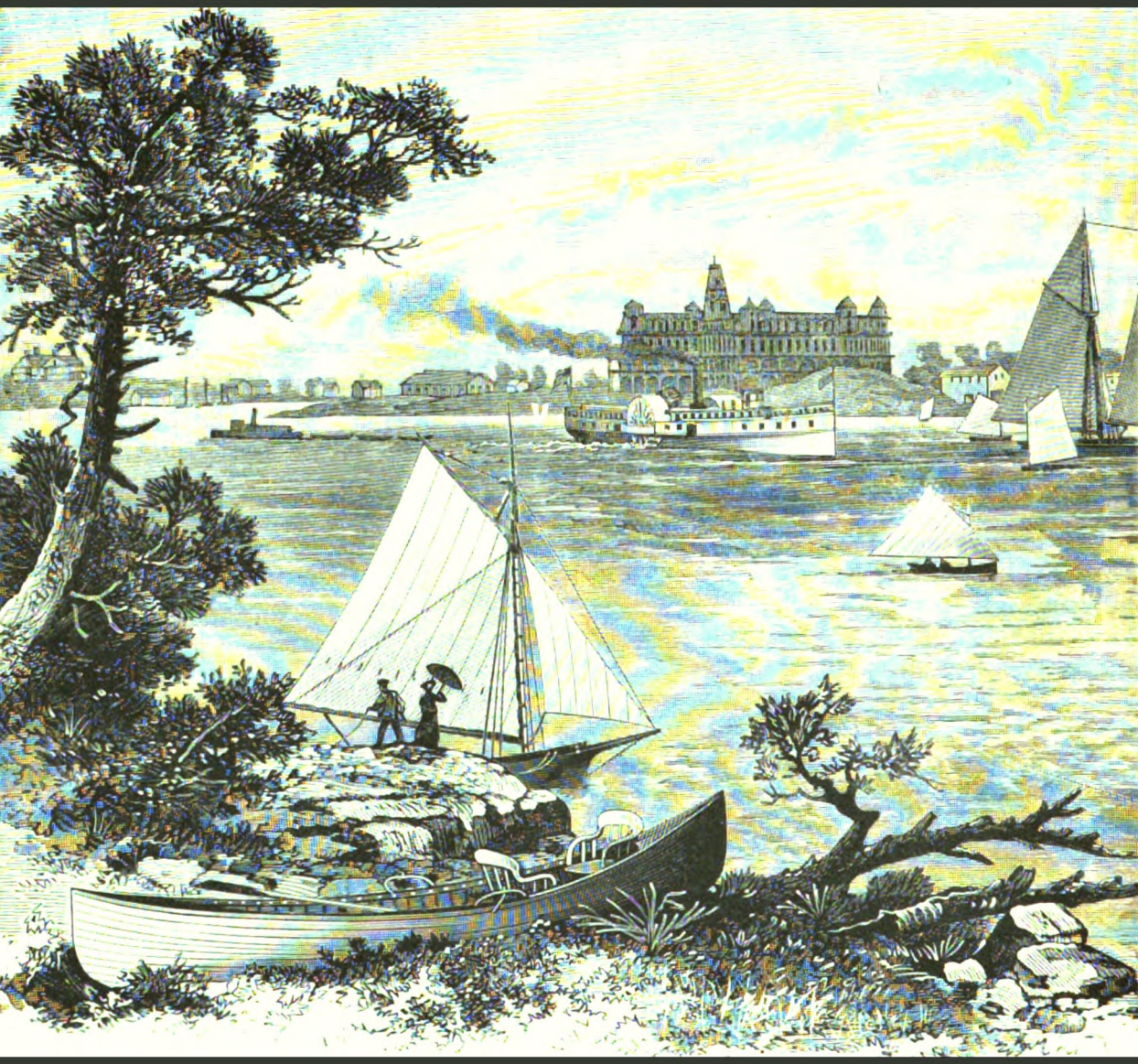
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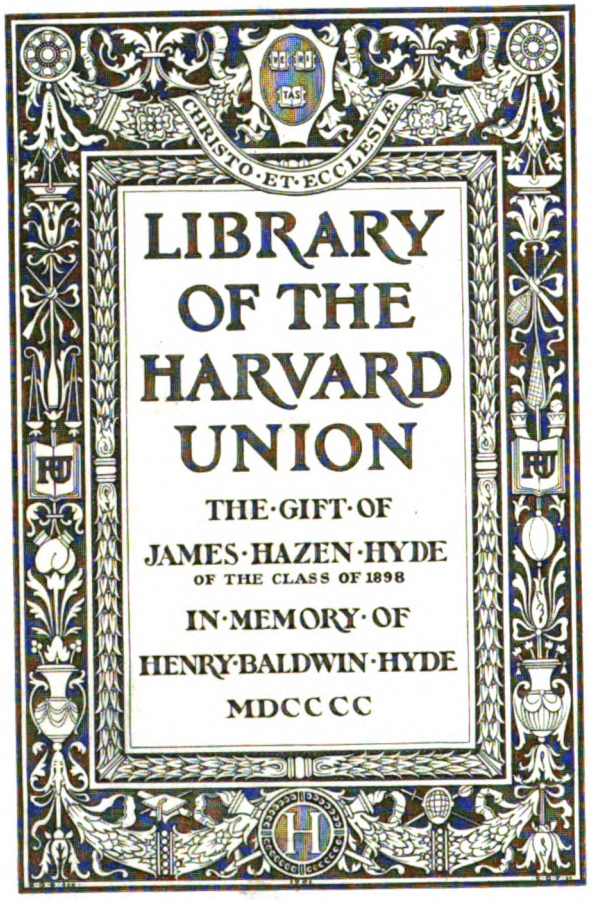




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OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN

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An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

OF

RECREATION

VOL. IV

April — September, 1884

BOSTON
THE WHEELMAN COMPANY
175 TREMONT STREET
1884

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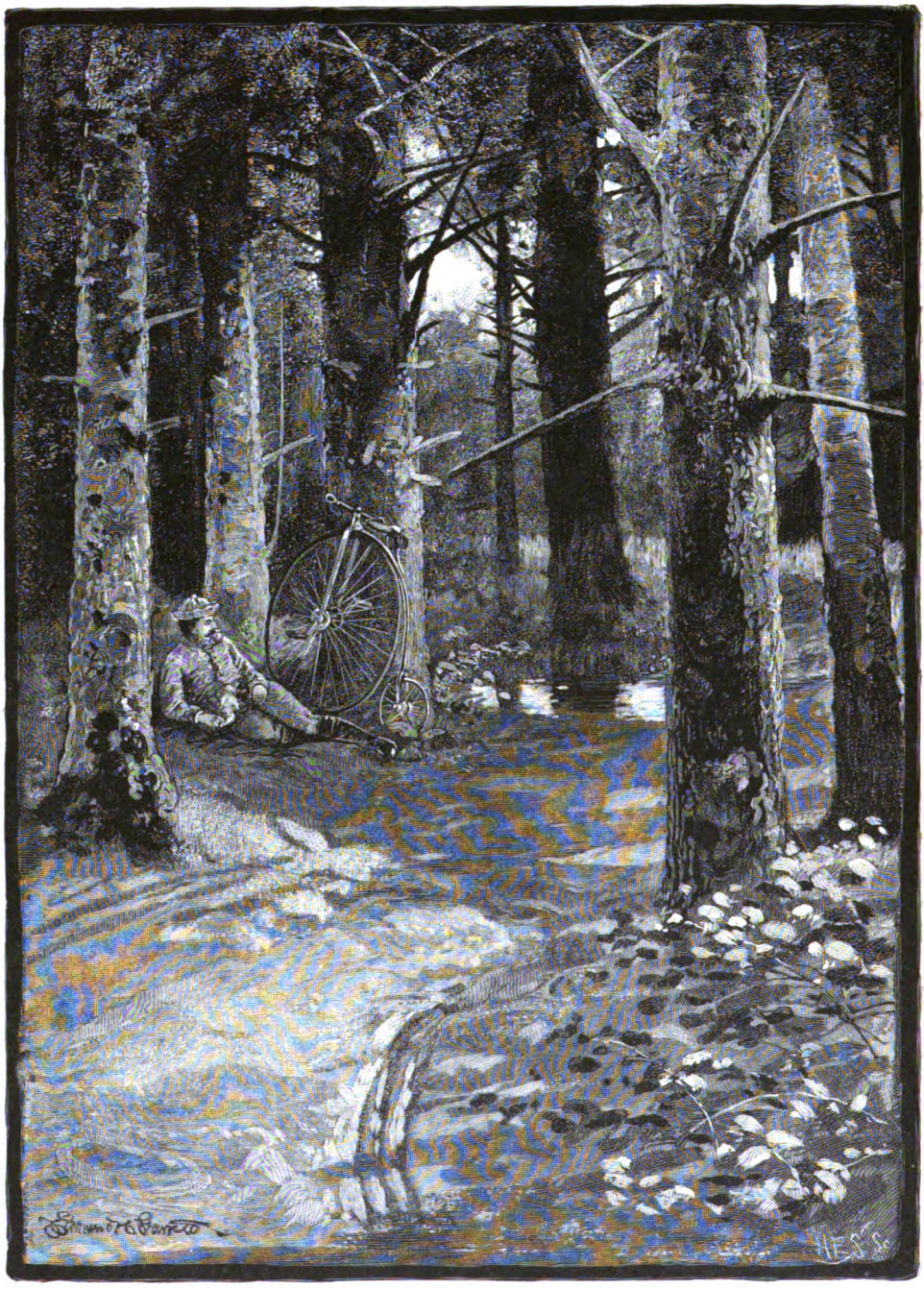
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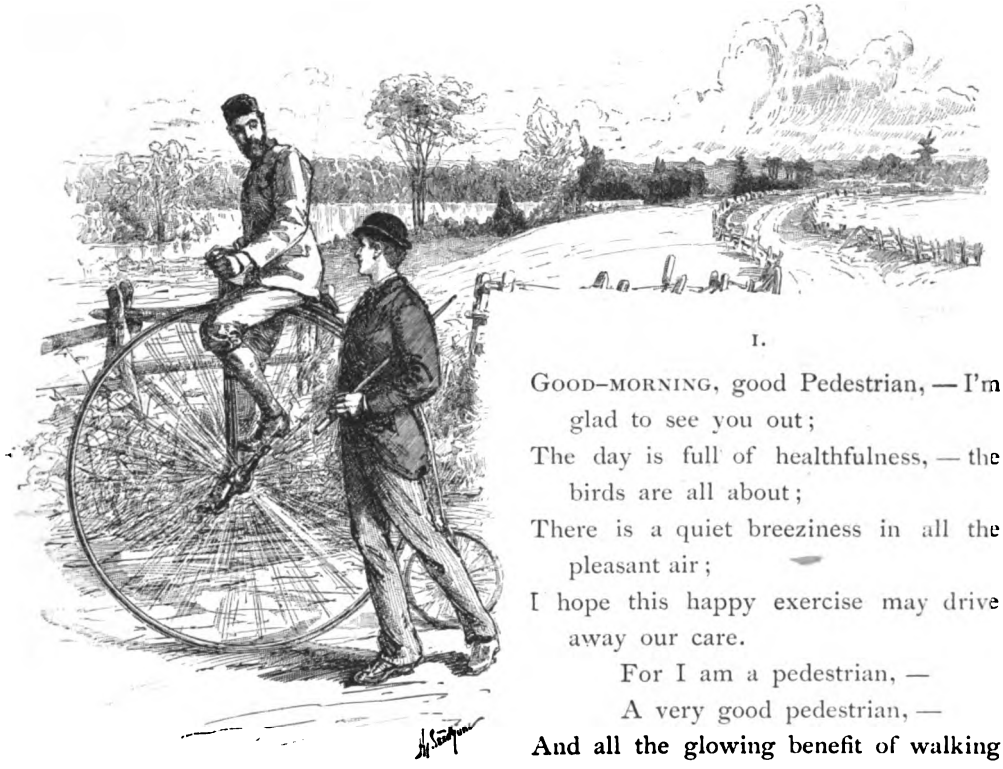


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OUTING.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1884. No. 1.

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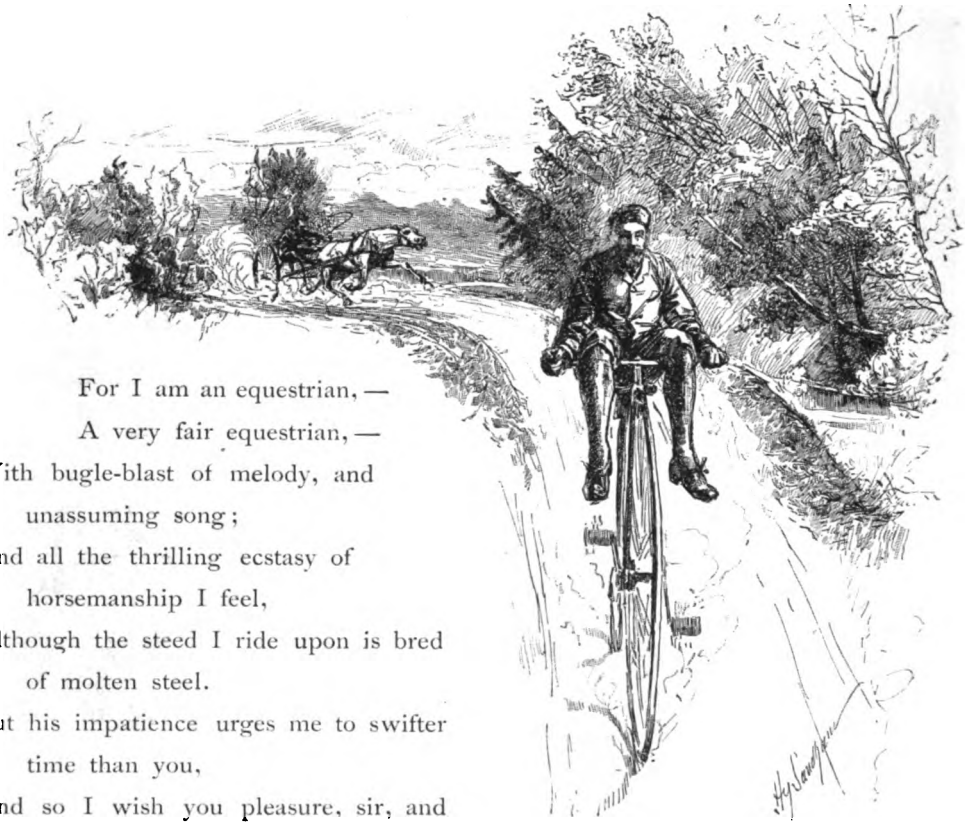
I.

GOOD-MORNING, good Pedestrian, — I'm glad to see you out;
The day is full of healthfulness, — the birds are all about;
There is a quiet breeziness in all the pleasant air;
I hope this happy exercise may drive away our care.
For I am a pedestrian, —
A very good pedestrian, —
And all the glowing benefit of walking I can share:
Although I tread the atmosphere and do not touch the ground,
I welcome you fraternally; wherever you are bound.
But my impatient lady-love in yonder vale doth wait;
I wish you better company, and strike a swifter gait.

II.

Good-morning, good Equestrian, — a noble steed you ride;
We do not seem to frighten him, — so here is by your side.
It is a feast of happiness to smoothly bound along,
With sturdy muscles under you, and footing swiftly strong!

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For I am an equestrian, —
A very fair equestrian, —
With bugle-blast of melody, and unassuming song;
And all the thrilling ecstasy of horsemanship I feel,
Although the steed I ride upon is bred of molten steel.
But his impatience urges me to swifter time than you,
And so I wish you pleasure, sir, and bid a kind adieu.

III.

Good-morning, Mr. Racer, — you've a trotter that is fine:
I never would disparage him, or say too much of mine.
Your horse is full of mettle, sir, and bravely takes his load;
It must be pure deliciousness to speed him on the road.
For I am quite a racing man, —
A modest, humble, racing man, —
Though slight is my solicitude upon the turf bestowed;
But if you have an anxiousness to try a little race,
I'll undertake, with courtesy, to give you second place;
But if the first you win from me, and fairly it be earned,
I'll hope, in near futurity, the tables may be turned.

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IV.

Good-morning, Mr. Carriageer, — you have an easy ride:
Those cushions are luxurious, and pleasantly you glide.
'Tis very nice and fortunate, if one be tired or ill,
To have a carriage to his call, and travel as he will.
But I, sir, keep my carriage, too, —
A very pleasant carriage, too;
Though it is not the easy one that your desires would fill,
It carries me in comfort over many a pleasant mile,
And we who ride are satisfied completely with its style
So with a blithe economy establishments are run,
With driver, footman, passenger, and horses all in one.



V.

Good-morning, fellow-wheelmen, — here's a warm fraternal hand,
As, with a rush of victory, we sweep across the land!
If some may be dissatisfied to see the way we ride,
We only wish their majesties could travel by our side!
For we are pure philanthropists, —
Unqualified philanthropists;
And would not have this happiness to any one denied;
We claim a great utility that daily must increase;
We claim from inactivity a sensible release;
A constant mental, physical, and moral help we feel,
That bids us turn enthusiasts, and cry, "God bless the wheel!"



Will Carleton.

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REMINISCENCES OF ALASKA CANOEING.

ALASKA, or *Alayéksah*, as the natives term it, is a country of widely diverse characteristics; but to the great mass of the people whose territory it is it is monotonously suggestive of icebergs, arctic dreariness, and seal-skin dollmans. It is a country of volcanoes and mighty, unexplored rivers, of stupendous glaciers and fleets of icebergs gorgeous with every prismatic tint. Its coast-line is guarded by snow-covered mountains, which rear their frosty battlements high above the clouds, and, stretching far as the eye can see, dissolve their pure white into the blue, or send up above the sea horizon line some lofty dome as far off and as pure as another world. Upon these fields of snow the sun in summer paints his lines of rose and gold throughout the whole round of the twenty-four hours; or, if the loftiest peaks fade to an ashen gray, it is but for a moment,—a point of emphasis to mark the return of life.

At the feet of these mountains lies the sea, sprinkled with thousands of islands, in size from three hundred miles long to the point of rock crowned with its lonely tree. Through the almost fathomless channels of this archipelago courses the Gulf Stream's counterpart, the Japanese current. And if Buckle be right in saying that England owes her predominance in literature, language, politics, and the arts, to her insular condition and the gentle climate given by the Gulf Stream, then have we many Englands in the Alaskan Archipelago, only waiting for the same Anglo-Saxon stock. Here is a climate milder than the Hebrides, moist as Ireland. The air in midsummer never loses that sweet and soothing balminess which never parches, never oppresses,—that imperceptible, indefinable gift of the sea. There is a base artificial imitation of it in the luxurious air of a large greenhouse in midwinter, when the roses and heliotropes are blooming, but the blessed spring-time always has it everywhere. When you feel its soft touch upon your cheek you know the violet will lift its head, the tender mist of green along the slopes will grow stronger, and the willow buds will throw themselves open recklessly and joyfully.

If you never even heard of Buckle, this genial influence reminds you instinctively of Merrie England, and the quaint old Chaucer with his "smalle fowles making their melodie," and of that "wonderful balmy Aprille when, amid the opening flowers, that band of pilgrims journeyed forth." Chaucer and his dear little lady nun, who always wiped her lips in so seemly a way, and all the rest, are ghosts, but the blessed spring-time is as real, as sweet, and as true for us as it was for them, and it is May and June in the Alaskan archipelago half the year through.

Ages of this greenhouse climate have covered the islands with massive trees of timber better than that of Maine or Puget Sound. The Chilkáhl swarms with salmon as fine as those of the Columbia. The cod-banks furnish an inexhaustible supply of the best cod, and the halibut banks of halibut. Herring swarm the straits till the water seems solid with them, and the ruffled surface is like a sheet of silver. These are the important things. The Mt. St. Elias blue bear, the grizzly, the Alpine goat, the big-horn sheep, may survive in their forbidding mountain fastnesses; the sea-otter and the seal may, under protection, continue to inhabit the water and some of the islands; but, even so, their importance will be but secondary; and the rest of the fur trade, the foxes, wolves, mink, fisher, wolverine, and sable, belong to the interior, which, unless it contains mineral, is good only as a fur-bearing country, so far as we yet know.

Lieutenant Schwatka's inland exploration will, when he returns, doubtless furnish a multitude of new and interesting facts. For the present, however, we are chiefly concerned with the archipelago as a glorious resort for summer tourists. True, there are no "accommodations"; but think what an advantage that is. It keeps away all those people who want accommodations, and bits of native nature are becoming very scarce on this small globe. Europe, Asia, and almost Africa, are overrun; but here we have a nook of our own, where the solitude of a thousand years may be found unbroken, and the mossy accumulation untouched; where the lignite bed rises in regular gradation through peat to the fresh green moss of yesterday; where the native may be found with the tools of the stone age,—the traps, the bone implements, the superstitions and traditions of that vague but useful individual, "primitive man."

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He lives in the same kind of a house, built with the same kind of tools, as those of his forefathers. He cooks the same food over a fire procured in the same way, and tells you that the great man-god, the Brahma Yehl, hid the fire in the stones for him years ago, when the world was cold, and the only fire was jealously guarded by a malign spirit, and the poor Thlinkits, his ancestors, shivered mightily; but Yehl, in shape of a bird, stole a firebrand, and flew to the south-east with it, but, being pursued and close-pressed by the demon, dropped the brand upon a pebbly beach, and the stones received the scattered sparks.

All this is something, for, with Indian reservations abroad, and hotels in the Yellowstone park, it will, erelong, be a triumphant thing to say I have talked face to face with a protoplasmic brother, a genuine savage man, and find his views on original sin quite as vague as mine. But at the steamer terminus, Sitka, alas! you will find your brother clad in drawers of Lowell cotton instead of in clout of fur, with a shirt of coarse blanket from the Hudson Bay Company, perhaps with a rusty flint-lock musket from the same source, and only disposed to redeem himself by draping his short figure on rainy days in a robe made from the buff and silver speckled skins of a hundred little ground squirrels.

That the reader may have some idea of the profit in fur in the early days (and it has not *very* materially diminished), before I get away from this man's musket, — which is a good thing to get away from, for it is quite as likely to discharge from the side or breech as from the muzzle, — I will remark that the method of trading such a gun was to stand it upright on the deck of the trading-schooner and require closely-packed beaver or sable pelts to be piled on each side until they reached to the muzzle.

There is another, not a mere external trait of resemblance between civilized man and the savage brother with whom one must negotiate for a canoe and crew at Sitka. After the bargain is struck he will get uselessly and overwhelmingly drunk on "hoochinoo," — a "native" liquor, the manufacture of which was introduced at Sitka by the Russians, and was afterwards made largely, as it is to-day, at the Indian town of Koutzrnon, whence it takes its name. It is contraband under our laws for Alaska, and therefore, is a most remunerative article of trade among the native dealers in furs; and thus a knowledge of it is reaching further and further into the interior; for the trade in Alaska is regulated much as was the gold and ivory trade in Africa. The coast, or Thlinkit tribes, force the interior, or Tunich tribes, to make them the medium of exchange with the outer world, while the Tunichs will not permit the Thlinkits to penetrate inland and trap fur.

Afloat in one of those models of naval symmetry, an Alaskan canoe, shaped from a single tree, the traveller is ready to drift through the pleasant water-ways, to land wherever a shingly beach and splashing rivulet invite him, to dine on ptarmigan or deer, and sup on clams whose shells are used by the natives for broth-bowls, or on crabs whose spider-like spread measures from three to six feet. The natives have a superstition that these crabs are metamorphosed drowned men. Certainly, if all the Alaskan metamorphoses are on this scale, there is a great future in store for us. Land at night the traveller must, in order to enjoy a hot supper and that deep sleep which is true oblivion, — which seems indeed to be the reward of open air and hard work rather than of a guiltless conscience; for our interpreter, Jack, slept like a log. I do remember some sleep and a savory hot supper taken during a run of eighty miles before a friendly wind which carried us down Cross Sound in lazy dreaminess. The far blue mouth of the Chilkáhl lay away to the left, the sentinel Alpine peaks beyond, the forest steeps and thread of beach upon our right, and overhead and around us gold and silver, blue and green, loveliness and balminess. The little waves playfully slapped our boat, and not Neptune himself could have voyaged in gentler state. The sun hung in the heavens like a belated thing, and our minds, enslaved by use, could not but reproach the gay roysterer for beaming high and barefacedly at the unnatural hour of ten o'clock at night; worse, he only made a pretence of washing his face in the sea at midnight to resume his gay career at two in the morning. Ah, Phœbus! what would a pious-minded old Greek have thought of such a spectacle? But I thought it glorious; and, as the canoe sped on even keel, and the little alcohol-stove at the bottom of the camp kettle sent up the coffee-scented incense, I turned my face to the great light, became a fire-worshipper, and revelled in the defeat of darkness.

I remember another ride in this same canoe,

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when the playful little waves had been swallowed up, and the cheery music of Triton's conch-shell had been drowned in the howls of the north wind. It was in Peril strait; we were forty miles from a possible landing-place, and our salvation hung to the slender rod of a mast that bent like a whip as the wind shrieked past it. Our Indian, with painful solicitude, held the cords by which the sails are managed, and, with a keen eye on the mast, he played the strain upon it, as a salmon-fisher plays his rod.



IN THE STORM.

There was no silver and gold on this ride, no green and glitter. The sullen sky was close above us in great booming masses, hurrying by in angry procession. The sea had no inner lights; it was as black and solid as if some Titantic squid had turned it all to ink. The foam upon the crested waves had no feathery or playful feature, but flecked the black, like baleful death-lights, and curled and roared as the huge waves raced after us and showed their teeth. Again and again they towered above us, and spat upon us, and seemed about to overwhelm us, but each time they broke just astern. Only once an angry one leaped bodily aboard. The little canoe shivered and settled sluggishly in the water; for an instant the race seemed over; there was no question as to the result if ever we were left in that water, already within two degrees of the freezing-point, — not indeed that we dipped the thermometer then and there, or noted the picturesque grandeur of the storm. When life and death balance upon a bent and feeble reed of a mast, men do not engage in analytics, or note aught but that simply it is a storm, that this wave is huger than the last, that all are very ugly masses of water; nothing more.

It is a strange and not ungrateful sensation to have the whole physical and mental being so absorbed that nature vanishes, time stands still, and every sense concentres into one thought, knowing nothing else, absolutely nothing. I have known men, brave men too, to be so absorbed in the desperate situation of an Indian fight that the whole day passed, and they thought it but an hour or two. And so, though each moment brought us its load of anxiety, it seemed but a few minutes until we had flown forty miles through

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the Strait of Peril, and, guided by the skilful hand of the wrinkled old Tah-ah-nah-Klékh, shot out of the fury suddenly, around a rocky point, into a peaceful little cove, that, smiling, stretched its sandy carpet at our feet. We heard the steady roar outside; we saw the foam leap clear above the rocks, but here the ribboned seaweed threw its tresses upon the water and soothed it to a sleepy calm. They even caressed our boat, as mermaids might have done, and lingered with a dumb sympathy. The tent was pitched, the roaring fire waved its streamers in the air, the wetted cargo ranged around it sent up a little circle of steam, and the canoe was at rest high on the beach. After the ancient manner we hung an offering to Neptune in the soaked garments about the fire, much as many a mariner must have done in many a shrine along the Mediterranean coasts, or among the islands of that other archipelago where Thales gave birth to philosophy and Homer to poetry; where Socrates taught, and Phidias wrought for the ages. How poetically Horace uses the figure in his ode to the lovely Pyrrha, where he likens himself, in having escaped her blandishments, to a mariner escaped from sirens and shipwreck; and vows, as the seaman hung his dripping vestments as a thank-offering, so will he hang an offering in gratitude for his miraculous escape! Could any one hint to a pretty woman in so flattering a way the dangerous idea that he is not at her feet? And, as I lay before the fire, feeling its warmth and a grateful reaction of languor stealing over me, I munched a round pilot-biscuit, and was minded of another incident which glows in the realm of poetry. I thought of Æneas, and the restful haven he found from the storm, and how his followers built fires to dry themselves, and brought up some skins of wine from the boat and some loaves of bread; and how the leader told them it might, perhaps, in the distant future, bring them a joy commensurate with their present misery to think of the perils they had dared, the thrilling adventures they had had, and for so good a cause as the keeping patriotism holy, and founding a state. Yes, it is always so, the *olim meminisse juvabit* is never lacking. The two lands, the future and the past, hold lovely vistas, — lovelier because seen through the mist.

The old Tah-ah-nah-klékh takes his curiously carved pipe from his lips, and, waving it toward the distant blue mountains that mark the mouth of the Chilkáhl, begins in subdued chanting tones: "Once, a long time ago, that was all ice. Thlinkits could walk over it everywhere. There was no river there. A young man went out to hunt white goats. But he saw none for a long time. Suddenly a large, beautiful, long-haired goat appeared to him. He crept near to shoot it with his arrow, and it ran off a little way. He followed it, and so it led him over the great ice till he was lost. The goat disappeared, and the young man tried to find his way back. Three days he wandered and stumbled over the ice. He had nothing to eat, and grew very weak. On the evening of the third day he fell down, and lay as if dead. While he lay there he had a dream that he was on the banks of a beautiful river. He awoke, and heard the sound of running water. At first he thought it was his dream: but he could hear the water talking and rushing far below him. Then he rose and followed the sound, and it led him down to the sea, where was a river such as he had seen in his dream. There he found a young girl waiting for him, and he married her, and from them came all the Chilkáhl Kwahn (tribe), and the river has been flowing ever since, just as you see it now."

The soothing chant of the legend-teller, added to the delicious warmth of the fire, lulled us to a dozing that grew into a slumber wherein neither goats nor rivers had any place. Thus we journeyed onward, sometimes meeting migrating families or parts of tribes, and having long chats about this and that, game and furs, mountains and rivers, or even the weather. We were in a hurry, we cut these chattings short, and tried to hold them to a point; but what a rebuke to our little fuss was the larger philosophy of the Indians! The fleet of canoes would approach, first a small sprinkling of specks upon the sheet-silver of the water. Rapidly the specks took shape; the great, graceful prows loomed up, and we said: "It is a large sea-canoe, — two, three, — several." Then, in long-drawn cadences, our Indians would begin to talk at a seemingly absurd distance, but back over the level sea would come the clear, low replies. This would go on for about a mile, and then, with a spurt, a circular wielding of paddles, and lashing the water to foamy dimples, we would dash together, the fleet would close around us, and, all lounging listlessly, we would float there and talk

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and laugh. What a pity, as I look at it now, that we were always in such a hurry to get somewhere! How much sweeter was the Indian annihilation of time! Why should he hurry? There was to-morrow, and many more to-morrows, as good as to-day. Were there not camping-places everywhere, one as good as another? In short, what were time and space, that they should disturb his present mood? Nothing, — absolutely nothing.

With these family parties I noticed that it was the women who held the steering-oar and guided the domestic bark. This is the commanding position, and it implies a knowledge of tides, currents, weather, and sea-womanship generally. Indeed, I think Alaska could instruct us in the matter of equal rights for both sexes, based upon an equality of knowledge. If there be an inequality, it is in favor of the women. They do not seem to be under authority, and they have a voice, and apparently a veto power, in all transactions. I have had bargains, complete as to the men, nullified by the dissent of the Alaskan women. When that New Zealander is making his sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's from London bridge his fellow-townsman will, by one of the numerous lines of steamers plying to this archipelago, take passage as ambassador to our Amazonian daughters.

Slavery, however, exists among the Alaskans. So far as I am informed, the nomadic North American has never been enslaved, but following the example of his white brother, he has (in the Indian Territory) been a slave-holder. The result of tribal wars in Alaska is that the captives are carried into a slavery the most complete, to which they submit with a docility commendable, perhaps, if that dubious virtue ever be commendable. Where the social status is at its lowest there can be little difference between master and slave; so the traveller finds it impossible to distinguish in an Alaskan family circle the freeman from the slave. The low-voiced apathetic manner with which these people treat even their pestiferous, snarling dogs argues well for the slave. Still, dog and slave are alike subject to sacrifice on the grave of a dead master, and the corpses are treated with equal heartlessness, flung to the sea and ravens, and denied the genial cremation of the pyre, which is to warm the ghost on its cold journey to the unseen land where the master will still require their services. The child of a slave-mother follows the status of the mother. All relationship, including the totem or caste, is traced through the mother, and the totem connection is stronger than that of the blood. There is a warrior caste, but not a priestly caste. The individual shamàn is determined extraneously, and fits himself for his functions by a series of fanatical rites. In courage, manner of living, traditions, customs of marriage and burial, and mechanical skill the Alaskan is vastly more Asiatic than the ordinary North American Indian. Shrewd, cunning, timid, capable of being enslaved, with much more mechanical skill and patience for labor than the North American, the Alaskan has none of his restless, warrior-like qualities, none of his sense of freedom or belief in his rights, and none of his oratorical power. To me the two savages are wholly unlike, and I cannot help preferring our nearer neighbor just as one must esteem the rugged German tribes which pressed upon Roman civilization, as better than the cultured and sensuous empires of India.

My recollection of the Alaskan archipelago brings up a dancing sheet of silvery sea set with the greenest of emerald isles; and upon this background rises a pleasant confusion of bear-hunts, and seal-hunts and goat-hunts. Long, balmy days and cosy nights, or rainy days snug by the fire of some beach-perched hut, with the forest at its back. About this central hearth we all gathered, and roasted our halibut, or dipped curious horn-spoons into the stew, and then, lolling back on furs, watched the weaving and basket-making going on, while we listened to the simple traditions of the Thlinkit Kwahn.

The only serious blot upon the picture is the horror of a day at the large town of Koutzrnon, on Cross Sound. Whoever has shuddered at the strange madness, the drivel and bestiality of a drunkard, let him imagine a tribe, a town, all drunkards; no one sane thing there, nothing less brutal that the prowling dogs; men and women wandering abroad in nakedness, lying in confused heaps on the floor, lacerating their senseless hands upon the sharp stones of the beach; the drunken ones dragging the stupefied ones out of the reach of the sea; the children drunk, men with imbecile countenances catching the drops as they trickled from the still; everywhere the jeering, the mumbling, the laughter, the bawdry, the obscenity, the shamelessness.

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the something more than beastliness, and finally the simulation of death.

But if the reader wishes to see Alaska, he must be prepared for canoeing and camping; then, boarding the monthly steamer at Portland, Oregon, during a week or ten days he will run through some of the most picturesque country in the world. The steamer's route lies between the islands and the coast, and every hour is delightful, whether it be spent in the daytime, watching with restful vagueness the changing perspective, or at night just as vaguely watching the fiery trail which the screw beats in the phosphorescent water. From June till September the weather conscientiously studies the convenience of its patrons, and the Indians at Sitka will be found willing to swindle the voyager at all times.

These practical facts I offer in payment of the debt we all owe posterity, and so bidding posterity good-speed, I wish it a pleasant journey, and a safe arrival.

C. E. S. Wood.

NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ISLANDS BEYOND.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

I BELIEVE that the voyager who steams out of Boston harbor in search of a foreign port can reach Yarmouth (6,200 inhabitants), the most south-westerly one of Nova Scotia, sooner than any other. At all events, the sail is only two hundred and forty miles long, and can be finished in an hour or two less than a full calendar day. It was the steamer "New Brunswick" which carried me thither, most pleasantly, amid the bright sunshine of the last Tuesday of August, 1883; but it was a bleak wind and a cloudy sky which greeted my arrival on the morning that followed. In my hurry to be off, I entirely forgot the existence of the collector of customs, and so trundled my bicycle and baggage quickly away from the dock, without question from any one; though I afterwards learned that the usual practice was to exact a bond, or deposit of money, as security that the tourist would not leave his bicycle permanently in the province with the duty unpaid. Whether the inspector failed to observe me, or whether the sight of my white riding-costume convinced him that I must be certain soon to return whence I came, I did not stop to inquire. I only waited long enough to put my valise, duly labelled for Halifax, into the baggage-car of the train which was appointed to reach that city that evening, and then put myself into the saddle for a five days' tour thither. Mention may be allowed here, however, as an interesting example of the mysteries of Canadian express management, that, though the man in charge of the car assured me that the valise should go "straight through," it was seized upon by the agent of some rival express at Digby or Annapolis, shipped thence by slow steamer to St. John, and finally reached Halifax, and was delivered at the designated hotel there, some sixteen hours after my own arrival! Instead of a direct ride of two hundred and ten miles on the train by which I started it, it had been given a sea-voyage, had travelled double the necessary distance, and had been six days on the way.

When I mounted at the post-office, in Yarmouth, at 8 o'clock on that Wednesday morning, the weather was just about as dismal and threatening as on the memorable morning in June, when "the Down-East party" disembarked at Eastport and took their first united plunge into the mists of Maine. The character of the road and the scenery also suggested the environs of Eastport, for my course led through a rolling country, usually in sight of the sea, and an attractive and ever-varying combination of mountain-and-water views accompanied me for the greater part of the day, — and, indeed, for the two days following. Weymouth, forty-seven miles from the start, is the first town of any consequence, and the first place where the tourist comes in sight of the railway after leaving Yarmouth, though it lies only a few miles inland from his course, and there are several of its intermediate stations which are readily accessible to him. There is a pretty view of the bridges when the rider emerges from the woods into sight of the village, and there is a long hill, which I rode up with difficulty and then rode down with caution, as I entered the bridge. Just beyond this bridge, at Weymouth, is a steep, rough hill, which I do not believe any bicycle could climb; but it is the first real obstacle that would compel a dismount, in the case of a good rider who started at Yar-

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mouth. It would be quite a creditable feat, to be sure, for a man to cover the entire forty-seven miles without stop; for the track is continuously hilly, and some of the grades are long, and some are steep, and some are rough and stony; but good luck in choosing the path at certain difficult places would make it an entirely practicable feat. There was not a rod of the way which I myself could not ride, and there was not a single one of my enforced dismounts which might not have been avoided by a little better judgment. On the other hand, in a repetition of the ride, I might very likely be forced to stop by obstacles which, in the present case, I had the luck to surmount. My longest stay in the saddle began at Meteghan at 1.30 P.M., and lasted two hours and twenty minutes, during which I accomplished fourteen and a half miles, including several hills. Except for a mistake, which stopped me on a level stretch, I should have kept in motion another hour, or until I reached the bridge in Weymouth, five miles on; for I was wet, and had no desire to dismount or rest till I got to my journey's end. The hotel of Forbes Jones was at the bridge, but that of his father was a mile beyond, on a sightly hill-top, and thither I proceeded, arriving at ten minutes past 5 o'clock. The rain was now falling more vigorously than at any previous time of the day, and, as no other hotel could be reached before nightfall, I decided to stop. My first halt of the forenoon had been made at Hebron, four miles out, when the first rain-drops began to patter down, and I put my coat inside the india-rubber roll on the handle-bar. Three and a half miles farther, at a threshing-mill, the road turned off to the right, and led for the first time into the woods. Passing Lake Garland I reached Maitland at 10 o'clock, and after a brief delay, for oiling and cleaning, rode ten miles without stop in the following hour, and climbed the long church hill at Salmon river and the still bigger hill beyond. Another much slower hour brought me to the scene of a church-picnic, just beyond the village of Meteghan, and there I made a lunch on the moist remains of the feast which the bedraggled picknickers were selling at auction, or packing away in boxes. Some of the merrymakers were enjoying the adventurous delights of a revolving swing, or elevator turned by a crank, and had umbrellas over their heads; while other happy pairs were treading the mazy dance in very small booths, or shanties, through whose flimsy roofs the rain kept trickling down, in spite of all their brave adornment with evergreen boughs and artificial flowers. The sight of all this provincial pleasuring was as novel and amusing to me as the sight of a dripping bicycle tourist was to them, and we therefore stared at each other with mutual interest and satisfaction. Most of the people of this region are descendants of the old Acadian French, who returned here after their banishment from Grand Pré, and they retain much of the primitive simplicity in their customs and costumes. The uniformity with which all the women and little girls keep their faces bandaged up, in a sort of nunlike head-gear, at once attracts notice. Few understand the English language; but as "money" is the language of church-picnics everywhere, my wants were quickly supplied.

Bright sunshine prevailed on Thursday morning, but, as the rain had continued to fall heavily during a good part of the night, and as nobody in Nova Scotia ever thinks of taking breakfast before 8 o'clock, I was in no special hurry about getting started from Weymouth; and it was a quarter past ten when I said good-by to the representatives of the Jones family, who had entertained me in such hospitable and friendly fashion as to make me feel quite at home. A mistaken detour along the shore-road, which proved rather rough, resulted in bringing me back to the main road at a point three miles from the start, though I had covered double that distance in the hour and a half. Ten miles beyond, at a quarter past one, I stopped for lunch when confronted by the sign: "L. Fontaine. Entertainment. Meals at all hours." The road at this point was excellent, and almost continuously overlooked St. Mary's Bay, affording varied views of its waters and of the lofty ridges of Digby Neck beyond; but there now followed a mile of riding through the forest, and I then turned off to the left and passed under the railway, instead of keeping straight on towards Annapolis. Two miles beyond I reached the road which I intended to take for that city; but, before taking it, I made a detour down to Digby (1,800 inhabitants), and when I came back to the fork again, an hour and a half later, the cyclometer recorded four miles. From Digby I might have gone backward along the west side of St. Mary's Bay, first on Digby Neck and then on Long Island, and thence have crossed by ferry to Meteghan (which would have made a pleasant round-

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trip from Yarmouth of about one hundred and fifty miles, with less than thirty miles of repetition), or I might have been ferried across the channel to the Granville side, and have proceeded along the base of North Mountain to the village of that name, which is opposite Annapolis, and to Bridgetown, about sixteen miles beyond. The channel in question allows ships from the Bay of Fundy to approach Digby and the Annapolis basin, a long, land-locked bay on which the village of that name is situated. North Mountain is the name of the ridge, six hundred to seven hundred feet high, which forms the coast-line on the Bay of Fundy for eighty miles or more to the north-east of Digby, until it terminates in the headland called Blomidon and Cape Split. South Mountain is the corresponding ridge, three hundred to five hundred feet high, on the other side of the basin and valley of Annapolis. The two ranges are about a half-dozen miles apart at Digby, and converge somewhat as they approach Annapolis; but they afterwards diverge rapidly, so that, to the eastward of Lawrencetown, a flat plain, fifteen or twenty miles wide, is included between them.

It was 7.30 P.M. when I reached the Dominion Hotel, opposite the railroad station in Annapolis (1,200 inhabitants), and I had been three and a half hours in doing the twenty miles which began at the fork in the road outside of Digby. That town was still in plain sight when I crossed Victoria Bridge, seven miles on; and even three miles later I had a view of it from a hill-top. Two miles beyond this I descended a long hill into Clemensport, and rode up a still longer one; soon after which, on the water level, I met with a few rods of deep sand, the first obstacle of that sort which I encountered on my tour. Forty-four and a half miles was my record for that second day, which comprised several excellent stretches of roadway, and offered surprisingly few reminders of the last night's heavy storm. It led me through a pleasant and prosperous region, abounding in gardens and orchards; and even the long lines of the fishing pounds and the acres of black mud in the tideways were rather agreeable to look upon by reason of their novelty. The ready accessibility of these great beds of black gravel, which are left uncovered by the receding tides in the rivers and basins, doubtless accounts in large degree for the average excellence of the roads in that part of Nova Scotia. Rain again fell during the night, and a heavy mist threatened me with more when I mounted at 9 on the following morning, and took a turn through the deserted fortress, as a preliminary to the resumption of my journey. A fine view was had there, and also from the summit of Round Hill, seven miles on, and the latter included Annapolis, which refused to be banished from sight almost as persistently as Digby had refused on the previous afternoon.

Bridgetown, nine miles beyond Round Hill, contains a Grand Central Hotel, which charged me half a dollar for a very poor dinner. I was told there also that, by taking the ferry across from Annapolis to Granville, I might have had an equally smooth road, and avoided much hill-climbing. The track thence grew somewhat poorer and softer as I advanced to the village of Paradise, five miles, and Lawrencetown, three miles; and at the latter point I took train for twenty-five miles through a flat, barren, and uninteresting country, whose roads were too sandy for riding, though the "back road," along the base of North Mountain, was said to be harder. The two hours ending at 6.30 o'clock sufficed for my progress from Berwick to Kentville (3,000 inhabitants), about a dozen miles; though much walking would have been necessary except for the recent rain, and I might, perhaps, wisely have kept to the train for the entire distance. The Cornwallis valley begins at Berwick, however, and the sun was once more shining brightly as I turned left from the railway station towards that village, though I might also have gone to the right, along the post-road, instead of entering it at a point five miles farther on. My day's record was thirty-four miles.

Clear, bracing air and a cloudless sky supplied ideal atmospheric conditions for riding on Saturday morning, as I sped gayly along a most excellent course from Kentville, through the academic town of Wolfville (800 inhabitants), and the village of Horton to the railroad station, on the historic site of Grand Pré. Here I turned about, for the sake of climbing a hill overlooking the place (though I might more readily have reached this summit at the outset by continuing straight up a broad, disused road, instead of swinging off to the right on the smooth track leading to Horton), and I devoted an hour to the enjoyment of the prospect and of my guide-book's presentation of the rhapsodies

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which it had inspired in former tourists. Then I jogged down to the railroad-crossing again, and so through the "great meadow," which the early Acadians reclaimed from the tides by dikes, until I reached the evergreen-shaded elevation called Long Island, and the shore of the famous Basin of Minas. The clay wagon-paths across the meadows were all ridable, though too rough for swift or pleasant riding, and I returned by a new route, and made many detours in getting past Horton to the foot of the long incline called Horton Mountain, from the summit of which another fine view was enjoyed. The ascending path was quite smooth, and I rode the whole of it, dismounting once for a team, but the downward slope of two or three miles was softer and rougher, so that I should have walked most of it had I been touring in the other direction. I tarried awhile for lunch at Hantsport, and devoted the two hours ending at 6 P.M. to wheeling thence to Windsor (3,000 inhabitants), eight miles, over an uninteresting and difficult, though continuously ridable, road, which led, for the most part, through the woods, and which would have been hammered into smoother condition by the usual wagon traffic had not this been for some months diverted into another route because of a broken bridge. King's College — the oldest one now existing in the whole Dominion of Canada, having been founded in 1788 — stands on one of the hills of Windsor; and the town itself, occupying a promontory at the intersection of two rivers, impressed me as the prettiest and most attractive one that I saw in Nova Scotia. Most of its streets and outlying roads are smoothly macadamized, and I made trial of them to the extent of nearly eight miles, in company with a couple of local wheelman, — fellow-tourists of mine in the Down-East party of June, — who met me by appointment when I reached the Victoria Hotel, and who agreed to escort me at least a part of the way to Halifax on the following morning. My cyclometer recorded forty-seven miles on that fourth day of the tour, and lacked but a mile and a half of reaching the same distance on the fifth.

The character of that fifth day's riding, which completed the run of two hundred and eighteen miles from Yarmouth, and which was mostly done in the fog and rain, may be inferred from the description of the region given in "Baddeck," by Charles Dudley Warner: "Indeed, if a man can live on rocks, like a goat, he may settle anywhere between Windsor and Halifax. With the exception of a wild pond or two, we saw nothing but rocks and stunted firs for forty-five miles, — a monotony unrelieved by one picturesque feature." An hour's swift spin of eight miles, ending at 8 o'clock in the morning, brought us to the end of the level stretch of roadway leading from Windsor; and there, in the mist, which had been constantly growing denser, until it was now almost like rain, my escort bade me farewell, and whirled their wheels homeward towards the town of seven churches. I then surprised myself by going without stop for five miles and a quarter in an hour and ten minutes, though the ascent was almost continuous for the first two or three miles, and much of the remaining distance was rough and slippery on account of the rain. Thence I rode by short stretches to the railroad station called Mount Uniacke, six and a half miles, where I made a brief pause for a glass of milk, and then started forth in a shower, which gave me a thorough wetting. It was exactly noon when I stopped for another drink of milk at a point four miles beyond this; and I estimated that the forenoon's journey of twenty-four miles had not required more than half-a-mile of walking, spite of the many dismounts demanded by the slippery and difficult track. I walked much, however, for the first four miles of the afternoon, until I struck a stretch of black gravel, before reaching the place with the sign "16-Mile House"; but then was able to ride without stop for more than a mile and a half. Following this came four miles of toiling through the mud, mostly on foot, until I reached the level of a running stream or river. A mile beyond this I came to the rifle range, and then, after a similar interval, to the Hotel Bellevue, opposite the railroad station at Bedford, where I stopped a half-hour, in the midst of a heavy drizzle, to partake of a lunch, which supplied the first food more substantial than milk that I had during the journey. In dry weather, the road from this point along the shores of the Bedford basin to the Four-Mile House, and thence in to the city, is a good one; and in spite of the mud and stones, which caused frequent stops, I rode nearly all of it. There was very little rain falling during this final pull, but a dense fog enshrouded the town when I finished my ride at the door of the Halifax Hotel, just after 6 o'clock. My course through the

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forest had not led past very many houses, or been enlivened by many extended outlooks, but, on a pleasant day, it could hardly be considered so desperately monotonous as the corresponding railway ride described in "Baddeck."

Mist and showers prevailed by turns during all the next day, but I managed in spite of them to ride twenty miles in the city streets before embarking on the steamer "Worcester," which sailed at 6 o'clock, just as the setting sun began to shine. My longest spin was to Point Pleasant, a park of evergreen trees which lies between the harbor and the river-like inlet called the Northwest Arm, stretching therefrom for four miles, to within two miles of the Bedford Basin. The shore road leading to this park, and the many intersecting roads within it, are macadamized to such an ideal degree of smoothness that even a very hard rain will not make them perceptibly sticky; but in this paradise I took the first tumble of the entire tour, while carelessly swinging my legs over the handle-bar on a down grade. At 7 o'clock of Saturday morning, five days later, when the "Worcester," after a voyage of six hundred and thirty miles, was once more lashed to the dock in Halifax, several of the local wheelmen dragged me from my state-room to breakfast with them ashore, and then take a spin through the Public Gardens, of whose floral beauties the city is justly proud. Afterwards I went alone along the street which follows the shore of the Bedford Basin, to the little post-office, whose sign reads "3-Mile House," where I crossed the road by which I entered the city on Sunday, and proceeded two miles to the Seaside House, on the extremity of "the Arm." Mounting there I rode up a steep and difficult hill, and continued without stop along the Chester road, for five and a half miles, to Governor's Lake. The return to "the Arm" was also made without dismount, and more easily, in three-quarters of an hour, and thence up the long hill to the Citadel, and so to the Halifax Hotel, two miles, in season for dinner. Sixty cents was the price charged for this excellent repast, and, though the rate per day is only $2, there is no other hotel in all Nova Scotia whose terms are so expensive. In other words, the hotels of the province are very cheap and very poor, when judged by the New York standard. The village of Chester is forty-five miles from Halifax by the shore road, and the beautiful St. Margaret's Bay, at about the middle point, is the only intermediate place of any consequence. According to the guide-book, the stage road "runs along its shore southwesterly for eleven miles, sometimes alongside of beaches of dazzling white sand, then by shingly and stony strands on which the embayed surf breaks lightly, and then by the huts of fishermen's hamlets, with their boats, nets, and kettles by the roadside." I was told that the entire road to Chester was fairly practicable for bicycling, and that Halifax wheelmen have several times traversed the first half of it as far as St. Margaret's Bay. The quarter of that first half, which I myself traversed without dismount, as before described, led through a "dreary and thinly settled region," covered by the stunted second-growths of forests which had once been cut off; and the occupant of the sole house at Governor's Lake, which is one of a series of connected ponds that form the water-supply of Halifax, assured me that the character of the roadway and scenery remained unchanged for the next fifteen miles, ending at the bay. From Chester, along Mahone Bay, to Lunenburg, is twenty-four miles, and the steamer of the Yarmouth line for Boston may be taken at the latter point, or at Liverpool, about thirty miles beyond, though the stage-road connecting the two ports is described as "traversing a dreary and dismal inland region, inhabited by Germans whose chief industry is lumbering."

From Liverpool to Yarmouth, one hundred and four miles, "the road runs along the heads of the bays and across the intervening strips of land"; and I was told by teamsters, who professed to have been over it, that, though very hilly, it is smooth and hard. Shelburne, Port Latour, and Barrington, are intermediate ports, from which access may be had to Halifax by weekly steamer. Had time allowed I should have tried wheeling from the last named city, by the route just indicated, back to the port where I first landed, and thus have completed a round trip of about four hundred and fifty miles. The route actually traversed by me, from Yarmouth to Halifax, when laid down on the map, appears to form very nearly the arc of a circle, and the proposed return route may be said, in a rough way, to form the chord of the same. The intermediate region included between these lines contains many lakes and rivers; but is so thinly peopled that it may be generally designated as a wilderness, and the few cross-roads which intersect it are none of them good enough

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for the bicycle. As to the other half of the Nova Scotia peninsula I am inclined to believe that its coast line, to the northeast from Halifax, might be pleasantly explored on the wheel, by the road which crosses the bays and inlets at a distance from the ocean of from two to ten miles, until it turns inland to Guysboro', at the head of Chedabucto Bay. Thence the road to the Strait of Canso, and along it, through Port Mulgrave to Tracadie and Antigonish, is presumably good; and the presence of forty or fifty bicyclers in the latter town is a voucher for the general excellence of its local roadways, and perhaps also for the particular one which reaches along the north coast around to Pictou. This is the place where the steamers sail for ports in Prince Edward Island, twenty miles to the north, and it is the terminus of the railroad from Halifax, along whose general line runs a highway, by which the tourist could doubtless wheel back to that city, and thus complete a round trip of perhaps two hundred and fifty miles; or he might go directly across from Pictou to Truro, forty miles, and from there follow the shores of the Basin of Minas and the river Avon to Windsor; or he might follow the general line of the north coast, at some distance inland, to Amherst, about one hundred miles; thence go southward to Parrsboro', thirty miles; and from there follow the northern shore of the Basin of Minas back to Truro. Some difficult places would doubtless be found on these suggested routes; but I have sufficient faith in their general excellence to be willing to try them if the chance were offered me.

As the steamship line to which the "Worcester" belongs is organized under the laws of the United States, the ship was not allowed to carry on any traffic between one Canadian port and another, but only between a Canadian and a United States port. The agent, however, though forbidden by law of the Dominion from selling me a passage from Halifax to Charlottetown, on Prince Edward Island, kindly consented, in selling me a passage "from Halifax to Boston," to let me go aboard the ship on her outward voyage to that island. My voyage began, as already described, in the light of a brilliant sunset which marked the close of a two days' period of rain and fog; and the continuance of perfect weather on Tuesday made the passage through the Strait of Canso a pleasure long to be remembered. An hour's halt for the discharge of freight at Port Hawksbury, about mid-day, allowed me to enjoy five miles of wheeling on the roads of the island of Cape Breton, and a two hours' stop there, Friday morning, while on the return voyage, gave me a chance to do twice that distance. On this second occasion I ventured to go up the coast as far as the bridge at Port Hastings; and I was assured that the same smooth road of powdered rock ran along the coast, in sight of the water, to the "jumping-off place" at Cheticamp, seventy-five miles northward. I hope some time to explore it, and, on the return trip, to cross from Salmon river to Baddeck, and try the roads along the Bras d'Or lakes. I think it would be practicable, with occasional resort to the steamers, to wheel from Baddeck to Sidney and Louisburg, and thence back by St. Peters and Isle Madame, to the starting-point at Port Hawksbury. All the testimony I could find agreed as to the hardness of the roads and the absence of sand; but it is to be feared that in some places there has been insufficient wheel traffic to grind down the inequalities of the rocky surface. The obtaining of suitable food in so thinly populated a region might also be a matter of some little difficulty; but, on the whole, I recommend Cape Breton as an attractive field for the adventurous tourist. His wheel will be sure to be everywhere greeted as a wonder-compelling novelty, even though the honor of being "first on the island" has already been snatched away by "No. 234."

I cannot pretend to claim for it a similar fame in respect to Prince Edward Island, for a bicycle had been ridden in the streets of Charlottetown by a youthful summer visitor, during a week or two of the previous season; but I think I am the first bicycler who ever took a tour there, and it will not seem very surprising if, for some considerable time at least, I also prove to be the last. It may fairly be said of the island roadways that they are not by any means so bad as they look, for a wheelman who inspected them from a window of a railroad train would declare at once that they were entirely prohibitory to bicycling. The soil is a reddish sandy clay, but very fertile and productive, so that there is usually a thick growth of grass close up to the wagon ruts; and when the ruts themselves are too deep for comfortable riding, their grassy edges are often firm enough for the support of the wheel. Outside the two or three chief towns, the road-beds are

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all formed of the natural soil, and, in wet weather, many of them become little better than impassable sloughs; whereas, in dry weather, most of them are ridable, and some of them supply quite excellent stretches of riding. "The island has 109,000 inhabitants and an area of 2,133 square miles, its extreme length being one hundred and thirty miles and its breadth thirty-four miles. The soil, which is mostly derived from red sandstone, is kept in a high state of cultivation, and nearly all the population is rural. The surface is low or gently undulating, with small hills in the central parts, and the scenery is quiet, broken every few miles by the blue expanses of the broad bays and salt-water lagoons. The air is balmy and bracing, and the most abundant trees are the evergreens. A conflict of opinion exists with regard to the scenery, some travellers having greatly admired it, while others declare it to be tame and uninteresting. The chief exports are oats, barley, hay, potatoes, fish, live stock, and eggs."

A tremendous gale was blowing when I disembarked at Charlottetown (12,000 inhabitants), at half-past eight on Wednesday morning, and I had no choice except to let myself be blown by it, in a north-easterly direction, along the St. Peter's road, which follows up the Hillsboro' river, not far from its left bank, for eighteen miles, to Mt. Stewart, a railway junction, where one line branches off to Souris and the other to Georgetown. On the other side of Charlottetown the railroad runs in a north-westerly direction to Tignish, one hundred and seventeen miles; and the second largest town of the island (Summerside, with 3,000 inhabitants) lies about midway on the line. Spite of the great help which the wind afforded I was four hours and a half on the way to Mt. Stewart, though I did not do a great deal of walking. I had one needless tumble while trying to mount in a sand-rut, and the final mile was ridden in the rain. So heavily raged the shower during dinner-time that I at first thought of taking the evening train directly back to town; but when the sun appeared, an hour later, I decided to advance through the mud and meet the train at a station farther up the line. A miscalculation as to distance caused me to fail in doing this, and I was also dampened somewhat by later showers of rain; but the close of the afternoon was pleasant, and the wind, though less vigorous than at the opening of the day, helped me to the last. At dusk, having been another four hours and a half on the road, I had accomplished about seventeen more miles, and reached the little fishing-hamlet of St. Peter's. The hotel mentioned in the guide-book was not to be found here, but, after making vain application at a number of the other cottages, I was finally received at the boarding-house connected with the store, near the railroad station, and was well taken care of for the night. The weather of the next day was of an ideal character, except in the respect that the same breeze blew stiffly in the same direction, instead of turning about, as I had hoped; and as the "Worcester" was appointed to start on her return voyage at 5 o'clock P.M., I did not attempt to retrace my entire course on the wheel, but took train to Bedford, a station fourteen miles from the city, and began there at 9 o'clock a round-about journey of twenty-four miles, ending seven hours later in the public square at Charlottetown. The air was so clear and exhilarating that the mere fact of existing out-of-doors was in itself a pleasure; but, as the wind was generally against me, I was obliged to do much walking, whereas on the same roads, with the help of the wind, slow riding would have been practicable. The Lorne Hotel, on Tracadie harbor (an abandoned experiment at establishing a "fashionable watering-place," whose desolate appearance suggested Forlorn as a more graphic title), was one of the places visited by me early in the day; and the best riding of all was supplied by the Maltby road, on which I wheeled my last five miles from the railway station at Winslow. Before going on board of the boat, however, I circled around the city streets to the extent of two miles or more. The roads of the island are for the most part laid out in perfectly straight lines for many miles at a stretch, and this fact adds somewhat to the monotony of touring over them; though the undulating character of the country, which affords wide-extended views, and renders occasional hill-climbing necessary, supplies, in turn, a measure of relief for this. I am sure that the tracks traversed by me were fair samples of the riding afforded in all parts of the island; and, though I cannot especially recommend it as a field for bicycling, I should certainly recommend any wheelman who proposes to go there to take his bicycle with him, and "play it for all it is worth." Were I myself to spend a week or ten days upon the island, I am sure that I should try, by

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the help of the wind, to explore two hundred or three hundred miles of its roadways.

