

# LOST GLORY OF LONG ISLAND

RECALLED BY THE DEATH OF CHIEF OF POOSE-PAH-TUCKS AND THE COMING ELECTION OF HIS SUCCESSOR

## INDIANS



The late Chief of the Poose-pah Tuck Indians

DEAD is the sachem of the Poose-pah-tucks. Long live the new sachem! A few weeks ago, in the little reservation cemetery near Mastic, on the south shore of Long Island, midway toward the eastern end, there was laid away with all pomp and honors befitting his dignity, Richard Ward, other-



DEACON "MESH" BRADLEY, NOMINEE FOR GRAND SACHEM.

wise lineal descendant of Chief Tobaguss, the great sachem of one of the most powerful of island tribes.

More than eighty years of age, for half a century this patriarch was the guide, philosopher and friend of the little handful of tribal survivors of the primal Un-ca-chogue stock. In all matters of boundary disputes, social usages, religion and politics, Chief Ward was the supreme judge.

Although not able himself to read, it was he who urged upon the authorities the necessity of supplying the reservation with a suitable school house and a competent white man teacher.

It was he who built the church and insisted that every man, woman and child of the reservation, numbering about 100 souls, attend with becoming regularity.

Chief Ward's successor is to be chosen by popular vote of the remnants of the once powerful tribe. They will meet on the second Sunday of June next, on the reservation grounds on the banks of the River Forge, and with songs and speechmaking elect a worthy follower of such a worthy sachem. The present and most logical candidate for the high and sacred office is "Mesh," otherwise known as "Deacon," Bradley, another descendant of the parent Un-ca-chogue stock, a man of great force of character and influence with his people, understanding well their needs. The nominated chief was born and raised on the reservation and seldom moves very far from his home.

A visit to the Poose-pah-tuck colony is interesting. It may be reached by a fair sand and shell road from the railway station at Mastic, which is something more than half way from New York to Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of Long Island. The Indians, however, true to their tribal instincts, prefer the trail which leads



JACOB WARD, LINEAL DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST GRAND SACHEM, BY THE GRAVES OF HIS FOREFATHERS.

in a circuitous way along the Suk-a-neck River. In attempting to follow this difficult trail was quickly lost in the great rolling sand dunes, thatched with ragged fir and scrub oak and carpeted with pine needles and purple watergreen.

It is a ghostly jungle, without one relieving evidence of the handicraft of man. One expects almost at any moment to stumble upon a band of Montauks and Un-ca-chogues in council of war, smoking the pipe of peace and swearing eternal enmity to the evi-

Massapequans on the west, and the warlike Corchaugs on the north of them.

As approach is made toward the Forge River, however, there are evidences of a kinder bounty of nature. The reservation itself is a fruitful, rectangular plot, about 170 acres in extent, partly under cultivation. It is owned by the Indians in absolute commonwealth.

There are a church and a school-house, together with the several little cottages scattered about over the fertile slopes, all in contrast with the grand mansions of the summer sojourners, whose turrets and gables are seen beyond the Forge River and over toward the purple sea.

The original grant of the reservation reads like a page of history, and is a document of interest, as well as picturesque as a specimen of "English as she is wrote."

Jacob Ward, son of the late sachem, is a man who takes pride in preserving the ancient spirit of the tribe, and relates with enthusiasm the history of the Long Island Indians. His cottage on the reservation is in the centre of a large plot of ground, which he cultivates in summer. He is known as the best hunter on the reserve. Deer, fox, rabbit, grouse, partridge, quail, raccoon, opossum, mink and muskrat



SCHOOL CHILDREN OF THE RESERVATION.

abound in the neighborhood, and in the winter season the Indians exist on the fruits of the rifle and trap. Poverty may reign, but none is too poor to own a good rifle and a well trained setter.

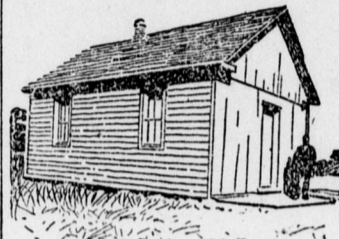
"We are all one family," said the son of the sachem, in an interview for the Herald. "There are few of us left, and we stand together with brotherly affection. You know, Long Island was peopled by Indians all the way from Kings County on the west, where the Canarsie tribe was located, away to Montauk Point, where the Shinnecocks and Montauks held forth.

