

is filled with American travellers, and but few of them know anything about their own country. Many of the idiots go abroad to study the French and German languages when they don't know anything about their own; neither do they know anything about the history of their country, and their ignorance is displayed when any questions are addressed to them on the subject." *America* is tempted to think that Mr. Washburn must have been singularly unfortunate in the class of Americans with whom he came in contact during his sojourn abroad, and that, if his observations of European institutions and people were equally unfortunate, he might far better have spent his vacation fishing for whitefish in the blue waters of Lake Michigan, or basking on the torrid shores of Lake Minnetonka. *America* believes that most Americans who go to Europe for purposes of pleasure return with their ideas broadened, at least in some directions:—

They may not go as sociologists or students, as specialists or the promoters of enterprises; but from the mingling with other people, and the seeing of other places they are bound to derive ideas which will eventually aid in benefiting their native country. Travel is the best eliminator of prejudice, and even the summer-garden tourist who does Paris in two days, and who is whirled from Inverness to the Rigi in a week, unless he be born an idiot, is bound to imbibe a certain amount of information—even though he does nothing more than look out of a railway carriage window—which will leave him more intelligent and liberal-minded. When he lands on the dock at New York, and is met by a swaggering boor, in a gold-lace cap, who turns his luggage up-side down and scatters it over the wharf in confusion, unless he breaks the laws of the country by offering him a \$5 bribe, he will unconsciously remember that he was subjected to no such treatment on landing at Liverpool. When he walks off the dock and sees a burly brute in a policeman's coat pouring forth a string of oaths while he mercilessly clubs an unfortunate victim, his mind will turn to the trim English "bobby" who, without club or revolver, without oath or rudeness, manages to control the traffic of the Strand. When he is assailed by a horde of hackmen in their shirt-sleeves, their mouths smeared with tobacco-juice, who demand \$5 to take him to his hotel, he will remember that on the other side he drove in a neat hansom cab the same distance for thirty-seven cents.

*America* is hard on its own country, but it is no doubt right in its main contention. There are of course all varieties of travellers, but the average American is keenly observant, while that mind must be singularly un-receptive indeed which can spend even a few weeks in visiting foreign countries, especially those of Great Britain and Europe, without divesting itself of some narrow conceits and prejudices, and imbibing some larger ideas. We believe, in fact, that this American craze for foreign travel, though it may lead to very ridiculous apings and assumptions on the part of some of the vulgar rich on their return, is, on the whole, doing much to tone down the less agreeable eccentricities of the American people, and to improve the national character. Nor should it be forgotten that a considerable and constantly increasing proportion of those who go abroad from the United States are the peers in education and intelligence of the citizens of any other country, and as fully prepared to profit by foreign travel.

THE pamphlet recently issued by Mr. Pedro Montt, the confidential Envoy to Washington of the Constitutional Government in Chili, is a clear and straightforward document, and seems to bear the impress of truthfulness. The account it gives of the Constitution of the Republic of Chili and its growth during the last fifty years is most interesting, and, if it may be relied on, reveals a degree of enlightenment at the present time which Chili to compare not unfavourably with even the most advanced of modern states. Education, we are told, is general and popular, and the Constitution has most wisely limited the universal suffrage it confers, by the condition that the citizen, in order to exercise the franchise, must be able to read and write. The story of the betrayal of trust, usurpation and tyranny of Balmaceda corresponds closely with what we have hitherto been led to believe were the facts, and it would seem, from other evidence than Mr. Montt's pamphlet, that the statements and news bulletins of the "Junta" during the struggle were at least comparatively truthful, while those issued by Balmaceda were characterized by nothing so much as by what the London *Spectator* calls their "enormous lying." The course of the Congressional leaders since their decisive victory seems to have been moderate and wise. So far as appears they have refrained from the vindictive vengeance which it was feared they might be tempted to wreak upon those who, from hope of gain or fear of consequences,