The sights and manners and customs observed by the traveller in all parts of "Nova Scotia and the islands beyond" differ sufficiently from those seen in the United States to seem "provincial" and "foreign"; but Halifax is the only place where their foreign quality assumes a distinctively "English" tone. The city suggests a small edition of London, and it is well worth visiting as a curiosity by those to whom the real London is inaccessible. The British flag flying above the Citadel; the red-coated soldiers stepping jauntily about the streets; the yellow brick and light stone fronts of the buildings, begrimed with the smoke of soft coal; the clumsiness of the carts; the heaviness of the horses; the gardens secluded behind hedges and brick walls; the mists and fogs which I encountered (though I believe these are not so frequent as to be characteristic); the general air of solidity, and repose, and "slowness"; all these things combine to recall "life in London" to one who has lived there, and to create a feeling of strangeness and remoteness from home in the mind of the casual visitor from any city in the United States. In some way it seemed larger to me than most other cities accredited with a similar population of thirty-six thousand, — perhaps because all the other places in Nova Scotia are so small, — and the impression left upon my mind was a pleasant one. I should be glad to make another and a longer visit there; and I know of no place so readily accessible from Yankee-land, where the inhabitants thereof can get so genuine a taste of "a foreign atmosphere," or so good a view of the contrasts which English life and habits present to their own. The "Worcester" finally took me away from Halifax at 4 o'clock of a Saturday afternoon, after I had indulged in a parting visit to the park, in company with some of the local wheelmen, and I disembarked at Boston about two days later, after an absence which lacked only a few hours of completing a fortnight. During this interval my cyclometer recor ded three hundred and forty-nine miles of wheeling, and I travelled one thousand two hundred and seventy miles by boat and fifty miles by railroad. The entire expense of the tour was somewhat less than $50, and, as I am a good enough sailor to have no fear of sea-sickness, and was favored with pleasant weather while afloat, I enjoyed it thoroughly from first to last. Though my voyage of one thousand and thirty miles on the "Worcester" kept me afloat on some hours of eight successive days, it also gave me some hours ashore on seven of those days, and allowed an indulgence in more than one hundred miles of bicycling. As my state-room was upon the upper deck, and I was allowed to keep my wheel therein, the act of going ashore at the several stopping-places could be done without delay.

The agent of the line, on my first brief application, notified me that a charge of eight cents per cubic foot of space occupied would be made for transportation of the bicycle from Boston to Halifax; but upon my informing him that the Yarmouth line, by which I proposed to make my outward voyage, exacted no such tax, and my presenting in full the argument for classifying a tourist's bicycle as personal baggage, he admitted the justice of the claim and issued orders that bicycles should thenceforth be taken free, at owner's risk, on both the lines of the company, to Savannah as well as to Nova Scotia. Furthermore, no charge for the wheel was made on either of the railroads which I patronized. An excellent table was spread in the cabin of the "Worcester," and its viands were extremely well appreciated by me when I returned from a day and a half's subsistence on the very simple fare attainable in the interior of Prince Edward Island. The officers of the ship also were a good-natured set of men, who took pains to make my stay among them as agreeable as possible; and the people with whom I came in contact on shore were almost invariably civil and anxious to please. Whenever I dismounted to quiet the fears of nervous horses the owners thereof always apologized for the trouble they had caused me, and berated their beasts for the foolishness of taking offence at the appearance of so fine and beautiful a vehicle.

"The Maritime Provinces," compiled by M. F. Sweetser, is the guide-book which has been alluded to and quoted from in the course of the present article. It is recommended as an invaluable companion for those whom a perusal of the article may induce to explore the regions described, though the so-called revised edition of 1883 contains many statements which have become antiquated and misleading, however true and proper they may have been when first written in 1874.

Karl Kron.

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LE MASQ'ALLONGE BENEDICTITE.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

CHAPTER VIII. — SOME NIBBLING, BUT NO BITE.

HERMAN FOSTER, age fifteen, was out late in the evening. He did not appear till breakfast was ready in the morning. With a boy's ubiquity he had been all over the settlement and heard all the news. He knew all about the rescue, and Joe's peril in the serf, and his wounds, and what had been done for him, and how everybody praised his heroism; and how, on his way home, he had knocked down "Bumpy" Jones. ("Bumpy" was the nickname of a nickname, — short for "Bumptious.") Herman told his tale at the breakfast table, doing the talking for the whole family. He guessed Joe must have been crazy from the two awful gashes on top of his head, — regular valleys, — the doctor cut most all his hair off, and shaved around 'em; but you wouldn't notice it when he had his cap on. Bill Smith said Joe caught "Bumpy" insulting a girl, and knocked him down off-hand. Bill Smith was one of the fellows who helped Joe home. Hank Brown was the other. Hank Brown said it was because "Bumpy" called the girl a pappoose. Anyhow, "Bumpy's" face was all swelled up, — couldn't hardly see out of his left eye. He didn't believe any fellow in the settlement could stand up when Joe hit him. Joe was a regular "snorter" when he got mad. All the boys were sorry Joe didn't get mad oftener; they wanted to see him "lift" somebody. They were all glad it was "Bumpy" Jones who caught it; didn't any of the boys like "Bumpy." All the boys were going to ask "Bumpy" how his eye got along every time they met him. Bill Smith nor Hank Brown didn't neither of 'em say who the girl was; but the boys could find out easy enough. Wouldn't they guy her? — guess not, Mary Ann! Serve any girl right who was caught going on with "Bumpy" Jones.

And so on, till breakfast was over.

To this pleasing prattle Kitty listened with unwonted silence. She said that her appetite was not good, and ate very little. Her brother's recital shed a new light on Joe's conduct, and also on her own. Poor fellow! This was her first knowledge of his peril and his wounds. No wonder he was cross last evening. She wondered if he was very much hurt. She would call and see him that very morning. Nobody could say anything against her calling, — they were engaged. Perhaps she could do something for him. At any rate, she must see him; she must secure a reconciliation at all hazards.

Kitty Foster had never looked prettier than she did that morning. Her face was a trifle pale from sleeplessness; but anxiety tinged her cheeks with a faint blush of pink. Her eyelids were a little swollen from crying, but her eyes were brilliant with excitement and soft with the dew of unwonted emotion.

On her way she was halted by Mrs. Perker, who was waiting in front of her house to catch the first passer-by. Mrs. Perker was the most spiteful gossip in the settlement.

"'Spect you're goin' to inquire after Joe this morning," she began. "That's right; you'd oughter, ef what they tell is true. They say Joe ketched you an' Bump Jones a-huggin' an' kissin' like to die right in the road, an' he up an' knocked Bump Jones eenamost dead right afore yer face. That's what they tell; but I calklate 'taint all on't true, neither, — is it?"

Kitty passed on without answering, though intense anger blazed in her face.

So this was the story the gossips would circulate. It was, indeed, necessary to see Joe and have an understanding with him.

Tears of vexation filled her eyes, but she dashed them away, and walked on in her most queenly manner.

At the door of her lover's house she was met by the doctor coming out.

"So you've come to see after Joseph, eh?" said the doctor, kindly, in answer to her inquiry if Mr. Collins was very badly hurt. "Well, no; the young man will be all right in a few days if he keeps quiet, and doesn't catch cold, and nothing wrong happens to him. You want to talk with him? H-m, yes; but you mustn't excite him, — must be soothing and gentle. They tell me he muttered your name a good

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deal during the first part of the night. There! there! you mustn't cry, child. It's a perfectly natural symptom to talk about you,—when the young man is a little off his head,"—(grinning),—"just a little off, nothing alarming. He slept quietly several hours before morning, and feels a great deal better. Go right in and see him; but be calm and quiet,—no crying; no excitement. Keep cool and steady; don't stay too long; and I shouldn't be surprised if your seeing him would do him good. You want to make him take you as a pleasant dose, eh?" and the kind-hearted doctor bustled away as though his meagre and poorly paid practice required his instant attention elsewhere.

Before proceeding to her lover's room Kitty asked the woman who accompanied the doctor to the door what it was that Mr. Collins muttered in the night about her.

"Wal," said the woman, "we couldn't exactly ketch it, though I gin both my ears to it. You see it was nat'ral I should be sort o' curious like, seein' he's been a-boardin' with me nigh onto a year. But, you see, he didn't speak out like he does when he's well; kinder mutter an' grumble down in his throat. Said, 'she's selfish and cruel,' a-many times, over an' over. Most like what sentences he spoke was somethin' o' this sort: ''Twas a man's duty; any real man would ha' done it; everybody else praised me; but she called it goin' arter the Frenchman's brats.' Then he would lie still a minnit; and then toss about an' speak your name, and go on sayin', 'Selfish an' cruel,' over an' over ag'in, till we got tired o' hearin' him. Couldn't none on us make out what he meant. Mebbe you know?"—this curiously, but without eliciting any reply.

This, then, was the unfortunate expression of hers which stuck in her lover's mind: he thought she did not care for the lives of two little children! But he did not know that she was ignorant alike of their peril and his heroism when she said it. How odious her speech and conduct must have appeared to him! But of course he would forgive her unfeeling speech when she explained. But would he forgive her other misconduct?

So thinking she was led into her lover's presence.

He was sitting in a chair with a light cap on his head, looking much as usual. He rose to greet her with a smile somewhat grave, but kindly. Having slept well the last four or five hours of the night, and eaten a nourishing breakfast, his naturally calm face had resumed about its usual color, and his eyes much of their soft brightness. The cap he wore completely hid the wounds upon his head, and his loss of hair. He merely looked a trifle languid and tired, as if from lack of sufficient sleep; and he really was much better than the doctor had thought him. Thoroughly healthy and of excellent habits, with strong vitality, and a mind not in the least given to fretting, his sleep and breakfast had greatly restored him. His head felt a little sore, and his muscles a trifle stiff, so that he was not unwilling to rest somewhat; but he had already concluded that by another day he should feel like attending to business.

Seeing him thus when she had expected to find him propped up by pillows, weak and ill, Kitty was naturally much disappointed. At first she was pleased to see him so well; then the situation became unpleasant. The tender pity and sympathy she had come expecting to lavish upon a prostrate sick man did not seem at all appropriate for this calm young gentleman, sitting polite and self-possessed in his chair, with all his faculties apparently clear and healthy. He did not appear in the least like a subject for petting or nursing, and she felt herself defrauded of the luxury of pouring out her affection upon him. Instead of taking possession and command, as a woman and a nurse may in a sick room, she was only the guest of her lover, and he commanded the situation. It was very embarrassing; and this feeling chilled the warmth of her greeting.

The situation was also embarrassing to Joe. He had a clear sense that he had been wrong; but his memory of the events of the previous evening was confused. He remembered knocking down "Bumpy" Jones; but why he had done so he could not recall. He knew that Kitty had deserved severe reproach; but he doubted whether he had spoken to her as a gentleman ought. He thought she had now come to demand an explanation; in which case he resolved to apologize for any unworthy act or word of his, and then to squarely break off their relations; because he felt that it was she who ought to apologize, and for her to require him to humble himself would be adding insult to injury. Therefore he waited silently for her to begin the conversation.

Kitty sat for a minute trying to collect

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her thoughts, and furtively studying her lover's face with her fine eyes, until they filled with tears, then a pitiful sigh heaved her bosom, and she burst out impulsively: "O Joe! I didn't know you were hurt; indeed I didn't! I didn't know how brave and noble you were! Nobody told me until this morning. How mean and cruel I must have seemed to you! Oh, I was bad! I know I was; I know you despise me; but not half as much as I despise myself! But, Joe, dear, I wasn't so bad as *that* — indeed I wasn't! When they told me about it, I knew how mean I had been; I knew how hurt you would feel; and I thought my heart would break! You have a right to hate me! You can't help despising me? I shouldn't have dared to come here, but they told me you were sick; and I hoped I might help take care of you, and so you would understand how sorry I am, and how much I care for you!"

Moved by her own eloquence, and by the rush of unwonted emotion, she rose and she bent over her lover; she clasped his hands; she petted and caressed him; her round and beautiful arm stole shyly about his shoulders; she punctuated her pretty pleadings with several warm kisses. She softly lifted his cap and the cloth wet with some soothing medicament, and melted with sweet womanly sympathy and compassion over his wounds; and then replaced their dressing with a woman's delicate and caressing touch.

This gave Joe time to think. He forgave her, of course, — she was irresistible, — but he did so with a calm gentleness which was a rebuke, a caress, and a warning. He did not display that eagerness for a reconciliation which she had hoped for. He appeared much changed. Certainly he was not the good-humored, easily-managed young man he had been.

But there was that in his manner which disappointed her worse. He forgave her kindly, if too calmly; that was well; but he did not play the ardent lover in the least degree. He repaid the warm kisses with which she showed her gratitude for forgiveness, and owned her new depth of affection, with barely one grave, friendly, entirely unimpassioned kiss. The pressure of his arm around her waist was merely gentle and kind, just as he might hold and soothe a child, — not at all the way a beautiful woman expects a lover to embrace her. She felt indignant and resentful, and showed it by withdrawing herself presently from him and terminating their interview, on the plea that the doctor said he must not be much disturbed; and really he ought to go to sleep, and get well as fast as possible.

It was plain that this young woman was not familiar with wounds and sickness. She mistook the cause of her lover's lack of ardor. A dangerous rap on the head cannot diminish affection; but it is a powerful discourager of amativeness. Physical prostration cannot chill true love; but it is a sovereign sedative for passion.

This grievance rankled. The more Kitty thought it over the more bitter grew her sense of injury. She was not a shy girl; but she had ever been self-possessed and coy with her lover. He was fond and enterprising; but she had been calmly chary of her favors. To permit him to snatch a kiss was a rare concession, hardly ever yielded except to gain some particular purpose. An embrace was an all-sufficient reward for his most special service, or the utmost possible temptation to receive from him a desired promise. This was the first time she had ever voluntarily kissed or caressed him; she vowed that it should also be the last. This was the first time she had ever felt the hunger of love for love; and that her lover should be indifferent and unresponsive seemed to her a humiliation against which her whole nature rebelled. She resolved to punish him with exaggerated coldness and distance for the future. Her determination took the form of the familiar couplet:

> "He that will not when he may,
> When he will he shall have nay."

CHAPTER IX. — HOOKING LE MASQ'ALLONGE BENEDICTITE.

THE gratitude of Jean Baptiste overflowed upon young Collins. Jean called at least twice daily with voluble thanks and valuable gifts. The first day he brought the largest and sweetest wild berries, which he had gone several miles to procure, with the morning dew upon them; also some of the finest Indian maple-sugar, and a brace of plump partridges, to broil for supper. The second day he brought wild-honey and squirrels. The third day, finding Joe well enough, he insisted upon taking him to his shanty, where Dame Baptiste made a holiday affair of the visit, and cooked them a delicious fish and game dinner. The fourth day Jean would have Joe take a row on the river and fish for bass, Jean doing all the

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work. The fifth day they went hunting in the woods for small game.

During these grateful attentions Jean's tongue ran continually upon one theme,—*Le Masq'allonge Benedictite.* He recited the legend over and over again. He firmly believed that the blessed fish was still living in those waters, waiting to be caught by some person worthy to become heir to the blessing of the saint. A benediction from those holy lips could not be lost. It would never die; but it must descend upon some worthy soul. He had often dreamed of catching the sacred fish; but he could not expect to succeed, not having lived a pure life. The benediction of the saint was not for such as he. But his life-long study of the habits of fish was not wasted. He knew just where mascallonge of great size and age were to be looked for. He knew particularly of one mascallonge, the largest, the most cunning, the fiercest, and finest he had ever found. He had seen it several times, but had never been able to capture it. It was proof against all his arts. Perhaps this was the blessed fish! He had more than once thought so. If it was, then he, Jean Baptiste le Corbeau, knew its haunt, its habits, and its cunning. Who so fit to inherit the benediction of the holy Father Marquette as the brave, the generous, the good young man who had risked his life to save the children of the despised fisherman? What hope that another so worthy would visit those waters? He, Jean, had forgotten the prayers which the good fathers taught him years ago; but he had prayed to the saints that this brave and good young man might obtain the long-lost benediction of Father Marquette, of holy memory. His wife had prayed with him. Better than all, their innocent children had prayed the same prayer. He had faith that these petitions had been heard by the good saints.

Jean talked so much in this vein that Joe, who at first smiled at the legend and the Frenchman's faith, gradually became impressed. It worked upon his imagination, and the latent superstition which is in most men's natures. He did not believe it; but he could not help hoping it might be true. He did believe that Jean had seen and knew where to find a fish of marvellous size, beauty, and cunning, which it would be a rare credit to take. He became as eager to attempt its capture as Jean could have wished. He grew to almost believe that, if he could secure this prize, it would be a lucky omen. Even though it should not prove to be Le Masq'allonge Benedictite (if any such creature existed), still the taking of such a singularly preëminent fish might be a special indication of the favor of Providence.

The slight flame of superstition kindled in the imagination of young Collins by the words of the Frenchman was fanned by his acts. It having been agreed that the capture of the big fish should be attempted, the preparations made were solemn and mysterious. The hook and line to be used were both new, never having been used for gain or sport, and Joe was made to prepare them; so that they should not be touched or polluted by unworthy hands. The boat to be used was also new, never having been used for any service which might offend the purity of a saint. The bait, Jean decided, must be a live frog, caught by night, under the light of the first new moon, by an innocent child; and, as the new moon would appear that night, Jean's little girl, duly trained, caught a fine frog, with a new net, made for that purpose, and deposited it safely in a clean vessel, filled with water, and covered with a bit of netting, without touching it with her hands. Then Jean's Indian wife practised various weird ceremonies, including the burning of certain fragrant weeds in the dark, just before the rising of the thin new moon, requiring Joe to expose the hook and line to their pungent smoke, so that any odor of impurity they might have taken from manufacturer or vendor should be removed. This ceremony was performed on the summit of the tall sand dune, as nearly as might be on the very spot where Father Marquette had kneeled in prayer more than a century before, at the foot of the tall wooden cross he had erected there.

The night gave indications that the next day would be favorable for fishing. There was what Jean called "a hungry taste" in the occasional soft breathing of the air from the south-east. A thin mist began to draw a gray veil over the starlit sky, and a low fog lay like a feathery blanket upon the reedy marshes. The frogs croaked, and the nocturnal insects chirped and hummed with a lugubrious sound. Now and then a dog howled in the slumbering settlement over the river, and was answered by the plaintive cry of a loon from one of the river bayous. The unruffled surface of the lake spread its pale sea beyond the harbor headlands, under the obscured glimmer from the narrow rim of the rising new moon;

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but the river showed itself in the shadow of the lofty sand dunes like a broad ribbon of ink. As the party plunged down the steep slope of sand, the mosquitoes at its river base bit viciously, as if they felt the necessity of laying in sufficient provision to last them through a day of rain.

Jean decided that they should attempt the capture of the great mascallonge soon after daylight the next morning, when the monster would be ravenously hungry. Game fish require light to see their prey. Jean explained that, according to his experience, the reason why fish take the hook most freely in cloudy weather is twofold: first, from lack of sufficient light, they have not been able to gorge themselves as usual; second, in the obscure light they do not so clearly perceive the fisherman or the suspicious character of the bait he offers. Of the scientific theory that fish are affected by the lightness of the air, reducing the atmospheric pressure on the water, he was ignorant; and, if he had been wiser, he would not have understood any more than the savants how that could make the fish hungry. And they all repaired to Jean's shanty to sleep while they could; Jean making the boat and tackle all ready for service before he flung himself down, fully dressed, to snatch a little rest.

Promptly at the first appearance of dawn Joe was aroused, and woke to find a good breakfast already waiting for them. After eating, Jean and Joe entered the boat, which Jean rapidly drove up the river, using an Indian paddle because it can be wielded without making any noise, and with the least disturbance of the water.

The haunt of the great fish was near the opening into the river of one of the large bayous, or lagoons, where the channel was deep, and the aquatic plants uncommonly tall. The boat was paddled above this spot on the opposite side of the river; after which she crossed the channel and was permitted to float silently down until a point was reached about two hundred feet above the supposed lurking-place of the big fish. Here an anchor was dropped with the utmost caution, well out in the stream. The sluggish current tended from the boat diagonally shoreward toward the edge of the water-weeds.

As Jean had predicted, the morning was wet; a soft, slow drizzle prevailed, with a nearly imperceptible air from the south-east. The fog had been washed away; but the thinnest possible veil of mist lay upon the surface of the water, adding to the obscurity of its depths.

The live frog taken for bait was now removed from its vessel and attached to the hook. This was done without touching bait or tackle with a human hand. The frog was caught and held in the cleft of a split wand of witchhazel which had been seared with fire, and the hook was handled with fingers shielded by a leaf cut from a water-weed. The frog was so fastened to the hook as not to injure him in the least, and but very slightly to impede his swimming powers. When the frog was thus prepared in a way to suit Jean's notions of the skill necessary to deceive the singular sagacity of the great fish, he was made to sit in the centre of a bunch of wet moss fastened to a bit of bark just large enough to float his weight, and very carefully placed upon the surface of the water. The current carried the bit of bark slowly toward the cluster of plants, beneath the shelter of which Jean believed the big fish was lurking, Joe carefully paying out line so as not to disturb the sitting frog. When the floating bark had reached a point opposite and near the home of the great fish, Jean made a signal with his hand, and Joe gave the line a slight jerk. The frog, feeling the prick of the hook, leaped off the floating bark and fell into the river with the usual "chug" of his species, and began industriously swimming toward the nearest cluster of reeds. He had advanced but a few yards when there was a great swirl in the water, the gleam of a fish's side, and both frog and fish disappeared as if sucked downward by the vortex of the whirlpool they had created. Joe "struck" with a sharp jerk of the line, and the next moment he was nearly dragged out of the boat by the furious rush of the most powerful fish he had ever encountered.

And now began a contest of brute fury, strength, and cunning, against human power and skill, such as Joe had never imagined, and Jean never before witnessed. The strength of the great fish was so prodigious that the line cut Joe's hands so as to draw blood, notwithstanding they were protected by thin buckskin gloves, which Jean had advised him to wear. But for her anchor, the boat would have been dragged into the weeds in spite of Jean's paddle. She was nearly upset, broad-beamed though she was, actually dipping a little water.

Foiled by Joe's steady strength in his rush for the reeds, the great fish suddenly

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shot out of the water, showing his immense size in the air, and savagely shaking his jaws in an effort to dislodge the hook. In this he was again foiled by Joe, who gathered in two or three yards of line so quickly as to keep it taut. Then followed a rapid and bewildering series of dashes hither and thither, quick and powerful jerks, heavy and prolonged tugs, and incredibly quick turns in efforts to catch and bite off the line above its protecting wire. All these were steadily defeated by Joe, who gained several more yards of line, by taking up, hand over hand, every foot whenever it slackened. Meanwhile Jean plied his paddle, striving to keep the boat's bows on to the struggling monster.

Finding that he could not gain the reeds, either by force or stratagem, the great fish now explored the river bottom in search of some sunken snag about which he could entangle the line, or by running the line against which he might tear the hook from his jaws. His range had been considerably shortened by Joe's taking in line, and fortunately the river bottom was clear. So now, in furious desperation, the fierce creature rushed at the boat, and darted under it with the swiftness of an arrow. Joe gathered in the slackened line rapidly, still he could not take in half the slack before the fish passed beneath him. If now the line were suddenly snubbed against the boat when it straightened, it must either break or the hook tear out. But Jean hauled quickly on the anchor rope; the boat shot backward, and the line, catching its bow, and being allowed to run through Joe's hands till it was gradually snubbed, swung the boat violently around till it slipped off the bow, when Joe recovered a yard or two of slack, and again held his struggling game at the end of the taut cord.

The fish now repeated all its former tricks on this side of the boat, until Jean pulled up the anchor entirely, to avoid its rope being fouled by the line.

By this time the fierce and strong water monarch began to tire, and Joe hauled him slowly in, foot by foot, in straining surges. There was but one more trick which his cunning brain could suggest. After a heavy tug, the fish suddenly again darted at the boat. But this time he did not pass under it. He shot into the air and sprang directly at his enemy, striking Joe so sharply in the side with his snout as to nearly upset him. But this manœuvre was fatal. Joe almost instinctively caught the line with one hand close to the fish's sharp muzzle, while with the other hand he rapidly enveloped the struggling monster in the folds of a net lying in the bottom of the boat, upon which he had been kneeling. Thus enveloped the fish could not escape, though for a minute he threatened to break the thin sides of the boat with the tremendous blows of his powerful body. Jean flung himself bodily upon the flopping game. He would have stunned it by a blow on the snout, but Joe objected. He would not have such a splendid creature marred in any way. So they wound loop after loop of the line about it, outside of the net, till they had it so securely bound that they could easily handle it. And then Jean passed the sharp end of a short strong wire through its snout, looped the ends of the wire and tied a bit of rope in the loops, so that they could lift it up for examination. The fish was fully five feet long, and Jean estimated its weight at about sixty pounds. Its form was the perfection of symmetry and power; its color and markings were singularly beautiful; in every way it was one of the malignant masterpieces of nature.

The unconquered though captive water-tiger still fought and bit with sullen and unavailing ferocity; but Jean pried open its jaws with the blade of his paddle, and both men peered curiously in.

Oh, wonder! Oh, miracle! Oh, joy!

At the base of its armed mouth, and just within the opening of its cavernous throat, there hung, partly bedded in the muscles, a bit of copper wire, perhaps two and a half inches long, green with age, except where it was kept scoured by wear; and attached to this bit of wire was a piece of silver, worn thin and round, but unmistakably the remains of what had once been a small silver cross.

It would not be very strange if some fisherman, on loosing the spoon from his trolling-hook, had substituted a silver cross worn quite commonly as an ornament, whose glitter would serve the same purpose as the spoon; but the taking of a fish with such an ornament in its mouth, worn with age, would be a very remarkable occurrence though not a miracle. But Jean and Joe did not pause to reason that both the copper wire and the silver cross would rapidly wear away in such a situation, so that they could not have been in the mouth of the fish more than a few years at most, to say nothing of the fact that the iron hook would go still more quickly. Their

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superstitious faith was too thoroughly aroused to reason on the matter. They both firmly believed that they had captured the identical fish blessed by Father Marquette nearly a century and a quarter before, bearing in its mouth the identical cross worn and lost by the good father. Joe trembled with excitement, like a man in an ague fit. Jean fell upon his knees, exclaiming over and over, "Le Masq'allonge Benedictite! Le Masq'allonge Benedictite!"

Then he suddenly begged of Joe to — "Take 'em out! Take 'em out, and put 'em in your bosom! queek! queek! Feenodevil sure to get away! Feesh no account, — blessing all go wiz ze cross, not wiz ze feesh. You got ze cross, you got ze blessing. Saint give 'em to you, — take 'em queek! right away!"

But Joe refused. His kindling imagination expanded his mental vision beyond the range of mere self. By what he deemed a miracle he had taken that marvellous fish the very legend of which was so strange that only a few ignorant fishermen believed in its existence. Here was the indisputable evidence of the truth. Again had the faith of the foolish confounded the wise. He must exhibit the fish with the cross still in its throat. To disturb it would ruin the evidence. This miracle did not belong to him alone: it was the just inheritance of all mankind. It must be so managed that all the world should see and know it. The memory of Father Marquette should be vindicated. To disturb it would take away the glory of the capture, and ruin his own triumph. The fish's head must be dried and preserved, just as it was, to hold this marvel forever. It was too rare, too wonderful, too miraculous to be destroyed. The fish could not possibly escape, — that was a fear too preposterous to entertain. But to make more sure, he fastened it securely to a thwart.

Then the two men seized their paddles and urged their light craft with almost frantic speed down the river to the settlement.

CHAPTER X. — LE FIN AU DIABLE.

As they paddled, Joe's exaltation grew. His imagination ran riot.

The benediction of the saint was his! Who could doubt that its effect could exceed his wildest wishes? Here was fame to begin with; for the wonder of their exploit would run over all Christendom. Especially would it resound in all lands where the Holy Catholic faith is held. It would become part of history. Religious legend would everywhere be full of it. His name would live for generations, linked with the miracle. Who could doubt that all the other good promised in the legend would follow? Honor, wealth, the world's esteem, the reverence of the devout toward one thus singularly favored, — he had only to so live as not to forfeit the favor of the sainted father by gross undeserving, and all these things would be added to him.

With both men thus mentally exalted according to their several capacities, the boat dashed up to the wharf at the settlement. Very carefully they landed the great fish and released it from the folds of the net.

While they were thus occupied, Kitty Foster and her brother Herman, who happened to be passing by, came down the bank to the wharf. She had in her hand an open penknife, with which she was cutting bits of bark from a sassafras root which her brother had pulled and washed in the river to eat. She was in one of her petulant moods, having been annoyed by fragments of gossip about her lover and herself and "Bumpy" Jones, with which Herman had been mischievously teasing her.

Kitty knew a little of the legend of Le Masq'allonge Benedictite, which Joe had told her. She knew of the great fish, and of the intention of the men to capture it. She knew a little of the hopes of the men that it might prove to be the blessed fish of Father Marquette. But she regarded all this as only Jean's ignorant Catholic superstition; an idle tale, scarcely worth listening to. She did not have much faith in Jean's knowing where there was a big fish; though she hoped that, if there was such a creature, Joe might catch it, partly because it would please him, more because, after catching it, she hoped he would spend more of his time with her and less with the Frenchman.

Irritated by the gossip she had heard, she came down to the wharf partly to see what the men had caught, partly to meet Joe and have him walk home with her, and partly to complain to Joe about the gossip which annoyed her.

The men had just cleared the great fish from its wrappings as she approached. It lay limp and apparently lifeless, except an occasional slight stir of its tail, or a slow gasp of its gills. Hearing her step,

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Joe looked up and saw her. He greeted her with an exultant light in his face, saying: —

"We've got him, Kitty! We've got the big fish!"

"Oui, Mees Kitty," added Jean, "Monsieur Collins have caught heem! He is Le Masq'allonge Benedictite!"

Joe raised the splendid fish with both hands by the bit of rope attached to the wire in its snout, with difficulty lifting it high enough so that its tail did not drag on the wharf, and held it before Kitty.

"See how large and handsome he is! the finest mascallonge ever caught in Michigan! And it is really the blessed fish of Father Marquette! I'll show you the proof."

At this instant the fish flapped its tail and body against Kitty's dress, soiling it. Vexed and petulant as she felt, her temper flashed up. With a swift gesture of anger she cut the rope between Joe's hands with her penknife. The rope slipped through one of the loops of the wire; one end of the wire tore through the fish's snout; the fish dropped free upon the wharf. With one powerful spring of its muscular body, it flopped itself ten feet away, and hung balanced upon the very edge of the wharf. With a cry of dismay both men flung themselves upon it. Their eager fingers grasped at it like claws. They sought to hold it down by their weight. Vain effort. Apparently suddenly restored to full life and energy, the slippery body of the fish struggled through their grasping hands; it slid rapidly over the edge of the wharf, and dropped splashing into the river. A momentary gleam, a swift swirl upon the dark surface of the river, and it was gone!

The men rose and stood gazing bewildered upon the dying eddy where all their grand expectations had so suddenly disappeared. Jean cried with passionate emphasis: —

"Le fin au diable!"

Then Joe slowly turned and confronted Kitty, who, frightened by this unexpected result of her angry act, had followed the men to the edge of the wharf. The look with which Joe regarded her had in it something so wild and threatening that she recoiled before him. Twice or thrice he opened his mouth as if to speak to her; but only a choking gasp escaped from his throat. Twice he raised his right hand clenched above his head, and slowly let it drop to his side. This was not a motion as if to strike her; but she recoiled another step in terror. He clasped his left hand across his forehead, and glared at her strangely. Then a shudder ran over him; he covered his face with both his hands, and burst into sobs which shook his powful frame from head to foot.

This exhibition of violent and semi-hysterical emotion, in such a strong, self-controlled, phlegmatic man as Joe, had in it an element of singular awfulness. Kitty was shocked, terrified, awed, and repentant altogether. Tears flowed from her eyes; she flung herself upon her lover's breast with a pitiful cry, weeping and sobbing penitently: —

"O Joe! Joe! I didn't mean it! Indeed, indeed I didn't!"

She sought to twine her arm about his neck; but at that moment her touch and her caresses were repulsive. With a shudder Joe pushed her away, perhaps a little rudely. She staggered; one of her heels caught on a projecting timber of the wharf; she fell, balanced a moment on the edge of the wharf, and then slipped over it with a sharp cry, and plunged headlong into the river at the very spot where the fish had disappeared.

The men stared at the water until the circles created by her plunge had almost ceased rippling against the wharf, and the dark bosom of the river was regaining its pitiless serenity. Then Joe awoke from his bewilderment. He tore off his coat; he stood a moment on the edge of the wharf searching the depths with eager eyes; then, as a great bubble floated up and broke upon the surface, he joined his hands above his head, dropped into the air, and dived smoothly and swiftly to the bottom of the river. Jean caught up the fish-line, rapidly coiled it over his arm, and stood prepared to throw it the moment Joe should reappear.

Swimming swiftly along the bottom of the river, in the direction of the current, Joe easily found the girl. She had grasped a water-weed with her hands, and it held her down. To tear her loose and shoot upward, bearing her to the surface was the work of an instant. As soon as he appeared Jean cast the line; Joe caught it, and was quickly hauled along the wharf till he could wade ashore with Kitty in his arms. He at once ran with her to the nearest house. Herman ran ahead; and, bursting in, announced that his sister had fallen into the river, and was most drowned, and Joe Collins was bringing her there. This set everybody in motion. Joe and

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Jean were met at the door. Herman was told to run for the doctor, and then run home and fetch his mother. Kitty was taken in charge by the women, who, directed by Joe what to do, took instant and proper means to restore the girl to consciousness. In a few minutes they were so successful that she breathed; a minute or two later she opened her eyes, which had been closed, and sighed heavily; presently she was able to speak. Her first words, uttered with difficulty and at intervals, were: —

"I — didn't — mean — it — Joe!"

By the time the doctor arrived Kitty had been rubbed dry by the women, had expelled all the water she had swallowed, and had been put in bed, wrapped in hot, dry blankets. She called so hysterically for Joe that he was admitted to see her, and assured her of his forgiveness, and asked hers for the push he had given her, saying: —

"Why, Kitty! You are more precious than all the fish that ever swam! Of course you didn't mean to, dear. Now, don't think any more about it."

He kissed her tenderly and retired. The doctor came, administered a light opiate, to quiet her excitement, and presently she dropped into a sound sleep.

Joe cautioned Jean not to speak of their capture of Le Masq'allonge Benedictite. He showed Jean that nobody would believe them; they would only be laughed at. Besides, if he told the story, he would make people laugh at Father Marquette; and it would be bad for Jean to bring reproach upon the memory of the dead saint. It would be better to state the simple truth, that they had caught a very large fish; that Kitty playfully cut the string which held it; that it unexpectedly flopped off the wharf and was lost; that Kitty stumbled and fell into the river, and Joe got her out. This would agree with the story of Kitty's brother, Herman, as this was all the boy knew about it, his attention being so absorbed by the escape of the fish that he did not see Joe push Kitty, nor understand that there had been any unusual scene between them. Jean understood and promised, after which he went sorrowfully home.

Then Joe went to his room, put on dry clothing, and sat down to think it all over. He did not doubt that they had captured Le Masq'allonge Benedictite. It had escaped, but through no fault of his. He might have taken Jean's advice and secured the cross when the fish was first captured. But Jean's advice was selfish; his action had been unselfish. The spirit of Father Marquette would approve his action, rather than Jean's advice. Did the blessing adhere to the cross and the fish? Perhaps the fish was permitted to escape with the cross, leaving the blessing with him. The world was not prepared or fit for such a marvel. Doubtless it was best as it was. That the fish would never be taken again, he felt certain. Its former cunning would be doubled by this rude experience. He did not believe it would return to its former haunt. Then he was not a Catholic. He had very little faith in the saints. At any rate regrets were now useless. He would live his life honorably, and accept its fortunes, leaving the rest with that overruling Providence which was higher than all the saints. If his life should prove especially blessed, well; if not, he would share the common lot of his fellows. If no good should come of it surely he had no reason to fear evil.

His thoughts of Kitty were generous and manly. It was true that her petulant temper was the cause of his loss; but it was only a momentary vexation; she had not meant the harm which followed; there was no malice in her act; she was sincerely sorry; besides she did not know how great was the loss she had caused. He should never reproach her. This lesson would make her more thoughtful and patient hereafter.

Moreover he was now sure that she loved him, and that warmly as he loved her. This knowledge made him happier than he had been before, since their betrothal. Until now his had been all the manifest love; hers merely toleration. Perhaps this mutual love was the first fruit of the benediction!

CHAPTER XI. — BENEDICTITE.

When Kitty awoke, Joe was waiting with his wagon to take her home. Kitty's mother discreetly slipped out of the back way and walked home, while Kitty was dressing, leaving the two young people to enjoy their drive alone. This time Kitty had no reason to complain of apathy on the part of her lover. Warmed by his manly ardor, and honestly penitent for her faults, she freely confessed all her folly and all her love. From that moment their mutual affection put on that sacredness and tenderness which should consecrate two

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lives about to be blended in one. After that consecration there was no sweeter-tempered, no more cheerful-looking, no happier girl in the settlement. Within a month the pair were wedded. Shortly after the wedding Joe removed with his bride to a distant part of Michigan. A year later the Foster family crossed the lake and settled in Illinois.

Did the benediction of Father Marquette really settle upon Joe?

This question I cannot answer. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Collins are now an old couple. Without being wealthy they live in ease, and the old gentleman annually visits the lakes to indulge his penchant for fishing. They are accounted a happy couple. They are esteemed and liked by all who know them. Their lives have passed smoothly. They are surrounded by all which should make old age pleasant: children and grandchildren, honor, love, reverence, and many friends. They have lived so simple and upright a life that he is one of the most popular men in his county, without ever having been accused of being a politician; and she is one of the most popular women, without ever having been considered fashionable. Mrs. Collins is still beautiful. She has for years been quoted as the most sunny-tempered, lovable, and loving of wives. She adores her husband, with sometimes a gentle awe of his calm strength. He adores her, with sometimes a secret wonder at her happy sprightliness. Their children honor their parents, and are honored by the people. Their eldest son rose to the rank of colonel during the war for the Union, while his younger brother became a captain. Their three daughters are happily married. All their children and grandchildren are fair, chaste, brave, and honest.

If this is not the benediction of Father Marquette, account for it to suit yourself.

A MORNING RIDE.

SPEED thee well, my bicycle, speed thee well, I say!
Swiftly thou shalt bear me o'er the travelled way;
Swiftly by the rambling streams,
Where we watch the yellow gleams
Of the wavelets, leaping bright
From deep hollows into light,
Seeking, like the ready mind,
In the darkness light to find.

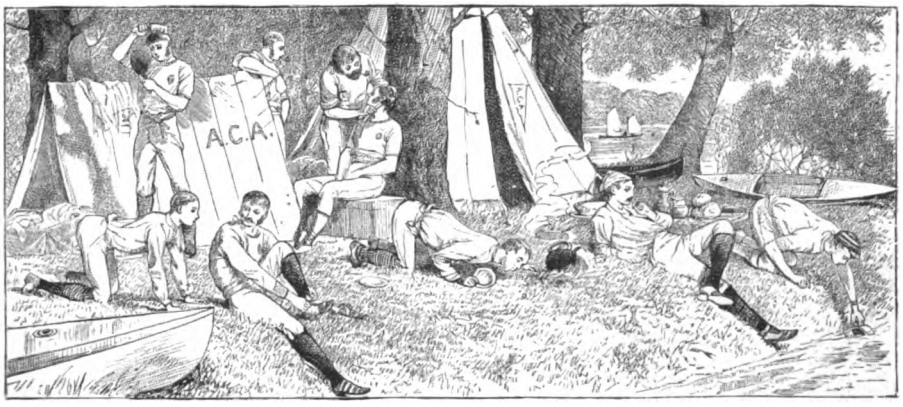
Speed thee well, my bicycle, bear me on, I say!
Let thy wheel revolving chase thought of care away.
Every rustling breeze that blows,
Every breaking beam that glows,
Every form that beauty takes
From Dame Nature when she wakes,
Fairy ferns and forest flowers, —
All, my "wheel," all, all, are ours.

Then away, my bicycle; while I urge thee on,
Thoughts of other days flash by, that have long since gone,
Fondly memory backward trends,
And I see and hear old friends:
See them in the shades that play
Through this leafy, curtained way;
Hear them in the breeze that makes
Monotones through bushy brakes.

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GRINDSTONE ISLAND AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



A CANOE CAMP.

THE Thousand-Island region is practically an estuary or contraction of Lake Ontario, thickly strewn with rocky islets of all shapes and sizes, covered (as a friend of mine has put it) with Christmas-trees. The actual number of the islands is dependent largely upon the dryness of the season, a fall of a foot in the river adding some hundreds to the number.

The mid-day breeze from the west is about as regular an institution as dinner, varied, to be sure, at rare intervals, with a "norther," which comes down upon us from Labrador, as cool, and often as fierce as its namesake which sweeps across the lonely waters of the Mexican gulf, and drives the thin-blooded sons of the Aztecs to the inner recesses of their adobes. The St. Lawrence breeze is an important asset in the sum of advantages the region has to offer. It comes across the broad, cooling surface of Lake Ontario, and, eddying among the islands, makes us all hungry, and stimulates even the indolent piazza-people into a desire to action. It forms a conspiracy with the sun to bronze the pale cheeks of city girls, and redden the hands of the piscatorial clerk. To the boatman it is a joy, for every boat carries its sail and mast. It flecks the heavens with clouds, and ruffles the shallows in a combination highly favorable to the capture of fish. It sways the hammock, and makes Æolian music among the nodding pine-boughs. Each morning and evening is a blessed calm. The interval between is given to the increase and decline of the gentle gale.

Sometimes, it is true, it is too fresh in the broad basins, between the islands, for small boats, and they must then content themselves behind the lea of rocky promontories until it is over. There are some grand days in September, when even the staunch local steamers have a hard time of it. Then the huge green billows advance in stately array, curling over the shoals, and are finally shattered into flying spray against the granite headlands. In such weather as this the strong and buoyant "catamarans," of which there are several here, indulge, sometimes, in the exciting sport of a race with the steamboats.

Then it is delightful, when one has perfect control of his oars, and "knows his boat," to pull out into the rolling waters, and, holding the prow well up to the wind, rise and fall as the billows sweep past.

Unfortunately there is a malicious wind, too, which comes up narrow channels of the river, and catches the current in reverse, setting up a bobble that is most distressing, especially for a canoe.

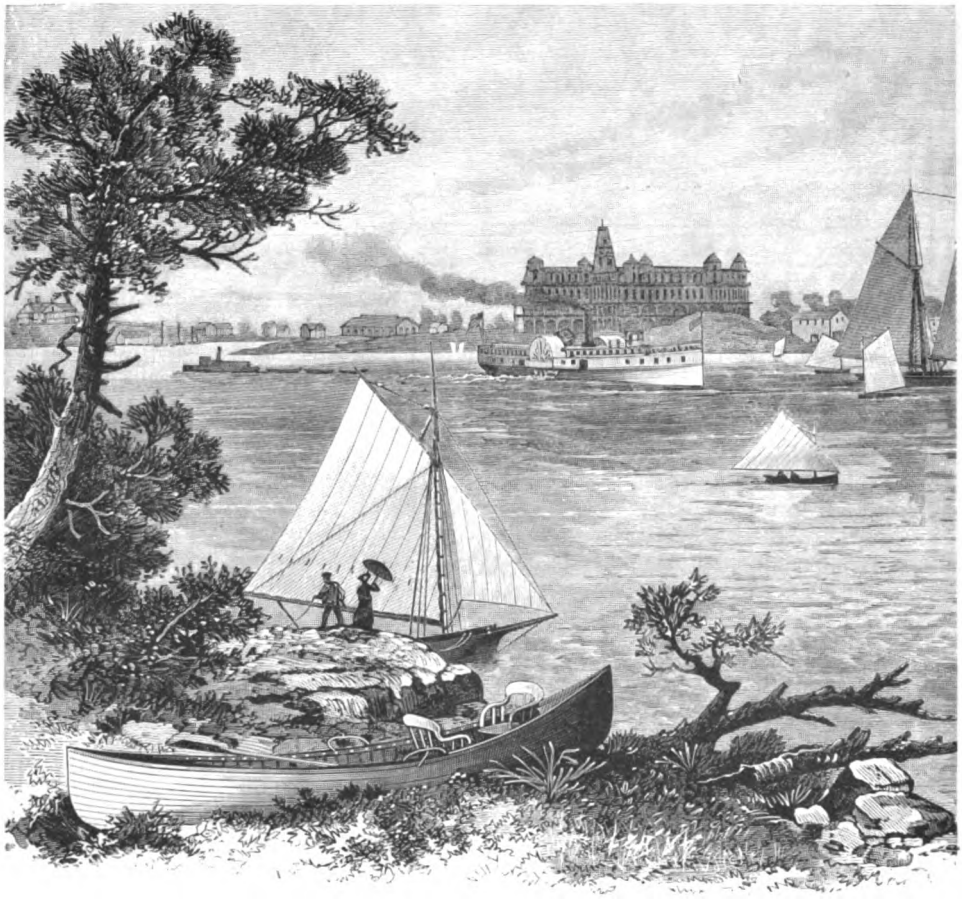
Then there is the capricious and coquettish breeze, which sometimes comes along after a hot, still day, and tempts people to sail away for miles, with the promise of an equally easy return, and then leaves them to row back laboriously.

Incidental to the peculiarities of river life, I must not forget to speak of the St. Lawrence skiff, which, in its way, affords its possessor quite as much satisfaction as the canoe does to its occupant; and no horseman shows a more untiring care for

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his steed than that lavished upon his skiff by the professional riverman.

All of the boats in these waters are excellent. Such a thing as a snub-nosed, cranky, or gayly painted but disreputable and unsafe punt is unknown here, and any amphibious native who should dare to show one around the wharves of Clayton or "the Bay," would lose all claims to the respect of his neighbors.



ALEXANDRIA BAY.

The St. Lawrence skiff is built of perfectly knotless pine a trifle more than a quarter of an inch thick. The ribs are of white-oak, set about four inches apart; and when it rests unoccupied upon the water every line adds grace to its symmetry. It is equally sharp at both ends, and is so arranged that the boatman, sitting upon the fish-box, rows stern in front when alone.

Every boat has a spritsail and a folding centre-board. No rudders are used, the course of the craft being entirely guided with the sheet, as a horse is handled with the bridle, and by so balancing the weight of the boat fore and aft as to drag the stern in going before the wind, or depress the bow when coming about. When ladies or lazy people are in the boat, an oar is usually taken to swing the boat upon another tack. The length of the skiff is usually about 21 feet, beam 3 feet, depth 13 inches. Two chairs of oak and rattan without legs are part of the furnishing of every boat. In most of the best boats detachable nickel-plated outriggers are used. The oars are pivoted upon pins, so that they may be dropped instantly when there is a strike in trolling.

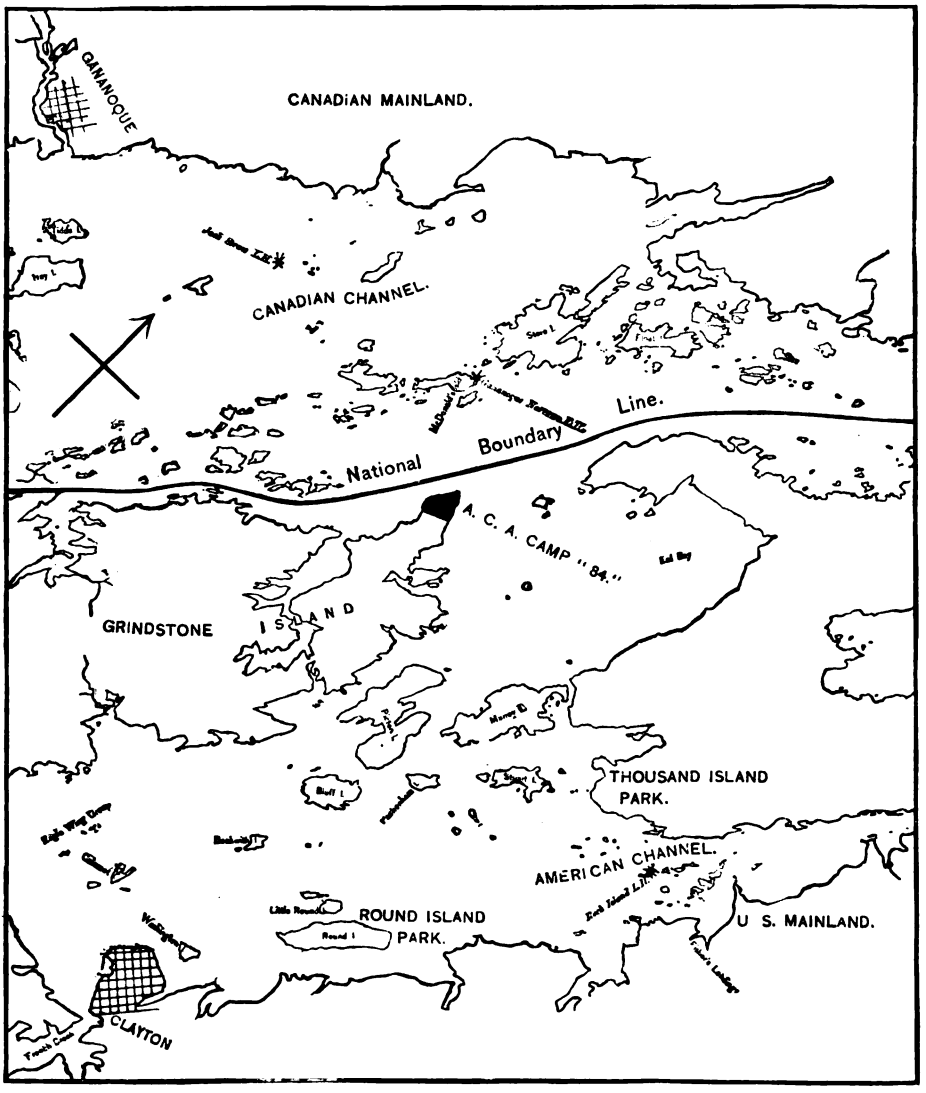
These boats are shellacked, thus showing the rich amber hue of the wood, and a short deck of varied woods is built on fore

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and aft. They are all built along the river, and range in price from $60 to $150, and many are shipped every year to distant points.

The boatmen who row parties to fishing-points during the summer get a uniform rate of $3 per day. They are usually upon any summer day, and they know it.

To many people there is a greater charm, however, in lazily drifting over the rocky shallows, where the rapidly-changing submarine mosaics are shadowed by the dancing wavelets, or floating with a good



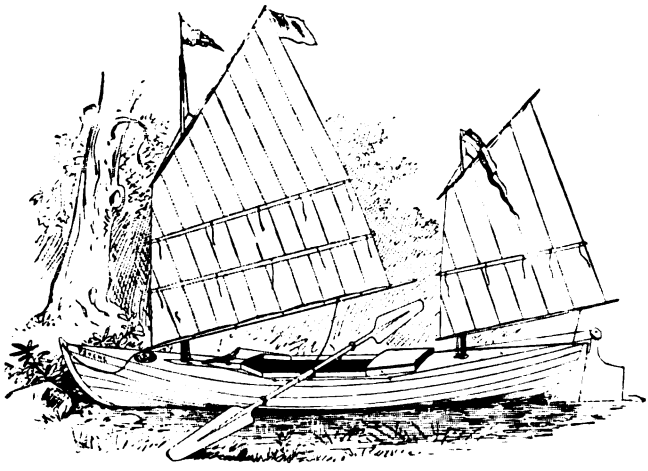
GRINDSTONE ISLAND AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

good fellows, being temperate, honest, and capable, full of dry wit, and having a rich fund of experience worth the hearing. They think for themselves, and cling to the traditions of their toilsome calling with tenacity. There is nothing of the hackman about them. They can give their patrons far more than their money's worth

novel beneath the shadow of some mossy crag, and dreaming the hours away. But by refusing to catch fish they bring their boatmen into disrepute when they get back to the hotel wharf in the evening, and the men do not like it; and for this reason, when you are too lazy to fish, it is better to take a boat to yourself, or persuade some

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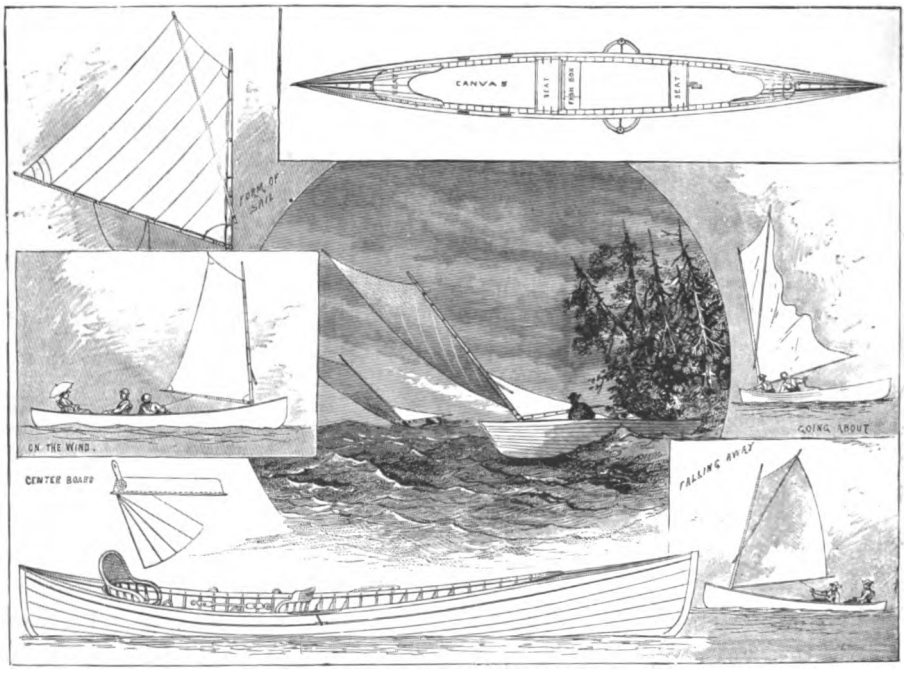
other equally lazy man to go with you. Perhaps the writer might do so, if not suffering from a rare and lucid interval of enforced industry.



THE PSYCHE.

The advantages of the cruising canoe, as a means for cheap and independent tours among the islands, are appreciated; and next summer the pretty fleets of the American Canoe Association will dot the waters of the river.

Last season the success of the Stony Lake (Canada) Meet, which was characterized by good management and abundant hospitality upon the part of the Canadians, led to the hope that the Meet of '84 might occur upon the frontier. Many of the New Yorkers and New Englanders, returning from Stony Lake, passed through the islands and camped there *en route*, and a few remained some weeks, and, learning its charms, urged the region as a future cruising centre. When the executive committee of the American Canoe Association met at Albany, in November, it was a toss, with the chances in favor of Lake George. A sub-committee was finally vested with authority to visit the St. Lawrence, and decide. This committee went to Clayton, and, employing a river-man, visited the foot of Grindstone Island, which had been suggested as a favorable



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS SKIFF.

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site. They reported in its favor, and the camp of '84 will be held upon Delaney's Point, within pistol-shot of the national boundary line, — making it essentially an international affair.

Delaney's Point is a wooded, grassy knoll, sloping both toward the Canadian channel and Eel Bay, a roomy, island-environed sheet, greatly in favor with fishing-parties. There are many good hotels among the islands, but this spot meets the objection which many canoeists have to camping in the vicinity of summer resorts, as the nearest house is three miles or more away. It is equally distant from the route of steamboats, and there is no probability of such craft ploughing through a race as they did, to the disgrace of Lake George, at Crosby side, in '82. A steam ferry-boat leaves Clayton upon the arrival of the New York express in the morning, and arrangements will probably be made by which mail and newspapers leaving the metropolis at 9 P.M. will be delivered at the camp before noon the following day.

The prevailing winds in August have free sweep upon one exposure of the camp, while the other will afford a perfect calm.

The festive mosquito, which ranks among the chief minor tribulations of the camper elsewhere, is a rare visitor here, and, when he does come, there is a retiring modesty in his demeanor greatly in contrast with the frisky familiarity of his New Jersey prototype. There is little or no dew among the islands, the grass at midnight being nearly always as crisp and dry as at noon.

Such are a few of the favorable features upon which our canoeing visitors may count.

The islands in the immediate vicinity of the camp are nearly all unoccupied, and are as innocent of the touch of mankind as when they were the chosen haunts of the predatory Iroquois; though by going a little distance the sociably inclined canoeist can find society at Thousand Island Park, or the scattered cottages that dot the more distant shores. The devious channels that divide the islands are full of surprises, revealing at every turn unsuspected vistas full of exquisite combinations of rock, and bough, and water, with an embarrassing wealth of near-by tours for the paddle, amidst scenery as beautiful as dreamland.

Such of the railroad companies as I have heard from whose lines lead hither express very liberal intentions in the matter of transportation for canoeists.

New England members will probably come via the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain R.R., from Rouse's Point to Ogdensburg, which is thirty-six miles below Alexandria Bay, and a good place to take the water.

Those from the West will do well to come over the Grand Trunk to Gananoque, which is three miles by sail from the camp.

New Yorkers will come via Utica, reaching Clayton over the Utica & Black River R.R.

Local steamers upon the river will carry canoes either way at low rates between Alexandria Bay and Cape Vincent, and the "Armenia" will take them, upon alternate days, either from the Bay of Quinte or Ogdensburg. The best point to take the water will be either at Round Island Park or Thousand Island Park, depending upon the course of the wind. Some canoeing writers, having but slight acquaintance with the region, have insisted that the current of the St. Lawrence made it unfit for a cruising-place. The fact is, however, that all that portion of the river, near which the camp at Delaney's Point is to be located, is really a series of lakes, having no more current than Lake Pepin upon the upper Mississippi. The river at this point is about eight miles wide. There is no point upon the river, within forty miles, where the current is pronounced enough to bother a canoeist who has ordinary wind and muscle, or which cannot be overcome with the sail in a light breeze.

In conclusion, the Thousand Islands are at the commencement of the most novel and unique summer journey east of the wonderlands of the far North-west. The daily steamer, which leaves Clayton upon the arrival of the connecting express train from Niagara Falls, passes down the wild and storied rapids of the St. Lawrence, and brings her passengers safely to Montreal before sunset, by a route which has now become a great highway of pleasure-travel between the West and the mountain and sea-shore resorts of New England; and the wise traveller, passing this way, may surely pluck a day or so from care, and, trusting himself to the care of a skiffman, gain a glimpse of this happy spot.

Frank H. Taylor.