"The Rockaways were where Hempstead and Newtown now are, the Merricks were in the middle island, the Massapequans where Islip stands, the Matinecocks in the Glen Cove and Huntington districts, the Nesauquakes at Stoy Brook, the Setaukets at Wading River, the Corchaugs by Peconic Bay, the Manhassetts near Shelter Island, etc. The latter tribe was perhaps the most powerful, being able to put no less than 500 fighting men in

and of Shells—in other words, riches—and, of course, it was the object of repeated invasions by the mainland tribes who coveted this wealth.

"Years ago the Indians on the reserve lived in wigwams, but with the coming of 'outsiders' and the intermarriage of Africans and Indians the remnants of the tribe took to cottages. Famous 'Queen Becky' was the last of the tribe to cling to her wigwam in preference to the white man's mode of shelter.

"We are ruled by three trustees under the chief, who is also first deacon



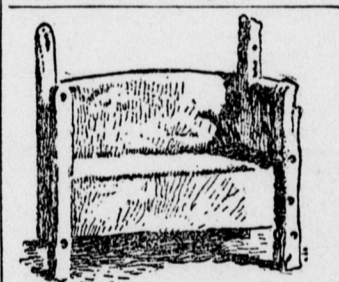
THE RESERVATION MEETING HOUSE.

of our church. 'Mesh' Bradley was second deacon till the death of my father, the sachem of the tribe, and now Deacon Bradley is the most likely successor. He is a good man and beloved by all the tribespeople both here on the reserve and elsewhere, for many of us are scattered.

"Every June we have a reunion, and sometimes our 'brothers' from other tribes join us. Last June was the farewell of my father to his people, for he foresaw his end and bade one and all goodbye. It was a very affecting scene, and will long remain in the memory of the younger generation. This coming June we will have another reunion and elect our chief. Thus is our tribal interest kept up and our people held together." — New York Herald.

Chair of St. Augustine.

The chair of St. Augustine, in the Royal Museum at Canterbury, which is claimed by the Bishop of Hereford on behalf of the vicar and church wardens of Stanford Bishop, says the Lon-



THE REPUTED CHAIR OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

don Daily Graphic, was purchased by the late Mr. James Johnston from the sexton of Stanford Bishop Church, who had rescued it from being converted into firewood. It was afterward used as a garden seat, and on the death of Mr. Johnston the chair passed into the hands of Mr. E. Cocks Johnstone, by whom it was presented to Canterbury. The present holders of the relic strongly object to part with it, on the ground that the proper place for St. Augustine's chair is in the city where he founded his first See. The chair is believed to have been used by St. Augustine on the occasion of his conference with the early Christian bishops somewhere in the neighborhood of Stanford Bishop. It is made entirely of oak, and is devoid of nails or metal work, and is declared to be a typical specimen of the work of the carpenter in the first six centuries of Roman rule in Europe, corresponding in style and construction with a Roman solium or chair of authority. It is oblong in figure, the outside measurement giving thirty-two inches in breadth and twenty-two inches from front to back, and it is deep backed, with closed sides or acorns to support the arms. There are evidences, also, that it formerly possessed a board on which to rest the feet.

Automobiles in Belgium.

All owners of automobiles in Belgium have now to pay an annual tax. For cars up to six horse power the rate is fifty francs per year; over six horse power sixty francs. The penalty for a false declaration is 100 francs and from one to three days' imprisonment.

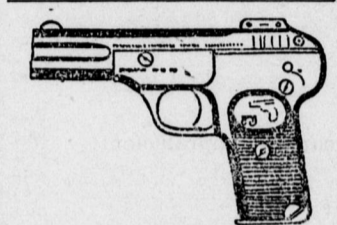
A full grown elephant can carry three tons on its back.

### SELF-LOADING PISTOL.

A New Weapon Just Introduced Into the Belgian Army.

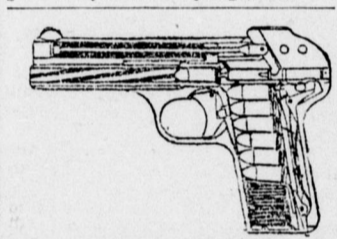
The famous National Arm Works of Liege, in Belgium, have for several years been carrying on trials in the manufacture of self-loading firearms, and a self-loading pistol, of the so-called Browning system, invented by the above works, has proven to be of such an efficiency that the whole Belgian Cavalry regiments have been equipped with this weapon.

