



THE HUGUENOT SHIP OF 1688 ARRIVING AMID THE LONELY SOLITUDE OF NEW ROCHELLE IN 1909.

HUGUENOT BAD PROPHET.

New Rochelle Didn't Celebrate Landing as He Expected.

"Methinks," said a grave, bearded Huguenot, as he stepped ashore on the site of New Rochelle on a June day 221 years ago, "this landing of religious exiles who have fled the fury of persecution in France will become historic. Posterity will celebrate this day with befitting solemnity, saying prayers and singing hymns. And these poor savages whom we see in paint and feathers will mayhap be converted to our faith and will join in the reverential thanksgiving."

The old Huguenot had "another think coming." Fresh from the stern realism of the scenes following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and filled with the intense piety of his time, he was right in the belief that posterity would celebrate the arrival of the caravel *Le Rochelle*, but he could not quite foresee the nature of the celebration devised by a frivolous town of commuters in the year 1909. There were few prayers or hymns in connection with the affair pulled off by Rochellean posterity on June 13 last. It was a big pageant all right, being something of a cross between Buffalo Bill's show and a Dreamland spectacle, and the real estate people said it was "fine for business," but there was little doing in the way of reverential thanksgiving. As for converted Indians, the real ones were converted long ago with powder and ball; and the morals of their imitation descendants may be judged by the picture which shows one of them tipping a flask of New Rochelle firewater.

Oh, you Huguenots! Things have changed somewhat since 1688, and posterity rather confuses the Edict of Nantes with the baseball score or the Board of Health regulations. No disrespect is meant, and there is no intention to deal a blow at dignity and solemnity; but it is rather funny to see the fashions of a couple of centuries back, and, besides, everybody knew who was dressed up in jackboots, turnover child's collars and plumed hats to represent the religious exiles, and who was undressed and painted red to look like Siwanoy Indians. No one could take a fellow commuter seriously as an exile or a savage.

The show began at 2 p. m., when a band of whooping Indians ran through the crowd of their civilized neighbors to the theoretically non-existent boathouse of a rowing club, piled into make-believe birch canoes and paddled swiftly over the imagined solitudes of the bay toward Huckleberry Island. A cannon boomed in the offing, and the spectators on the beach conjectured accurately that the approaching Huguenots had seen the savages and were either saluting or warning them.

Soon came sailing around the point the stanch ship *La Rochelle*, bearing the exiles from far-away France. The exiles, in jackboots and plumed hats, must have felt lonesome indeed as they stood on the deck of the humpy caravel (a remodelled houseboat) and surveyed the wilderness of the new world. Except the savages, not a soul was in sight, barring several thousand spectators. Besides the caravel and the canoes, no other craft shared the desolate waste of waters save a multitude of power boats, launches, small yachts and rowboats. There was a profound silence, not considering the roar of applause that went up from the assembled crowd; but the Huguenots were brave. They dropped anchor at the right spot and made the historic landing in boats at Bonnefoi Point. They fraternized with the Indians and ab-

that, and the girl Huguenots made a hit with everybody, and there were speechmaking by posterity and a distribution of candy and cake to the youthful descendants of the exiles. On

a fatted calf to a descendant of Lord Pell, who sold the site of New Rochelle to the Huguenots. It was part of the bargain that the exiles should present a calf every year to the worship-



NEW ROCHELLE SAVAGES WHO ALMOST ALARMED THEIR FELLOW COMMUTERS AT THE RECENT CELEBRATION.

the whole, it was a pretty and picturesque spectacle.

An aftermath of the New Rochelle celebration will be the presentation by the municipality of

ful lord of the manor. The custom has lapsed for more than a hundred years, but it is to be revived at the Bronx Manor House, Bronxville, on June 24, when the calf will be delivered to

George H. Pell. A lot of men are promoting the presentation of the calf, undeterred by the fear that they may give Descendant Pell a chance to claim many thousand cattle, representing the undelivered hundred calves and their progeny. One fatted calf from Chicago, if it does not lead to the enforced delivery of others, will not cost much, and the show will help to open the eyes of commuters to the advantages of New Rochelle and The Bronx, while educating them in things historical. Bronxville has already gone through the calf ceremony, as the basis of a sketch written by Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, widow of General George A. Custer. This recent performance, which was attended by Governor Hughes, may be considered a dress rehearsal for the drama to be enacted at Mr. Pell's home.

WHITMAN'S DEATHBED.

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writing desk; there was no receptacle for newspapers, and, apart from the two overloaded tables, the floor had received all of them. Upon this his general table the daily papers had been dropped when read; the weeklies had followed, and in their turn the monthly magazines. An immense number of periodicals and pamphlets had been received in the course of two years, and all were still here. Almost everything was yellow with age and soiled with the constant tramping of feet.

The mass, which was nearly solid, was two feet in depth and had many transverse ridges. Mr. Whitman had never bought stationery; he utilized wrapping papers, old letters and envelopes, and as he was in the habit of making his poems over and over, afterward tearing up rejected bits, I found, on clearing up, bushels of fine litter, evenly dispersed.

On the right side of the bed was an antiquated chest, on top of which were two bottles, one of eau de cologne and the other brandy, an old-fashioned candlestick with candle and matches, a wineglass and a tumbler and a covered stone mug for drinking water. Within reach was his cane, which he was accustomed to use to summon attendance. On the left of the bed the mass of rubbish had reached a height of at least four feet. On investigation, however, there proved to be a lounge underneath. The tables stood like cows in a meadow with the grass up to their bodies; and the legs of the bed also were buried out of sight. The only thing that had gone up with time was the imposing easy chair. This, with its white wolf-skin, surmounted the pile like a throne. The wolf-skin was sadly moth eaten, as were the old and poor garments that hung upon the walls.

At one of the tables a bent metal drop light held a chipped argand burner at a dangerous angle, and within this dingy glass shone a feeble ray of light, just making visible the pallid face and hoary hair of the dying man. As I stood on the mass and looked down, the sight was beyond description. The owner was only a few inches above his worldly possessions; he seemed a part of them, and the picture would have been incomplete without him.

I began by picking up the newspapers nearest the door, folding them and stacking them on the landing at the head of the stairs. Little by little I made my way into his room, but it was slow work, and not much could be effected during the first week.

I continued to put things in order, always desisting when my patient showed the least sign of annoyance. I would often go into the room on the pretext of putting wood in the stove, and I soon learned to perceive just how much or how little I could do. The bound volumes, invariably thrown face downward into the mass, I arrayed upon some shelves in the little room.



SOME DESCENDANTS OF THE COMELY HUGUENOTS WHO LANDED AT BONNEFOI POINT 221 YEARS AGO