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MODERN ARCHERY IN AMERICA.

THERE are traditions of social gatherings for target-practice with the bow and arrow somewhere along the forties or fifties, but the formal introduction of archery to the American public dates from the appearance of Mr. Maurice Thompson's article on the sport in *Scribner's Monthly*, July, 1877. This article was written in the spirit of poetry and love for the recreation it treats of, was sumptuously illustrated, and attracted attention wherever read. Shortly afterward "The Witchery of Archery," by the same author, was printed, which work made good the assumption contained in the title, and forthwith secured to the favorite pastime of its author "a local habitation and a name," not only in the hearts, but in the practices of his fellow-lovers of open-air pastime.

The archery fever broke out in different parts of the country, and spread with the rapidity of contagion. Clubs were organized everywhere, though most numerously in the West, and, in the spring of 1879, a convocation of archers at Crawfordsville, Ind., — the home of Mr. Thompson, — organized the National Archery Association, and arranged for the tournament held in Chicago that year.

The organization of the National Association gave to the newly adopted pastime a position of importance among the out-door sports of our country. And it was during the year of the first national tournament (1879), and the two years immediately following, that the archery wave rolled at its highest point of prosperity. We felt like boys and girls in a world of heroic and æsthetic associations, and we were eager to partake of the beauty that beguiled, and to rival the achievements that inspired an ancient ancestry. The history of an archery club, and especially of one organized at that time, must be filled with pleasing memories; and ours was no exception.

We were half-a-dozen wide-awake fellows, and we sat on a low fence adjoining our hotel one beautiful evening in the month of May, 1879, discussing different schemes of fun during the summer. Base-ball was proposed, but the suggestion was quickly cried down. Then croquet was spoken of, and lawn-tennis, and a series of boating and picnic excursions, and pedestrian trips, and various other projects; but to everything objections were offered. At last, some one asked, "Why not an archery club?" And we looked inquiringly at each other and thought, "Why not?" And then we talked the matter over; and, as we talked, the suggestion grew more favorable in our eyes. The sport would certainly possess the charm of novelty, and promised much more. We saw in it a healthful and beautiful out-door recreation; a recreation affording abundant opportunity for the display of skill, grace, and strength, and one in which our lady friends, as well as ourselves, could participate,—this last recommendation being, perhaps, the most potent of all.

It was a sport, too, having the unqualified sanction of antiquity, and fascinating with a thousand romantic associations. Yes, we would have an archery club; and, in our enthusiasm, before we left the spot, we arranged for a meeting for the organization of a club.

Well, the club became a matter of fact; and, after due deliberation, we adopted a constitution and by-laws, and arranged to have them artistically printed and bound. Then we held a meeting to decide upon our costumes, and to allot to each member a color, or a combination of colors, for marking arrows and trimming costumes. This was probably the most fully attended, the most protracted, and altogether the most important meeting in the history of the club. There was an intense interest manifested in the proceedings, and a flushed enthusiasm in the debates. The president evidently had anticipated no trouble, for he had prepared a schedule, giving each member such a combination of colors as chanced to come into his mind; and, when the proper time came, he read the list of names and the colors assigned.

After the reading there was dead silence in the room for just a moment, and then arose a dismal howl from the ladies. Ejaculations were instantly in order: "Yellow! the idea! perfectly horrid! Why, yellow makes me look like a fright!" "Green! *green!* the most unbecoming color in the world to me! No, I won't have green!" "Blue and yellow! monstrous!" The president reeled in his chair. There was nothing to do but to

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retract the color edict, and allow the members to distribute the tints to suit themselves. But it was not till after midnight that the meeting dispersed.

The constitution printed, the costumes decided upon, and the colors allotted, we next ordered a handsome tent to be pitched on our practice-ground; and, finally, we began negotiations for bows and arrows, and arm-guards, and finger-tips, and belts, and quivers, and targets, and target-stands, and sundry other things; and we had a struggle, indeed, before we secured them all. We were entirely ignorant of what we needed. There was not one among us who had had any practical experience in archery; the scanty hints of the books and the advertising catalogues were our only guide. Still, we did not do as badly as might have been expected under the circumstances. To be sure, we were patriotic, and bought goods of American manufacture; and we bought bows that were a great deal too heavy for us, — from forty-five to fifty-five pounds avoirdupois. We could not pull them any more than we could pull a load of hay. And then we bought iron target-stands that ruined every arrow that struck them; and worthless finger-tips. However, these were only little annoyances, and we soon overcame them. Our only really serious difficulty was in selecting bows for the ladies. It did not matter so much to them what the weight of the bow was, or the kind of wood it was made of, or its general usefulness, or its price, so long as the color of the plush on the handle matched the costume of the owner, and it really did bother us to find the necessary shades of color in plush handles!

At last, a day was appointed for our first meeting before the targets. We were to be on the ground and ready to shoot at four o'clock in the afternoon. The shooting was to continue till six, or half-past, when refreshments were to be served by the ladies. The day came, and I shall never forget it. We met in a grove of elms and oaks as tall and stately as ever raised their heads to heaven. The afternoon was a balmy one, near the end of May, and the sky was without a cloud. The ladies appeared in costumes of white flannel, trimmed with the various allotted colors, and wore silken quivers artistically swung from elaborate knottings of cord and tassel. They had jaunty and gayly-plumed hats, and carried their bows with a careless grace; and, as they moved about from target to target, here and there, accompanied by the gentlemen, also costumed with more or less elegance, they made a picture to the looker-on of kaleidoscopic variety and beauty.

We did not shoot much that day. The ladies would persist in attempting to shoot with their arrows feathers foremost, and their bows upside down; and then there were a great many wild arrows to hunt for. Still, we did manage to get through with several ends, and our secretary duly recorded the scores. These scores make me smile as I read them through now.

DISTANCE, 20 YARDS.

Number of arrows, 15.

	Hits.	Value.
Miss Red-and-Blue,	0	0
" Black-and-White,	0	0
" Blue-and-White,	2	8
" Green-and-White,	2	2
" Brown-and-White,	1	1
" Red-and-White,	0	0
" Pink-and-White,	3	5
" Pink-and-Black,	2	8
Mr. Red,	5	21
" Black,	7	25
" Blue,	7	31
" Green,	0	0
" Brown,	4	10
" White,	6	24
" Pink,	3	5

[NOTE. — The relative excellence of the gentleman's scores is due to the fact that they had had considerable previous practice, while the ladies had had none.]

But we were not altogether discouraged with the result of our first day's shooting. We remembered that tall oaks from little acorns grow. We held our meetings regularly once a week, and we practised, some of us, faithfully whenever we had time, and at the close of the summer we had a club tournament, and the first prize for the ladies was won by Miss Blue-and-White at the Double Columbia round, with a score of ninety-three hits and four hundred and twenty-six value; and the first prize for the gentlemen was won by Mr. Black at the Double American round, with a score of one hundred and fifty-five hits and eight hundred and thirty-nine value. Not so bad, considering our unpromising and frivolous beginning.

There is a little incident connected with that summer's practice that I cannot refrain from noticing. We were, all of us, at sea concerning the most approved method or style of shooting. We did not know whether to draw to the chin or the ear (Ford had not been printed in this country at the time); whether to draw quickly or

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slowly; or whether or not to pause on the draw: so I determined, if possible, to go to the Parnassus of archery, and drink from the Castalian spring, and I wrote, asking if I might be present at one of the practice meetings of the "Wabash Merry Bowmen," and received the courteous reply: "Come, by all means, come." I went. My heart beat quickly as I flew through the luxuriant farming lands that lie between Lafayette and Crawfordsville. I was nearing the fountain-head of sagittarian art. In another hour I should see Maurice Thompson himself cast the feathered shafts. Soon we reached Crawfordsville, — a pretty inland town, — and, just as I entered the hotel, a gentleman touched me on the shoulder and said, "I take it you've come down to shoot with the boys." I told him I had; whereupon he informed me that the "boys" had gone out into the country for the day, and that if I would get into his buggy he would drive me out there. I thanked him, and accepted the invitation. We had driven about a mile when my newly-made acquaintance pointed to an enormous oak, whose topmost branches were dead, and bleached to whiteness by many years of sunshine and storm, and said that the year before he had seen "Will Thompson" shoot an eagle from the highest snag of all. He showed me where the archer had stood, — about seventy-five yards from the foot of the tree, — and I was amazed at the feat. Even at the present time I cannot think of that shot without admiration.

A mile or two farther, and the archers were in sight. They were shooting the American round, but they rested on their bows as we came up, and I was introduced to them all before they resumed their sport. They were exceedingly pleasant and cordial, and insisted upon my trying my luck at the target with them, but I chose to look on. I had come to take notes, and not to display my want of skill. But, after watching them for half an hour, I was forced to the conclusion that my pilgrimage had been in vain, except in furnishing me with a little negative knowledge. I saw that it would be idle for one archer to attempt to pattern his style of shooting after that of another, except in a general way; for, of all of the archers before me, no two handled their bows alike. Mr. W. H. Thompson raised his bow and drew and loosed his arrow with astonishing rapidity, the movement being nervous and instantaneous, while Mr. Maurice Thompson was as deliberate as his brother was quick. He raised his bow and drew his arrow with noticeable calmness and repose; rested a long time on the draw to take aim, and finally loosed his arrow slowly and smoothly. His style of shooting was far more graceful than that of his brother, and better calculated to inspire confidence. Then there were a dozen other styles of shooting. Some drew to the chin, some to the ear, and some to the breast; some drew with two fingers, some with three, and some with two fingers and the thumb; some raised the bow and arrow above the mark and let them fall to the proper level; only two or three, however, did this.

Other peculiarities among these archers, and an almost infinite variety among the archers I have seen at public tournaments, might be noticed, but space will not permit. The explanation of this great diversity in style of shooting is in the differences of temperament and bodily conformation among men. No two of us are made just alike; consequently no two of us move and act alike. General directions — for instance, the principles laid down by Ford — may be followed in the formation of a style, but they will have to be altered to the requirements of each individual archer. Some amusements and some callings bring into especial prominence individual peculiarities, and it has seemed to me that archery is particularly effective in this wise.

Right here, let me observe, how much more in keeping with the genius of archery is the intuitional method of shooting than the calculative, or point-of-aim method. Leave the measured distances of your target-range, and step into the fields and groves, and of what avail is the point-of-aim? And is it not under the monarchs of the forest, and on the broad, green meadows, that archery is most at home?

Seeing that I could learn little by watching the archers shoot, I strung my bow and joined them, and passed as pleasant a day before the targets as I have ever experienced. We shot till we were tired, when we sat down to delicious refreshments in a grove hard by. And when we had eaten, and drunk, and rested, we resumed our bows and arrows.

The stars were shining brightly before we returned to Crawfordsville that night, but the day had seemed no more than an hour.

The following table shows the number of ladies and gentleman who have con-

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tested for the championess and champion medals at the tournaments of the National Archery Association each year since the organization of the Association: —

1879.

20 ladies.
54 gentleman.
—
74 total number of archers.

1880.

11 ladies.
36 gentlemen
—
47 total.

1881.

19 ladies.
58 gentlemen.
—
77 total.

1882.

12 ladies.
25 gentlemen.
—
37 total.

1883.

24 ladies.
41 gentleman.
—
65 total.

[NOTE. — The comparatively large attendance at the tournament of 1881, held in Brooklyn, and at the tournament of 1883, held in Cincinnati, is due to the great number of archers in Brooklyn and Cincinnati, and in the cities and towns adjacent to these places. At the tournament of 1883, of the eight clubs who took part in the "Gentlemen's Team Shoot," six were from Cincinnati and vicinity, and only two from a distance, viz.: the "Brooklyn Archers," Brooklyn, N.Y., and the "Highland Park Archers," Chicago, Ill.]

We have no data for a complete record of the attendance at the tournaments of the Eastern Archery Association; however, the partial record we are able to give, indicates a fast lessening degree of interest in these contests. This table shows the number of ladies and gentlemen who shot at the National and York rounds: —

1880.

11 ladies.
31 gentlemen.
—
42 total.

1882.

1 lady.
8 gentlemen.
—
9 total.

1883.

2 ladies.
2 gentlemen.
—
4 total.

It might be mentioned further that the Michigan State Archery Association has dwindled into insignificance. And, if we glance over the record of the last tournament of the National Association, we look in vain for many familiar names. Where is Mr. Walworth? and Mr. Sidway? and Mr. W. H. Thompson? and Mr. Burnham? And where are the "Wabash Merry Bowmen"? and the "Buffalo Toxophilites"? and the "Arden Archers"? We hear no reply.

This is, perhaps, a gloomy view to take of the matter; but it is a view that is forced upon us. And, if we search for reasons for the decline of the beautiful sport, we need not look long in vain.

In the first place, the archer's art is difficult of mastery. It is only by long and patient practice, and conscientious study, that even average skill in handling the bow and arrow can be achieved; and it is only by persisting in practice that such skill can be maintained. Thus, archery is a recreation that is not all play. In fact, it involves a great deal of work, and demands much time also. And these two facts render the sport ill-adapted to our wants. We are too full of business in this country to be able or willing to bestow much thought or work or time upon a recreation. We need one that is more accessible, so to speak, than archery is. A satisfactory range is seldom near at hand; the targets are heavy to roll or carry to the stands; and the archer's outfit is troublesome to keep in order, not to mention that it is very expensive.

Moreover, we need a recreation more robust, and more entirely a physical exercise than archery is, — one that cultivates the muscles and relaxes the mind.

Conscientious practice with the bow and arrow keeps us under a mental strain. "It is a substitute for work," well suited to a gentleman of leisure, — for instance, the English country gentleman, — but not to the busy American. Then, archery receives no sympathy from the general public. An archery tournament is uninteresting to an audience, excepting, of course, the few particular friends of the archers that may be present. The sport is too tame, and the points too fine to be appre-

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ciated. We never yet have seen an enthusiastic audience at an archery tournament.

They have been apathetic always, apparently attracted by curiosity, and held to their places by reasons of courtesy. The cultivated and enlightened public of to-day, like the semi-savage public of gladiatorial Rome, finds its chief amusement in exhibitions of brute strength, or, at best, of coarse skill. Base-ball, rowing-matches, walking-matches, and the like, are attractions with which archery may not hope to vie.

Like virtue, archery is its own reward. The pleasure derived from its practice is subjective, and arises from a consciousness of having overcome a difficulty. Archery might be likened to the game of solitaire. It appeals to the individual, rather than to the many. Then, again, the geographical immensity of this country operates disastrously against full attendances upon the national tournaments. It costs a Chicago archer no inconsiderable amount of time and money to attend a tournament in Brooklyn, —in very many cases more than he is willing to give for the pleasure of the two or three days shooting. And the same is true of the Brooklyn archer when the tournament is in Chicago.

In unity there is strength; but it is hard to unify archers who live so far apart. And it is only where the local archers are many that the attendance at our national tournaments will be full, as at Brooklyn, in 1881, and at Cincinnati, in 1883; though the charming associations that entwine about archery will always attract the imaginative and romantic.

Before leaving our subject let us glance back at a few of the largest scores made at the national tournaments in the contest for the championess and champion medals. The scores given are the five best of the ladies, and the five best of the gentlemen, for each of the five tournaments already held. We have added the scores of each year in order that a comparison of totals may be made, and that the collective strength of each year's shooting may be seen.



AN OFF-HAND SHOT.

In looking over the scores of the ladies, it will be observed that there is no remarkable improvement in the shooting till last year. Then, however, the scores took a long leap upward, and attained an altitude of which we may well be proud. But, in turning to the scores of the gentlemen, except in the case of Col. Williams, whose score of 199-907 is a truly brilliant performance, we find that no advancement worth noticing has taken place during the last four years. The scores of the ladies are at the Double Columbia round in 1879-80, and at the Double National round in 1881-2-3. Those of the gentlemen are all at the Double York round.

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1879. AT CHICAGO.

	Hits.	Value.
Mrs. S. Brown,	110	548
" John Lee,	120	510
" Klein,	98	464
" L. Owens,	86	422
" J. Street,	89	401
Totals,	503	2,345
Mr. W. H. Thompson,	176	624
" T. McMechan,	117	478
" Charles Leach,	112	439
" F. P. Hall,	105	439
" Maurice Thompson, " H. C. Carver,	96	382
Totals,	606	2,362

1880. AT BUFFALO.

	Hits.	Value.
Mrs. T. Davis,	114	596
" J. S. Noyes,	108	530
" E. T. Church,	109	523
Miss Mary Lovering,	107	493
Mrs. John Lee,	102	478
Totals,	540	2,620
Mr. L. L. Peddinghaus,	152	706
" W. H. Thompson,	160	702
" W. Burnham,	159	673
" F. H. Walworth,	144	590
" E. W. Devol,	128	484
Totals,	743	3,155

1881. AT BROOKLYN.

	Hits.	Value.
Mrs. A. H. Gibbes,	97	393
Miss Morton,	81	353
" Morrison,	70	348
" Brandagee,	84	340
Mrs. Myers,	66	278
Totals,	398	1,712
Mr. F. H. Walworth,	173	763
Col. R. Williams, Jr.,	169	745
Mr. F. Sidway,	172	706
" W. H. Thompson,	147	583
" Adam Gray,	118	524
Totals,	779	3,321

1882. AT CHICAGO.

	Hits.	Value.
Mrs. A. H. Gibbes,	101	449
Miss F. Morrison,	94	371
Mrs. C. R. Wild,	85	364
" H. C. Carver,	82	350
" G. H. De Golyer,	82	334
Totals,	444	1,868
Mr. D. A. Nash,	167	713
" H. S. Taylor,[1]	168	678
Col. R. Williams, Jr.,	148	650
Mr. W. A. Clark,	148	636
" W. H. Thompson,	144	610
Totals,	775	3,287

1883. AT CINCINNATI.

	Hits.	Value.
Mrs. M. C. Howell,	132	690
" S. A. Whitfield,	127	621
" T. F. George,	116	536
" H. M. Pollock,	118	526
" Arthur,	115	509
Totals,	608	2,882
Col. R. Williams, Jr.,	199	907
Mr. H. S. Taylor,	149	649
" W. A. Clark,	158	620
" D. A. Nash,	137	587
" C. S. Upson,	146	560
Totals,	789	3,323

We would not be understood as opposed to archery, or wishing to disparage it. Far from this. To none do the charms of the sport appeal more strongly than to us; for none have they a greater fascination. The cheerfulness of the gay targets in the grove of green and sunshine and shade, the posings of the archers in that "attitude which even the most awkward can but little degrade," and the arrow's line of beauty in its flight from the musical twang of the yew to the rainbow face of the target, blend into a picture that enchains our attention as closely as it does that of any of our brothers of the bow. But there are features of this beautiful sport that are drawbacks in themselves, and others that come into collision with certain characteristics of our American people, and threaten to prevent its holding any great popularity among us; and it has been our duty in attempting a truthful definition of the position archery holds in the estimation of the public, to acknowledge the fact. Archery may be said to bear the same relation to other out-door recreations that chess does to the amusements of the drawing-room; it has, and always will have, a few ardent and faithful votaries, but it will have little attention from the generality of our people.

Maumee.

[1] In this contest, Mr. Taylor carried off the champion's medal, notwithstanding that his gross score was considerably less than that of Mr. Nash. Mr. Taylor won six of the ten points.

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"I CAN'T afford it."

"But you can't afford to be sick."

"I shan't be sick."

"But you'll die, all the same."

At this point, unable to endure Nora Brockway's obstinacy any longer, I burst into indignant tears.

"You see," explained Nora, considerably touched, I could see, by my words and my tears (for, to do myself justice, I am not a crying woman), — "you see, there are mother and Osie and I. The Chumleys say that I can go for six weeks, and they will get along somehow. They say I am running down, just as you do; but till Osie is educated I can't do much for myself. She will graduate next year, and I'm sure I can get along till then. You see, while I'm gone I'll lose my pay, and we couldn't all go together, and you know very well that it would be no pleasure to me to go if Osie stayed here. I can't bear to be separated from her; if anybody goes, *she* must."

I know that my face wrinkled up terribly with the hard thinking that I did during the next two minutes. Then, as Nora seemed to be preparing to depart, I pushed her into her seat again, and remarked to her, with angry fluency, "You *must* go away somewhere. It is almost time for Sue to be home from school, and she will lend her counsel. Sue is so bright and so clever, — and if she and I, and a young woman who is so very capable as to have been promoted to the head of the white-goods department of a great house like Chumley & Co.'s, — if we can't devise a way out of this difficulty, we are unworthy of the name of woman. What does Osie say about it? But, oh! here's Sue!"

Nora's pale, worn face brightened, as a dark, red-cheeked young lady entered and flung a pile of books down on the table.

"Bless you, girls!" cried the new-comer, giving them each a vigorous salutation. "Why so sad? Upon my word, Dolly," turning to me in great disapprobation, "you have been crying. Now, I have made several luckless youngsters weep today, but it doesn't follow from that that I approve of the operation. Now, what does this all mean?"

"Nora is just used up," I hastened to reply, — I was aware, in an agitated tone. "I tell her that we had better go camping, for she declares she can't afford even our modest plan of country boarding at $5 per week. But the camping idea doesn't suit her any better. She says she isn't going to kill herself or let any of the rest of us kill ourselves driving tent-pins, and setting the tent up after it blows down, as it invariably does, and finding snakes in her bed, and catching pneumonia. The Chumleys will give her six weeks, but she won't take it, and, — well, she never can stand it in the world!"

After making this clear and connected statement of the case, I broke down again. (I'm a music-teacher in the B. Institute, and that accounts for the state of my nerves.) But Sue, instead of looking discouraged at my representation of the desperate state of affairs, beamed and beamed, and finally burst into a positive explosion of laughter.

"It's splendid, girls!" she cried at last. "It's just providential, and everything else. I've just had a letter from Cousin John. He and his wife boarded down in Maine last year. I was there awhile, you know, — and this is what he writes: 'The parsonage in Billowton is empty. The old minister died in May, and left all his furniture and belongings to the parish; and while they are candidating, they propose to let the parsonage, furnished, for a mere song, — I believe it is fifty dollars for the season. Of course this doesn't probably include bed and table linen and silver; but if you know any party wanting to take a cheap country trip this season let me know.'"

At this point Sue, who was so strong and well that she was never too tired to dance, executed a pirouette in the middle of the room.

"Girls!" she cried, dropping at last, flushed and panting, into a big chair between Nora and me, "was there ever such luck? The parsonage in Billowton is the very drollest little place you ever saw, — a stone cottage with four rooms in it, and a little kitchen built out behind. There's moss all over the roof, and more air to the square inch blowing all around than you have ever breathed in all your lives. Things to live upon are very cheap there, and, as

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likely as not, the dear, good, old parson left a little garden. His wife had been dead for years; but an old woman kept house for him, who was as nice and neat as Nora herself. And we can get her, I dare say, to do our washing and ironing. I can cook; and we shall want Mrs. Barlow and Nettie to go with us, — and we aren't a quarrelsome set. And we can divide the expense, — just think of it! The worn schoolma'm will renew her youth; the music-teacher will attune her ear to ocean's melodies, and learn its 'symphonies' 'and harmonies,' and all that sort of thing. The distinguished head of the white-goods department of the great Chumleys will step off her pedestal and cease, for a while, to bully her subordinates. Mrs. Barlow and Nettie are tired of candy-making, and the shop won't start up anyway till after summer is over, — so they can go and write poetry at Billowton, just as well as not. School closes to-morrow. Osie is ready; and she is so pretty, and so bright, that she will sort of gild the whole thing. Nora, go pack your trunk. We shall start for Billowton on Monday. Now I am going to see Mrs. Barlow." And before either Nora or I could recover our breaths, after this volley of words, Sue was opening the door to depart. "I tell you, girls," she remarked, as she passed down the stairway, "there's nothing like school-teaching to develop decision of character and executive ability!"

The upshot of all this was that upon the third of July, not so very many summers ago, a party of eleven women, of various ages and sizes, filed into the parsonage at Billowton, and were followed by their trunks and a perfect mass of bags, hampers, bandboxes, and bundles. Men have such things when they go into wild life of a summer, and why shouldn't women?

The house stood just at the end of the long, straggling village roadway, and not twenty rods distant from the edge of a great cliff, which fell straight into the Atlantic Ocean, raging vainly to tear down its granite grandeur, two hundred feet below. The sunset flamed nearly straight in front of the house as the tired party entered, and with its quiet light, and the fresh, soft breeze that stirred the pink waves beneath it, a sense of deep rest and repose stole over their spirits. Yes, it had been a special providence, — that letter from Sue's cousin.

"The very lights and shadows," declared that blessed girl, as she stood in the door and looked out, "lend themselves to the success of our summer."

There was nobody to receive them, the old housekeeper having gone to live with a relative in the village; but the house had been cleaned and put in order; and, after a hasty and primitive supper, the ladies made up some temporary beds and fell asleep almost before the sunset glow had faded from the waters.

The next morning Sue was the first one up. In spite of the fact that they had not found a lock on any door, and had been assured by every one whom they had seen that locks were mere luxuries in Billowton, they had felt some dismay at their defenceless condition when they first retired; but all considerations had yielded to the soothing murmur of the sea and the influence of the fresh, delightful air. Such a sleep as that was! Worth a much longer journey than they had taken to get it, Sue declared; and when she awoke, fresh and bright, in the morning, she felt sure that everybody was going to be benefited by the experiment they were trying, and, for her own part, was ready to take up whatever burdens should accompany it.

"We must have system," decided this wise young female, "and they seem to have left everything in my hands." She accordingly prepared two placards, and tacked them upon the kitchen door. The noise of the "tack-hammer" — a billet of wood in this instance — was the first intimation that the rest of the party had of the night's being over.

Scouts were at once sent out from the sleepers to reconnoitre, and they reported that two bulletins were posted upon the kitchen door. One of these contained the *menu* for the day, and was as follows: BREAKFAST: Broiled beef-steak, boiled potatoes, coffee, bread and butter. DINNER: Broiled blue-fish, baked potatoes, green peas, rice-pudding, coffee. SUPPER: Bread and butter, sponge cake, blueberries and milk, tea.

The other placard bore the following legend: "After unpacking, and for a week to come, it is respectfully suggested that Mrs. Barlow and Susan Amanda Allison do the cooking; that Nettie and Osie set tables, wash dishes, and wait on table; that Mrs. Brockway, Dollie, and Nora do the chamber-work, sweeping and dusting, and general superintendence.

Most respectfully submitted,
SUSAN AMANDA ALLISON,
Clerk.

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Before the scouts had fairly finished reading and reporting the bulletins amid loud applause from the audience, a nondescript figure, crowned with a Titan hat, the brim of which was tied down so as to conceal all but the scarlet outline of a lip which could belong to none but Sue, and a firm, white chin such as only she possessed, sallied forth with a big market-basket upon her arm.

When this figure returned, the cottage, which we had decided, during Sue's absence, should be named Cliff-Top, was as busy as a beehive. Yes, the *menu* was to be carried out in every detail, Sue having fortunately "caught" the "meat cart," and trapped a sturdy old fisherman, who had promised to deliver a fresh-caught bluefish at the cottage at 11 o'clock. Her "suggestion" as to the division of labor was approved, and a week passed by swiftly and pleasantly.

Then we shifted work somewhat. I couldn't bear to have Osie's pretty hands spoiled with dish-water, so I insisted on her taking my share, and some other slight changes were made. Osie was the joy and pride of the company. Yet we all remarked that after her brightest sallies she would often fall into deep dejection, and we sometimes caught her lying in one of the two hammocks which we had swung up in the stunted oak grove behind the house with her face looking suspiciously discolored, and her eyes swollen.

Mrs. Barlow and Nettie understood the reason of these strange performances, and they finally initiated Nora and me into the secret. There was a young man in the matter, of course, — the brother of one of Osie's best beloved and most opulent school-mates; but Osie was only eighteen, and the poor proud Brockways had felt that they could not have their idol courted and won by a man whose rich family would feel that he had condescended, and perhaps even disgraced himself, by marrying so far "below him." So they had stopped his calls, made Osie refuse to receive his letters, and generally exerted themselves to make the young people miserable.

"Just think!" said Nettie, in concluding this tragic tale, "while the rest of us are revelling in the absence of the other sex, here is poor Osie just pining away for a sight of that handsome George Gording. Well, we must make her forget him, if we can."

So we all tried bravely. We hired a grizzled old tar to take us out in his sail-boat nearly every day, and amused him with our singing; in return for which he told us the most marvellous yarns that were ever heard of. Every evening we "sat beside our cottage door," and sang and sang till the stars came out. Then we all went to bed.

Sue and Mrs. Barlow were the best cooks we had ever known; and between them and the air, and the utter freedom from care and excitement, we all began to grow so stout and ruddy that even plain Nettie Barlow, whose hooked nose and squinting eyes had been her mother's despair, began to grow good-looking. Indeed, we were all becoming "darkly, deeply, beautifully beautiful," Sue said — all but Osie. She had almost no appetite, and, though she tried to be gay and to keep up with the rest of us, it was easy to see that her heart wasn't in the effort.

One morning, just after the work was nicely done, and our party were bestowed on the ground and in hammocks here and there, a stiff and stately figure came marching up the road.

"The young minister who is 'supplying,' as true as I live!" gasped Sue. "Mrs. Brockway, you must go in and receive him. Osie, you go, too; you're our 'society belle.'"

Before they fairly understood what was going on, these two innocent individuals were obeying Sue's behest, and trying to put their abashed and stammering visitor at his ease. It appeared that he was the bearer of "important despatches," so to speak. The entire village had been enchanted by the singing of the "city girls." Wouldn't they please take the place of the choir in the village church next Sunday?

This proposition almost took away the breath of both Mrs. Brockway and Osie, and Mrs. Barlow and Sue were accordingly called in for consultation. The affair ended in the dismission of the blushing youth, with delight in his eyes. Yes, the "city girls" would sing.

The following Sunday found us all perched in the lofty balcony designed for the "choir," in the little church. We faced the pulpit, and also the two doors, and were subjected to no end of scrutiny from the evidently awed and admiring audience. The news of the "new departure" had travelled, and the bare little building was completely packed. Just as the "vast audience" was settling down into quiet, in came, bearing signs of the most extravagant haste, both in perspira-

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tion and locomotion, our friend, the old skipper. We knew that he was not in the habit of frequenting the sanctuary, and understood well his motive for this sudden accession of piety. Any lingering doubts that we might have had as to the matter were dispelled, however, by a stentorian basso profundo whisper, in which he informed his next neighbor, — and also the entire congregation, — that he "hurd them city gals was goin' to sing, an' he cum, you bet!"

A titter ran through the congregation, and even Osie laughed, so that I, being the organist of the occasion, had to play an inordinately long prelude upon the cabinet-organ before she could compose herself enough to begin her solo, which was to come just then. It was "Ruth and Naomi," and Osie sang it exquisitely. Just as she was beginning that lovely part, "Entreat me not," there was a little bustle at the door, and, lifting my gaze for a moment from the music, I saw Osie looking down there with eyes dilating as though she saw a ghost, and a young man in a yachting suit, with a pretty girl in flannel hanging on his arm, staring back at her with such eyes of ecstasy as I had never beheld before. But Osie kept right on with her solo, while an usher found seats for the new-comers.

I never heard her sing so before. When she came to the part, "And where thou diest I will die," everybody wiped his eyes. The girl seemed positively inspired. I understood it all though when Nettie touched my arm and said, "That was George Gording. He must be cruising along the shore in his yacht."

Well, he was. That was just it. It seemed that he had heard Osie was somewhere on the Maine coast, and he was determined to look until he found her. He and his mother and sister, and one or two others, composed the yachting party; and, after the services were over, and the young people had met, and there had been introductions all around, in spite of the coldness of Mrs. Brockway and Nora, the young man unfolded to them before us all, with a fearless sort of assurance that quite carried Nettie and Sue away, a project for having Osie join his party. "My mother will come up later and see you about it," he added with quiet dignity as he concluded. He touched his hat then, and gave an eloquent glance at Osie, who kissed his sister, and then we went home.

Of course it all ended in Osie's trunk travelling down to the shore in a fisherman's barrow, and in Osie herself going off that evening with young Gording and his stately, gracious mother, who was evidently devoted to her boy, and sufficiently romantic and sensible to see that it was a good thing for him to have a sweet, lovely girl like Osie Brockway to entertain him.

It was an awful moment when the good-bys were all said, and the three figures went gliding through the darkness down the village street, on their way to the yacht. But Osie had been so changed by the advent of her lover, and looked so smiling and so satisfied when she went off, that the rest of us sentimental creatures hardly sympathized enough, perhaps, with the genuine grief of Mrs. Brockway and Nora. They finally grew calmer, however, and as Sue skilfully presented the young man's claims on every possible occasion, they had begun to take a very serene view of the affair, when a letter from Osie came, saying that she had really promised to marry George Gording, and the family all seemed delighted — and — would they mind if she should not graduate, and if *it* should happen during the next holidays?"

This upset everything again. Even some special Parker House rolls which Sue prepared, and a remarkable cake constructed by Mrs. Barlow, failed to soothe the lacerated feelings of Mrs. Brockway and Nora. "It has just spoilt the summer," Nora moaned over and over again. In view of the desperate nature of the case Mrs. Barlow dropped into "poetry": —

"O sailor lad! O sailor true!
Why did you bear away
The brightest star in heaven blue, —
The sunshine of our day?"

"Oh, mourn not that I stole your light, —
This fairest, sweetest comer,
'Twas for my guide, — a beauteous bride,
That I despoiled your summer."

"But why not choose another guide,
O mariner, most strange?
Why take our loved one for thy bride?
We prithee make exchange."

"Nay, nay, none other may displace
This fairest, sweetest comer!
She lights all space, she grants all grace, —
Thy winter is my summer!"

Now, this was pretty bad as verse, but it made Nora laugh, and both Mrs. Brockway and she grew stout in spite of their bereavement, and had to admit, when it

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was all over, that they had had a "splendid time."

Everything passed off gloriously, so far as arrangements went. How could it be otherwise, with Sue's firm hand on the wheel? We had no trouble in getting the old house-keeper to do our washing, ironing, and scrubbing, for a moderate sum; barefooted boys and girls brought us berries, and early apples, and wild plums; bent old fishermen offered us the prizes of their seines; the "meat-man" rattled his white-topped cart to the door on each of his semi-weekly tours. Life was no longer a grind to us, tired women-workers that we were,—it was a positive luxury.

It was during the last week of our sojourn at Billowton that the young parson, who had made several bashful offerings of flowers and fruit to us during the summer, came up to pay us an evening call, and invite us to favor the population of Billowton once more with a "choir day."

This was finally agreed to, and Sue, following the young man to the door to make some last arrangements, was lured by that deep young person to stray out on the cliff with him, and, once there, he seized the opportunity to declare a deathless passion for her, which could no longer exist without expression. Poor Sue was, for once, deprived of the power of speech; but she finally made the mistaken youth understand that she was wedded to her profession, etc., etc.,—(all women and most men can supply the rest)—and he went off quite down in the mouth.

But wasn't it cruel of Sue to sing "Too Late," on that last Sunday? She declared that she never thought of any possible application of the words; but we always suspected her. Sue was nothing if not mischievous.

It was with sad hearts that we took down the hammocks, polished the little panes for the last time, and bade farewell to Cliff-Top. It had been a blessed time for us. I shouldn't dare to tell how many pounds the aggregate gain among us footed up, but it was in the vicinity of a hundred. And the expense of all this health and happiness averaged per week for each individual—and this is no mere fancy sketch that I have been writing—less than three dollars.

Yet, in the face of the fact that we had all devoted ourselves to her comfort, and had done everything, as it were for her sake, that thankless Nora said, when it was all over, "Girls, I've had a pretty good time. In fact, it would have been quite perfect if that odious young man hadn't come and *spoiled everything!*" which we all thought, much as we loved Nora Brockway, was decidedly "faint praise"; but Osie's happiness quite atoned for one little discomfiture. And the wedding did come off during the "next holidays."

Kate Upson Clark.

THE WIND.

THE wind is a wondrous rover,
The wind is a fickle lover;
He wooes each bud and flower,
But bides with none an hour.

He sweeps the green meadows over,
Caressing the sweet red-clover;
He kisses lily and rose,
Where violets bloom he knows.

A moment ling'ring to dally
With buttercups in the valley,
And now in shadowy grove
To bluebell whispering love.

Which flower counts he the rarest?
Which blossom holds he the dearest?
There's never a flower that knows,
Not lily, nor pink, nor rose.

Mary A. Allen.

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SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.[1]

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fair Weather," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE dinner at Lamar cottage was an informal little affair, considering that it was given by a Southern household. And Longley went merely to please Mrs. Nelville, who continued to insist.

Alden Lamar seemed in excellent spirits, although he carried his right hand in a sling, and answered all the questions about it lightly and evasively, declaring the damage very small in proportion to the bulk of bandages.

"One who tries as many athletic experiments as I do must expect to occasionally suffer from accidents. Punching a sand-bag, for instance, is likely to bruise one's fist," he declared in reply to a remark from Mrs. Nelville.

Of course inquiries were not pressed, and the matter was lightly passed by. Longley was delighted with Miss Lamar, and was inclined to monopolize her attention. He sat next her at table, noting with pleasure that she ate with all the unconscious gusto of a healthy child. She did not mince, and pick, and pretend, as if nothing was good enough for her; but ate with a forthright readiness which in Longley's estimation added largely to the charm of her appearance. In fact, so much was he an artist that he held a theory that eating, like other fine arts, is best performed when performed naturally, keeping in mind, of course, the meaning of nature in art language. And it is true that the fussiness at table of some otherwise delightful people is often a revelation to the shrewd observer. A young lady who is laboriously dainty at a social dinner has often been known by the house-keeper at her own home to finish a slice of mince-pie with three bites. The man who attacks food in a hesitating, sidewise fashion, taking it in infinitesimal morsels, is not honest with his appetite, and may not be honest with his fellows. He will, at least, bear watching. Perfectly frank, honorable people go about eating just as they do about sleeping, or breathing, or seeing, — so naturally that it is next to involuntary. Longley applied this theory, in the present case, very happily and satisfactorily. One's dread of everything which has been thought to smack of vulgarity will rarely allow one to rightly consider eating; but Longley was not troubled with any such dread. Miss Lamar contrasted very strongly with Miss Brownby, who sat opposite her. The latter was all art and artifice. If she really ate a morsel, no one saw how it got to her mouth. She talked incessantly, saying many witty things and some almost silly things. She was quite pretty, with her large blue eyes and dark hair, her mobile mouth and clear pale cheeks. Her form was perfect, as, in fact, a Kentucky girl's usually is, and she was exquisitely dressed. She made herself agreeable, in so far as she could, to Edmond Nelville, making it lively labor for him to follow the lamb-like skipping of her wayward fancies and conceits.

Longley observed with furtive pleasure that Nelville's eyes often strayed away from Miss Brownby in the direction of Miss Lamar. This he thought a good omen. There is nothing so effective, in curing an old love hurt, as just the slightest twinge of jealousy, or, rather, that kindred discontent engendered by seeing the object of a new interest drifting away, and in danger of being lost. Longley drew hard upon all his resources to interest Miss Lamar, and when dinner was over he purposely forgot to join the other gentlemen in a smoke, preferring to ramble with her in the grand flower-garden behind the house, where there were a noisy fountain and rustic seats. He managed to make Nelville the subject of their talk.

"He seems in so much better health," she said, stooping to touch an early rose.

"Yes; he is rapidly getting back his old self in every way," replied Longley. "Another month or two here will make him strong as ever."

"I should think he might get well," she said: "he is quite young, and seems strong for one so long an invalid."

"He is growing cheerful, a good sign in his case. You know his trouble is somewhat owing to — to" — He hesitated, and at last added: —

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"He doesn't seem gloomy any more."

"Has he had grief?" she asked in a tone which indicated hesitancy, or some little doubt about the form of the question.

"He *thinks* so," said Longley; "a mere boyish fancy, I should call it."

She looked up quickly. She had not intended to show interest in Nelville's love-matter, — some knowledge of which had drifted into her consciousness from such sources as are at the command of most young ladies, — and now she feared Longley might misconstrue her words. He was more bold. Being an artist, he labored for effects, and to that end put on his strokes without hesitancy until he was sure he had made her understand; and then adroitly changed the subject, slipping away into a lighter groove of conversation.

Mind-reading is an art exercised almost involuntarily by us all. In fact what is commonly termed intuition is often nothing more than a reading of the thoughts of others through the medium of a sort of sixth sense, very perfectly developed in bright, clear-headed women.

Miss Louise understood Longley. She read to the last line of his thoughts. But she was not willing to be left to infer what a "mere boyish fancy" might mean. Nelville had been occupying a large place in her thoughts lately, and, as we have said, a rumor of his love trouble had reached her ears from several sources. She did not fancy she loved him. It was a peculiar interest in him, aroused by the circumstances of their first meeting, and a train of unimportant circumstances following. She was curious to know, as a woman always is in such cases, the particulars of his little romance. She had never travelled in foreign countries, and the fact that the mystery was wound about some place in Switzerland lent it a strong additional charm. Who has not felt the enchantment of far-away things?

Longley saw her dreaming mood. She seemed deep in a haze of revery, through which, without in the least disturbing it, her articulate fancies rippled like a pleasantly babbling brook. He followed her as she slowly strayed among the flowers and shrubs, her manner as wavering as that of the broad-winged giant moth which floated on before her. The dinner had closed just after sunset, and now the moon, nearly full, shone with great power across the garden. Longley saw Nelville and Miss Brownby sitting in a window overlooking the scene, and enjoyed the picturesqueness of his surroundings; and evidently Miss Brownby caught a pleasant impression from their straying figures, for she sang from her perch between the curtains, "Come into the garden, Maud," and then, leaning far out, cried in her carefully modulated way: —

"Shall I fling down a copy of Tennyson? No doubt you could read by that witching moonlight."

"We don't need the book, thank you," Longley gayly answered. "We know all the appropriate passages by heart."

Nelville actually sighed, but Miss Brownby did not notice it.

The fountain was a sparkling jet, cast up out of a great flaring lily, falling in fine spray and clear drops over a heap of mossy stones. Near by stood a rustic seat into which Longley carelessly flung himself.

"Come, sit down here by me," he said to Miss Lamar, "and let's listen to what these little wild waves are saying."

She turned and graciously took the space he had indicated.

A mocking-bird, the Southern nightingale, swinging in his cage hard by, began to sing dreamily, as if but half awake. The palpitations of a light breeze made tender sounds among the garden sprays. Overhead the sky spread its soft mystery of stars and moon, and dusky sheen, and half-transparent abysms.

Longley looked at the profile of the girl, at her graceful, unstudied attitude, at the quiet, faultless taste of her drapery, and there came into his heart, like the breeze coming into the garden, a very tender happiness. He was enjoying a luxury never before within his reach. Hitherto his companions, at all times and places, had been men. This girl by his side, with her simple sweetness, her pretty ways, her flower-like freshness, her mysterious charm in all things, was a sudden and captivating revelation. He thought of what Nelville had said about summer sweethearts, and smiled, almost laughed in sheer joyousness.

She turned before the ripple had left his face, and, coloring faintly, said: "Why do you laugh? Did I say something to myself?"

"You did seem a little absent-minded," Longley quickly replied, purposely mystifying her.

"Truly, now," she said, turning her head slightly to one side and throwing a bewitching tone of doubt into her voice, "did I say something?"

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"What were you thinking?" he asked, evasively, his eyes twinkling.

"Oh, you try to tease! I don't like to be teased," she exclaimed, moving her shoulders impatiently.

"Never mind," said Longley, "I was thinking, when you turned, of what Mr. Nelville wrote me about you before I came here."

"About me?"

"Yes."

"What did he say? Oh, nothing, of course, for then he did not know me. You are not good at — at" —

"He had seen you," said Longley, laughing, "and had been told who you were. He described you to me as very beautiful, and said" —

"That will do," she said with all the gravity of a serious child. "No wonder you laugh whenever you think of it! You are complimentary with your laughing. It is charming of you to laugh at my being called beautiful. We had better go into the house."

"Oh, no, no," cried Longley almost vehemently, as she began to gather her skirt-folds together as if to rise. "Let's never go. Let's stay here always. Let's forget there is any house or friends, or anything but the fountain, the breeze, and the peaceful night. I am so happy."

"There's dew falling," she answered with a graceful, childish shrug. "Shouldn't you be just as happy on the piazza?"

"Listen to the mocking-bird," Longley continued; "he is dreaming again; and I am dreaming, too."

"I will go away very lightly," Miss Lamar said, rising and gathering up her skirts, "and not disturb your dream."

"You are the charm and delight of my dream," he said, almost fervently; "my very dream itself."

"And I shall go, as all dreams do, very quickly out of sight and memory," she lightly responded, moving towards the house.

Longley rose with a spell upon him and with a delicious tingling in his veins. With all his mature physique and manly years he was but a boy, — a susceptible, unsophisticated boy. He never before had felt the indescribably sweet influence now falling upon every line of his nature. He uttered some half-intelligible words and reached out his arms after the retreating form of Miss Lamar, until she turned at the piazza steps and looked back. She was half in the shade and half in the moonlight, and her beauty seemed doubled. She lifted an ungloved hand, upon which a diamond flamed, and cried out gleefully: —

"Come on, dreamer, follow your dream!"

There went whirling through Longley's brain something sweeter than any music and brighter than any sunlight. He was in the third heaven of mysterious delight; but when he reached the hall he met Mrs. Nelville and Edmond ready to go home.

When the three were in the Nelville carriage, trundling homeward, Longley said: —

"Miss Brownby seems to be a most delightful young lady."

"Very," said Nelville, his voice shading off into a growl.

"How would she do for a summer sweetheart?" continued Longley.

Nelville snapped his fingers impatiently, and said nothing.

As for Mrs. Nelville she kept unconsciously humming the air of "Come into the garden, Maud."

CHAPTER XIV.

"MOTHER, didn't you think Longley acted rather strangely at Lamar's yesterday?" said Nelville to the widow, as they sat, on the day following the dinner, carelessly chatting in their own little parlor. The young man spoke in the tone of one who has a grievance of a kind not easily defined in its character or extent.

"No"; replied Mrs. Nelville, with a promptness little removed from irritableness, "I admired his boldness and tact. He did just the most natural and proper thing in the world — just as I should if I were a man. He made fair weather with Louise Lamar while you were dawdling around Miss Brownby."

"Indeed," cried Nelville, "I should like to know what I was to do?"

"What did you wish to do?" placidly queried Mrs. Nelville.

The young man colored a little, bit his lip and hesitated. He was wholly unprepared to answer a question so direct and sharp.

"One likes to enjoy himself a little," he said. "Miss Brownby is well enough for a while, but" —

"Well, why didn't you enjoy yourself? I'm sure your field was as clear as Mr. Longley's. He didn't seem to have any trouble."

"What was I to do? Could I go and

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take her away from him? He took her, like a trout taking a fly, all at once, and kept her the whole evening."

"She seemed very happy, too," quietly responded the widow. "I never saw two persons take more pleasantly and naturally to each other."

"What are you driving at?" said Nelville, smiling curiously. "You needn't try that. I've no jealousy left."

"Edmond,"—and the widow turned her bright little head to one side as she spoke,—"Edmond, you will never be worth the notice of any girl so long as you whine after that heartless"—

"Mother, mother!" interrupted Nelville in a deprecating tone; but she glibly went on:—

"I'm heartily ashamed of you. I despair of ever seeing you assert yourself again, and hold up your head in your old proud way. Just stop and compare Miss Lamar with Miss Lartain. You know very well that I'm not a manœuvring mamma, or anything of the sort; but you also know that Miss Lamar is of a better family, is more sweet and beautiful, and incomparably more"—

"Mother, please."

"But I don't please. You began this talk, and I'm glad of it. I've scarcely been able to wait for this chance. Why need *you* care how much Mr. Longley absorbed of Miss Lamar's attentions? What is Miss Lamar to *you? You* are dying for love of Miss Lartain, or rather for love of Lady—or Baroness, or somebody she is now. Longley is fancy free. Miss Lamar fascinates him. Do *you* blame *him* for liking *her?*"

"I didn't say I blamed him. I said he acted strangely."

"Oh, yes!" said his mother; "and he's still acting so. Where is he now?"

"In his room, writing, I guess."

"I am better informed. He is over at the Lamar cottage."

"How do you know?" said Nelville, his face reddening.

"I saw him going, two hours since," said Mrs. Nelville.

He rose from his chair and began pacing the floor, as if measuring the carpet. Secretly his mother was enjoying his discomfiture. She did not hesitate to make the most of her advantage. She hastened to add:—

"You remember what I said to you returning from the yacht trial? I told you then that Miss Lamar loved you. She fancied you at first sight; there's not a doubt of it in my mind. But you let all your opportunities go, while you rake together old memories of your silly infatuation for Miss Lartain. You needn't get vexed at Mr. Longley, now, and go to striding across the floor like a hyena. It is probably too late to regain your advantage."

Nelville laughed at his mother's vehemence. He was glad he could laugh, for he did not wish to discover the real state of his mind. When one has a hobby whose pace is peculiarly to one's liking, it is no easy thing to dismount from it and, with a cut of one's whip, send the dear, delightful favorite cantering off alone. Grieving after Miss Lartain was Nelville's hobby. His seat in the saddle was growing precarious, but he did not care to have it known. In fact, he did not like to acknowledge it to himself.

"I shall be glad when Miss Lartain is allowed to rest undiscussed," he said, half in a light humor, half earnestly.

"Well, let's begin. You quit sighing about her, and leave off poring dolefully over a certain old bundle of perfumed letters, and then we'll bury her in state," replied his mother; "but until then I shall fetch out her effigy every day or two and burn it before your eyes. In the meantime, too, Mr. Longley, I dare say, will walk off with Miss Louise Lamar for his prize."

Nelville had stopped by a window, and was looking out towards the other cottage, whose gray gables and variegated slate roof peeped over the tree-tops of the little valley in the middle distance. He wondered what Longley would have to say to Miss Louise; wondered if his name would be mentioned; wondered where they would sit to talk, and how long Longley would stay.

Mrs. Nelville watched her son closely. She could read him pretty well. She was glad to see him fidgeting, and when he turned from the window she met his eyes mischievously with her own and exclaimed:—

"I'd give anything to know your thoughts during the last five minutes!"

Nelville smiled and took his mother's little brown head between his hands, and, kissing her forehead, replied:—

"Maybe I'll tell you some day."

She saw a resolute curve to his lip, which she thought boded good.

A few minutes later Longley entered, merry as a barefoot boy who has been in

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swimming. He fanned himself with his hat as he stood all smiles in the middle of the room. His hair was rather frowzy, and his cheeks shone brown and red. Nelville eyed him curiously. The widow handed him a Japanese fan.

"I've had the jolliest time," he said.

"You look as though you might have been boiled," exclaimed Nelville; "what have you been doing?"

"Do tell us," said Mrs. Nelville. "Edmond and I have been quarrelling awfully, and something entertaining is quite in order."

"Couldn't tell you all in a week," Longley said, dropping into an easy-chair and plying the fan rapidly. "But, in short, I've been playing at cross-purposes with Miss Brownby, and I beat her, too, badly enough." He chuckled retrospectively. "The mischief was in the girl," he went on; "I saw that very soon after I arrived at the cottage, and I was not long in taking the cue, whereupon sharp play began. She's brilliant, too, I tell you."

"But you would have us believe you are more brilliant," said Nelville.

Longley gave no notice to this remark, but said: "Her object evidently was to prevent Miss Lamar and myself from having any private talk. Of course, my determination was just to the contrary. Then you should have seen us manœuvre. I got Miss Lamar to sing, and stood close by her side to turn the music; but Miss Brownby promptly posted herself just as close on the other side. I wanted to see the pretty fountain; Miss Brownby helped me to escort Miss Lamar out there. I thought a walk to the hill-top beyond the cottage would be nice; Miss Brownby volunteered to be one of the walking party. All this time she was as demure as a dove. I cannot tell you how many things I proposed, how many schemes I tried in vain. Miss Brownby had a trump for every card I led. I never was so worried by any one. I had about exhausted myself, when I chanced to see Miss Lamar's pony-cart standing under a tree on the west lawn, where the pony had been hitched. A bright idea flashed into my head. With all the audacity which belongs to a comprehensive genius like mine I formed and executed my plan. 'O Miss Lamar,' cried I, 'what a dear little pony! And what a handsome cart! How I should enjoy a little drive with you in this liliputian turn-out! Do please take me in with you and drive me around for a while. I never have ridden in a lady's cart; it will be charming.' I don't pretend to know what all I did say. That's the substance, though; and I pressed the matter so vehemently that at last she turned to Miss Brownby and said, 'But two can sit in the cart; will you go drive Mr. Longley?' 'I can't,' said Miss Brownby; and she looked defeated. 'I never tried to drive; I'm afraid to drive. We ride horseback in Kentucky; we don't drive.' Her voice was rueful in the last degree. My heart leaped for joy. Miss Lamar couldn't refuse; so I untied the pony and we got into the little basket, and she drove away with me, leaving poor Miss Brownby gazing after us half pathetically, half comically. Oh, it was too delightful for anything!"

"And where did you go?" asked Mrs. Nelville.

"Oh, all around, everywhere," said Longley. "She soon got contented and happy, I talked so charmingly, and we trundled here and there until my legs got awfully cramped, having them drawn up to suit the dimensions of that baby-cart. But I never did enjoy anything so much as that drive. Part of the time we were on the beach sand by the lake's edge, and part of the time on that broad, shady turnpike running east; for the rest we went along in the village streets, attracting no little attention from store box whittlers and curbstone loafers. I guess we did look rather odd, stowed in so limited a space, but we didn't care; we had a good time. She's the sweetest talker and the wittiest, and her profile is perfect. I'm all in a rapture now, and I don't think I shall ever be blue again. Give me an endless summer and such a sweetheart."

Nelville smiled grimly all through Longley's rapid story, as if he had some new plan fully arranged for annihilating something or some one. His smile might have been still more grim if he could have heard a little conversation which passed between Miss Lamar and Miss Brownby, after the former had parted with Longley when the drive was over.

"Dear me, Louise, are you still alive?" cried Miss Brownby.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I've enjoyed the drive ever so much."

"I never saw another such man," said Miss Brownby. "Did he get into one of his love rhapsodies, as he did the other evening at the fountain?"

Louise shook her head, and said:—

"Really it's all owing to his impulsive,

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boyish nature, and his want of social knowledge. I find him downright good company."

"He's thirty, if he's a day," reflectively answered Miss Brownby.

"No doubt; but he says solemnly that he had never known a young lady of society until he came here."

"And you believe him?"

"Yes, implicitly; don't you?"

"I shall reserve my opinion," said Miss Brownby. "He's a novelty."

CHAPTER XV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lightness of Alden Lamar's manner during the little dinner party, in reality he was ill at ease. All the time there lingered in his mind a shadow of evil foreboding. When the Nelville carriage had rolled away he lit a cigar and walked down into the little town as a vent for his restlessness. First he went to the post-office, and then to a store, where he made some trifling purchases. Next a billiard-room, which, for a wonder, had no liquor attachments, attracted him by the lively click of the balls, and the hum of voices within. He sauntered through the door and sat down near where four young men were playing. They were a giddy set, full of life and fun, rattling on in their conversation from one boyish topic to another, indulging in the popular slang of the day, and making light of everything.

"Good granny! If you fellows put me in for many more games I'll have to tramp," cried a fluffy-faced youth, who seemed unlucky, though none of the party could boast of skill.

"Time you was a-dustin', anyway," said another, — a lean, sandy fellow, whose incipient mustache looked like the down on a gosling.

"Yes, something after Louis Abbott's style," said a third, whose forehead bulged just in proportion to his want of chin.

"That's a mysterious disappearance of Abbott's," put in the fourth, a stoop-shouldered, bullet-headed fellow, whose eyes were round as a rabbit's.

"Has he skipped?" said the first speaker, taking careful aim at the dark red ball.

"He has for a fact. Ha'n't you heard about it?"

"No. What's the rumor?"

"He just simply got; that's about the whole of it. He ha'n't been seen since Wednesday. He drawed on the bank for his last cent, and shuck the town."

"Must a-been in trouble, I reckon."

"Not as anybody knows of. The last seen of him, Tim Davis says, was goin' up the trail towards the Revercombe farm, Wednesday. He was dressed up like he might be goin' out among the girls."

"And he ha'n't been seen since?"

"No."

"Maybe some fellow went through him up there in the woods some place."

"Oh, I reckon not."

"Such a thing has happened to fellers 'fore now," and the speaker winked as he chalked the end of his cue.

Lamar stayed to hear no more of this conversation. He felt a chill sinking down upon his heart, and a cold sweat forming beads upon his forehead. He gasped for breath as he reached the open air.

"Heavens!" he muttered, "can it be possible I've killed him!"

He shuddered and glanced around him as if afraid. The moon shone very brightly, but its light had a ghastly power to affect mysteriously everything upon which it fell, — a power reflected from every roof, and wall, and curbstone, and sign, — a pallor of death. Dazed, bewildered, almost paralyzed, Lamar pressed his hand hard upon his clammy forehead, and stood trying to compose and clear his mind enough to think. He did not hear the hum of the little town. He did not see the moonlight. His sight was introverted. Presently he shook himself, his strong will beginning to assert itself, or, rather, absolutely returning to its supremacy with a suddenness of recoil which sent the blood out from his heart to his extremities, setting his mind in rapid motion. He had never been a hasty, rash man in anything. Into his fiery Southern nature, from some ancestral source, had fallen an element of deliberation amounting to habitual premeditation. Very calmly he took his handkerchief and wiped the foolish perspiration from his face. Very coolly he lit a fresh cigar, and began leisurely walking about in the pleasant streets. Now and then the mellow swash of the lake, beating gently on its clean strand, reached his ears, and at intervals the harsh cry of some water-fowl fell from a great distance. One by one the lights of the houses were blown out, and at length Lamar was all alone with the sleeping town. He was glad when he could nowhere hear the sound of a footfall or the murmur of a voice. It was a relief when the water-fowl's cry had lapsed into

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silence far over the lake. A resolution, fitting the man, the exigency, and the time, had fixed itself in Lamar's mind. Baudelaire, in his dreadfulest picture of charnel things, never embodied a more dismal idea. The resolution was to visit forthwith the scene of his late conflict, and see if indeed Louis Abbott lay there dead. He was prepared for the worst. He really expected it. The moon's height indicated midnight. He looked at his watch, and found its hands together at twelve. It was time to go. He scorned to do anything which had the appearance of sneaking, so he chose the directest line to the path over the hills toward the Revercombe farm. Once out of the town, and well started along the narrow trail, his fancy began to play him all manner of grotesque tricks. The smoke-wreaths from his cigar would take on lugubrious human expressions, like faces rapidly decaying before his eyes. His foot-falls became words, and ran into phrases of funereal import, such as, "He is dead — dead he is," repeated over and over again. The sighing of the wind and the rustle of the leaves had in them the sepulchral sound of rumpled grave-clothes. He could not resist these weird phases of thought. He went straight on, however, swinging his little cane and slowly smoking his cigar.

