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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

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EVANGELINE.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Sept. 16th, 1883.					
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 81	59	70	Mon. 71	50	60
Tues. 81	62	71	Tues. 72	54	63
Wed. 82	62	71	Wed. 73	54	63
Thur. 86	58	66	Thur. 79	62	70
Fri. 78	61	69	Fri. 78	64	71
Sat. 76	61	71	Sat. 78	64	71
Sun. 79	65	72	Sun. 73	51	62

CONTENTS.

- ILLUSTRATIONS.—Evangeline—Bombardment of Tamatave, Madagascar—The Captive—The Approaching Storm—The Watcher of the Beach—"Maid of the Mist" in the Niagara Whirlpool—Opening of the Boston Exhibition—The New *La Patrie* Building—H. Beaugrand, Proprietor—Admiral Pierre.
- LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—The Count de Chambord—The Foreign Exhibition at Boston—*La Patrie*—A Dinner with Washington—Baby Mulaney's Mission—Turgeneff and Conscience—Foot Notes—Varieties—What the Swallows Said—An Island Home—The Baby Mysteries—Votaries of Vanity—Miscellany—Sooter or Latter—The C. T. His Story—Echoes from London—The Fading Flowers—Rhyne—Echoes from Paris—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 22, 1883.

THE WEEK.

It is terrible to think that the Greeley Party are destined to die of hunger owing to the loss of the *Proteus* relief ship.

MR. GLADSTONE is making a short tour on the Continent for the recuperation of his health. He requires a renewal of strength to meet an increasingly embarrassing situation.

It is believed that the disorders in Croatia, are but the pioneers of a projected South Slavonian agitation against the Austrian Empire. An Agram despatch reports continued skirmishing between the military and peasantry on the southern frontier. All is quiet in the Zagorien district. The Croatian railroad laborers engaged in a riot. Sixteen were arrested.

THERE came near being a terrible accident at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, one of the little boats plying between there and Quebec having struck a rock and been on the point of capsizing. It is a wonder that disasters have not happened already, and a gentleman, resident at Quebec, has made the pertinent remark that he regarded this fact as the greatest miracle performed at Ste. Anne.

A LARGELY attended meeting of Civil Servants was held in the Tower Room of the House of Commons on Saturday, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means to oppose the paying of income tax which had been proposed by the city. After discussing the subject at some length, it was unanimously agreed to form a committee, and give the same full power to engage the best counsel so as to test the legality of the action of the city. The question is a nice one and should be settled once for all.

LORD DERBY has forwarded a despatch to the Australian Governments stating that the Imperial authorities depreciate the proposed annexation of the Pacific Islands to the Australian Colonies. He cites the case of the Samoan Islands where the British, American and German Consuls have sometimes exercised their influence collectively or separately, and says the Governments of Great Britain and Germany have made treaties with Samoa which therefore forms a different State, and its annexation to Australia might lead to a violation of international law. We may opine that this judgment will not be

viewed with much favor in Australia, where the argument will not appear as particularly strong.

AMONG the questions discussed at the preliminary conference of prelates of the Catholic Church, held at Baltimore, were Church discipline and education. Under the former head it is said that the Pope will make important changes, noticeably that of forbidding priests from engaging in banking business. This action is claimed to have been necessitated by the failures of Bishop Purcell and the Augustinian Fathers in Massachusetts. It is supposed the Pope will decide that no priest in charge of a church can be removed against his will without the consent of a committee of bishops. One of the chief topics discussed was the extension of the canon law to the entire North American continent. Catholic education will claim a large share of attention of the plenary council, as well as the subject of requiring an annual financial report from each pastor.

A MEMORY OF

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

BY LADY MARY ALICE SEYMOUR.

While the good old Count de Chambord lies silent and still in the sleep of death before the altar in the little mortuary chapel of Frohsdorf, funeral tapers casting their faint gleam upon the beautiful, noble face, memory goes back to the golden September day I first saw him.

It was at the beautiful summer home, "Villa To-cana," of his niece, Maria Immacolata, Archduchess of Austria and Princess of Naples. All the afternoon I had wandered along the shore of Lake Graunden in attendance upon the little Archduchess Caroline and Archduke Albert. We had gathered wild flowers innumerable, mosses and pinky white flint pebbles, playthings a thousand times more valuable to these little imperial highnesses than their splendid gifts and jewelled toys. Best of all we had secured a tortoise, a real live "mudturtle," and a few tiny crabs, whose crawling propensities exercised all the little archduke's ingenuity to keep within the covered basket to which we had consigned them. Laden with our spoils of field and flood, we turned homeward as the rose-light of the A'pengluken fell upon the rock walls of the great Traustein—the "Sleeping Turk," the mountain has been called, but its outline is so like the profiles of the Bourbon princes that it ought to be named the slumbering King of France—hunting horns of the huntsmen in the Hochwald and imperial hunting-grounds were heard in the far distance, and the chapel bells, from the convent church at Traunkirchen, were softly ringing the Angelus. Down we knelt and repeated the beautiful angel-greeting; princes on the roadside, peasants in the harvest field, all knelt as the bells echoed over the still waters at eventide.

A carriage on the highway had also stopped, the coachman and lackey in the imperial crimson livery of the Toscana family, with uncovered heads and reverent attitudes, awaited the last peal from the bells. "Here comes papa," said the young archduke, as the horses dashed toward us, and the next moment were reined in until they stood upon their haunches. The coachman had suddenly recognized the imperial children. "Mais c'est l'oncle, le Roi!" exclaimed the archduchess, throwing down her flowers and holding out her arms toward the carriage, which contained Francis II., King of Naples (le roi en exil) and the legitimate King of France—the handsome old Count de Chambord, but not the archducal papa.

Tugging at his hat with one hand, and vainly holding the lid of the crab basket down with the other, my little archduke felt himself in a horrible dilemma until I managed to relieve him of both, so that he could run forward to the carriage and spring into the arms of his uncles. "Would he ride to the villa with them?"

"No," he declined, because then "there would be no one to walk home with Lady—and Caroline."

Ah, these little Bourbon-Hapsburgs are the most courtly little princes in the world, as polite as little American boys used to be at the Court of Lady Washington.

The "lady-in-waiting" sank down in the court reverence accorded to royalty, and gazed long into the pale, aristocratic face of the French king, then the carriage passed on, and we turned into a woodland path which led us directly into the grounds of the villa.

A grand dinner was given that night, but the children and their attendants were not to be present until after the guests had returned to the salon. Monseigneur l'Abbé came down the grand stairway in all the splendor of his purple sash, routhane and red slippers, then we knew that he would dine with the guests and—

"And shall we have no prayers to night," said little Archduchess Caroline, hurrying to Monseigneur.

"Senza dubbio Archiduchessa!" said the priest, taking the flowers the little princess offered him, then pointing to the chapel he told us the Count de Chambord had arrived, and was already in the chapel; family prayer would be

an hour earlier than usual. A few moments to arrange our toilette and put on the veil we always wore in the private chapel, and we took our place behind the little Archduchess. A more devout Catholic and true-hearted Christian than the Count de Chambord is rarely found. He remained two days at the villa, and never failed to be present at early mass and the evening family prayer. The days we passed with us were devoted to hunting parties. Early in the morning before any one else was up in the villa, the Count would walk on the balcony overlooking the lake, and he was the first to follow Monseigneur into the chapel, and one morning, with his nephew Prince Leopold, he served at the altar. Every moment he could spare from the state apartments or social duty as guest, he spent with the children, in their play-room admiring their toys or listening to their adventures met with in woodland walks, tossing the baby archduchess in his arms, telling the youngest children merry little stories, and giving the older princes kindly counsel and advice. Affable and courteous to their attendants he won the love and devotion of every member of the household.

His voice was low and musically sweet, his eyes had all the depth and fascination of those royal Bourbons, his ancestors, to whose will the fairest and noblest of women had yielded. His mouth showed weakness, effeminacy perhaps, but it spoke very kind things, and one could not help loving the gentle, aristocratic old nobleman with his courtly ways, his exquisite hand, and princely figure bending down to clasp the children to his heart, or humbly kneeling at the altar daily imploring heavenly guidance.

It was a stormy September morning when he left us. The carriages were at the door just as the yearly mass had been said. The household servants stood in the vestibule before the chapel, as the imperial royal family and their attendants came out. The count took leave of each lady-in-waiting in turn, whispering to each the simple words: "Fiez pour moi," and then, cupping the children to his heart, he turned with tearful eyes toward the Archduchess Immacolata, who with the archduke led him to the carriage. He waved his hand toward us as the horses sprang forward, "E viva il Roi!" "Le roi de France!"

"Ach! ware er nur Konig!" were words whispered by different members of the household, but the only English voice there softly said: "God bless him, and in His own good time lead him to the only crown worthy a gentle, unworldly, childlike nature like his, even the crown immortal."

OCTAVIA HENSEL.

THE FOREIGN EXHIBITION AT BOSTON.

The foreign exhibition of arts, products and manufactures, held in the large exhibition buildings of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, in Boston, was formally opened on the 3rd inst., the centennial anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Paris, securing peace between the United States and Great Britain. Some 20,000 persons were present on the occasion, including many prominent local officials and representatives of foreign Governments. The opening address was made by Mr. N. J. Bradley, Chairman of the Executive Committee, who was followed by John Jay, Charles Francis Adams, jr., Secretary Chandler, Lieutenant-Governor Ames, Marshal P. Wildes, and others. Jobbe Duval, Vice President of the Paris Municipal Council, spoke in French; Eurlie Haas, the Commissioner from Germany, in his native language; and Mgr. Capel made an eloquent address in English, in which he alluded to the fraternal spirit spreading among the nations for the country and the faith which he represented. He was heartily applauded. Mr. Hood Goe, Commissioner from Japan; Loo Wen Shih, from China, and M. Labarriere, of Panama, spoke in their native tongues, acknowledging their obligations to Boston for the invitation to participate in the exhibition. M. Caubert, of Paris; Mr. Katzman, from Austria, and Mr. Carter, Hawaiian Commissioner, spoke in the same vein.

The Exhibition, while still in an imperfect state, promises to be in every way a conspicuous success. The exhibits in the west end, where the opening exercises were held, are in better shape than in other parts of the building. They are arranged by nations, national colors being prettily displayed in front of each country's exhibit. Brazil, Japan, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Hungary, Algiers, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Denmark, Russia, Persia, Turkey, Siam, Cuba, Tunis and Hawaii are the countries represented in the West Hall. The display consists largely of fabrics, especially carpets, porcelain and pottery. The Japanese exhibit is especially fine. Between the two halls is the Art Gallery, which contains a fine collection of pictures. Among the portraits is one of the Princess Louise, painted by herself, and in the gallery devoted to water colors are several drawings by the same hand. Among the statuary in the gallery is a fine marble bust of King Humbert of Italy, contributed by him and presented to the United States. In the western Art Gallery is the collection of ancient tapestry and paintings of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The collection of Gobelins is really wonderful. There are also ancient statuary and two sarcophagi from ancient Etruria, said to be about 2,500 years old. Among the

paintings here shown are a portrait of Salvator Rosa, by himself; Virgin and Child, by Leonardo da Vinci, and some pictures by Correggio, Tintoretto, Albert Durer and Rembrandt. Altogether, the Art Gallery will be a point of great attraction.

A little east of the Art Gallery there is an interesting exhibit made by the Panama Canal Company on behalf of the United States of Columbia. This comprises, among other things, topographical maps of the canal, a square map, giving in relief the mountains, rivers, water-courses, etc.; drawings and plans of dredges, excavators, etc.; specimens of vegetation, soil of the country, etc.; specimens of coral formation found at the bottom of the present digging, which, though now hard, is said to be easily dug up, being in its natural bed quite soft.

LA PATRIE.

La Patrie was founded in February, 1879, to take the place of *Le National*, which had just suspended publication. Commencing with a very modest-sized sheet, it was soon enlarged to its present size, and it has ever since its foundation prospered very rapidly. It now occupies the building Nos. 31, 33 and 35 St. Gabriel street. The first and second floors of the building are used for business, editorial and reportorial offices; the third floor is occupied by the compositors, and the top story forms a public hall capable of seating between 400 or 500 persons. A two-story building in the rear is used as press-rooms, both for newspaper and job work. The whole establishment forms one of the most complete and best arranged printing offices in the city. *La Patrie* was founded by Mr. H. Beaugrand, who is the sole proprietor of the paper and one of its principal writers.

Mr. Beaugrand was born in Lanoraie, 36 miles below Montreal, in the year 1848, and was educated at Joliette College. When still a very young man, he went to Mexico to join the French army, and served two years under the unfortunate Maximilian. After having visited Europe, in 1867, he returned to the United States and devoted himself to journalism. After having served on the staff of various American newspapers he returned to Canada in 1878, and commenced the publication of *La Patrie* on the 24th of February, 1879.

La Patrie has attained a very large and influential circulation, being the organ of the French Liberals in the Province of Quebec, and it counts among its regular contributors some of the best French writers of the Province.

We are happy to note the evident prosperity of our *confrere* and to chronicle the rapid strides which the French press of the Province has made of late years. Mr. Beaugrand, beside his pecuniary success, has received other and higher rewards for his labors in the cause of literature and journalism. He was lately made recipient of the Academic Palm of France—a rare distinction—and to celebrate that event his numerous friends tendered him a sumptuous banquet a couple of weeks ago.

TURGENEFF AND CONSCIENCE.

The death of Turgeneff has profoundly moved a considerable division of the lovers of good books. He was assuredly one of the great writers of his period, and losses of that nature can never be made whole. He was a consummate literary artist, master of description, and an infallible judge of character, possessed of the true story-telling faculty and of a perfect style; but he was something more than this and had attributes beyond these. He was a moral and political reformer who held his powers in trust, not for the making of individual fame, but for his country's good. Probably no man ever lived who had less desire for or belief in earthly fame than Turgeneff. The sense of hopelessness of which this is an indication was, in fact, the blemish in his character. Without morbidness, he was still a gloomy and despondent genius who hoped against hope, and while yearning and praying for man's happiness had no true belief in it. This tendency has prejudiced readers of the buoyant kind against his novels. Certainly, they are sad books, and though they may be no more sad than the life which they portray it can be understood how they may reel the sanguine and the joyous,—those who believe in existence and who have no use for the novel that does not "end happily."

With this hopeless bias of mind, however, Turgeneff was full of love for his fellows. He was by no means a pessimist of the Schopenhauer type; he was without faith, but he had an endless pity; the woes of humanity moved him to the core; he saw no way out of the maze, but he never ceased to rage against the cruel environment. And he in fact did an enormous work, although his ideals were too high to allow him to judge of or to acknowledge its extent. It may be claimed for him that he was the mover in the Russian revolution which, unless all signs fail, is not to cease until the people of that country establish a free representative government. Without doubt, too, his "Journal of a Sportsman" led the way to the emancipation of the serfs. Yet Turgeneff himself denied the effect of labors which the world at large has been prompt to acknowledge.

As a novelist, he must be classed with the realists, although he was not committed extremely to the analytical method. His portraiture of nature was exact, whether as related to persons or things. He was always picturesque, because

he not only drew from the life, but had the artist's instinct of selection, through which he knew the combinations of natural effects most likely to emphasize his point. We cannot pretend to speak of these great novels in detail, nor does it seem necessary; they are as familiar to all persons of cultivation as the books of George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Thackeray, or any of Turgeneff's strongest contemporaries. And they are fairly to be ranked with the works of these masters.

A very different type of writer was Henri Conscience, the Flemish author, who died within a week of the Russian novelist. Conscience was a foremost example of the romantic school in fiction. His earliest books have much the same kind of flavor as the "Waverley" novels; nor did he in middle and later life lose any of the enthusiasm of youth. He was one of the most prolific authors on record, the number of his books exceeding one hundred; but the buoyancy of this whole list of writings knows no break. He had intense sorrows and sufferings, notably in the simultaneous deaths of a son and daughter to whom he was intensely devoted, and in grievous pain through cancer, to which he was a martyr in the last years of his life; but his sweetness of temper and elevation of spirit never knew change. It was a career to be remembered,—possibly the life may be called finer than the books; but the best of Conscience's novels are masterly in their way and have become standard works in Belgium. It is somewhat surprising that so little comparatively is known of him in English. He has been widely translated into French and other European languages, and it might be thought that our people, who relish the works of Auerbach, whom Conscience strikingly resembles in his devotion to country life and rural character, would long since have made a closer acquaintance with the author of "The Cousin" and "Golden Adel." Perhaps this more intimate knowledge may yet come, for it will be long before the tide of time sweeps out of memory these pure and elevated books.

BABY MULANEY'S MISSION.

