

Chatham Semi-Weekly Courier

VOL. XLIV.

CHATHAM, COL. CO., N. Y., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1906.

No. 83

Bermuda.

"Boxing Day" at St. Georges.

A Chatham Lady Spending the Winter in Bermuda. Writes of an Interesting Annual Event on the Island.

(Correspondence of The Courier.)

In England and all her colonies, the day after Christmas, called "Boxing Day," is devoted to boxing, athletic games, amusements and pleasures of every kind. It is a legal holiday and all business is suspended and all banks and public offices are closed.

Boxing Day, December 26th, 1905, was a typically Bermudian one. Although the sunshine was warm and bright, it was cool enough to wear top coats and wraps; a brisk north wind made the air so pure and clear that it was like spiced wine for exhilarating one's spirit. The sky was of that fathomless blue which is peculiar to Bermuda.

A party of us spent the day at St. Georges. To reach there we had a charming carriage drive of twelve miles—the greater part of which was along the water's edge. James F. Foster's poem gives a true word-picture of the coloring of the scenery by the way:

Here, sea is sister to the sky
And cedared hills encircling lie.
The white roads wander in between
The country sides of living green.
Bright-iridescent waters shine
Where purples, greens and blues entwine.
Around the fair, enchanted lochs,
Such are the ways Bermuda smiles.

The hard, smooth, coralline road was lined with vehicles laden with military and civilian folk—drawn by horses and donkeys; together with bicycles and pedestrians—all on pleasure bent. Our first stopping place was at the "Devil's Hole," and here I must relate an amusing incident about the name before describing the place. Frascati is a hamlet through which we passed, not far distant from the Devil's Hole, and at Frascati lives the Archdeacon; directly opposite his home, with the inner pointing to the entrance, is a sign post with the words "To the Devil's Hole." The Devil's Hole is a natural well or cavern, sixty feet deep and full of ocean water. A subterranean channel is supposed to convey the water from the ocean to it. It receives its name from a peculiar, weird noise produced by the tidal action of the ebb and flow. It is covered by a small wooden house, kept by an old man who, for one shilling entrance fee, unlocked the door for us. The "Hole" is filled with many different kinds of fish: groupers, red snappers, king and queen triggers, four-eyed fish, rock fish, cow fish and the Bermudian mascot (the angel fish). One finds on all souvenirs and remembrances, typical of Bermuda, a picture of the angel fish, commanding as distinctive a place as the Bermudian coat of arms. With their resplendent attire of blues, greens and yellows gleaming in the clear waters of the Devil's Hole, the angel fish had a festive air, a Boxing Day costume.

We drove quite a distance along Harrington Sound, a beautiful, land-locked piece of water, the only entrance to which is under the Flatts Ridge, where the water rushes strongly either way according to the rise and fall of the tide, creating a tiny water power.

We stopped again on our way at the Admiral's Cave. We descended the three flights of stairs to the cave, which has just enough acetylene lights burning in it to give a weird, grand effect. The roof of the cave is studded with long and pendant and out-of-date enough in appearance stalactites, resembling the huge ones to have belonged to Sir George Somers, which grace Niagara in the United States. One would think the stalactites and, in some places, the stalagmites, but then these pillars and columns are stalagmites, shaped resembling the pines of an organ, a drinking fountain and huge Grecian columns were beautiful under the acetylene lights.

We returned to our carriage and soon were driving over the famous Causeway—a hard road with probably about 1800. The church

the iridescent waters on both sides. This causeway is nearly two miles in length and cost \$125,000, one quarter of which price was paid by the Imperial Government, the rest by the Bermudians. It is a useful means of connecting the main island with St. Georges. Before it was built one had to go by boats, propelled by men using a hawser, a very slow, tedious process of navigation, especially in stormy weather.