As he neared the spot upon which his mind was focused he felt the hard, heavy pressure of blood going in upon his heart. He set his teeth, and, all in vain, fought his fear desperately. He began to tremble, and every slight sound made him start. The wood grew stiller, the shadows deepened. A hare ran across the path before him. A lion would not have disturbed him more. The flecks of moonlight falling through the tree-tops grew whiter and ghostlier every moment. The faint, fitful breeze, flickering in the underbrush, had in it all the rasping, sighing, rattling terrors of death. Lamar never before had been so impressed with the smallness of our earth and the immensity of space. It seemed to him that his foot-falls must be heard around the world, and that his breathing must go as far as the winds. How huge and how immitigably splendid the sky! How dusky and dwarfed were the trees! His thoughts hovered about a dark idea — the idea of murder — like evil birds about the dead. He was nearing his goal. Just a few steps ahead of him lay the spot whereon the struggle had taken place. A shadow hovered over it, except where the slenderest shreds and uncertainest flecks of moonlight had struggled down through the leafy canopy. Upon that spot all silence seemed condensed, all horrible doubts focused. He strode forward, and hurriedly, with a painful shiver running over him, peered around. In one of the larger spots of moonlight, clearly relieved against the white sand, lay a fragment of his glove. Near by, duskily visible, the broken club that he had used with such effect kept close company with the heavier one which Louis Abbott had wielded. He gazed at these things with a sense of impending horror growing upon him momentarily. He slowly groped in widening circles, and presently surprised himself in the act of stirring every lump of decaying wood that his feet could reach, and feeling almost disappointed to find nothing more. Could it be possible that the wounded man had dragged himself away into the woods and was still alive! He stood still, and, lifting his voice, called out loudly and clearly, "Abbott! Louis Abbott!" The querulous falsetto whine of a screech-owl was the only answer. Then the silence was deeper than before. Again he called, and now, the owl keeping still, he heard the echoes of his own voice wandering far and growing faint, till they died in the remotest hollows of the wood. He returned to the path, struck a match and lighted a fresh cigar. The whistle of the night-express on one of the railroads reminded him that it was 2 o'clock. He had been groping about there for more than an hour. Slowly and heavily he turned away and betook himself, not in the direction of home, but towards the Revercombe farm-house. His victim might have dragged himself some distance along that course. But step by step the space was crossed, the clover-field, the orchard; and then he stood, leaning on the little rear gate of the garden. The farm-house was dark, and still in its embowering orchard, and the moonlight lay in a strong flood across the vegetable and flower beds. He stood there a long time, gloomy and perplexed, till a chanticleer, at the barn, crowed loud and long, — a signal for a general assault upon the prevailing silence by all the cocks of the surrounding neighborhood. Then, feeling a sense as of a lifting of the great gloom, he turned about just as the first flicker of daylight came along the east, and began retracing his steps.

It was harder, this going back over the path, than the coming had been. He

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tapped the underbrush by the wayside with his cane, which he carried in his left hand. He threw aside the stump of his last cigar and began to hum a tune.

When he reached Lamar cottage he turned on the piazza and saw the sun glowing on the hill-top in the east. The night had been a memorable one. The ordeal through which he had come, as he looked back at it, seemed the night itself, ghastly, haggard, horrible.

[To be continued.]

THE ROCKINGHAMS' DOUBLE CENTURY.

ADDENDA TO THE 100-MILE RECORD, 1883, COMPILED BY C. A. HAZLETT, FROM STATEMENTS FURNISHED BY A. H. SIDES, SEC., DEC. 25, 1883.

Date.	Club and Members.	Size and Make of Wheel.	Distance. Miles.	Full Time.	Rests.	Riding Time.	Average Miles per Hour.
1883.				h. m. s.	h. m.	h. m. s.	
Dec. 23.	ROCKINGHAM BI. CLUB.						
	George B. York	50-in. Stan'd Columbia ..	205 1/32	23.50	3.47	20.03	10.25
	President F. J. Philbrick	46-in. Challenge	147	18.50	3.35	15.15	9.64
	H. L. Harlow	Victor Tricycle	110	17.30	3	14.30	7.58
	Captain W. W. McIntire	54-in. Stan'd Columbia ..	101 3/8	13.40	2.30	11.10	9.08
	Secretary A. H. Sides	52-in. Stan'd Columbia ..	101 3/8	13.40	2.30	11.10	9.08
	E. H. Corson	51-in. American Star	101 3/8	13.40	2.30	11.10	9.08
	Frank W. Moses	54-in. Stan'd Columbia ..	101 3/8	13.40	2.30	11.10	9.08
	John H. Knox	50-in. Harvard	101 3/8	13.40	2.30	11.10	9.08
	L. McIntire	52-in. Expert Columbia..	101 3/8	13.40	2.30	11.10	9.08
	P. Burtt	56-in. Sanspareil	101 3/8	13.40	2.30	11.10	9.08
	All of *Rockingham Bi. Club.*						

THE ROCKINGHAMS' DOUBLE CENTURY.

THE compiler intimated in the February OUTING that one report of a club-run, claiming to be a champion one, was laid over for further proofs, and that when they were furnished it would appear in an article with the above title. In order to illustrate some of the trials that a compiler encounters, and to give the exact facts to the public and rival clubs, he, without further comment, spreads before them the following letters: —

ROCKINGHAM BICYCLE CLUB, ORGANIZED MAY 10, 1880.

Head-quarters in Franklin Buildings.

"Our latch-string is always out."

PORTSMOUTH, N.H., Dec. 24, 1883.

DEAR CHIEF: — I cannot write you decently for the boys are all around me, dancing, swinging their new brooms in my face, and practising their latest cheer, two-one-two-thirty-one-thirty-two, r-o-c-k-i-e-s. Then they swing over my head their new transparency, made from a cheese-box with a cloth top and bottom, on which are inscribed in large figures, 212 11/32. They are hurrying me up, for the line is forming, and they are only waiting for the return of the bugler, who is out hunting for some more of the drum-and-fife band, which is to lead us to the champion's house, where the serenaders will arouse him from his much-needed sleep. I pity the neighbors.

And now I suppose you are wondering what this is all about. Well, I cannot give you the details amidst all this howling, but I want to hit this mail, and beg of you to delay sending your article to the publishers until I can furnish you with a full account of the biggest and longest run ever made in this country, and by your own "Rock-

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ies," and your own cyclometer. I am using the latter for a paper-weight, or rather was, for the boys have just hammered a half-dozen tenpenny nails all around it into the new club-table, and sealed it down with rubber cement, impressed with the monogram from the captain's helmet, to prevent the record-hand from being changed. There it is, pointing within a hair of 13, and there we are to keep it till you return from court. I called at your house, but your folks could find none of the blanks for century runs, and they thought you must have taken them all with you, as they said you gathered up a big pile of papers, and your pretty Irish girl said they were all glad to see your desk clear of the "sculch" once more.

Now, send me by return mail several blanks, for ten of us did over a hundred miles, the tricycle made one hundred and ten miles, and the President rode one hundred and fifty-two miles on rickety "John Bull" before it broke down (didn't you say "Johnnie" was an old wheel in '78?) and that was the way "Jumbo," on his new wheel, won the champion record, 212$\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in 23 hours and 50 minutes. Do you wonder the boys are half crazy with the four championships? Jumbo's American record, the tricycle record, the president's State record, and the club record for the largest number that ever accomplished a century run. To make our victory complete, the snow is falling, and no club in New England can get in another run in '83, and we do not fear the rest of the country, for you said Pitman was the only outsider that had done better than one hundred and twenty miles. We all wished that you could have been with us, for you would have pressed "Jumbo" still more after the President's wheel gave out. Everything was in our favor: the frozen roads were perfect, and the weather just right; but we shall not publish that part in very large type. The club are talking up a complimentary supper and ball. Tell the Manchesters that we shall want them all down. The Centurians are all right to-night except "Jumbo." They say he has the largest nose in town. It was very plucky in him to ride after such a blow. We prophesied he would get a fearful header before the ride was over, for he took all sorts of reckless chances while we were with him the first night. The boys have marched out, and I shall have to run to overtake them.

Hastily yours, *Al.*

MANCHESTER, N.H., Xmas, 1883.

DEAR SECRETARY:—I enclose the blanks, but you need not try that kind of a joke on me. There is not meal enough over the club cat this time. I see several errors in your letter, which you will have to explain away before I will delay sending in my article on the day I promised the editor he should receive it. The most important slip you made was in taking my cyclometer, for I find, on looking at my daily record, that I registered an even hundred two days before I left home, and I certainly rode to my office twice after that; so several miles will have to be deducted from the figures you claim. If Jumbo had my cyclometer on his wheel you should also deduct from his record about eight miles, for there is a difference between our wheels of at least fourteen revolutions each mile. If you do not know how to calculate it minutely you can find it all chalked out on the door of my bicycle stable, and the key of the door—not the examples—is in its usual place, under the horse-shoe. Do you remember the day you found the latter? Anyway you will never forget the header you took when you tried to slow down to dismount and pick it up. If you cannot understand the figures step into the telephone office next door, and call for Telephone 301, Manchester, and I will explain. If you do telephone, ask the president to connect. I want a little more information before I waste any time these busy days in hunting down what I mistrust to be a big sell. The president won't fib even to carry out a joke; but that is more than I can say of some of the boys.

It is a serious article the Wheelman Company have asked me to compile, and I cannot admit a record that has the least shadow of doubt upon it. The Lawrence club will examine the figures very closely, and demand a remeasurement if you have not clear proofs that your cyclometer was accurate.

If you can satisfy me by return mail, and fill out every detail required in the enclosed blanks, I can squeeze the record into my article, as I have an answer to my telegram granting me one day more. Now, don't omit a single detail, for I have every particular from over seventy wheelmen that have done their centuries this year, though I had to write half a dozen times to some of them. Fill out especially the column marked "miles run per hour," for I shall have no time or inclination left after completing the others. I am as anxious as

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you are to boom the "Rockies," but the figures must be accurate beyond question. Wishing you all a merry Christmas, I am,

Fraternally yours,

Chas.

[Three enclosures.]

PORTSMOUTH, N.H., Xmas, 1883.

DEAR CHIEF:—I can walk all around your letter, and shake all the meal off your scarecrow of a cat. The president tells me that he has convinced you by telephone that the run was no myth, and that he actually accomplished one hundred and forty-seven miles, and that your cyclometer registered over two hundred and twelve miles when "Jumbo" finished in front of his store at midnight. Of course, when we came to think of it, after the excitement was over, we saw the errors you pointed out; but even after making the deductions we are a little ahead on three championships.

It is too bad, about seven of us losing a place among the Centurians, for we could have made a few more miles as well as not. "Pharaoh" was stupid in not telling us that the cyclometer hand was on 3 when we started, making the record ninety-eight and three-eighths, instead of one hundred and one and three-eighths. Then, none of us thought about the difference in the size of the wheels, except while we were looting your bicycle house. We borrowed two of your old wheels ("John Bull" and "Mrs. Partington"), your cyclometer, and, in fact, everything unfastened; and, had we known the combination of the lock on your new wheel, we might have taken that also. It was not exactly stealing, for you never complained when we borrowed in that way before, especially to fit out a club-run. You see, as the cyclometer was put on a wheel of the same size as yours, we were all right during the first hundred miles; but, when we changed it to "Jumbo's" machine, it would, as you state, make quite a difference in the record. I tried to find out how much; but I hated vulgar fractions the first time I heard the name, and modestly tore that chapter from my old "Greenleaf"; and so I had to ask my old teacher to make the enclosed calculations for me. I thought I could manage that last column myself, but how to divide fractions of miles by minutes and seconds, and leave a decimal, was too much for my little brain; and, as you are in practice, you can fill out that part quicker than I could hunt up a complete arithmetic. I hope I have made everything clear enough on the enclosed form. If not, fill it out to suit yourself.

With the compliments of the season,

Cordially yours,

Al.

P. S. — "Header" comes in with good news. He claims, and rightly, too, that the seven of us covered over the hundred miles within twenty-four hours, as every one of us rode to our respective homes after we reported our arrival at the finish, and so wheeled more than the distance required to make centurians of us. He is not a bit excited over his discovery. Oh, no! It is lucky for him that he changed to straight-handle bars, or the agent would receive his usual order.

Al.

MANCHESTER, N.H., Dec. 26, 1883.

DEAR SECRETARY: — What a mess you have made of it! I thought we had an efficient secretary, and did feel that the club was not wanting in that important and only-salaried office. It has been a pleasure to correspond with the majority of the three hundred secretaries in the country, for they are an unusually bright class; but occasionally there is an exception, and, if you are not more careful, the Rockies will have a championship to its discredit. You are almost as bad as the secretary of a rival club to whom I have had to return his statistics several times for corrections. His latest excuse was in form of a P.S.: "Please excuse errors and poor writing, for I've a sore finger."

Why didn't you insert the size of wheels and hours of rests? Why didn't you put down the boys' real names? Of course, I know who "Header," "Pharaoh," "Nokarf," *et al.*, are, but who is "Perfect Brick"? Is he the new arrival from the West? In fact, you have spoiled all my plans. Though I have consumed midnight and morning oil over your statistics (?) I cannot, from the data furnished me, complete the Rockies' record in season to be inserted in the tables, and it will have to remain over a month. I am terribly disappointed.

But, worse than all else, I fear we cannot prove that "Jumbo" accomplished the double century. If the president's memoranda are correct, and they appear to tally with those of the timers, I cannot figure how "Jumbo" made $58\frac{17}{32}$ miles

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after the president's breakdown. He would have had to travel at an average of over 12⅛ miles per hour, with but a few minutes' rest, and his previous average while with the president was only 9⅗ miles, and then it was over a course that I never found as ridable as that on which the first part was accomplished. Why did he not keep on the regular route where the telephone men could have checked and authenticated his record? He has, you know, an attraction on the Newburyport road, but I am all the more suspicious that she would have delayed, rather than hastened him. Isn't that so, Mr. Secretary? It may be all right; perhaps he made that pace on the splendid frozen road-bed, and perhaps we veterans of '78 don't know everything, and underestimate the "spring chickens"; but our experience is worth something.

I think the captain had better call a club-run, and measure the Newburyport road, and obtain the statements of parties that "Jumbo" met that night. You may think me fussy, and imagine me to be a little mad and jealous because I could not have a finger in the pie. No, not a bit.

The members of the club here are excited over the run, and are as eager for details as I am. They will rejoice at our victory, as we did last month when their Pearson won the State record, and will try to go one better the first chance they have. Some of them have already brushed their uniforms and waxed their mustaches and patent-leather pumps, in anticipation of the ball and the "mashes" they are confident of making.

I will just hint in my article that the report of a champion run came in too late for insertion.

If you remeasure the route, don't, for goodness' sake, make any more blunders. Put my cyclometer on my best wheel, and use that to measure with. It won't vary a foot in a mile. The combination of my lock is a-c-r-e. Don't give it away. Turn the cyclometer back to zero, and take an arithmetic man or a grammar-school boy along with you.

Critically yours,

Chas.

PORTSMOUTH, N.H., Dec. 28, 1883.

DEAR CHIEF: — I wasn't born with an arithmetic-cover in my mouth, nor did I calculate how many times my cradle rocked per hour, as they say you did; neither do I count the revolutions of my wheel, as you and Karl Kron do, and rob my sleeping hours to register them. I'm glad I am not that kind of a 'cycler. A secretary is expected to do everything for everybody for nothing. If I scowl the least bit at the most absurd request, it is flung in my face that I am the only one that gets anything out of the club treasury. If I am reëlected, — and I shall be a candidate just for a vindication, — I shall pay my dues like the rest. The remission of my dues is my only salary, and you know it.

You are getting yourself disliked on account of the row you are making over our championships. I read some parts of your letters to the club, last evening, and if it had been an annual meeting night you couldn't have been elected a corporal in the rear rank. The boys laughed at the idea that you did not know the size of their wheels, — as one of them said, you knew every scar on every bicycle in the club. They did have one on me about Mr. Burtt. His signature on his application looked more like Perfect Brick than anything else, and I read it in that way at the meeting, and he isn't called anything else now.

But I am wasting time and club-paper. The story of our club-run to remeasure the route the champions run over would fill pages, had I time and talent for details, — which I haven't. Last evening was spent in getting ready. We replaced your cyclometer on your wheel, which I was glad enough to mount. To make the record doubly sure we took your other register, that you always swore by, and put it on the president's wheel. He chalked a mark on the rubber tire, and, mounting, made one revolution on the hall floor, and measured the distance minutely. Then he rode to the mile-post on the Islington road, counting his revolutions, and the calculation were found to agree. Capt. Everett, of the Bostons, kindly sent us still another cyclometer; so we were well provided.

We made the distance around the Hampton-Exeter triangle first, and the club waited at the hall three hours for our return. The cyclometers registered almost exactly alike, and after the calculations of revolutions were completed we averaged the three, and found the distance to be 32⅛ miles. You could have knocked the seven would-be centurians down with a feather, for the three circuits they made gave them only 96⅜ miles. Pharaoh went down the back-stairs three steps at a jump, and hasn't been seen since. He saw

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as quickly as the rest of us that your cyclometer must have been on five, instead of three, when the champions started that night. Some of them still claim that their rides to and from their homes made up the difference; but enough lost it to place our club behind the nine Hawthorns in point of numbers.

We were so sure of our records that the day after the champion run our artist painted on the wall above our long list of excursions, races, and century-runs, the four new champion records, and the club in silence witnessed his slow steps up the ladder, with paint-pot and brush in hand, and they groaned audibly when he put the records of the seven century men in mourning.

The double century record still remained in doubt, but every man was hopeful, for "Jumbo" had a surplus of several miles in his favor, even after making the liberal deductions you demanded. We know more about the speed and pluck of the "chicken" than you do. The president was confident that he was good for a twelve-and-a-half-mile pace when he parted with him. At one time they scored fifteen miles per hour. I don't believe, in all your five years' experience, you ever saw the roads around here in such perfect condition as they were the night the champion runs were made. The road-bed was frozen solid, and the teams had worn the slight ruts down to perfect smoothness. The eight miles' descent from Stratham hill to the city was perfection, and a twelve-mile gait easier than an eight the rest of the year.

Only three of us made the trip to Newburyport. The measurement ran over, and gave "Jumbo" several miles to his credit. We telephoned the good news home to the club. Again the drums and fifes were brought out, and all the friends of the club, including the newspaper men, were serenaded.

A delegation of the club wheeled out to greet us, and we met them near the house where "Jumbo's" wheel is so often seen. The bugler thought a serenade would be the correct thing, and so we dismounted near the old well-sweep in the front-yard. That bright little youngster who so often refreshed us last summer with that creamy milk and his bright talk came to the door; but just as he stepped out his sister yanked him back in double-quick time, which so disconcerted the bugler that his first note sounded like the toot of an old fish-horn. The next moment the boy rushed out, screaming, "I'll tell on you for that; you see 'f I don't." "Tommy, you come right into the house," had no effect on the urchin. The bugler put him up on his wheel, and, giving him a large stick of slippery-elm, asked him what the row was about. Tommy looked, to make sure that his sister was not coming for him, and then whispered, "Well, you see that finger with the rag round it? That's where 'Jumbo's' big wheel tore the nail off when it fell on him and me, and barked his nose. He gave me half-a-dollar, and told me not to give it away — just as though I'd give half-a-dollar away — and Sue gave me another if I wouldn't tell about 'Jumbo's' coming here the other night; and she wouldn't let me come out to see you; and that's what's made me mad." The bugler pulled out that large knife of his, and, giving it to Tommy, asked him to tell us all about it. You know the bugler always had a little grudge against "Jumbo." Tommy's eyes stuck out, and his tongue flew faster than ever.

He told us how, on the night of the champion run, his father and mother had gone to prayer-meeting, leaving his sister to keep him out of mischief. Hearing a slight noise in the yard, he stole out, and found "Jumbo" limping up to the house. "Jumbo" asked him if his sister was at home; and the boy, knowing he would be sent off to bed if "Jumbo" went in, told him they had all gone to meeting. "Jumbo" asked him to light the lantern and go with him to the barn, which Tommy did, and it was there that he was given his first half-dollar. Tommy said "Jumbo" could hardly keep his eyes open, and that he laid down on a buffalo robe and went to sleep.

I tell you that boy is a sharp one. He stopped short, shut up the knife and put it in his pocket, and said, "Sue will give me fits if I don't go right in." But the bugler had seen him before, and promised he should have his calliope when he had told him all about it.

The boy said: "Well, that's a good swap, and I'll do it just to spite Sue. Well, just before 'Jumbo' laid down he turned his bicycle right up the other way, and stuck the little wheel into a big crack. He told me to buzz round the big wheel till the big hand on the little clock in the middle got up to the top. He showed me how, and then tumbled right down on the robe. I don't know how it was, but guess 'twas his snoring that made me sleepy,

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and, all to once, my finger got caught in the big wheel, and the whole thing fell, bang! right down on his nose, and spun round on it.

"My! didn't we both holler, and he swore right out awfully, and Sue came running out of the house, and blooded her dress and handkerchief all over trying to stop the stream. Oh, it leaked out of his nose just like everything, and Sue, she ran into the house to get some towels and water. 'Jumbo' looked at the little clock, and he swore again. Sue says he don't swear; but she'd oughter hear him just once, and I guess then she'd believe me. He said I'd turned the wheel the wrong way all the time. But I know I didn't, for I turned it toward the door, just as he did, and when he got Sue to turn it in the house, I heard him tell her he forgot it was upside down. My finger ached real bad, and they let me set up, and Sue turned the wheel so fast you couldn't see them wires. She turned and turned till I thought her arm would break, and, when the hand got most up to the top, 'Jumbo' said, 'One mile more, dear, and I'll be a bigger man than Webb or Corey.'

"Then they sent me off to bed, but I stopped on the back-stairs till 'Jumbo' went, just before pa and ma came, and I heard — Say, give me one of them little clocks, and I'll tell you the rest."

But we had heard enough. I wish I could pen-and-ink the looks and actions of your brethren on the road and at the hall. We told of "Jumbo's" duplicity on our arrival at head-quarters, and the members, on motion of the bugler, unanimously voted to expel "Jumbo" from the club, and have notified the L.A.W. officials of our action. Every one of us took a solemn oath not to divulge the reason, and I give you the whole story that you may be bound by it also. Tell the Manchesters that the measurement was wrong: tell them anything but the facts. The maddest man was the artist. When he climbed up to daub out the big record, he spilled his paint all over the other records and down the president's back. Do come home and help us keep it out of the papers.

Sorrowfully yours,

Al.

As the compiler remarked at the commencement, further comment is unnecessary.

C. A. Hazlett.

BOMBUS TERRESTRIS.

It is the high-tide of summer; the scent of clover-blossoms is in the air; the fields wear a fresh, vivid green soon to pass away as the season grows older; but though all vegetation, urged by warm rains and genial suns, is striving to build up and extend itself, little sign of nature's toil and endeavor is visible. An atmosphere of serene repose envelopes the land; a hazy veil is drawn over the sky; the sun scarcely cares to penetrate it. The twitter of young leaves, and the eager expectancy of the earlier season, expressed in the songs of newly arrived birds, and all the sights and sounds of those vernal days, have given place to the restful content of perfect accomplishment. Even the breezes seem to have gone elsewhere or fallen asleep, and, for a moment, no sound breaks the silence, until the droning of a large bumble-bee becomes audible in the distance; louder now as he comes nearer, ceasing altogether as he lights upon some one of the crowding blossoms; then, booming forth again, until here, close at hand, he wheels round and round me, evidently curious as to who or what I am, and my business here in the meadow; soon, however, going about his own, hurrying and scrambling over the flowers with a nervous haste, and an air of eager industry that brings me back to earth and its cares in a moment.

As a gatherer of honey, the bumble-bee is ever hasty and impatient; distracted, perhaps, by the vast multitude of flowers, the creamy bloom of the Alsike clover, whose delicious fragrance drifts far to leeward, the low-growing white and the great crimson heads of the red clover, all jumbled together, high and low, peeping out of thick grasses or mingled with buttercups and daisies, fresh myriads opening every hour, — no wonder he is hurried! Very likely he holds his days less numerous than his duties. The honey-cells at home are to be filled and the young brood nourished. However his trade may seem to us, thus borne on swift wings from flower to flower, drinking delicious sweets from their deli-

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cate cups, and harvesting the pollen's golden grains, it is, doubtless, hard work to him. Then, too, as an assistant in the fertilization of the ovaries of the plants he frequents, Nature has a use for him which he never has suspected. There are serious labors to be performed; it is her wish that he be diligent. Observe this one at work upon the flowers of the exotic foxglove (*Digitalis*). As he rushes into the long tube, intent on the nectar at the base, the long pistil bending down from above ploughs through the golden plush of his jacket, which is loaded and piled with pollen from other foxglove flowers, securing thus the cross-fertilization tending to induce vigor and vitality in the next generation, while the stamens unload their fresh grains upon his back to be carried farther. A smaller insect might have crept in and got the honey without touching the pistil, and gone forth leaving the pollen behind him.

However, the foxgloves can get along without insect aid better than some others, the milk-weeds (*Asclepias*), etc., for instance. The flower structure of this strange tribe seems to have been devised to hinder rather than to favor fertility, not more than one or two per cent. being followed by seed pods. Instead of a fine dust, blown by every wind, and scattering everywhere, the milk-weed pollen coheres in solid masses enclosed in close pouches, a shiny black gland connecting each pair being the only visible part of the apparatus. These glands, five in number, ranged round the edge of the "corona," secrete a sticky substance, which, once in contact with an insect's foot, never lets go while there is life in the pollen. Strong insects, like bees or wasps, pull the pollen masses out of their cells, and go about with them firmly fastened to their feet. Small beetles, flies, or ants are securely anchored. Butterflies of some size break off their legs, and leave them sticking to the glands. Once I found a small moth held by the tip of one of his antennæ, and, putting a flower which had caught a little beetle, into the field of the microscope, I got a nearer view of his difficulties. Held by three of his feet to as many glands, he was making the most frantic efforts to free himself, catching hold of one and another of his feet with his mouth, and pulling and lifting with all his little strength. After a while I lifted out the pollen masses with a pin, and he flew away with the three pairs fast joined to his feet, glad to get loose on any terms.

The milk-weed sets these traps, and provides a liberal supply of nectar, in the hope that the insects who are caught will be able to pull its pollinia out of the cells, which seems essential, though the chances are still greatly against their effecting fertilization even then. Once only have I seen a pollen mass torn from its companion, and left lying across the corona — putting forth its white, semi-transparent tubes, like a fringe of delicate lace along its golden yellow edge. To such a chapter of accidents is the perpetuity of the milkweed family intrusted.

How fared the bumble-bees before our fields were cleared, and the long list of exotics introduced? Many of our native honey-bearing plants, raspberries, milkweeds, golden-rods and others, must have been far less common, too, beneath the shade of the primeval forest than now. Thoreau remarks upon the sagacity of the exotic hive bees who had learned to search for and enter the spathes of the skunk's cabbage; in like manner our native bumble-bee has discovered the secret of the Chinese dicentra, or bleeding heart (*D. Spectabilis*), boldly wedging himself between the two main petals and reaching the very base of the flower, an adventure the hive bee never attempts.

Last spring, just as the last dicentra blossoms had faded, I saw a bumble-bee, who had doubtless made a regular business of gathering honey, trying to extract nectar from a young bud of the foxglove growing close by, forcing his head beneath each of the calyx segments in turn, and probing all round the neck of the corolla, which was an inch or so long and just beginning to color. Then, irritated by his failure, he began to bite and tear it open with fierce impatience. I handed him a full-blown foxglove; but he would have nothing to do with it, going back and wedging his head under the calyx all round again. Having learned to manage the dicentra in this way, he would force the foxglove to yield nectar by a similar process, whether it would or no. Civilization, enlarging our flora with exotic species and producing indigenous flowers in quantities to suit, must be highly favorable to bumble-bees in some respects. There may be danger, however, of its being carried too far. As our meadows are smoothed and the stones picked up, and farmers become more and more addicted to the use of a heavy roller in spring, the number of bumble-bees' nests seems to diminish, though I am aware

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that the modern methods of haying, and my advance from boyhood to man's estate, and having other than bees' nests to think of, may account for much of the seeming difference.

The old-time scythe-mowers were sure to find every nest, and the boy who spread out their swathes with a wooden fork had leisure to thrash them all out. But wooden forks are no longer extant. The modern boy is a mowing-machine operator, and, deafened by its din, he rides over them unconscious, for the most part, of their existence. It is pretty certain, however, that the same smoothing and compacting of the soil is driving out the field-mice; and though Darwin is quoted to the effect that the clover-seed crop of any section may depend upon the activity and enterprise of the cats that catch the mice that eat the bees that fertilize the clover, the latter can afford to be eaten, now and then, for the sake of the grass-mouse nests which are so perfectly adapted to their style of house-keeping. One often sees the queen bee, in early spring, carrying straws many times longer than herself; but any construction of hers would be poor and weak compared with the mouse-nest sunk in the thick turf, its low dome just visible after the grass is mowed. Whatever the mouse's exploit in bee-eating (and possibly Darwin's suggestion does not apply to any of our native species), there can be no doubt of the proclivities of the skunk. One often finds the mouse nest carefully opened from above, empty and silent, with the sun shining in; comb and bees, old and young, all have vanished. The skunk also goes through all the hornets' nests that are low enough to be within his reach. The paper-built structure, large as a man's head, and overflowing with stingers at night, may be reduced to shreds, and not a hornet left to tell the tale the next morning. It would be worth while to know how his skunkship manages to eat such peppery food without getting unduly warmed up!

We know when we see or hear the first robin or bluebird, some mild day in the later winter, that the spring is on her way northward. But close upon the first quick thrill of gladness evoked by their presence comes a vision of the battles of the elements yet to be fought: of the snows and icy rains still to be endured before she really comes to her own; the vigorous booming of a large queen, where the sun is heating the dry leaf-beds in the shadeless woods, seems almost to make the summer an actual presence; her "breezy bass" appears potent of itself to cover the land with grass and the forest with foliage, though a few willow catkins and the first faint wild flowers be all the day can show, so strongly do we associate her humming with leafage and bloom. Cold winds or snow-flurries may sink her into torpor a few days longer, but the fight is nearly over; some bright, sweet day the sugar-maple hangs out its nectariferous bells and the season is fairly opened; soon the bewildering multitude of apple-blossoms have come forth, and no day is long enough to gather all their sweets. The aromatic flowers of the Missouri currant (*Ribes Aureum*) greatly delight the bumble-bees, and the humming-birds, also. I noticed a humming-bird one day, who, out of all patience with the inroads of the bees, had taken his stand, resolved not to allow any more foraging upon the currant-bush, which, doubtless, he claimed for his own, rushing upon them and laying about him in fine style; but, though successful in every encounter, their endless succession tired him out at last, and he was fain to yield them their share.

The queen bee in early spring selects her nest and lives and labors alone until her first brood comes forth, gathering honey and pollen and kneading them together, to form a solid mass, in which a few eggs are laid. The cells seen later are the cavities eaten out by the young bees, lined with the pupa cases. The first brood are mostly workers; small males and females succeed; lastly in the later summer come the large, young queens, who are to survive the winter.

One advantage arises from so many sizes of bees in the same nest, all sorts of tubular flowers can be made to yield tribute. The little bee I saw at work upon the "snake head" (*Cheloneglabra*) would have stayed outside its flower-tubes had he been a size larger. Whatever their stature, when first brought forth, they soon become smaller from the evaporation of superfluous fluids. So the farmer-preacher did well to pray that the new converts "might not be like young bumble-bees, the biggest when first hatched." Though having a ready sting — which, unlike the hive bees, is good for any number of fights — he never uses it except to ward off bodily harm or in defence of his home. The clover, struck by the cutter-bar, precipitates him to the earth in its fall, but he climbs out with perfect good nature. When trying to get through the

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window-glass you may allow him to mount your finger and carry him to the open door with entire safety. Sometimes, however, in fear for their nest, they take offence when none is intended. The haymaker is often obliged to throw out the comb, and this calamity takes the fight all out of them; they go droning aimlessly about, or gorge themselves with honey from their stores.

No sound, signifying so little real danger, more easily breeds a panic than the fizzle of a strong nest well stirred up. One's nerves dance and tingle in unison. As they begin to issue forth, the inclination to give ground becomes almost irresistible. However, a skirmish for the possession of the comb was always in order with us youngsters, the finder often delaying the attack until a chosen comrade or two could be present, the best time of day being near sunset, as the bees then were all at home and everything quiet.

Each of us got a large handful of long grass and began to belabor the nest, and a tremendous sizzing was heard, which grew louder as the brave defenders of the nest rushed forth; some knocked over as they came out, while others got upon the wing and charged upon us. Then away we ran at full speed, striking wildly in all directions with our cudgels of grass, and throwing down hats or jackets in the idea that the bees would stop to sting them and let us get away (though they never did, that I know of). Our pursuers, having finally given up the chase and gone back to their nest, we got new and better handfuls of grass, and attacked again and again, until the bees were all out of the fight, when a few drops of amber honey, pressed out of the smaller cells on the outskirts of the comb, was our reward, very differently flavored from the product of the hive, but equally delicious, and worth any one's while, could it be had in quantity. The bumble-bee continues to squeak and sizz, if in a tight place, often squealing at the pressure of a narrow-tubed flower, as he forces himself into it; so we lads at the summer school caught them in milk-weed pods, which, tied up with grass, were placed on such of the girls' desks as we knew would be the most afraid of them; three or four pods in a place making a lively chorus. But this delightful joke generally miscarried through the interference of the "schoolma'm," who never could see any fun in it, even the plea that the bees were white-faced ones making little or no difference. The white-faced bee is evidently the male, and being stingless may be caught and handled without danger, though unlucky youngsters often came to grief, because unable to rightly distinguish the genuine sort from others able and willing to retaliate.

The thronging thousands of the hive's workers make the idleness of their drones a matter of indifference. The male bumble-bee, as befits a member of so small a community, collects honey with great industry; though I do not remember seeing him loaded with pollen.

Midsummer has a gala-day, when the flowers of the basswood unclose, and honey-loving insects of all sorts hasten to try the new nectar so lavishly provided. No more knocking about in the grass after the late clover-blossoms; away to the woods, where the giant basswood's boughs are bending with their weight of bloom, and the gently-moving foliage lets in flashes of sunlight, to light up the gray trunks and shine upon the ground far below; but with the fading of these flowers the season has culminated. Henceforth we face toward the autumn and the decline of the year.

Soon the first timid chirp of the tree-cricket is heard, and the golden rods bud and bloom. Anon, the bumble-bees — whose charter does not allow them to maintain their organization through the winter — dissolve their community, their old home is deserted, the whole tribe has gone gypsying, sleeping on the flowers wherever night overtakes them. Later still, when the leaves are coming earthward, and the last asters are blooming amid their rustling drifts, you may see, in the early morning, while the frost whitens the ground, a few forlorn bumble-bees, clinging to their flowers, so numb with cold they can hardly put forth a leg to ward off your touch. The sun, however, puts fresh life into them, and as you linger along the woodside in the golden afternoon, where the sunlight is sifting through scarlet and crimson foliage, you hear their booming as they search out the last flowers of the season. Finally they disappear. The young queens, designated by nature to carry their race through the winter, are sleeping under the dead leaves, and as the snow-clouds gather, and the trees wear their first decorations, we enter a new period, to witness the pomp and circumstance of winter, — a world no bumble-bee has seen, or ever will see.

E. S. Gilbert.

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BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE RACING RECORDS. — PART II.

COMPILED BY ABBOT BASSETT, OF THE L.A.W. RACING BOARD.

BEST ENGLISH AMATEUR BICYCLE RECORDS.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Place.	Date.
¼	0.00.40 3-5	A. Thompson	Crystal Palace	June 30, 1883.
½	0.01.19 4-5	"	"	"
¾	0.02.01 3-5	H. L. Cortis	Surbiton	June 7, 1882.
1	0.02.41 3-5	"	"	"
2	0.05.36 3-5	Hon. Keith Falconer	Cambridge	May 21, 1879.
3	0.08.41 1-5	W. K. Adam	Crystal Palace	July 27, 1882.
4	0.11.34 4-5	H. W. Gaskell	"	July 19, 1883.
5	0.14.39 2-5	H. L. Cortis	Surbiton	Aug. 2, 1882.
6	0.17.37	"	"	"
7	0.20.32	"	"	"
8	0.23.31 1-5	"	"	"
9	0.26.31 3-5	"	"	"
10	0.29.30 2-5	"	"	"
11	0.32.30	"	"	"
12	0.35.30 4-5	"	"	"
13	0.38.35 3-5	"	"	"
14	0.41.36	"	"	"
15	0.44.37 2-5	"	"	"
16	0.47.37 1-5	"	"	"
17	0.50.32 2-5	"	"	"
18	0.53.27 2-5	"	"	"
19	0.56.22 3-5	"	"	"
20	0.59.20 1-5	"	"	"
21	1.03.45 2-5	"	"	Sept. 22, 1880.
22	1.06.11 3-5	"	"	"
23	1.10.09 3-5	"	"	"
24	1.13.26 3-5	"	"	"
25	1.16.41 3-5	"	"	"
26	1.22.06	H. F. Wilson	"	Aug. 25, 1883.
27	1.25.48	"	"	"
28	1.29.18	"	"	"
29	1.32.40	"	"	"
30	1.35.55½	"	"	"
31	1.39.08	"	"	"
32	1.42.33	"	"	"
33	1.46.03	"	"	"
34	1.49.31	"	"	"
35	1.52.58	"	"	"
36	1.56.27	"	"	"
37	2.00.00	"	"	"
38	2.03.27½	"	"	"
39	2.06.40 1-5	M. H. Jephon	Crystal Palace	July 29, 1882.
40	2.10.05 4-5	"	"	"
41	2.13.31 3-5	"	"	"
42	2.16.51 2-5	"	"	"
43	2.20.18 4-5	W. K. Adam	"	"
44	2.23.42 1-5	C. D. Vesey	"	"
45	2.27.05 4-5	M. H. Jephson	"	"
46	2.30.33 2-5	Hon. Keith Falconer	"	"
47	2.34.04 3-5	M. H. Jephson	"	"
48	2.37.43 1-5	"	"	"
49	2.41.08 2-5	"	"	"
50	2.43.58 3-5	Hon. Keith Falconer	"	"
51*	2.57.05	F. R. Fry	"	July 27, 1883.
100	5.50.05 2-5	"	"	"

* Miles from 52 to 99, inclusive, held by F. R. Fry, at same date and place as above, and in the following times.

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
52	3.00.45	68	3.56.12	84	4.52.30
53	3.04.14	69	3.59.50	85	4.56.31
54	3.07.43	70	4.03.17	86	5.00.49
55	3.10.58	71	4.06.51	87	5.04.28
56	3.14.30	72	4.10.21	88	5.08.10
57	3.18.03	73	4.13.54	89	5.11.34
58	3.21.32	74	4.17.31	90	5.15.02
59	3.25.01	75	4.21.12	91	5.18.37½
60	3.28.30	76	4.24.45	92	5.22.03
61	3.32.07	77	4.28.10	93	5.25.27
62	3.35.35	78	4.31.38	94	5.28.47 2-5
63	3.39.01	79	4.35 03	95	5.32.28
64	3.42.28	80	4.38.32	96	5.36.11
65	3.45.55	81	4.42.04	97	5.40.23
66	3.49.20	82	4.45.35	98	5.43.41
67	3.52.45	83	4.49.02	99	5.47.00½

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BEST ENGLISH PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE RECORDS.

Miles.	Time.	Name.	Place.	Date.
¼	1.20	R. Howell	Leicester	Aug. 18, 1883.
½	1.59 4-5	" "	"	" "
1	2.40 4-5	" "	"	" "
2	5.36 3-5	John Keen	Cambridge	May 21, 1879.
3	8.47	Fred Lees	Leicester	Aug. 18, 1883.
4	11.49	" "	"	" "
5	14.28	R. Howell	Wolverhampton	Oct. 8, 1882.
6	17.45	Fred Lees	Leicester	Aug. 18, 1883.
7	20.38	" "	"	" "
8	23.32	" "	"	" "
9	26.34	" "	"	" "
10	29.22	" "	"	" "
11	32.19	" "	"	" "
12	35.17	" "	"	" "
13	38.14	" "	"	" "
14	41.16	" "	"	" "
15	44.12	" "	"	" "
16	47.10	" "	"	" "
17	50.06	" "	"	" "
18	52.56	" "	"	" "
19	55.47	" "	"	" "
20	58.34	" "	"	" "
21	1.07.41¼	John Keen	Surbiton	Aug. 23, 1880.
22	1.11.04¼	" "	"	" "
23	1.14.23¾	" "	"	" "
24	1.17.40	" "	"	" "
25	1.20.55	R. James	Leicester	June 24, 1882.
26	1.24.26½	John Keen	Surbiton	Sept. 22, 1880.
27	1.27.57½	" "	"	" "
28	1.31.25½	" "	"	" "
30[1]	1.41.25	G. W. Waller	Edinburgh	May 7, 1880.
35	1.57.34	De Civry	Leicester	Aug. 4, 1883.
40	2.15.51	G. Waller	"	" "
45	2.33.12	F. Lees	"	" "
50	2.48.10	F. Wood	"	" "
100	5.51.07	G. W. Waller	Edinburgh	May 7, 1880.

[1] Miles from 32 to 98, inclusive, except 40 and 50, held by G. W. Waller, at same date and place as above, and in the following times.

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
32	1.48.18	58	3.20.08	80	4.37.10
34	1.55.20	60	3.27.15	82	4.46.21
36	2.02.25	62	3.34.18	84	4.53.31
38	2.09.31	64	3.41.34	86	5.50.45
42	2.23.27	66	3.48.49	88	5.08.07
44	2.30.25	68	3.56.12	90	5.15.13
46	2.37.30	70	4.03.34	92	5.22.27
48	2.44.37	72	4.10.45	94	5.29.53
52	2.58.43	74	4.17.50	96	5.37.12
54	3.05.32	76	4.25.07	98	5.44.22
56	3.13.02	78	4.32.14		

[See Vol. III., p. 374, for part I., including best American Records and best English Tricycle Records.]

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College Athletics.

THE Intercollegiate Athletic Conference, which has aroused so much attention in the last month by its proposed regulation of college sports, raised a good many interesting points, and is likely to lead to some important action, notwithstanding the ill-favor with which its suggestions have been generally received. The subject is a very important one, and it has come up so recently that it cannot yet be said to have taken a definite shape. A generation ago athletics were treated as boyish amusements, which the college had nothing to do with, except to repress when they became too prominent. Now we have come to see that bodily and physical training must go together, and that we cannot expect the *mens sana* unless we furnish it with the *corpore sano*. Physical culture has become a plain moral duty; and, accordingly, the best colleges provide fine gymnasiums and skilled instructors, and even aid the informal undergraduate associations. The late conference did not ignore this. Its action was on the declared basis that physical training should form an essential part of a collegiate course, and that athletic games ought to be more generally practised; but, unfortunately, its regulations were ill-adapted to the end in view. It is a pity that it did not consult with the athletic associations, and so prepare some better considered plan. No one can doubt that there are abuses that need to be remedied. Some of the college football games, last year, were simply brutal: and at some of the matches and races a low professional betting element has been offensively prominent. The better part of the students wish to avoid this, but at times they are overborne by the more violent. Much of the responsibility for the ungentlemanly conduct which sometimes appears must undoubtedly rest on the college which sanctions the sport; and the two regulations proposed by the committee on this point seem only a reasonable recognition of this. They are, in substance, that instructors in athletic sports should be appointed by the college, and that the rules under which contests are held should be supervised by the committee. If they had stopped here it is probable that their decision would have been acquiesced in. But they went much farther. Upon some of the rules it is unnecessary to comment, as they touch upon minor matters of detail, which might, perhaps, better be decided in detail as the cases arise. Two of the rules, however, are open to great objection, — those forbidding contests with amateur clubs, and matches not held on college grounds. And the last clause is still more intolerant, and forbids matches with colleges not adopting the rules. The objections that apply to allowing students to play with professionals have much weight; but they have no application to matches with amateurs. It is absurd to suppose that a college team can have its spotless innocence sullied by an occasional match with the Union Boat Club, the Beacon Ball Nine, the Union Lacrosse Team, or the Longwood Cricket Eleven. There is a distinction between professionals and amateurs, and an important one, though it is a hard one to draw sometimes; but this notion that the average young college athlete will have his sweet simplicity tarnished by rivalry with outside amateurs, or by playing beyond the college grounds, is extravagantly funny. We know him better. He is not of that kind. Such rules have no chance of adoption, for they would cut off the colleges from nearly all their matches; and, if they were practicable, they would be very undesirable.

Yachting Fancies.

THE occasional streaks of warm spring sunshine are beginning to suggest to the yachtsman's mind bright plans for the summer campaign. Flirtations at Mt. Desert, or races at the club rendez-

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vous, begin to look real. It is too early, it is true, to do anything but dream about it; but then a genuine yachtsman must be a good dreamer, — ready to build bright castles in the air without waiting to see the solid blocks quarried from the earth. It is not a common accomplishment to dream well. Our energetic Yankee life does not favor it; but it is a very important one for a yachtsman, to fill the long, quiet hours where the boat is gently dawdling along before a zephyr, or idling in a calm. A cigar is often a key to dreamland, and to many a restless brain this is its greatest charm. The two go together in many ways for good or ill. A man can enervate himself with too much dreaming as well as with too much smoking, and destroy his mental digestion with coarse images as well as his physical with over-strong tobacco. Sometimes, too, we cannot get a light, or make them draw well. Sometimes they have an intoxicating attraction, and leave a bad taste in the mouth. Though they may begin in smoke we don't want them to end in ashes. With all their dangers though, — and every pleasure has its thorns, — they add a charm to life when in their proper place; and surely there is no better than the deck of a yacht, with the waves idly slapping the bows and the wind softly touching one's cheek.

In one of those extraordinary books of Galton's (in which, by the way, he shows that sailors are really less far-sighted than landsmen) there is one passage where he says that this power of calling up visual pictures of the past or future is one that can be strengthened by effort; it is an invaluable one for artists, and we all like to think we have something of the artist about us; and Galton's experiments have given it a more scientific character. In most of the other sports — bicycling, tennis, and the more arduous ones — there is an object to be accomplished by personal effort. In yachting, one must humor the elements, and let one's fancies drift like one's boat. But we must look after them a little, too, or they will get away with us.

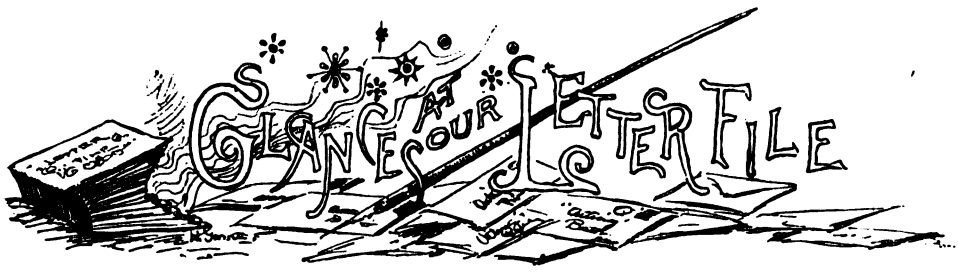
The Carnival.

THERE is no city on the continent where people have — unless appearances are very deceitful — such a thoroughly good time during the winter months as in Montreal. The matchless climate, the steadfast snow and ice, the winter leisure, and the love for active recreations in the open air, which is born and bred in the Canadian, unite to make possible such a carnival as was held there for the first time in February of last year, and has just been repeated with greater crowds and more intense enthusiasm. The man of affairs in Montreal is also a thorough believer in the gospel of recreation, and his weekly tramp of a dozen miles on snow-shoes, or his Saturday afternoon at the toboggan hills, or in the curling rink, gives him substantial enjoyment and real physical development at the same time. The out-door clubs of Montreal are numerous and prosperous. They include a large number of the most substantial citizens, and the recreations promoted by them are of great value in their influence upon health, strength, and happiness. The recent carnival afforded an opportunity for many thousands of people from this side the line to witness and share the jollity of a Canadian winter and the hearty good-fellowship which is promoted by it. The successive carnivals have done much to educate as well as entertain; and we look to see them increase in interest from year to year.

THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE L.A.W., at Washington, promises to be a great success, with discords silenced, and all the surroundings favorable. There is no city in the United States so interesting to the visitor as the national capital. It is a show city, not a business one; and Congress and the Supreme Court will probably both be in session in May. Although amongst its works of art there is a good deal that is poor and not a little that is grotesquely bad, there is much also that is very fine, — the two sets of bronze gates in the capitol, for example, — and in architecture there is no other place in this country where one is so impressed with the majestic beauty of the long rows of great marble columns which formed the principal resource of antique architecture. Then the hotels are numerous, and of the very best; the wide and smoothly paved avenues are excellent for the wheel; the climate, in May, is delicious; and the approaches to the city are particularly good. On one line of rail you ride all day through magnificent mountain scenery; and on nearly all there is an attention paid to the comfort of travellers which is very agreeable. We wish the Leaguers a jolly good time.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK BILL, which has passed the Senate, we hope will become law. It enlarges the park, provides for police regulations, forbids the killing of game and fish, and continues the system of leases. The great "Improvement Company" is said to be in trouble. It is very important that there should be prompt national action.

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The Intercollegiate Athletic Rules.

PRINCETON, Feb. 25,

MR. EDITOR: — A short absence from home prevented me from answering your kind note sooner. . . . I hope that not only college students, but all gentlemen, will come to understand how dangerous to real sport and healthful out-door exercise the introduction of professional standards and methods is likely to be.

Wm. M. Sloane.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, Feb. 27, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — My opinion of the intercollegiate athletic regulations is that the spirit and intent of them is good, though I doubt their acceptability and applicability in a large portion of our colleges. As to there being a Harvard-Yale squabble at the bottom of them I neither know nor care. *E. Hitchcock, Jr.*

BOSTON, Feb. 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — I shall be indebted to you if you will allow me to say a few words about this matter of college athletic sports. We did not have much to do with them when I went to college. We made no attempt to practise the martial "*arma virumque*" that we read about. We understood that we went to college to learn, not to get our legs broken in a ruffianly fight over a foot-ball, or to spend our fathers' money in betting with low sporting men at base-ball matches or boat-races. That was not the conception of duty in those days, and I do not see why it should be now. I do not want my boy to be a milksop, but I do want him to train something besides his muscles. That is business, and it is right for the college faculties to realize it, and keep him to real duties. These new regulations aim at accomplishing this to some extent; and, therefore, I approve of them as far as they go; only they do not go far enough. Boys will be boys, I know, but as long as they are, they ought to be treated so. *A Father.*

Feb. 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — My classmates think you ought to say something about the tyrannical regulations that have just been toted out by the college commission that met at New York. Stuffing is good for turkeys, but we thought that the old notion that fellows are sent to the college to be stuffed with learning that way was about gone up. We say that we go to college to develop ourselves in every way, mind and body alike, and there's no use in trying to boost one up without the other. Athletics are just as important to make a man of a fellow as classics; and you might as well try to teach Latin without examinations, as athletics without matches. There isn't any use in bettying a fellow after he is grown up. If we are not to play with any college that breaks these apron-string rules we may as well give up playing at all. I'm not much of a hand at writing, Mr. Editor, but I think I've got ideas enough here for a stunning editorial, if you'll just knock them into shape.

Student.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, March 1, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — In regard to college athletic training, no doubt every one would prefer amateur trainers, if there were such; but, as yet, the committee have been unable to find one, and to-day, men at Harvard are running serious danger from over-training and over-exercising from the fact that there is no supervision whatsoever of in-door or out-door sports. It is a pity that the committee is imbued with such horror of a "specialized" athlete. If our instructor could have his own way he would have every one a Jack-of-all-trades in athletics. He does not wish any one to be a master of one. And he seems to forget that there are certain men born with particular conformations suited to particular sports. "The man of medium height, for walking; the tall man, with wide hips and powerful thighs, for bicycling; the man with strong calves and great muscular development, for short-distance running, and so on." These men he would wish to see practising some sport for which they have no fitness whatsoever, in order to be symmetrically developed all over. The committee share these views, and believe that the specialized athlete does harm to athletics. They forget that the

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general athlete springs from the specialized, and that usually what they name a "specialized" athlete is anything but one really. He may have too big thighs for his arms, or too big arms for his thighs; but yet this is usually in the course of nature, and a champion athlete is generally fairly well developed in every way. But where they make their most grievous mistake is in thinking that by doing away with specialized athletes they are really fostering athletics. Do away with your champions and you destroy the interest in athletics. Can any one deny that our track athletics are not more flourishing when Harvard holds the cup, or rowing when Harvard has beaten Yale? One champion has twenty rivals; remove your champion and his rivals lose their interest. While it must be in justice said that the committee mean well, and are doing the best they know how for athletics, and each move may be most praiseworthy, and ideally the best; yet these gentlemen, not having been athletes, do not clearly see that, though, individually, their rules may be good, yet the combined result will be fatal to athletics.

Harvard.

YALE COLLEGE, Feb. 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — Athletics act as the safety-valve for the superabundant vitality of the animal spirits of some, while they develop that very vitality in others. School and college championships are incentives to physical culture, and the game furnishes the pleasurable excitement necessary not only to the sport, but also for its beneficial result. Training means temperance, restraint, and exercise resulting in ultimate perfect physical condition. Without the sport there would be little interest, and without the rivalry there would be no training, so any attack upon intercollegiate sports will most surely take effect in diminishing physical education and increasing license and dissipation.

Such attacks have been made, both on the ground of neglected study and also of professional degeneration. Athletics are not detrimental to study; on the contrary, they are beneficial. Taking Yale for an example, because they have held the college championships in field sports for three or four years; statistics show that there the athletes have, year after year, ranked in the first half of the class. They have taken many high appointments, and their names are seldom, if ever, found in the black books of professors.

Professionalism is but a bugbear, that has never yet assumed more than an imaginary importance. As long as men attend to their studies their sports should be encouraged; and as the student seeks instruction in studies from the highest sources, so he will in his sports. Nor will he heed a ball-player's words when not directed toward the proper province any more than a Greek professor's hazy base-ball notions. As for games with professionals there is no contact, and as a man can only improve by playing with superiors, here, at least, is a legitimate opportunity for learning to do well what is worth doing at all.

Business principles and self-reliance can be learned in no better way than by actual business transactions. So the management of college organizations, in their financial and other affairs by college men, is destined to turn out men able to take care of themselves.

The wisest plan for faculties consists of certain requirements for work and attendance, consistent encouragement of every athletic sport, and student management of these athletic organizations. Then will they develop sound minds in sound bodies, and a college graduate will cease to be legitimate prey for "nervous debility" quacks or for "safe investment" rogues.

Walter Chauncy Camp.

The Stanley Show.

LONDON, February, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — The "great exhibition of bicycles, tricycles, and accessories, under the auspices of the Stanley Bicycle Club," as the flaming posters put it, was, on the whole, an emphatic success. The Floral Hall, adjoining Covent Garden Theatre, was fixed upon, presumably, by reason of its fine position, — a very good move, doubtless; but, as regards size, the place proved too small. The exhibits were crowded in certainly, but there was very limited space available for the use of the visitors, except at the refreshment bar. The hall presented a very pretty appearance with its glittering machines and the electric light. A great improvement was noticed, — the ears were not offended with such a multiplicity of noises as in former times. Amateur bugling had happily gone out of fashion, and the only dins heard were those caused by newfangled alarums, and a pushing exhibitor springing a rattle, or some such diabolical instrument, in order to draw attention to his wares. Every large manufacturer of note was represented, excepting one who had some dispute as to the placing of a large sign prepared for the occasion; and, as no agreement could be arrived at, he repacked his goods and

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retired from the scene. During the week of its existence the show was visited by a large number of people, including Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Bury, Baron Tennyson, and other notabilities. It was freely patronized also by the general public, who were thus enabled to see what strides the sport has made, and what a great industry the manufacture of 'cycles has become. As far as bicycles were concerned, there were no noticeable inventions or alterations in patterns to be observed; but in three-wheelers there was quite a host of new styles and improvements on view.

Let us imagine ourselves back again in February, wending our way down the Strand to inspect for ourselves the contents of the Floral Hall. Having made our way into the building, the first object which meets our gaze is a prominent member of the North London Tri. Club carrying on an animated conversation with a friend by the aid of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. This is not down in the catalogue, so we pass on to an examination of the machines. This is no easy matter, with so dense a crowd through which to work one's way; but we gather a few scattered ideas in the midst of the confusion. We find a considerable number of tandem bicycles and tricycles, showing a popular demand for machines which will carry more than one; and showing also, it must be mournfully admitted, that it is a long way yet to the thoroughly satisfactory velocipede for the simultaneous use of two or more persons. Power-driven machines were not visible to any appreciable extent. A tricycle, in which steam, electricity, or any other motor is used as an aid to propulsion, has not yet, evidently, become practical. Quite a number of two-speed gears for tricycles appeared, of more or less attractiveness, though if one may judge from the remarks of some eminent wheelmen through whom we were crowding, there is less call for these contrivances than has been commonly supposed, many preferring simpler construction, and to take the hills with a little closer work and less time. Of course, we could not help seeing a considerable amount of "invention run wild" in such an exhibition, — articles curious, but of no real value, — but it seemed to us that there was less than in some former shows, and it was pleasant to even suspect a decline in this direction. Now, for the gallery. At the top of the stairs there is a tightly-packed mass of human beings, each evidently trying to get out of the other's way. I manage to get through the scrimmage after crushing various tender feet, and extorting bad words from owners of said feet. Happy thought! Let's get on top of this platform! Result disastrous, — several buttons burst off overcoat through violent exertion. Small boys spot us and force seventeen more circulars upon us, making eighty-two up to the present. Having fooled about for a bit, get down again, and go in for more sight-seeing. The 'Cyclist Accident Insurance Company draw attention to a damaged got-up-for-the-occasion-looking tricycle, insured in said company, and exhibited as a warning to wicked ones who won't insure. Passing down again into the hall, after admiring the many excellent things bicycular forming the contents of the gallery, we leave behind us a large crowd testing the qualities of exhibits at refreshment bar, make an effective exit, and thus bring to a close our rush round the Stanley Show of '84.

"Doing" the show in the foregoing brief manner would not, however, satisfy those 'cyclists who love to minutely examine details of construction, or who have an eye to purchase. There were about ninety exhibitors. To see everything, therefore, took up a considerable space of time. Some of the enthusiastic ones were seen night after night hard at work thoroughly seeing everything that was to be seen. A thing to be noticed was the small amount of nickel-plate, — once so popular, — and the predominance of good, hard enamel and sober black paint. This is sure to do good to the sport, as it makes the 'cycle look less of a toy in the eyes of the public.

The next great event Londoners usually look forward to after the Stanley Show is the Hampden Court Meet. It is reported that the Pickwick Bicycle Club has decided not to take part in the affair this year. The P.B.C. has always been a leader, and its retirement makes Meet prospects look badly. Some people say the H.C.M. is played out, and others say it most decidedly isn't; but I fancy the majority are satisfied the 'cycling world will get on very well without it.

L. S. H.

A Correction.

CHICAGO, February, 1884.

MR. EDITOR,— On page 368 of your February edition, Mr. Hazlett says: "M. A. Meade, P. A. Staley, and N. H. Van Sicklen made 90 miles in about *twenty-one* hours, including 1 h. and 35 min. for rest." It should be 90 miles in *eleven* hours, including 1 h. 35 min. for rest.

N. H. Van Sicklen.

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Recent Novels.

THE tide of summer novels is beginning to set in. There is nothing, so far, as good as Miss Howard's "Guenn," which is likely to remain the novel of the season, with its fine appreciation of Breton peasant life, its breezy sympathy with nature, and its powerful delineation of character. We can hardly expect two novels as good as this in one year.

