

little difficulty in making him understand when it was time to stop or to begin any of the tricks such as dogs acquire. To-day, his company believes him to be the smartest dog in the Government service, and in it there are many smart dogs, so they say.

Jumping through hoops, over outstretched arms, and over hurdles, such as dogs who have had a circus training are adept in, are to him simple accomplishments. When told to stand at attention, which is one of his most effective tricks, he immediately stands on his hind legs, backs up against the wall, a barrel, or whatsoever happens to be near for support, throws back his head, folds his forelegs, and stands in the position until the command to resume his natural position is given.

Told to walk his post, Skiggety begins a tour of return trips that to the initiated strongly suggest the trials and tribulations of guard duty. The meal hours are as well known to him as to the Sergeant who has spent the best years of his life in the service of his country. He sleeps in the guardhouse and never thinks of taking a nap anywhere except on a cot. Unlike other dogs, he never gets his shaggy white hair soiled, and is always as clean in appearance as the most petted poodle on Fifth Avenue.

To hear the soldiers talk of Skiggety, one would think they cared little for veracity. To see "Skiggety" one would know that the Fifty-second possesses a dog that in point of intellectuality has few superiors.

## HUNT'S POINT AND ITS RELICS

HUNT'S POINT, in the Borough of the Bronx, possesses a wealth of interest for the lover of old New York as well as for the daily excursionists who crowd the trolley cars for Summer outings in that locality. It is one of the most famous of the many points near New York that jut out into the Sound, and for many years has been a favorite resort for Sunday school picnics, sharing this repute with its neighbors, Barretto's Point and Classon's Point. Barretto's Point is now the Summer athletic headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Hunt's Point however, has the advantage of them all, in possessing ancient landmarks reminding one of its age and founders. The old stone house, considerably dilapidated in appearance, is still standing, and is well worth a visit. Few buildings in Greater New York can claim a greater age, and with the steady demolition of landmarks it would be problematical to prophesy how much longer the historic grange may stand. The house was erected in 1687 by Thomas Hunt, the founder of the family, who remained in possession of the property for more than a hundred years. Thomas Hunt was one of the original settlers of that wild, outlying district, and a short time before he erected his home—in 1643—there was an Indian massacre on the adjoining Classon's Point, then known as Cornell's Neck. At that time the house built by Thomas Cornell, the early ancestor of the founder of Cornell University as well as of former Gov. Alonzo B. Cornell, was burned to the ground.

Thomas Hunt married a daughter of Edward Jessup, and he and John Richardson were the joint owners of the vast West Farms tract, purchased from the Indians in 1663 and confirmed by Gov. Nicholls in 1666. At the death of his wife Thomas Hunt received a large share of the estate and when he died, in 1694, it went to his grandson, Josiah Hunt. The latter died in 1729 and the property went to his son, Thomas Hunt. The latter is also known in history as Capt. Hunt, and in the family burying ground, about a mile back from the point, on the main road, one will find a weather-beaten slate tombstone bearing the date 1729, and with the name of Elizabeth Hunt, wife of Capt. Thomas Hunt, upon it. This is the oldest legible tombstone in this quaint little plot, although there are a few others which may be older but whose inscriptions have been totally effaced.

Were it not for the fact that this almost forgotten section of the Bronx is the resting place of one of New York's most famous poets, Joseph Rodman Drake, it is probable that modern improvements would have razed it long ago. The young poet was a frequent visitor of the Hunt family, and many of the beauties of the Bronx formed the theme of his early poems. As the author of the "Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag" he is chiefly known to fame. He died at the age of twenty-five years, and two lines of Fitz Greene Halleck's poetical tribute to his memory are inscribed upon his tomb:

None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.

Joseph Rodman Drake died Sept. 21, 1820, and his resting place is near the entrance of the little cemetery, marked by a plain pyramid shaft, which would have fallen to complete destruction a few years ago had not a society of the young poet's admirers, known as the Brownson Literary Union, renovated the monument in 1891. The ancient iron railing surrounds the simple monument.

The visitor to this place, however, should not go away satisfied with a sight of the Drake Monument. The other stones in the immediate vicinity will repay scrutiny, and on them one will find the names of such old Westchester families as the Willetts, Leggents, Bartows, besides the numerous descendants of the Hunt family. The majority are over a hundred years old and surprisingly well preserved. One odd stone, without any date, records the fact that it is erected to the memory of "Sarah, Margaret, and Eliza, aged seventy, eighty, and ninety, daughters of the late Thomas Hunt." Interments were made here as late as 1835, the latest stone being in memory of William Farrell, who died in that year.

## THE PRIDE OF BATTERY 52.

"ATTENTION, Skiggety," commanded the Corporal of the Guard on Governors Island yesterday. Skiggety at once assumed the proper position, and the onlookers commented on his soldierly bearing and the precision with which he had executed the command:

Skiggety did not move a muscle, and was rigid and silent as the sphinx until the Corporal, walking up to him, rubbed his soft white hair and said, in a gentle voice, "At Ease." Skiggety immediately obeyed the welcome order, and the onlookers once more applauded.

Skiggety is the mascot of the Fifty-second Battery of Artillery, United States Army, and only recently arrived in America from Porto Rico, where the Fifty-second until a few weeks ago was stationed. He is as white as snow, and, though unaccustomed to hearing the English language spoken, is naturally so bright that he has mastered that problem to a considerable extent. Skiggety is a handsome Porto Rican dog. Happening to be on the wharf when the transport bearing the artillerymen sailed for home, he was enticed aboard and brought to New York.

When kidnapped all the commands he could be made to understand were those spoken in the broken Spanish of the soldiers. The transport was still several days from port when he began to catch on to the meaning of such canine lingo as "come" and "sic 'em." When he landed at the Government pier in Brooklyn he had progressed so far that the soldiers had