St. Georges is a small town and its streets are narrow. Its buildings, like those in Hamilton, are made of white coralline stone, cut in the numerous quarries of the Islands; but while in Hamilton the white-washed roofs and houses are dazlingly white in the bright sunshine, in St. Georges the roofs are covered with the moss of years and the sides of houses are grey and soiled with Time's finger prints. There is an air of antiquity about St. Georges, both from the stability of its old structures and from the somewhat Spanish style of its architecture, which carries one back to the early days of the settlement of these islands. This quaint, old-fashioned town was formerly the capital and only town of Bermuda. It was named in honor of Sir George Somers, who was shipwrecked off St. George's Island on the 28th July, 1609. He wrote that these islands were "the richest, healthfullest and pleasantest" he ever saw. It was owing to his report that the Bermudas became an English colony. In 1612, with a charter from King James I, sixty immigrants arrived and founded the town of St. Georges. We visited the memorial tablet to Sir George Somers, which was inserted in the wall of the Public Gardens near the entrance, and his heart was interred under the tablet, his body being conveyed to Whitechurch, Dorset, England. It seemed fitting that his heart should be buried on the islands that he loved so well. St. Georges possesses a large and excellent harbor and is beyond question the seat of the islands, but the channel is of insufficient depth to float vessels of large size. The water adds picturesqueness to the town's quaintness.

Then, the large military force of the many scarlet coats of "Tommy Atkins" give just the touch of color and the bit of life to the old town, necessary to rouse it from the dead sleep to the dreamlike state which now prevails. The fortifications of St. George are of immense strength and it is the headquarters in the whole colony of H. M. Artillery forces.

We brought our lunch with us and ate it in the Public Gardens, "under the shade of a palm"; some of these palms are one hundred and fifty years old, towering above the lesser but none the less beautiful shrubs and flowers of rare kinds.

After lunch we boarded a ferry-boat, going towards St. David's Lighthouse, the tide being too low to permit it to get there. We went the ferry-boat's course and returned. On board the boat with us was a man seven feet tall, who had been for many years with Baroum's Circus, posing as "The Giant," under the show name of "Major Lang." He had lubbed too much Christmas egg-poggs and Boxing Day punch, and consequently had to be helped off the boat, and after he was on land spent most of the time in falling down, so that we were unable to see him in the greatness of his full height. On account of his disposition he had lost his giant ship at Baroum's and so returned to his native soil, St. David's Bermuda.

Ordinance Island is so small that it is completely covered by half a dozen buildings, formerly homes of the old settlers, but now used as military offices. It is situated a short distance from the wharf at St. Georges and can only be reached by an old-fashioned row, primitive in construction and out-of-date enough in appearance, but then these pillars and columns are stalagmites, shaped resembling the pines of an organ, a drinking fountain and huge Grecian columns were beautiful under the acetylene lights.

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is in a fine state of preservation and services are held there regularly. We noticed tombs with dates of 1670, 1700, 1783, etc. The high coralline walls of the old graveyard were thickly covered with the moss and green mold of nearly three centuries.

At a quarter to five in the evening we returned to our carriage for our twelve miles homeward drive. We came home by a different route, along the North Shore, which was beautiful with the white-capped waves raging, seething and chasing each other until they crushed themselves out of existence on the rocks. The sunset was a beautiful one. Wind clouds were floating over us and a rift of gold was made in them and many shafts of golden light were sent out through the clouds into the blue sky beyond, whence they were reflected into the waters below, giving the foaming waves a soft, mellow radiance.

We passed the race-course on our way home, where they had had Boxing Day races—this fact we well knew from the many teams which we had met, speeding and racing homeward. Our last mile was over my favorite walk to the north shore, over the hill, where the smooth, white road lies between two high walls of rock, covered with the life plant, ferns and mosses; past Langton, Governor Stewart's home, where the gay, profuse growth of bouganvillea is a floral wonder for camera fleuds and for post cards; past that part of the hill where one gets a pretty little picture of the white roofs of Hamilton, the towers of the Cathedral; set in a frame of cedars and palms, and green hills, with the blue sky over all as a canopy; past Penbrooke church; past the convent to our corner, and we were home, tired but happy, just as the clock in the Parliament Buildings chimed six. S. K. A

SENATOR SMITH. He Takes Senator Ambler's Place on the Committees.

Senator James B. McEwan, of Albany, was appointed chairman of the Senate committee on insurance Thursday by Lieutenant Governor Bruce. Senator McEwan takes the place of the late Senator Henry S. Ambler of Columbia, who presided over the committee last winter. Associated with the Albany senator on the insurance committee are Senators Malby, Fancher, Coggeshall, Page, Drescher, Smith, Frayley and Riordan.

Lieutenant Governor Bruce announced that he had appointed Senator Sanford W. Smith of Columbia a member of the committees in which vacancies existed by reason of the death of Senator Ambler.