The "BREAD-WINNERS,"[1] however, excited quite as much attention as it came out in the *Century*, partly by its vigorous drawing and partly from its theme. It gives the ugly side of trades-unionism, — its vulgar, designing clap-trap, its self-seeking knaves, and simple-minded victims. It is only just to say that there is another side, and a better one, — a league for benevolence, — without which the other could not long exist in this prosperous country; but then it would be too much to ask judicial fairness from any novel. The most notable thing about this story is the picture of Maud Matchin, the carpenter's daughter, with her handsome head turned by poor novels and the unsettled ideas so common now in her class. She is a character new to fiction, and drawn to life with extraordinary power: as characteristic a sketch of an American type as James's "Daisy Miller," or Howells's "Mr. Arbuton," or Cable's "Madame Delphine." We may hope much from the artist who could embody such a conception; and it it is not, perhaps, unreasonable to expect a greater smoothness in his future work. He has an entertaining letter in the last *Century*, in reply to his critics, and has the satisfaction of knowing that his story is already out of print.

MR. ARLO BATES'S novel, "The PAGANS,"[2] is a story of Boston artist life, written from the Bohemian side. The reader must take in the earnest purpose that underlies the light wit to see the story as a whole, and, perhaps even then he may not agree with the author. The theme of the book is the struggle of a knot of artists who have gathered themselves into a little club called the Pagans, to oppose their outspoken scepticism and honesty to the false conventionalism around them. One of their set, Fenton, grows tired of struggling without success, and marries a well-connected girl whose religious belief and conservative instincts are his very antipodes. He is not converted from his Bohemianism, but he buys success by pretending to be, at the expense of the contempt of his friends and the reader. It is not a pleasant picture of the art life of Boston; but it cannot be denied that it puts one side strongly. The love theme of the story is more interesting, but less genuine in its sentiment. The heroine, Mrs. Ashton, works in the studio of an artist, Grant Herman, who grows to love her, and wins her love in return. After a time an Italian model, Ninnita, appears, to whom he had been betrothed years before in Italy; but while he has grown into a different man, with new tastes and affections, she has remained unchanged, and follows him in the hope of renewing their troth. It is all sad enough; but the heroine, with a woman's extravagant romance, insists that Herman shall turn back to this boyish fancy and marry Ninnita, though she is only an ignorant peasant; and he is weak enough to obey, and marry a woman whom he feels to be far beneath him while his heart is passionately devoted to another. Surely this is false romance. It can't be right for a man to marry one woman when he is passionately in love with another; for so he wrongs both. Whether one accepts the theories or not the book is certainly entertaining and full of bright sayings, from the remark of one of the artists, in the beginning, that another, rather given to profanity, should have for his epitaph a dash, down to the shrewd observation towards the end that "the lack of the necessities of life makes a man sad; it is the lack of luxuries that makes him cynical." A good many of these have a cynical Bohemian ring to them that is in character with the speakers, but not altogether pleasant; and many readers will probably prefer Mrs. Ashton's false idealism to their narrow cynicism.

[1] The Bread-Winners. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo. pp. 139.

[2] The Pagans. By Arlo Bates. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. pp. 275.

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IN his last novel, "To LEEWARD,"[1] Mr. Crawford descends from the supernatural heights of Mr. Isaacs to matters very earthy. He has probably taken Bulwer for an example, and, having tried the vein of "Zanoni," now essays that of "Alice Maltravers." The theme of "To Leeward" is guilty love. The shallow and self-conscious heroine is seduced in the middle of the story by a powerful but not very attractive journalist (Mr. Crawford's gentlemen are not his strong points), and her life with her paramour, and the pursuit of the injured husband, are described at some length, ending with her death in saving her lover from the bullet of her husband. We will not go so far as to say that such a theme can never be the subject of art. But we can surely lay down this as a rule, that a story which aims to excite a reader's sympathy for an unrepentant adulteress, and describes her criminal adventures as intensely happy with a few brief exceptions, is immoral and unhealthy reading, no matter how skilfully chosen its language may be. The outspoken nastiness of Zola is no worse, for, at least, he makes crime ugly.

"A LATTER DAY SAINT"[2] is one of those clever, bitter pictures of our best society that come out, now and then, to sadden us with the ugly present, and encourage us by showing us how dissatisfied we are with it. Like "Irene McGillicuddy," and the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," it tells the follies of modern fashionable life in the cynical tone of a cold-hearted but excitable woman who has gone through them and passed out of them. It is very cleverly done, with the realism and harsh humor of a Dutch painter. The dinner-party, where the bud makes her debut, is admirably described. The struggle into society, the flirtations, the marriage, and later throwing off of restraints no longer necessary, and the loud set at the top of the ladder of which the heroine becomes the centre, all might be told of other cities than New York. It is all true enough, and very amusing, and it is ugly; but there is nothing very bad after all, and most of the ugliness comes from the cold-hearted selfishness of the heroine, who can charm, but never elevate, her circle.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE is gaining something in moderation in his later work, but there is still room for improvement. In the last one — "BEATRIX RANDOLPH"[3] — there is less of that crude love of glaring colors and morbid fancy for monstrosities that disfigured his early work. He has an elaborate plot, — he generally contrives that, — but his characters are ordinary types of rather a melodramatic kind, and the whole performance belongs more to the melodrama than the true society play. This story is fairly interesting; but Mr. Hawthorne will never have that extraordinary imagination which made his father great. That is a faculty which a man shows at an early stage, if he has it at all.

MR. LATHROP'S "NEWPORT"[1] adds another to the list of novels whose scene is laid in that fascinating watering-place. The plot is a sad one like nearly all his stories, but his touch grows stronger. And here the theme is more agreeable than the forbidden and weak love of his "Echo of Passion." The hero and heroine are more attractive, and although Mrs. Gifford's cruelty in rejecting Oliphant is fatal, she tries to undo it, and his death is noble enough to prevent that feeling of disappointment which a feeble ending always gives. Still one cannot help regretting the tone of sadness and conviction of the incompleteness of life which runs through the works of so many of the writers of our day. No doubt life is incomplete and often sad; but imaginative art ought to see beyond. There is a good deal of vivacity in the description of fashionable Newport life, and one can partially identify the Blazers, and Thorburns, and others, though these are rather typical sketches suggested by individuals than portraits. It is the best thing Mr. Lathrop has done; but his powers are steadily developing, and we expect better things yet from his pen.

"PILGRIM SORROW"[2] is a little volume of allegorical stories by Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, the German princess who married Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern. They are real German stories, full of Teutonic simplicity, and sadness, and goodness. It is not hard to see why the royal authoress should be called the *muma rantilor*, or mother of the wounded. No American could have written them; they belong rather to the realm of poetry than prose, and they may seem silly or goody-goody to one who is out of the mood for them.

STEVENSON'S "TREASURE ISLAND"[3] is a boy's book, with pirates, and buried treasure, and

[1] To Leeward. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 12mo. pp. 411.

[2] A Latter Day Saint. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. pp. 200.

[3] Beatrix Randolph. By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 280.

[1] Newport. By George Parsons Lathrop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo. pp. 297.

[2] Pilgrim Sorrow. By Carmen Sylva. (Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia.) Translated by Helen Zimmern. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. pp. 202.

[3] Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Bros. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 292.

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hairbreadth escapes, and fighting, enough to delight the most omnivorous boy — for it is really interesting from a boy's point of view.

Travels.

AMONGST the recent books of travel one naturally turns first to Charles Dudley Warner and Henry James. Neither went far out of the beaten track, but they tell us their impressions of what they saw in such a charming fashion that the want of novelty is not felt as a loss, and one can even pardon the previous appearance in the magazines. They are different enough. Mr. Warner has a delicious, airy humor, in which Mr. James is entirely lacking; but he has not the delicate self-consciousness which enables Mr. James to reproduce every subjective impression so penetratingly.

Warner begins his "ROUND-ABOUT JOURNEY IN FRANCE,"[1] in that climate so mild that even the "statues can sit out-doors with comfort in winter." At Nîmes he runs across the guide-book of M. Boucoiran, whose English is funnily bad. "Several ways," says that genius, "are offered to the travellers to attain *Aigues Mortes:* by earth or by waters; but the most practicable is by railroad." "Almost the whole town partakes of irregular directions, that they are desirous to redress the utmost in our utilitary ages." "There are many people who, at the sight of a handsome site, give way to their impressions, and take a peculiar pleasure to the infinite sensations that inspire a bright sunrise after a storm-day in the midst of the young nature, and near the dampish rocks." He mentions the goodness and the good taste of the girls of Arles, and goes on to say "that similitude of kindness, that irresistible propensity for the dressing art, have not been drawn up at the same spring? Those are not primitive sins, reckoning from a little far." From France, Mr. Warner went to Sicily, Morocco, and Spain; and everywhere his descriptions have the same bright and animated picturesqueness, with a little flavor of bitterness towards the end at the inhospitality of the Spaniards. Like many another tourist, he found travelling there very difficult. Here is a passage from Gautier about it: —

Traveller. — "I should like to take something."

Spanish Landlord. — "Take a chair."

T. — "I should like something more nourishing."

L. — "What have you brought with you?"

T. — "Nothing."

L. — "Well, the baker is down the street, there, and the butcher is just round the corner."

The volume is so full of charming bits that it is hard to stop; but we must turn to Mr. James.

THE "PORTRAITS OF PLACES"[1] is a collection of the local sketches which have come from the fluent pen of Mr. James in the last dozen years, — Venice, Paris, Rheims, Chartres, Rouen, Etretat, London, Epsom, Hastings, Saratoga, Newport, Quebec, Niagara, and other places are described with the same fulness, or rather, perhaps, we should say that the sensation they produced upon his mind are. As good as anything is the description of the Derby races. "You see English life," says an English gentleman who serves as a mouth-piece for Mr. James, "is really English country life. It's the country that is the basis of English society. And you see country life is — well, it's *hunting*. It's the hunting that is at the bottom of it all." In other words, the hunting is the basis of English society, and its out-door sports are what keep it healthy and comely, on the whole, says Mr. James, "the comeliest in the world." The love of horse-flesh culminates at Epsom, and thither, accordingly, Mr. James carries us. One quickly notices "that well-appointed elegance is not the prevailing characteristic. You perceive that you are 'in,' as the phrase is, for something vulgar, something colossally, unimaginably, heroically vulgar; all that is necessary is to accept this situation, and look out for illustrations. Beside you, before you, behind you, is the mighty London populace taking its *ébats*. . . . Every one is prepared for an outing, but the women are even more brilliantly and resolutely prepared than the men; it is the best possible chance to observe the various types of the British female of the lower orders. The lady in question is usually not ornamental. She is useful, robust, prolific, excellently fitted to play the somewhat arduous part allotted to her in the great scheme of English civilization. But she has not those graces which enable her to become easily and harmoniously festal. . . . She is too stout, too hot, too red, too thirsty, too boisterous, too strangely accoutred." The high life at her side is not less vulgar. The young men are half intoxicated, and the young women of that golden-tressed and highly painted variety "that usually shares the choicest pleasures of youthful British opulence." The race

[1] A Round-about Journey. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 12mo. pp. 360.

[1] Portraits of Places. By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 12 mo. pp. 376.

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itself did not impress him much. "If I might be Irish on the occasion of a frolic I would say that in the first place you do not see it at all, and in the second place you perceive it to be not much worth the seeing. . . . A dozen small jockey heads whizzing along a very distant skyline," a moment later "a dozen furiously revolving arms — pink, green, orange, scarlet, white — whacking the flanks of as many straining steeds; a glimpse of this, and the spectacle is over." Of course, this acute but fastidious and unsympathetic description is not the view an Englishman would take of it; but it embodies, in a striking manner, Mr. James's somewhat feminine and very New Englandish view of a very English scene.

"LIFE AT PUGET SOUND"[1] seems to be a collection of extracts from the letters of Mrs. Leighton, who sailed to that distant spot soon after the war, her husband having been appointed a revenue officer and stationed there. She has a happy way of describing what she saw; but the book gets a scrappy, disconnected effect from the manner in which it is made up of selections from letters covering a period of fourteen years; and a good deal of the scene described has now been changed by the advent of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

ROOSEVELT'S "Florida and Game Birds"[2] is a mixture of out-door things. The first part is an account of a yacht trip to Florida, starting from the Chesapeake and going as far as possible by the inland passage and ending in the remoter shooting and fishing grounds of the land of flowers, away from the ordinary tourist's route. Mr. Roosevelt knows whereof he writes, and tells it in a pleasant, animated way, so that the story is very agreeable reading. This Florida essay is followed by a number of chapters on the game water birds, in which he takes up guns and gunning, bay-snipe shooting, bay birds, Montauk point, rail shooting, wildfowl shooting, duck shooting on the inland lakes, etc., and ends with various suggestions for sportsmen about shooting, building batteries, etc. Mr. Roosevelt has all a skilful sportsman's instincts, and occasionally he met with remarkable luck. Here is what he says of a pup which he took out "for the second time that he had ever been shot over. He was so eager that I had to tie him in the blind, and only let him loose after a bird had been shot down. Yet on that day I saw him recover a wounded duck after following him half a mile, twice drop a dead one which he had in his mouth to bring a live one, and jump on another and hold him with his paws till he could reach him by putting his head entirely under water." Such evidences of the inheritance of habits artificially acquired by parents are very remarkable.

"DUE WEST"[1] is the excursion of a Cook's tourist round the world, and one hears the rustle of the linen duster on every page. The ten months' excursion cost two thousand dollars apiece we are told, and seems to have been successful. Mr. Ballou collected a good many items at each of the countries he visited, some new and some antiquated, but Cook's stamp is on them all. He crosses the ocean to Japan, and looks forward to the happy time when Japanese artists shall have learnt our methods of drawing, and a little later he says: "The better classes wear a supercilious expression of features that makes the toes of one's boots tingle; and yet in all the shops there is a cringing assiduity to get all the silver and pennies from the outside barbarians that is possible." And so he goes on through Ceylon and India, and Egypt and Spain, always jotting down the superficial peculiarities that passed under his hasty inspection.

[1] Life at Puget Sound. By Caroline C. Leighton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 258.

[2] Florida and the Game Water Birds of the Atlantic Coast and the Lakes of the United States. By Robert Barnwell Roosevelt. New York: Orange Judd Co. Illustrated 12mo. pp. 443.

Books Received.

TWELVE MONTHS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON. By Susan Willis Fletcher. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 478.

COOKERY FOR BEGINNERS. By Marion Harland. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo. pp. 157.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES IN RHYME. By Robert C. Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo. pp. 72.

ALBUM OF LONDON VIEWS. Frank H. Emdin, 98 Fleet street, London. 16mo. pp. 15.

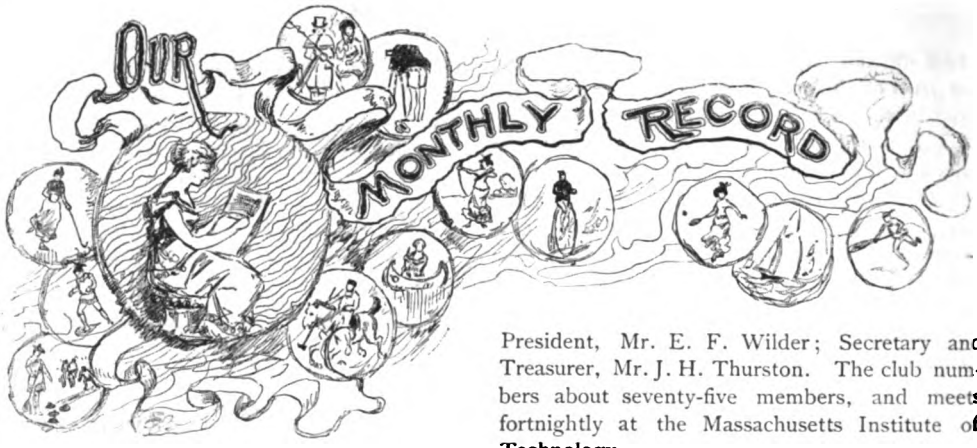
HOW TO GET STRONG. By William Blaikie. New York: Harper & Bros. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 296.

SOUND BODIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. By William Blaikie. New York: Harper & Bros. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 168.

APPLETON'S GUIDE TO MEXICO. By Alfred R. Conkling. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 378.

[1] Due West. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 12mo. pp. 387.

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Amateur Athletics.

THE rules proposed by the intercollegiate conference, of which we spoke in our last number, were rejected at once by Yale, Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, and Pennsylvania. Cornell, Princeton, and Harvard approved of them; but the students were almost unanimously opposed to them, and at Cambridge expressed their dissent by a mass meeting and petition; and the Intercollegiate Athletic Association was opposed to them. Accordingly, with wise moderation, the Harvard Faculty resolved that they desired "a further consideration by the conference of the proposed regulations," which will no doubt result in a thorough revision.

Amateur Photography.

THERE has been a good deal of attention paid of late to the method of lighting the developing room. The old ruby light is being discarded, as yellow glass has been found to work well, especially when covered with a diffusing medium like tissue-paper or ground glass.

IN our last issue we gave the formula of the new Cooper Developer, which has been found to add so much to the sensitiveness of plates. It is said that a Boston photographer is about to put on the market an improvement on this which will keep, and can be used over and over again for weeks without losing its efficacy, though it becomes slower in its operation after a time.

THE Cincinnati Amateur Photographers' Club was organized January 28, 1884. These officers were elected: President, Dr. Wm. Carson; Vice-President, Dwight W. Huntington; Secretary, E. J. Carpenter.

THE Boston Society of Amateur Photographers has recently elected the following officers: President, Mr. W. H. Pickering; Vice-President, Mr. E. F. Wilder; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. J. H. Thurston. The club numbers about seventy-five members, and meets fortnightly at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE Spring meeting of the Board of Officers of the L.A.W. was held at the Grand Union Hotel, New York, on the 22d of February. Twenty-four members of the Board were present. President Beckwith presided. The Corresponding Secretary reported that at the beginning of the year the League had two thousand one hundred and thirty-one members; of these one thousand two hundred and forty-seven persons renewed, and eight hundred and eighty-eight dropped out. Two thousand three hundred and fifty-one persons have applied for membership in the past year; making a grand total of three thousand five hundred and ninety-eight members to date. Twelve State divisions have been organized. The Racing Board presented a report, stating that during the year they had expelled two members from the track and suspended one. The meeting voted to give the Racing Board full control of all matters connected with racing, and empowered them to make new rules or amend any of the present ones. Two hundred dollars were appropriated for the expenses of the race-meeting at the annual meeting. The Racing Board recommended that the New Haven records be accepted. The matter was referred back with instructions to consider the Springfield records. The Washington Cycle Club invited the League to hold its annual meet in Washington, and the invitation was accepted. The 19th and 20th of May were agreed upon as the dates, and President Beckwith was elected Chief Marshal. The Membership Committee recommended that R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, and Fred Jenkins, of New York, be expelled from the League, and that H. E. Ducker, and A. L. Fennessy, of Springfield, be reinstated. A committee of five, consisting of L H. Johnson, A. D. Claflin, W. H. Miller,

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J. R. Torrance, and W. C. Scribner, was appointed to consider and report upon the best plan to be pursued by the League in arranging for a League organ the coming year. The treasurer presented a cash statement, showing: —

Cash balance in treasury 1 June, 1883...	$1,025 38	
Membership assessment for the year 1883.....	756 75	
Admission fees received to this date....	1,199 00	
Interest and sundries.....	20 07	
Salaries and expenses to date		$875 52
Subscription to official organ.....		1,740 00
Balance on deposit.....		385 68
	$3,001 20	$3,001 20

The membership of the L.A.W., up to March 1, was 3,598, divided as follows: New York, 718; Massachusetts, 582; Pennsylvania, 516; Ohio. 366; Connecticut, 292; New Jersey, 255; Illinois, 116; Michigan, 111; New Hampshire, 188; Maryland, 87; Missouri, 66; Indiana, 39; Kentucky, 37; Iowa, 35; District of Columbia, 34; Maine, 32; Wisconsin, 28; Canada, 27; Wyoming 24; Vermont, 23; Rhode Island, 19; Tennessee, 17; South Carolina, 11; Colorado, 10; California and West Virginia, 6; Texas, 5; Germany, 4; Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Carolina, 3; England and Georgia, 2; Arizona, Arkansas, Dakota, Delaware, New Brunswick, Oregon, Utah, Virginia, 1. The representative assignments are as follows: New York, 14; Massachusetts, 11; Pennsylvania, 10; Ohio, 7; Connecticut and New Jersey, 5; New Hampshire, Illinois, and Michigan, 2; Maryland and Missouri, 1.

THE Capital Club, at Washington, was never in a more prosperous or flourishing condition. A large reception parlor has recently been added to the old quarters in Le Droit building, which has been fitted up and furnished handsomely and comfortably. An additional wheel-room will also be provided shortly, making in all a suite of five rooms. As a new social feature, the "Caps" are anticipating giving monthly "At Homes" to their lady friends, upon which occasions a select musical and literary programme may be carried out. At a late meeting the following officers were chosen: Leland Howard, President; Charles Richards Dodge, Vice-President; Chas. A. Caldwell, Secretary; Max Hansman, Captain.

NEW YORK Bicycle Club officers for 1884: Captain, Howard Conkling; Secretary, E. W. Adams; Treasurer, H. H. Meyer.

THE annual dinner of the Harvard Bicycle Club was eaten at Young's on the evening of February 25th. President Eliot Norton presided, and Mr. J. G. Coolidge officiated as toastmaster.

The Club will hold a meet May 31 on the new track in Holmes' field. Several races for college men only will be run, including races between Harvard and Yale. A one-mile scratch bicycle race, open to all amateurs; a one-mile tricycle race; a three-mile handicap race; a five-mile scratch race; and others. Entries close June 3d. Gold, silver, and bronze medals will be awarded. There are five men in training for them, the most prominent being Norton, of '85, and Claflin, of '86, both fast men. E. A. Thompson, '87, will train for the mile run. His chief competitor at Mott Haven will be Leavitt, of Princeton.

THE Massachusetts Bicycle Club rolls up a fine record on the road. The following are the statistics for 1883: President Henry W. Williams, 3,453; E. R. Drew, 3,000; Rev. S. H. Day, 2,803; J. E. Alden, 2,301; A. S. Parsons, 2,020; R. P. Ahl, 2,007; F. H. Ruggles, 2,000; G. E. Chandler (first lieutenant), 1,880; J. Pettee, Jr., 1,872; F. W. Freeborn, 1,745; H. D. Corey, 1,600; J. J. Gilligan, 1,535. The total distance is a trifle less than in 1882, when 64,525 miles were covered. The total amount ridden by the club members to date is 190,000 miles. They are about organizing a corporation for the purpose of building a club-house, land for which will be purchased not far from Trinity square, Boston. Their officers for 1884 are: President, Henry W. Williams; Captain, Geo. Pope; Secretary, Ezra O. Winsor.

LANCASTER (Penn.) Bicycle Club officers for 1884: President, C. B. Longenecker; Secretary, Will B. Youngman; Captain, H. S. Hartwell.

OFFICERS of the Rockford (Ill.) Bicycle Club for 1884 are: President, F. L. Lake; Captain, A. E. Thompson; Secretary, G. S. Hart.

THE Peoria (Ill.) Club sustained a severe loss January 31. The building in which was located the club-room was entirely consumed by fire, and the fittings and furnishings of the rooms were a total loss, besides a piano, nine bicycles, and a tricycle. The total loss was about $3,000.

THE annual meet of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association will be held at Toronto on Dominion Day. The one and five mile championship races will be run on that day. The Wanderers are projecting a tour.

A NEW club has been organized at Wappinger's Falls, N.Y. Officers as follows: President and Captain, Harry H. Brown; Secretary, F. W. Hargreaves.

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ROCHESTER (N. Y.) Bicycle Club officers for 1884: President, S. H. Pool; Captain, W. J. Curtis; Secretary, R. A. Punnett.

IXION Bicycle Club (New York) officers elected for 1884: President, F. A. Egan; Captain, W. R. Pitman; Secretary, B. G. Sandford.

THE Springfield Club held a grand exhibition and ball at the City Hall, February 22d. The hall was beautifully decorated; and a feature of the exhibition was a procession illustrating the progress of the bicycle. After the parade came an exhibition of fancy riding followed by dancing.

AT the winter games of the Manhattan A. C., New York, a bicycle race of two miles was won by P. M. Harris, in 9m. 28⅘s.

THE Rambler's Club, of Boston, made an extended run on Decoration Day. They enjoyed their second annual dinner, at Young's, on February 19th. President W. P. Harris presided, and Mr. J. A. Fynes, of *The Boston Herald*, acted as toast-master.

THE Dixie Wheel Club, of Louisville, Ky., was organized February 8th. The officers elected were: President, L. E. Welle; Captain, W. H. Underwood; Secretary, P. D. Logan.

THE Stoneham Bicycle Club has elected officers for 1884, as follows: President, S. C. Batchelder; Captain, H. C. Hay; Secretary, F. H. Messer.

LOWELL Bicycle Club. New officers for 1884: President, Paul Butler; Captain, J. L. Pinder; Secretary, F. W. Bedlow.

FALLS CITY Club, Louisville, Ky. New officers for 1884: President, Owen Lawson; Captain, David Biggs; Secretary, A. S. Dietzman.

FOSTORIA (Ohio) Bicycle Club. New officers for 1884: President, A. E. Mergenthaler; Captain, H. E. Mickey; Secretary, Frank Schanfelberger. The club voted to join the L.A.W.

KEYSTONE Bicycle Club, of Morristown, Pa., recently organized. Officers for 1884: President, Wm. Rennyson; Secretary, H. M. Ebert; Captain, Willis Roberts. Uniform, dark blue with white shirt.

THE Forest City Club, of Toronto, will hold a tournament May 24.

THE Wilmington (N.J.), Bicycle Club organized November 9, 1883. Officers for 1884: President, James Yopp; Secretary, Henry Berkhimer, Jr.; Captain, Joseph R. Wilson, Jr.

CORNING Bicycle Club, Corning, N.Y., organized February 11. Officers for 1884: President, Hugh H. Kendall; Secretary, Samuel S. Denton; Captain, Harry P. Sinclaire, Jr. Uniform, Cadet blue.

CORTLANDT Wheelmen, of Peekskill-on-the Hudson, N.Y. Officers for 1884: Captain, D. C. Hasbrouck; Secretary, A. D. Dunbar.

ARMORY Bicycle Club, of Chicago, Ill., recently organized. Officers for 1884: President, P. E. Robbins; Vice-President, Charles Winters; Secretary, Edward N. Camp; Captain, J. A. Burt.

THE Hermes Bicycle Club (Chicago) medals, for the greatest run between September 28 and December 28, were awarded to E. F. Sharp, 2,725 miles, and H. D. Higinbotham, 2,432 miles.

THE annual dinner of the Boston Bicycle Club was held at Young's on the evening of February 9. President E. C. Hodges presided, and gracefully introduced the after-dinner speakers. The most notable response was that of President A. G. Carpenter, of the Providence Club, which was in verse, and full of bright hits. Brief addresses were made by Major T. R. Mathews, Alderman Whitten, Col. A. A. Pope, and Mr. Frank W. Weston. Excellent music was furnished by the Germania Band.

THE records of John S. Prince, from 80 to 100 miles, are as follows: 80 miles, 5h. 14m. 20s.; 81m., 5.18.45; 82m., 5.23.9; 83m., 5.27.41; 84m., 5.32.21; 85m., 5.36.52; 86m., 5.41.27; 87m., 5.46.9; 88m., 5.50.49; 89m., 5.55.27; 90m., 6.0.4; 91m., 6.5.36; 92m., 6.9.50; 93m., 6.14.29; 94m., 6.19.5; 95m., 6.23.43; 96m., 6.28.16; 97m., 6.32.44; 98m., 6.37.16; 99m., 6.41.44; 100m., 6.46.7.

Mr. F. A. ELWELL, of the Portland Bicycle Club, the organizer of the down-east tour, which was described in the January and February issues of this magazine, sailed from New York, March 6, on the steamship "Orinoco," for Bermuda, with the intention of making arrangements there for the visit of a large party of 'cyclers next winter. He was accompanied on the present occasion by Karl Kron, who hoped to run off some of the miles still lacking on the record of "No. 234" in justification of the title, "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," and secure an additional chapter to his book. At the time of sailing, the dollar subscriptions pledged to ensure the publication of this book, amounted to 622.

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THE New Amateur 'Cyclists Association, at New Haven, Conn., only admits members having a record of three minutes.

PHILADELPHIA is to have a wheel tournament June 17, 18, and 19, and the track will be lighted by electricity for night-work.

TRICYCLING is becoming popular at the Mediterranean resorts. At Pau a number of English ladies indulge in this health-giving exercise.

THE two L.A.W. badges offered to the members of the Cleveland Club as prizes for the best records of road-riding, between May and Nov. 1, 1883, were awarded to Lieut. J. D. Pugh (2,253 miles) and F. P. Root (2,239 miles).

THAT 'cycling has charms even for the feminine mind is abundantly proven by the organization, on February 16th, 1884, of the Ladies' Tricycle Club of New York city. This is, we believe, the first association in America formed by ladies for developing the pleasures of tricycling, and, judging by the interest and enthusiasm of its members, it bids fair to become in time quite a large and flourishing club. The officers for 1884–85 are: Mrs. Fred. G. Bourne, President; Mrs. Elliott Mason, Vice-President; Miss Anna Babetta Huss, Secretary-Treasurer. The club committee consists of the above-named officers and two other members, Mrs. S. A. Drewey and Miss May Bristol. A room fitted up with lockers, and having ample space for storage of machines, will soon be secured. The club has now on its roll ten active members.

THE Rutgers College Bicycle Club has been organized in New Brunswick, N.J. Officers for 1884: President, H. E. Cobb; Secretary, L. D. Blauvelt; Captain, E. K. Losee.

MESSRS. Woodside and Morgan start from New York about May 1 for their bicycle ride across the Continent, which they hope to accomplish in nine weeks.

NEW officers were elected by the New Haven Club January 24: President, H. G. Lewis; Secretary, T. H. McDonald; Treasurer, Wm. H. Thomas; Captain, F. H. Benton.

SALEM, N.J., has a new club, with the following officers: President and Captain, Clarence V. Bitter; Secretary, H. T. Allen.

ALBANY Bicycle Club, Albany, N.Y. Officers for 1884: President, D. W. Shanks; Vice-President, Howard Martin; Secretary, A. J. Gallien; Captain, A. H. Scattergood.

Canoeing.

THE St. Lawrence Canoe Club was organized at Canton, N.Y., last December. Commodore, J. H. Rushton; Vice-Commodore, M. D. Packard; Secretary and Treasurer, L. P. Hale; Measurer, J. W. Rushton. There are eleven active members.

BOSTON has no canoe club, although there are many canoeists in the vicinity, and the interest in the sport is growing steadily. Steps are being taken for the formation of a club, Mr. Charles S. Clark, 6 Oliver street, Boston, having issued a call, dated March 8, 1884, to those interested, with a view of early organization.

CHALLENGE cups in a club cause great fun and life. The idea usually is that any man winning it is liable to be challenged for it at any time, but cannot be compelled to race for it oftener than once in two, three, or four weeks, as may be arranged, and must have say a week's notice before racing. Only a man's continual prowess in sailing or paddling can keep the cup, and he prizes it all the more on that account. Sometimes the challenge "cup" is a breastpin, and sometimes, as at Cincinnati, it is the office of commodore; the last man in the fleet being made "cook" till next race.

A CANOE club with eight active members was organized at Fulton, N.Y., in December. Commander, V. W. Poole; Lieutenant-Commander, Dr. H. L. Lake; Secretary and Treasurer, F. I. Van Wagnen, Jr.

THE annual meeting of the Toronto Canoe Club was held on Tuesday, March 4. The cordial, jovial spirit which usually animates canoe-club meetings was turned on at high pressure. The various reports showed fourteen paid-up members; ten canoes; a balance of $11.75 in the treasury over all liabilities; and a list of good prizes given for last season's races including a $25 camera, a $20 aneroid barometer, a $7.50 medal, and other articles. The newly elected officers, are: Commodore, Hugh Neilson (third term); Vice-Commodore, John T. R. Stinson; Librarian, Frank M. Nicholson; Secretary and Treasurer, Robert Tyson (fourth term). The club makes a specialty of their library, which contains a large assortment of canoeing and boating literature, photographs, etc. It received some accessions at the present meeting. Matters were put in shape for a good cruising and racing season in 1884, as follows: —

1. Joint cruises to be arranged for all the public holidays.
2. A summer and fall regatta fixed for the end of June and beginning of September, respectively.

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4. The sailing challenge-cup, now held by Secretary Tyson, to be competed for during the year on the same terms as formerly, namely: Open to any canoe within A.C.A. limits; to be sailed for not oftener than once in two weeks; holder to receive one week's notice of race when challenged.

5. As the foregoing cup has previously been a sure thing for one or other of the Pearl canoes with heavy centre-boards, a second perpetual challenge-cup of equal value is to be provided, called the Running Cup; open also to all canoes, but with the proviso that every race for it shall be either a "reach" or a "run," or both. No close-hauled work, and no beating up to windward; with a time allowance for the smaller canoes if necessary. This will give a fair chance to every sailing canoe in the club, those without centre-boards not being placed at so great a disadvantage.

6. The combined races to be run on the same principle; no windward work.

7. Handicap paddling races, and, perhaps, an open sailing race, admitting skiffs 16 feet long by 3 ft 6 in. beam.

8. Canoes of the Toronto Canoe Club will in future carry on the peak of their mainsail a sailing signal, consisting of a large red ring, sixteen inches in diameter, measuring thus: the white centre eight inches, the band four inches thick. The T.C.C. craft will now know each other at a great distance. Take notice other clubs! This device is now the copyright of the T.C.C.

9. The club has adopted a gray uniform, consisting of stockings, knickerbockers, plain shirt with collar, and straw hat. Several wearers of this uniform will attend the American Canoe Association at Stony Lake.

The Springfield, Mass., C.C. are alive and energetic. At their annual meeting in February, Frank D. Foote was elected Commodore, and C. M. Shedd, Secretary and Treasurer. The novelty of a canoe and an ice-boat sailing down the Connecticut together, was witnessed when Commodore Nickerson ventured out for an early February paddle on the east side of the river, at Springfield, and was followed by an ice-boat on the west side, where the ice still remained. The club has twenty-six active members, and a model canoe-house on the river. It proposes to purchase two or three club canoes, in which members who do not care to invest as owners can enjoy the benefits of paddling, — an admirable plan.

The Mohican Club, of Albany, is in a flourishing condition. The winter meetings and in-door work have prepared them for a lively season. General Oliver, by practical experiment, during the winter, on his "Marian," has worked out some novelties and improvements in rig and appurtenances that will attract attention. Messrs. Oliver and Fernow are planning a cruise, in June, down the Delaware and Wallkill rivers. General Oliver will combine two model recreations by taking his camera with him.

Lawn-Tennis.

THE Tennis Club, of the Twenty-Third Regiment, Brooklyn, held a successful tourney at the armory, on March 1st. Its notable feature was the contest for prizes in ladies' singles. Three sets were played between the final contestants, and the very creditable score shows how far ladies can enjoy tennis as a skilled game. Of the two players, Miss Bessie Hazard and Miss N. Hanly, Miss Hazard won, scoring 104 total aces.

THE annual meeting of the United States Lawn-Tennis Association was held at the Hotel Brunswick, New York, Friday evening, March 7. Out of the fifty clubs enrolled in the association seventeen were represented, viz.: The Summit, Shorthill, Portland, Young America, St. George, Newark, Franklin, Longwood, Jersey City, Powelston, Orange, Pioneer, Far and Near, Staten Island, Germantown, and Newport. A few slight changes were made in the by-laws, by which Canadian clubs can now compete in tournaments. Dr. Dwight, of Boston, was re-elected president for this year.

Pleasure Travel and Pleasure Resorts.

THE double track on the Boston & Maine road is completed to Pine Point, Me., 107 miles from Boston, and will get to Portland by the middle of June.

THE Bordeaux line have added two modern steamers to their fleet, the "Chateau Margaux" and the "Chateau Yquem." They are of 4,200 tons' burden each.

THE Grand Central station at New York is already too small for the demands upon it, and a considerable enlargement is under discussion.

The Mexican Central Railway will be formally opened May 5. It is proposed to invite the foreign colonies and representatives of the different American States to participate in the exercises. There is to be a triumphal arch erected by each State, a grand banquet and ball, a general illumination of the city, and a military review.

The Pennsylvania Railway carried 48,846,811 passengers during 1883.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad promises a fast train about April 1, which will reduce the time between Chicago and the Pacific coast to five days.

"THE Eureka" is the felicitous appellation of a company recently organized at Liege which has for its object the finding and restoring to owners of trifles more or less valuable left in cars or cabs, or otherwise lost during a journey. There is plenty of room for the efforts of such a company.

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AN electric head-light is being practically tested on the Chicago, St. Louis, & Pittsburgh railroad. The early results are very satisfactory.

A TUNNEL 25,200 feet long through Mt. Kelso, near Georgetown, Col., has been in slow course of construction for several years. It is said that 200 miles in transcontinental travel will be saved if it is completed.

MR. WOOLLMAN PARSONS has leased the Hotel Shrewsbury, — a seaside resort, near New York.

THE new hotel at Tokama, on Puget Sound, will be managed by Mr. W. D. Taylor, of Cresson Springs, Penn.

THE Grand Hotel, in the Catskills, will be under the management of Col. E. A. Gillette, formerly of the Hotel Kaaterskill, during the coming season.

THE Prospect Park Hotel, at Catskill, has been leased by Mr. L. W. Cass, formerly of the Dutcher House, Pawling, N.Y.

THE Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, has entertained some 3,000,000 guests since it opened in 1860. Last year 125,000 registered, — an average of over 300 per day.

THE Mt. Kineo House, at Moosehead Lake, is being rebuilt.

ATLANTIC City capitalists and hotel-keepers are trying to get a good drainage system.

THERE are to be new hotels at Bryan, Texas, Austin, Minn., and Montgomery, Ala.

THE Commercial Hotel, Buena Vista, Col.; the new Suwannee Springs Hotel, Fla.; the St. Charles Hotel, Lincoln, Nebr.; the Merchants' Hotel, Delmuth, Minn.; the Sherman House, Prescott, Arizona; the Nashville and National Hotels, Denver, Col.; the Franconia House, Franconia, N.H.; and the Black Mountain House, Compton Village, P.Q.; have all been recently destroyed by fire.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE culture of carp for food purposes has received an impetus by the organization in Philadelphia, Pa., recently, of the American Carp Cultural Association. These officers were elected: President, Wm. Parry, Parry P. O., N.J.; Vice-President, Henry P. De Graff, New York City; Treasurer, Samuel Wilkins, Philadelphia, Pa.; Secretary, Milton P. Pierce, Philadelphia, Pa. A board of directors was chosen, and steps were taken to form branches in other States.

THE Boston Gun Club held its third annual clay pigeon tournament, Feb. 20. Notwithstanding bad weather several clubs participated, with a fair score.

THE *London Fishing Gazette* has sent as a present to the American Cultural Association 10,000 English trout eggs, which have arrived here in excellent condition. They were supplied from the celebrated Itchen and Wey districts.

Various methods of preserving fish for specimens have been in vogue among ichthyologists, and the subject has always been one of interest and importance, as well as a matter of study and investigation, among fishermen. Dr. H. E. Davidson, of Boston, has invented a process which he calls, very aptly, ichthy-taxidermy, and which is attracting considerable attention. The new process, briefly, is to put the fish into plaster, to extract everything from the skin, and then to fill the skin with plaster. The preservation is complete, and, from a material stand-point, eternal. The expense is only about $2 per fish. This does away with the nuisance of alcohol and the cost of plaster casts, and at the same time every fin, scale, and shade of color is preserved.

A NEW club has been formed in Philadelphia, called the "Frankford Gun Club," its object being improvement in wing-shooting. The secretary is R. H. Mellor, 309 E. Orthodox street, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE New-York Association for the Protection of Game held a regular meeting in New York City on February 18, at which several good points in their work were made. It being discovered, on information from various members, that game and fish were constantly served at different clubs and restaurants out of season, steps were taken to make an example of some prominent establishment of this kind as well as the usual proceedings against hucksters and minor dealers.

THE Pigeon-shooting question is being reagitated in England by the introduction into the House of Commons of a bill making live bird-shooting from traps a criminal offence, the penalty being a fine of $25 for every bird *shot at*, and also imposing a daily fine of $25 on the proprietor or keeper of any trap ground. In the recent London *Field* appears a significant protest against this bill from a farmer who claims to breed for trap-shooting purposes three hundred or four hundred birds a year, and who complains

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that should this branch of breeding be interrupted it would entail a considerable loss to farmers.

Yachting.

THE Quaker City Yacht Club, of Philadelphia, held its annual meeting in February, electing Mr. W. H. Vallette, Commodore, for 1884. The fleet of the club comprises thirty-three yachts.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club now stands third among New York yachting organizations, with one hundred and ninety members and ninety-two yachts.

AT the last annua. meeting of the Boston Yacht Club the following officers were elected for 1884: Commodore, Jacob Pfaff; Vice-Commodore, N. L. Lockwood; Rear Commodore, John B. Meer; Secretary, Thomas Dean; Treasurer, Augustus Russ; Measurers, D. J. Lawlor and J. B. Smith; Trustees, Benjamin Dean, Thomas Mack, and E. Denton; Regatta Committee, C. F. Loring, J. B. Moody, John A. Stetson, C. L. James, and George H. Tyler; Membership Committee, C. H. Plympton, J. B. Meer, and D. B. Curtis.

THE American Yacht Club (steam), of New York, has purchased Charles Island, Long Island Sound, for a summer head-quarters, and the purchase has been approved by the trustees of the club. The island has an area of nearly thirty acres, and forms the southern shore of Milford Harbor. A three-story building, now standing on it, will be converted into a suitable club-house. It is proposed to make the island a summer recreation centre for the club, their friends and families. Several thousand dollars will be expended in improving the property, fitting up the club-house, laying out grounds for tennis and other out-door games, wharves, buoys, stationary anchors, etc. It is believed that many of the yachts will winter in Milford Harbor. The establishment will be ready for occupancy in May.

THE officers of the Beverly Yacht Club are as follows for 1884: Commodore, Henry Parkman; Vice-Commodore, Howard Stockton; Secretary and Treasurer, W. L. Jeffries; Measurer, F. E. Cabot; Regatta Committee, George H. Richards, Gordon Dexter, George B. Inches, John Dane, and W. J. Jeffries.

THE New York Yacht Club has rented a building on Madison avenue, near 27th street, New York, as a club-house, which has been elaborately fitted up and handsomely furnished, and contains a library, reception, reading, and billiard rooms, and a large banquet hall. The club will move into their new quarters in May. At their annual meeting, James Gordon Bennett was elected Commodore, and his steam yacht "Namouna" will be the flag-ship for 1884. The membership of the club has been limited to five hundred.

AT a meeting of the New England Yachting Association, held February 20, at the Parker House, Boston, by-laws were adopted, which provide for the encouragement of yachting and yacht-building; uniform rules for the government of all races where two or more yachts compete; each club to be represented in the deliberations by one delegate or representative; the election of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, who shall also be treasurer, and an executive committee of three members, with the president and vice-president members *ex officio*, to be elected at the annual meeting to be held on the fourth Wednesday in April; an annual assessment of $10 from each club in the association, and for other assessments only by a two-thirds vote. The final steps in effecting a permanent organization will be taken in April, when the component clubs will subscribe to the by-laws.

THE Lake Association has been recently organized, the Toronto (Ontario) Yachting Club being the moving spirit, to carry out the same purposes among the various clubs of the great lakes that the New England Yachting Association undertakes to do in this vicinity. It will obviate the confusion arising at present from different systems of yacht measurement and time allowance by adopting some uniform system. Regattas will be so arranged that boats of various clubs may participate in all, and thus avoid the clashing of fixtures.

CORINTHIAN boat-sailing, which is rapidly coming to be regarded in England as the highest form of yachting as a sport, is meeting with renewed agitation in this country. It is here best fostered by the Sewanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, which can now show a fleet of over one hundred vessels and a large increase of membership. The club has the finest fleet of cutters in America, and its affairs were never in a more flourishing condition.

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Written in Miss Rose Frost's Album.

WHEN Thomson wrote of beauteous flowers
He put them in the summer time;
And in the long, drear winter hours
He put the ice, the hoar, and rime.

The seasons now are turned and tost, —
As Prob. and everybody knows, —
For with the keen and sparkling Frost
We have the sweet, the pretty Rose.

"Ye olden winters" one would see
Of every blooming bud bereft;
But now, egad! it has to be
A Frost-y day when Rose is left.

S. Conant Foster.

Isaac of Iowa.

"'MOST any man ken breathe deeper in the middle o' a six hunderd-acre pastur'."

"SPINDLE up stubbed, 'n keep a stiff upper lip, if ye've any notion o' doin' breakin' 'n ploughin' on a perrara medder."

"POETS is born, not made, they say, but a good deal o' the stuff my gurruls reads sounds to me 's though some poets wuz born a leetle afore their time — like a weakly veal."

"THE Lord made Adam en Eve, en most o' the Adams since stick to the fust patten, but the Eves do git up some surprisin' gores en biases on their original shapes."

"I HAINT got no kind o' use fur a travellin' preacher thet don't want to saddle his own horse arter eatin' a dinner o' yaller leggid chicken."

"SOME politicians' way o' doin' en talkin' make one think o' a cousin o' ourn thet came out to see us onct, en stayed two weeks right in July, when we wuz a-gittin' in a couple hunderd acres o' hay. She told one o' the neighbor women, private, thet she hed more brains then all her kin."

"THEY'S about uz much sense in tryin' to live on pure faith as tryin' to make a square meal on pure water. It's fillin' at the price, but turnin' a chain pump is more wearin' than pickin' roastin' ears."

"A SCHOOL-MA'AM thet's ashamed o' carryin' a tin dinner-bucket ought to hev to eat her mince-pie froze."

"DICK allays did swindle the world out o' his livin'. He used to be a book-agent, en then he peddled sewin'-machines. Bymeby he took out a agency on a mower, en the last I heerd o' him he was a studyin' law."

"I NEVER knowed but two Boston folks, so I aint prepared to jedge the town. One wuz a school-ma'am thet come West because she heerd husbands wuz easy got out here. Thet wuz when I wuz young. The other wuz the feller she took up with arter she'd taught our school six or eight years. She said she finerly made up her mind to hev him 'stead o' any Westerner 'cause he spoke so much more refined-like. He wuz a paper-rags gatherer, — made money at it, too. Arter a while he got to sellin' chromoes, en now he keeps a art store. My gurruls git all o' their porchyairs en' crewels of him."

"YE ought to hev known Sophronsybee. She used to work fur our folks, and land! but she wuz a slow un. My gurruls used to call her Poky-hauntus, she poked so. But she managed to get things done, which was sumpthin', when you think o' ten men to cook fur in harvest time, en sometimes she helped git in hay when it looked cyclonish. She's merried now, en moved to Nebrasky. She wuz back here las' winter, she en her man, with four or five youngsters. Ioway wan't nowhur no more. Nebrasky wuz the only place wuth livin' in. 'I'm reel sattusfite,' sez she. 'I like it reel well; it's reel nice, lots nicer'n Ioway. The air don't seem so damp.' We allays thought the air wuz dry here, but I let that pass and asked her if they wuz any fruit in Nebrasky. 'No,' suz she, kind o' quiet-like, I thought she'd been to a funer'l. 'They wuz some,' suz she, 'but the grasshoppers they come en et the trees; then they wuz hot-winds, too, three years, en kind o' dried 'em up. But then,' suz she, chirkin' up en lookin' chipper 'n a hick'ry stick, 'they *is* lots o' wild plums thet's tollable good, en the wild grapes aint so very sour.' Now, wuzn't that content fur ye?"

Minimum.

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The Critic.

A GROUSE drummed a roll-call below
While a robin piped up in a tree.
"A fig for that tune," said the grouse, with a croon;
For a high-born critic was he.

With a twitter a sparrow flew down;
The wasp and the beetle came too;
The bee left the rose, and the frog from a doze
Was aroused by the loud tattoo.

A grasshopper perched on a straw;
A bobolink paused on his way;
And the burrowing mole peeped out of his hole
To hear what they all had to say.

"What's the row, Mr. Grouse?" croaked the frog;
"What's to pay?" sang the blue-jay and wren;
While the geese with a squawk shouted back to the hawk,
And were joined by a quarrelsome hen.

"Alack!" said the grouse, with a frown,
"I am sick of that malapert's song."—
"What matter's to me?" piped the bird from the tree;
And he sang there the whole day long.

Harold Van Santvoord.

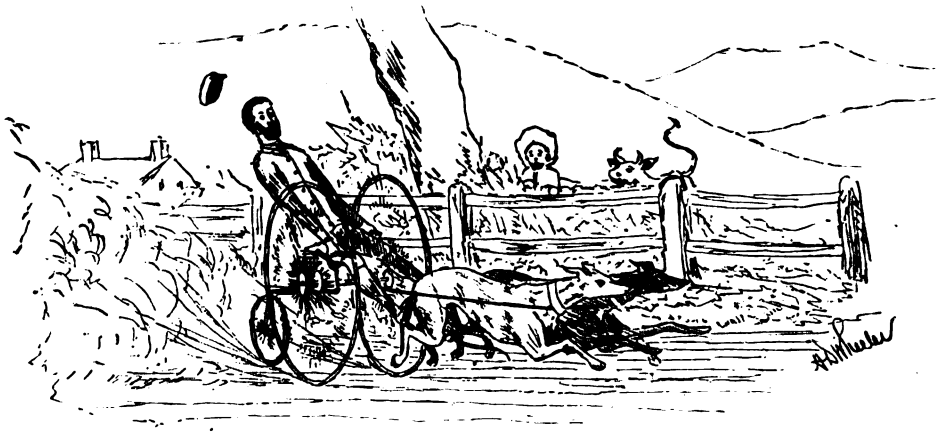
Inquiring Neighbor. — "Hullo! What's the matter 'th you now?"

Grief-stricken Farmer. — "I've lost my mother."

Inquiring Neighbor. — "Gettin' rather careless, aint you, old man? Only a month or two since you lost your father, and now you've" — [*Exit rapidly.*]

WHAT one of Dickens' characters wanted a stomach? — Oliver Twist, because he wanted maw.

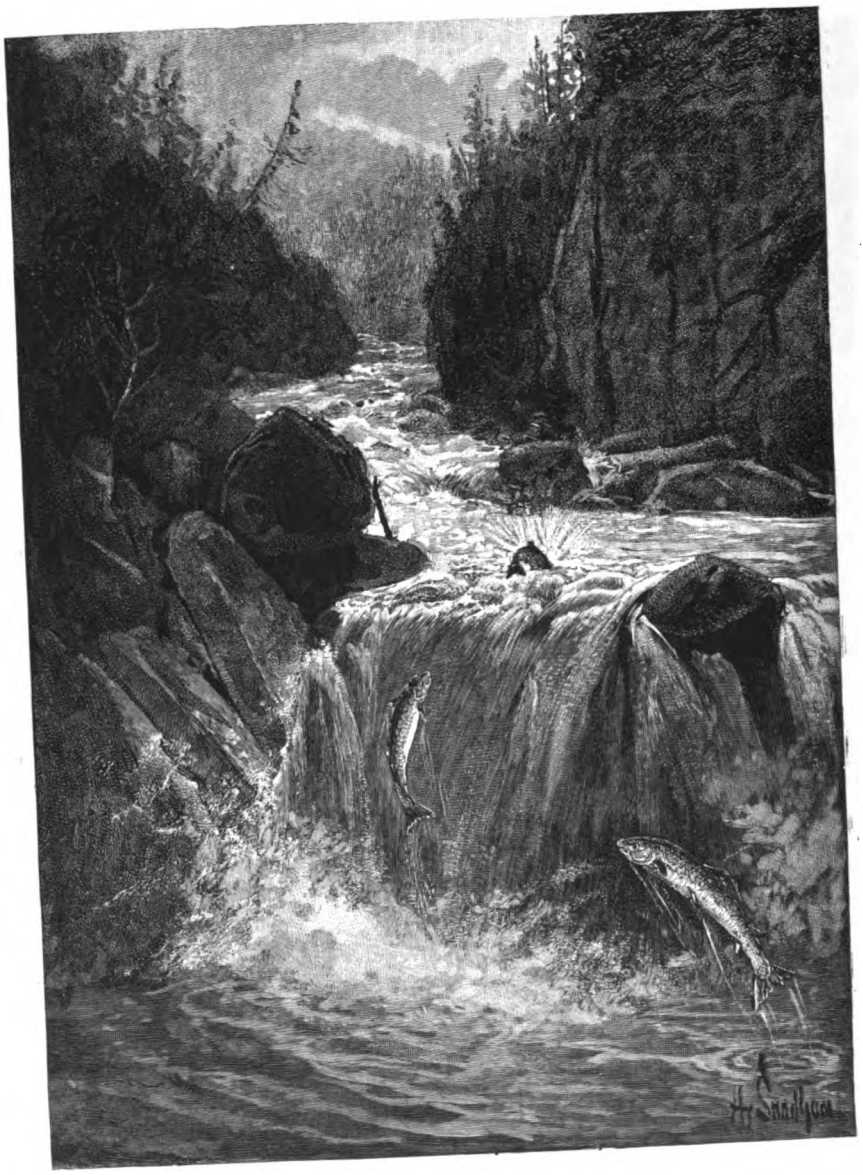
WAS Edmund in "Lear" a bicyclist? He says: "The wheel is come full circle. I am here."



JONES ON A DOG-TROT.

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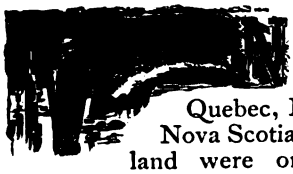


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OUTING.

VOL. IV. MAY, 1884. No. 2.

SALMON-FISHING.



NEARLY all the rivers in the Provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland were originally salmon streams, teeming with life. But before the fishery laws were enacted in the year 1868 there seemed to be a mad desire on the part of the natives to destroy the salmon at all seasons and in every possible way.

This royal fish used to be so plentiful, years ago, that a clause would be inserted in the indentures of an apprentice, to the effect that he should not be made to eat salmon more than twice a week. Now lucky would the apprentice be considered who could get it to eat once a week.

The present scarcity of the fish is mainly owing to the reprehensible practice, formerly pursued, of netting and spearing during their breeding-season. The latter was a detestable vice at any time, as the creatures were invariably mangled and destroyed before they could be captured; and the former method, it is easy for any person to see, must speedily end in the extermination of the race, as they were all caught alike, parr fry, smolt, or grilse. The law is now very stringent on this point; it makes it obligatory that everything caught, under three pounds' weight, shall be liberated.

Another reason given for the disappearance of the salmon from the rivers is the number of mills being erected, the dams proving an insurmountable obstacle to the passage of the fish up the rivers to their spawning-beds. And, as it is now generally conceded that they return each year to their native rivers, one can easily understand how fatal this must be to them. Imagine a poor creature used to going up the same stream year after year, without let or hindrance, at last suddenly confronted by a formidable monster in the shape of a mill-dam. It is enough to make his flesh turn pale, and if his blood was not already supposed to run cold, to perform that phenomenal feat. However, after he has sufficiently recovered his mental balance, he endeavors to jump it, as he has done the natural falls he has met on his way hitherto; but, after repeated efforts and failures, he gives up, bruised, bleeding, and utterly exhausted, and goes down into the depths of the river to die of fatigue and disappointment.

From this cause alone it will be easy to perceive why the fisheries have come to grief, when we take into consideration that it is computed, after calculating all causes of loss and destruction, that one healthy salmon will produce one thousand young annually. But this mill-dam grievance has also been remedied by legislation. Mill-owners are now compelled to erect fish-ways, to assist the salmon in the accomplishment of their mission. The construction of these fish-ladders, as they are technically called, varies according to the character of the stream upon which they are placed. They generally consist of a series of wooden boxes, placed one on top of the other, at equal distances, containing sufficient water for the fish to leap from one to the other.

Although the fishery laws, as they now stand, are very stringent and efficient, they come rather late in the day, and savor somewhat of "locking the stable-door after the steed is stolen." The government was importuned for years before it saw the necessity of making any serious move. But there still remain many rivers where the sport is good in the season, notably the Metopedia, Cascapediac, Restigouche, and many others. The natives feel much pride in recalling the names of different celebrities who have

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fished in these waters. The Cascapediac is particularly fortunate in this respect. It was here President Arthur gave himself up to the enjoyment of following up his twenty and thirty pounders, before he was called upon to fill the important position he now occupies. This was also the chosen river of the Princess Louise; it was the scene of her remarkable exploit of catching and landing, with her own hands, the forty-pound salmon she afterwards sent home in triumph to the royal mother in the Old World. It is not my intention here to go into technicalities concerning the sport. Any individual who wishes to be posted as to flies, tackle, etc., can gain such knowledge from some one of the many good handbooks published for that purpose; or, better still, can follow my example, and attach himself to a party of experienced anglers, and try his "'prentice hand"; and by close observation of his tutors in the sport, and a careful study of the habits of the salmon, he will learn more in one season than years of book study will ever teach him. But he must have a cool brain and steady nerve to begin with, and must resolve to devote his whole energy to the task before him, for I can testify that he will find it no child's play.

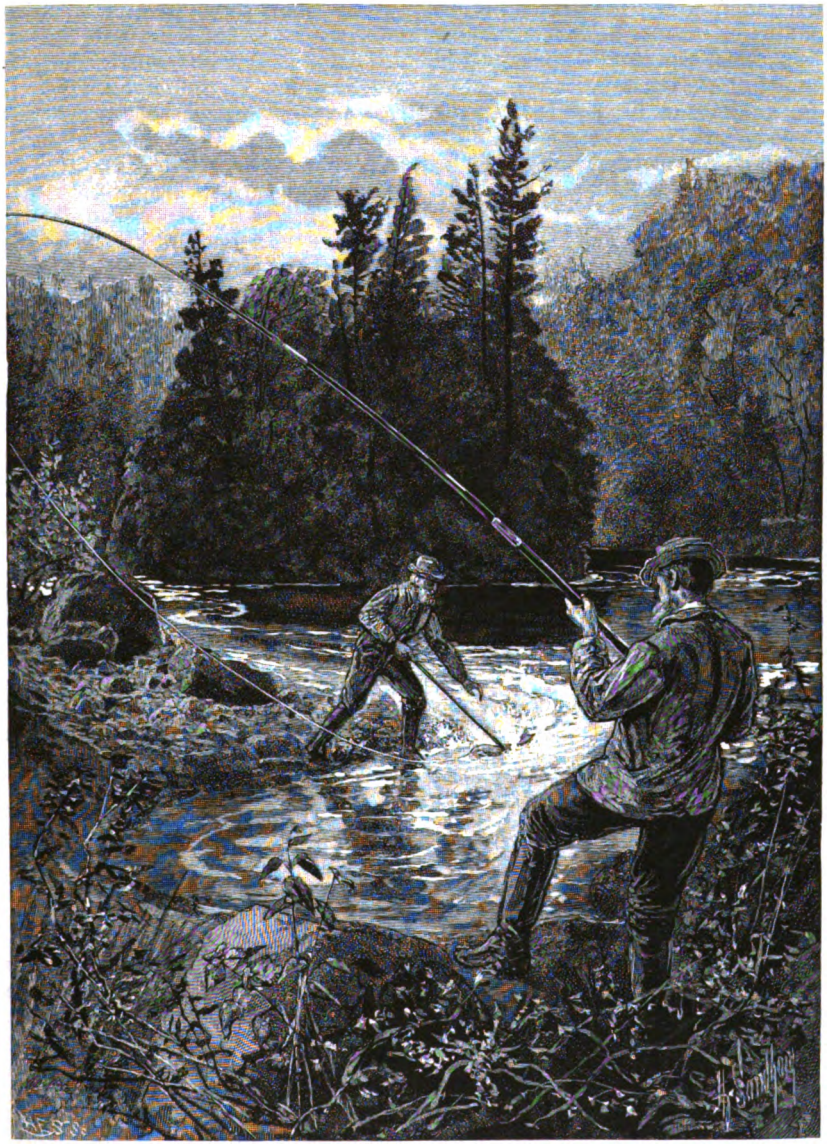
I at last found the chance for which I had been seeking, namely, that of joining a fishing-party. What delight I felt when our expedition got fairly started! I was like a school-girl out for a holiday, — everything appeared *couleur de rose*. After a while I began to have my misgivings as to whether the anticipation might not be more blissful than the realization; but in this case anticipation was fully justified. It was an experience never to be forgotten, it was all a delight, and nothing happened to mar our enjoyment. It was a lovely day in July when we arrived at our destination, — one of the beautiful streams tributary to the lower St. Lawrence. I shall never forget my sensations the first morning I awoke in camp, and viewed the grand, majestic scenery on all sides. The magnificent boulders, with the creamy water rushing and leaping madly over them, impatiently plunging from one rock to another, never stopping or resting, always in the same wild, turbulent confusion, as if lashed into frenzy that nothing could appease. What a contrast to the same river a few rods farther up, with its quiet, still pools, with hardly a ripple to mar their mirror-like surface; the water so clear and calm that one could look down and see the salmon lying thickly on the bed of the river, where they were resting for a while before starting afresh on their toilsome journey! Then, raising my eyes from the water, I beheld the noble banks on either side of the river towering up, gloriously clothed in their rich foliage of cedar and willow, relieved by the gleaming trunks of the white birch; forming, as it were, a huge wall to shut us in from the outer world and its disturbing influences. Then again, a little distance further on, the banks would take a crescent shape, forming numerous little bays, with the most picturesque irregularity. The brilliant green of the willow with the more sombre hue of the cedar contrasting with the purple-gray tone of the rocks and brown creamy tints of the water, the whole lit up with the early morning sun, — what a combination! It seemed as if nature had brought all her treasures of color, and deposited them in that lovely region for the special delectation of the fishes. I never so ardently longed for the painter's power as I did on that memorable morning.

