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Bold, stylish and neat,  
By HALIFAX PRINTING COY.,  
At 161 Hollis Street.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

**A DREAM.**Last night thro' a haunted land I went,  
Upon whose margins ocean leant  
Waveless and soundless save for sighs  
That with the twilight airs were blent.And passing, hearing never stir  
Of footfall, or the startled whirr  
Of birds, I said, "In this land lies  
Sleep's home, the secret haunt of her."And then I came upon a stone  
Whereon these words were writ alone,  
The soul who reads, its body dies  
Far hence that moment without moan.And then I knew that I was dead,  
And that the shadow overhead  
Was not the darkness of the skies,  
But that from which my soul had fled.

William Sharp.

**LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.**

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Instead of having a commonplace picnic with a basket lunch in a pine grove, why do you not take your day's outing at the sea shore and have a genuine Rhode Island clam-bake dinner? It would be a change at least, a novelty to those who have never assisted (in the French sense, this is,) at one of those toothsome spreads, an unquestioned attraction to those who have, and last (and least) you would be doing the fashionable thing. When one of the Four Hundred at Newport gives a clam-bake dinner, a lord of the feast, in the person of a professional getter-up of this form of entertainment for the physical man—and woman—is "commanded" for the occasion, and he is apt to be one's ideal of a veritable old salt in looks. He is certain to be gruff and kindly at once, given to going about his preparations with an air of becoming mystery, befitting the concoction of food fit for the gods, as every partaker of a clam-bake dinner declares it to be. If you look sympathetic, and all goes well, this master of ceremonies will very likely tell you strange tales of the seas, but never if his dignity is wounded, and it is sure to be if anyone for a moment fails to recognize in him the Lord High-everything, *à la Mikado*, of the day.

It may be the genus clam-bake chef is unknown among you, but in truth the average mortal is sufficiently evolved (if you have not already done so do read that funny story, "Friendly Rivalry," in the June *Harper's*.) to prepare a clam-bake, and as I have been taking lessons at first hand I can tell you just how to go to work. Half the charm of picnicing anywhere is in the gypsy-like freedom one feels. - It is jolliest if everybody can have a hand in doing whatever is to be done, and this arrangement, too, keeps the actual work from being a burden to any one of the number. Stipulate that only old clothes shall be worn, and that none but salt-air appetites will be permitted at the feast.

You will need clams, a great many clams, but you, who have been at shore dinners here, will understand how very many clams will be required. In addition have potatoes, white and sweet ones, ears of sweet corn and fresh fish. A big salmon is delicious. Clam chowder is in order for the first course, but it is not always easy to provide kettles, milk and so on, and this part of the genuine "bake" may be omitted. Everything beyond this depends upon heating the stones that are large and flat, built by the valiant youths of the party into a sort of branch over, and kept filled with blazing drift or any other wood that is at hand. The stones must be heated red-hot, and the length of time necessary to bring this about depends upon the size and nature of the fire. Two hours or longer suffice usually to heat the stones for a generous bake, and 35 minutes, possibly five or ten more, is the length of time required to do the cooking. So govern your preparations accordingly. Have ready a huge pile of wet seaweed, when the stones are properly heated knock the oven apart to make a solid flat surface, and over them put a thick layer of seaweed. The steam that swells to heaven instantaneously is tantalizingly appetizing. Pour on the clams now, heaping them in pyramid shape, over these lay the potatoes, the corn, (still in the husks,) the fish wrapped in a wet white cloth, and anything else appetite suggests. Lobsters, chickens, (prepared as for baking,) loaves of brown bread, and others of white bread stuffed with dressing of various kinds, all may be added at will. The bread and chickens need to be wrapped in wet cloths as the fish is, and all of these "fixins" are prepared in advance, of course, ready to be laid on the clams at the proper moment, that none of the rapturous steam may be lost. Over the pile of edibles a large wet white cloth is laid, then a big rubber blanket covering the pyre down to the stones, now a generous heaping of wet seaweed over all, and lastly another rubber sheet or a square of old sail. The cloths are kept from the hot stones around the edges to prevent burning, but are adjusted to prevent as much escape of steam as possible. One can hardly credit that all the ingredients of this wonderful pile will be ready to make a cybaritic repast off in little more than half-an-hour, but such is truth. The only sauce for these delectable viands is made of melted butter, with the addition of a little vinegar and pepper, to be served hot. Into this bread, potatoes, fish, clams, all are dipped.

The best picnic plates are the thin wooden shells such as market men use to send butter, lard, and so forth, home in, and these cost but a trifle, are easily carried, and can be thrown away when used, thus lightening the load to be carried homeward when the day is done.

A clam-bake is very inexpensive, you see, brings one into touch with sea and the sky for the time being, and in point of savoriness is far and away beyond anything that can be prepared under a roof and carried in a napkin.

Do you know, Caryl, I really believe you are getting to be pessimistic. My dear, don't! There may be apparently—only apparently, mind you,—