

gilt tops, unless as a personal adornment.

This town is a substantial fact, and so is the *Musée*, within whose would-be-antiquated walls I spent some very short hours. There's lots to be seen here, and, I guess I saw it all, took it all in, if you allow me such flippant speech. Botanized, after my own system, all these "May Flower" souvenirs. The old *Navee* itself is not the most conspicuous bit of lumber hereabouts; but the original (?) contents of the precious craft are numerically and unquestionably exhibited. Old Linæus himself would be puzzled as to the classification of all that is shown the credulous Pilgrim as belonging to the genus *May Flower*. I leave it to Linæus or Darwin, or some other of them, to assign the order and class of the specimen at the door, vulgarly called "Sentinel." Yes, there's a sentinel at the door of "Pilgrim Hall"—a most tangible, unpoetical figure, who chills your muse with his "Twenty-five cents sir!" Alas! for the all-pervadingness of the commonplace! The Pilgrims of 1620 could land on Plymouth Rock and appropriate the wide expanse of land and never think of the vulgar necessity of paying the price of it, but your pilgrim of to-day, even though he hails from Boston, don't cross the threshold of that *Musée*, don't look at John Carver's chair, nor on Wm. Brewster's, nor at any of the paraphernalia of Miles Standish; don't tip the cradle that stands between the two chairs, don't look into the goodly array of pots and kettles, without unpoetizing the whole thing with that vulgar "Quarter." However, this 25 cts. fact has its philosophical *raison d'être*. Go on with the pilgrimage!

To return to "first principles" I made a few inquiries about that cradle. It was occupied by one Peregrine White I learned, and remained an heir-boom among his descendants, for he lived and thrived, that Puritan bairn who was almost "rocked in a cradle *on the deep*." The last owner of this bit of domestic furniture was one John Winslow, at one time governor of Massachusetts. However, I shall not inflict upon you all the solemn thoughts suggested by this cradle.

Such a place as "Pilgrim Hall" should be visited when it is crowded; quite unlike some other shrines I'm thinking of, where solitude is an indispensable condition to the getting penetrated with the spirit of the place; but a crowd here is

the *sine qua non* of an enjoyable time; because one can indulge in certain emotions that betray themselves visibly, if not audibly round the corners of the eyes and mouth and nose, and not awaken the ghosts of those sturdy pioneers, some of whom look down on us from the chromos on the wall with such a look of complex significance, as says they knew something of the realism of life despite the pathetic droop of their peculiar hats, and the ascetic limpness of their collars. In fact: as I gazed up furtively at these "counterfeit presentments" of some of those elders (and juniors) at some of those women of high principles and high heels, I fancied I could trace a look that said they would smile their "second best smile" could they step down from the wall and "play their little hour" on this great world-stage again, those shades of two hundred years ago. Those matrons and maids as I glanced at them, made me feel slightly uncomfortable and I was glad we were not alone my friend and I. Said I to him drawing him gently (?) aside: don't you think taking it all in all, that some men and women find out too late how much they have cheated themselves in the game of life? now look on these pictures (on the wall), and on those (on the floor, perambulating pictures), don't you think Heaven has bestowed valor and ruggedness on some mortals and on others a genius for dancing? Said he to me: "Seems to me I have heard that before." The spirit of brotherly love deserted me, at these words, yet we both agreed not to fight, but to got out into the open air, where we two unworthy children of our grim forefathers (?) allowed the emotions compressed around the eyes and mouth full scope. There, under the grey sky, we breathed more freely, oh! how vociferously we breathed, my Alter Ego and I!—(he won't let me tell his name, because he has not the pleasure of a previous acquaintance.) They say "there's a relief for the too full heart, in tears" *we* can tell of this "Ready Relief" a good, sound laugh can bring to a too full face—and we relieved ourselves—then, bent our reverent steps towards the colossal statue of the "Stalwart Captain of Plymouth," the inconsistent Miles Standish. Inconsistent? well, if that's not the word, please suggest another for a man who bored even his best friend,