecess-  
advantage of the pedagogue. We do

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Hart Avenue, Near Bard Avenue, "the Fifth Avenue" of Staten  
Island, \$400 Each.

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tide water, with dry soil and absolutely no malaria, in the central  
part of

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abode (all the year round) of prominent business and professional  
men of New York; adjacent to schools and churches; near grounds  
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Sports, the "social centre" of the Island. The national games of  
lawn-tennis for America will be played on these grounds this year.

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trains daily. Two large steamboats, floating palaces, are being built  
at a cost of \$300,000. The projected bridge across the Arthur Kill  
is being built with all possible speed; hundreds of workmen are now  
engaged in its construction. This great bridge, when completed,  
will connect the far West by rail with Staten Island and will make  
the latter place bloom like a rose.

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clear; abstract and official searches go back to 1798.

Money deposited in bank draws only 4 per cent. interest; here is  
a chance to make 100 per cent. within a year; ladies find this a des-  
irable investment; taxes, \$1.10 per lot; restrictions as to nuisances.

Call at my house any week-day or Sunday and be driven to the  
lots, as they should be seen to be appreciated; bring your family and  
friends with you; this price will be kept open only a short time;  
gangs of men are employed daily making improvements on these  
premises.

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