In my opinion, next to catching the salmon, the most pleasurable sensation is that of watching them jump, either in the pools or ascending the rapids. I have stood near a pool when it was impossible to count twenty without seeing a salmon in the air, going up like a sky-rocket from three to fifteen feet, looking like animated rainbows as the sun strikes their silvery sides. What their object is in jumping is an open question. I consulted one gentleman on the subject, whose years of experience ought to make him an authority, and he maintained that only the male fish jump; and that it is their way of making love, or showing their devotion to their female friends. But the majority of fishermen think that it is only a course of training on the part of the fish to enable them to ascend the falls they must encounter before reaching their final destination. There are various other reasons given; but it is difficult to get any two sportsmen to agree concerning this manœuvre. But this is not the only case where a disagreement arises, as each fisherman holds his own views on this and every other point in connection with the sport, and can no more be brought to acquiesce in the views of others than two artists trained in different schools can be brought to see the excellences in each other's work. This delightful con-

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tradictoriness places salmon-fishing in the list of the fine arts.

To get some idea of the enjoyment of watching the salmon jump a fall, let us take a walk together to some one of the beautiful falls that abound in a good salmon stream. We take up our position on a boulder at the foot of the fall, or, to speak more correctly, at the foot of the rapids, — for in most cases it is a series of chutes and rapids, varying from three to twelve feet for each jump. We must choose our position so that while we are near enough to look down into the water our shadows shall not fall on it, for the salmon is very suspicious of the shadow of a human form. Having secured a comfortable seat, we must now keep perfectly still for about ten or fifteen minutes. By this time the fish have become accustomed to our presence, and we are enabled to study their actions. The question that perplexes us is, how the fish know where to jump? From our point of observation



CAUGHT THIS TIME.

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we are soon able to solve the problem. Here comes a perfect beauty, propelling himself with such ease against the current that he at once impresses you with the fact that he possesses a world of reserved power if he cares to use it. You are all impatience to see him make the leap; but he comes steadily on. Now he is lost to view for a few seconds, where the turmoil and splash of the fall are most marked. Then you see, for an instant, his head above the surface; he appears to be at a stand-still. You are beginning to feel disappointed; he is not going to jump, after all, you mentally conclude.

But he, like a good general, is studying the situation. Having acquainted himself with all the details of the rapids he turns and swims backward slowly; or, with his head towards the rapids, he lets himself drift back until he has gained the distance he feels necessary for the effort he is about to make; now comes the reserve force into play. The powerful screw-like tail and wave-like fins cleave the water. He rushes forth like an arrow shot from a cross-bow. When within a few yards of the rapids he heads down towards the bed of the river, disappearing from sight in the deep water; and almost the next instant he appears again, within a few inches of where we saw him taking his observations. Now he comes out of the water again, this time with such speed that our eyes can scarcely follow him as he flies through the air, and strikes the water just above its smooth crest, where it falls over the ledge of rock. During the last few minutes we have held our breath in suspense. We now draw a sigh of relief, and are filled with intense admiration, as we see the magnificent creature accomplish successfully his undertaking. It is very exceptional for a fish to miscalculate the distance of his leap; if he does so miss he is hurled back precipitately, and whether he is hurt by the fall or only chagrined, nothing can equal the helpless, discouraged way in which he drops back into the eddy behind the nearest boulder. There he will remain for hours before finding courage to attempt the feat again.

The streams generally take their rise from some far inland lake, and flow with alternate swift rapids, steep falls, and quiet pools, to the ocean. In the spring of the year, when the breeding season commences, the salmon leave the salt water and proceed up to deposit their eggs on the breeding-beds at the source of the river. And how marvellous are the patience and perseverance displayed by these creatures, — the tireless energy, the obstacles overcome, and difficulties surmounted, in order to accomplish the task nature has bidden them perform!

The pools serve them for resting-places after their unusual exertions over rapid or fall; and it is while resting here that they are beguiled by the angler's fly. The rivers vary very much in character: some have very little rapid, — others, again, scarcely any calm water; but a good river is one where there are rapids, but the pools preponderate, as the fish will gather in larger numbers to rest, and the fisherman has a better chance of discovering them. Many of the rivers in New Brunswick are quite placid; there are no rapids, only slight currents. This makes fishing them very tiresome, as one has to be continually whipping up and down the stream in order to coax a rise. Then there is the Columbia river, which is all rapid; it, in turn, is very laborious work for the salmon to get up, as there are no resting-places for them. I have heard that it is no uncommon event to find the fish lying dead upon the banks of the river, where they have leaped out in sheer despair to try and find a refuge from the angry buffeting of the restless waters. When picked up they are so wasted, from their arduous journey, that they are literally nothing but skin and bone. I believe that it is now a commonly accepted fact among all experienced disciples of the gentle craft that the salmon does not partake of any nourishment during its journey from the sea to the spawning-beds. They have the one object in view, that of propagating their species; and they pursue it faithfully. After they have accomplished their mission they return, spent and wasted, and poisonous as human food. When in this condition they are termed kelts. Who would recognize in this miserable, flabby, brown thing, with its sides almost sticking together, the plump, handsome, silvery salmon that ascended the same river a few months ago?

It may be asked, if the starvation theory is correct, how do you account for the salmon taking the fly? I have heard it explained, and to my mind it appears very feasible, that the salmon, while lying still in the pool, is attracted and dazzled by the bright, glittering object on the surface of the water, and either from annoyance, or a natural love of play, snaps at it; it cannot be that he imagines it to be a real fly, fit for food. It is a libel on these creatures, so

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keen in their judgment and so calculating in other respects, to suppose that they can mistake these bits of gaudy-colored tinsel and feathers for satisfying diet, even for a fish. A gentleman from New Orleans, who had been an annual visitor for over twenty years to some of the salmon rivers of Canada, and who therefore ought to be taken as an authority, told me that he had tried the experiment as to whether the salmon were biting for food or not: he threw a piece of a leaf and a fir cone on the water, in the same manner as a fly, and got a bite. When he landed his prize, he opened its stomach, and found no trace of anything but the leaf and cone, by which it had been caught; thus proving to him that the fish was not seeking nourishment.

The site of the salmon-camp is usually chosen below the fishing-grounds, at the highest point up the river that can be reached by boat. It is easier to get supplies up to the camp, and to bring the spoils down from the fishing-grounds; and last, though by no means least, it is much easier for the fisherman, after a hard day's work, to walk down-hill to his quarters.

In earlier times the camp simply consisted of the bark wigwams of the Indian guides and attendants, and the white man's tent. But nowadays it is quite different. A well-equipped fishing-camp forms almost a small village, with its comfortable frame house, surrounded by sheds, ice-houses, cooks' quarters, etc. A description of the one in which our party was located will serve as an illustration, as they are nearly all modelled on the same plan.

It consisted of one large frame building,



THE CAMP.

which contained the dining-room and two sleeping-apartments; separate sleeping rooms are necessary, as ladies often form part of the camping party. At about twenty feet distance stood the kitchen and rooms of the gaff-men, canoe-men, and cook. Scattered round were a half-dozen smaller buildings, used as ice-houses, store-houses, or chambers, as the requirements of the party suggested.

As I write, I recall one little house in particular, that had a peculiar charm for me, on account of its oddity. It had originally been a bark wigwam, but, as time made havoc of it, it had been strengthened

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A GOOD BITE.

by a rude log hut being gradually built round its sides. Next in order, to prevent a too frequent sprinkling from above, a shingled roof had been added, so that outwardly it presented all the appearances of an ordinary settler's hut; but upon entering you found yourself in the original Indian wigwam, and could fancy you were one of the first fishermen who ever camped in this spot. I loved to wander down to this queer old house, and picture the different scenes that had been enacted there since it was first visited by the old Montagnards, when they took their salmon with net or spear, or in any way they could get them. There was no thought of sport with them; they came there to procure what would satisfy their hunger, and they found it in abundance. I used to wonder what they would think could they come to life, and see the parties of wealthy and prosperous gentlemen, who, in their own homes are accustomed to every luxury of our modern civilization, and come here to sleep on hard beds; to rise with the sun and to retire at its setting; and to submit to many personal inconveniences, for the sake of getting what to their predecessors had no interest beyond its commercial value. Methinks they would be as much dazed at it all as Washington Irving's hero after his twenty years' sleep.

Of course salmon forms the principal staple of diet while in camp; but it is always a point of honor that the commissariat is such that there is no danger of this dainty article of food becoming monotonous. I had always been led to believe that salmon, like other fish, were more delicious when first caught; but personal experience proved the contrary. It is, in fact, hard and tough, partaking of the character of sole-leather, owing to the solid substance of the fish, and closeness of grain; but after it has lain in the ice-chest for about twenty-four hours, and then has been carefully boiled, and set upon the table looking as if it had jumped of its own accord from its native element into the dish, it is irresistible to the most perfect epicure. And the salmon steaks for breakfast, — it makes one hungry to recall them as they were cooked according to our camp recipe: the steak cut from the centre of a twenty-pounder, and placed upon a sheet of cream-laid note paper, with the proper amount of seasoning; the paper is folded over and closed at the edges; it is then dropped into the pan to be fried a delicate brown, and served smoking-hot, paper and all, to be opened by each one for one's self; and, as you bring your fisherman's appetite to bear upon it, the result is — well — joy unalloyed!

At the present date nearly all the rivers in the Dominion are preserved, although there was a time when they were free to all comers; and to this fact is mainly due the destruction of the fish; for I am sorry to say that, like nearly all privileges given to the people, they did not appreciate the

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value of what they enjoyed, and they abused, instead of using, their advantages. For some years the government leased the rivers to private individuals; but recently some more than ordinarily enterprising persons claimed that the rivers were the property of the person through whose land they flowed. The question has been legally tested, and the decision given in favor of the property-owner, and the government will have to refund the money received as rental for so many years. This will in many cases amount to a handsome fortune to some of the poor farmers in these regions.

On a well-preserved river only a limited number of rods are permitted to be in use. For instance, if the formation of the stream is such that only four persons can fish with advantage at one time, and the party consists of eight, they will divide, and take alternate days for work and play. Breakfast is partaken of at an early hour, after which each man starts for the pool assigned him, and they sally forth with the determination to have a "big day's sport." Then comes the return in the evening, when the catch is weighed and registered; and as they talk over the day's experience these fishermen reach a pitch of enthusiasm that is almost incomprehensible to an outsider, but is keenly enjoyed by the devotees of the rod and line. It is both interesting and amusing to watch the different members of the expedition as they go forth to the day's sport; to see the man, who, during the years of wear and tear in the battle of life, has been worsted by Time, and bears his imprint very visibly. Watch him, as he shoulders his rod, brace up and step off with the firm tread of a well-trained soldier. His eye becomes bright and keen; his whole form seems to have undergone a metamorphosis; he seems to be turning the tables on old Time, and to have redeemed his lost youth. Compare him with the beardless stripling, who, when he feels the rod touch his shoulder, grows seriously earnest and determined in his action and expression.

Let us go with one of our friends as he walks by the side of the river, followed by his attendant, gaff in hand and bag for the catch thrown over his shoulder. They tramp along, keeping time to the music of the rapids, until their special pool is reached. The fisherman begins to cast his line, gradually paying out until he has from thirty to sixty yards flying through the air. Every time he throws it he tries, by various movements of the hand and arm, to coax or irritate the fish to rise. At last comes the bite with an almost vicious snap. Now the real sport begins. In some instances, as soon as the fish realizes that he has got more than he bargained for, he at once dives to the bottom of the river, rests there a moment, and studies the situation. He is conscious that there is a line attached to his mouth that he must rid himself of. He, therefore, darts straight to the surface, shoots up suddenly



LOST HIM, BY JOVE!

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into the air, and while there endeavors with his tail to strike the line, and snap it. If this fails he turns either up or down the stream, from side to side, like a billiard-ball as it carroms around the table; next, like forked lightning, he shoots among the rocks, trying to entangle and break this mysterious connection with an unseen power, which, while it appears to humor still controls him. His next manœuvre is trying, by rapid action up and down, to cut the line on the sharp edges of the rocks. Failing in this he again tries flying up into the air, turning several somersaults while there.

Meanwhile the fisherman is pointing his rod straight in the direction the fish takes as he rushes around at the height of his magnificent speed, so that there may be no obstacle to the free paying out of the line. The instant the creature changes his course the line is rapidly reeled in until every muscle aches in the hand and arm of the sportsman; but this is unheeded: the excitement continues; every nerve is strained to its utmost; he thinks of nothing but the work before him; he feels as if the issues of life and death depend upon the landing of that salmon, and woe be to the unlucky wight who shall cross his path, or in any way interfere with him during these moments of critical uncertainty. The but-end of the rod is kept, at every possible opportunity, toward the fish; so that the natural spring of the rod will serve to keep the line taut, and always with the object in view of keeping the fish from heading down the torrent, and forcing him into the reach of the gaff-man.

This is technically called "giving the butt."

At length, after a fight that deserves to be crowned with success, the tired salmon, half drowned and discouraged, allows himself to be coaxed into the shallows near the attendant. The gaff is raised, the fish sees it, and suddenly makes one more dash for life and liberty. The ratchet spins with such velocity that the ear can scarcely detect the distinct clicks; it becomes one continuous tear; the rod seems to smoke, and the fun is higher than ever, if possible. This time he forces his way into the rapids, where, assisted by rocks, currents, and other circumstances, he conquers, and is once more free.

Our friend sits down on the nearest stone exhausted, takes out his handkerchief, mops his forehead, and thinks naughty words, and goes to work again with a fresh fly. But this is only one phase. More often there is a triumph of mind over matter, and the creature is driven or coaxed within reach again; the cruel gaff flashes in the air, clutches round the salmon, and jerks him out of the water, — his only place of power. He receives a sharp blow on the back of the neck from a short club, — all is over, and this noble creature, who has fought so long and so bravely, and displayed so much reasoning power and skill, is at last brought low, and we, his victors, feel half regretful as we gaze upon the prize we have captured.

I speak advisedly when I say cruel gaff,— for cruel it certainly is, and quite unnecessary; for I am happy to say it has been proved, experimentally, that salmon can be landed quite easily without it. The way is, when the victim is pretty well exhausted, to suddenly seize him by the tail and hold him firmly. Every one familiar with the formation of a salmon will recognize the peculiar indentation on each side, just above the finny part of the tail, which might be called, for want of a better name, the neck of the tail, as it really is the connection between the tail and the body of the fish. Well, this bone, or vertebra, serves as a capital handle to seize the creature by, and by keeping a tight grip he can be thrown over the arm, and held there until the attendant puts him out of his misery with a well-aimed blow of the club on the back of the creature's neck. The gaff was first abandoned on the River St. Marguerite, one of the principal tributaries of the Saguenay, through the influence of a young lady, the daughter of a prominent M.D. who was one of the proprietors of the river. She had a great desire to join the gentlemen on one of their expeditions, and they were equally anxious on their part to have such a desirable acquisition to their party. But the thought of the cruelties practised by the gaff-men made her hesitate about accompanying them. They at last promised that if she would consent they would suspend the gaff *pro tem.*, and do their best to secure their scaly treasures without it. They succeeded so well that they all became converts to the new method; and countless salmon, yet unborn, will owe a debt of gratitude to this tender-hearted young lady. It will now be seen that it is only to the experienced fisherman that the sport is thoroughly enjoyable. For one thing, he will never lose his fish, as many green hands do, through an insuffi-

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cient hold of the hook on the mouth; he will always take care to let him have a good mouthful. Old anglers fight shy of beginners, for, on account of their inexperience and nervousness, they rarely land their fish after they have hooked him; and many salmon get away with the hooks in their mouths, which is considered disastrous, as it tends to make them wary about rising again to the fly.

Although the laws now are very stringent concerning netting, it is still carried on to a great extent. In the Province of Newfoundland the salmon have been nearly all destroyed. The territory is large, and the country thinly settled, and the people take advantage of this to defy the law. Poor, short-sighted individuals! — killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Within the last few years the Dominion government has become seriously alive to the fact that something must be done to restore the fisheries; as, now that they are about exhausted, the people are beginning to realize what a mine of wealth there was in them. Witness Canada's success at the great International Fisheries Exhibit in London. One of the methods they are pursuing is restocking the rivers by artificial means. This is not a new idea. Richard Nettle credits the discovery to two poor fishermen of France, — Gehin and Remy. There have been erected lately at Tadousac (a picturesque village at the mouth of the Saguenay) spacious premises, where salmon and trout are artificially hatched, for the purpose of restocking the impoverished rivers. This building, with the land whereon it stands, was a gift from the late Senator Price, a gentleman born and brought up in this section of the country, who was very much interested in all that pertained to its prosperity. He was an enthusiast in salmon-fishing, and a great authority on the subject. I heard him quoted universally when in that region. The establishment is very complete; and is run by the government, at an annual outlay of $2,000; but this sum, I am inclined to think, is rather underestimated. Whether it will prove a success remains to be seen. It would be well for the prosperity of the country, and a bright outlook for the poor fisherman, could he see his native rivers once more abounding with the silvery, gleaming life of the salmon. Even now, poor as the sport is compared to what it has been, much pecuniary benefit is felt in the vicinity of the various rivers that are visited every year by parties of American and English gentlemen, who come to these favored spots to get a few weeks of genuine pleasure in the art that Izaac Walton loved so well.

But salmon-fishing, like all other delights in this mundane sphere, has its shadows, and the alloy to the fisherman's happiness is flies. They abound on all salmon rivers,



BACK TO CAMP.

and their name is legion; ditto, their variety. Among the most fiendish are the mosquitoes, black flies, sand flies, deer flies, midges, gnats, etc. Every expedient has been resorted to by their human victims to keep them at bay. Fly-oils, of every degree of nastiness, are used; veils are worn over the face, or a large piece of mosquito-netting is thrown over the hat, and shoulders before either coat or waistcoat is donned; then when these garments are put on, and a pair of thick gloves that reach up to the elbow, one is comfortably fly-proof. But it usually happens that, just as everything is secured, and it is impossible for the smallest fly to gain an entrance, the unfortunate victim's nose will require the application of his pocket-handkerchief; or he suddenly remembers that his fly-book is comfortably ensconced in the inside pocket of his coat. Alas for human forethought! Those who are pretty well acclimatized simply carry in their pocket a bottle of fly-oil, with which they rub their face, neck, and hands every

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little while. This answers as well as anything, as the constant movement of the body, assisted by the oil, secures comparative immunity from bites. But the moment a man sits down to rest, or take any refreshment, the flies are like the description, in the book of Revelation, of the Prince of Evil, when he realizes that his time is short. These pests divide the day and night in watches, like sailors at sea, and relieve one another so promptly that there is never a moment of peace.

I remember one victim who had seen little or nothing of flies, having just arrived from Europe. The first thing he did on reaching camp was to take a bath in the river. (How the mosquitoes must have grinned with delight as they saw him undress!) It was not until he was tired of swimming, and started for the shore, that he became conscious of what was in store for him The flies had gathered above his head like a cloud, and the instant he emerged from the water they settled on him so thickly that he was impressed with the idea that they were woven together and attached to his back, like a huge sheet of sticking-plaster. It is needless to say, his toilet was hurried. At night, when the hour drew near for retiring, he positively trembled at the prospect of a night of torment; but felt relieved when he saw that the bed had a set of hoops fastened over it, upon which was spread mosquito-netting, giving it the appearance of a monster squirrel-cage. He decided to watch his room-mate, and see how he managed to get into his bed without admitting the enemy. The proceeding was accomplished in the following manner. After the veteran had nearly disrobed himself, he placed a candle on a chair close to the head of the bed, so that it could readily be extinguished through the netting. Then he grasped a part of his clothing in his right hand, and swung it violently round in every direction, so as to drive his tormentors to a safe distance; he then went to the foot of the bed, still swinging the garment, and cautiously raised the net with his left hand; then he doubled himself down like a letter V, and by a convulsive kick of his legs, with a shout of triumph, he shot under cover, tucked in the netting, blew out the light, and was happy. But our inexperienced friend was not so successful, and a number of the pests entered the bed at the same time he did, and kept him awake most of the night; and when, at rare intervals, he did obtain a little sleep, the mosquitoes of his dreams tortured his brain in the same way as the real insects were punishing his body. He awoke at daybreak to find his friend already aroused from his slumbers, who, after hearing his terrible account of how he had spent the night, began to encourage him by telling the most blood-curdling stories, of what the flies could and would do to the newcomer in their midst. All of a sudden there was a sound on the roof of their camp like the scratching of a hen.

"What in the world is that?" asked our friend.

"Oh, that is only the queen mosquito," replied the veteran.

The blank look of inquiry with which this statement was received led the veteran to explain, as he dressed, that, like the bees, the mosquitoes had a queen, that bore the same relation to the ordinary fly as the queen bee does to the rest of the hive; and that, in this case, the advent of a new arrival was of sufficient importance for the queen to attend in person, so as to superintend the attack. But there was a certain twinkle in the eye of the old fisherman that made our young friend determined to know the worst at once. He crawled out of bed, and, in spite of the warnings and entreaties of his companion, opened the door carefully, and put his head out just in time to see the cook's pet crow fly away, with a caw, caw, that sounded in his ears, after his horrible anticipations, like a symphony rendered by Thomas's orchestra.

Another day a veteran fisherman, a native of the land of Bruce and Wallace, was discoursing of the difficulties of landing a salmon, and of the nerve, skill, and courage required for the operation, when a gentleman present, who had never thrown a fly in his life, but was looked up to as being a successful man in all his undertakings, came forward and emphatically asked: —

"Do you mean to say, if I gave my whole mind to it, I could not catch a salmon?"

The old Scot shook his head, and dryly exclaimed: —

"Na! na! mon; salmon are no caught wi' sic trifles!"

A. F. S.

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LOVE IN A CAMERA.

I WONDER whether other men ever fall in love as I did — through a camera. It was such a curious sensation.

I had always lived the life of a student with my father in our quiet country home, reading with an earnestness that filled my life full of thoughts, and left no room for feelings. Philosophy and the abstract sciences made up our world; and when at long intervals I came upon a novel or a love poem (the old ones were all that our library furnished), it seemed absurdly unreal, and I classified it as if it were a fossil with the extinct passions of a less developed age; a thing not without a certain antiquarian interest, but not fitted to excite any sympathetic stir in a modern breast. Science was everything, and it was enough. Our old homestead with its plain heavy horse-hair covered furniture, a trifle ragged at the edges, just as I remembered it in boyhood; our quiet, uneventful, unpicturesque life; our simple country surroundings, with no congenial neighbors, — all helped to preserve the quiet severe tone of thought; and I passed from youth to manhood unconscious of the change, and unprepared for any other.

At last fever came to our village, and my father quickly fell a victim to it, thinking of nothing but science to the last, and bothering our village doctor with talk of bacteria and disease germs, when his voice was almost gone, with a sort of grim humor that never softened into fun.

I could not realize his death at first. The cat grieved for him more than I did for a time, and I was surprised and ashamed at my own hardness. But when I tried to go on with my life just as before I was still more astonished to find that I could not.

The care of him had made a large part of my existence, and I found out now how important his companionship had been, and how much those duties had been to me, which I had flattered myself had been performed from praiseworthy obedience to rather irksome demands of conscience. Now I discovered that the doing for him, and thinking for him as old age drew on, had been such an engrossing part of life that it was empty without it. I missed my only duty as if it had been a pleasure. I did not get over the exhaustion of his sickness. I could not work. I could not sleep.

At last the doctor told me that I should break down myself if I did not go off somewhere; and, after a little unreasoning indecision, I suddenly took the cars for the West, to see for myself the geology of the Yellowstone valley, and find out how far it supported a favorite theory of my father's. I had made only one preparation for my journey that needs to be specially described, — a pocket-camera, which I slipped into my bag from a lot of scientific instruments that had just come over from England. I had scarcely looked at them in my annoyance at their coming too late for my father to see them; but this little instrument I thought would be a pleasant companion, ready to share in adventures, and to revive their memories when I should be at home again. It was a small affair that looked like a clumsy opera-glass. One tube held the lens, and the other the auxiliary lens for sighting, and there were a number of prepared instantaneous plates, and various slides, with an ingenious arrangement of springs which covered the lens, transferred a sensitive plate to position, uncovered the lens, and recovered it when the picture was done,, removing the sensitive plate and substituting another in readiness for another attempt. It was a neat little thing, working quietly and unobtrusively, and I thought that it promised a great deal of pleasure to a bashful near-sighted man like myself.

The first few hours in the cars were tiresome beyond description. It fidgeted me to be doing nothing, and yet I could not either read or sleep. The jar, the rush, the dirt, the crowd, — all bored me immensely. At last I remembered my camera, and as the train stopped at a station, I listlessly took some chance shots at groups on the platform, — idle country-loafers, nervous, hurrying travellers, boys with apples, and the like.

It was a pity that the camera could not preserve the opal tints of the cloud of steam that rolled along under the high roof of the station, glorified by the level rays of the sinking sun. But I began to be interested, and tried my instrument within the car. The impertinent newsboy who had been thrusting his candy and novels upon un-

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willing passengers all the afternoon was a fair butt, and at last I caught him nicely with an expression of triumphant cunning on his face as he sold a damaged book for twice its value to a thick-headed German farmer who wanted to carry home something to his "poys."

In a like spirit of malice I took our domineering conductor, seated in his corner and figuring up his receipts in a mood that promised little for the company's share of the profits, if one might trust the expression on his face; and it was with positive delight that I directed my glass at the ugly little baby in front of me, who had insisted on holding out its dirty little hands, and calling me his da-da all the afternoon. The severity of my mood was relieved by the feeling of just retribution that these permanent proofs of the follies of my fellow-creatures would afford. And when, shortly afterwards, an accident on the line delayed us for some hours I did not grumble at a piece of stupidity which gave me a chance to visit a photographer close by and open my treasures.

It was really very interesting to see my mementos take shape before my eyes. As the little negatives grew transparent, and we held them up before the ruby light we saw the broken-nosed newsboy with his cap pushed back, and an insolent leer of gratified cunning that ought to have cost him his situation on any road. And my picture of the conductor, making up his returns, showed even the number of tickets which I took it for granted he was falsifying. They were on a very small scale, but very clear and effective. I particularly enjoyed the representation of the dirty little desperado who had claimed relationship with me so vociferously. His clutching hands took gigantic proportions, and, in the strong light, every smutch and stain on his grinning face had been indelibly emphasized. One could see at a glance that when the candy was gone the little villain would howl remorselessly.

The other pictures, which had been caught more as chance directed my camera, I had not time fully to examine before returning to my train; but I was struck with one figure which appeared in several of them — a charming woman's form. In one plate she seemed to be pacing up and down the platform with a firm, elastic grace. In another she was bending tenderly over a fallen child; but her face never appeared plainly. She must have attracted my attention unconsciously, for I was not aware that I had seen such a person, and yet in several other pictures there were traces of her — an abashed loafer in one, and in another a child pulled along by its parent, but turning back its head and one little hand to her, as I fancied. The negatives were so small that, even with my glass, it was not easy to make out all the figures, and as I looked through the plates to find her image, I had to lay aside more than one for further search into the secrets that might lie hid in its shadows.

After a little while I looked about to find her in person, not without an abashed sense that I was prying where I had no right, and dreading something different from my ideal; and the feeling was strong enough to make me turn back to my seat after a few minutes of hasty, imperfect search, wondering shamefacedly if any one had noticed me. At the next pause of the cars, however, I went out again, and presently recognized her hat in a parlor-car, where after a little delay I secured a seat directly behind hers. During all this time I had not seen her face, and I dreaded to test the truth of an ideal to which the pictures of my camera had given an intensely vivid reality. As I sat behind her in the growing dusk, the curve of a brown cheek and a delicately finished ear, both full of feminine refinement, were all that were visible.

And as I sat there dreaming in the dusk I discovered a curious thing. I found that I could call up the photographic pictures of her with perfect clearness, and see her walking up and down the platform and bending over the little child as plainly as if the real scene were before my eyes. I had never been conscious of such an interesting power of imagination before, and that made its exercise more attractive now. And these pictures that my imagination called up were as distinct and life-like as *tableaux vivantes*.

Presently we stopped for supper. I felt no appetite myself, but the lady rose languidly, and moved towards the door, with her wraps over her arm. Her closely fitting travelling-dress showed the rounded outlines of her form most charmingly, and it struck me that I had never before noticed the beauty of a woman's shape. Her face suited her form, clearly cut, and evidently city bred, with a charming, childlike dignity. The chin was oval, the nose high-bred, and the forehead broad, crowned with thick dark hair under a neat hat. The blue eyes were full of expression, a pathetic, unconscious desire for sympathy

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which moved me; but the mouth, with its firm, slightly compressed lips, made me think that life had taught her some severe lessons without destroying her power of enjoyment, and that pride was struggling with the craving for something intenser and better than she had yet known. Nothing could have appealed to me so much as this proud self-possession with its unconscious pathos and tenderness; and after she had passed out the whole image came back to me so clearly that I could have painted it if I had been an artist. I had never dwelt before on this power of visual imagination, but now I took a luxurious pleasure in employing it over my cigar in the smoking compartment.

This new pleasure of fancy fascinated me so that I was in no haste to revive the reality, and surrendered myself for the first time in my life to dreams without an effort at resistance, and with the pleasant knowledge of what their central figure would be. There is a stage of emotion where nothing can equal dreamland. After a while I went back to my seat in the saloon; but the section in front was empty now. The bags were gone, and it was plain that the occupant had gotten out at a little town where we had stopped while I was smoking. I was so interested in my dreams that I did not realize that I cared for the loss of their original. I think that I even felt relieved by the thought that I could not now be disillusioned by anything incongruous with my ideal, or embarrassed by having to make my toilette so near to one to whom I wished to render homage. But in the night my dream-pictures took fantastic and unwelcome shapes. I was excited and restless. The newsboy seemed to be thrusting the baby upon me, while its feeble mother faded away in the distance. The young lady whom I had watched so closely stepped out from the photographic plate and looked up imploringly for aid; but the cars whirled me away. And again the Indians had seized her and were tattooing her fair skin, and forcing her into acrobatic contortions. And I was conscious all the while that it was a picture, and possessed with a desire to see the back side of it. At last I gave up trying to sleep; and when the porter parted my curtain, with his usual vague notion of time and clear conviction of the merits of early rising, and unveraciously informed me that it was almost breakfast time, I was glad to get up. The stolid dissatisfaction that generally precedes breakfast in the cars turned into dismay when I found my mind returning to dwell upon the grotesque and morbid images of the night before. I felt ill. I was afraid that I was going mad. I stopped at Chicago with the intention of consulting a doctor; and yet I am sure that I was not surprised when I found myself upon the train going back to the town we had quitted the night before.

I did not want to part with my dreams; they seemed a new-found mental wealth. But I felt that I must correct their wanderings by the reality. Whether this was my real reason or not, see her I must and would, and, accordingly, that evening (a Saturday evening, I remember) I left the cars in the rain at Garfield, exhausted and wet, with but one thought in my mind, that of seeing her soon. I had no plan of seeking her acquaintance. It seemed to me that if I could only look once in those frank, trusting, appealing eyes, it would be enough for me, and my imagination would be set free from this morbid fascination that misled it so. I could not sleep, and I spent much of the night in refilling and arranging my camera. The next morning I went restlessly to church, and posted myself at the end of the gallery behind a pillar, where I could see other people well, but was myself somewhat hidden, with my camera resting on the heavy rail. I felt sure that she would come, and she did. With a strange thrill I felt rather than saw that she was entering with a fatherly old man by her side, and I watched her coming, Marguerite-like, up the aisle, prayer-book in hand. Her face had a familiar beauty as if I had always known it and loved it, — a restful influence that drove away every painful thought, and left me quietly happy in the enjoyment of each detail. As she passed the spot where a broad beam of light from the open window fell around her like an aureole, I pressed the spring of my levelled instrument with a click that echoed annoyingly in the quiet church. I was too absorbed in my one thought, however, to care for this, and, as she rose to sing, I directed my camera again, and waited for the rapt expression of surrender to heaven, which I was sure would come in a moment. But, as I waited, finger on spring, a touch on the shoulder from the deacon, and a grim whisper of rebuke at "theatre fixings in the house of the Lord," forced me to put the instrument back in my pocket, and I had to be content to sit and watch her, dreamily enjoying the picture and the perfect restfulness of all.

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When the *amen* had sounded, however, and she had passed quietly out, I hurried back to the hotel in a fever of impatience to develop my new picture; and darkened my room and tremblingly arranged my apparatus. I might not see her again in person. The negative might be my last. It seemed as if permanent happiness or bitter disappointment lay in that bit of milky glass. I could not look beyond it. It contained my all, and my hand shook and the beads of sweat gathered on my forehead as I poured out my chemicals by the dim red light of the lantern. I do not know how long I sat staring there before I plunged the plate in the bath, and when I had done it I watched the result with positive terror. What ghostly image might start unbidden from that mysterious gray field? In a moment there came faint dark streaks on the plate, as if some ghostly spirit were sweeping it with its wings, which shaped themselves into dark outlines of the church aisle, and then there sprang out from the milky background her dress and head with its illuminated hair and little bonnet, the lithe rounded form, the face with that weird wide-eyed look of pained surprise that faces sometimes take in the developing bath, as if I had compelled her to come there by some terrible spell. As she looked at me from the plate I fancied that I heard the rustle of her dress, and a low, sad whisper of lament, which sent a cold thrill through me. I could not bear the delay, and tried to hurry the process by adding a few more drops of the chemical; but in my nervousness I must have seized the wrong bottle, for a fog suddenly rolled over the plate, and settled down in impenetrable yellow gloom upon the picture. My nerves were completely unstrung. It seemed a frightful fatality, as if my last look at her were to be into those pained, rebuking eyes. I was appalled at what I had done. I felt in a instant that I had no right to the pictures that I had been stealing at the very altar of God. In the darkness the ghostly figure seemed to emerge again and look up at me with a gaze of despair and horror, as if it were doomed to haunt me so forever. And I dropped my apparatus and fell in a swoon in the darkness.

What happened for a number of days afterwards I do not remember myself; but my alarmed landlord, I believe, soon discovered me, and the good doctor who was summoned proved to be a fellow-townsman of my father's, and took me to his home at once. The next few days were a strange mixture of delirium and consciousness. I recognized the people around me, but the room was full of visionary beings, who seemed as real as those of flesh and blood. The red-headed newsboy, the grinning porter, the open-mouthed baby, the loafers, the deacon, and a host of other people whom I had seen on my journey were constantly going in and out of my bed-chamber, talking and gesticulating excitedly, though I could not remember what they said a moment after.

One thing, however, was plain to me and permanent. She was there, the central figure of my dream, and when I held her hand nothing troubled me; for she was no longer the wronged woman of my camera, but a gentle, bright-hearted nurse, whose tender care and splendid vitality brought light and life to my sick-room.

She was the doctor's daughter, and, as other images faded, hers grew clearer and brighter. I even felt half sorry to have them go, for, with her hand in mine, I knew that the conductor was an honest sort of fellow after all, and the newsboy a lad with no more than proper Yankee energy; and even the baby became amusing as he receded in memory. But I did not get tired of my dream-pictures, for when I got strong they lost their morbid side. I had enriched them by the brighter, intenser life that my darling opened to me. Even now I like to close my eyes and call up her last portrait, and I find that I can revive her pictures better than herself. I have taken no end of photographs of that blue-eyed girl in the years since I fell in love with her picture, and I have not at all tired of it. She pretends that she is jealous of them sometimes, and says that it served me right that her image should be severer than she had the heart to be herself. But I know she does not mean it, and nothing delights her more than another sitting with our baby.

Henry W. Holland.

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THE GREAT CANADA BICYCLE TOUR.—PART I.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.



THE Grand Bicycle Tour through picturesque Western Canada, which began at Detroit July 2, and ended at Buffalo July 12, 1883, was the most notable touring event on the wheel in any country since the bicycle was invented. It was the longest in distance traversed, — four hundred miles: the largest in its company of wheelmen, — forty: the most notable for its variety of scenery and attractive points visited, for its complete success in every particular, for its singular freedom from accidents, — every man, except one, who started going clear through with the party; for the enthusiasm and whole-hearted hospitality lavished upon the tourists along the whole length of the route; for its large banquets at various cities; for its variety of incidents and adventures, including a ride through one of the most tremendous storms and floods known for many years in the province of Ontario; and, it may be safely added, for the high character, and almost perfect discipline of the wheelmen who participated in it. At the outset it was resolved that good discipline in every respect should be maintained throughout the tour; and careful records kept by the writer and various others of the company show that, during the entire tour, no profane, vulgar, or discourteous language was heard from the lips of any member of the party, — except one who left the party before the tour was finished. No intoxicating liquors of any sort were drunk, even at the banquets provided in the cities we visited; and there were no discords on any occasion to mar the admirable harmony which made it one of the happiest, jolliest, most frolicsome bands of choice spirits ever gathered for an expedition of any kind.

The entire tour was ONE CONTINUOUS FROLIC OF FOUR HUNDRED MILES, through a strange and lovely country; and over each day's run the imps of innocent fun and enjoyment presided; yet discipline was preserved with such admirable precision and ease by the chosen managers of the party, and each day's run was so skilfully led by Captain Brown, of the Chicago Club, that the long line of wheelmen arrived at their previously appointed dinner and supper stations, each day, almost with the precision of a railway train, close upon the time advertised for them to appear; and this without hurry or confusion, and with the most moderate and easy effort. This was accomplished by a thorough advance study of each day's route and distances, and by setting the starting-time, making the pace, and limiting the halts, exactly to suit that day's requirements; also by having the whole party retire for each night's sleep at the same hour, decided upon after full consideration of the amount of work done that day, and the probable demands of the next day. All rose in the morning together, also, and were ready to start at the appointed time. Thus, regular habits kept the tourists in the highest state of physical vigor for enjoying all the many delights of the trip. Before leaving Detroit many of them carefully weighed themselves; and, again, at various points, and upon disbanding at Buffalo, upon the termination of the tour; when it was found that all of these, except two, had gained in weight during the trip; while all, without exception, had gained in health, elasticity of body and spirits, strength, activity, and vigor.

The conception and inception of this tour was due to Burley B. Ayers, of Chicago, who has done so much to further bicycling interests in the last year or two. His first plan was to collect four or five choice spirits for the excursion; but, as his infectious enthusiasm spread, the party was extended to ten; then to possibly twenty; and on the day appointed for the start forty wheelmen appeared at the Detroit rendezvous. Mr. Ayers was assisted by the State consul for Michigan, C D. Standish, of Detroit, and by Perry Doolittle, of Aylmer College, Ontario, late

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champion of Canada, and by the various members of the Chicago Club, who made it a club affair.

The following is a complete list of the party, all of whom were practised riders: —

B. B. Ayers, Chicago, Ill.	Organizer.
E. F. Brown, Chicago, Ill.	Captain.
I. V. Calkins, Chicago, Ill.	Standard-bearer.
E. Mehring, Chicago, Ill.	Treasurer.
A. S. Hibbard, Milwaukee, Wis.	Glee-master.
T. J. Richardson, Minneapolis, Minn.	Artist.
P. Doolittle, Ontario, Can.	Guide.
C. P. Pruyn, Chicago, Ill.	Surgeon.
S. H. Vowell, Chicago, Ill.	Tourist.
D. M. Stevens, Chicago, Ill.	"
J. W. Johnston, Chicago, Ill.	"
H. F. Fuller, Chicago, Ill.	"
C. F. Smith, Chicago, Ill.	"
D. M. Danziger, Chicago, Ill.	"
F. H. Irish, Chicago, Ill.	"
A. G. Bennett, Chicago, Ill.	"
A. Bronson, Chicago, Ill.	"
L. J. Bates, Detroit, Mich.	"
C. H. Smith, Detroit, Mich.	"
C. D. Standish, Detroit, Mich.	"
G. K. Root, Detroit, Mich.	"
H. J. Luce, Detroit, Mich.	"
E. Daniel, Detroit, Mich.	"
C. H. Jenkins, Louisville, Ky.	"
S. Halloway, Louisville, Ky.	"
J. F. Adams, Louisville, Ky.	"
G. F. B. Bryant, Danville, Ill.	"
F. Buhl, Danville, Ill.	"
H. S. Balcom, Winona, Minn.	"
J. S. Wilson, Winona, Minn.	"
B. E. Melvin, Winona, Minn.	"
E. F. Tollman, Worcester, Mass.	"
B. P. Davenport, Saline, Mich.	"
G. W. Lee, Buffalo, N.Y.	"
A. P. Reid, Clarion, Pa.	"
W. C. Marvin, Ovid, Mich.	"
F. S. Bissell, Kenah, Wis.	"
H. H. Clark, Lake Forest, Ill.	"
A. O. James, Cleveland, Ohio	"
C. F. Vaill, Peoria, Ill.	"
C. A. Hanna, Cadiz, Ohio	"
—— Hill, Faribault, Minn.	"

On assembling in Detroit, July 1, the tourists were hospitably received by the Detroit clubs. A party of them were entertained by President Bates, and the whole company were shown over the city, in the afternoon taking a boat for twelve miles down the beautiful Detroit river to the Wyandotte White Sulphur Spring, — a noted summer-resort.

MONDAY'S RUN.

Monday morning, at 9.30 o'clock, the customs formalities on the Canadian side of the river having been gotten through with, the tourists, at the sound of the bugle, mounted in the streets of Windsor, opposite Detroit, and started on their long trip, having seventy-two miles of riding allotted for their first day's performance. As several doubted their ability to do this distance the first day, President Bates took charge of a party of eight, who took cars for Essex Centre, sixteen miles out, where they began their wheeling. The line which filed out from Windsor was lengthened by a number of local wheelmen, who accompanied the tourists some miles. For over ninety miles the roads were excellent, and nearly level, the first hills big enough to coast handsomely being about ninety-five miles from Windsor, so that the riding for the first day and half of the second day was all easy and rapid. The order of riding observed from the start was as follows: Captain Brown, commandant and bugler; the standard-bearer, with the Chicago pennant; the Chicago Club; the other clubs in the order of their numbers; single wheelmen. Upon fairly getting out on the road the line usually stretched out, by distances between riders, from half a mile to nearly a mile in length, presenting a fine sight.

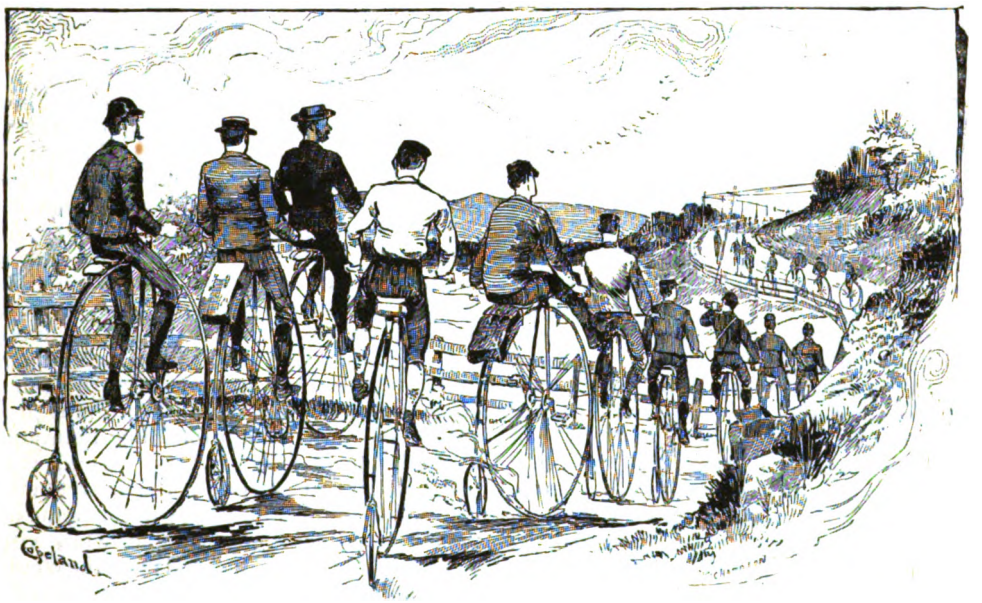
At Detroit the tourists were introduced to birch-beer, — a summer drink very popular in Maine and on this part of the Canadian border, — which was the favorite beverage till, after covering sixty miles, we ran beyond its jurisdiction. It was then succeeded by ginger-ale, or ginger-beer, as the Canadians call it. At all the villages (which were at distances of from five to seven miles apart) the hotels were instantly cleared out of these popular beverages; the rush of thirsty wheelmen being something astonishing to their proprietors. The main drink, however, was milk; and every few miles a wheelman would dismount and inquire at a farm-house for a glass of milk. Invariably the hospitable farmer would respond with a most cordial welcome, and completely strip himself and his neighbors of milk, buttermilk, and bread and milk, in a really royal attempt to entertain forty perspiring bicyclers. The road led through the richest grazing country of the province, — one of the richest on the continent, — and milk was plentiful. At intervals along the road were sheltered benches, with large milk-cans, waiting to be filled for the neighboring cheese and butter factories.

The first day's route ran from Detroit, at the foot of Lake St. Clair, across a peninsula, thirty-two miles, to Leamington, on the shore of Lake Erie; thence along and near the shore of Lake Erie for over one hundred miles (including the second

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and part of the third day's run), with occasional glimpses of the lake, a fine road, a lovely country, and frequent villages. This day's run carried us through the pretty rural villages and towns of Essex Centre, Leamington (where dinner was taken), Wheatley, Montrose, Romney, Dealtown, Buckhorn, and lesser places, to Blenheim, seventy-two miles. The morning threatened a shower, with heavy clouds showing in the west; but the tourists kept ahead of the rain. With a fresh breeze behind the speed was rapid, the whole seventy-two miles being made in eight hours, exclusive of stoppages, the pace varying from seven to eleven miles an hour. About seventeen miles out, while there was a heavy shower in Detroit, a roaring gust suddenly enveloped the long line in clouds of dust, from which, here and there, the head, the machine, or the arms of a rider protruded; and this wind was so powerful that nearly the whole line rode with legs over handles, and with brakes down, a mile or two, at a racing speed, the utmost care being required to prevent collisions in the thick cloud of dust. This same gust struck the advance party with President Bates, several miles further on, in the shape of a small cyclone, which whirled leaves, brush, dust, and light articles, high in the air, and compelled the putting down of brakes, while the party were driven along a road they could not see an inch of for more than a mile at a flying speed, luckily without accidents, the members continually calling to each other to show where they were. During this exciting run the party passed a wagon and team which had gone blindly out of the track, and overturned by the way-side.

The advance party, with President Bates, had finished their dinner at Leamington, and were waiting, when the main body arrived. Not desiring to wait an hour longer for the others to dine, they mounted and proceeded, intending to travel leisurely,



"DOWN HILL."

and allow the others to overtake them before reaching Blenheim. But the roads were excellent, the wind fair on their backs, and the temptation to make speed was irresistible. About 5 o'clock they halted at a farm-house, where the hospitable lady and her daughter made them welcome to a substantial lunch of bread and butter and milk. At 7 o'clock they stopped a long time at a village four and a half miles from Blenheim, to wait the arrival of the main body. Here they were joined by one of the riders, who had broken his wheel at Essex Centre, got it repaired, gone on by train, and returned thus far to join the party. Anxious to reach Blenheim before darkness set in, the party finally started at

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a fast pace, making not quite four and a half miles in about eighteen minutes, and giving a specimen of good road-work. Twenty minutes later the main body arrived, and were greeted with a tremendous shout, in unison, of —

"Great Scott!"

The running time of the advance party, excluding stops, was rarely or never less than ten miles an hour, rising to eleven and sometimes thirteen miles an hour, all being good riders, and not being impeded by numbers. The main body made runs this day of ten miles in forty-eight minutes, and twelve miles in fifty-five minutes. After this first day the regular order of riding, as given heretofore, was not broken, the whole company proceeding in one body.

The ambulance, which accompanied the party to carry luggage and pick up disabled machines and riders, did not reach Blenheim till about midnight. It was accompanied by a lumber-wagon, with five or six wheelmen, who, not keeping up with the main party, found travelling after dark on a strange road dangerous, and so hired this conveyance and rode in it the last six or seven miles, after stopping to eat supper at a village they had reached.

Notwithstanding this long first day's run few of the party were much fatigued; and, after the first day no rider complained at any time of fatigue. The road had been good, the day fine, the wind fair; the way was beguiled by adventure, songs, jokes, and fun; and the country passed through was a perpetual picture of rural beauty, some of its scenery possessing a peculiarly soft loveliness. The first glimpse of Lake Erie was caught near Romney, some miles beyond Leamington, and was a particularly lovely view. Here the party were met by a cool, refreshing air from the lake, ineffably refreshing, as the afternoon had grown hot; and immediately after the road turned and ran along a broad bay, with the lake lying like a dimpled mirror upon the right hand, rich farms all along the left, and grassy intervale meadows sloping gently to the water.

TUESDAY'S RUN.

While the tourists were eating breakfast at Blenheim, the next morning, rain fell. On going out to prepare for a start the sky was found overcast and a gentle shower falling. But, after waiting about an hour, the clouds broke, and a streak of sunshine appeared, and was greeted with a "one-two-three" —

"Great Scott!"

The bugle sounded long and lively with the signal to fall in, and the wheelmen, who were exhibiting fancy riding for the edification of the villagers, rapidly found their places in the line. Then came the signal to mount; the saddles were instantly occupied, and the long line wound out on the same excellent road pursued the previous day. At this moment the tourists were enlivened by the cheering strains of a fine brass band, and a carriage, drawn by a fast-trotting team, dashed to the front, playing "Hail Columbia!" which was greeted by the wheelmen with loud cheers. This band was composed of a strong Scotch farmer, of between fifty and sixty years of age, and his seven stalwart sons, ranging in age from thirty to fifteen years. They formed an excellent, well-trained band, well known in all that region of country. This band came from Palmyra to Blenheim, some thirteen or fourteen miles, with their own team, for the sole purpose of welcoming the American wheelmen. Captain Brown set a moderate pace for the wheels, and the band accompanied the party all the way to Palmyra, playing lively airs and some fine old English and Scotch music. The road led through the same quiet and lovely rural scenery as on the previous day, until, on approaching Palmyra, a moderately long hill to ascend was reached. Here, upon one of the most romantic and beautiful situations, was the home of the father and leader of the band, who, with generous hospitality, insisted upon the whole party stopping for a lunch at his house, and greeting "the mother of the lads," of whom he was justly proud. Their home stands upon the south-west slope of the hill-side, with the spire of the village church just peeping over its eastern brow, a rich meadow of intervale spreading broad and green to the waters of Lake Erie, sparkling in the sun about three quarters of a mile distant, and a long succession of gentle hills and valleys showing to the north-west. Behind the house the ground fell steeply to the bottom-land meadows, where horses and cattle fed on the luxuriant grass. The scene was photographed and sketched; and, after a substantial lunch, the tourists gave three hearty cheers and a tiger for our host and his seven stalwart sons, and three for the kindly and cheerful "mother of the lads." More frank, whole-hearted, manly hospitality than they exhibited was never shown

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to strangers travelling through a foreign land, and they will never be forgotten by any of the tourists.

The road continued excellent, with gradually increasing swells, till Clearville was reached, at a distance of about eighteen miles, where a halt was made for dinner. Here the first long hills of the tour were encountered, the hotel standing immediately at the top of one, down which the road ran smooth and hard, crossing a small rivulet over a bridge, and then climbing out of the valley by a hill, whose steepness and length caused many predictions that



HOSPITALITY OF THE NATIVES.

but few of the party could climb it without a dismount. While waiting for dinner several of the wheelmen coasted down into the valley, finding a slight jarring rise as they struck the bridge; and their labor in ascending the opposite steep, to coast back again, confirmed the prophets in their opinion that most of us would have to dismount and walk. But after dinner, at the signal to mount, one after another, at one-hundred-feet intervals, mounted and coasted down at a flying rate; and then, with a grim determination to climb that first hill, they pushed on, all but a few succeeding in riding clear to its top, where they dismounted to watch their successors. Two or three got tumbles, but without any special damage. This hill was nothing compared with some afterward ridden, the road-bed being excellent, while that of some subsequent ones was simply execrable.

Shortly after leaving this hill the road grew rapidly bad, until, in a few miles, it became positively the worst road any of the party had ever seen. Within a distance of sixteen miles were eighteen tremendous hills, made by deep valleys carved in the great clay bluffs by rapid streams of muddy water. The road, owing to the long wet season, was a conglomeration of lumps of dry, hard clay, from the size of one's fist to that of one's head, with stones, ruts, and occasional stretches of deep sand; no side-paths, no turf, no relief of any kind. The people along fifteen miles of this road left no imprint of any foot-travel. Even where hamlets were found of from fifteen to thirty houses, there were no side-paths from house to house. The road generally was not even walkable; it had no flat surface big enough to plant one's foot on. Certainly it was the worst *dry* road I ever saw.

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Here was a test of riding abilities; whereever there was even a bare possibility of riding wheelmen would mount and attempt it for a few rods, till the men walking would pass them. Yet some of these tremendous hills were coasted over, notwithstanding the lumps of clay and stones, and a few were ridden up on the wheel. It was here that "Massachusetts" achieved distinction. Down one of these long, steep, fearfully rough hills he would come calmly coasting at a slow pace, winding in and out through the line, several times slipping and sliding with nonchalant ease down the perilous pitch of a way-side ditch four to six feet deep, and up out of it again to pass those who had fallen in the road; and then his big 60-inch wheel would slowly, and with apparently no effort, pick its way over all sorts of obstructions up the opposite steep, where most of the company found it a wind-breaking and back-aching effort to walk. But this experience did more to make good, hardy daring road-riders of the party than days of good travelling could have done. After this there was nothing they felt the least hesitation to attempt, so sharply were nerve, judgment, eye, hand, and foot trained by this afternoon's adventures.

After about fifteen miles of this sort of thing the road gradually mended, until at last the whole party were enabled to mount and ride into Wallacetown for supper, having done a trifle over forty miles during the day.

WEDNESDAY'S RUN.

Wednesday morning the party was joined by the gentleman who was thenceforth to act as our guide through Canada, and who accompanied the party all the way to Buffalo. He immediately made himself useful and popular.

Mounting about 8 o'clock, the route lay through the pretty villages of Iona and Fingal to St. Thomas, which is one of the most thriving, wide-awake, and rapidly-growing cities of Canada. The roads were excellent, with a few long but easy hills, which furnished fine coasting and pleasant climbing. In the township of Fingal, just before reaching St. Thomas, one division of the party was halted and entertained in the charming home of the member of parliament for that district.

St. Thomas lies upon the east bank of the winding Thames river, which has eaten out a tremendous gulch through the high plateau of clay. This gulch is spanned by the famous high trestle wooden bridge of the Canada Southern railway, soon to be replaced with an iron and steel structure. This bridge has figured in many illustrations. The common highway, however, winds steeply down the sides of the gulch, crossing the stream on a lower bridge, and passing under the great trestle-work railway viaduct. From below one gets a fine view of this spider-web-looking timber framework, which looks gossamer from its height, notwithstanding the vast weights of flying trains which go roaring over it. Down this winding road only a few of the party coasted, its steepness and length deterring most; beside, they had all by this time gotten over the first disposition to coast or climb just to see if it could be done, and were content to do the road in the easiest way, satisfied that they *could* coast or climb, if they thought it worth while. A few also rode up out of the ravine into the city, — a difficult feat.

At St. Thomas the resident wheelmen extended a hearty welcome. This is one of the bicy cling centres of the province, containing in itself and vicinity many fine riders. As the party were only to halt for dinner, however, the most that could be done was the exchange of cordial greetings, and a rapid showing over the town. Here a good soda-fount was discovered, — an institution which seems to be somewhat rare in Canada, — and, as this was the first one so far found on the tour, a delegation of wheelmen immediately formed in procession, and proceeded to astonish *la belle Canadienne* who presided, by drinking the fount nearly dry in memory of home and the bar-strangled spanner, this being the Fourth of July.

At dinner in the hotel, the company came to order, when one of the wheelmen rose and gravely propounded: "Who was General George Washington?" to which the entire company responded in unison: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen"; with a heavy emphasis on the last word, followed by a stamping chorus from an old college air, which shook the building, and almost paralyzed the waiters. Then the star-spangled banner was enthusiastically cheered, in a way to nearly raise the roof; and the demands of both patriotism and appetite were considered duly honored.

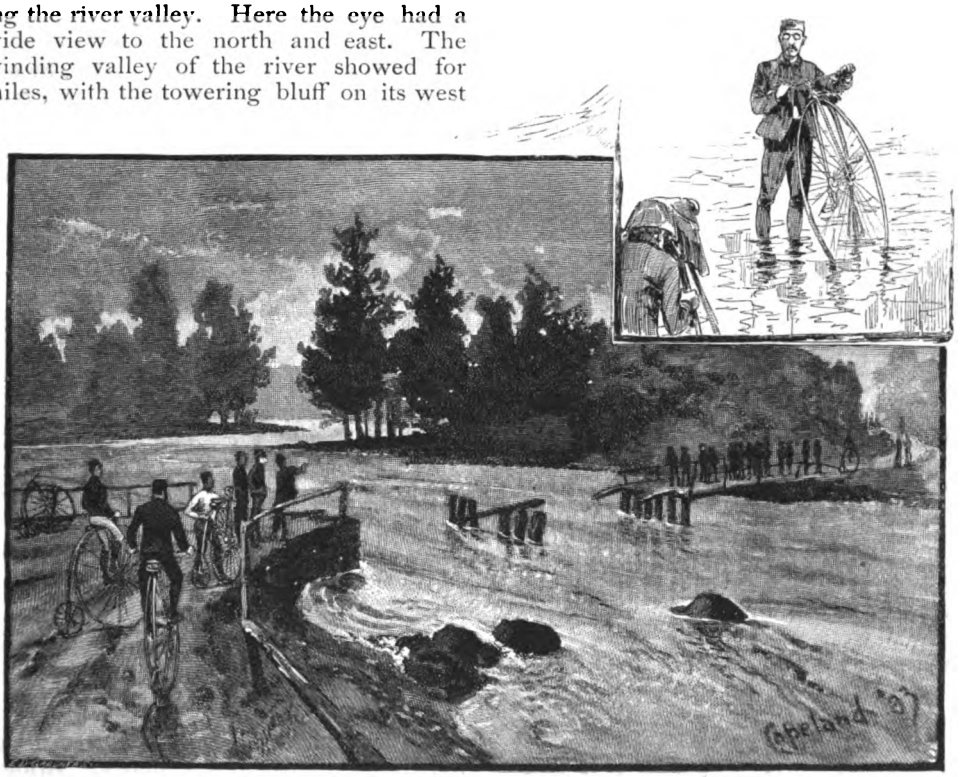
OUT IN THE GREAT STORM.