adhered to the cause of the fallen tyrant. The act of the Provisional Government, in assuming responsibility for the enormous debt incurred by Balmaceda, is one which, while it redounds to their credit and that of the nation, cannot fail to have a most reassuring effect abroad. The plan of campaign of the Congressional party, as now revealed by the event, seems to have been not only wisely conceived, but conducted with rare courage, skill and patience. In nothing were these qualities more strikingly manifest than in the manner in which the "Junta," who were at the head of affairs, bided their time, and refused to move until they had, by means of the revenues collected from the nitrate districts, which they held under the protection of their fleet, thoroughly equipped the small army they were able to raise with the most formidable implements of modern warfare, gatling guns, the terrible Mannlicher rifle (the new Austrian arm), light artillery, etc. Having waited, as the *Spectator* says, as "revolutionists have never waited," till all was in readiness, they transported their troops by sea to the south, landed them and marched straight to Valparaiso and victory. Read in the light now thrown upon it from various quarters, the story of the struggle is full of interest, and lovers of Constitutionalism and liberty the world over, while rejoicing in the overthrow of the treacherous would-be tyrant, will cordially hope that the brave little Republic has again entered upon a long career of peaceful progress.

### ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

The sea is the road of the bold,  
Frontier of the wheat-sown plains.

—R. W. Emerson.

THE south coast of Nova Scotia with its magnificent harbours, frowning headlands and dreaded reefs, over which the waves of the mighty Atlantic seethe and thunder, their hoarse voices crying of woe and wreck to the anxious waiting hearts of the fishermen's wives, is a strong contrast to the coast scenery of the Bay of Fundy on the opposite side of the Peninsula. Mighty Blomidon stands pre-eminent among the Bay headlands, which, though bold and rocky, are of a warm red colour, and the brown foam-flecked waves chant their own story of usefulness to the farmer. The great orchards and miles upon miles of lush-dyked marsh might readily belong to a country hundreds of miles from that other coast, with its granite rocks and clear green waves. On this lovely afternoon in the early fall, the farmers of Hants, Kings and Annapolis are busy harvesting their grain, now and again casting complacent glances toward their great orchards, heavily laden with apples, turning crimson and gold in the mellow sunshine. On the Atlantic coast, in the little town of Lunenburg, this same golden afternoon, the inhabitants are all alive with a common interest in their harvest—the harvest of the sea. Merchants and owners interested in the catch; mothers, wives, sisters and sweet-hearts interested in the welfare and safe return of loved ones, who have done business on the great waters all summer, near the dreary shores of Newfoundland and Labrador, for the herring fleet is coming in, to be followed in a week or two by the bankers. Every harbour and cove in this county has its little fleet of schooners engaged in the fishing of mackerel, herring and cod. Each vessel carries from eighteen to twenty men, and when the fleets are fitting out and returning, the population of the town of Lunenburg is increased by a thousand or more of these sturdy, sun-browned toilers of the sea. For a week or ten days the vessels have been straggling in by twos and threes and half dozens. On this bright afternoon a goodly number are in sight, staggering up from an under world through the faint horizon line between sea and sky, all sail set, flags flying, cheery heave ho's and snatches of song in German and English accompanying the sharp report of the swivel guns. But alas! must there always be a "rift within the lute"? The flags of one schooner are at half mast. A hush falls upon the waiting crowd, eyes are strained to catch the vessel's name, and when it is sadly spoken more than one face blanches with the terrible thought: "O God, is he mine?" In former years the number of lives lost in the fishing was appalling. The crews of many of the Gloucester and Cape Ann vessels were Nova Scotians, and disasters were more frequent among the Americans than in the taut homebuilt schooners. Latterly the increase of schooners and vessels engaged in foreign trade has given home employment to nearly all our seamen. But in spite of this, every year brings its own heartrending stories of men lost in the fog, or washed overboard in fierce gales, of overturned dories and vessels ground to pieces among the breakers on a rock-bound coast. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the thrilling story "The Madonna of the Tubs," tells the events of a year in a fisherman's home. The story has a happy ending, and those who are familiar with like scenes in our fishing villages rejoice as heartily as Rafe and his mother "in the breeze that has blown a man home." The other side of the picture has been presented with equal power and pathos by the late Thomas C. Garvie in the poem "Drowned." There are few families, indeed, in a fishing village who have not sad memories concerning those

Tangled in rigging and ropes,  
And fenced by the wreck of spar and the ruin of mast,  
Where the purple sea-plant gropes  
And wanders over their dead.