Senator Smith introduced a resolution in honor of the memory of the late Henry S. Ambler, senator of the twenty-fourth district. The resolution called for the selection of a committee to prepare a memorial minute and to arrange for a memorial service.

Real Estate News. The following real estate transfers have been recorded at the County Clerk's office for the week ending, January 18th:

Margaret Stevenson and Archie Lafferty to Nellie E. Barringer, Kinderhook, \$50.
Angeline R. Heath to Niles Smith and wife, Chatham, \$2,700.
Sarah D. Woodin to John G. Rowe Hillsdale, \$500.
Sarah D. Woodin, et al, to John G. Rowe, Hillsdale, \$650.
Arthur Smith, to William B. Austin, et ano., Stockport, \$1.00

Insane by Cigarettes. Made insane by the excessive smoking of cigarettes, Abram Feltman, 36 years old, of Poughkeepsie, was examined by physicians, declared to be insane and was committed to the Hudson River State Hospital, Monday.

Feltman has been addicted to the cigarette habit for a long time. He smoked them almost continually. From a healthy youth he has become thin and weak through the habit.

And yet boys will continue to smoke poison!

Farmers' Institute. There will be farmers' institutes at New Lebanon, Grange Hall, on January 19th and 20th.

GRANGE FIRE INS. CO.

The 8th Annual Meeting of Dutchess and Columbia Patrons' Fire Relief Association.

The 8th Annual Meeting of the D. & C. P. F. R. Assn. was held in Millerton Jan 9th and was attended by most all the directors and a number of stockholders from various parts of the two counties.

A memorial resolution in regard to the death of Secretary Frank Boucher was unanimously adopted. Resolutions were also passed relative to the death of Vice President H. S. Ambler.

The auditing committee's report showed that the accounts were all correct and the organization was in a prosperous condition. The annual report is as follows:

Number of policies at last report 2,076
Number of policies issued during year 588
Number of policies cancelled and expired 271
Number of policies December 31, 1905 2,309
Amount of risks at last report \$5,010,000
Amount of risks written during year 1,372,625
Amount of risks cancelled and expired 545,975
Amount of risks December 31st, 1905 \$5,866,550
Gain during past year \$826,550
Average annual rate of losses \$1.18 per thousand.

The new Board of Directors elected are: E. J. Preston, Amelia. E. Knickerbocker, Bangall, F. A. Denton, Wing's Sta., J. S. Niver, Pine Plains; J. W. Skidmore, Moore's Mill; O. J. Abel, Verbank. B. F. Burr, Pawling, A. B. Howes, East Onatam; W. S. Higgins, Spencerstown; J. P. Fulton, Red Hook; F. Blon Van Alstyne, Kinderhook; J. H. Russell, Hopewell Junction; H. S. Morehouse, Amelia; E. K. Davis, Holmes; A. DeGarmo, Arlington; W. T. Wing, Clinton Cor; G. M. Slee, Millerton; Gordon Swift, Millbrook; G. A. Temple, Lebanon Springs; H. C. Spangler, Humphreysville; Arthur Van Deusen, Hillsdale; and from that number E. J. Preston was chosen President; W. S. Higgins Vice President; G. M. Slee, Treasurer; Edwin Knickerbocker, Secretary.

Why Counterfeited. Did you ever see a counterfeit ten dollar bill?
Yes.
Why was it counterfeited?
Because it was worth counterfeiting.
Was the ten-dollar bill to blame?
No.
Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?
No.
Why not?
Because it is not worth counterfeiting.
Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?
Yes, lots of them.
Why was he counterfeited?
Because he was worth counterfeiting.
Was he to blame for being counterfeited?
No.—Bethany Tidings.

Man Lost, Strayed or Stolen. Has anybody seen J. I. Leggett, farmer, of Claverack, within a week? He is supposed to be either lost, strayed or stolen, and a reward may be offered for him if he does not return soon. Leggett, who is about 45 years old, worked on the Capt. J. Van Ness Philip place on the Colabarick road leading from Claverack.—Hudson Republican.

Union College Abolishes Football. Schenectady, Jan. 15.—At a meeting of the student body of Union college to-day, it was voted unanimously to abolish football as it is played at present. The action was entirely voluntary and the faculty took no hand in it.

Chaffee Resigns as Chief of Staff. Washington, Jan. 15.—Lieut. Gen. Chaffee to-day tendered his resignation as chief of staff of the United States Army to-day and it was accepted by the President. Gen. Chaffee was born on the retired J. Judd, the friend of Abraham Lincoln.