After dinner the procession formed to proceed to London; but the appearance of

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the sky delayed the start. Threatening clouds, of a portentous aspect, had risen in the north-western sky, accompanied by whirling and ragged streaks of vapor, which denoted a strong wind. A slight drizzle fell at St. Thomas, but the heavens were still clear in the south-west, and it was thought that only a passing shower, which would soon be over, was at hand.

The leaders of the touring party now advanced to the brow of the hill overlooking the river valley. Here the eye had a wide view to the north and east. The winding valley of the river showed for miles, with the towering bluff on its west



THE OLD BRIDGE.

side. Far over this valley were successive streaks of driving rain, with a slant fall, denoting a furious gale, though there was hardly any air blowing in St. Thomas. These successive rain-showers moving over the valley were evidently down-pours of the most violent description. They darkened and shut out the view as they passed, to be succeeded by patches of gray light. Each shower was accompanied by vivid lightning and loud thunder peals. It was a magnificent sight.

After waiting about an hour and a half the clouds up the valley seemed to become much lighter, the sun shone where we were, and it was generally believed that the rain was over, having passed to the north of us. Captain Brown hesitated and asked various opinions, as he was a leader not to turn back when once started. All united in saying that the shower was over; and, though we were going up the valley, directly towards where the showers had been raging, the roads would soon dry, and a trifle of wet would not hurt their surfaces.

With one long, misgiving look at the sky, which appeared promising just then, Captain Brown gave the signal to mount, and the long line filed out and proceeded down the steep hill into the valley, by the road which it had come on entering the city, under the southern railway viaduct. But, at the foot of the hill, the road turned sharply to the right, crossed the river on a low bridge, traversed a half mile of flats, and then began slowly to climb the western slope by a long and easy incline leading up the valley. On the flats and on this long incline were evidences of the showers we had seen.

The sharp edge of the gulch cut off the view westward, and we noticed, with some uneasiness, that ragged clouds, threatening

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another shower, were streaming over the brow of the bluff. Then there was something curious about that long incline. To the eye it seemed — it was — an easy grade, up which one ought to bowl right along. To be sure it was a trifle wet; but the surface looked smooth, and the wheels did not cut in. Nevertheless the wheels went slowly, and everybody was evidently tugging heavily, as if on a steep hill. It seemed to me that something must surely be the matter with my wheel, and finally I dismounted to examine it. A dozen others experienced the same delusion. The trouble was that the surface of the road was a peculiarly sticky, grayish-white clay. Presently the whole line, including the most powerful riders, were walking. Arriving at last at the top, the sky showed a fierce shower close at hand, and everybody mounted in haste. But the road was wet, sticky, and heavy, and speed was impossible. Riding was a steady, hard pull, even at a slow pace.

Presently the shower came with a drenching down-pour. Everybody near any sort of shelter instantly rushed for it. A barn, a house, a few thick trees, each sheltered a dripping crowd. How it did rain! All the windows of heaven were opened, and the squirts — not drops — of rain hissed and smoked along the ground. Every wheelman who failed to reach a shelter at once was drenched from head to foot in a moment; but from the barns and houses, and from groups under trees, the sounds of laughter and good cheer were heard. Gleemaster Hibbard struck up: —

"Our big round wheels do roll,
And carry us day by day;
Then come along with me on the cycle of the free,
And we'll drive dull care away, away, away,
We'll drive dull care away."

And everybody joined in the rollicking chorus. After half an hour of detention the rain ceased, and the wheelmen again took to the road. Going from the house or barn to the road, the grass was wet; at each side of the road ran foaming rivulets; the puddles were all overflowing. Canvass shoes were instantly wet through, and leather ones filled with water. The clay top of the road was deepened in stickiness, and also made slippery. Riding was slow, and every now and again some one got a fall, and rose muddy from head to foot. After proceeding a mile, during which the strong riders got far ahead, — it requiring strength more than speed to plough through the mud, another, and still severer, storm suddenly swooped upon the line. Those near shelter again sought it. Those who were farther off had to dismount and foot it, as no rider could sit the saddle in such a gust and down-pour. For an hour it rained in great sheets and torrents. Such a rain the oldest inhabitants said they had never known. Then, again another mount, and ride forward; then another rain. The wheels slipped, stumbled, and rolled along slowly, the riders getting many dismounts. Some walked in mud and water ankle-deep. But, by and by, after six miles or thereabouts had been made, the rains made the mud more liquid, and the pace mended a little.

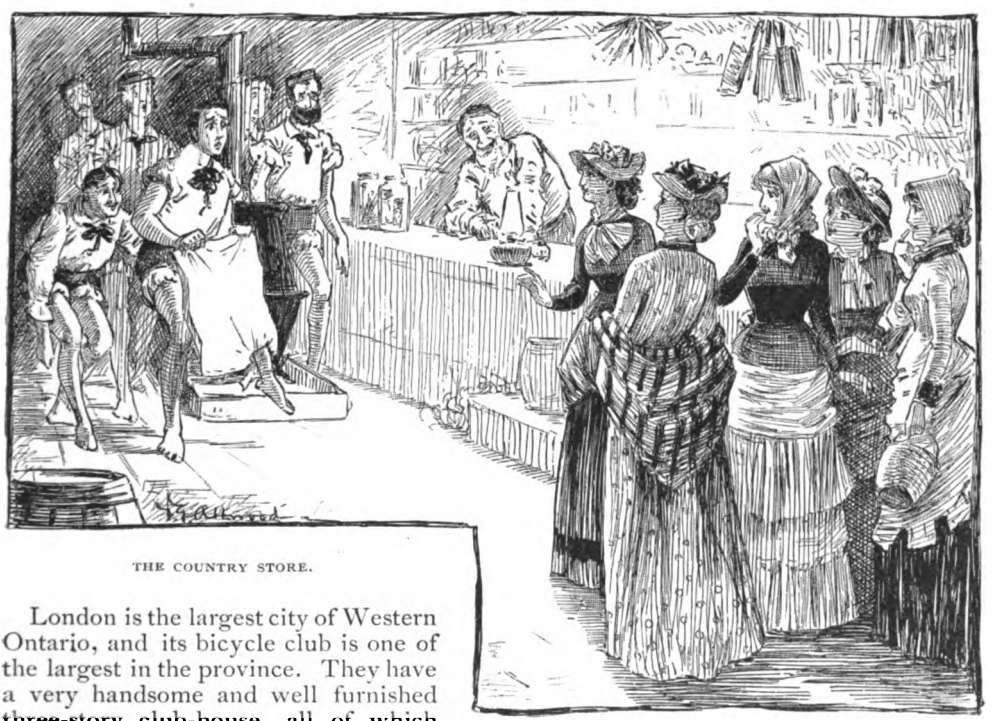


THOSE RUBBER TROUSERS.

By this time the rivers and streams of the country were raging floods. Bridges began to go down; dams were swept away; breaks were worked out of the roads through embankments; the grain-fields were beaten flat; cornfields in low places were turned into lakes. Approaching a bridge, about seven miles out from St. Thomas, the head of the column found the flats for an eighth of a mile before and after reaching the bridge covered with a sheet of water from a few inches to two and a half or three feet deep. The stream was a raging torrent. A dam had gone down above, and the bridge was momentarily expected to go. The party were warned not to cross it. Right here the artistic passion got possession of our guide, and "Massachusetts," after taking a dismount, obligingly stood up to his knees in the water, while his photograph was taken.

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Before all the party could cross the bridge it was struck by a long floating timber, and went down, cutting off six of the rear division, who turned back and spent the night at the little hamlet of Talbotville, where they found shelter in a small country tavern. The rest of the party struggled on into London, which they reached in squads, from 8 to 10 o'clock, wet, muddy, and hungry. Here, after bathing and putting on dry clothing, and turning their wet garments over to the hotel laundry to be cleaned and dried, they were taken in charge by the London club of wheelmen, and made as happy as possible.



THE COUNTRY STORE.

London is the largest city of Western Ontario, and its bicycle club is one of the largest in the province. They have a very handsome and well furnished three-story club-house, all of which they occupy. Here they entertained the tourists hospitably, and the evening was spent merrily till a late hour.

Here let me mention that Dr. Pruyn, our surgeon, when it began to rain, put on his wheelman's rubber suit, consisting of long tight drawers, which pull over the feet and fasten at the waist; a short jacket, which reaches below the tops of the drawers; and a *capote* to cover the head. He was the envy of the whole line, till it was discovered that this suit possesses one fatal defect. When a wheelman gets a fall in water and mud a foot deep, there is no device in this suit to let out the water which runs down the back of his neck, and fills all his pockets, and swells out the legs. What is needed is a self-acting drain-valve at the heels.

THE SIX CASTAWAYS.

The first movement of the six who were cut off by the broken bridge was to inquire how they could get out of their plight. Inquiry revealed the fact that three other bridges in the vicinity were gone; and that there would be no way to get to London in the morning except to go back to St. Thomas and take a train. This being settled, they made themselves at home at the little hotel and called for supper. Bread and butter and milk, cold meat, and new onions, constituted the fare. As the six were not often where they could indulge in new onions, they made the most of this opportunity, and devoured about a peck of these aromatic vegetables. At breakfast the next morning some of them again indulged, saying that it would "astonish the boys"; and there is no doubt that it did.

After supper they took off their wet stockings and shoes, and made a bargain with the landlady to wash and dry them, and also to dry their wet uniforms after they should retire. Then they rolled up

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their knickerbockers as high as they would go; also rolled up their sleeves to the shoulders; and went out and waded in the swollen creek, with the bare-legged little boys and girls of the hamlet. It was just too lovely for anything; especially making mud-pies in the street with their toes. About 9 o'clock they discovered a small shop still open, and went in and purchased candy to fire at the village urchins. While in this store, to their horror there entered five young village belles, from sixteen to twenty or more years of age. "Great Scott!" Seeing the tourists in this condition, the young ladies were struck with a fit of merriment; whereat President Bates got behind a small stove, and called upon his fellow-sufferers to fall in behind him, which they did with great alacrity. Then Mr. Hibbard, with remarkable presence of mind, grabbed a big paper-bag, burst his feet through the bottom, pinned the top to his waistband, and the other five fell in behind him and filed out under his cover, in penitentiary marching style, while the young ladies resolved themselves into a pile of giggling loveliness in a corner of the store, their merry laughter following us out into the dark in a silvery chorus.

After breakfast in the morning, with dry uniforms, the six stacked their machines in a lumber-wagon, and drove four miles to the St. Thomas railway station. On the way they were halted by a farmer with a big monkey-wrench in his hand, with which he was nailing a board upon his fence, which some bicycler had knocked off in the rush for shelter from the rain the day before. Waving the big wrench in his clenched right hand, he loudly demanded who had done it, and fiercely expressed his intention of making it warm for somebody. As the six were innocent they drove on, leaving him gesticulating angrily by the roadside.

Boarding the train at St. Thomas their troubles were not yet over. Some miles out there was a big break in the high embankment. Here the train stopped, and the passengers got out and made their way as best they could across the obstruction to where another train was waiting.

The morning's ride showed the great damage done by the storm. The river had everywhere overflowed its banks. Crops were levelled to the ground; fences in the lowlands were washed away; fields of corn were still covered with muddy water; many buildings had been flooded and families driven out; great trees were uprooted by the rushing current, and devastation reigned everywhere. Another storm, two days later, raised the floods to such a height that thirty-five persons were drowned, and immense damage was done.

[To be continued.]

THE ASPENS.

Is there a subtle sadness
  Made vocal through their leaves?
Have they no natural gladness,
  On vernal morns and eves?
Watch how the aspens quiver,
  Within the garden close;
Their foliage seems to shiver
  Forlornly o'er the rose.

I cannot deem it madness
  To think that they are drear,
With no brief thrills of gladness
  From summer light and air.
In grief that does not languish
  The aspens stand alone;
They voiced the earliest anguish
  Our world *had* ever known!

Wm. H. Hayne.

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CANOES AND CANOEISTS.

A RETROSPECTIVE OUTLOOK.

THE United States census of 1880, doubtless through an inexplicable oversight on the part of the Commissioner, ignored canoeists; but he was excusable, perhaps, since in 1870 there was not an organized canoe club within reach of his canvassers. Judging, however, from the promise of 1883, the next report will, if members and worth be taken into the account, be obliged to schedule the knights of the paddle in a table by themselves. Surely, if twenty-five manufacturers of wall-paper deserve recognition, five or six thousand canoeists, representing many million dollars' worth of muscle, good fellowship, and hearty out-of-door life, are entitled to like consideration.

After the New York Club was organized, in 1871, there was a long period when the most hopeful among us, while well satisfied to sail till the crack of doom in comparative solitude, were fain to think that canoeing was destined to fail of popular favor. In 1880 sanguine persons spoke of a "boom," when fifty canoeists met at Lake George, some with and some without canoes. In '81 there were more. In '82 the writer hereof counted seventy, — all under canvas at one and the same time, — and this did not include those that were afloat under a spruce breeze. At Stony Lake, last year, there were near five hundred persons in camp altogether, some of them bringing their families with them, and all glorying in the actual presence of some three hundred and fifty canoes, under full canvas, most of them flying the red and white burgee of the A.C.A.

Reviewing the past twelve months from the threshold of another season, a marked change is manifest, and there is no more delicate test than the columns of publications devoted to out-door sports. One may count a score of advertisements where, three years ago, there were only two or three. Almost every boat-builder of skill and enterprise now calls especial attention to his canoes, or to his peculiar facilities for providing equipments in the way of sails, centre-boards, paddles, tents, or steering-gear. The official organ of the Canoe Association has passed safely into its third volume, a feat hitherto unknown in this branch of journalism, for its predecessors, published in the fatherland of modern canoeing, enjoyed, or endured, but a short and precarious existence. Almost every sporting publication that has a place worth keeping in the public estimation has now a regular canoeing editor, and a department devoted to the interests of the guild.

A few years ago there were barely half a dozen clubs in the country. Now the fullest available list enumerates thirty-one, and is confessedly incomplete. The American Canoe Association reports, through its busy Secretary, Dr. C. A. Neide, of Schuylersville, N.Y., an active membership of five hundred and sixty-eight, and this mention of his name and address will, no doubt, bring to his already over-crowded post-office box some scores of letters asking for information.

Looking northward across the Canada line we find canoeists with a genealogical record. As a recreation, canoeing dates back with the Kanucks indefinitely, and there are those who claim that Jacques Cartier and Champlain were gentlemen canoeists, aside from their professional engagements as soldiers and missionaries. To them the mushroom growth of "Yankee" canoeing looks a trifle presumptuous, and one could not blame them if they should feel a trifle piqued because the sport on this side of the ocean has received its present impulse from American zeal and enterprise. Nevertheless, they have nobly met us more than half-way, have sent delegations to the Lake George meets, and taught us last year, at Stony Lake, a great many things that we did not know before.

I may mention here that when a boy, in 1855, or thereabouts, I saw on a St. Lawrence steamer a small lapstreak boat which to-day might easily pass for a modification of a shadow canoe. Does any one know anything of her, or of her sister craft? Let her owner announce himself, and take issue of precedence with Rob Roy Macgregor.

It is worth while to note the modifications which have been wrought by international association. While the Canadians at first despised the double-paddle as a means of canoe propulsion, it has now

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fairly won its way at least to respectful recognition, while the Canadian models and methods of construction are largely modifying the ideas of American builders. A few years ago, for instance, nearly all our boats had floors which were either perfectly straight fore and aft or only slightly rockered. Now one can hardly find a modern boat which is not decidedly curved along the line of garboard-streaks, whether she has a keel or not. Again, the Canadians have hitherto persisted in building open canoes, but now photographs are shown of graceful smooth-skinned craft, with full decks, water-tight compartments, hatches, sliding bulkheads, and all the rest. American builders must look to their laurels, now that Peterboro' is turning out boats that meet the requirements of yachtsmen as well as of hunters and lumbermen. They may well study principle of construction, which are the result of many years of patient experiment, and of tests which have proved the work under every condition of rough service. The American builder, who takes a leaf from the book of his Kanuck brother in this matter of construction, will reap a golden harvest, for the import duties are at present practically prohibitory.

In sailing, we may perhaps fairly claim to have taught our neighbors more than they have taught us, though we believe we have to thank them, after Lord Ross, its inventor, for the introduction of the lateen-sail, which is probably the greatest favorite to-day for cruising, while the lug, in its various modifications, carries off the palm for racing. (This is in full recognition of the fact that a lateen, with a jib to the fore, won the sailing prize at Stony Lake.) The lug has become popular almost to the exclusion of all others for this purpose. The ease with which it is reefed, when properly provided with lateen and running-gear, commends it for general use on salt-water; while its shape, when set, seems to guarantee the most effective degree of effort possible for a given area of canvas. The best opinion among canoeists at present favors the conclusion that a lug will send a boat through the water faster, under all ordinary conditions, than will any other form of sail as yet devised.

The one indisputable advantage of the lateen over the lug is the shortness of its masts, which can be left standing habitually when under paddle, and the ease with which sail, spars, and all, can be wholly detached from the mast and stowed below, or used when in camp for a temporary awning. When, as on an ordinary cruise, there is a frequent necessity of changing from paddle to sail, and *vice versâ*, the labor of stepping and unstepping masts may easily become troublesome; and every one who has tried it knows how vexatious it is to paddle with a tall mast on end to catch the wind and render the boat irresponsive to the paddle-stroke. The beauty and grace of a well-made lateen are also to be considered, while its sailing power is by no means despicable, even when compared with the generally victorious lug.

Each of these popular favorites has, in short, enough advantages of its own to assure it of a permanent host of adherents, at least until that indisputably perfect rig is invented which shall leave no room for a choice in any reasonable person's mind.

The year saw a somewhat marked movement in the direction of tandem, or double canoes, capable of carrying two persons comfortably, and at the same time available for one. The length of such a canoe is about sixteen feet, — about two feet longer, that is, than the ordinary single canoe. The beam is about thirty-one inches. The advocates of these boats claim that, while they are far more roomy than singles, they are nearly as easy to paddle single-handed, and have the great advantage of rendering companionship possible when desired. There are certain dangers to be considered in this relation, since it renders the solitary canoeist far more accessible to the wiles of designing young women than he would otherwise be. Given a canoe capable of carrying two persons comfortably, and no human foresight can guard against the occasional presence of woman as the extra person. Of course there is no objection to this in the abstract; but the influence of woman is largely adverse to canoeing, and as such should be held strictly in abeyance, unless evidences of the true canoeing spirit are apparent. The introduction of the tandem canoe is also looked upon with suspicion as a move in the direction of the admission of cruisers of a larger class to the association. It is certain that the canoe is the natural training school of the yachtsman, and when a canoeist becomes the owner of a sea-going craft he always goes through a period of uncertainty as to his club relations. It seems hard that he should be compelled to give up all his former associations when they are so essentially identical with the spirit of his new venture.

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There are many canoeists who believe that the Canoe Association would be strengthened by retaining the allegiance of men who have become enamored of larger craft.

Perhaps the greatest recent improvement, in the matter of fittings, is seen in centre-boards and steering-gear. In the former, several varieties of folding boards have been thoroughly tested and found practically serviceable. In the latter, a number of devices have been introduced, one of which, known as the "spring gear," — the invention, we believe, of the captain of "The Raven," A. C. A., — seems to give perfect satisfaction where it has been tried.

The photographic camera has become so common an adjunct of the canoeist's outfit that this paper would be incomplete without some mention of its virtues. Within the year two or three great improvements have been made in developers, gelatine dry-plates, and cameras, so that the space occupied by the necessary traps is largely reduced, and the possibility of keeping an absolutely truthful pictorial record of the trip is within the reach of any one who can bring himself to spend from $25 upwards for an outfit. Of course the instantaneous process vastly widens the possibilities of making an enjoyable record of canoe life, and every season brings out improvements in this direction. Properly equipped the canoeist can lay down his paddle, or steer with his feet, if under sail, and, sighting with his patent auxiliary lens, take any desired object or group "on the fly," without so much as stopping to cover his head with the uncomfortable black cloth, which has heretofore been one of the trials of the photographer.

New York canoeists have this winter centralized their interests and kept up the *cameraderie* of warmer weather by a tri-weekly series of "camp-fires," the last two or three of which have been held in the pleasant rooms of the Kit-Kat Club, an association of artists, having its head-quarters at No. 23 West Fourteenth street. Here members of the New York and Knickerbocker clubs have met, and almost always there have been accessions from transient visitors or from unattached canoeists of the vicinity. Subjects have been given out for discussion, and generally some member has prepared himself to occupy a half-hour in order to spin the ball. Little formality is observed, the main thing being to keep up a tolerably steady round of talk, question and answer, on the subject under consideration. The subject for the meeting of Jan. 29, for instance, was "Amateur Photography," and Mr. Seavey, the artist, gave some interesting explanations of methods, and exhibited some beautiful new cameras; and the subject for Feb. 19 was "Tents and Camp Equipage."

We believe that some other clubs keep up winter meetings, and the practice is certainly a good one. So far as we have heard, moreover, none of these gatherings have degenerated to the grade of carousals, as is so apt to be the case with social meetings of young men under conditions which free them from all restraint.

Charles L. Norton.

BEVERLY FARMS.

MAIDEN of Beverly, timid and shy,
Turn not in fear or in wonder from me!
'Tis but a wheelman, dusty and dry,
Craving a cup of cold water from thee!

Maiden of Beverly, truth, they say, lies
Deep in the bottomless depths of a well.
'Tis a delusion — I drink to thine eyes —
For truth in their purity only can dwell.

Charles Richards Dodge.

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SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.[1]

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fair Weather," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FEW days later Nelville, with his mother and Longley, were joined by young Lamar, his sister, and Miss Brownby, in an excursion to the upper portion of the lake, where, it was represented, one could find respite from the intense heat, with some probability of catching a few trout.

Longley was at the tiller, — they were in Nelville's boat, — with Miss Brownby by his side, her pretty, coquettish face glowing with pleasure.

Mrs. Nelville and Lamar were talking together near the middle of the boat, whilst Nelville and Louise Lamar were well forward, where, at every tack, they had to dodge the shifting boom of the mainsail.

A huge basket of provisions, guarded with great care by a boy servant from the Nelville kitchen, occupied a prominent place just forward of the mast, where the spiteful whipping of the jib made keen music.

The breeze was full of tricks, veering constantly, and breaking, now and then, into puffs, which rendered the management of the little craft quite difficult; but the sky was cloudless, and the sunshine not too hot for comfort.

Their objective point was Pig Island, a beautiful spot for such a name, situated in the farthest bight of the lake. Before landing there, however, Longley, by cunning tacks and long runs close in by the wind, took the boat past all the most picturesque parts of the bright sheet of water, during which the fitful breeze played mad pranks with them, causing their sail to jibe once or twice, in spite of his careful seamanship.

"There is going to be a dead calm," said Nelville, looking doubtfully from lake to sky, and from sky to lake, "and, as I live, I forgot to have the oars put in! We might be left in a serious predicament if the breeze should drop, and leave us 'midmost the waters wan,' as William Morris expresses it."

"Oh, I was never becalmed in my life!" cried Miss Brownby; "I think it would be too nice for anything. I wish the breeze would kindly expire for my especial benefit."

"All right," said Longley; "I'll go right to the island; and, when we've made our landing, the calm may come. For my part, I've always desired a taste of Crusoe life, with some Crusoesses to make it lively."

Nelville turned from Miss Brownby to Louise Lamar, with a little laugh, and said: —

"Miss Brownby and Longley seem to agree exactly to-day."

Louise did not reply. Really she did not hear. She was leaning over the gunwale, and watching the little waves.

Miss Brownby, as Longley looked at her, seemed to grow more archly and coquettishly beautiful all the time. She, too, was leaning over the side of the boat, her broad hat tilted towards one shoulder, her bright hair and vivacious eyes relieving the delicate whiteness of her well-shaped face.

"How like some shy, sensitive waterfowl the boat glides along!" said Louise, reaching down with her hand and trying to touch some of the bolder waves. "It slips, and sidles, and starts, precisely as I've seen the little summer ducks do on the Florida streams."

"Have you been much in Florida?" asked Nelville, intently watching her hand.

"Yes," she said; "I have spent two or three winters at Jacksonville, Fernandina, and St. Augustine. I have many friends in Jacksonville."

"You may have known Colonel Lartain's family," said Nelville, with a show of mere chance inquiry; "they used to winter there."

"Oh, yes; Miss Augusta Lartain was my dearest friend, my elder sister almost, during one whole season. Do you know her?"

Nelville murmured something about having met her, or having visited the family often, and averted his face, not being prepared for her pointed question.

"She is married now. I had a letter from her only last week," said Louise; "she married a French nobleman, — I can't recall his name."

"Yes, I had heard," responded Nelville.

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His voice was steady, and he was surprised at his own placidity. He recollected his parting with Augusta Lartain, in Switzerland, and all the sharp pain it caused, and the sequel. A close observer might have detected in his face the evidence of a struggle going on within him; but it did not last, for his eyes brightened as he watched the girl beside him. Her simple ways, girlish and fresh, yet full of those indescribable evidences of high-breeding so often the charm of young Southern women, affected him in a strangely soothing manner, as a breeze might, blowing off a field of perfumed flowers. He studied her face, and saw the varying expression caused by her fitful, innocent fancies. Miss Lartain faded out of his mind, and, somehow, he felt better acquainted with Louise, and surer of his feelings towards her.

Miss Brownby, always alert and ready for comparisons, amused herself at intervals by noting certain marked differences between Nelville and Longley. The latter seemed careless, socially uninitiated, but sharp and original; the former bore himself like one bred in good clothes and used to conventional refinements. Longley appeared to look upon a young woman — herself, for instance — as a child looks upon some cleverly constructed toy; but he was so kindly eyed, and had such an honest, serious voice, that she felt ready to trust him; and he seemed full of fascinating electrical force, — a reserve of nerve-power, — a sparkling overflow of health, or some more occult element not often so marked in one so evidently unaware of its presence. Nelville, too, was honest and true; but his manhood clothed itself in that reserve and self-consciousness which grow with worldly experience. His voice was a pleasantly manly one, but it had all the modulations and mannerisms of home and foreign social training.

Miss Brownby herself was barely a woman, not past eighteen; but she had been floating very successfully for two seasons in the brilliant society of Louisville, Cynthiana, Lexington, and Frankfort. She was quick, light, easy, and always gracious.

"Is it hard to steer the boat?" she inquired of Longley, as if it did not matter in the least if he preferred not to answer.

"No," he said; "but it begins to look as if we were never going to make our port."

"Why, there's no hurry, is there? We've the day before us. It's very sweet to idle along in this way, I think." She put her delicately gloved hand on the tiller, and made pretence of helping him work it. The movement, the slight contact of one finger with his wrist, the air of gentle good-fellowship, touched him tenderly. He looked at her hand, and then at her face. He liked her quick, bright eyes and pouting red lips. Her drapery, too, — for, somehow, clothes seemed not the word, — was a result of that art which hides art; it was clinging, creased and folded properly, and the lights and shades were always right. It pleased — it deeply satisfied him. She had a way of seeming to mean more than her phrasing readily expressed, — a way of leaving him to work out little problems which offered two or three solutions. He rather liked this, too. Then she sometimes said quite witty things, a few almost ironical things, and very many airy nothings about as pointless and altogether enjoyable as the rustling of leaves and bird-wings in a grove. She was as piquant and lively and as wholly preposterous, at times, as a novelette by one of those writers who make four of them a year and do verse for the magazines besides.

When, at last, the landing on the island had been made the party found a high, airy bluff, wooded with oaks and pines, where deep shade and short wild-grass offered luxurious accommodations.

As Nelville had predicted it fell calm, not so much as a cat's-paw ruffling the greenish-blue bosom of the lake.

There was a small spring stream, tumbling down from the rocky heights of the island, into which Longley decided to cast a fly; he had fetched a light bamboo rod and tackle along.

Miss Brownby immediately expressed a desire to go with him. She had never seen any one catch a fish.

"I am afraid you'll make too much racket," said Longley, with a good-natured bluntness.

"Oh, but I'll be like a mouse!" she cried. "I'll whisper if I must talk. I'll be ever so still."

So they went down to a pool near by, into which a noisy little cataract fell, and seated themselves on some big stones. A cool moisture pervaded the air, and there were vague palpitations in the currents that blew across the water. Boulders of immense size protruded above the eddies here and there, showing dull, half-transparent shadows beside them, — fine lurking-spots for trout.

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There is nothing, tender music excepted, which so sharply accentuates the beauty of a woman, and so enhances the fascination of her presence, as the sounds and other kindred influences of running water. In fact, a handsome young lady seems made to sit by a babbling summer stream and watch with half-smiling, half-dreaming face the shadowy eddies and shimmering currents. Her lips, pink, dewy, half-parted, her bright hair, her ribbons and ruffles, her lithe form and delicate tints, add more to the stream's picturesqueness, and receive more enhancement from it, and seem more a part of it, than heron or plover, with the flowers, and rushes, and trees thrown in to help them.

Miss Brownby was instinctively aware that she had posed herself successfully, and that she was looking her very best. She felt that all the conditions were propitious, and that a harmless and altogether delightful power reached from her to her light-hearted, sincere companion.

Longley himself, when he glanced up from his line to her face, as she sat rather above him, and caught the finely cut outline of her profile and bust, her graceful shoulders, and the slightly drooping contour of her whole figure, felt a sensation flow over him not unlike that when he sat with Miss Lamar in the garden by the fountain. This experience, vague and remote in its effect, was so new and wonderful that he felt impelled to sing like a bird — almost to skip like a lamb. He repressed himself with difficulty, and as the fish, if any were there, refused his fly, he whipped the pool carelessly and at random, watching Miss Brownby's serious air of expectancy. How tenderly the water murmured! How dreamy the utter idleness of the air! He became at length so absorbed studying her that he let the tip of his fishing-rod draggle in the water. Thereupon she glanced quickly at him, and, with disappointment in her eyes and voice, said: —

"You are not trying at all to catch a fish. I believe you're going to sleep."

He made the movement of one recovering himself from a deep revery, and, drawing up his line, exclaimed, "You absorbed me. I was looking at your perfect pose and outline"; then, fearing she was mistaking his purpose, he added: "No, I don't mean a silly compliment; I speak as an artist. Beauty always charms me, and you are so beautiful. Let me sketch you?"

No one could have refused him outright, he looked so matter-of-fact and conscientiously earnest.

"What for?" she asked.

"Because it will make me happy to catch the secret of your lines." He drew from his pocket a small sketch-book and pencils. "Now turn aside your face and look at the water," he added.

It was impossible for her not to comply; but a slight disturbance took place in her breast; a faint flush leaped over her face, and, somehow, all the little touches of artificiality disappeared from her features. Just then a wave of perfect happiness swept over her. Longley fell quickly to work, and presently Miss Brownby came out on the grayish paper, line by line, without a wrong stroke or an ineffective touch.

The young lady, however, began to regret giving her consent; but so rapidly did his pencil go, that he had finished before she could form a gentle phrase of reconsideration.

"That will do, thank you," he said presently, holding up the sketch for her inspection, and adding, "It was right kind of you to let me make it." He enjoyed her start of surprise, as she saw the strength, naturalness, and beauty of the drawing, mere outline though it was.

"You are so lovely — so truly beautiful," he said, in a quiet, satisfied tone. "I never saw any one so kind and good."

She looked at him quickly and searchingly. His eyes were honest, and tender, and strong; the light from them was as clear and pure as the brook at her feet. Her ready replies were all out of her reach. She could call up no bright blade of wit with which to parry his serious flattery. She merely said: —

"Is it like me? It is beautifully done."

"Mere black and white cannot be like you. You have such pure and delicate shades of color and expression," he replied, glancing back and forth from the picture to her face. Then he added, reflectively, "I have always thought I should love a girl like you."

Mrs. Nelville's voice calling them to lunch interposed just in time to stop the conversation at this point, and Longley, as he helped Miss Brownby to rise, slipped the sketch-book into his pocket. They went at once to where the cloths were spread for the repast.

Young Lamar, some distance aside on the root of a tree, sat as if in a deep study. He looked like a man whose conscience was ill at ease. Longley noticed this, and

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surmised that the farmer's daughter, over yonder in the hills, was in some way connected with his mood. However, when Louise called him he arose, and, covering his gloom with a smile, joined them with his usual winning gentleness of manner.

"Bob," said Nelville to his servant-boy, "wipe the smut and ashes off your face. You look as though you'd been stirring the fire with your nose."

Bob fumbled in the pocket of his short coat for a handkerchief, and, in lifting that article out, inadvertently brought with it a letter, which fell to the ground at Longley's feet. It bore the subscription, "Miss Janet Wilson, Cedar Springs," etc.

"What does this mean, sir?" cried Longley, picking it up, and, in a little tremor of perturbation, running his eyes over it.

"Oh, I'd done forgot that letter," said the boy. "I found it in the street, and meant to ax somebody what could read whose it was; but I stuck it in my pocket, and forgot it."

"It is a letter addressed to Miss Janet Wilson," said Longley, "and it is postmarked at New York."

"The dryad!" exclaimed Nelville; "good excuse for you to revisit her."

"And, pray, who is the dryad?" quickly inquired Miss Brownby.

"She's a blonde beauty, of whom Longley has made a striking sketch, and who, eventually, will make havoc of him," was the reply. "She lives up in the hills above the town."

"The havoc is already begun," said Longley, holding up his hand to exhibit the long, slender cicatrice left of the scratch Miss Janet had given him on the day he rescued her from the cow. "Her finger-nails did *that!*"

The ladies looked at each other; and Nelville and Lamar laughed.

Slowly and sweetly the day drew on towards its close. A perfect hush hung over the lake and island. No clouds, no wind, no bird-songs. A sheen of water and a shimmer of sky, a few gulls wheeling in the sunny depths overhead, the wood still and soundless.

At length the sun set grandly in a flaring jet of splendor, and the twilight crept on apace with no sign of a breath from any quarter.

The moon swept up through space against the blue, like a golden quoit flung from a deity's hand, glowing bravely, and flooding the water and the wood with a grateful light.

The little party behaved fitfully. Its members drew together now, and chatted, standing in a huddle; then they would fly apart in twos or threes, walking on the bluffs or on the still, white beach.

Longley suddenly found Miss Brownby shy and hard to approach alone. She said sharp things to every one, and seemed restless. He felt himself continually drawn towards her. He had in his mind some half-formed sentiment, of which he wished to rid himself. Several times he furtively drew the sketch-book from his pocket and looked at the sketch.

The Lamar steam yacht came for them just as they were despairing of getting away before morning. The sail-boat was made ready to be towed by a long rope behind the steamer, and very soon Pig Island was deserted and left to the noisy brook, the shadowy wood, and the oppressive stillness of the weather.

When Louise Lamar was in the act of retiring that night there came a light tap on her door. Miss Brownby, also in her night-dress, was admitted.

"Dear me!" said Louise, "what sudden fancy possesses you at this late hour?"

Miss Brownby looked shyly about, as if afraid of being overheard.

"Louise," she said, seating herself on a low ottoman and resting her chin on her hands, "I'm all in a flutter. I can't go to sleep. I believe I'm nervous, or something."

She laughed a little, and her cheeks burned prettily.

"Why, how sweet you are looking!" said Louise. "Your nervousness must be of a pleasant sort. What ails you?"

Miss Brownby lifted her eyes to those of Louise, and in a delightfully faltering voice, murmured: —

"I guess I'm a fool, don't you?" Louise laughed, and stood curiously gazing into her friend's face. Then she went and took her face between her hands and kissed her, kneeling in front of her.

"What is it, dear?" she patronizingly inquired.

"I'm afraid — I — I — I'm a little afraid I'm in love!" replied Miss Brownby.

"Oh!" exclaimed Louise.

"Mr. Nelville is such a nice young man," added Miss Brownby, and, with a merry laugh, she ran back to her own room.

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CHAPTER XVII.

EARLY on the morning following the picnic on Pig Island Longley dressed himself with scrupulous care, and, taking in hand a serviceable cane, set out to visit the Wilsons, carrying the letter as his excuse. Now that he had fairly got back to thinking of the fair-haired Janet, with all memory of Miss Louise and Miss Brownby thrown from his mind, or only dimly hovering in its remotest nooks, he became impatient to see her. The way seemed terribly long, and presently he found himself striding forward at a rate which was bringing the perspiration out on his face and neck, and causing him to puff like a steam-engine. He slackened his pace and resorted to the vulgar relief of mopping his moist features with his handkerchief. He fanned himself with his hat, and flung open the front of his coat. A little bird, flitting from tree to tree before him, was uttering the name "Janet, Janet," in a sort of rasping squeak, as if to decoy him farther and urge him faster. He was as happy as a man could be. He fanned himself so freely, and smiled so broadly and sincerely, that no one could have doubted his peace of soul. This out-door light, and air, and heat, this broad, indefinite murmur of the wood, these bird-cries, and insect-boomings, and flower-sweets, this liberal sky and virgin soil, — all tended to his happiness. He revelled in their influence untrammelled by a care. His complexion was the bloom of incomparable health; his eyes beamed with intense yet serene life. He gathered a bouquet of tiny wild-flowers and looped it in his button-hole. He laughed, and whistled, and sang as he trudged along. When he had come near the old house, and caught a glimpse of its slumbrous-looking gables and verandas, his heart began to flutter a little, — a thing which he did not resist, being rather pleased with the sensation.

At the gate the big dog, in a half-friendly bow-wow, announced his coming.

Janet looked up from her china-painting on the veranda, and saw him step boldly through the gate, snap his fingers at the dog, and walk directly to where she was sitting.

He took off his hat and bowed. She arose, greeted him pleasantly, and wheeled a big chair round for him.

"You have a breezy, comfortable studio," he said, after fixing himself to his satisfaction in the proffered seat, and gazing around delightedly over the scattered sketches, the pots of flowers, and the swinging bird-cages.

"Do you think so?" she responded. "I like it very much."

"Oh, so do I!" he exclaimed; "it is a perfect place. How is your father? Is he well?"

"Yes, very, thank you, — you no doubt hear him sleeping on his cot just round the angle of the veranda," she replied, smiling sweetly, as certain deep-drawn sounds came along with the bee-hum and leaf-rustle. "He was out till late last night, after some kind of night-bird," she added, still standing by her little table.

Longley thought of the letter, and rose to hand it to her. He was happy to his very finger-ends.

"A servant of the household where I am staying found this in the village street. It is yours, I think."

After a pause he went on: "I wanted to see your lovely old house here once more, so I made bringing the letter my excuse for coming." He stood there smiling like a big, jolly boy.

"Thank you," she said, taking the letter and looking at it; "you are kind. The letter is of little importance, however." Then, as if she was not quite satisfied that she had fairly thanked him, she added, "But I am quite glad to get it; one doesn't like to lose a letter."

Her voice was sweet and rich, faultlessly modulated, with not an affected shade in all its compass.

He looked at her with a tender gleam in his eyes, like a child looking at a flower. He would have been content to gaze at her thus without the trouble of conversation. His artist's nature felt the fitness of silence. Her beauty was, for the moment, all-satisfying, without the added charms of articulate communications. She stood with one hand resting lightly on the table, while in the other she carelessly turned the letter about. The loop of pale-yellow hair on the back of her head and neck shone like floss gold. Her wonderful gray eyes — Longley thought them wonderful — turned away from his steady, honest gaze and sought the floor, where a number of water-color sketches were scattered about. He resumed his seat and said: —

"What a quiet, uneventful, altogether charming life you must live here!"

She thought his voice the frankest, purest sounding one she ever had heard. She looked at him quickly, rather too quickly for his inward composure. It was a look

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which said: Your frankness, is it genuine? But she only replied: —

"Do you think a quiet, uneventful life so very charming?"

"Yes," he said, "upon the whole, I do. My ideal life would be to dream like summer out-of-doors, and to dream like winter in the house. Nature in summer; books and art in winter."

"You would soon be glad to get back to the city," she replied. "You would grow tired of the same sights and sounds day after day."

She said this very seriously. It amused Longley. He laughed quietly.

"I know nothing of city life as you understand it," he said. "I have always been a poor, obscure artist. This summer vacation is the first respite from the mill that I've ever had."

She stooped, and, gathering up the scattered sketches one by one, placed them on the table. When she had finished, she sat down on a rustic settee and began patting the great, shaggy head of the dog which had crept up close to her feet.

"Do you find it pleasant living here, — I mean down at the Springs?" she said, without looking up.

"Very," he replied, "very. There are some pleasant people, and the air and scenery are fine. As for the Springs I think their water is abominable."

"There will be amusement when the summer is further along," she said.

"Oh, there's plenty now!" he responded. "We had a fine time yesterday on the lake, a party of us, in a yacht. We sailed to the island, and stayed all day. It came near being all night, too, for it fell dead-calm. It was ten o'clock when the little steamer came to take us away. We all enjoyed it so much, though, that even the ladies were not tired."

"Oh, there were ladies!" she involuntarily exclaimed. She had been thinking he meant a gentlemen's yachting party, and the word "ladies" had startled her a little. Longley saw it with a little, pleased vanity, for he fancied that she did not wholly relish the idea of his picnicking with other girls almost as fair as she.

"Yes," he replied, "there were three or four, — Miss Lamar, Miss Brownby, and Mrs. Nelville. Do you know any of them?"

"No. Is the island pretty? I have so often thought what a delightful place it might be to spend a summer day."

"And you never have been there?" he inquired, with surprise in his face.

"Never."

"You have lived here how many years?"

"Not one year yet."

"Ah!" and he looked more surprised than ever. "I was thinking, I do not know why, that you had been here a long while, — all your life, perhaps."

She smiled and shook her head negatively.

"It seems like years," she said. "I am not really lonesome, though." She looked around as if inwardly comparing the place with some other she liked better.

"Have you no acquaintances in the village?" he asked.

"Not one," she replied, "if I except the postmistress."

"You are here temporarily, then?"

"I do not know how long we may stay," she replied, in a tone which made him fear he was trenching on forbidden ground.

"Did you formerly live in a city?" he ventured.

"Yes, Boston."

"Well," he said, looking slowly around him, "I should think you would get lonesome and homesick. The old mansions of Boston are the most delightful houses I ever saw. I was there sketching them for a pictorial work, a year or so ago, and I thought it would be princely to live in one of them in winter, with plenty of books to read, and nothing to do but to read them. This is better in summer, however, than any Boston place."

While he had been speaking the thought had come into his mind that she was leading a rather unhappy life. Where were her companions? With whom did she talk? Would not this old mossy house grow duller and duller until it became intolerable to one left all alone in it? And is not a young person quite alone who has no companions of a like age? Truly an invalid mother, a father lost in a scientific pursuit, and some servants, cannot be the whole world to a bright, beautiful, cultured girl such as Janet Wilson seemed to be. These thoughts must have shadowed themselves in his face, for she saw fit to say, in an explanatory tone: —

"Oh, it is very pleasant, after all! One finds so many fresh and cheery things among these hills. Without growing sentimental one can heartily enjoy the birds, and flowers, and bees, and the berries, and apples, and peaches, and the healthful air, — and all that. It is something to breathe as freely as one pleases."

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"So it is," assented Longley, broadening his chest and taking in a deep draught of the perfumed air, as if by way of example.

His was a magnetic face, full of generous expression, even when in repose. Janet Wilson found herself wondering if he was as simple and sincere as his eyes declared. She could not find a place to rest a doubt that he was.

They sat there and talked together, with growing interest and increasing freedom, for a long while. The loud breathing of the old man ceased to impress them, but blended with the sounds of leaf and bee, and was unconsciously received as a part of the general harmony.

The big dog fell asleep at Janet's feet; the wind wafted some pink rose-petals across the veranda, where long streaks of golden sunshine lay along the oaken floor.

She forgot that he was a stranger; her mind did not once turn back to the adventure with the cow. His sincere ways and honest boldness of expression won upon her.

Finally he rose to go; but they talked on, springing new subjects and chasing pretty bubbles of thought, he leaning against a column of the veranda, she with her hands crossed before her, standing with her bright head among the sprays of a vine.

At last he said: —

"But I am spoiling the day for you. See, your paints are drying hard upon your palette."

She smiled, took a step forward, and stood waiting for him to go. The dog got up, and, stretching himself, lolled out his long, red tongue.

Longley further delayed going by the poor subterfuge of examining an unfinished sketch on a tea-plate. Then he glanced down the avenue to the gate, and, in a tone of perfect earnestness, said: —

"It is a long, hot walk from here to town. I shall be lonesome. Can you not walk along with me as far as the gate? That would get me fully started."

Just the faintest trace of confusion came into her face; but it passed off as quickly as it came.

"I will not be so unkind as to refuse," she said, her memory quickly leaping back to his prompt kindness in rescuing her from the cow. "Will you wait till I get my hat and gloves?"

Of course he would wait. In spite of himself his heart began to beat fiercely. He trembled with delight.

Janet went into the hall and soon returned swinging her hat in her gloved hand like a school-girl ready for a run. Her cheeks and lips were bright as berries. New England girls, and especially Boston girls, may sometimes be bookish and prudish and given over to the dry mummies of philosophy; but Janet Wilson was no instance of the sort. She was as sweet, and fresh, and artlessly symmetrical as a New England violet, like all good, pure, happy girls the world over.

It took a great while for them to reach the gate, and when they did reach it Longley was all of ten minutes getting through it.

He was standing on the outside, lingering, dallying, Janet just inside, dallying also, when a clear, quavering voice cried: —

"O Mr. Longley! I'm so glad to find you."

He turned quickly. Miss Brownby stood before him, looking perplexed and bewitchingly pretty.

"We have had an accident, Miss Lamar and I," she continued. "The cart has fallen down with us, and a wheel is off."

"Where?" he demanded.

"Just yonder. You can see the pony's head from here." She pointed down the road.

"No one is hurt?"

"N— no, not — exactly," she smiled, and added, glancing at Janet, "Miss Lamar has torn her dress frightfully. She fell over the basket's side."

Janet had come through the gate, on hearing of the accident, and Longley hurriedly introduced her to Miss Brownby.

The three stood a moment irresolute.

Miss Brownby, with the practised eye of a connoisseur, rapidly surveyed Janet. It was a mere glance, but it had in it all that accurate comprehensiveness which includes the minutest details of criticism touching dress, face, form, bearing, — in fact, the whole question of style. Janet, bred in a higher school, or naturally endowed with a rarer simplicity, looked no lower, no higher, than Miss Brownby's eyes. Longley quickly caught the effect of this contrast. It impressed him like some pleasing result of *chiaro 'scuro*, where delicate shadows are opposed to dreamy lights, making it difficult to determine which is the more potent factor, the absence of color of a definable sort, or a tender blending of all colors.

But this was no time for art-study or nature-study; it was a time for action. In fact, the nimble girls slipped past him, and,

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like two gay birds wing-and-wing, flitted down the road before him, and were well advanced in pinning up Miss Lamar's tattered dress when he reached the site of the late adventure.

Upon examination Longley found that a tap had fallen from the end of the cart's axle, thus leaving a wheel free to come off. Going back along the road a few hundred feet, he picked up the missing piece, and, returning, put the little vehicle together again.

The condition of Miss Lamar's clothes made it necessary for the girls to seek the seclusion of Janet's boudoir; so all three got into the cart, and the pony was driven up the avenue to the steps of the old veranda, whence they disappeared through the hall and up the curious old stair-way.

Longley stayed on the lawn, straying idly around. The young ladies remained out of sight a long while. They were doing more than mend a dress: they were forming a friendship destined to last through many happy seasons. When they had come down, and Longley had helped Miss Lamar and Miss Brownby into the cart, and they had driven away, he had no further excuse for not going. Some parting words with Janet served to sweeten his homeward walk. Just before leaving her he said: —

"Your plate will be finished in about two days. I shall come to see it and you about that time. May I?"

She turned away her face just then, to caress her dog, and did not seem to hear him.

"Do you hear?" he demanded. "I shall come to see you day after to-morrow. Shall you be at home?"

She looked up at him and smiled, saying as she did so, in the demurest Yankee fashion: —

"I guess so."

He whistled rollicking tunes all the way home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE current of the summer flowed on, bringing into the little cottages and the big hotel at Cedar Springs the drifting, bobbing human corks of leisure; the light floaters after health, or rest, or pleasure; the insects of fashion and the revellers in the sunlight and atmosphere of what is termed a "good time"; the workers, coming to recuperate wasted muscle and brain; the victims of *ennui*, seeking relief in blowing winds and rippling waters; the press-folk, those delightful men and women who haunt out-of-the way places to get fresh material for their fancy and their pens to busy themselves withal; the dear, delicate girls, who need airing and who make such charming sweethearts for good men; the loose-jointed youths, who fish, and hunt, and smoke, and carouse in a semi-genteel way; the men with waxed mustaches, and the men with wide-spreading side-whiskers; the heavy-set men with shiny, black clothes and tall silk hats; the dapper fellows in blue blouses and wide pantaloons, — in fact, all sorts of transient and semi-transient folk from every quarter of the Union.

The influx of people had no marked effect upon the persons with whom we have now grown familiar. It is true they were not unaware of the life around them; but it seemed so in accord with the growing power of summer that they made no more distinct note of it than they did of the increased heat and the paler, fiercer gleam of the sky.

They spent much time together in pairs, or in committee of the whole, as Nelville termed their excursions and dinner-parties.

Longley visited Miss Janet Wilson, at first every two or three days, then every alternate day; and finally, every day, when the frequent dinners and teas at the cottages did not otherwise cause them to meet.

Finally something happened which sent into his life the first real bitterness it had felt since coming to Nelville cottage. He was so unprepared for it, so confident of his happiness, so thoughtless of adverse possibilities, that it fell upon him with wrecking force.

He had started, in the early part of a hazy afternoon, to walk up to the old house among the hills. He had not seen Janet for three days, all on account of the following characteristic telegram from the editor of *Mosely's Magazine*: —

MR. WILLIS LONGLEY: — What the dickens is the matter? Forward manuscript at once. Engravings waiting. Leave the women alone, and work night and day till paper is finished. O. MOSELY.

Longley laughed when he read this, but he treated it seriously. Recently he and Mosely had been writing to each other often with a growing mutual friendship. They never had known each other personally, though they had met a time or two.

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Longley's fresh epistles, descriptive of his social adventures at Cedar Springs, had completely captivated Mosely, who was a jolly bachelor.

This neglect of business came home to Longley's conscience with great force, and to make amends was his first move. So he fell to work, and almost literally wrought night and day till his task was done and the package of MS. sent off by express.

He had in view a very definite purpose now, as he walked briskly along the familiar road. It was to tell his love to Janet. It was a sweet thing to pore over, — this love-scene, — as his imagination painted it. Had he been in love with Miss Brownby, or even Miss Lamar, he thought, how easy it would have been to attack the subject long ago! But this gray-eyed, gold-haired New England girl held him away so easily, and yet called him on so irresistibly. She was so quiet and reserved, so gracious and kindly, so quick of perception, so mysteriously happy in his companionship, and yet so non-committal. He had often tried of late to reach her with some indirect allusion to his passion; but this was unlike him, and one of his usual forthrightness of manner in everything could not deal successfully in circumlocution with so wary an adversary. He chafed over it in a pleasant way. He tried to assume what once was his natural boldness. He could not do it. When he was away from her he verily believed that she loved him, and when he was with her he was so absorbed in loving her that he had no room for other thoughts. It was enough for him to have her by his side, so that he could feel her influence and revel in it. He was all impulse, directness, boldness, and audacity where she was not, but where she was he was a conservative and a dreamer.

He realized his situation, and now, today, as he walked towards her old, mossy house, he set in his mind just what he would do and say when he had got there.

A quarter of a mile before reaching the Wilson mansion he left the main road leading thither and turned into a slender path which led to the top of a bold hill, whence he could look from a long distance down upon the lichen-dotted roof and shady verandas. On the apex of this elevation lay a large log, which he chose for a seat while indulging in some further consideration of his weighty purpose. Holding his hat and cane in one hand, and running the other through his hair, he fixed his eyes dreamily in the direction that his thoughts were going. He saw Janet sitting near her usual place; his heart told him it was Janet, though at that distance her features were not distinguishable, and a man, perhaps her father, was by her side. No, it was not her father, for a flowing dark beard did not belong to the old ornithologist.

Longley always jumped to conclusions, and, as a rule, to correct ones. His first thought was that the considerable tide of in-comers had brought to Cedar Springs some Boston acquaintance of Janet's. In his simple assurance he did not remotely dream it might be a lover. So securely and happily was he intrenched in his own lines of love that he felt that there was no need of looking out for an enemy. Of course he was just in the state for a blow to entirely crush him, since it must come wholly unlooked for. And the blow fell. It hit him fairly. If the sun had fallen on his head and rolled off, and burned and flashed at his feet, he could not have been more terribly astounded and stunned.

Janet and the man, a tall and, to all appearances at that distance, a handsome fellow, walked down the veranda steps, and slowly, side by side, came to the gate, where they stopped and seemed to talk. They dallied, they lingered, they acted as lovers do. Longley began to feel vaguely uneasy. He leaned forward and gazed intently. The old house never before had appeared so secluded, so private, so utterly lonely. One might feel secure in doing any foolish thing there, for no one could see him. The man took Janet's hand and held it. Longley saw that very plainly. She was looking up into the fellow's face, he was looking down into hers. What next? Ah, what next? He stooped and gathered her into his arms and kissed her, and then walked away.

Longley could not be mistaken. It was deliberately and plainly done. A roaring came into his head, a pressure upon his heart. Spots of color swam across his sight. He uttered a groan, and, falling forward, grovelled in the loose loam beside the log. He got up, staggered, held his hand on his forehead, gasped and shivered. Hardly knowing what he was doing he walked totteringly off into the wood, going he cared not whither, so that it was not towards the old house, so that it was away from what he had just seen. He blindly staggered along like a drunken man, paying no heed to the underbrush, right over everything except the trees, and

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even against them. This was a paroxysm which could not last. It was too violent. But when a reaction came, it left him almost dead, lying upon his face, in a remote and lonely place, his hands clutching at the ground.

None but the most unfortunate, those who have had the whole value of life suddenly taken from them, can imagine his condition. For him there was nothing but chaos. The universe was without form, and void. and darkness was upon the face of it.

From a sincere, boyish happiness he had recoiled to the farthest regions of ecstatic despair.

[To be continued.]

ELSINORE.

I CATCH the spring-time's emerald glow,
I note the blueness of the sky;
The flowers that by the roadside grow
Are never absent from my eye.

I hear the rivulet's silver speech,
Which babbles from its shingly bed;
Nothing appears beyond my reach,
And with high hope I push ahead.

I greet the farmer's homelike door,
And glide along the village street;
Groups watch me from each yard and store,
And make their comment as we meet.

This day no book is in my hands,
No in-door thought can now suffice;
I pass fair hills and meadow-lands,
And rest beneath bewitching skies.

My trusty steed of burnished steel
Knows well the way I have to go,—
And when with force I would appeal,
And loiters, when my mood is slow.

It seemed to know the farmer's gate,
And his rare daughter, Elsinore;
How patiently it stood, to wait
While we were talking at the door!

"So, if you come this way again,"
She said — and choicer words befell;
But, stop — my memory and my rein
I've dropped. *I promised not to tell!*

Joel Benton.

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THE FIRST TRICYCLE RUN OVER THE ALPS.

THE possibility of using a tricycle to cross the Alps was proved to my personal satisfaction, in the course of a run last year from Paris to Geneva, — recorded in the pages of THE WHEELMAN, — when I crossed the head of the Golden Slope, as well as several of the Jura range of mountains. But no tricycle had crossed the Alps, and the difficulties were of a sufficiently indefinite character to make the accomplishment of such a journey somewhat doubtful. Happily no serious risk was presented, and any one of average strength may run from one part of Switzerland to another, crossing all the mountains, without testing his strength unduly. But to do this the route should be carefully studied beforehand, and the valleys and roads traced, because, though a tricycle will run wherever a diligence can be driven, it should be left at the nearest hotel if the rider is desirous of mountaineering.

The route I selected embraced a run from Lucerne, round the Lake of the Four Cantons; the old St. Gothard road, by the Devil's Bridge, to Andermatt; the ascent of the Furca, which is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; a descent by the Rhone glacier; a run along the valley of the Rhone to Brieg; the ascent of the Simplon, which is six thousand feet in height, and a descent through the Italian Alps, by Lake Maggiore, to Locarno. The distance, which it is difficult to tell accurately, was probably two hundred miles; and I returned to London on the twelfth day from starting, the run from Lucerne to Locarno having only occupied six and a half days.

Leaving London on Saturday morning, July 9, I travelled by train to Dover, crossed to Calais, and thence by train proceeded to Lucerne, where I arrived on Sunday morning, my tricycle being allowed to go with me as ordinary baggage.

As my route comprehends little more than one of the ordinary Swiss rounds, and the one which is most favored by Americans, it will not be necessary to linger long over the natural beauties of the lakes, the valleys, and the mountains.

The most adventurous portion of the run was that which involved the crossing of the Furca and the Simplon; and the most enjoyable was that which carried me by the margin of Lake Maggiore to Locarno; and it is to those sections of my journey that I propose to make detailed reference.

On Monday morning, July 9, I mounted the saddle at 4.30 A.M., and set off by the north-east shore of the lake. My course lay through Tivoli and Küssnacht to Immensee and Arth, on Lake Zug, through Goldau to Lowerz, on the lake of that name, and round its shores to Seewen, nestling among the mountains. After loitering in that seductive spot several hours the run was resumed through the fields to Brunnen, on the Uri arm of Lake Lucerne; thence along the Axenstrasse to Flüelen. This was a day consecrated to lakes and mountains. Pilatus by Lucerne, seven thousand feet in height, never lost sight of me until I was fairly under the observation of the Rigi, and that well-known mountain kept watch over me until I was gripped by the Rossberg, and he transferred me to the observation of the Bristenstock, a giant ten thousand one hundred feet in height, who keeps ward over Flüelen and the Hotel Unerhof, where I slept that night. These mountains, with others as high and grand, marched round about me all day long. Now the highest peaks glistened like diamond-points of light, far distant, high above the mountains in the foreground; and anon the dwarfs of five thousand and six thousand feet, shut off the giants beyond, and disclosed wooded slopes of dark-green forests or sloping valleys down their wondrous sides, with toy houses nestling amid emeralds of many hues. The lakes, of purest blue, lay in perfect stillness, mirroring the trees, the houses, and the overhanging rocks in their clear bosoms. No two exactly alike in size, in shape, or in surroundings, the several branches of the great lake varied as the mountains stood sheer up out of it, as on the Uri arm, or courtesied in fair valleys to the water's edge. So I rode that day from mountain to mountain, and from lake to lake, now running on the bank of the blue waters, next over the rising ground at the foot of a mountain, anon taking a short cut through fields across a valley, and, finally, by the Axenstrasse, a road cut on the side of a mountain looking down a

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thousand feet into Lake Uri, while the shades of evening settled upon mountain-side and water, and the snowy sky-line shone with the brightness of day.