The Mulaneys commenced with a battered-up old grandfather who possessed a disastrous talent for getting into trouble and staying there, and ended with a crumb of a baby whose name had been twisted by some inconceivable process from John Patrick Michael into Tim. He was such a skimpy baby that nature must have patched him up out of the cuttings and scrapings of luckier patterns, and falling short of sight, had made it up to him in gloriously big slate-gray eyes that, like the stone gods of Israel, "opened wide but could not see."

There was a widow and some odds and ends of children wedged in between the two, and all lived together in a stuffy little house that was as like as peas to the mob of other stuffy houses that disgraced both sides of the street—only it wasn't a street, after all, but an alley, choked up with want and flavored with babies; with a red lamp swung out at one corner where the beer-shop stood, and a dismal little Indian upholding with its one foot (the other might have been in its grave for all Slum Alley knew or bothered) the cigar-store interests at the other.

Grandfather Mulaney owned a cow that came as near his ideal as any cow could that gave milk instead of whiskey, and he divided his time impartially between it and those patriotic meetings the Alleyites devoted to poor Ireland and worse potene. Then there was a pig—two pigs—tucked under the woodshed, that squealed and scuttled and grunted, and a straddling rooster that cackled, regardless of sex, and a cat that mewled, and a dog that whined—and then, by way of rivalry, the odds and ends of Mulaneys, who squealed and shuffled and cackled and whined worse than them all put together.

Mother Mulaney was one of those misery-ridden widows the world knows by heart—a woman who laundried her life away with all the odds and ends tugging at her garters—all save Kitty, who even resented the figurative apron-strings now that she had asserted her superiority to them by standing in a store up-town.

Pretty Kitty! Her eyes were Irish blue, her hair was Irish black, her heart—but all Slum Alley stoutly denied that Kate Mulaney had one. She was tall and straight as a poplar sapling, was Kitty, and she had a trick of lifting her eyebrows at her neighbors, which was rather superb, but pretty conclusive evidence that the diagnosis of Slum Alley was correct.

How she had managed to grow up under such cramped circumstances, or how the beauty her mother had left behind her in the peat bogs of Ireland along with her youth had found such a glorious resurrection in her face, never puzzled the brain of Miss Kitty Mulaney—she was tall, and there were the Irish eyes and the clouds of black hair tantalizing her from the cracked bit mirror day after day, till her vanity bled at the idea of wasting so much sweetness on two old people and a gang of noisy cubs—for there was enough of Grandfather Mulaney's blood rioting through her veins to warrant that young person in calling a spade a spade.

It was no crime, surely, to rebel against the fate that had cast her among them like a jewel in a dust heap, but if it had been rankest treason Miss Mulaney would have gone on rebelling all the same. Slum Alley was good enough, perhaps, for her moldy old grandfather and those who knuckle-bones of children, but fate should have remembered that she was Kitty Mulaney,

and cut her cloth accordingly. She loved her mother, of course, but deep down in her heart (for she really had one, though it was so cramped and stifled under its heaps of vanity and ruinous pride that Slum Alley might well be forgiven its doubts) she knew she was ashamed of the toil-stained face and naked brogue, and she never meant to forgive her father for dying as poor as he did.

Those other girls at the shop could have their evenings to themselves, with a trip now and then to the theatre, and friends they were not ashamed to own, while she—she—must trudge home to bare floors and sud-stained walls, to coarse fare heaped on cloudy dishes, with the odds and ends squealing and scuffling about her while she ate it, and Baby Tim actually squirming up in her lap from under the table to coil his wizen little arms around her dainty waist.

She was tired, of course, and there was little exhilaration in kissing a scrap of a face that was brown with freckles, black with dirt and generally blue with bruises—so Miss Mulaney never did it—and the child, whose love for his eldest sister, like the brilliant red flower of the cactus, was the one passion of his thorny little life, would accept his defeat with something shining in his sightless eyes that ought to have brought tears to her own, and go scuttling about the floor squealing worse than ever. It counted for little that the sud-stains meant so much of her mother's strength, or that the odds and ends ranked her next to the smoky little Virgin on the mantel; she only knew that she was spending her youth with neither pleasure nor profit, that Tim's adoration was the torment of her life, and that Grandfather Mulaney's playing fast and loose with the proprietor of the red lamp at one corner of the Alley and the savage at the other, getting his drinks and smoke free and welcome in change for the hopes, so lavishly given in pay, was nearly driving her frantic, as if she would ever, ever—

"Av coorse not, jewil," chuckled the dilapidated old villain; "sure, it's choosin' twixt the byes would spile me intirely."

That ended everything. For years she had been plotting and planning to get rid of it all, the poverty and dirt and disgrace of Slum Alley, and now her grandfather had opened a way with a wide gate and an easy road, and so Kitty stalked off dead-white with rage and engaged board with her friend, the Lace Counter, a big, showy girl with black eyes and yellow hair, whose mother let lodgings in a shabby-genteel house up-town.

"Of course I didn't want to leave you, mother," Kitty managed to explain, and she had the grace to lower her eyes as she did it, "but madam complains so of the distance."

It was a comforting falsehood, for the faded blue in the poor creature's eyes leaped into sudden, smiling life.

"Yis, darlint, an' it's wrong yez are intirely. Sez I to yez grandfather the mornin' Kitty Mulaney's niver the gurrel to forsake the mother that borned her, sez I, an' sure it's home the child will be after comin' the Saturday noights to kape the babby from frettin', Mr. Mulaney; moind that, sez I."

"Yes, certainly—but indeed, mother, you should not let Tim go on so," with an impatient shove that freed her ruffles from his baby clasp. "I can't come in the house but what he sticks to me like a burr—selfish little ruffian!"

Tim accepted his usual rebuke with solemn eyes and quivering lips till Miss Mulaney had given her mother a gingerly kiss and each of the odds and ends its sparse duplicate; then sidling up to her departing skirts, clutched them recklessly and said, with a wheedling ring in his baby voice:

"Kitty, does yez want Tim's 'ittle pig?"

Heavens, no! Miss Mulaney had seen quite enough of pigs to last her a lifetime; so shaking the dust of Slum Alley from her dainty feet, she went away to commence a new life in a cuddy under the eaves of a house that boasted of a barn, of a parlor strung around with cheap art in tarnished frames, cheap carpets, cheap chairs and a time-blurred glass over the mantel—cheap, yes, but it meant Oriental elegance to the pleasure-cheated girl, and so for a month or more she sold gloves and matched ribbons with a self approving smile.

In the meantime something had happened. It is not often that Fate drives to the door of impoverished beauty behind two cloud-gray horses with long drab tails; but romantic things do happen sometimes, even outside of story-books, and so, when Dr. Jones stepped in the shabby-genteel house to feel a sick lodger's pulse, and stepping out again stepped right into the brilliant focus of two Irish blue eyes shining in the doorway, Fate stepped in herself and managed the rest after the most approved of modern fashions that begins with the orthodox introduction and winds up with a ring.

Then some remorseful memory startled the girl's conscience, and nerved her to a dutiful visit home, and the way had never seemed so long nor the place so shameless as that Summer evening, after reveling in the respectability of a life up-town.

Grandfather Mulaney was suffering from the effects of an understanding between the two corners; the children were laid up—or down, rather, on flabby pallets—with the numps, and in the middle of it all—the miserable poverty and dirt—there sat Mother Mulaney, with Baby Tim stretched like a burning coal across her tired lap.

"Shpake low, mavourneen," whispered the poor creature, wiping the tears from her face

with a forlornness that went to Kitty's heart—and staid there. "Oh, but it's the favor that's scorehin' his wee arrums! Do ye look at thim—an' he always as fat as a mole; sure it's cryin' he's been after yez; that bad, the docthor said I'd best send yer a message, but I moinded yez promised to come, an' yez dead broke me heart along wid yer own word—there, hist now, Tim, darlint; do yez be slapin' not to know she's home at last to stay!"

"Don't wake him, mother," she cried, hastily and remorsefully as well; "and it will be quite impossible for me to stay to-night; indeed—I—" she could not plead so trifling an excuse as an expected visit from the hero her mother had never heard of; so, emptying quite half of the silver coins from her purse into her hand, went on, hurriedly: "But I will come to-morrow, indeed; and here, mother, you will need this for the doctor."

"Shure, it's the comfort yez are when yez do come, mavourneen; but the docthor, St. Patrick's blessin' he wid him, he won't take a red cent from the likes of me, a poor widdy woman with her arrums full o' trouble, but I'll kape it for the murther the children do be takin' all around; wirra, to look at thim, with bumps as big as petaties; an' how daft the babby will be when he finds you've been and left him."

"But I will come to-morrow, indeed," she insisted, as she rose from her knees beside the unconscious child, "and see, I'll put this bright, new penny in his hand to keep him company until I come; and, mother—"

She tried to fashion some plea for deserting them all, but it stuck crosswise in her throat; so, kissing her mother's quivering lips, and allowing the odds and ends to worship her to their hearts' content for five delightful minutes, went home quietly, at last, carrying a sore conscience with her to her caddy under the eaves. Yes, it was cruel to leave her mother in her hour of need; it was worse than cruel to stay away from Baby Tim; but what if she should catch that dreadful fever, and it should feed upon her beauty like a worm that eats up the blush of a rose

No, Miss Mulaney could not afford to bankrupt her future, even for Baby Tim!

If only she could keep him out of her mind! She hated ugly children, and Tim's small, wan face, capped with whitish hair, was not lovable to think of; but there it staid, between her and the trees, between her and the shop windows, between her and the glass, while she dressed for the evening—even between her lover and herself, as they chatted in the twilight of the dingy parlor she had chosen to make her home.

She had never been so fond of the child, she told herself, as she sat there—but what would he think of them all, from Grandfather Mulaney down—he with his pride and grand manners—all the weakness in the girl's heart rebelled at the confession of her part and parcel in Slum Alley and the old life. She could not tell him, and she would not.

And then a woman's shabby outline darkened the doorway—a woman with sobs in her voice and a naked brogue on her tongue—and the woman was Mother Mulaney!

"Docthor! It's me little bye that's dyin' an' me a thraipsin to yer office when the gurrel av yez sint me here. Praise the howly Patrick, I've found yez!"

At the first word the girl crouched behind the avalanche of soiled lace that tumbled over the window, and remained there till both voices were lost in the sounds of the night. Dying, and she had let her mother go without a word! The twilight blackened, and Kitty Mulaney, crouched behind the curtain, fought as hard a battle as he fights who wins a fortune for his pains. Every unkind word she had ever given the child out and stung her as only remorse knows how to cut and sting, and now he might be dying even.

The fear of that carried her out of the house, down the streets, through courts and over crossings, till it brought her, panting, at last to Slum Alley and the home that, God helping her, she never again would leave.

And when she saw it lying there, a tiny white thing, with a bright, new penny between the fingers that lay like white blossoms on its heart, perhaps Baby Mulaney, looking down upon her from an unknown Somewhere, called upon her Master to witness that he had not died in vain.

And the doctor! Why, what could he do but forgive her weakness in the name of—Baby Mulaney!

FOOT NOTES.

THERE is mischief intended to be made at the expense of the Lords, as a document is in course of preparation, which will give a return of the Bills passed by the Commons and thrown out by the Lords, and vice versa. Of course, the first division will be the largest, inasmuch as more measures begin their career in the Lower House than in the Upper. It will not be honestly said till what time of the year the Lords had to wait for the Bills the Commons had kept in their House haggling over and tinkering.

THE London *Lancet* in a late number calls attention to the necessity of guarding against overwork in the education of children, and declares that no growing child should be kept longer than half, or, at most, three-quarters of an hour at one task, or even in the same description of work. This is about as long as the attention of young children can be steadily directed to one and the same subject. A teacher who can fix and hold their attention for such a length of time may well be satisfied. To persist

in his efforts after their attention begins to flag has a tendency to weaken the faculty rather than to strengthen it. The pupils should be allowed to find relief in some other study.

SEX IN WORK.—With that charming inconsequence which distinguishes so much reasoning upon this general subject, some stalwart defender of "the natural sphere of woman" may perhaps conclude that an employment which is of no sex is not "womanly" or "feminine." He is a little late. George Herbert's familiar line disposes of the matter:

"Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

Or the old adage, what man has done man may do, may be paraphrased, what woman can do woman may do. Exceptional acts, like Mrs. Patton's steering the ship, will be infrequent. But all the employments developed by modern invention and by the greater perfection of machinery will be more and more open to women, not, however, as women, but as skilled and diligent laborers.

DURING the forthcoming international exhibition to be held at Nice, M. Tosselli will exhibit a submarine observatory of which the following description is given in *Engineering*: "It is made of steel and bronze to enable it to resist the pressure of water at a depth of one hundred and twenty metres,—nearly one hundred pounds to the square inch. The vessel is divided into three compartments, the upper for the commander, to enable him to direct the observatory and give explanations to the passengers, who to the number of eight occupy the middle compartment. They have under their feet a glass plate enabling them to see the bottom, with its corals, fishes, grass, etc. The third compartment contains the buoyant chamber, and can be regulated at will. As the sea is dark at the depth of seventy metres, the observatory is to be lighted by electricity, and a telephone communicates with the surface."

VARIETIES.

IN Charlotte Brontë's own town no public monument of any kind has been reared to her memory. A small brass plate set in the pavement of Haworth Church (which it appears was the gift of a stranger) alone commemorates in that town the existence of the gifted woman who lived and wrote and made her fame in the narrow limits of Haworth parsonage. The wealth of the district suffices to put up countless Methodist chapels, but not to erect a monument to her who has made Haworth famous, and has turned this village among the Yorkshire hills into a pilgrim shrine to be sought by all lovers of English literature from both sides of the sea.

NOTICE of civil marriage has just been announced in Dresden between Madame Sembrich, of the Royal Italian Opera, and Professor Wilhelm Stenzel. The circumstances are rather romantic. Madame Sembrich was a poor Gallician girl, earning about four shillings a day by teaching violin playing, when she was sent by a patron of music to the Conservatoire of Lemberg to study under Stenzel, who was a pupil of Chopin. Stenzel befriended the young girl, and at his own expense sent her to Vienna to study the piano under Epstein and Liszt, and subsequently to Milan, to study singing under Lamperte. Madame Sembrich has now become a great prima donna, and has returned the kindness of her benefactor by marrying him.

A RECENT observation of the sun showed that his golden face is disfigured at present by three huge spots, one in the southern and two in the northern hemisphere. The largest spot covered a space of at least a twentieth of the sun's diameter, which translated into figures is about forty-four thousand miles. Imagination fails to give an idea of a huge cavity or raging cyclone on such a gigantic scale. The earth could be tossed into the seething vortex like a ball into a pond. The four inner planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars, transfused into one mass, would not half fill the chasm, if its depth be in proportion to its external dimensions. Even the giant Neptune, the third planet in size of the solar family, measured side by side with enormous sun cavern, would not equal its diameter by thousands of miles. Immense as was the size of this sun spot, it has been greatly exceeded by several that have been observed during the past year. The second spot was nearly as large as the first, and the third was by no means insignificant.

Wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Patients
Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women. People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

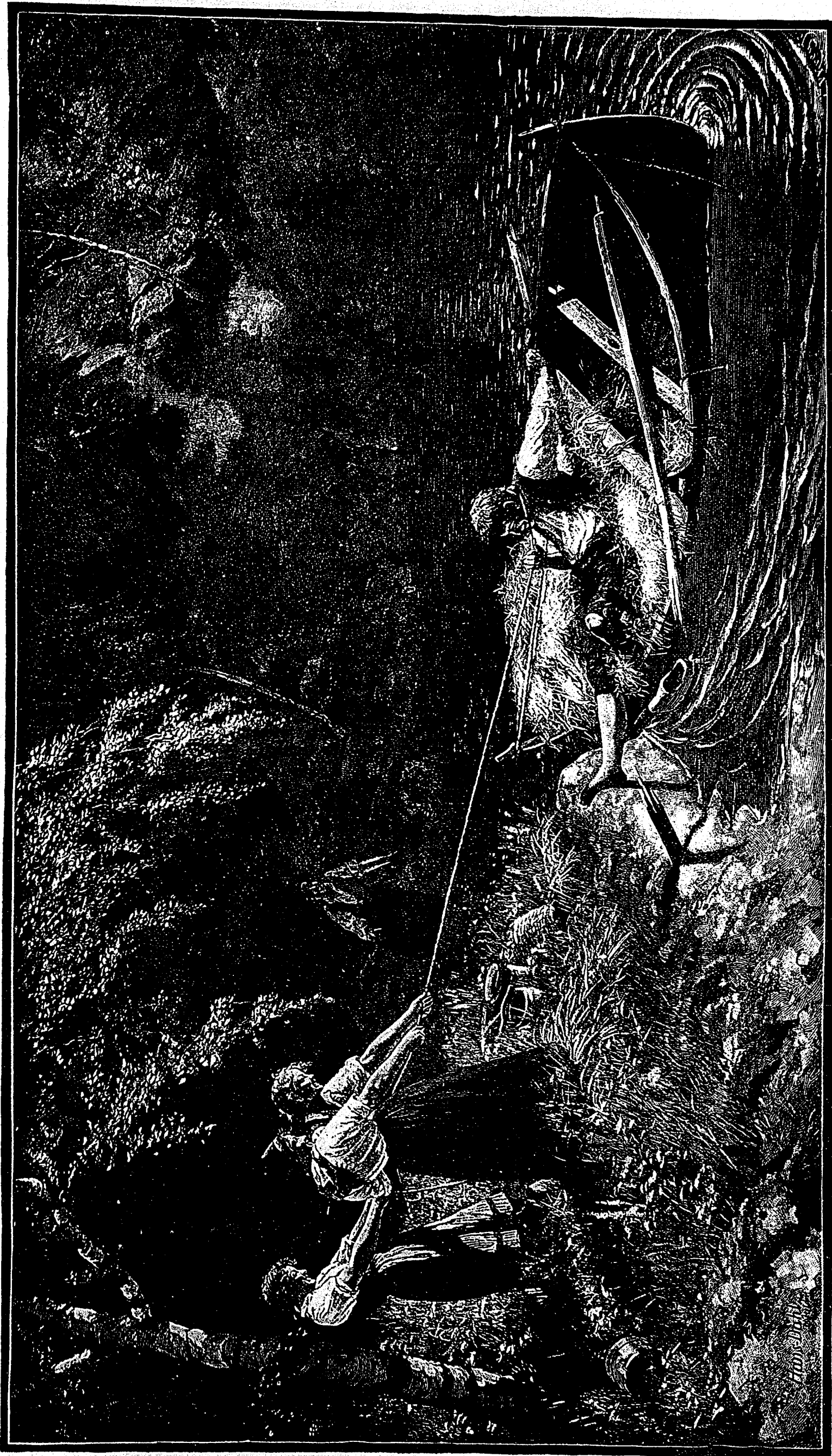
Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!
Salt Rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.



Keller. 1881.

THE APPROACHING STORM.



THE CAPTIVE.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAHL.

WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAID.

The air is cold at morn and eve—
The summer days have fled—
And on the withered, yellow grass,
The leaves are falling dead.

The gardens now their last bright gifts
Before our eyes display,
The dahlias wear their rich cockades,
And marigolds are gay.

The rain-drops bubble on the pond—
The swallows feel the cold—
And noisy, chattering on the roofs,
A parting council hold.

In flocks of hundreds, lo! they come:
They gather to depart:
One sighs for Athens and his home
Upon its old rampart:

"Where cannon-balls a breach have made,
I'll build my winter's nest,
And 'neath the sculptured cornice of
The Parthenon will rest."

"At Smyrna I my chamber have,
Where stately hadjis meet,
To count their amber beads, and feel
The "café's" genial heat;

"O'er turban and tarbouche I skim,
Or at my will alight,
Accustomed to their clouds of smoke,
Which rise in billows white."

"By claws and beak," another said,
"Mid Balbec's ruins grand,
I hang upon a temple's front,
Half buried in the sand."

"I spread my wings," a fourth one cried,
"And seaward gladly roam,
In Rhodes, the Palace of the Knights
Each winter is my home."

The fifth one spoke: "Age makes me slow,
And therefore I alight,
Between blue water and blue sky,
On Malta's terrace white."

"How happy I at Cairo am!
Within its minarets high,
My quarters always ready are,
And thither I will fly."

"Beyond the second cataract,"
The last one said, "I'll rest,
And among those grand old granite kings
Will build my winter nest."

Then cried they all, "To-morrow we
O'er many a place will roam,
Brown plain, white peak, and deep-blue sea,
Embroidered with its foam."

Thus on the moulding's narrow ledge,
They chattering, flapped their wings,
And joyed to see brown autumn's rust
Creep over all green things.

The poet hears—for he is but
A captive bird, who'd fly,
But ah! an unseen net-work breaks
Each flight toward the sky.

Oh, for the wings! the wings! the wings
(Of Ruckert's song, to soar
To golden summer and green spring,
Forever—ever—more!

AN ISLAND HOME.

Nantucket is unique. In some respects it resembles sister towns on the neighboring cape, but there is a peculiar charm about the place which singles it out from all others. This is not alone due to the quaint appearance of the town itself, nor to the fresh ocean breezes, pure and health-giving.

There is over all a sense of rest, a quiet, delicious languor, that seems to permeate all things, animate and inanimate, alike. Under the clear blue sky one can drink in the fragrant breath of old ocean and dream of his "castles in Spain" until toil and weariness seem so far removed as the hills of sunny Spain themselves. It is an "Ultima Thule," a land only to be reached by a voyage, and only to be understood after careful study. To go thither the visitor must pass through the same experience, only less protracted, as on a trip to Europe. As has well been said, all that is lacking is a few more revolutions of the paddles. The shores of the Vineyard grow faint and disappear long before Nantucket flows as a hazy blue cloud on the distant horizon. For a time nothing but an expanse of sea and sky is visible, the former whitened by the sails of the coasters, hurrying through the Vineyard Sound. It is difficult to believe that the journey will be accomplished so quickly, and that days will not elapse before the destination can be reached. The approach to Nantucket by water presents the old town in a most picturesque manner. The two sandy points, which enclose the waters of the harbor, conceal it as well, so that, from the deck of the approaching steamer, the town seems to be built directly on the ocean shore, including in its midst the lighthouse on Brant Point. The scene resembles on a minor scale the confused ranks of buildings rising in irregular tiers that greet the stranger's eye when approaching Boston by sea, showing all those marvelous tints of blue and gray lent by the distance to tone down and enhance the view. When nearer, the small red lighthouse on Brant Point detaches itself from the other buildings, and a glint is caught of water beyond. The narrow ribbon widens, and a gateway appears through the encircling arms of sand. Passing so near Brant Point that a biscuit could be easily tossed ashore, the steamer describes a graceful curve and swings in to her

wharf. The "Mysterious Island" has been reached at last. As we wander about the old town we see all around us the evidences of past glory, and of a life and activity which have long since ceased. The aged men leaning on their canes who meet us here and there speak lovingly of the old days when the "Arctusa" came home laden with hundreds of barrels of oil, and manned throughout with sturdy Nantucket boys.

The title of captain is still the favorite, and can be applied with perfect faith in its propriety to as large a proportion of the older natives as the sobriquet of colonel in our Southern States. At the captains' room, under the old brick custom-house, meet the "Captains' Club," and here the visitor can listen to most marvelous tales of wonderful captures and hairbreadth escapes in the palmy days of the whale fishery. Then the room was the meeting-place of the House of Lords and House of Commons as they were universally denominated, the former being the agents and owners, and the latter the officers of the ships engaged in whaling.

The history of Nantucket presents a varied succession of ups and downs. Discovered in 1602 by Bartholemew Gosnold, it was deeded by Lord Sterling in 1641 to Thomas Mayhew and son, the consideration named in the deed being quaintly expressed as follows: "That Thomas Mayhew and Thomas Mayhew his Sonne, or either of them or their Assignes, doe render and pay yearly unto the Honble the Lord Sterling, his Heyres and Assignes, such an acknowledgement as shall be thought fit by John Winthrop, Esqr., the Elder, or any two Magistrates in the Massachusetts Bay, being chosen for the End and Purpose by the Honble the Lord Sterling or his Deputy; and by the said Thomas Mayhew and Thomas Mayhew his Sonne, or their Assignes." The Mayhews claimed sole ownership of the larger part of the island up to 1659, when it was sold to "the Ten Associates," Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swayne, Thomas Bernard, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swayne, and William Pike. Mayhew himself retained the part then called Masquetuck.

These are the ancient worthies to whom every true son of Nantucket looks up not alone with the reverence of the Chinese for their ancestors, but almost in the light of demigods. It has been so often and vigorously asserted as to assume the character of an historical truth that these first settlers were a band of Quakers fleeing from persecution. But this is only a pretty fable, and the beautiful verses of the poet Whittier referring to it a flight of fancy. Following these first settlers a number of families arrived from Salisbury and settled in 1659, and civilization then obtained an abiding foothold. These early settlers brought the rights of the native Indians wherever they located, and their honesty in this respect brought them a lasting peace with the red men. The tale of the early prosperity of Nantucket cannot be told except by narrating the story of the whale fishery as well.

It is said that the first whale captured by these hardy islanders rashly invited his fate by gamboling in the waters of their harbor until the temptation held constantly before their eyes proved too strong. A harpoon was improvised, and the first whaling expedition successfully carried out. The industry became popular at once. Lookouts were established at convenient points on the island shores, from which whale-boats set out for the chase whenever a whale was descried. Finding it profitable, the cruises were lengthened and vessels were built to engage in the fishery, until the white sails of the Nantucket whalers were seen in every ocean, and heavily laden ships were constantly arriving and discharging at her wharves.

After almost total extinction in the two wars with England, when the island lay at the mercy of the foe and suffered most severely, the whale fishery reached its height about 1840. This was the flood-tide of the town's prosperity. The five wharves were scenes of constant activity, large fleets of vessels taking in or discharging cargoes, or refitting for new voyages. Coopers, blacksmiths, sail makers, riggers, and rope-makers were busy from morning to eve, and the constant hum of industry was heard on every side. Many were the yarns told by Nantucket boys in those days, and among them all, there was perhaps none more thrilling than the story of the loss of the *Essex*. This occurred in 1819, and was occasioned by an enraged sperm whale which attacked and sunk the ship. The crew made a terrible voyage of two thousand miles in their whale-boats, and when, after three months of suffering, they finally reached safety, only eight of the original men survived.

The great fire of 1846 was perhaps the death-blow to the whaling interest, although it lingered along for many subsequent years, staggered in turn by the "California fever," the Rebellion and the discovery of petroleum. The last whaler sailed as late as 1869, but the noble fleet had long been scattered. This fire of 1846, causing a loss of one million dollars, was the greatest calamity ever known on Nantucket. In Godfrey's "Nantucket Guide," page 202, is given the graphic account of an eye-witness, in which occurs the following sentence: "And now the roar of the great conflagration is heard, and the hoarse cries of the fire-wards as they, almost in vain, give their orders." Mr. Godfrey remarks, with a good deal of truth, no doubt, "as there were twelve of these fire-wards it is no wonder that, with so many conflicting orders as they must necessarily have given, such a large amount of property was destroyed. The town never recovered from this heavy blow, and sank

gradually into a quiet, listless sort of existence, from which it is just awaking to find a new lease of life as a popular watering-place. The neighborhood of the old wharves is in many places quite picturesque, and there are numberless nooks and corners full of quaint interest. A spot which has a peculiarly salt flavor is the lounging-place of the captains of the yachts. Here on a low wooden bench on the front and side of a building where oil suits are kept to let can be seen almost any night a number of the old sea-dogs smoking the pipe of peace, and awaiting their next day's customer.

Straight Wharf, the oldest of the five, has been built for more than one hundred and fifty years. Many localities in the old town are losing the quaintness that formerly distinguished them, and the relentless hand of modern improvement is robbing them of much of their interest for the visitor. Such a locality is the old "Step Lane," now modernized as "Chapman Avenue," and running between Centre and North Market streets. Until within a few years it resembled a bit of Marblehead. The roadway from Centre street ended abruptly, thence a descent of several steps conducted the pedestrian by a narrow foot-path to North Market street below. But enough remains of the old flavor to give Nantucket an interest to the seeker of the curious. The houses are almost universally, in the language of Burdette, "shingled, shingled, shingled, and shingled" throughout, and generally guiltless of paint; and many of them have railed platforms around the chimney, where, in the old whaling days, the good-wives were wont to sit and watch for the long-expected ships. The quiet streets wander away from each other, and cross and interlace in seemingly inextricable confusion, and the unlucky stranger who trusts in their apparent direction usually finds himself several points of the compass out of his course. It is a reminiscence of Boston before the fire in all save architecture.

Nantucket is a town where crime is practically unknown. The county jail, an old weather-beaten, shingled house, with wooden bars across its numerous windows, rarely has an inmate, and it is difficult to see how an unwilling prisoner could be kept confined. The old story of this jail, so often told, finds ready credence with any one familiar with the locality. A prisoner, so the legend runs, finding his possession of the premises contested, went to the jailer's house and awakened that functionary to assure him in most emphatic terms that, unless the sheep were kept out of the jail, he would be hanged if he would stay there. Near the jail is the Friends' burying ground, and a more desolate-looking spot can hardly be imagined. Surrounded by a low wooden railed fence is a level field covered with a growth of scanty brown grass. Not a mound to be seen, or any evidence of the tender care of loving hands and hearts. In one corner a few simple foot-stones, each marked with a single initial, designate the last resting-place of the Hicksite Quakers. With this exception it is estimated that ten thousand people lie here beneath the sod in unmarked and unknown graves. In the old cemeteries of the other denominations are head-stones dating as far back as 1740, covered with lichens and worn by time. On our way back to the town we pass the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, dedicated to the islanders who died for their country. Nantucket furnished more than her quota to both branches of the service, and claims to be the banner town of the Commonwealth in this respect.

No visit to Nantucket would be complete without a sight of the old wind mill, built in 1746. It is but an easy walk, and one which is well repaid. The ancient structure, covered with the universal coat of shingles, stained and weather-beaten, lifts its gaunt arms against the blue sky, and seems to feebly defy the elements that for so many years have acted as its servant. There is such a conscious impress of tottering, weak-kneed old age given by the structure that we almost feel a sense of relief that its working days are over, and, like a faithful old farm-horse, it is left to round out its few remaining days in peace and idleness. The view from the hill on which the mill stands is very fine. Immediately in front are the clustered houses of the town; beyond the blue waters of the harbor, the white sandy shores of Brant and Coate, and farther still the ocean. On every side we see the scattered, weather-beaten houses, gray and old, and the all-encircling ocean. At the right the view ranges to Wauwinet, Sankaty, and Seconset. On the left is the tank of the Wannaconnet water works perched high in the air on its iron stilts, and looking for all the world like a giant spider. This tank is the first object of importance seen on the island from the approaching steamer, and is the subject of much curious and interested comment. Turning our eyes toward Surf Side we see the low groves of stunted pines much resembling the dwarf trees of a Chinese garden, and disappearing behind them, and then darting out beyond over the level plain, the "lightning express" of the Surf Side railroad.

Perhaps no one on the Island feels more pride in the Surf Side railroad, or imagines that his personal efforts have contributed more to the final success of the scheme, than the town crier, Mr. Clark, commonly spoken of as "Billy" Clark. "Billy" is a very important personage, with the Atlantean weight of his little world resting upon his shoulders, and he is not the man to falter or shrink back. "If it warn't for me there wouldn't be no life in this place," says Billy. "I stir 'em up and put the life into 'em." Other criers there are, but none can claim pre-

cedence over "Billy." He is the first to attract attention when the steamer comes in to her landing, as he winds a merry blast on his horn and announces some entertainment for the evening or the meat auction to occur next day; then seizing his bundle of papers he disappears precipitately up the long wharf. "Billy" is omnipresent. He turns up at unexpected seasons: he meets you at every corner. First a long blast of his horn, then a sturdy ringing of his bell, and the announcement: "Rememba-a-a-h!! That there'll be a gra-a-and entertainment to-night at Athenæum Hall. Great Company from Boston. And do-o-o-n't forget! That there'll be a grand ball at Surf Side, Friday night! And rememba-a-a-h and do-o-o-n't forget! That there'll be a meat oxlin at nine o'clock to-morrow. Cornbeef, mutt'n, and lam!" Then he vanishes, and further up the street the performance is repeated. One of Billy's self-imposed duties, and one which is really useful, is to watch in the high tower of the South Church for the steamer. Every afternoon he mounts to his station, and when with his telescope he discerns the distant craft ploughing her way from the Vineyard he blows a blast on his horn from each of the four windows, thus notifying every one of the steamer's speedy arrival. Billy is a marked character among a queer people. The natives are of a retiring nature, but very hospitable. A little acquaintance melts their reserve, and you find them warm and obliging friends. There being little to do, and plenty of time to do it in, they never get in a hurry, but take life easily. The nine-o'clock bell is a feature of the town long clung to, and marks the cessation of trade and the darkening of the streets. Another custom of the place is the universal habit of going down to the wharf to see the evening boat come in. This had proved contagious, and now, the natives being as a general thing too busily employed at that hour, the summer visitors have taken their places and adopted the same rendezvous. Half an hour before the expected time of arrival the wharf begins to assume a lively appearance, dotted with promenading couples and diversified along the edges by groups of children fishing with strungs and bent pins for the voracious little crabs that swarm along the sandy bottom. The crowd increases, and when the steamer swings in to the landing the numerous seats at the wharf side are occupied, and the weary tourist runs the gauntlet of hundreds of curious eyes. It is a species of dress-parade for the youths and maidens, and the fresh young faces and bright toilets make a most pleasing picture. It is said that a Nantucketer being asked the question, "How do you islanders support yourselves?" replied, "In the summer we live on the strangers, and in the winter we live on each other." This way of putting it had at least the merit of honesty, for nearly every Nantucket house has its quota of summer boarders. In winter lyceums and social entertainments beguile the tedium of the long evenings, and preparations are made for the next season's campaign.