Death of Ira W. Buel. Ira W. Buel, a pioneer attorney of Chatham, died Sunday. He was born in New Lebanon, N. Y., in 1826 and went to Chicago in 1866, when he entered the law office of N. J. Judd, the friend of Abraham Lincoln.

CHEROKEE ABANDON-ED.

Captain Archibald and his Comrades Left Doomed Vessel Last Night.

Atlantic City, N. J., Jan 15.—Captain Archibald, his two mates and the life saving crew, who had refused to leave the steamer Cherokee, which lies stranded on the Brigantine Shoals, two miles off shore, to-night abandoned the vessel. Waves were rolling over the deck and pounding against the pilot house.

The steamer, valued at about a half million dollars, probably will be a total loss. To-night two big wrecking tugs and a lighter are standing by the steamer, ready to strip her of whatever is worth the salvage.

During the day Captain Mark Casto, who yesterday made the sensational rescue of 60 persons from the steamer, went out to the stranded vessel in the sloop yacht Sinbad and brought ashore all the baggage of the passengers and crew. All the property was forwarded to the owners to-night.

THE LATEST NEWS.

Lawyer Chas. E. Hughes will sail for Europe Feb 1.
The Philippine tariff bill passed the House yesterday 258 to 71.
Convoy, O., a village of 800 inhabitants was wiped out by fire Jan 16.
Ex-President Cleveland's brother, Rev. W. W. Cleveland, of Columbus, died yesterday.
Hon. Jos. H. Choate was yesterday elected president of the State Bar Association.

Gov. Higgins has granted a reprieve for Albert T. Patrick. There will be a new trial Marshall Field, the millionaire merchant of Chicago, died yesterday in New York. He was born in 1835.
The resolution offered in the State Senate Tuesday to ask Senator Depew to resign, was defeated by a vote of 34 to 1.

W. C. T. U. Conference.

The second annual conference of the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions of Schenectady, Schoharie, Rensselaer, Montgomery, Greene, Columbia, Albany and Fulton-Hamilton counties, will be held at St. Luke's M. E. church, corner Clinton and Lexington avenues, Albany, N. Y., on the twenty-fifth day of January. Mrs. Frances W. Grabam, President of State W. C. T. U. will be chairman during the day and will give an address in the evening.

The presidents of the associated counties cordially invite all interested in the cause of temperance to be present.

Harvard Abolishes Football.

Boston, Jan. 15.—Football has been abolished at Harvard, pending a reform in the game that will be acceptable to the board of overseers, according to an official announcement to-day from the university. The discontinuance of the game is a result of a vote taken last night at a secret meeting of the board of overseers, at which time it was decided that the intercollegiate football at Harvard would not be permitted until the rules and regulations had been so changed and amended as to remove what the overseers regarded as the evils of the present game.

Accident to Farmer.

Frank A. Stever, a farmer who resides near Ancram, met with a most unfortunate accident last Thursday afternoon. He was using a corn husking machine in his barn, when his right hand was caught and drawn into the machine. All his fingers were crushed and mangled, and but for his nerve and presence of mind in pulling his hand out of the machine his whole arm would have been drawn in.

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MAN WANTED

Some Results of a Matrimonial Advertisement.

Not long since, a living not far from Chatham, inserted in a paper, an advertisement reading something like this: "Young and attractive widow, 23 years of age, possessing some money, productive farm and saw mill, wishes to correspond with a man of good habits Object matrimony." A locomotive engineer residing in New Haven, Conn., who had come to the conclusion that he had lived in blessed singleness long enough, swallowed hook, line and stinker and came here to have a look at the attractive widow, the farm, the saw mill and the bank book. The woman had given an assumed name but he finally found out that she lives a matter of three miles from the village. Accordingly he invested \$150 with liveryman Wood and started. When he came back he was the most disgusted man in the state of New York. There seemed to be no doubt in his mind that the woman was 23 years of age and has been for thirty years or more. He said that by the aid of a powerful microscope, a divining rod and a lot of other things, he had utterly failed to locate any trace of the farm, the saw mill or the bank account. He also made a remark or two that incensed his hearers to the conclusion that he had previously seen women in whose mental equipoise he placed more confidence. "Here I've lost my day's wages, my car fare, have missed my train, paid a hotel bill and have not found anything that will fill the bill in the wife line. This getting married isn't what its cracked up to be. The wife-hunting experience I have had to-day will last me for a spell at least." And the same advertisement brought a substantial Sullivan County farmer to Chatham. He was more economical in the matter of transportation than the engineer, however, and started out on foot to have look at the widow, farm, mill and ducats. He didn't say much when he got back to town but he looked eighteen large morocco bound volumes. He did, however, confide the fact to a certain Chathamite that he had through a similar advertisement, opened correspondence with an East Chatham woman with a lonesome feeling but if what he had seen that day was a sample of what he might expect to find by going further east, he guessed he would make tracks for home. And he did.

