

EVERYBODY SAFE YET.

COMMENTS FROM BOSTON UPON THE WAR MOVEMENT.

Boston's Great Free Public Library—What it Cost and How it Looks—What a Vial of Thanks of it—Some Reflections Upon the Rules and Regulations.

ALLSTON, Mass., May 23.—Still alive No Spanish bomb has yet disturbed our sleep or serenity, and we are daily gaining in confidence that our lives are not in the hands of the Spaniards, but within the embrace of Uncle Sam, while under his protection. There are many persons here who yet disbelieve that the Dutch have taken Holland, and there are many others who think that the American fleet has not conquered the Spanish Armada sent over here for our destruction, contrary to the belief of the large majority that the enemy has already been captured or all but so—for all of that opinion think alike, and I am among the number, that "if we can only get a good 'lick'" (excuse the colloquism) at them Spain will have nothing afterwards in the shape of a Navy. Talk of Spanish honour, where in does it lie? For this they went to war, and for this they become the laughing stock of the world, bankrupt as corrupt, mendacious as feeble—poverty stricken, and finally dishonored by the repudiation of her debts which she can never redeem. If honour consists in the sneaking conduct of her vessels in dodging her American antagonists, keeping out of the way and in disguise of her real intentions, instead of manfully meeting them and giving them battle, and standing by her Colonists in Cuba and helping them, then it is such an honor so doubtful that no proud nation would recognize it for a moment. Instead of showing courage they show cowardice.

It was just so in 1576, during the Commonwealth when England was at war with Spain. The British squadron under Admiral Blake, was kept in doubt for months as to the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet, which was dodging in and out of almost every European port wherever it could find shelter, or a covering from the eyes of the English. There was no steam at that time, no submarine cables or torpedo boats, or great guns capable of sending shells for half a dozen miles and more, and no ironclads capable of resisting the largest projectiles. Everything was plain sailing—the wind was the only dependence for speed and maneuvering. So that all nations were on equal footing in these respects. Success depended altogether upon good seamanship, courage and determination. England was always at home upon the sea, and she seldom came out of an action without flying colors. At length Blake located the enemy among the Islands of Madeira (still Spanish) and he lost no time in attacking him and destroying the whole, a most powerful squadron, consisting of 30 vessels, many of them of the largest size. But Blake lost heavily in men as well as the Spaniards did. Unlike the late battle of Manila the vessels fought at close quarters, not at long ranges, as in the late case, where the best marksman (on the American side) could do the most execution. The victory in the Dewey battle is not to be compared for brilliancy with that of Blake under Cromwell 300 years before. The hero of the fight died on his way to England with all his laurels thick about him and was buried in Westminster Abbey with the honors due to his wonderful achievements, but on the restoration of that scaps-grace Charles the 2nd on the death of Cromwell, the remains were disinterred and ignominiously scattered to the winds, or deposited in the most lonesome and dirtiest corner of London. The only great naval engagement that England has had of late years was the battle of Navarino off Greece against the Turks for Hellenic freedom and she conquered. Her Cretan attempts to bring the Russian fleet from behind the fortifications of Sebastopol, ended in no fight at all. No Anglo-Saxon blood as it exists in the veins of England and the United States could be prevented from boiling over in the presence of an enemy, however formidable. This sneaking from one port to another to evade contact with Admiral Sampson is most puny and contemptible. They might as well show up first as last. Putting off the evil day for a more favorable opportunity can only have one ending—death at last. However, before this reaches the eyes of PROGRESS' readers, the storm may be over.

Yesterday I paid a visit to the new Public Library, situated in Copley Square, opposite the late Bishop Brook's church. The name Copley Square, is derived from the fathers of Lord Lyndhurst, at one time Lord High Chancellor of England, who was born as tradition saith, on the site of this library building. Mr. Copley, the father, was an artist of the first merit and many of his portraits are to be seen upon the walls of some of the old Boston mansions. One of these works of art are in the residence of Douglas Haran, once the property of Hon. A. L. Hazan (of excellent memory.) The original of this portrait was a Mr. Murray, who resided in somewhat stately grandeur within the vicinity of Boston; but he was so English that he made himself obnoxious to the insurgents of 1776, and when the revolutionary fire began to burn furiously, Murray, being a marked man, was obliged one evening suddenly to vacate his premises, but only in time to escape with his life, for the mob rushed in immediately afterwards and when they found their intended victim had escaped their vengeance one of the mob thrust his bayonet into the painting, which may be seen to this day on the canvas. I have several times seen this stately portrait during the life time of E. L. Hazan. Mr. Copley, the artist, took up his residence in England, where his famous son, afterwards Lord Chancellor, gradually rose to distinction and finally became "the keeper of the king's conscience."