Nantucket has produced many noted people of both sexes, while others have claimed it as the land of their adoption. Among the galaxy are such names as Maria Mitchell, the female astronomer, now connected with Vassar College, who was born here in 1818; Lucretia Mott, born in 1793, and long a faithful and famous teacher among the Friends; Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, born at Siasconset in 1829, a direct descendant of Tristram Coffin and Peter Folger; Major-Gen. George Nelson Macy; Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the United States Treasury; and others of more or less prominence in the history of their time and country.

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., although not a native of the island, came from the old Coffin stock, and has endeared himself forever to the true Nantucketer by one generous act. In the centre of the town stands the Coffin free school, founded by him in 1826 for the benefit of the Coffins and their descendants. The school is a fine brick building, of the style in vogue a half-century ago, and accommodates one hundred scholars. It includes grammar and high-school grades, and has an endowment from the fund given by Sir Isaac, now amounting to fifty thousand dollars.

Among the distinguished residents are Charles O'Connor, the eminent New York jurist, and Eastman Johnson, the celebrated artist, both of whom reside on Sherburne Heights, or "the Cliff."

Mr. O'Connor has an elegant mansion, magnificently furnished, a low brick building in the rear containing his large and valuable library.

Eastman Johnson's cottage is less pretentious, and his studio was once the barn. Now, however, it is fitted up with everything that can be imagined for comfort and even luxury. The end facing the water has a front of glass, and here the artist can sit at ease and gaze upon a view only surpassed in its soft dreamy sea and sky by the world-famed Bay of Naples. Before him lies what might be called Nantucket Bay, with its surface, on these calm, perfect summer days, only lightly rippled by the dainty breath of the ocean breeze. Beyond is Great Point, gleaming snowy white in the sunlight, and seeming to tremble and waver in the light summer haze hovering over it. At the north can always be seen flocks of white driving across the horizon, the sails of the coasting fleet passing through that great highway, the Vineyard Sound. At the south is the town; at his feet the sandy beach, the bath-houses, pavilions, and the busy crowd that always haunts the "Cliff" on pleasant days. In storms, the scene changes

and the angry billows fill the bay with foaming crests; the mournful tolling of the bell-buoy is borne in on the hurrying wind; and the scudding clouds fly swiftly over.

Although the sandy bluff whereon the summer cottages have been erected is the spot to which the name of the Cliff properly belongs, yet in popular parlance the name has come to be universally applied to the beach at its foot. Here are found the bath-houses and every convenience for the enjoyment of still-water bathing. The sandy beach is clean and free from pebbles, and shelves so gradually that danger is unknown. It is a very popular resort, and on every pleasant day the water is alive with bathers. On the shore are long rows of sea-weed, raked up at low tide, and utilized as resting-places by scores of idle lookers-on.

Bright dresses and many hued parasols lend color to a scene already enlivened by the vivid suits of the bathers. Along the water's edge are groups of children, digging in the sand with pail and shovel, or dragging tiny boats through the mimic breakers.

Visitors may ride from the town to the Cliff in the public "beach-wagon," or enjoy a most charming trip by water in a yacht which plies as a "packet." The latter course affords a pleasant sail in ordinary calm water, and a taste of the delicious, salty flavor of the ocean breeze.

Just above the bath-houses at the Cliff is the shore end of the Jetty, which is rapidly stretching out toward the bell-buoy. This work has been undertaken under the auspices of the government, and is designed to concentrate the currents at one narrow pass, to sweep away the bar, which at present is a great obstruction to navigation, and to maintain a deep channel.

When this is accomplished, Nantucket will become a port of refuge, and her harbor will be accessible to a class of vessels which has never before been able to enter it, except by the aid of a most curious appliance.

This was a sort of floating dry-dock, a model of which is preserved in the Athenæum building, and which was known as the "camels." It was built in separate pieces, like sections of a dry-dock, the inner side of each being concave. The two pieces were held together by fifteen chains, that passed obliquely down through one camel, under the keel of the ship, and up through the other. Each half had its separate engine, propeller, and rudder. When a ship arrived off the bar, they steamed out to her and were filled and sunk. The ship was then hauled into her berth, and the water pumped out. When in proper position the immense mass drew not over five feet of water, and was easily towed into port.

The "Constitution" was the first ship successfully taken out to sea. This occurred in September, 1842. The "camels" were used some five or six years, but after the whaling business had considerably declined, the heavy expenses of repairing them overbalanced the receipts, and they were suffered to fall into decay. The plan of the Jetty was suggested as early as 1825, and a committee, including Thomas Folger (father of the present Secretary of the Treasury), was appointed by the town to visit Washington and solicit aid from Congress.

Subsequently a channel was dredged out, but was filled up quickly by the winter storms. A canal at the "haulover," now called Wauwinet, was among the many plans suggested to improve the harbor; but in 1879 Gen. G. K. Warren made a survey under orders from Congress, and recommended the adoption of the jetty system. The Jetty is a marked feature of the bay, with the waves breaking on its long line of rough and irregularly piled stones, from the fact that elsewhere on the island can scarcely be found a pebble as big as one's fist. A few of the principal streets, paved with imported cobblestones, are perhaps the only other exceptions in this waste of sand. A waste, but not a desert by any means, for there are over seven hundred known varieties of wild flowers on the island. Wide spaces are entirely covered with the exquisite shades of the violet, the houstonia, the cinquefoil, and the stellaria in their season. The wild azalea and the scarlet pimpernel are occasionally met, while the white and yellow goldenrod, the carpet-grass, and the fragrant orange-grass meet us at every turn. The daisy, favorite of fashion, is found everywhere, and beautiful mosses, lichens, and ferns reward the patient search of the botanist.

Let us now ascend the Old South Church tower on Orange Street, watch with "Billy" Clark for the evening boat, and gaze on the panorama of the island spread out beneath us. Thence we must visit the "Old House" on the North Shore hill, built by Jethro Coffin in 1686. The ancient structure is two stories in height, and is situated some distance back from the street and well elevated above it. It is gray and weather-beaten in its old overcoat of shingles, but bears its age like a sturdy, well-preserved old man. On the face of the large square chimney toward the street is a V shaped figure, sometimes called a harp. A member of the Coffin family bought the old house some years ago for preservation. Another old building is the house erected for Richard Gardner in 1724, and still standing on the south side of West Centre Street. In this building is a portrait of Mary Coffin, wife of Jethro Coffin, painted in 1717. Among other relics of interest is the sword used in the service of King George III. by Major Josiah Coffin, a cartridge-box, and a unique pitcher made in Liverpool for one of Major Coffin's children, and adorned with the major's likeness. Another ancient house has a double chimney, the centre doing duty as

a chimney, while the shell around it has the reputation of having served to conceal smuggled goods.

A great place of interest to the curiosity seeker is the museum in the Athenæum building. Here are many relics of the old whaling voyages, implements, and weapons from Pacific islands, etc. The jawbone of a large sperm whale, branching out at the end where it united with the head, has a desk placed within the triangular space thus formed, and upon this desk lies a register which tourists enrich with their autographs. The aged custodian has his stereotyped tale in relation to the principal curiosities under his charge, and wicked visitors, with interjected questions, sometimes throw the poor man off the track and force him to commence his lecture over again.

The town of Nantucket, however rich in old associations and filled with places of interest, does not embrace all that we wish to see on this queer old island. The little narrow-gauge railroad, with its open cars and shrill-voiced engine, will take us to Surf Side, its present terminus. We rattle over the water at the edge of the harbor, cut across the old goose-pond, and, with a piercing shriek from our little locomotive, pass the crossing of the Siasconset road and come out on the heath-covered plain. In lieu of a forest we skirt the edge of a grove of stunted pines, and find ourselves upon the ocean shore at Surf Side. The journey across the island is attended with all the squeaking and jerking, rattling and jarring, of a speed of sixty miles an hour, but loss of life or fracture of limb would hardly await the venturesome youth who should leap from the "lightning express" when in motion. We have chosen a good day to visit Surf Side, a day when the wind blows strongly on shore, and before we have half crossed the island the sullen boom of the surf greets our ears and grows louder and louder as we draw nearer to it. From the low bluff, only a few steps from the Surf Side station, a grand scene greets the vision. As far as the curving outlines of the shore will permit the eye to range, the white capped breakers are thundering in and filling the air with a continuous and deafening diapason. White-caps are thick on the waves outside, and, as they near the shore, the crests rise high in air, the tops break into curling white, and they dash far up the shore with terrible force. Then the fleecy mass of bubbles, the million-shattered fragments of the mighty wave, race back down the clean, brown sand, only to be driven again and again on the beach.

When illuminated by fire-rafts, or by the mellow, golden light of the full moon, the surf is most beautiful and grand. Save in the track of the moon's bright rays or the glare of the fire, the waves are cold and black and massive. But as they near the shore marvelous tints of beryl and emerald green shine through their transparent crests and the foam and spray gleams ivory white, or glow for an instant tipped with golden fire.

From this shore the mariner, steering a straight course across the Atlantic Ocean, meets no land till he reaches distant Spain. Off the island in this direction are the dangerous Nantucket South Shoals, relics of the prehistoric day when the mainland of Massachusetts stretched one hundred miles to the southward of its present limits. And on this shore is the first life-saving station established on the island. This station is fitted with every approved appliance for rescuing the shipwrecked and ministering to their necessities and comforts. Many a life has been saved by the keeper and his seven assistants, who patrol, night after night, in all kinds of weather, miles upon miles of sandy beach. Nantucket and her North and South Shoals are dreaded by sailors, too many of whom have lost their lives on these sands.

Since the island's settlement something like five hundred ships have been either totally wrecked or met with some mishap on or near Nantucket. Among the most noted and distressing were the wrecks of the schooner "Haynes" and the ship "Newton." The "Haynes" was found off the west end of the island, on Dec. 24, 1865, encased in ice from her truck to the water. Notwithstanding that the thermometer stood at six degrees below zero, the Humane Society's boat was quickly manned and launched. Not a soul was found on board, for all had taken to the boat and perished. Afterward the boat and oars were picked up on the shore, and one dead sailor near them. The next day, Christmas, 1865, in a terrible southeast gale, the iron ship "Newton" was driven ashore at Surf Side, went to pieces, and every man was lost. Fourteen bodies were recovered from the sea after these two wrecks and buried with union services, in which all the clergy of the island assisted. Only a few days before these wrecks, on Dec. 21, the schooner "Eveline Treat" struck on Miacomet Rip, and her crew were rescued by means of a life-line. While getting the captain ashore the block or line would not traverse, and for half an hour the old man hung midway, beaten in the face by foam, drenched to the skin, and half frozen, in the sight of fifteen hundred people gathered on the beach. At last a young man, Frederick W. Rumsdell by name, volunteered to rescue him, and, throwing off his coat, putting a knife between his teeth, and fastening a light rope around his waist, he went out the rope hand over hand, cleared the block, and brought the captain ashore in safety. Nantucket has a long roll of heroes, four natives having received gold medals and eighteen silver ones for their acts of unselfish daring.

With the railroad comes modern enterprise to

Surf Side. A new hotel opens for the first time this summer, and a number of cottages are being erected on land which, before the advent of the locomotive, was desolate and bare. Siasconset, or "Sconset" in the island vernacular, is another spot we must not fail to look upon. In a year or two we can visit it by rail, but now we must take a beach-wagon and drive across; and, to the writer's mind, we shall find it a plan productive of more pleasure, even if less expeditious.

The road across the island must stir the blood of the veteran campaigner and awaken reminiscences of old army days. Like the track of an army it spreads wide before us, the turf seamed with deep ruts, into which the carriage-wheels sink nearly to their hubs; and, the way once chosen, it must be followed to the end or turned from at peril. Side by side, crossing, running into each other, and interlacing, these trails cover a wide space of ground, and one almost imagines, and strains his eyes to see, far ahead, the long trains of army wagons on the march. 'Sconset itself is a little toy village dropped from the clouds on the top of a sandy bluff. You miss the little green trees with their rounded standards, and the meeting-house with its tall, slim spire. The architecture differs, too, from the Nuremberg model, but it is difficult to believe, nevertheless, that the wood-carvers of the Black Forest did not shape this little village; and you look for the man with the key to come, wind it up, and set it all in motion. The diminutive post-office is a fair sample of these play-houses lived in by grown people, and only the figure-head in its yard distinguishes it from scores of other structures in the township. The houses are all huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep, and are storm-stained and gray like their wool. 'Sconset is to the Nantucketer what Nantucket is to the Bostonian. Here he comes to sniff the ocean air, to enjoy his summer resort, to bathe in the surf, which rolls in nearly as heavily as at Surf Side. Life-lines are rigged off the beach, and expert swimmers are always at hand, so that he enjoys his sport attended by little danger.

Siasconset is primarily a fishing village, although a few cottagers have invaded the town and built up the little settlements called Sunset Heights and Detroit Village. A mile and a half north from 'Sconset is Sankaty Head and Sankaty Lighthouse. This headland is one of the highest points on Nantucket, rising some ninety-five feet above the sea level, and is supposed to have been the first point seen by Cosnold when he discovered the island. Away down on its steep side a wonderful variety of shells can be dug out from a stratum of shells, which probably underlies the whole island. The Indians called the bluff Naphcheocoy, which signified "around the head." Along the edge of the bluff is a wooden rail and a row of seats behind it. Some years ago a lady, standing too near the brink, lost her balance and fell down the steep declivity to the beach below. When her friends reached the spot, expecting to find her dead or seriously injured, to their great surprise she was unhurt, but rather bewildered by her rapid rolling descent. Sankaty Light shone out, above its tower of banded white, red, and white, for the first time, on Feb. 2, 1850. Standing as it does on so high a headland, it forms in daylight a prominent feature of the landscape, seen from almost any point on the island. At night its brilliant star is visible forty miles at sea. Uncle Sam does not allow his servants to tax visitors to his domains, but the genial keeper finds a ready sale of lemonade in his cosy little house, and many a view of the lighthouse is bought by the visitors to requite in some measure his careful and courteous attendance. Ascending the circular iron stairway and the short ladder at the top, we find ourselves gazing upon the Fresnel lenses and the mechanism of the lamp itself. Here is the delicate machinery that feeds the oil, and here the cogs and wheels and other mechanism that revolves the lamp and produces the fifty seconds of fixed light and the flash of ten seconds. The great lenses, this sunny day, are carefully shrouded in a thick covering, and yellow curtains are drawn to keep out the solar heat, that would otherwise melt all this delicate brass and steel work with its fiery touch. Outside, from the rail platform, one hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea-level, a beautiful scene meets the eye in every direction. A panorama of the island is before us on the one hand, while on the other the expanse of ocean melts away in the distance till the blue of sea and sky blend together, and we cannot tell where one ends and the other begins. Those pigmies, black specks of humanity far up the beach, are ranging the shore at Wauwinet, while beyond them in the hazy distance the plain white tower of Great Point Light shows faintly above the snowy sand-hills of the point itself. The whole coast-line of this eastern shore is spread out as on a map, and familiar places seen from this vantage-point put on new semblances and fresh picturesqueness.

A sail to Wauwinet is another charming trip. The "Lillian," one of the fleet of trim yachts that claim Nantucket as their harbor, makes two trips a day each way, and the voyage, being in land locked waters, is peculiarly acceptable to invalids or those afraid of *mal de mer*. At nine o'clock the heavy sail is hoisted. We glide around the projecting end of the steamboat wharf and swing out into the harbor. Under the influence of the light breeze the boat leans over slightly, and the waves wash and splash against her side. We pass Brant Light and the entrance to the harbor, and shape our course inside Coatee. We have left the town

and the few yachts and schooners which make up the shipping in the harbor far behind us, and now the wind freshens a bit. The boat keels over more, and the water ripples along only a little below her rail. The billows strike against her side with more force, and parasols are hoisted and coat collars turned up to ward off the little whiff of spray that every now and then fly into the boat. But she ploughs her way swiftly along through the hurrying waves, and the breeze only gives us a feeling of exhilaration and pleasure. The eight miles of this delightful sail are only too rapidly passed over, and we are all sorry that it is ended when we draw up to the long Wauwinet pier. On the bank is the Wauwinet House, with its wide porch and open dining-hall, the lawn varied with tennis net and open seats, where one can sit and gaze on the harbor view. The shores of the harbor attract the children, who are soon busily engaged in picking up scallop shells from the hundreds and thousands cast up by the water.