Cremeries Destroyed. The new Homestead Farm creamery at New Lebanon Centre, owned by Abner Haight, was burned to the ground Monday night. The cause of the fire, which occurred at 10 o'clock, is unknown. There were no indications of anything amiss when superintendent E. B. Fitts left the building at 8 p. m. The creamery had 100 patrons. It is anticipated that the creamery will be rebuilt, in the meantime Mr Haight will endeavor to accommodate his patrons at another creamery.

ALONG THE LINE. Some Alleged Facts? Relative to the Chatham Division of the Rutland Railroad.

It is understood that two strangers who lit at New Lebanon Centre the other day, gazed long and steadily at the new depot and then prepared a petition to the state railroad commissioners to re-christen the station "Toasted Crustling."

The Rutland road is now a part of the Central system, the habits of economy of which are well known. A lot of time, money and brain matter were used up by the Rutland folks last year hunting for gravel that is fit for ballast use. They paid out many dollars to the men who potted around here and there, digging down into the fields of several farmers along the line to find out that there wasn't anything there that would do to sprinkle all over the right of way. The Central folks won't waste any cash on such foolishness. They sent their assistant to the 14th vice-president's office to buy up this way on a hand car the other day to meet the hunters in the humlets along the line and bargain for 17 dozen woodchucks for spring delivery. As soon as the frost leaves the ground, (if any ever gets in) battalions of these chucks will be liberated at several points where there are gravel symptoms and allowed to scratch dirt to their heart's content. It won't cost the road a cent for the labor and the result will be that it will demonstrate beyond any sort of doubt whether its real gravel or only a thin skum of a cheap counterfeited.

Three railroad officials were seen taking careful measurements of the front of the station at Wyomarcok, in the afternoon day before yesterday. This, of course, caused great excitement and widespread speculation. We are able to state authoritatively that the measurements were taken for the purpose of finding out how much must be built onto the depot so that the painters will have room to paint the station name on the front of it.

Engineer Chauncey Gould of the mail and express is tickled almost to pieces because West Lebanon station has been discontinued, abandoned or obliterated call it what you choose. For years Chauncey has been accustomed to make the West Lebanon stop with the engine cab alongside a burdock stalk which grew right up on the right of way in '86 and has been there ever since. Bill Green with malice aforethought, or some other thing, pulled up the stalk and fed it to his Holstein heifer the other night and as there is nothing else left to mark the spot where the station used to be it would be next to impossible to stop in the right place.

It has been reported that proceedings are to be instituted against two Centra Berlin men for marking the hardwood finish in the depot there by scratching matches on it. Ties are being piled up along the sidetracks at the various stations and the road will probably be thoroughly tied up next spring and summer.

THE LADIES' AID.

We've put a fine addition on the good old church at home, It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome, It seats a thousand people—finest church in all the town, And when 'twas dedicated, why we planked ten thousand down; That is, we paid five thousand—every deacon did his best— And the Ladies' Aid Society, it promised all the rest.

We've got an organ in the church—very finest in the land, It's got a thousand pipes or more, its melody is grand, And when we sit on cushioned pews and hear the master play, It carries us to realms of bliss unnumbered miles away, It cost a cool three thousand, and it's stood the hardest test; We'll pay a thousand on it—the Ladies' Aid the rest. They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too, and teas; They'll bake a thousand angel cakes, and tons of cream they'll freeze. And then they'll start o'er again, for a carpet for the floor. No, it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest When the Ladies' Aid gets busy and says: "We'll pay the rest. Of course we're proud of our big church from pulpit up to spire. It is the darling of our eyes, the crown of our desire. But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lack I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs. And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach regions blest. That men will get the toll and sweat, and the Ladies' Aid the rest."

J. N. R.