But to the library building. It is a vast structure of granite, occupying perhaps two acres of land, with a large court yard in the centre. It is a four sided structure, each of equal length, without any great architectural pretensions. The cost of construction and equipment is said to be between three and four millions of dollars. It seems to me that one half the amount would have been enough to provide for all the needs of the city in the way of a public library. The aim seemed to be to make as much as possible, a vast amount of empty space for visitors to lounge through, great broad staircases, running up three stories—(either by foot or elevator) the books are placed in rooms at the ends of the building, almost invisible unless a person knows exactly where they seem to be kept in hiding. But no stranger who did not already know, would suppose that the building was erected for the purposes of a library, but take it for granted that it was a public hall for people to promenade in, or find shelter in wet weather. At the entrance of the rooms devoted to the books, there is a label on each door which says "for readers only." Now as I was not a reader or intended to be, I had not courage to venture within these sacred precincts and perhaps be reminded that the place upon which I intruded was holy ground. I learned afterwards from a friend that the rooms were open alike to all but strict silence was expected. How much better then it would be to give us this in plain English and say "no conversation or talk is expected in this room." Then I should have gone in and perhaps counted the books. It may be all right and I may be all wrong, but I think if three quarters of the money laid out upon this vast pile of masonry were expended upon some of the streets of Boston there would not only be library enough, but a great improvement and benefit to those who have to bend their way to this classic and expensive spot. However if the people of Boston are satisfied I don't see why an outsider should say anything. G. E. F.

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Another Matter. Many persons oppose a spelling reform, so-called, on the ground that a simplified orthography would deprive the language of its richness by destroying the evidence of the derivation of words, and making the words themselves look cheap and undignified, so to speak, when printed. They are not without examples that seemed to bear them out in their contention. Jones—What a magnificent actor Salvini was, and how his name somehow seems to fit him! Mrs. Jones—Yes, but wouldn't it be an up-hill job for a woman to try to become famous with such a name as Salvini? Anticipating. Medkins—What would you say, sir, if I should tell you that I love your daughter? Mr. Casburn—Not a word, sir; not a word. Your audacity would simply hold me spellbound.—Philadelphia North American.

Teacher—What lesson do you gather from the foolish virgins who came to the marriage feast without any oil? Pupil—Pap says he reckons it was a little game of the Standard Oil Company.—Boston Transcript.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

THE HEALTH OF THEIR DAUGHTERS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY WATCHED.

Young Girls Susceptible to Troubles That May Result in Decline—Pale Faces, Headaches and Flabby Appetite the Symptoms of Early Decay.

Some months ago Maggie, the fifteen-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sweeney, of John Street, of this town began to fail both in health and spirits. Her face was almost as white as chalk, her appetite very fickle, and her limbs began to swell. Notwithstanding her growing weakness she persisted in attending school until one day her teacher advised her to go home, and not to return until she felt better. At the same time the teacher, who knew the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases, advised her to take them. The advice was followed and Mrs. Sweeney told our reporter that almost from the outset there was an improvement in her daughter's condition. Her appetite became better, the color returned to her face, and the severe headaches that had made her so miserable vanished, and she is now feeling better than she has done for many months.

It is quite evident that the young maiden was suffering from a lack of blood, as do so many young girls who are just at a critical point in life, and it is quite apparent that there is no other remedy the equal of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases. They enrich the blood, stimulate the nerves and build up the entire system, and mothers will act prudently if they insist upon their daughters taking an occasional box. We know from experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done great good in Orangeville and vicinity, and there is scarcely a day that our reporter does not come in contact with some one who has a good word to say for this wonderful medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

On Dangerous Ground. Dick—I am convinced now that the funny men are right when they say a woman can't understand a joke. Tom—Why, what's happened? Dick—I called on Mrs. Dartleigh—that sprightly little widow, you know—last night and just in a joking way proposed to her. Tom—Yes? Dick—Well, it looks now as if I will have to furnish a very elaborate diagram to get her to see 'through it.'—Cleveland Leader.

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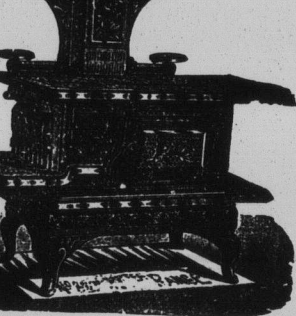
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