Wauwinet, or "the haulover," as formerly called, is the extremity of the harbor, and a very short walk brings one to the ocean beach. Down at the right, several miles away, but seemingly only an easy stroll, rises the steep bluff of Sankaty, crowned with the lighthouse. At the left, just showing over the sand-hills, peeps the chalky tower of Great Point Light, and off the point itself hover the white wings of the bluefishing fleet sailing back and forth through the "Rip," standing away from the point and tacking to make the run again. Off the Wauwinet shore is the favourite haunt of the shark-fishers. A long, black whaleboat takes her crew aboard at the edge of the surf. Taking advantage of the returning current, a sturdy push and a quick, strong pull of the oars, as the boat rises on the crest of the incoming breakers, soon puts them safely across the line of foam and out on the heaving bosom of old ocean. Well off shore the boat is anchored, and pitched and rolls on the waves, while the giant hooks, well baited, await in the still waters below their victims. Sometimes the delay is slight, and sometimes the day wanes without a single capture, but when the contest comes, if come it does, it is sharp and exciting. The mighty fish struggles and pulls back, lashing the water into foam in his efforts to escape, but a lucky blow on his snout effectually quiets him, and the nine hundred-pound prize is secured and taken ashore in triumph.

Burdette assures us that when a man has once caught a shark, the capture of a few score bluefish, more or less, retains no charm for him; and the only thing that would rouse him to increased enthusiasm would be the pursuit and capture of a whale. Still bluefishing has its votaries; men who swear by it, and who are never happy save when fish are plenty and the wind is blowing free. Bluefishing certainly has this advantage over sharking, that the boat is in constant motion, and, even if the fish do not favor us with bites, we can enjoy the sail. A bluefishing party, starting out from the steamboat wharf some summer morning, is a curious and amusing sight to those with whom "familiarity has not bred contempt." Immense hats of coarse straw, their only trimming a narrow band of red braid around the edge, crown the heads of the gentlemen like huge umbrellas. The ladies of the party wear the same fantastic head-gear, the sides tied down by ribbon, and the effect being to "outpoke" the poke bonnet itself. Every one has left his good clothes ashore and masquerades in his oldest suit. If the day promises rain, or the wind is high, oil suits must be carried, and the general evil appearance of the party enhanced. Then the average bluefisher, save on his maiden voyage, carries a florid countenance that would put a lobster to the blush, further ornamented by a nose that would outshine a locomotive headlight and almost do duty for a lighthouse. An early start is usually made, and boat after boat glides out of the harbor and bears away for Great Point or Tuckernuck.

The former is the favorite resort, for the fish are usually larger than the general "run" elsewhere. The wind and tide, however, must regulate our choice of localities. The distance to Great Point is about eight miles and the sail is most pleasant. Unless the wind is good it is useless to try the sport, for the heavy drails must move through the water rapidly to deceive the hungry fish. So the shore recedes quickly as we leave Brant Point behind and head our yacht for her cruising-ground. The Cliff, with its bath-houses and cottages, and the Jetty show at the left for a moment, but the boat is speeding onward and they are soon far behind.

The bell-buoy clangs mournfully as the white-capped waves dash against it, and in the distance a white-bellied shark leaps full length out of the water to free himself from his hungry parasites. Flocks of gulls far ahead are screaming chattering, whirling in circles over the water, and at intervals diving into its depths. As the boat draws near them the mate places in position the iron lances that support the outside lines, and, fastening the lines themselves, drops the heavy drails, freshly covered, into the tossing waves. Each of the lines is quickly cared for, and by the time the boat has reached and scattered the flock of gulls, all are on the alert for fish. Suddenly one of the party commences to haul in the heavy line that stretches out in the wake of the boat taut and stiff as a rod of iron. He braces himself and pulls in hand over hand. Now and then the line slips for an instant, but he quickly recovers his grasp and pulls with renewed strength and rapidity. As the drail comes nearer in, the noble fish appears

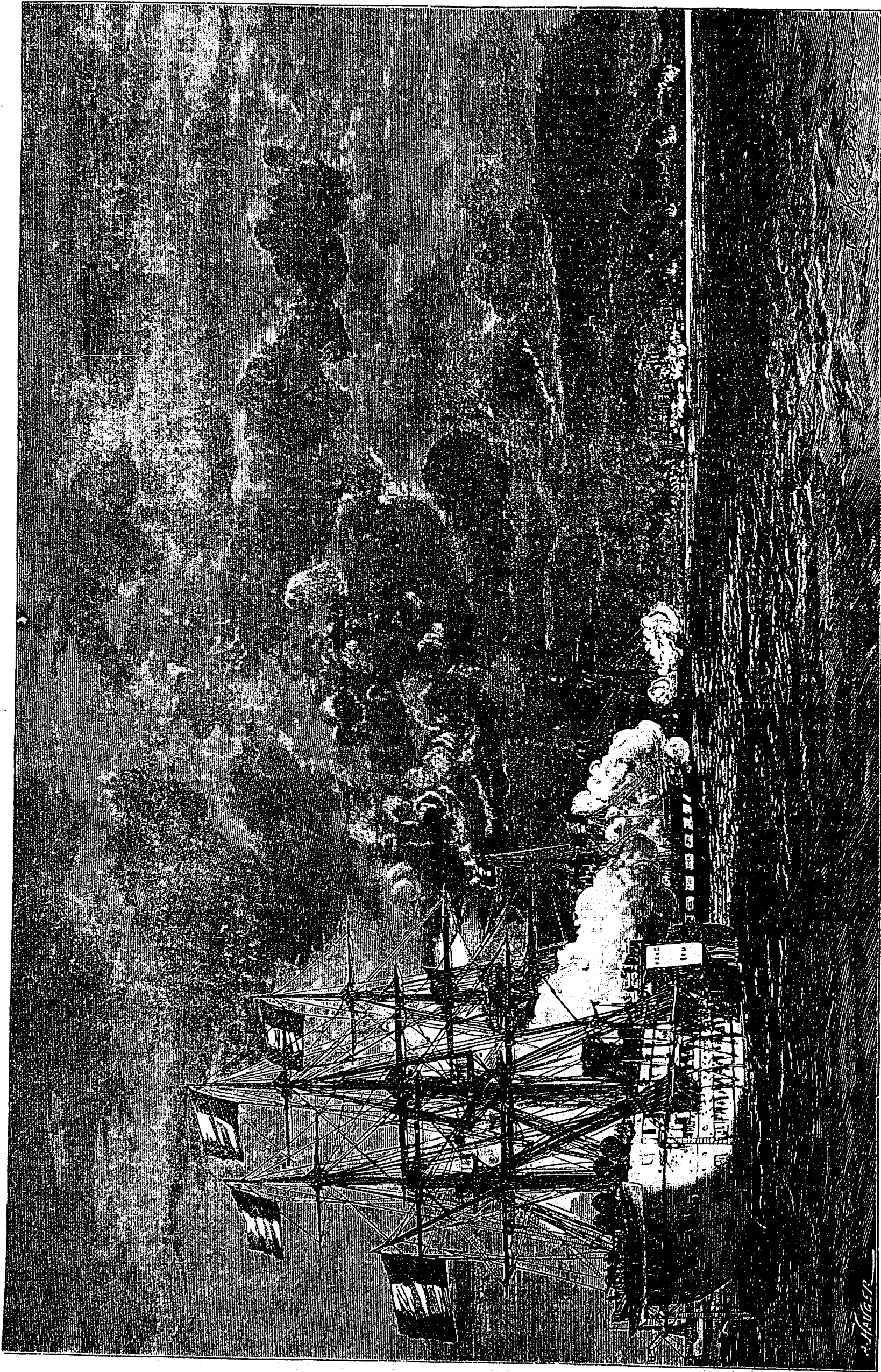
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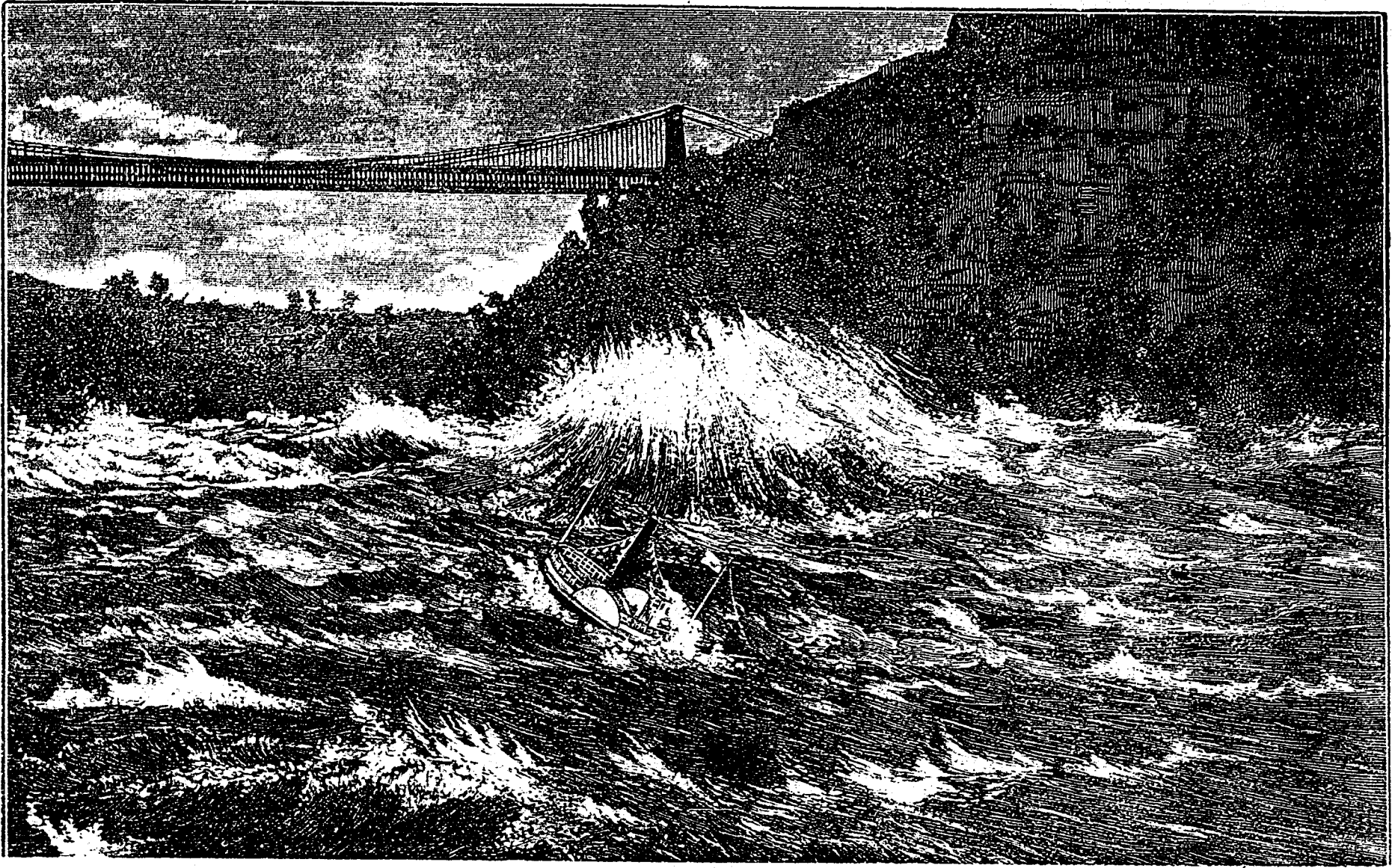
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MADAGASCAR.—BOMBARDMENT OF TAMATAVE.



"MAID OF THE MIST" IN THE NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.



THE WATCHER OF THE BEACH.

in a circle of foam, splashing and spattering, darting in this direction and that, shaking the hook viciously and then dragging back in a vain endeavor to tear it from his jaw. All in vain! A moment more and the beautiful fish is landed in the box, and the drail again in the water tempting fresh victims to their fate. Now the point has been reached, and we see just ahead a foaming, tempestuous sea,—a long, white-crested line of breakers. It seems madness to trust our boat in such a boiling caldron, but in a moment the yacht is in its mid-t. Pitching and tossing up and down, right and left, the skillful hand at the helm dodges one big wave and mounts another, and before we know it we are on the other side of the "Rip" with our store of fish materially augmented.

There have been too busy times handling the lines and pulling in the fish for any one to think of danger until all danger has been passed, and a second trip across the "Rip" is only an old story now.

With five or six boats crossing and recrossing at a time, the "Rip" is a lively spot and the sport fast and furious. The fresh breeze, the quick motion, and the exciting nature of the sport itself combine to make bluefishing a most fascinating pastime, and many grow so enthusiastic over it that every available day is thus occupied during their vacation.

Tuckernuck is an objective point for quite a number of excursion parties. The name is given to an island lying off the northwest shore of Nantucket, and distant about eight miles from the town. The sail thither is very enjoyable, the boat skirting the shore most of the distance. After passing Brant Point, the immediate objects of interest are the Cliff and the Jetty, both of which are passed at a short distance from the shore. At the Jetty is almost always seen a schooner lowering into the sea her cargo of stone. Arrived off Tuckernuck the yacht goes as near to the island as the extremely shallow water will allow, and soon a boat puts off from the shore, and those who desire it are quickly ferried to the land. There is little of interest to be seen on the island itself, with its scanty two score of inhabitants, but it is a favorite resort of picnic parties from Nantucket.

Beyond Tuckernuck is Muskeget, a low, sandy island, noted particularly as the resort of myriads of sea-gulls, whose eggs are found in great quantity and good condition during the latter half of June. At that season of the year a "gulls'-egging expedition" from Nantucket to this island is considered the eminently correct thing. For those who desire a more quiet amusement or calmer water, there is plenty of exercise to be found in rowing in the harbor or across to Coate Point. The latter is a trip that will tax one's muscles, especially if the wind or tide be strong; but the quiet evenings in the harbor, when the full moon is sailing overhead, will afford the perfection of enjoyment in aquatic.

There are usually a number of fine yachts in the harbor, and the delicate tracery of their ropes and spars show in penciled lines against the sky. The myriad of boats, each with its light, dart around like fire-flies over the quiet surface, and the sound of happy laughter or snatches of song floats on the dreamy summer air. The half-furled sails of the coasting schooner just entering the harbor gleam ghostly white in the flood of moonlight, and her masts cast grotesque, wavering shadows over the illumined water.

Nantucket is a paradise for children. Here they can dig in the sand, fish from the wharves, and bathe in old ocean to their heart's content. Every pleasant day finds the old wharves alive with them; and all sorts of fishing tackle, from a pin and string to a strong drop-line and sinker, in constant use. In this cool, fresh air they grow stout and rosy, and mourn with their elders when the time comes to return home.

Around the island is the voyage which crowns the yachting experience of this resort. But this necessitates a favorable combination of winds and tides, or the careful skipper will not undertake the trip. The "opening" at the west end of the island is always rough of passage, with a spice, and sometimes a heavy flogging, of danger to make it interesting. And after this has been successfully passed there is a long trip off a shore where no shelter can be found if the wind changes or freshens, and many boiling "rips" to be encountered. Several times each year, however, adventurous parties make the voyage, and none so far have met with either shipwreck or disaster.

Nantucket is a place which grows upon one as it is more completely seen and understood. The "bird of passage" stopping in his flight, with only a day to devote to sight-seeing, finds the place quaint and somewhat amusing. But the "vacationist" has time to study the island more completely and to drink in its spirit more deeply. She affords him all needed amusement, but she also throws over him a deep influence of peace and rest, upbuilding and strengthening. She becomes a foster-mother to him, and when he leaves her shores it is with a feeling that the parting is not forever. The old town, gazing on from the bay, sinks slowly beneath the horizon; the long, sandy reaches of shore fade rapidly behind us; and, at last, the faint blue cloud low down in the east disappears from view. Over an ocean sand-bar, but it will be long ere it lies from our memory. Around the name of Nantucket cling recollections of clear blue sky, delicious air, and silver beaches, and another summer we shall meet again on her sunny shores and find new pleasures in our olden haunts.

THE BABY MYSTERIES.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheeks like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Whence did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
God made love into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

VOTARIES OF VANITY.

GIRLS I KNOW.