Up to the year 1893 the self-loading mechanism had only been applied to shoulder weapons (rifles), but during that year several manufacturers of firearms tried to apply this mechanism to pocket pistols, and not without success. The first known self-loading pistol was that invented by and named after Bergmann-Gaggenau, followed soon by similar inventions of Kromar, Borchardt and others. But all these inventors used the retrogressive gas pressure of the firing for the mechanical action of opening, discharging, loading and shutting. An improvement in this system has now been made in the Browning pistol. The entire weapon is made of steel. The barrel has a calibre of 7.65 millimeters, and a length of 102 millimeters, while the whole weapon is 163 millimeters long. The hard-lead cartridges are copper-nickel



APPEARANCE OF THE BROWNING PISTOL.

plated, and weigh 4.8 grains, containing 0.2 grains of smokeless powder. The efficiency of the pistol is so great that at a distance of 720 feet the ball still pierces a two-inch thick oak board. The magazine can receive seven sharp cartridges, but by pulling one of them into the barrel by means of the sledge, eight cartridges may be provided for. The pistol is extremely flat, the exterior diameter of the barrel being only fifteen millimeters, an advantage on account of which the weapon is also appreciated in Belgium by tourists and bicycle riders. The mechanism of the pistol is worked throughout by an ingenious system of springs, and this



CONSTRUCTION OF THE PISTOL.

is said to be the great advantage over the other self-loading weapons.

Purse to Contain the Keys.

It is common for persons to use a key ring and chain to secure a number of keys together, and such connection prevents their loss and enables them to be readily found when carried in the pocket with other articles. A knife, various kinds of charms, smokers' utensils and other requisites for a gentleman's use are often attached to the ring with the keys, the articles being sometimes of considerable value and liable to be seriously injured by rust or dampness. There is also a tendency to wear out the pocket in combining all these implements in a bunch, as they seldom lie flat in the pocket. Benjamin F. Griseom has designed the purse shown in the drawing, as a protection to both the pocket and its contents. It is formed of two sections of leather of oval shape, sewn together at the sides, with an opening at one end, through which the chain connects with the ring, the opposite end having a snap button to secure the loose flaps when the keys are not in use. When a



PROTECTS BOTH POCKET AND CONTENTS.

key or other utensil is needed the purse is withdrawn from the pocket by a pull on the chain, the flaps being then pulled apart and the ring allowed to drop out for selecting the desired article.

Cheap Coronation Seats.

A searcher in by-past records writes to the effect that seats at coronations were not always so difficult to secure as they will be at the ceremony of the crowning of King Edward VII. At the coronation of Edward I. seats could be obtained for a farthing. At the ceremonies of Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Queen Mary the price was a great. At Queen Elizabeth's the charge rose to sixpence. From that time the price gradually rose from a shilling to ten guineas, which was reached at the coronation of George III. At Queen Victoria's coronation the rates for seats in the Abbey was much higher.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Art of Forgetting—How to Be Happy—Canceling Your Debts—Allow Others to Forget—Come Into Mercy and Pardon.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From the letter to the Hebrews Dr. Talmage takes a text and illustrates how all offenders may be emancipated; text, Hebrews viii, 12, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive of the forgetfulness of man. We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Mnemonics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides, of Ceos, 500 years before Christ. Persons who put facts and names and dates in proper processions have through this art had their memory re-enforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means cultivate it. I had an aged friend who, detained one night at a miserable depot in waiting for a rail train fast in the snowbanks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of presbytery, by first with a piece of chalk drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some eighty pages in fine print. My old friend, through great age, lost his memory, and when I asked him if this story of the railroad depot was true, he said, "I do not remember now, but it was just like me. Let me see," said he to me. "Have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said; "you were my guest last night, and I was with you an hour ago."

What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all!

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important, and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might through that process be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of omniscience that God is able to obliterate a part of His own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to Him and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned and the other man, after a life of abominable wickedness, is pardoned God remembers no more against one than the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God you and I need, in our finite way, to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you in the course of one's life, and he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. There are those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. If things have appeared in print, they keep them in their scrapbook, for they out these precious paragraphs out of newspapers or books and at leisure read them over, or they have them tied up in bundles or thrust in pigeonholes, and they frequently regale themselves and their friends by an inspection of these things, these sarcasms, these falsehoods, these cruelties. I have known gentlemen who carried them in their pocketbooks, so that they could easily get at these irritations, and they put their right hand in the inside of their coat pocket over their heart and say: "Look here! Let me show you something." Scientists catch wasps and hornets and poisonous insects and transfuse them in curiosity bureaus for study, and that is well, but those of whom I speak catch the wasps and the hornets and poisonous insects and play with them and put them on themselves and on their friends and see how far the noxious things can creep and show how deep they can sting. Have no such scrapbooks. Keep nothing in your possession that is disagreeable. Tear up the falsehoods and the slanders and the hypercriticisms.

Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan or procedure. You see all around you in the church and out of the church dispositions acerb, malign, cynical, pessimistic. Do you know how these men and women got that disposition? It was by the embalmment of things pantherine and viperous. They keep so much of their time in recalling the roll of all the rats that have nibbled at their reputation. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour or embittered. The milk of human kindness has been curdled. They do not believe in anybody or anything. If they see two people whispering they think it is about themselves. If they see two people laughing, they think it is about themselves. Where there is one sweet pippin in their orchard there are fifty crabapples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will forget. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and sunny. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness, and their generousities have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of little tattles, and they have had enough small assaults like gnats and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable. If they would have consented to be forgotten.

But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast out the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor and have realized that these oppositions and hindrances are a part of a mighty discipline by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven. The secret of it all is they have, by the help of the Eternal God, learned how to forget.

Another practical thought: When our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgives them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemeanors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. Suppose you owe you a large sum of money, and you are persuaded I am incapacitated to pay and you give me acquittal from that obligation. You say: "I cancel that debt. All is right now. Start again." And the next day I come in and say: "You know about that debt I owe you. I have come in to get you to let me off. I feel so bad about it I cannot rest. Do let me off." You reply with a

little impatience: "I did let you off. Don't bother yourself and bother me with any more of that discussion." The following day I come in and say: "My dear sir, about that debt—I can never get over the fact that I owe you that money. It weighs something that weighs on my mind like a millstone. Do forgive me that debt." This time you clear lose your patience and say: "You are a nuisance. What do you mean by this reiteration of that affair? I am almost sorry I forgave you that debt. Do you doubt my forgiveness or do you not understand the plain language in which I told you that debt was canceled?" Well, my friends, there are many Christians guilty of worse folly than that. While it is right that they repent of new sins and of recent sins, what is the use of bothering yourself and insulting God by asking Him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgiven them. Why do you not forget them? No; you drag the load on with you, and 365 times a day, you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrences which He has not only forgiven, but forgotten.

Quit this folly. I do not ask you less to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to a higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of His mercy. He does not give a receipt for payment or so much received on account, but receipt 'n full, God having for Christ's sake decreed "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more."

I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were digged. Yes, be thankful for that rescue, but do not make displays of the mud of that horrible pit or splash it over other people. Sometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discomfited and unfit for Christian service because I had done none of those things which seemed to be, in the estimation of many, necessary for Christian usefulness, for I never swore a word or ever got drunk or went to compromising places or was guilty of assault and battery or ever uttered a slanderous word or ever did any other hurt, although I knew my heart was sinful enough and I said to myself, "There is no use of my trying to do any good, for I never went through those depraved experiences." But afterward I saw consolation in the thought that no one gained any obligation by the laying on of the hands of dissolute men and infamy.

And though an ordinary moral life, ending in a Christian life, may not be as dramatic a story to tell about, let us be grateful to God rather than worry about it if we have never plunged into outward abominations.

A sin forgetting God! That is clear beyond and far above a sin pardoning God. How often we hear it said, "I can forgive, but I cannot forget." That is equal to saying, "I verbally admit it is all right, but I will keep the old grudge good." There is something in that which seems to me to say: "I would not do you harm. Indeed, I wish you well, but that unfortunate affair can never pass out of my mind." There may be no hard words passed between them, but until death breaks in the same coolness remains. But let us be pardoned offenses so into oblivion. He never throws them up to us again. He feels as kindly toward us as though we had been spotless and positively angelic all along.

Many years ago a family consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of two years lived far out in a prairie, a few miles from market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy her a doll, and he promised. He could after the sale of the cattle purchase household necessities and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. But one day he was driven to sell the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal road at nightfall. As he went along on horseback a thunderstorm broke and in the most lonely part of the road and in the heaviest part of the storm he heard a child's cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdsman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdsman first thought it as a stratagem to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures and his little cry became more keen and ringing, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain until he thought of a hollow tree that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started, and, sure enough, found a little child who had been driven out of the storm and almost dead. He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin he saw it all lighted up, and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her husband through the darkness of the storm. The house was full of excitement, and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out in the storm, and the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and, lo, it was his own child and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found.

How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and He found us, dying in the tempest and wrapped us in the mantle of His love and fetched us home, gladness and congratulation bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God or they would all flock to Him.

So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God—yes, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and yet you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragments of scattered stones or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Six different kinds of sound were heard on that night which was interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination. The neighing of the war horses—for some of the soldiers were in the saddle—was one sound, the bang of the hammers was a second sound, the jeer of malignants was a third sound, the weeping of friends and followers was a fourth sound, the splash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound, and the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound! And they all commingled into one sadness.

Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts and was devoured, and thereby the other lives were saved are inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self-sacrifice. But all were forgotten, except before this most illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and I will never forget. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

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