The history of Lunenburg county, rich in stirring incident, follows closely that of the famed Acadian counties of the Bay. The first date connected with Lunenburg town is 1630; it was then called Merliguesh, an Indian word meaning Milky Bay. September 12, 1745, a letter dated at Quebec and written to Count de Maurepas, gives the location and number of settlers at Mirligueche, among them one "Paul Guidry alias Grivois (jovial or jolly) a good coast pilot." Eight years after this date, and two years before, the Acadian troubles had culminated in the melancholy story of exile. Paul Guidry alias (jolly), "the good coast pilot," might have found profitable employment in bringing to Merliguesh and adjoining bays the vessels of the travel-worn German colony, who came under the protection of the British Government to settle this new land." The colonists numbered about one thousand four hundred and fifty, and came from homes in Wurtemberg, Saxony, and other parts of the Vaterland. The heads of families received fifty acres of land and ten additional for each child. The Government also provided them with materials and utensils for house-keeping, arms and ammunition, necessary at first for defence against their Indian foes and afterwards for protection from the privateers who swarmed off the coast during the American Revolution and the war of 1812. Every settlement of eight houses was entitled to a block-house, and all along the coast and on the islands the sites of these places of refuge are still shown. On the 30th of June, 1782, the town of Lunenburg was invaded by privateers who destroyed the batteries, burned and plundered houses, and carried off Colonel Creighton and five of his men prisoners. The merchants of Lunenburg again sustained heavy losses, in the war of 1812, by the capture of fishing schooners and vessels engaged in the West Indian trade. The numerous neighbouring coves and islands, especially those of Mahone Bay, were favourite resorts of pirates, and afforded a hiding place for their ill-gotten wealth. Tradition tells that the Anglicized Mahone was originally the French word Mahonne, meaning a Venetian boat. The pirate vessels were low and narrow and often propelled by long oars called "sweeps," giving them a strong resemblance to Venetian craft. Oak Island in Mahone Bay has become famous through the search for treasure, supposed to have been buried there by the world-renowned pirate, Captain Kidd. Nearly fifty years ago a man named McGinnis, in wandering about the island, saw a block on the branch of an Oak tree, and under it a luxuriant growth of red clover, which was not growing elsewhere on the island, proving that the ground had been disturbed. His curiosity was aroused and with several companions he began to dig; at the depth of ten feet they found a mark and a platform of oak plank, and at each successive ten feet a platform, until they had reached a depth of ninety feet. They were then obliged to desist by water coming into the pit. The work has been prosecuted from time to time by different companies. For a long time the mysterious influx of water baffled the workmen; it rose and fell with the tide, and they became convinced that there was a drain seaward. Search was made and the mouth of the drain uncovered; it was formed of large boulders placed small end down and the interstices filled with cocoanut fibre to prevent the sand from falling in. The last project was to build a coffer dam beyond the mouth of the drain, to keep out the tide; a steam-engine was employed to pump the water from the pits, and a large number of men laboured, often at the risk of their lives. The works are now abandoned and the stockholders are poorer if not wiser men. Bauckmanns Beach is now the grand rallying ground for treasure seekers visiting Lunenburg; the treasure found here is particularly valuable to the antiquary, and has been handed down to us from the stone age, in the shape of axes, chisels, and other implements of stone, and arrow heads of quartz flint and agate. The arrow heads are beautifully formed, and seem quite as fit for their deadly work as when handled by admiring braves in the long ago. This old-time axe factory at Bauckmanns Beach was probably one of the earliest industries of the land which is now our "Great Dominion." Many of the islands are noted for the tragic stories of murders committed by Indian foes and white friends. Every little cove and inlet of Mahone Bay has its settlement of well-built houses, trim gardens, and dazzling lime-washed fences. Even the familiar lime-wash here "suffers a sea change." The fishermen bring home the heads of codfish, which are boiled and the water used in mixing the lime, making it very smooth and so hard that a sharp knife has to be used to remove it. A cabbage plantation is an unfailing adjunct of these German homesteads. The owners still retain their national love of Sauerkraut. The cabbage-worm respects this prejudice and leaves their gardens undisturbed. Chester and Mahone, on the Bay, are important villages; Chester is becoming a summer resort for American tourists. Bridgewater, fourteen miles from the mouth of the beautiful La Have, is a flourishing town; the headquarters of the Nova Scotia Central Railroad are located here. The citizens are very wide awake and public-spirited, and have not hesitated in carrying out enterprises which are but matters for discussion in older and wealthier towns. Judge Mather B. Des Brisay, of Bridgewater, has written a history of the county full of interesting details of its early settlement, and to which the writer of this article is indebted for the story of the treasure seekers at Oak Island and the tradition of the Mahone. Judge Des Brisay is also the owner