

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

for the first time cannot fail to observe that on the roof of nearly every house is an outlook, a square platform protected by a railing, and already from the deck of the ship he is beginning to learn something of the habits of the people. In former times there was not a family on that island but had some member or friend exposed to the perils of the sea. When storms swept the deep, and their return was eagerly looked for, perhaps over due, from these watch towers they eagerly scanned the face of the ocean, and it was not unusual to see almost the entire population of the town on the roofs of the houses. One who stands near points out the Congregational Church, to which a few worshippers are evidently wending their way. The pastor of this church is a woman, who for many years has ministered acceptably to the spiritual needs of these people. Years before when the church was without a minister, and nearly all the men were at sea, she began to conduct their meetings, and so helpful were her addresses, so pure her character, that to her own surprise men and women united in asking her to assume the permanent charge of the church.

By this time we have reached the wharf, and while from outside the gates friends are waving handkerchiefs, and hotel runners shout inviting names, the ear catches one tone higher and more intelligible than the rest, and as the eye follows the ear it reads the legend "Town Crier" on the cap of the man whose duty it is to keep the inhabitants of the town informed of the happenings of the great world outside. His is a unique distinction, and yet I never found myself any the wiser by his excited harangue.

"Sconset is still eight miles away, and a wagon needs to be engaged to carry us across the moors. Until recently the stage that conveyed the

passengers over was named the "Swiftsure," and driven by Captain Baxter. But the Captain is feeling the weight of years, and contents himself with driving tourists about the island when the weather is fine. The Captain had one failing; he could not resist a practical joke. And rarely did a newcomer pass through his hands without experiencing a decrease in his self conceit. It was a favorite trick to profess to be very deaf, and when at length the passenger had become weary and hoarse with shouting all through the eight miles' journey, to complain of the noise at the end of the trip. Surely never could a man assume a more benign and saintly expression than he while his heart was devising all kinds of mischief. Our driver is interesting mainly because he has made himself familiar with some of the Captain's doings. We take the main road which proves itself to be wider by many times than the regulation road with which we are familiar. This is "the gridiron," where the driver has the choice of perhaps a dozen pairs of ruts, each of which is so bad that he wishes he had taken the other, but for the certainty that in such a case he would wish that he had taken this one. As we leave behind us one after another of the mile stones that assure us of progress made, we are told that the Captain used to tell his inquisitive passengers that these were the burial places of Indian chiefs designated by numbers, and when finally "71" was reached, he remarked that this indicated a chief and his squaw. Soon we see the lights of the long straggling village, that crowns the bluff overlooking the ocean, and in a little we pass along "Broadway" to the cottage where friends await us with the warmest of welcomes. But I must defer the description of life in this hamlet until another issue. J. B.