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CALENDAR



Long Island Calendar

For 1902

Legends Myths Stories and Historical
Sketches of Long Island

With Many Illustrations

PUBLISHED FOR

THE MID-WINTER FÊTE

“From Colonial America to the United
States, its Colonies and Protectorates.”

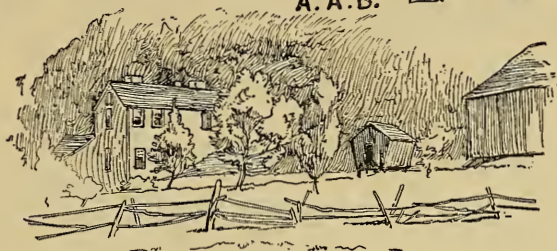


Brooklyn New York.

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1902

"A spacious mansion, plain and old.
A true New England home,
Upon whose roof-trees ample slopes
A century's frosts have come."
A. A. B.



MAY

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
N Moon 7th	F Quar 14th	F Moon 22d	L Quar 30th			
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



Roslyn.

ROSLYN, at the head of Hempstead Harbor, on the north shore of Long Island, is one of the villages fortunate enough to have kept inviolate many of its interesting landmarks of the past. Hidden away in the back lots of the Skillman farm, not far from the railroad, and a short distance from the marble palace on Harbor Hill, is a rude pile of stones, the remains of a fire-place the Hessians used while encamped here. The old Skillman house, beautifully kept, standing on a bit of a hill overlooking the cross roads of the village center, is as finely sentinelled by gigantic box as its older neighbor across the dam, the Bogart house ; this latter brought periodically forward in the newspaper world, as the halting place where General Washington breakfasted on the way to New York when he made his famous trip over the island in a quaint old barouche drawn by four white horses. A few years ago there was a group of little old houses on the slope opposite the Bogart house, the last to give way for smart tenement houses and most interesting from the fact, that it had been prominent in the



village history as an Inn, and later as the Miller house. Its public room, a by no

means large one, served for such entertainments as travelling shows gave, and was considered ample enough to hold such sight-seers as the small population was likely to produce. Mr. Craft, one of Roslyn's oldest residents, over eighty years of age, remembers going there as a small boy, with his father, to see a shooting match, when two or three Indians shot out the flame of the candle placed at the extreme end of the small room. In its later history it successfully hid the still of a clever Frenchman who was able to carry on his secret and illegal business, though within a few feet of the public road.

Around the corner, with its back door facing the millpond, is still another old house, where three years ago Mrs. Hannah Townsend died at the age of 103 years. She was delightfully companionable notwithstanding both sight and hearing had grown imperfect as she neared the century mark. To the last, she was cheery, sympathetic, and quaintly philosophic in a most amusing way. She had innumerable interviewers who vainly sought to learn the secret of her long life. She patiently answered questions, and invariably advised her questioners to cultivate placidity of temperament and abstain from all excesses, especially in fretting. She told, with great spirit, of the jolly times the young folks had in her day, when "frills and fashion and useless conventionalities were unknown, and their social pleasures wholesome and sincere."

Long Island air must have wonderful preservative qualities, for there are so many old residents in all of its villages. It is no unusual thing to meet active men and women from eighty

to ninety years of age, and probably more would live to be centenarians, if they could be persuaded to take better care of

paper mill. When Gen'l Washington stopped in Roslyn for a breakfast, and to rest his horses, he was shown the mill, where its working was interesting as one of the earlier industries, and it is recorded that he so followed the process from start to finish of a sheet of paper, that it was called his work. Until a few years ago the old mill was fulfilling its part in the paper world; one of its last outputs made the foundation for the wedding cake boxes used at Grover Cleveland's wedding. Earlier in its history it supplied the paper for that noteworthy old newsy affair of which Hugh Gaines was editor, and which recorded the doings of the colonial "smart set." A work done in Roslyn worth recording was by the Thursday Afternoon Club, an organization of women who for the most part had summer homes here, and was intended to further matters of public need and local interest. From a fund they



themselves when they reach the nineties. Forty years ago Roslyn was the home of a clever literary circle. The poet Bryant at Cedarmere, Parke Godwin at Clover Croft, Richard Storrs Willis at Willowmere, the present home of his daughter, Mrs. Aaron Ward. Chas. A. Dana had a cottage in Roslyn, and there drew to them from the outside world many brilliant men and women, artists, writers, brilliant and versatile literary persons, so that the life here was most charming.

Roslyn life of to-day is distinguished from the past by its lavish living, the pomp and glitter of showy equipages, and the palatial residences where the millionaire owners spend a small portion of the year. Slowly falling into a pitiful decay which it has not been expedient to hinder, and no one has the heart to hasten, is the old Valentine

collected by entertainments and membership fees, they gave generous contributions for fire wells, apparatus for the public school gymnasium and the erection of a fence on the mill-dam whose pickets prohibited seats for loafers. Roslyn's three public gifts are of unusual distinction, and show the character of its summer residents. Bryant Hall was given to the village at a time when money gifts for such uses were rare, and Mr. Bryant was advised to think well before investing \$8,000 in such uncertain securities as village appreciation and care for his benefaction. His faith was in the children, and a future when there would as the population increased naturally draw to the library a larger number of readers and supporters. During the last three years, the number of summer visitors has greatly increased and the