There is Neera, whose hair is of that lovely tint between brown and gold, and so plentiful that when she shakes it loose it falls in glorious rippling masses to her knees. Neera is always railing at the fashion of false hair. "People who have abundance of their own get no credit for it," she says. She loves private theatricals, and would willingly take up questionable acquaintances rather than lose a chance of playing in a charade or posing in a tableau vivant in a "back-hair" part. If any one else's hair is said to be of a beautiful color, Neera is ill-humored for the rest of the day. She hates the bonnet of the period, because it covers the head so closely, and detests the hat of the day, because it hides the hair. She likes going to the play. Her maid arranges her lovely locks in a great flat coil or plait, which goes twice around her pretty head. People sitting in the private boxes look down at her and say, "What a beautiful head!" She never wears a flower or a diamond in those shining folds; she thinks, and rightly, that they need no "bush." Neera is self-conscious. Then there is Mrs. Juno Hardware. Her figure is magnificent. Her husband fell in love with her at a dance. You never saw such shoulders—so white, so smooth, so perfect in shape. She is young and might be rather pleasant were it not for her figure. It preoccupies her. She is jealous of every other well-shaped woman. Of Mrs. X. she says: "How can people admire her? Look at her shoulders—up in her ears almost." When told that Mrs. W. is much liked in society, Mrs. Juno says: "What, with that wooden waist?" She cannot understand that a woman may be charming without a good figure; and is equally far from comprehending that one who possesses a perfect shape need not necessarily conquer all hearts.

Helen is beautiful. You cannot name a fault in her lovely face. But, alas, Helen knows how fair she is! See the conquering air with which she walks, the languid complacency of her expression as she drives, the careless negligence of her manner when she speaks. These defects all spring from one common source. She says, as plainly as though she were to speak the words: "I am a beautiful woman. I need not, therefore take the trouble to be agreeable. To be beautiful is enough."

Mrs. Dash is as beautiful as Helen, and she knows it, but hides the knowledge better. Her coquettish air and graces sit well on her. They suit her piquant style and her merry, bright face. Every one says she is charming, "and so extremely stylish." So she is. And those who think so would probably have scarcely admired her as she was seven years ago—a lovely girl who nearly always wore white, who blushed frequently when she talked with strangers, and even when teased by her father, whom she adored. She was a country girl of nineteen, with no "style" beyond being a thorough gentleman, in whom coquetry was still dormant. Society prefers the woman of twenty-six, who is as practiced in her smiles as any actress on the stage, and, as her admirers say of her, is "all there." She is so amusing, say every one, and to be "amusing" is to be a social success. Sometimes she looks back at her girlish self, and thinks, with a little smiling sigh, "What an innocent goose of a girl I was! How different I am now!"

Of Sylvia people are always saying that she would be rather a pretty girl if she had not that ugly habit of showing all her teeth. To be sure they are lovely teeth—small, square, white and set in gums of rosy pink; but we don't want to see the whole thirty-two.

How much better does Lucilla manage! She, too, has lovely teeth. Watch her as she smiles. Two rosy lips draw slowly away from those "quarrels of pearl," a delicious dimple shows itself in one cheek, a pretty wave of pinkish color spreads over the face, and, while you are looking, the smile fades as gradually as it came. Well, Sylvia says that Lucilla is affected, asserts that she paints her lips, and declares that she had that dimple made by a surgical operation.

Perhaps she is; perhaps she does; perhaps she had. There is really no saying; these are dreadful times. Farther, says Sylvia, Lucilla smiles in that guarded way because she has lost a tooth at either side. So that is why Sylvia shows the whole thirty-two.

Miranda has the loveliest arms you ever saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's. Her favorite attitude is sitting, with her right elbow in the palm of her left hand. She waves her hand when she speaks. At a dance her right arm is well displayed behind her partner's left if he is tall, or on his shoulder if he is small. Those beautiful arms have spoiled Miranda. She wears black though it does not suit her complexion, because her arms look so white against it. She is always directing your attention to those unucky ones, numerous enough, who have thin arms. Whoever marries her will have to be very careful never, under any circumstances, to admire another woman's arm. If he should make a slip in this direction, there would, to use a good old phrase, be "wigs on the green."

Did you ever see such dear little feet! Or such perfectly turned ankles! Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty. That is why she wears those flowered stockings and little pointed shoes. That is the reason her skirts are so unusually short. Lesbia is bright and clever. She is sensible about everything but feet. She is a trying girl to talk to. She will interrupt the most interesting conversation just when you think you are "both beginning to get on so well," to ask if you approve of high heels, or some other such leading question. She is like Mr. Dick with King Charles, and must drag the topic of feet into everything. It is a pity, and yet many prefer her to Nora, whose feet are well-shaped enough, but who has "no style." She talks merrily and pleasantly when you know her well, but is rather quiet with strangers. Not at all the sort of girl to get on. Her voice is not sufficiently loud or imperious. She does not bustle about with an air as though the world was made for her. She wears pretty gowns, but does not bunch them out, nor mince along with a soubrette-like trip, swaying her gown from side to side, as Lesbia does. In fact she will never look anything "in a room," though she may be well enough as the presiding spirit of a home. She is hopelessly unfashionable.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, it is the result of patient years of pain. She has laid on the shrine of that little waist many precious things—good health, good temper and good spirits. Having sacrificed the first, the two other followed as a matter of course. But then it is such a wonderful waist! It cannot measure more than seventeen inches at the very most. The pressure has made her nose permanently red. Not all the water of Araby would make that nose white again, but what matters! Does it not belong to the smallest waist in the land? One thing immediately strikes the beholder. He wonders how so small a waist can possibly be so obstructive. Were it two yards round it could not more aggressively insist on being noticed. Draperies are so arranged as to lead the eye down to it, and skirts are of such a fashion as to guide the attention up to it. Letitia walks with her elbows well out from her sides, so as to advertise in a pointed way, the fact that your view is sorely interrupted by her slight and well-distributed figure. As she stands talking to you, she puts a hand on either side of this wonderful waist, and appears to be curbing herself in as it were. She wears the tightest of jackets and never is seen in a dolman. She gets terrible colds in winter because she will not wrap up. In fact her whole existence is a burnt offering to her waist. Were she to grow stout her object in life would be gone. Letitia denies herself even the gratification of an excellent appetite in the interest of a small waist, a self-sacrifice that would be noble in a better cause.

Mirza has the loveliest complexion in the world. Without it she would be a perfectly charming girl. With it she is quite a bore. If there is any wind she is unhappy, "because it makes my cheeks so rough." If the sun shines she is miserable, "because I tan so frightfully." If it is hot she grumbles, "I flush so painfully." If it is cold her cry is, "I can't go out to-day, for I get so blue in cold weather." Her cheeks are of such an indescribable texture, that roughness has never yet invaded them, and tanning never approaches them. She flushes the prettiest dainty pink you ever saw, and in cold weather a soft color rises in her face, and a wistful look comes into her eyes that makes her quite adorable. Why then all these excuses? Simply because she thinks prevention better than cure, and is afraid of a thousand viewless enemies on her complexion's account. She is a martyr to her own consciousness. They are all martyrs to vanity.

MISCELLANY.

It is understood that Joseph Hatton, who is connected with the London Times, is coming to this country for his vacation, and will collaborate with Irving in a book upon America; and that Irving will give his impressions of the country in a series of familiar conversations. Mr. Hatton is now at work upon a biography of the actor.

In recent years a great many wealthy Englishmen have bought land in the United States. It

is said that Sir E. J. Reed, M. P., owns no less than 2,000,000 acres; the Duke of Sutherland, 400,000; the Earl of Dunmore, 100,000, and the Earl of Dunraven, 60,000 acres. Nine men own a territory equal to that of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined.

BABY'S PIE—The awful prevalence of pie in this country is illustrated by the remark sent to the Drawer by a grandfather, proud of his grandchild of three years who is visiting him. Enthroned in her high chair, she waited at table for the appearance of the dessert. The family pie was duly set before grandma, and baby's eyes were directed that way, when a small pie made for her Majesty was slipped before her. Equal to the occasion, her eyes dancing with delight, she burst out with, "Oh, auntie, I'm mamma of this pie!"

The Roman queen of the Italian dramatic stage, says a Roman correspondent, is Virginia Martini. She is the Rachel of Italy. Not in tragedy alone does she excel, but she has great talent for comedy. She is one of those actors of heroic model that used to be the world's wonder in the days when the Keans and Kembles played in country barns. She is an actress that would take America by storm, and the wonder is that she has never yet thought of going there, where so many others, less gifted than she is, have made fortunes. The reason may perhaps be that she has no one single part in which she excels above all others. She is perfect in all.

YES, SAH!—Yes, sah. We quite agree with you, sah, that there is a sort of delicious frankness, sah, about the following that will be appreciated beyond the bounds of West Virginia:

Some five or six years ago, when the Greenback party held at least some strength in the West and South, one of their Columbian orators delivered an address for his party at Winfield, Putnam County, West Virginia. When in the zenith of his oration he was stopped by a powerful voice among the listeners.

"Look here, sah. May I ask you a question, sah?"

"Yes, sah; you may, sah."

"Well, sah, I want to know, sah, if you are not the man, sah, that I had down har in jail, sah, for hog-stealing, sah?"

"Yes, sah, I am, sah," came the response;

"but I got clar, sah."

Among the promenaders in the Champs Elysees no one is more noticeable than the Marquis de Caux, known not for his own greatness, but as the husband of Patti. He is an eccentric-looking man—tall and stout, wearing a straight-brimmed, tall hat (an ugly shape, of which, judging from the number worn, all Frenchmen seem fond), soft scarf cravat, tied in a loose bow outside the vest, and frock coat of a marvellous cut, buttoned so tightly round his ample waist as to make a crease. He makes free use of his eye-glass to stare at every female who comes in his path, and sometimes, when they please his fancy, stops to watch their retreating figures. Such is the man from whom the "Diva" fled. He does not look over forty five, though he may be older, and has by no means an ugly face. Monsieur de Lesseps and his bonnie babies also attract much attention as they dash by on horseback, a perfect cavalcade, always in full gallop. The children, on ponies, dressed "on matchot," with wide-brimmed sailor hats, look the picture of rosy, frolicsome youth, while their venerated father, whose fine face is familiar to every one in America as well as France, keeps up with their mad speed and their evident enjoyment.

APPROPOS of the claim that the German nobility is passing over to the Roman Catholic faith, Dr. Carl Walcker, doctent in the law faculty of the University of Leipzig, has examined the statistics and published the results. Since the year 1800 forty-four noblemen have left the Church of the Reformation to join the Church of Rome; among these there were three princes—namely, Solms-Braunfels, Isenburg-Birstein and Lowenstein-Wertheim. In the same period nine of the Catholic nobility became Protestant, and among them one princess, she of Leiningen. Through mixed marriages among the nobility the Catholic Church gained as follows: fifty-two Protestant husbands of Catholic wives had their children baptized into the Protestant Church, twenty-four had some of their children baptized into the Catholic Church, and fifty-two had all thus baptized. On the other hand, forty-one Catholic husbands of Protestant wives had all their children baptized as Catholics, twelve divided the children between the two churches, and only ten had all the children baptized as Protestants. Further, nearly all the prominent Jews that are baptized and titled enter the Catholic ranks, among them two of the Rothschilds. Then, also, it appears that these changes have brought into Catholic hands a great amount of property and wealth, since the converts from Protestantism are among the wealthiest in their empire.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. 8-9-0

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the storm shall beat
Over my slumbers, from head to feet;
Sooner or later the wind shall rave
In the long grasses above my grave.

I shall not heed them where they lie—
Nothing their sounds shall signify;
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain:
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine:
Sooner or later in summer's air
Clover and violets blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-fair rest
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor even note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tussling flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose—
Sooner or later shall elan and shift
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream—
That wrecks not the sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with its golden hum;
Sooner or later, on half-poised wing
The bluebird above my grave shall sing—

Sing and chirp and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music can mean to me;
None of those beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight:
Sooner or later the darkening dews
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the silent tomb:
Peace shall be perfect to lip and brow
Sooner or later: oh, why not now?

THE C. T. HIS STORY.

Having the sweet little job awarded me of writing, merely—the past and present history of the Commercial Traveller, with comments, reflections, moral deductions, and inferential analogies, I fly at it in a state of exuberant joy. I tackle it in such a playful spirit of content as almost disinclines me to chide the meagre invitation for not including in the task, An Essay on the Military Law of Nations; The Effect of Submarine Pyrites on the Atlantic Cables; and The Solar Variations occasioned by Discal Irregularities.

I could just as well have chucked these in, but feel that it were unmanly to complain.

This is a serious subject: nothing but absolute fact—the absolute the better—must find a record here. No fancy, no fiction, no flitree work.

This is the reason that I buckle to it so hilariously and feel just like going to a circus.

This is why I pitch in before some other historian gets the bulge on me.

Starbuck, in "The Influence of Pie on the Civilization of the Siberians," assures us that the first C. T. was patiently waiting at the gate of Eden for the exit of the Adam family, and sold Eve a clothes-line and a gross of hair-pins, six minutes before the lightning-rod man could catch up and catch on.

I don't swear to this, because I don't have to.

Nobuchadnezzar, who took so kindly to his grass diet, was a patron of one of the fraternity, —one who was early in the field. Seventy-four quart bottles were found in that meadow, all labeled, "Levi's Salad Dressing."

A gentleman in the Pain Killer business is mentioned as having been on terms of intimacy with Job.

A volume (if it were small enough) might be filled with proofs of early professional adventure, before the centuries were weaned, not to mention a memorable transaction on the part of a fruit pedlar, up a tree, which more or less affected all of us.

Coming down a lap or two, to the time of Rome, we find recorded by Hardtack (Vol. XIX., pp. 4-11-44, § 617, * * * ! + ! ?.) an instance of a real estate C. T. offering a house for sale by exhibiting a specimen brick, carried in his hat.

Skipping a few short centuries more, there looms up the direct prototype, predecessor, and precursor of our to-day's C. T. He was a precursor. You can swear to it. He lived and travelled in England. He stowed himself and his traps into another trap and devastated the land. He scooted around in a gig. He never used the railways because there were none built, but he was the first to learn the necessity of introducing them, and ordered a few constructed on the spot.

He was called a "bag-man." The writer is the only person living who can explain why he was so called. Having been brought up in the conundrum business, put through an apprenticeship in riddles, and having earned a healthy living at answering enigmas, I am proudly conscious of possessing phenomenal ability for the solution of difficult and intricate propositions. An innate bashfulness alone prevents my mentioning this.

He, the semi-original C. T., was called a bag-man because he carried his goods or samples in a—no, not in a trunk, nor a handbox, nor a brown-paper bundle, nor a balloon, but in a—I hate to give it away so cheap.

Let me soften the shock, the explosion, the

sudden effulgence of light on this important problem attendant upon a too excessive previousness of explanation. Even a magazine shouldn't blow up unexpectedly. We will wise around to the point sort o' serpentine.

I was somewhat anachronistic. (Oh! just unabridged, that word is! put it in careless— —one hand—ordinary lead-pencil—no extra charge.) Yes, I was somewhat (gaze at it above) in introducing the gig. Our prototype began business on foot, with a pack on his back, next on horseback, with a pack in his pocket.

How did he carry his goods?
How should a bag-man carry 'em?
And now the answer can be gracefully imparted.

Because he carried his samples in a bag! in saddle-bags.

See what historical research, close reasoning, fine analogy, untiring energy, and vivid imagination will accomplish!

And yet, I'm not weary. I shall keep on as though nothing had supervened.

It was not till our traveller had mounted his gig that he amounted to much; only then began he to be characterized as a "driving fellow."

We are rapidly approaching the present time and the real subject of this article. A mere century or century or two stand us off.

The bag-man has poor roads to travel over. The primitive ways, or highways, of Adam had not then given place to those of McAdam. The travelling salesman was compelled to economize space. He had to gage his bags to the capacity of his gig. This was so important a matter as to cause the invention and introduction of a new and ugly word in the language. Baggage was readily shortened to "baggage."

"Nine trunks, averaging three hundred pounds, with the others coming by express," would have been deemed a frightful fiction in those early times; now they are a daily necessity.

There was never a guild, craft, or profession in which, from the earliest times, a more general and genial feeling of fraternity has been exhibited than among the noble army of C. T.'s.

Europe, England especially, readily learned and cordially admitted the high importance of the wandering broker. The best room was his to dine in, the cosiest chamber to sleep in. The choice bit of the beef was his to cut and come again. His tap was porter or heavy ale. He scorned coffee and tea, yet to the latter article is he indebted for his present popular sobriquet.