building of the several great houses, in and near Roslyn, has drawn hither a crowd of intelligent mechanics, who were frequent

numerous and of a noteworthy character. After her death, her children, remembering her interest in and love for Roslyn, gave



visitors to the Reading Room. The Water Fountain was a memorial gift of Mrs. Ellen Ward, a prominent church woman, whose gifts in New York and Roslyn were

in her memory the handsome stone clock tower in the triangle facing the Bogart homestead, and with a fine outlook over the Sound. Quiet as Roslyn has always seemed to outsiders, and primitive and inactive, there have been several industries here within the last century, and all successful for the working period of their existence, their closing being due to other reasons than want of support. Of the earlier industries the fulling mills on what is now the Bryant estate, were lucrative and thriving until the transfer of land caused their removal. They were later a glass factory, and a cabinet shop, which supplied the county with some of its finest specimens of



mahogany sideboards, wardrobes, bureaus and tables of various styles. Later than these was a silk mill. Now the two big lumber yards at the head of the harbor

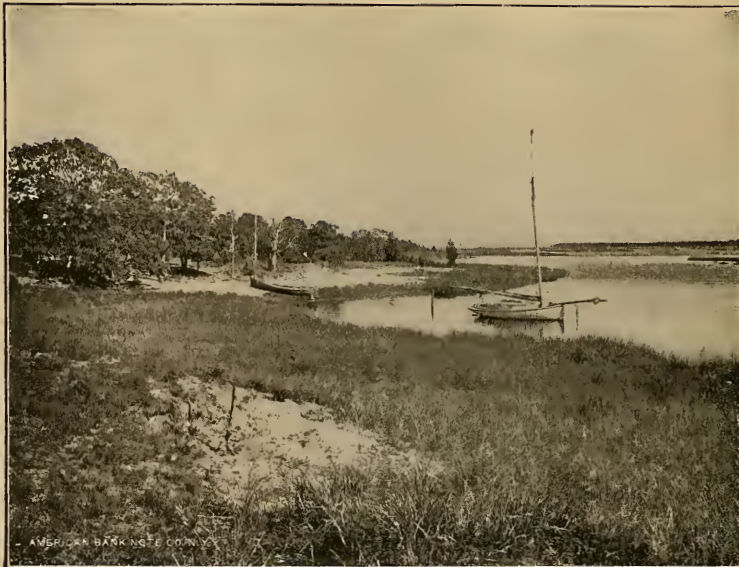


have a rapidly increasing business, furnishing building materials for a widely scattered demand.

Glenwood Cove at the mouth of the Harbor is noted for its oysters. The springs which supply its basins where the

oysters are laid before marketing, being supplied with the purest spring water, where there is no contaminating drainage or deposit of any kind. In this small cove, whose areage is less than half a mile, are represented the interests of several oystermen, the value of which is estimated at over a hundred thousand dollars. The season begins later here than elsewhere, and the oysters bring high prices from the fact that they lie in pure water. Sometimes the Cove is so filled with oyster sloops, the speediest craft of their size, that to load them from the big scows, and steer them out from their close quarters in a heavy gale, requires skilled seamanship of no

light order. Twenty years ago it was most unusual for the harbor to be kept open for the entire winter. Now, the constant work of the tugs belonging to the four sand works on the west shore of the harbor keeps whatever ice gathers in a broken



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condition, so that with the help of the tide this waterway is kept clear for the sailing craft.

From Glenwood Dock, most of the material for the big houses of Wm. C. Whitney, Clarence Mackay, Lloyd Bryce, and others, has been carted across the country, and up hills that make the journey a costly one, even for millionaires.

If the next ten years develop this part of Long Island as the past ten have done, the fact will be well worth chronicling and illustrating.

The house which Bryant bought about forty years ago, was made more attractive

hall or theatre for private theatricals. Mrs. Parke Godwin, one of the poet's daughters, had a delightful voice, and with her husband made these rare entertainments most delightful. Mrs. Godwin's character songs are spoken of by the few fortunate enough to have heard them as most charming.

Roslyn is, and has long been, noted for the stately beauty of its fine old trees, and when several years ago, one of its oldest and largest, a giant oak at the lower gate of Cedarmere, was undermined by the springs at its roots, there was such a strong expression of regret in the community that Miss Bryant, at that time the



outwardly and comfortable within, by the Poet, one of the changes being in the windows, which the Quaker builder had had made high so that the women folks could not look out on the public road as they sat at their sewing. In the large garret, high and roomy, there were many notable gatherings when it was used as a concert

owner of the place, instructed those in charge of the place to give one of its long arms to an old friend and neighbor that it might be made into souvenirs, and sold at the fairs in aid of the Home for Friendless Children, an institution Mr. Bryant helped to found, and in which he was deeply interested. Articles made from the Bryant

oak, are unique, not only in the value of their association, but because they can only be obtained from this source, and for special occasions and are the work of one man, who was a personal friend of the poet's.



Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around ;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
 The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

BRYANT.



THE COAST LINE OF LONG ISLAND RUNS EAST AND WEST. THE ISLAND IS THEREFOR SWEEPED DURING THE SUMMER BY THE PREVAILING SOUTHERLY OCEAN BREEZES.