'Twas thus:

On a raw, rainy night in October, A.D. 1616, five road merchants sat at dinner in the good old English town of Salisbury. The inn was known as the "King's Arms," from a swinging sign-board representing an adipose monarch without any arms, on account of his expansive chest occupying the full width of the board. Nor was this the only board he had to do with, for there was a current belief that the pictured potentate had acquired his rotundity from a free indulgence in the delicacies afforded by the inn landlord. Leaving royalty to swing for his supper, let's step inside.

At the table, as aforesaid, mine hostess was urging one Mr. William Boggs—better known to his intimate friends as Berry Hill—to try a cup of tea, as a novel substitute for his seventh pint of stout.

"Tea may not have then been introduced into England. I don't know. If so, the fault rests with the Emperor of China, and I've nothing to do with it."

William pleasantly but forcibly mentions that he "can't see it."

"See what?" inquires Jem Ferrigo from the far end of the table.

"See tea!"

Had I any other readers than you, my intelligent confederates, I would explain this thing further; tell how the "C. T." was handed around, twisted and plain, joked over, toasted, punned with, played upon, and at length adopted. But truth is so simple that it needs no upholstering.

I am trying my best to bring the C. T. down to the present time, but he won't come.

One of the craft inaugurated the Boston Tea Party. I could impart his full name—if I knew it. I am certain of only the fact that he was one of us; and this from a remark he made as he launched overboard the last of those three hundred chests of Hyson. As the fragrant herb ("f. h." is good, but not in salt water) floated out to the ocean, he remarked, in a tone of gentle melancholy,—

"There's a sea tea;" then placing his good right hand upon his manly bosom, "and here's a C. T."

American hotels have long recognized the value of the commercial trade, but it is a mistake to suppose that the "T cum C" house in London, Ont., was thus named in our honor. It was so called in remembrance of a coppery brave who didn't use to take his Indian meal there.

The Commercial Traveller of to-day, in this country, is accorded a higher position than ever. He has changed the old methods of doing business and greatly increased its volume. He is credited with pluck, perception, penetration, patience, perseverance, and principle. These are all the p's he wants on his plate. So, as a rule, he lets piety out of the catalogue for future reference.

He is admitted to come under the broad meaning of the word "gentleman," and does no discredit to it. He is liberal, frank, free; he beats his rival every time that it is possible to do so, but is not jealous nor envious. He helps his

opponent in distress and pays ungrudgingly his share toward supporting the widow of the man who took away his trade.

Merchants for whom or to whom he sells admit his value. Hotels seek his patronage. Society courts him and enjoys his infinite variety. All admit his claims save the one interest that is more indebted to him than to all else for its prosperity.

The railroad interest, with a stupidity that is phenomenal, insists on regarding and treating him as a bitter enemy.

Not until within a very short time have the companies seen fit to make any concession to the Commercial Traveller, who sweeps the rail almost daily' as compared with the incidental passenger who journeys over the road once in a lifetime. C. T.'s thousands of miles of travel are no more favorably viewed than the stranger's single trip of convenience.

The C. T.'s baggage, without which he could do no business, nor secure freights for the road, is handled grudgingly, weighed gingerly, and charged for unsparingly. A sort of stigma is sought to be fastened upon him for the crime of carrying "samples," which are, in miniature, the same goods that the transportation lords grow rich by carrying in bulk.

But the beginning of the end of this injustice is come. Many roads have made and are making proper concessions, which are duly appreciated.

Here I'll drop out and let the C. T. take care of himself awhile.

JOHN APPEO.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, August 31.

THERE is to be a company floated with a capital of a "plum," to buy or establish a new Radical paper.

THE Volunteer Club will re-open in new premises, those in Arlington street having been sold by the owner.

THE Grand Old Man has been sitting for another portrait—this time a life-size etching by Mr. Sargeant.

THE Premier has become utterly fashionable in all his belongings as well as his costume; he has adopted crushed strawberry for the color of his despatch-box.

THE session of 1883 certainly is ending with a widespread belief that the year after next rather than next year will be the time of a general election.

THE Prince of Wales has accepted, with thanks, a painting of the Longfellow house at Cambridge, painted by Ernest Longfellow, and presented to His Royal Highness by Ellis Lever.

IT is stated that Lord Charles Beresford was offered a C. B. for his share in the Egyptian campaign, and that he respectfully requested to be excused from its acceptance.

LORD ASHBURNHAM, failing to obtain the price he asked from the French Government, has, it is said, decided to dispose of the MSS. to the highest bidder.

ALL the photographs on sale or in stock of Miss Fortescue, the actress, are said to have been bought up. A new portrait was on the point of being distributed to the trade, but this has been stopped.

EVEN in the hands of some persons without literary pretensions the pen is mighty as a source of revenue. The inventor of the stylographic pen, it is stated, derives from his patent £20,000 a year.

A CABLEGRAM has been received from Oscar Wilde by one of his friends in London in which the poet states that he now abjures America. His brutal Philistinism is too much for him, and he intends to submit his play *Vera* to the judgment of the London public.

A NEW "Peerage" by Mr. James E. Doyle, is in the press. It will show the succession, dignities, and offices of every peer from the Conquest down to 1872, and will be illustrated with portraits, shields of arms, and fac-similes of autographs.

THE improvement of the chain pier at Brighton is amongst the novelties of the locality. A very splendid saloon is to be built at the end. It will be extremely elegant and replete with novelties. We do not know if there will be any bedrooms.

THE Strand above Temple Bar, or the "Griffin," is to be widened. The Board of Works will come to Parliament next year for the necessary powers to enable them to carry out the contemplated improvements. These, when effected, will open up a broad thoroughfare running from the Somerset House to the Law Courts.

ONE of the most eccentric of the American millionaires of the day, it is reported, intends to bring to this country a dozen intelligent Huron-Iroquois Indians, who have shown their ability by their proficiency at native schools, and have them educated at Eton and Oxford at his expense, with a view to their entering on a special mission, partly religious and partly educational, among the red tribes in Canada and the United States.

If one hundred people were asked if Henry Russell, the composer, were alive, ninety-nine would tell you he must have died a quarter of a century ago. His songs were popular from 1835 to 1855 on both sides of the Atlantic. He wrote "Woodman spare that tree" quite forty-five years ago. Well, for the information of those curious in such matters, it may be stated that he is still alive and well, for last week he was elected a member of the Savage Club.

A GOOD many M.P.'s are just now inclined to question whether Parliamentary life is worth living, especially at the end of the Session. The original propounder of that famous query, however, seems inclined to answer it in the affirmative, since he is expected to contest the St. Andrew's Burghs at the next election. The Conservative Club of St. Andrew's University have selected him as a champion in every way suitable.

MR. WILSON BARRETT having now obtained the entire and exclusive control of the Princess's Theatre, it is satisfactory to note that he has followed the good example first set by Mr. Hollingshead, and since copied by Mr. Irving, Mr. Hare, Mr. Bancroft, and others, and abolished the pestilent fee system. There are no fees now at the Princess's for booking, for programmes, for cloak-room, for attendance, or for anything else.

MR. MUNDELLA has got the House of Commons to pay medical men for the cost of their own death certificates. Here is his resolution:—"That it is expedient to authorize the payment, out of moneys to be provided by Parliament, of the cost of the certificate of the death of any registered medical practitioner, which may become payable under the provisions of any Act of the present Session for consolidating and amending the law relating to medical practitioners." The doctors will now be the only class in the country who will be paid for dying.

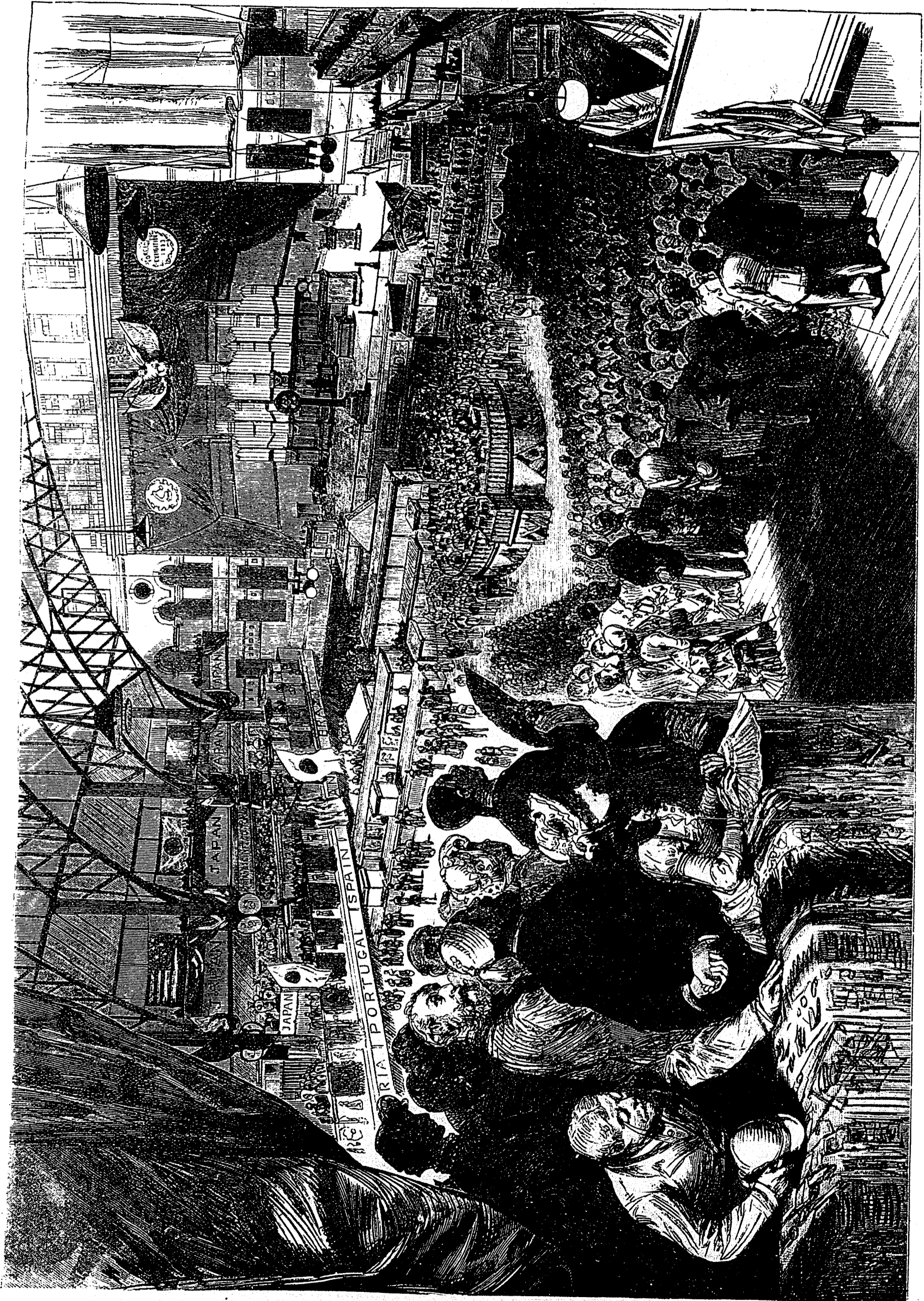
COMPARATIVELY few of the released members of Parliament are going far afield. It is almost too late for Switzerland, the Mediterranean is unpopular because of the cholera, and Egypt is quite altogether impossible. But several of the members are off to America. Among them are Mr. Barclay and Mr. Borlase. The President of the Farmers' Alliance is going straight through to California. His object in visiting the States is to see the farms of Iowa, and to make inquiries there into the system pursued, so as to give hints to his friends at home respecting American competition and how to meet it. He will be absent from England for two months.

THERE is a rumor that, in consequence of the abuse of the privilege of putting questions to Ministers the Speaker will next Session be armed with further powers, so as to put the extinguisher on improper or irrelevant questions. Many members at present strongly object to the powers already entrusted to the Speaker, which they consider too despotic and comprehensive, and any addition thereto they would strenuously resist. To take a step in the line suggested would, they argue, be a blow to the independence and freedom of members, and of the House of Commons, and as such might not unreasonably be accounted a victory scored by the Parnellite faction.

"JUNO, the heroine of Tel-el-Kebir," has been carried off by cholera. By a curious coincidence, the brave old retriever's master, Corporal Bull, died only two days before of the same disease. After leading the Gordon Highlanders, and, indeed, the whole British force into Arabi's entrenchments, "Juno" became the recipient of many honors, the last being a silver collar subscribed for at home by some of her English and Irish admirers. This handsome gift reached her shortly before her death, and the subscribers will be glad to learn that she seemed pleased. It will now be kept, according to their expressed wish, at the officers' mess, as a souvenir of the battle in which the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders so greatly distinguished themselves.

THE publishers of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRE-SIDE, Chicago, are meeting with great success in securing subscribers to their publication. In addition to furnishing an excellent paper at the low price of 50 cents for six months, they propose to distribute \$40,000 in presents to their readers. See their announcement in advertising columns.

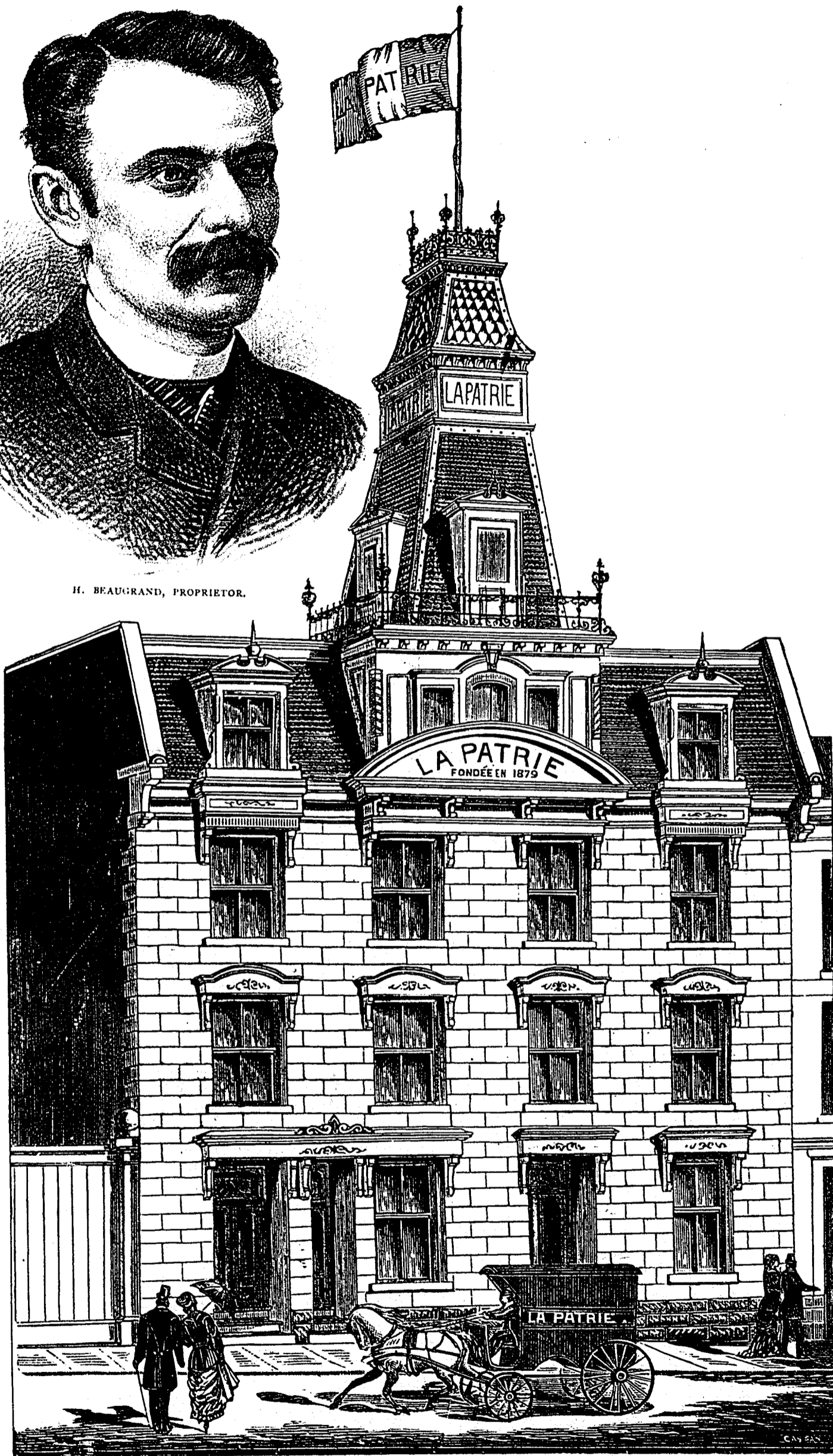
A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N.Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.



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RHYME.

Our ministers and orators like to speak of sins of omission and commission, of apprehending but not comprehending, of bearing and forbearing, of health and wealth, and moil and toil. A western editor classed his births, marriages, and deaths as follows: "Hatched," "Matched," "Despatched." Sidney Smith and Puseyism was "inflection and genuflection; posture and imposture; bowing to the east and curtseying to the west." Gibbon was once quite pleased at a compliment which, it was said, Sheridan, on the trial of Warren Hastings, paid his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," calling it the luminous page of Gibbon. "Luminous?" said Sheridan, when he was asked about it, "I said voluminous." Thackeray called Paul de Kock's novels and similar French works "fi-fi literature;" and foo-foo is nowadays a familiar cognomen of contempt. Such conceits in sound have always pleased the ear.

To the untutored mind the rhyme is a thing of vast significance; and the men who can make one is supposed to be possessed of the highest order of genius. I have seen people in New England, who thought they had developed the profoundest capacities of intellect, when they were able to bring the words "time" and "rhyme" into a juxtaposition, which would show their similarity of sound. These people believe rhyme to be synonymous with poetry. The descent from poetry to prose is easier than that from the sublime to the ridiculous. The following, for instance, is poetry:

There was a miller who owned a mill,
And if he ain't sold it, he owns it still.

By changing the word "still" into "yet," it becomes prose. It is amusing to notice the exertion, the contortions of sense and grammar, and the distortions of pronunciation which are necessary to the composition of a few lines of this sort of poetry. The occasion requiring such an effort is often of a solemn character, and the poem in demand an epitaph or elegy. In Manchester, England, the following was discovered:

Here lies, alas! more's the pity,
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity.
N.B.—His name was "Newtown."

A correspondent, some years ago, told the story of a pole, standing bleak and bare upon the coast near the lighthouse at Holmes Hole. "Years since, three fishermen went out to fish in a small sloop. During the day a heavy shower came on, and the lightning struck the sloop and killed the men. It was resolved by the inhabitants to erect a cedar pole over their grave, with a suitable epitaph. The intellect of the vicinity was brought into requisition to secure it; and the following was chosen from the epitaphs submitted:

Here lie three friends who in their lives
Were never known to rankle:
Holmes' hole, cedar pole,
Crenkle, crinkle, crangle.

The last line is supposed to describe vividly the fact of death by lightning. The tablet could be seen in the churchyard a few years ago; but it is fallen now.

There is a surprising confusion of pronouns in the following, from an English tombstone:

Him shall never more come back to we,
But us shall surely one day go to he.

So the Puritans despised rules of accent when incompatible with rhyme and song:

The race is not always to be got
By them that fastest run,
Nor the battle by the people
That shoot with the longest gun.

The following is a Suffolk (Eng.) weather saying:

A Saturday's noon and a Sunday full,
Never was good nor never wull.

The ludicrousness of this sort of mispronunciation has been shown to advantage in the exquisite and artistic little poem relating the story of "George Washington" and the apple tree, commencing,

There once lived a planter
With a son, his only love;
To whom, upon his birth-day
A bran new axe he giv.

Sometimes words are expanded or contracted for purposes of rhyme. An instance of expansion is the new version of "poeta nascitur, non fit."

T'aint every man can be a poet,
No more'n a sheep can be a goat.

A company of Irishmen, it is said, becoming possessed once of two fowls, agreed that they should be given to the man who could make six lines of poetry on the spot. The successful rhymster achieved his triumph by contradicting his words whenever necessary, as follows:

Good friends, as I'm to make a poem,
Excuse me if I just step home,
Two lines already—be not cruel,
Consider, honey, I'm a fool.
There's four lines—now I'll gain the fowls,
With which I soon shall fill my bowls.

As a contrast to the difficulty experienced by people unpractised in rhymes, it is astonishing how those who are accustomed to handle words, as the stonemason handles the stones that are to go into the wall, will place them and fit them so as to conform to the framework of the verse and to produce all sorts of harmonious and pleasant methods of expression. There seems to be scarcely a word in the English language which by some device, illegitimate and undignified though it may be, may not be hammered into rhyme.

Byron said that there was no English rhyme for "silver." A correspondent of the *Evening*

Post proposed, some time ago, that its readers should exercise their ingenuity upon it. Half a dozen communications appeared in answer. One man wanted to know where the correspondent was brought up, not to remember the affecting lyric:

Little Dickey Dilver
Had a bow of silver—
He bent his bow to shoot a crow
And killed the old cat in the window.

Another refers to Kilve, a place mentioned in one of Wordsworth's poems, and produces a rhyme with the words, "Kilve or." Carl Benson pointed out that rhymes could be made to any extent by separating words, as—

In this world of ill, vir-
Tue often yields to silver.

Mickey Rooney, sometimes known as the Alderman, gave two lines, in which there was reason, if there was no rhyme:

When for good milk we pay our silver,
What the devil do they give us will for?

One from the Latin was good:

You ask, Can you give a rhyme for silver? *Nūc vir.*

After all, there was no good English rhyme produced.

The next hard word produced was "spirit." One suggested "clear it," "fear it," etc.; another broke the word irritable into two parts, but a third was successful in finding in the dictionary the word "skirrit," which is the name of a garden-plant. A correspondent calling himself "Quicquid," asked for a rhyme for "liquid." Mickey Rooney proposed "chickweed," which they "otin cure the sick wid." "Thick quid" was suggested by several, as:

Of tobacco from Virginia a sailor chews a thick quid,
He then from time to time ejects the brownish liquid.

Also:

If from headache you'd be quick rid,
Abandon stimulating liquid.

The "Knickerbocker Magazine," some years ago, offered a brass quarter dollar to the person who would find a rhyme for window. The prize was won by the following excellent stanza:

A cruel man a beetle caught
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
"Though I'm stuck up I am not proud,"
And his soul went out at the window.

For the word "garden," "barr'd den" and "harden" have been suggested. For "carpet," "harp it" was proposed; and also the following "to a pretty barmaid":

Sweet maid of the inn,
'Tis surely no sin
To toast such a beautiful bar pet.
Believe me, my dear,
Your feet would appear
At home on a nobleman's carpet.

"Chicago" has been supposed to offer difficulties; and an unfortunate person has used "cargo" and "embargo" in a poem about it. But a right-minded youth has referred to some one by the name of Iago, who wanted to let his pa and ma go to the city of Chicago.

It is said that Coleridge, being asked for a rhyme for Juliana, replied:

Coughing in a shady grove
Sat my Juliana;
Lozenges I gave my love,
Ipecacuanha.

It was not a correct rhyme, however, for the sound of "ana" is identical in both lines. Hannah, manna, or Hosanna would have been better. As a counterpart to a line ending with German, Coleridge wrote, "Where sheets of paper we did burn many."

"Porringer" has been rhymed as follows:

The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
Then said the prince, "Oh, I'm so glad,
She'll make a rousing porringer."

The word "Timbuctoo" has occasionally employed the wit of writers. Here is one stanza:

I went a hunting on the plains,
The plains of Timbuctoo;
I shot one buck for all my pains,
And he was a slim buck, too.

Another proposed, if he were a cassowary on the sands of Timbuctoo, to eat a missionary, body, clothes, and *hymn-book too*; while a third, during the time of Mr. Buchanan's presidency, included Jim Burck too.

The hardest English monosyllable to rhyme is "month."

A stanza is extant, I believe, which breaks the phrase "gun thrown away," so that "gun the" becomes a rhyme; and another rhymster says he tried a hundred times and succeeded the hundred and onth. But most people will disagree with him in calling that a success. There are but two or three good rhymes for "step;" though, of course, by separating syllables a great many may be produced.

"Twickenham" was supposed to be a rather difficult word for the poet; but a contributor to *Punch* exerted himself, and produced the following:

ON THE RIVER.

I sat in a punt at Twickenham,
I've sat at Hampton Wick in 'em—
I hate sea boats, I'm sick in 'em—
The man, I, Tom, and Dick in 'em.
Oh, gentles! I've been pickin' 'em
For bait, the man's been stickin' 'em
(Cruel) on hooks with kick in 'em.
The small fish have been hiekin' 'em,
And when the hook was quick in 'em,
I with my rod was nickin' 'em,
Up in the air was flickin' 'em,
My feet, so cold, kept kickin' 'em,

We'd hampers, with *apic* in 'em,
Sandwiches made with chicken; 'em
We ate; we'd stone jars thick, in 'em
Good liquor; we pick-nie-ing 'em
Sat, till our necks, a rick in 'em.
We turned again 'twards Twickenham
And paid our punts; for tickin' 'em
They don't quite see at Twickenham.

A revision of the last stanza of Lowell's "Beaver Brook" is worth noticing, as showing a remarkable facility in the use of rhyme. As first printed it read:

In that new childhood of the world,
Life of itself shall dance and play;
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins be hurled,
And Labour meet Delight half way.

Few persons, not practised in verse, could have made different endings to the first and third lines with but the change of four words. As now printed it reads:

In that new childhood of the earth,
Life of itself shall dance and play;
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make mirth,
And Labour meet Delight half way.

Puttenham gives a plan for testing a master of verse, "Make me so many strokes or lines with your pen as ye would have your song contain verses; and let every line bear its several length even as ye would have your verse of measure, suppose of four, five, six, eight or more syllables, and set a figure of every number at the end of the line, whereby ye may know its measure. Then where you will have your rhyme to fall, mark it with a stroke or semicircle passing over those lines, be they far or near in distance." After this, he says, give the theme; and if a man writes a poem according to the directions he is "master of the craft."

A literary society of Toulons, during the reign of Louis IV., proposed annually, for some time, rhymed ends for a song, generally in honour of the king, and the writer of that which was deemed the best, received a silver medal. It is said that the French writer Dulot, in the seventeenth century, once complained to some friends that he had lost a number of papers, among which were three hundred sonnets. Surprise being expressed that he had written so many, he explained that they were merely sonnets in blank, or rhymed ends of sonnets which had not yet been filled in. A French writer named Mallemaus, who died in 1716, wrote a "Defiance of the Muses," consisting of a collection of thirty sonnets, composed in three days, on fourteen rhymed ends, proposed to him by a noble lady.

It is related by a young man named A. H. Bogert, a native of Albany, who died in 1826, aged 21, that he was never unsuccessful at any test of this nature. It was sometimes said that his impromptus were prepared beforehand, and his friends, Col. John B. Van Schaick and Charles Fenno Hoffman, on one occasion desired to put him to trial. Van Schaick picked up a copy of Byron, in which was the name of Lydia Kane, a clever and beautiful young lady known to them. As the name contained the same number of letters as the lines of a stanza of Childe Harold, Van Schaick suggested that the letters be written in a column, that he should open the book at random, and that Bogert should be required to write an acrostic on Miss Kane's name, with the rhymes of the stanza on which his finger should happen to rest. This was done, and the following was the stanza indicated by Van Schaick's finger:

And must they fall? The young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave!
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valor acts in vain?
And counsel sage and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart
Of steel?

The time fixed was ten minutes; but before that had passed, Bogert had composed the following:

Lovely and loved, o'er the unconquered brave,
Your charms resistless, matchless girl, shall reign!
Dear as the mother holds her infant's grave
In love's own region, warm, romantic Spain!
And should your fate to courts your steps ordain,
Kings would in vain to regal pomp appeal,
And lordly bishops kneel to you in vain,
Nor valour's fire, nor law's power, nor Churchman's zeal
Endure 'gainst love's (time's up) untarnished steel.

It is a common thing to string together an almost interminable number of words ending in *ation*, as in the following supposed epistles:

MADAM:

Most worthy of estimation, after long consideration
And much meditation, of your great reputation,
You possess my admiration, and if such oblation
Is worthy of observation, and can obtain consideration,
It will be aggrandization beyond all calculation,
To the joy and exultation
Of yours, SANS DISSIMULATION.

SIR:

I pursued your oration, with much deliberation,
And a little contemnation, at the great infatuation
Of your weak imagination to show such veneration
On so light a foundation; but after examination
And serious contemplation, I suppose your animation
Was the fruit of recreation, and had sprung from ostentation
To display your education by odd enumeration,
Or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination,
Though of great variation in each respective signification,
Not without disputation, your laborious application
To so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation
And thinking imitation a sufficient gratification,
I am, without hesitation,
Yours, MARY MODERATION.

Another has written a poem on Night, with several lines on one syllable, commencing:

Light
Fades,
Night
Shines
Appalling
Are falling.

Southey's "Cataract of Lodore" is a wonder of rhyme. The original idea of that poem was probably taken from some lines in Garnett's "Tour of Scotland," which are stated to have been found in an album kept at the inn at Lanark, as follows:

What fools are mankind,
And how strangely inclined
To come from all places
With horses and chaises,
By day and by dark,
To the Falls of Lanark!
For, good people, after all,
What is a waterfall?

(The question might receive a somewhat different reply at the present day than the poet gives.)

It comes roaring and grumbling,
And leaping and tumbling,
And hopping and skipping,
And foaming and dripping,
And struggling and toiling,
And bubbling and boiling,
And beating and jumping,
And belching and thumping,
I have much more to say upon
Both Lime and Bonington;
But the trunks are tied on,
And I must be gone.

In Rogers' "Table Talk," it is said that Porson was very fond of repeating these lines. One of the most difficult feats of rhyming ever performed was Hood's "Nocturnal Sketch," in which each line ends with three rhymes. It commences:

Even has come; and from the dark park, hark
The signal of the setting sun—*one gun!*

Most of the poets have amused themselves by overcoming stubborn words; Butler (in Hudibras) and Byron, perhaps, as much as any others. Swift's letters to Sheridan are very odd, but do not contain many perfect rhymes. The verses of Winthrop Mackworth Praed are remarkable for the apparent ease with which they run to rhyme. In his poetry is seen, peculiarly, the truth of the hackneyed saying of Butler:

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

He will sometimes follow out an idea that was suggested by a rhyme through two or three lines. He, as well as Butler, would use Ralph or Ralpho without regard to appropriateness, according to the exigencies of his verse. The influence of the rhyming and allitative words is quite evident in the following lines from "Marriage Chimes," taken almost at random:

Some victims fluttered like a fly,
Some languished like a lily;
Some told their tale in poetry,
And some in Picaresque;
Some yielded to a Spanish hat,
Some to a Turkish sandal;
Hosts suffered from an *extracat*,
And one or two from Handel.

Or in this couplet:

She was a very pretty nun,
Sad, delicate, and five feet one.

And what queer rhymes he has; as mole stir, bolster; ashes, moustaches; scientifics, hieroglyphics; Venus, between us; effortry, country; rondo, John Doe; pedantic, Atlantic; paternoster, Duke of Gloster; suggestions, questions; pyxes, crucifixes; Venice, tennis; mighty, Aphrodite; comical, astronomical; sick, Catholic; sing, revelling; trust in, Augustin; lilies, Achilles; lop-sided, I did, etc. Lowell has many ludicrous rhymes, not only in his imitations of the Yankee dialect, but elsewhere; as in the poem "To J. B. on sending me a Seven-year-old Trout," where we find, for instance, "college or" and "sogolober;" "moccasins," and "stock o' siss;" "falls as soft," and "appals us oft;" "tragi-comedies," and "with cool *aplomb* at ease;" "o'erstep it half," and "epitaph."

In writing any macaronic sort of verse, the liberty of changing the language on the pronunciation of a word takes away some of the difficulty of rhyming. This is evident in Burns' works, as in the use of the "gie us" with "see us;" "hame" (home) with "dame;" "stone" (stone) with "rain;" "siller" (silver) with "miller;" "brither" with "together;" or in the following stanza from the lines "On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies."

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' help him in a cozie biel;
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fu' o' glee;
He wadna wrang'd the vera de'il,
That's owre the sea.

It would have been somewhat difficult to weave the words well, biel (or shelter), child, and devil into a similar poem.

It has often been strenuously urged that rhyme is a curse to our literature, and many efforts have been made to wipe pleasing verse without its use. The result has been to give an infinite and delightful variety to our poetical literature, but not to banish rhyme from it. Warton, speaking of Lord Surrey's translation of the second and fourth book of Virgil as the first pretentious composition in blank verse in the English language, calls it a noble attempt to break the bondage of rhyme. Blank verse was then growing fashionable in the Italian poetry, the school of Surrey. Felice Figliani, a native of Sicily in Tuscany, as quoted by Warton, "In his admirable Italian commentary on the ethics of Aristotle, entitled 'Filosofia Morale Sopra il libri d'Ethica d'Aristotle,' declaims

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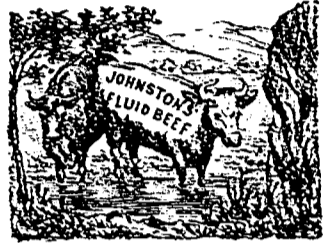
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