On Tuesday, July 10, storms of wind and rain raged nearly the whole day, and it was not until 4 P.M. that a temporary respite in the heavens lured me forth again. But my run was a short one, from here to Andermatt is very picturesque, embracing changes of scenery of wonderful character. The eye never tires as the route, gradually rising from one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine feet at Amsteg to four thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight feet at Andermatt, discloses gorges in the mountains near at hand or across the valley, out of whose depths rush torrents



ANDERMATT.

through Altorf, where, it is said, Tell shot the apple from the head of his son; along a broad and beautiful valley, past the two Windgelles, nine thousand and ten thousand feet in height; through Little Altorf, Klus, and Silenen, the shallow Schächenbach babbling by the roadside; to Amsteg, at the foot of the Bristenstock; and to the White Horse, on the edge of the Reuss — another noisy river, bubbling with excitement and white with anger at the stony obstacles which lay in its bed.

Wednesday, July 11, 7.30 *A.M.* — Amsteg is on the old St. Gothard road, and of water to join the stream in the heart of the valley.

Waterfalls, varying in size from thin white lines to torrents, hurry down the mountain-sides, leaping a thousand feet at a time. Little chapels stand beside precipices where tragedies have happened; high rocks, standing straight up in the centre of a valley, are crowned with the ruins of castles. Through Inschi and Wyler I walked, pushing the tricycle to

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Wasen, where five bridges cross two rivers and three gorges, — one is a small bridge of unhewn timber, the others of stone and iron, for diligences and railway trains. On through Wattingen and Göschenen, a wild and picturesque spot, the road ascended by the Devil's Stone and the Devil's Bridge to Andermatt. The scene at the latter place surpasses in grandeur every other on the road, but it is too well known to need description. That night I slept at the Hotel Bellevue, nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Thursday, July 12. — At 4 A.M. I set out, accompanied by a guide, for the Furca, distant fifteen miles, and rising to a height of eight thousand feet. For five miles I pedalled along a pleasant road traversing the broad Ursernthal valley. A clear and shallow stream ran on the right hand, while farther off, on each side, the valley was hemmed in by a lofty range of mountains. Two miles from Andermatt, on the left, was the picturesque village of Hospenthal. There were the ruins of a castle standing on a hill, and two stone bridges at a great height above a stream, — the lower bridge disused and overrun with creeping things full of flowers. Two miles farther on was Realp, whence the road to the summit of the Furca began to ascend. The merits of the tricycle as an Alpine climber were at once shown. So well balanced was the machine that very little effort was required to push it along, and the guide called it an alpenstock on wheels.

From this point to the top was a distance of ten miles; and the journey from Andermatt to the summit occupied six hours. The solemn grandeur of the views which presented themselves at every turn in the winding roadway, together with the bracing air, left no room for any feeling of fatigue. On the left hand was the unprotected precipice, dropping thousands of feet into the valley below, the bottom of which could only be seen when rounding a turn in the roadway.

The road was about twelve feet in width, and the surface very loose in places where repairs had been executed in the early spring.

As we ascended higher and higher the valley of the Ursernthal was opened up, showing a magnificent double line of mountains. The village of Realp was dwarfed to the dimensions of a patch of wild-flowers, — the church and houses being represented by white and red spikes. Across the gorge, to the left, were mountains rising from eight thousand to eleven thousand feet in height; the Wyttenwasserthal, with its glacier peeping out; and the Ywerberhöner, its sombre sides flecked with white threads; over all there brooded a great silence, which was unbroken even by the voice of a single lark. To the right there were frequently disclosed fields of snow, sweeping backwards and upwards, until they seemed changed to ghostly fingers in the pinnacles of the Biebenstock, nine thousand six hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea. All around was snow, on the sky-line stretching as far as the eye could reach; and by the side of the road the snow stood in walls eighty feet in height. At one point a small flock of sheep came round us, licking our hands, and showing no sign of fear.

Five miles from the summit was an inn, where we rested for a time; then we passed a beautiful water-fall, and soon afterwards rode up to the modest inn on the summit, where the landlord's daughters, — two graceful Alpine roses, — together with all the visitors, English, Italian, and German, joined in a chorus of merry surprise at the appearance of the first tricycle upon the Furca.

Here there stood around us the peaks of the highest Bernese Alps, with those of the Upper Valais, the points and summits covered with snow; hither and thither were fields of ice and glaciers, and the stillness of eternity rested upon all.

At lunch two visitors placed upon the table a couple of dishes full of wild-flowers of exquisite form and hue; for nowhere in the Alps can the botanist find so many choice varieties of the gentian rhododendron and saxifrage tribes as here.

At noon, alone, with a farewell cheer I entered upon the downward road, which led beside the great glacier, to the valley of the Rhone. There was no necessity for pedalling now; with the left-hand upon the trusty brake, the right gripping the handle of the steering-wheel, the machine ran steadily down, ever down; turning at the corners of the zigzag roads, now to the right, next to the left; careful to avoid the mountain, on the one hand, for fear of buckling the wheel, ever mindful of that unprotected edge, on the other hand, over which was instant death: the great Rhone glacier now revealed on the right, with its marvellous devices in ice, and its arch of blue, whence, in the valley down below, the

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infant Rhone had birth; on the left, a vast valley opening suddenly to view, with a river rushing under a bridge; far off a white brick standing on end — the Glacier Hotel; a white line drawn across and across the sides of the mountains, like a man cross-gartered; the snow standing by the road-side curling over the head in many instances, like a crested wave on the point of breaking; such were the scenes through which I rode that day.

There were many difficult patches of ground in the descent, where the loose granite had not been worked into the ground, over which it was dangerous to go at more than a walking pace; so down and ever down, I walked, or trotted, as I pleased, until about three in the afternoon the last slope was traversed, and I ran across the bridge spanning the Rhone, and drew up in the centre of a crowd of curious people, who had been watching the unknown vehicle for hours descending the steep slopes of the Furca.

Following the course of the Rhone I ran through a rocky defile, in the heart of which the new-born river dashed along with a tumultuous rush; along the broad valley of the Upper Valais, through Obergestelen, Münster, Reckingen, Gluringen, Ritzingen, Biel, and Selkingen, to Blitzingen, — quaint Swiss settlements; and here my ride terminated at seven P.M., and the tricycle that night was stabled in the shop of the postmistress, who was good enough to remove her counters for its accommodation.

Friday, July 14. — At 6 A.M. I started for Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon, running through several picturesque division-



LAKE OF COMO.

of the Rhone valley, down the precipitous headland to Viesch, through Lax, over the bridge of Grengiols, along the narrow valley through Mörel into the plain, and through Naters to Brieg, which lies basking in everlasting sunshine by the Rhone.

After lunching at the Hotel des Couronnes and Porte, I started at 2 P.M., with a guide, for the Simplon. There were twenty miles of ascent to the summit, and I barely rode five; for the remainder of the distance the tricycle was pushed. But here, as during the ascent of the Furca, the striking character of the scenery pre-

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vented any feeling of fatigue. This road was cut by Napoleon, to connect France with Italy, and it will ever remain a monument to his genius. Thirty feet in width, the gradient throughout its entire length is not more than one foot in thirteen; and the repairs being executed in winter-time the road is always perfect during the long summer season. It is impossible to give anything like a description of the mountain and the valley scenery which was disclosed as the summit was neared; it surpassed in beauty and glory every conception formed, even with the memories of the Furca fresh in mind.

At Berisal, six and a half miles from the summit, the guide, a timid man, — he had two thumbs on his hands, but no fingers, — pretended that a storm was coming on, and he would go no farther. So, dismissing him, a bargain was made with the driver of a country cart, and, attaching the machine to this conveyance, I rode the intervening miles to the Hospice. The guide was right as to the storm, but it was of wind only, not rain, though dangerous enough on a roadway at the height we then were. Up and up we went at walking pace; round and round projecting heads of rocks, until there came in sight, right ahead, the lovely water-fall born of the Kaltwasser glacier. The road went directly towards this fall, and it was only when close to it I noticed that a tunnel led into the rocks and passed behind the descending cataract just at the point where it plunged into the air, downwards into the unseen depths of the valley below. While yet pondering upon this scene the storm of wind bore down upon us with terrible fury. The driver threw his hat into the cart, and drove bareheaded. Again and again the horse stood still, and, feeling the lash, kicked. There was not much room in the pass for work of that kind and, twice rising up, I was on the point of jumping off when the animal moved on. With a hurricane blowing we entered the dark gallery, and, just at the back of the descending stream, there was an opening in the side of the rock, and, one looked through the white water into the sky beyond. After loitering for a moment or two, gazing upon this magic sight, we drove forward in the darkness, through a second rock-hewn gallery, and at length, between nine and ten at night, reached the doors of the great Hospice, where all travellers, without question and without charge, are welcomed and sheltered. Here, after a hearty supper, at which five travellers met, I was shown to a spacious bed-chamber, and, in a bed heavily laden with clothing, for the air was cold, I slept a dreamless sleep, and was roused in the early morning by the ringing of the chapel bell. The Hospice stands in a hollow basin, in the summit of the Simplon, and all around are peaks on which the snow never melts.

Saturday, *July* 14. — After breakfast I started at 7.30 A.M. on the downward run into Italy. From the summit to Locarno is a distance of one hundred miles, almost the whole being on an incline or level, the only risings being in villages, where a single-arched bridge crossed a river. The scenery in the first part of the run was most varied, as I ran through several mountain chains, all the valleys varying in character, many stamped with the Italian landscape, and telling the new kingdom toward which I was hastening. At first the sides of the mountains, everywhere covered with the low bushes of the Alpine rose, glowed as though the whole were on fire. In the Swiss village of Simplon I had an early lunch at the Hotel de la Porte, and on the right-hand window of the dining-room, on the third pane from the bottom, I drew, with a diamond, a small open hand, and wrote underneath, "Let J. S. P., of Boston, put his hand in mine," adding date and initials, together with the arms of the City of London Bicycle Club. (I hope, before long, to hear that Mr. J. S. P., or some friend of his, has accepted the challenge, and drawn a hand across mine.) After passing Algaby rain began to fall, and I sheltered myself for half an hour in the rock gallery of that village, listening to the music of the Doveria as it rushed along the valley. When the rain cleared off I ran on into the rocky ravine of Gondo, which all travellers are agreed is the wildest and grandest in the Alps; the immense height of the rocks — close up to the roadway and the river — making a scene of intense gloom and awful grandeur. Sometimes the road crosses the Doveria by a single arch, and at other parts it runs through tunnels, to protect the traveller from the perpetual avalanche of rocks which thunder down into the valley. Emerging from one of these on to a bridge, at the left hand, a cataract of the Alpjenbach falls from a height of 2,000 feet, the spray falling over the road. There is no scene in Italy which equals this for startling beauty.

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The water-falls in the Italian portion of the Alps were very varied in character, and one, near this spot, was fairy-like in beauty. It resembled a thin lace veil stretched over the face of the rocks, drops of water fell from point to point, and the incessant interlacing of the silver drops produced an exquisite effect. The next village was the last in Switzerland, — Gondo, — and the one following, the first in Italy, was St. Marco. Then came the gallery of Crevola, and, after a charming ride, I mounted a bridge, one hundred feet in height, over the Doveria, and looked down upon Crevola, a most picturesque town, — the houses, churches, towers, bridge, and public buildings commingling in an apparently inextricable manner. A long descent, and a run along a valley, led to the quaint town of Domo d'Ossola, where, after threading my way along the narrow paved streets, in amongst market-women, and hucksters of every sort, I dismounted in the court-yard of the Hotel d'Espagne.

Sunday, July 15. — At 4.30 A.M. I once more mounted my saddle for the last day's run. Over a plain bordered with high mountains, through the Villa Domo d'Ossola, for miles and miles I ran on an enchanted way in the sunshine of early morning. Behind me was the great Monte Rosa, the mountain in sight of which I was destined to close my journey for the year. If the early portion of the run was fairy-land, the last was through Paradise, for nowhere on earth could there be found so much brightness, color, and fascination as in the valley which I traversed to the margin of that lake whose beauties have been sung by poets in all ages, and are unexhausted yet, — Lake Maggiore! My run, after passing through Vogogna and Dreseyen, led me to the base of a range of mountains covered with vine-terraces as high as I could see. Nearer to me by the roadside, surrounding the houses, clambering over porches, entwining about the verandas, and arching narrow lanes, were vines with clusters of grapes in great profusion. Next I turned to the left, along a broad highway, and ran down the narrow streets of Mergozzo to the lake; then I cut across the country, and came to Lake Maggiore. All day I pedalled slowly on the margin of this enchanting piece of water. First I came to Villa Brissen, and what a sight was there! To the right, on the blue waters, were the Boromean islands, — Isola Bella, Isola Madre, Isola dei Pescatori, and the Isola Giovanni, — the most romantic little spots in northern Italy. On Isola Bella terrace rose above terrace, each planted with trees, — cedars, magnolias, cypresses, oranges, and oleanders, — and amongst them the nightingale sings from dusk to dawn. I ran along the lake, through Pallanza (with Laveno across the water), Intra, Oggebio, Cannero, Canobbio, Brissago, Ronco, and Ascona, with their beautiful squares, lofty houses, and fashionable life.

Occasionally the bells rang in the church-towers on the hill-side, filling the air with sweet melody. On the lake were sailing-boats with huge sails, parti-colored; beyond, the purple mountains, opening, here and there, to show further reaches of the glorious lake, over which the eye ranged, vainly endeavoring to divide, in the far distance, the blue water from the blue sky. But why should I delay the close of my narrative? Who can paint the Italian sky with its heavenly blue? Who can adequately describe the vine-terraced mountains, with the cedars, the cypresses, the fig-trees, and the groves of orange trees? Or picture the palaces, which adorn the margin of the lake, with their marble terraces and clustering columns? Every traveller will find fresh beauties here, for their Author is inexhaustible in His resources, and in all His works past finding out. With a feeling akin to sadness I ran, about 4 o'clock, through wondering crowds of people in the streets of Ascona and Locarno, to the railway station, and, taking a St. Gothard train, slept that night in Como.

On the Monday I spent several hours on Lake Como, gazing with speechless delight on the lovely palaces; then on another day I rode to Chiasso, and journeyed to London by Lucerne, Calais, and Dover, reaching home the twelfth day of my absence. From the moment I mounted my tricycle in Lucerne until I dismounted at Locarno my expenses came to $20.

John B. Marsh.

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A PRACTICAL TALK ABOUT YACHTING.

THERE is a great deal of pleasure in yachting, if one has the right kind of a boat; and it need not be as expensive as is commonly supposed; but the beginner wants to start with a clear idea of what is before him. Young yachtsmen frequently prefer to begin with a racing boat, but by and by they generally find that racing does not pay. It is too much trouble, except with the smaller class of boats; and even with a great many of these one can get more recreation by going off for an excursion and letting racing alone. The owners of the "Expert," for instance, a celebrated American racing sloop less than twenty-five feet in length, told me last summer that they were all for racing the first year or two. They had a very fast little boat, but they discovered after awhile that it did not pay; and, therefore, they had given up racing, excepting on extraordinary occasions. They really got more enjoyment in other ways.

That it is possible for a fast but small, and for that reason comparatively inexpensive boat to be used as a safe and enjoyable cruiser, is illustrated by a feat which the "Expert" accomplished last season. She started with us on a cruise of the Hull Yacht Club, and when we got up to Marblehead most of the small boats turned round and went back. Some six or seven, however, kept on to Portsmouth, and among them the little "Expert." She made the run to Marblehead, and started in the morning to Portsmouth, getting in there within forty minutes of the time the large yachts did. From Portsmouth we made for the Shoals, and although we had a head-wind she beat over, and got there almost as soon as we. She then started from the Shoals with us, and ran down to Annisquam, and got there at night by the time we did. The next day she started with us from Annisquam, and came up around the Cape, and there struck a head-sea, which was very heavy for such a little boat; and she beat all the way down to Boston, and got there within an hour of the time of the large yachts, they, however, having stopped at Magnolia on the way. It seems to have become an accepted thing among yachtsmen that such a thing cannot be done except by one of the very deep and narrow English cutter boats; but I have no doubt in my mind that the "Expert" that day did as good sailing as any English cutter of the same size and weight could have done, without regard to length measurement.

Now, if any one is desirous of going into yachting for the purpose of health and recreation, and not for the sake of indulging in a spree once or twice a week under the name of yachting, whether he has much money or little, the best thing for him to do is to obtain a good able boat; that is, a boat which has good proportions for comfort, and a good depth to work in a sea to the windward, and at the same time such qualities as will give a good degree of speed for the size of the boat. He can easily procure a boat of this kind, which can be handled by two men, one of whom may be the owner, and which will afford him sufficient cabin comforts. On the one hand he does not want a mere skimming-dish, and, on the other, he does not want a narrow English-cutter-modelled boat. What he does want is a model which will combine the good qualities of the English and American build, leaving out of each the bad qualities which are produced by going to an extreme.

It is to be remembered that he can get more comfort out of his boat, with about the same speed, with a small house on deck than with a cabin below, because he has better ventilation, and gets a very much cooler boat, which is an important item in our hot summer climate. I am very well aware that it has been loudly proclaimed that a cabin entirely below deck, in a small boat, is the coolest; but I never yet saw a vessel going to the West Indies, or any other southern port, in which any one professed to house the passengers in such a cabin as that, and expect them to have any comfort. In fact, those of our commercial vessels, used in southern climates, that do not have unusually high and airy houses, cannot make their occupants comfortable. An Englishman may cruise tolerably in his own waters in an exceedingly deep and narrow boat, with everything below deck, because the climate of England is cool and damp; but in our climate I have known the thermometer to be 110° off Cape Cod, for most of the day; and I think that the man who pretends to prefer to

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stay below without decent ventilation, under such circumstances, is talking sheer nonsence.

Now, with a boat such as I have spoken of, yachting can be enjoyed, not only very pleasantly, but very inexpensively. Two or three gentlemen can go around Cape Cod, or go up or down the coast, with no end of comfort and pleasure, at a comparatively small cost. The amount of money required would really be more reasonable for the number that would go than it would be in any other way that they could take a vacation, — provided the same degree of economy were used in that as in the employment of horses and carriages, or anything of that kind, — for there are no rents to pay, your living-place is with you, and you are not constantly called upon for extras. There seems to be among a certain class of yachtsmen a spirit that induces them to believe that they must go into extravagances about yachting, which greatly increase the cost of it, and really are evidences of foolishness rather than of good sense; but there is more and more yachting done in a reasonably economical way every year; and a boat of the kind that I have described can be taken up the Maine coast with four persons on board, on an expense of $25 per week for the four, — making, in round numbers, $6 for each person per week, — which is certainly not dear. I have done that thing myself for three summers running, and I know it. The reason that it can be done so cheaply is, that when you get off from the extensively-travelled routes you buy everything at low rates; and by having an ice-chest you can keep your provisions easily.

You must provide yourself with a set of charts, a good glass, and good compass, and then you can go, with a very moderate amount of knowledge, among the islands of the Maine coast; and, with reasonable care, and sailing only in the daytime, you go with a great deal of safety. After the first trip the matter is very easy, and it will be found that a large proportion of that coast has broad channels. The rocks and dangers are laid down so accurately on the charts that hardly any man who has a taste for the water will find it hard sailing at any time; and, by beginning carefully, he will soon teach himself to sail in unknown waters with safety. There is no coast in the world better buoyed and furnished with light-houses than ours; and, by making a slight study of the matter, the owner of a small yacht can go into very many places in a single season which he would never see under any other circumstances.

To the beginner in yachting the cash outlay which is necessary for a proper equipment is a topic of interest. A yacht, such as I have spoken of, could be built to order in Essex, Mass., and elsewhere, in the most solid manner, capable of withstanding any weather, and completely fitted, for from $1,200 to $1,800. If the vessel is thoroughly salted in her timbers, which is no detriment to her whatever, she will last twenty years, and be good at the end of that time. If a yachtsman wishes to have a larger boat, which would require three men to handle her, she will cost him from $1,800 to $2,500; and, with a yacht of that size, he will be able to have quite sumptuous quarters. Such a yacht as the last-mentioned would be provided with one state-room at least, and with accommodations so that ladies could be taken. In order to build such a yacht as that, for that sum, it would be necessary to have her cabin fitted up in the plain but neat and tasteful finish of pine or white-wood which is commonly put into the best class of fishing-boats.

The expenses of keeping and fitting the yacht after she is completed will depend a great deal upon the economy with which the owner purchases his ship-chandler's supplies, and upon his abstaining from alterations in his boat after he has once built and fitted her out. Although the desire to make his yacht sail a little faster by putting on new sails, or altering their cut, and various other expenditures of that kind, is one that it is very difficult for the enthusiastic yachtsman to resist, yet he will have to resolutely stifle it if he wishes to keep his expenses within the limits I have mentioned.

In fitting up such a yacht she should by all means be provided with outside ballast. An American-modelled yacht, with ballast applied to the outside of the keel (and, of course, I would advise nothing but a keel-boat for the purposes I mention), will have more room in her, and will be practically as sea-worthy as any English yacht, and the ballast can be attached about as economically in that way as to put it inside.

After all, the most important question for every yachtsman, and especially for the beginner, is as to the best model for his boat. And here I ought to say another word on

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the English-cutter model of exceedingly narrow beam, — a subject which is prominent in all yachting circles to-day. To my mind the objections to the *extreme* cutter-model are fundamental. The highest English authority on yachting, Dixon Kemp, states in one of his works that an English cruising-yacht must be substantially different in model and build from the English racing-yacht, because the excessive heeling of the English racing-yacht, and the extreme narrowness of beam, give so little room and ease below deck, that no one, desirous of comfort on his cruise, would think of using the racing model for that purpose. This fact is generally overlooked by those writers upon yachting in this country who are afflicted with a mania for aping foreign manners. Now, an American racing-yacht, such as is used on this coast, is capable of being transformed, by a slight reduction of spars and sails, into a good cruising-yacht in a moment, because her qualities of speed are given to her by spars and sails but little heavier than those necessary for cruising. But the reduction of the spars and sails, necessary for cruising, renders the English racer a very slow boat. I have attended races within a year or two on this coast where there was a strong breeze from the ocean, which exposed the vessels to high running seas; and when the English cutters, brought from England for racing purposes, entered the races with American yachts, I observed that while these English yachts during the race hoisted and carried very large amounts of canvas, yet, as soon as the race was over, and they wished to go home, they took off the canvas, and their speed was at once reduced to a comparatively slow rate; whereas the American yachts, in those same races, carried, as they went home, a large proportion of the sails they had set in the races, without any special tax on those handling them. The arrangement of the English racing-yachts is such that their crews do not like to carry, after the races are over, the amount of canvas they do during the race. Therefore, I believe that a fast American boat can easily be rendered available, not only for racing, but for cruising and pleasure; while the contrary is the fact with an English racer. In the matter of expense, too, the English racing-model is the worse, for, in the way of wear and tear upon the boat's hull and spars, and cost of keeping her up to that pitch of perfection required to make racing successful, it will also be found that an American boat costs the least. The reason is that it is much more difficult to have light sails, with which to sail a boat close to the wind, cut and kept in condition to fit well, than it is the ordinary lower sails; and an American boat carries more of the ordinary lower sail in proportion to the whole amount, although her aggregate sail may be no more. It is evident that the necessity of keeping light sails in perfection for racing is greater on an English than it is on an American yacht.

When the question of model is determined there devolves on the yachtsman the choice of a rig. I believe, from practical experience, that, for cruising in any boat under seventy-five feet, or over thirty feet in length, the yawl-rig is decidedly preferable. The advantages of a yawl-rig are that the vessel is entirely under the command of a small crew in squalls and other emergencies; she will be able to work closer to windward than with a schooner-rig; and will do better when beating under short canvas than with any other rig whatever. The mere taking off the light sails, and dropping the main-sail, puts her under reefs at once, and with any reaso nable care a danger can hardly arise so suddenly that that cannot be done. If a yawl-rig is used, however, I do not believe that we should necessarily follow every detail of the arrangement of spars on an English yawl, because much beauty can be added to the rigging of a boat by staying the spars in a more symmetrical shape. The advantages of this rig for cruising have been notably shown in English waters by the increase of yawls. This increase has been from some forty or fifty yachts of that rig, if I recollect rightly, in 1860, to some seven hundred and fifty at this time; being far larger in that than in any other rig among the English.

When the yachtsman has well equipped himself according to his taste and the length of his purse, it is desirable that he should connect himself with some club. Our American yacht clubs are very "free-and-easy" institutions. They give a large amount in privileges for the expense of belonging to them, and they leave the yacht-owner almost entirely untrammelled to go and do as he pleases, — in fact, if he so chooses, entirely untrammelled, — and the carrying of a club-flag of some yacht club serves as an introduction to yacht clubs in other localities, and gives the yacht a certain standing, which it is always desirable to have.

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With such a yacht as I have spoken of there are two methods of taking care of her. By belonging to a club, the expense of which is from $5 to $10 per year, and keeping his yacht upon the anchorage ground of the club, it is always possible for the yacht-owner to employ some one near the club-house to take care of his boat; and, if he goes out but once a week or so, he can find some one to do the cooking, as well as look after the yacht; and in this way the cooking on the holiday-excursions can be done by a man who also has a knowledge of sailing matters to some extent. I know of several yachtsmen, business men, who own boats, — say from thirty to forty feet in length, — who employ some one once a week to go out on Saturdays and remain until Monday morning; and who get pleasure and health in this way and attend to their own business as well. If, however, one desires to be at a little more expense, the best way is to keep a man always on board who is competent to do the necessary cooking, and have him take charge of the yacht, which he can easily do if she is not over forty feet in length, say from thirty to thirty-six feet water-line. If more expense is within the means of the owner the cook, and one other man on board as a general sailing-master, will furnish all the necessary help, and keep the yacht manned for use at any moment. The cost of a good sailing-master, for such a yacht as I have spoken of, is from $40 to $50 per month. A regular cook, if he is to be kept on board all the time, will cost nearly as much, as it is more difficult to find good cooks than almost any other class of men who are employed on board. The expense of wages will be from $70 to $95 per month for such a yacht. The cost of keeping her during the winter is comparatively trifling. When housed over, so as to be well ventilated, $15 to $20 would cover the cost of some one to look after her occasionally; and a room can be hired at some place near the yacht where the sails, etc., can be stored in winter, at somewhere from $6 to $15 a year, according to location. By belonging to a club, the anchorage grounds of the club-house will be available, and the yacht-owner can own moorings, to which his yacht can be safely fastened, which will cost him from $30 to $50 for the first expense, and be good for a number of years. Thus the club is useful to the yachtsman in a vast number of ways.

Nix's Mate.

BY STAGE TO MONTMORENCI.

"A CAB will cost you from three to five dollars, according to the richness of your apparel and the discrimination of the cabman. You can get a *caléche* for two and a half; and your fare by the stage is ten cents."

There are six of us, and we are minded to be economical. The next question is simultaneous.

"Where does the stage leave, and when?"

"Down in St. Roch's. Anybody will show you the vehicle, if you have any difficulty about identifying it. It should leave at ten every morning, but that depends upon the number of passengers, present and prospective."

It is now nine, and the day is too hazily resplendent to lose in deliberation. Lunch-baskets are packed with celerity; hats, wraps, and umbrellas — for yesterday was faithless — taken speedy possession of, and presently we are off, pacing along the quiet gray old Grande Allée on our way to that quaintest of all Quebec's quaint suburbs, St. Roch's. A few steps farther and we turn a corner, the business premises of a picturesque old dame in an indescribable cap, whose stock-in-trade is exposed upon the sidewalk in a glass box. Venerable gingerbread horses, and apples suspiciously shiny, tempt the youth of the Grande Allée; but the sun has baked the seduction out of them, and customers are few. Under and beyond the stately St. Louis gate runs the irregular old street, with its tall, old-fashioned houses, each wearing an air of bygone respectability in the shape of doorstep brasses, still brightly burnished by the servant every morning. Now we clatter down-hill, joining the stream of happy-looking French folk, going nobody could tell whither, and giving one the impression that it is not of the smallest possible importance whether they get there or not. Our narrow outlook, bounded on either side by

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tall, dingy-looking houses, shows us below the populous life of St. Roch's, away beyond the broad valley of the St. Charles, a mist over the blue Laurentians, and a tiny white village, with a glistening church-spire, nestling in the sun. Here are steps. Celestina, her eyes upon the mountains and her soul in her eyes, nearly succeeds in breaking her neck. Another down-hill clatter and we begin to observe the shops. One enterprising tradesman, dealing in hay and straw, gives the public notice thereof by dangling a small bundle of each from an upper window of his establishment. The shops are all small, their dark, wooden casements often carved and guiltless of paint, their interiors dingy and odorous. Here is a house divided against itself; in one window a confectioner displays his sticky allurements; the other — tell it not in Gath! — is occupied by the stock-in-trade of a hair-dresser!

Everywhere are the sharp-featured old women, everywhere the black-eyed children, almost invariably pretty. Trim young girls with hair close-braided behind their ears, with a saucy consciousness of their charms, step briskly along. Idle-looking young fellows, with their hands in their blue jean trouser-pockets, stand in graceful attitudes against the shop-doors. Stolid old-stagers, with seamed faces and half-shut eyes, sit in a row upon the pavement, with backs planted firmly against the wall, hugging their knees. From none of them, however, do we hear a jest or laugh, or any impertinent remark. They do not even stare. A certain kind of etiquette is observed even by the loafers of Quebec. "Is *this* the stage?" queries Seraphina, with a stricken accent; "or this? But they are both *full*," she continues, hopefully. "We cannot ride in them. Shall we get a couple of cabs, or go home?" Seraphina is of those who bow down before the respectability of a fit and proper conveyance. The sight of these two long, narrow, dusty, paintless packing-boxes, both well lined already with faces of all sorts, dismays her very soul. But we are not given an opportunity to consider. We are frantically approached by two wildly gesticulating individuals, the respective drivers of the vehicles beside us, who urge upon us in very rapid French and very halting English, reasons why we should take one stage rather than the other.

"But there is no room!" we cry, surveying the well-filled seats.

"Oh, ya'as!" responds the driver, who is not pock-marked. With a feminine preference we are gaping in at the door of *his* stage.

"Lossez! Lossez!"[1] he shouts at his numerous passengers, who at once crowd together, the French with a cheerful, make-the-best-of-it air, the Irish with a forbearing grin, and the solitary male tourist with an absolute sulk. So we crowd in. Celestina's lemon-pie oozes pleasantly through the basket. Angela's paint-box flies precipitately open, and a tube of burnt sienna leaves an indelible track upon the tourist's trousers. "I didn't feel a bit remorseful," she confided to me afterwards. "They *will* wear white ones, like cricketers. He deserved it."

It is a quarter after ten, — it is half-past! The other stage has departed, and we are vainly regretting it. We lean out of the window and expostulate, argue, and entreat. But the driver has our dimes in his pocket, and his slight knowledge of our mother tongue has disappeared altogether. He nods at our prayers, and smiles with bland French indifference at our reproaches. Presently he mounts, — takes the reins. We settle down into our seats with an air of relief. The tourist folds his arms in an attitude of calm expectancy, when our Jehu, turning to address a last word to his friends, catches sight of another fare, at a distance of three blocks. He knows she is for Montmorenci; and, alas! so do we. She carries a market-basket and a baby, and an evil odor of garlic; but she gets in, and at last we are off.

On through the narrow street we go, at a very moderate pace. The stage is full of pleasant French chatter. We have two or three clerical gentlemen among us, who are as jovial as the rest. Some of us make much ado about the heat and the dust, and the limited amount of elbow-room: to these merry folk these things are bagatelles. Presently we forget them, too, in absorbed contemplation of the roadside. It is one long village. Not one of the odd, little, steep-roofed, parti-colored houses faces squarely upon the road; they are all set at an angle with it, and with one another, and with all the rest of the world. Every house has its irregular little garden, — a charming tangle of exquisite color.

Some of the fences consist of firewood, neatly cut and piled, — a standing tribute

[1] The writer will not vouch for the correct spelling of this exhortation.

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to the honesty of the natives. The fields are protected from the depredations of man and beast by formidable erections at least two feet high. Within there is no division, except that of Nature's making from her own palette as the crops advance. Here a small square has been cut in the middle of the field, and left lying, the grain all around still standing. There is no hurry here, no anxious speculation about the weather. Nothing appears to be of much importance. People have time to gossip in the sun, to be friendly, to be interested in everything. We stop for a long time in front of Beauport Lunatic Asylum. It is a *fête* day with the poor inmates, who are scattered about the beautiful grounds. Long tables are spread; the band is playing. One happy old woman in a blue skirt and a crown of faded artificial flowers, spiritedly executes a sort of jig for our benefit. Here is a deserted mill, half burned down. Past it runs a charming little stream that reappears farther on, and lends the prettiness of a miniature water-fall to the way. Every now and then the stage stops to let people out or in. At least six times has the tourist expanded himself into comparative comfort; at least six times has he been obliged to contract himself into acute discomfort. Some one appeals from a window, and we wait ten, twenty minutes for a solitary fare. The road grows dustier, the sun hotter, the tongues more clamorous; and, suddenly, we stop under half-a-dozen beeches, that throw grateful shadows over the grass; we have arrived.

"First," says our guide, "we will go to the 'Natural Steps,' and have luncheon."

It is 12 o'clock, and nobody demurs. We take a path no tourist ever trod before; at least we think so until we meet a man in white raiment, carrying a cane and a guide-book. Across lonely brown meadows, over stiles and fences, through yellow wheat-fields, starred with ox-eyed daisies and heaven-blue chiccory we loiter. All about us lies the tender coloring of September fields; sharply outlined against a faint-blue sky the sombre grandeur of tall knots of pines; anear and afar the lovely, tender, living-green covering of the rocks. Now our path lies steeply down among the shadows of tall trees upon gray moss-covered rocks, garnished with graceful ferns and wild trailing-vines. The branches interlock above our heads, as we stumble along in single file. Suddenly we emerge. Before us lie great masses of level rock, the sunlight lying broadly upon them. To the left a rugged height uprears itself with its crown of firs and beeches; to the right a white swirling torrent foams along between the rocky floor we walk over and the mass that rises precipitately upon the other side. We go to the brink and look over. Ten feet below us a man sits fishing. It becomes a matter of lively surmise as to how he got there. We look up and around, above and beyond. Everywhere there is absolute stillness. We see it as Cartier might have seen it, as it may have been for a thousand years. And the vastness and the silence and the rugged grandeur of the place so oppress our souls that for fully ten minutes nobody thinks about luncheon.

We wander a long way over the flat "Steps," before we find a dining table of perfect situation. Then upon Seraphina's sandwiches and Celestina's dilapidated lemon-pie, with ice-cold water from a spring among the trees, we make a feast that causes many a more luxurious repast to pale in our remembrance.

The wonderful fall flings down its white majesty not twenty minutes' walk from where we are sitting. But we will not see it to-day. We are rich enough in other days to give one to the full enjoyment of this vast, quiet, gray place. So we make little excursions in every direction. We follow up the tiny streams that lace the surface of the rock, till we find their sources. From the hill-side we gather bright scarlet pigeon-berries, and dark glossy leaves of unknown shrubs. Angela sketches. The school-ma'am tries to tell the unscientific rest of us how old the rocks are; and I detect Celestina in the act of writing poetry; and now it is time to go.

We have not nearly so many passengers going home. Angela insists upon sitting in front with the driver. It is a good thing that tourists are permitted eccentricity the world over; but with her full view of hill and dale, she has the best of it, I think. Past the same old women and curly-haired babies, we roll again; past the lovely St. Lawrence, tender and still in the evening shadows; past the market-women in their two wheeled carts, jogging briskly homeward. And again we are within the strong arms of the old French city, as the lights begin to glimmer out below upon the river, and the night falls beyond, upon the Laurentide Hills.

Sara Duncan.

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THE SHORE-LARK.

Do those song-birds, who become silent as the summer wanes, undergo a change in the condition of their vocal organs, which makes their melodies impossible until another love season tunes their instruments anew? It has been imagined that such is the case; but, however true of thrushes or bobolinks, it is hardly a general rule, so many having the same notes at all seasons. These are mostly considered songsters of a lower order; nevertheless they are worthy of our regard; if they fail to reach the heights of ecstasy, they equally avoid the depths of melancholy. We would hardly exchange the unfailing cheerfulness of the bluebird's warble, for instance, — the outcome of a contented spirit finding pleasure in every season, and a quiet joy in common things, — for any increase of technical skill unable or unwilling to be exercised except for brief periods; though the critics hardly admit him to have a song at all.

The shore-lark (*Erimophila Alpestris*), common to the highlands of New York[1] throughout the year, and, at least, a winter visitor to most of the Northern States east of the Mississippi, is one of these every-day songsters, singing the same song summer and winter. Though of somewhat greater pretensions than the bluebird's musical efforts, it is very brief and simple, whether really any better, depending of course upon the audience. You may hear it beneath the cold and pallid sky of winter, as you cross the stubble fields from which the winds have raked the snow; the bare soil is hard frozen, and the drifts along the fence are of various periods, like geological formations. Black masses of evergreens, numb with cold, bound the horizon; a lonesome wind is straying over the hills; a dark winter night is falling; but the shore-lark's song rises upon the air, at regular intervals, from the stubble, often answered from another part of the field; or you hear his sharp cry, *twee tweet!* uttered upon the wing. The scene is bleak and desolate; the wonder of new-fallen snow, and the tracery of decorated boughs, are of the past; the winter is worn and rusty; the snow, stained with earthy particles; but nothing damps his spirits. He cares nothing for cold; the fierce gales sweeping the snow from the earth merely uncover his seeds. Finding abundance everywhere, though living in remote fields, far from man and his storehouses; knowing his utmost gastronomic efforts will cause no apparent diminution of his stores, he would laugh at the poor little birds of childhood's traditions, who are thought so grateful for an alms of seed, had he ever heard of them. I see his trail leading to the broken rag weeds (*Ambrosia Artemisia Folia*) which project from the snow; a little beaten path encircles each one where he has gone round and round it, picking off its seeds. The May weeds have been visited also.

He sees the spring afar off while it is merely a flush upon the clouds, and his mating instinct is aroused in the midst of snow and cold. Here a pair are crouching upon the snow, though a keen wind is blowing, and nothing indicates the approach of spring, except the place of the sunset and the tender tints of the evening sky. The male is bold and outspoken, but the female is shy, and will not allow a near approach; as the male steps forward, giving his sharp cry at each advance, she edges away, the male pausing just in time to prevent her taking wing, and thus they go on preserving the same interval between them. Though the shore-lark sings with energy and persistence all winter, the early spring brings an excess of zeal. The earth may still be patched over with snow, but the sun is blazing in a clear heaven; and all his efforts are futile to fully express his gladness. Rising high in air he sings and soars for a while, then diving earthward, straight as the meteor's fall, his song goes on from the ground; anon a speck against the sky, hardly to be discerned amidst the dazzling light, he sings and sings as if the fountain within him were exhaustless. This song is a slight affair; the average ear, I think, entirely fails to catch it; the birds are likely to be mistaken for snow-buntings in winter, and in summer for sparrows of one sort or another; and most of those whose fields afford him sustenance the year round are ignorant of his existence. We have it, however, on good authority, that his famous relative, the skylark of Europe, would be overlooked by most people if unacquainted with him, and intent upon the general landscape. The notes of our bird, though any-

[1] Western New York.

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thing but loud and striking, penetrate the distance readily. You hear a faint tinkling from somewhere; whether he is up in the sky or upon the ground, you cannot tell; you almost doubt the reality of any sound at all, so brief, and faint, and far away it is. One's admiration of the cheerfulness and courage of almost the only bird who sings his best song in the face of our winter, helps out his rather crude performance, which consists of two distinct notes followed by an accelerating trill, given generally at regular intervals without variation; sometimes using "zits" and "zeats" as conjunctions, he warbles continuously.

This simple strain belongs to the wide open fields; it is the voice of the stubble lands and of the bare earth, where the thrilling melody of the thrushes would be out of place. The latter need the cathedral aisles of the forest. In its echoing spaces and solemn shadows, invisible in the lofty arches, they send forth voices to interpret the silences of the woods. The lark, crouched in a wide expanse of bare clouds, is quite as well suited to his surroundings, and equally inconspicuous to the sight. No other bird of my acquaintance belongs so entirely to the earth. Even in winter he prefers stubble lands and weedy fields, without much sod. As the springing grain thickens and deepens he betakes himself to cornfields, etc., where he can still come in contact with the soil; and these in turn are deserted for the fallows prepared for winter wheat. He has no use whatever for trees. The lowly ground bird and song sparrow flit from bough to bough, and sing from the lower tree-tops; the lark never alights upon a twig or a weed; nothing less substantial than a fence or rock will answer as a substitute for the solid earth. Most birds are either diurnal or nocturnal. This bird is apparently both, though we can hardly suppose him to be active the whole night, since he is certainly up and doing all day. Years ago, long before he was differentiated in my mind from the snow-bunting, if, indeed, I ever saw him at all, I was led across several fields one dark winter night by a mysterious voice, the cry of an unknown bird, catching occasional faint glimpses of him as he rose upon the wing before me; and whoever to-night lingers amid the nocturnal silence of the open fields may hear his song repeated over and over, or dimly see him flit away into the darkness.

The authorities, so far as I know, have little to say of him, holding him to be merely a winter visitor to the New England sea-shore, whence his common name, (called also *horned* lark in some places, from the lengthened ear coverts, which, with his black crown, give him the appearance of sporting a smart cap); but his nest, and the songs of the love-season, are believed to belong to the coast of Labrador, where Audubon thought himself fortunate to find the eggs.

Since they remain with us the whole year, they must, of course, breed here, but my efforts to find a nest have so far been fruitless. The proverbial needle in a haystack is not more difficult to find, as there is nothing whatever in the behavior of the bird to indicate its whereabouts, no parental anxiety betraying its secret by over-solicitude as one comes near. You may follow a lark poised in mid-heaven, singing and drifting like a thistle-down before the wind, for a long distance, and when at last he falls like a plummet to the ground, it is merely to fill his crop, or to stand upon a stone to sing. Seemingly no tie holds him to any particular spot of earth; he flits unconcerned in any direction, one field, if equally bare, being as good as another. There is, perhaps, a partial cessation of the lark's song in the later summer; but some dark mornings in November, the wind sighing through leafless trees and withered weeds, he soars and sings, his voice continuing upon the ear long after his form has disappeared in the gray distance, as if rejoicing in the near approach of the winter he loves so well.

E. S. Gilbert.

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MEXICO.

THERE is something fascinating about the ruins of an extinct civilization. In our own northern land we have none. From Florida to Alaska there is no trace of anything but savagery, for the mounds of the Mississippi valley and the mines of Lake Superior were not beyond the powers of the savage. Although we were one of the first lands to emerge from the waters, and man wandered along our shores before the glacial period, the red aborigines never passed from the hunting to the agricultural stage. They were always nomadic savages with no thought of anything but barbarism.



GRASS-CUTTER.

Farther south, however, in the tropical region of Mexico and Peru arose that strange primitive civilization, under the favoring circumstances of migration to a fertile but limited territory, with a warm climate, few wild beasts, and an accessible coast-line; a combination which compelled a concentrated struggle for existence that seems to have been as favorable to human evolution here as it was on the shores of the Ægean, the Nile, and the Euphrates. In the boundless plains of temperate North America, with their abundant game and tempting facilities for warfare, primitive man was never able of himself to pass from a predatory to a settled existence. He was a warrior, not a farmer.

How long ago he took this important step in the more favorable conditions of Mexico we cannot tell. There is no convincing evidence to support those theorizers who, like Le Plongeon, would trace Mexican civilization back for thousands of years to an Asiatic origin; still less the silly extravagances which have been uttered about the lost tribes of Israel. The resemblances from which these enthusiasts argue are nothing more than the likenesses which naturally arise among barbarous races in their early struggles. But there was time enough, at any rate, for the Toltecs to come and go, leaving behind them, as memorial tablets, those mysterious ruins of abandoned towns whose inscriptions we cannot as yet decipher. But both the painting of the Spaniard on horseback, found in one of them by M. Charnay, and the legends preserved by the Mayas, go to show how recently these wonderful ruins were full of life. These lost cities of Yucatan probably represent a long halting-place of the Toltecs after they had been driven out of Central Mexico by the conquering Aztecs. Why they were abandoned we know not. Whether the race that built them died out after a time, in a climate less healthy than the Mexican table-land they had left, or whether they were unable to hold their own in the fierce struggle with the stronger races around them, and were driven southward into the wilderness of

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Guatemala, in demoralized fragments, we may never know.

It is unlikely that the indigenous civilization ever had the advanced type that Prescott and Hubert Bancroft have attributed to it. Their religion was always sensual and sanguinary, a mixture of sun and phallus worship with bloody rites of human sacrifice; and the great palaces are not so much to be regarded as the centre of an organized court as the communal retreat of a tribe whose blood relationship bound its members together in a common dwelling. This semi-civilized character gives a stronger interest to their remains, and it is painful to learn from Mr. Ober's recent work on Mexico that many of them are being destroyed by the unscrupulous natives.

Mr. Ober, by the way, has the true journalistic instincts; and, in his stay, although it was not a very prolonged one, he caught the characteristics of the country, and has reproduced them in an extremely entertaining manner in his book. Of all the numerous works which have appeared lately about our southern neighbor his is the brightest.

Travelling in Yucatan is by no means all that the traveller could wish. Besides the ordinary impediments of a torrid climate, and the lack of ordinary means of communication, cleanliness, and diet, there are dangers arising from the constant warfare between the civilized whites and the unconquered Indians of the south-east, — only two or three thousand in number, it is true, but daring and deadly enemies of the whites, to whom they give no quarter. Their unpleasant custom of tying their victims to a stake by a long cord through the nose while they proceed to further refinements of torture, has a decidedly deterring effect upon the ordinary traveller.

One must make up one's mind to be satisfied with native productions while travelling in this region. *Tortillas* (unleavened corn-cakes) and *frijoles* (beans), seasoned with fiery red-pepper, are usually the only articles of food, and must serve as utensils as well. "Upon the *tortillas*, as plates, you spread the beans, and with another corn-cake, rolled up in the shape of a spoon, you scoop in the *frijoles*. When the latter are finished, you eat the spoon, and then the plate, leaving no troublesome dishes to bother the cook."

"After eating, a calabash was passed round full of water for rinsing the mouth. The proper way is to fill the mouth with water, and, after inserting the finger and scrubbing the teeth, to spit it out. This custom prevails throughout Mexico, even among well-to-do people. Coffee and cigarettes then followed. The latter, in fact, were going all the time." But the politeness was unfailing. Everything was placed at the disposal of the guest. Even the inquiry if a young lady was his host's sweetheart was answered with the customary phrase of courteous insincerity, "Si, amigo mio, and yours also."

These *tortillas* are an important feature of Mexican life; for, being made of un-



BEGGAR.

ground corn, the process is a very tedious one, and takes nearly the whole time of the women in all but wealthy families. Cleanliness, and the thousand little arts which make a home cultivated, are perforce neglected; and thus this one domestic habit does not a little to retard the progress of the gentler half of the race.

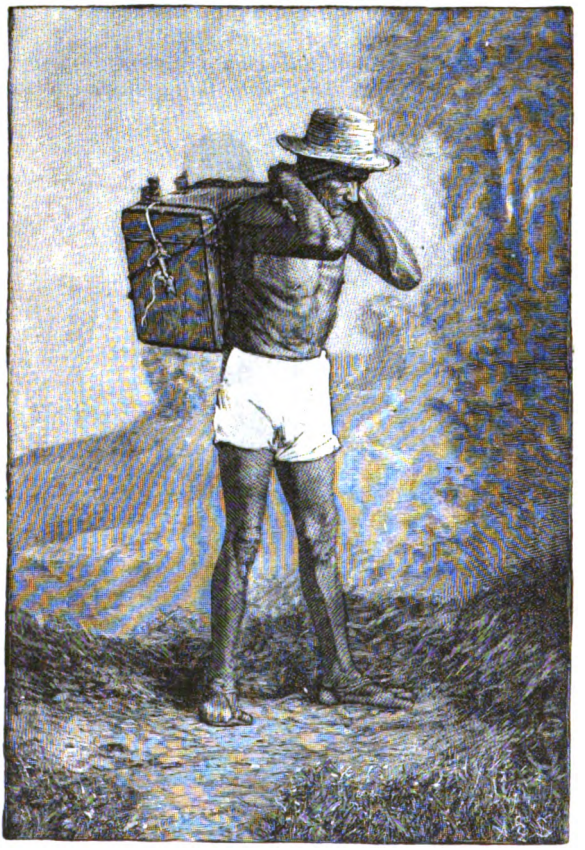
The prosperity of Yucatan depends largely upon its most important production, "sisal hemp," as it is called, not a true hemp, by the way, but *henequin*, from the *Agave Sisalensis*. It is an excellent fibre, for which there is a demand much beyond the supply; and it can be raised at a large profit all over the coral ledges, which make up a great part of the surface of the Yucatan peninsula, notwithstanding the thinness and dryness of the soil. It is to be remembered that this

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is a country where the streams are all underground, and one must find a cavern or dig a well, if one would strike a water-course; where even the ruins are marvels,

> "Whose date, whose builders are unknown,
> Gracing the wild, mysterious and alone."

South-west of this fascinating but fatiguing country lie the unexplored depths of



PORTER.

Guatemala, where there is fabled to be, not only more ruins, but a living city of that antique type, a city of wonderful beauty, with walls of glistening marble, inhabited by the last remnants of the vanished Toltec race, protected by the impenetrable wilderness from the fate of their brethren of Uxmal and Palenque.

It is strange that so little should be done to explore this rich region. Perhaps, when we have done a little more for the Grecian and Egyptian remains, we may find some time and attention for our own.

At present, Mexico proper is the region upon which our interests centre. The home of the Montezumas has opened to us its doors, and we are rapidly making the acquaintance of his descendants. The church has lost its power. Maximilian left no trace of his sad career. The Spanish race, which ruled so long with an iron hand, no longer holds the reins. The Creole has not changed much. His refinement and beauty, his vanity and passion, his love of gambling and intrigue remain; but not the fierce energy that gave him the empire. The Indian is a docile, gentle being, too often licentious and stupid, but contented and willing to work. He is a trained porter, and will keep on in his peculiar dog-trot day after day under a heavy burden. He has changed very little since those old days, when his pride and courage were destroyed by the invincible buccaneers of Cortez, but what change there is, is for the worse.

The most important class, both in numbers and character, is the Mestizo; the race sprung from Spanish and Indian parents. They are generally bold riders and industrious farmers, and are polite, cleanly, and even honest from a Mexican point of view, and equally ready for fighting or politics, too often the same thing in this land of frequent pronunciamentos. A curious and hopeful thing about them is that they seem to tend towards the Spanish, rather than the feebler Indian type, so that in the third generation they can hardly be distinguished from the Creole.

There is one class of Mestizos, however, which is worse than the most degraded of the Indians,—the Lépero,—in whom seem to be united the worst vices of the Spanish freebooters and the Aztec slaves. Brantz Mayer describes him thus: "Blacken a man in the sun; let his hair grow long and tangled and filled with vermin; let him plod around the streets in all kinds of dirt for years, and never know the use of brush or towel, or water even, except in storms; let him put on a pair of leather breeches at twenty and wear them until forty, without change or ablution; and over all place a torn and blackened hat, and a tattered blanket begrimed with abominations; let him have wild eyes and shining teeth, features pinched by famine into sharpness,

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and breast bared and brown"; a beggar, a thief, and a ruffian from his very cradle, one of a hideous, swarming brood of vice, for whom there is no cure but extinction.

The city of Mexico, upon which the interests of travellers naturally centre, is remarkable enough in its way. The old Aztec city is gone. Its ruins fill the canals which once made it an island Venice; and the great trench, the Tajo de Nochistongo, has drained the lakes so effectively that the city is now some three miles from Lake Tezcoco, which once surrounded it. Unfortunately, the cut is not low enough to catch the drainage of the city, which has accumulated around it for hundreds of years, and makes it pestilential in the hot season, notwithstanding its elevated and noble side.

If the old Aztec civilization has vanished, the Spanish one has also faded. The old regime was thoroughly religious, the church holding three-fourths of all the wealth of the country, and nearly all the power. Under this rule the magnificently barbarous cathedral was built by the unpaid labor of poor Indians, at a cost of two millions, and the capital became literally a city of churches. In 1860 the church property was largely confiscated, and many of the buildings sold or applied to public purposes; and, though much of it is rapidly coming back into the hands of the priesthood, as far as institutions go, the city is now well equipped. Some of them we might well copy: the Monte del Pietad, for instance, founded by that fortunate Count de Regla. It is a great national pawn-shop, which offers to the poor small loans, at an interest less than a quarter part of what our poor have to pay, besides securing to them honest treatment, and ample time for redemption of their pledges. It has been very successful, although the profits for the first seventy years were devoted to masses for the founder's soul. Now they are expended in founding branches in other localities. When we think of how our own poor are often fleeced, we see that we have something to learn from the Count de Regla, though he was only an illiterate muleteer and shopkeeper, who made a happy strike in the tunnel at the Real de Monte. It is said that he spent out of his surplus profits



LEPERO.

six millions in buying real estate, lent the king a million (which was never repaid except by the title of Count de Regla), and bought and fitted out two ships of the line and presented them to his sovereign. When his children were baptized the procession walked on bars of silver; and he assured the king that if he would visit him his room should be lined with silver, and wherever he walked it should be upon solid silver bars.

H. W. H.



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MY FIRST WHEEL.

It would be no exaggeration to say that I had more experience with my first wheel than with all the others I ever owned in my life, put together. Genuine experience it was, too, — the kind of experience that goes right to the quick, and impresses a man so vividly that he never forgets the place where it struck him. My experience was not only very extensive in quantity, but its quality was remarkably intense. As long as I live I shall never forget the two summer months during which I went through the agonies preparatory to my initial mount, and the final triumph and exultation when with trembling nerves, and muscles strained like bands of steel, I glided with erratic motion down the little incline, hard beaten by my practice, and brought up with a notable "header" against the garden border at its foot!

Two long months it took me, gentle reader, to master the witchery of our beautiful steed. I dreamed of it all night, and it haunted me all day; and every time I moved in my office-chair I felt it in my bones. It was a horrible, delightful, fascinating nightmare, waking or sleeping, that mastered me, until at last I throttled it with my blistered hands and threw it off. It has never since returned to oppress me with the horrors of the unattainable; but it has left all its haunting sweetness and more.

My first wheel was a light roadster, slim and trim, and delicate of balance, and — treacherous! I can see it now, just as it used to look when I rolled it out for practice — yes, and *smell* it, and feel it, and hear it, too. It is photographed on all my senses.

Have you not noticed that every bicycle has a peculiar individual odor, an indefinable personality of rubber and leather, and steel, and oil?. I have remarked it, I think, in every machine that I ever handled. My first wheel had a very peculiar, pungent smell of leather,—an odor which will always be associated in my mind with trembling sensations and terrible headers. And then the feeling of the hard and scarred horn handles, as I stood behind the machine, and clasped them for the uncertain mount; and the dry, metallic rattle of the balls in the little wheel! — shall I ever forget any of these things, so long as I have a thought for the glorious recreation of the wheel?

You will say, reader, that I was foolish to attempt to learn the delicate art of pedalling on a light-balanced roadster. I was; that was a part of my experience. I knew no more about bicycles, when I purchased this machine, than I now know about the condition of roads in the moon. I was pleased with the romantic name of the machine, and I bought it. What agonies had I been spared if some experienced friend had recommended me to a small and heavy machine, with a pronounced rake and a good-sized little wheel! Let my experience be a warning to those who are about to enter the bicycling world!

I bought a large wheel, — as large as I should have been able to ride, with my length of leg, had I been an expert. A tyro, I have noticed, always wants to get the utmost raw material for his money. My machine was two inches diameter larger than I needed, and four inches larger than the machine I could have learned to ride with the greatest ease. My first task, then, was to shorten the tread by taking up the pedals. This, of course, gave me a very brief crank, for the machine was built for speed; it was a thorough-bred racer in every line. Then, after the fashion of experienced riders, I trundled the machine out upon my little private practice ground, screened from envious and curious eyes, and made my first attempt to mount, — an attempt which, by its undue precipitancy, has tended ever since to check the natural growth of my confidence in the wiry steed. It was not until I had disentangled myself from the spider's web of spokes, and recovered such of my small personal property and transient articles of clothing as could be found, in the embarrassed state of my optics, that I realized exactly what had happened, or how it had happened. I had made a leap for the saddle, — which, by the way, was not within my normal reach from the low step, — and had disturbed the equilibrium of my high-bred steed to such a degree that it had indignantly elevated its dainty heels, and deposited me, head-first, in an adjacent bed of sunflowers.

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Well, here was an unpleasant state of things at the outset, to be sure; but, owing to the loamy condition of the flower-bed, I had fortunately been spared the full significance of a header. If it had been otherwise, I am not sure but that my bicycling days would have been indeed brief and full of trouble. I picked up my fallen machine, and looked at it. Indeed, I looked at it for a long time, and inspected it first upon one side and then upon the other, until this sort of exercise struck me as being exceeding tiresome, and with this impression I leaned the machine up against a tree and went into the house.

My second attempt at learning to ride the wheel was made with the assistance of a friend, who held the machine while I climbed into the saddle, and then trundled me along like an infant on the back of a hobby-horse. My gasping and doubtful suggestion, to "let go," was followed by a wild careering to the edge of the path, a short and convulsive turn of the wheel in the opposite direction, and a header of the spread eagle pattern, during the performance of which I presume that I covered enough ground to keep an Irish family in potatoes all winter. Finally, however, after about a week of the most severe and anxious toil, and the app lication of an adjustable step, I managed to elevate my bruised and stiffened person to the altitude of the saddle, spring in, and ride a few feet before measuring my length upon the ground. Had I been an Antalus I ought to have developed a tremendously athletic physique from my frequent contact with mother earth. As it was, although I could not perceive any remarkable swelling of the biceps, I became quite a "bruiser," and could show in my person the appropriateness of the title.

In time, I became so accustomed to headers that the attitude induced thereby seemed quite a natural one to me, and I seldom took the trouble to improve the dusty complexion of my garments after a fall, feeling assured that in a few moments I should have the pleasure of a renewed acquaintance with the soil. It surprised me to have my brother wheelmen remark that I "seemed to be having rather more than my share of headers," and that "there was no necessity for it," and "something must be the matter with my machine." I say I was surprised, because by this time I had my mind made up that learning to ride a bicycle was about the next worst thing to falling in love, and I had set my teeth with the determination to undergo any amount of personal inconvenience necessary, even to the breaking of a limb or the bursting of a blood-vessel.

I was in this mood when an incident occurred which came near being the end of my bicycling craze. I had improved so rapidly, under adverse circumstances, that I was able to ride along a perfectly level and smooth surface, like a hard-beaten path, without much difficulty.

One day, when I had been unusally exempt from spills on my private track in the backyard, the audacious project formed itself in my mind, to take a ride on the smooth pathway leading through the village. Now, as it happened, there was a young ladies' school on this broad avenue, and, with masculine vanity, I pictured to myself a graceful wheelman sailing by, erect, with noiseless, glistening wheel, the cynosure of all those lovely eyes! That wheelman, it is unnecessary to state, was to be myself. The project was no sooner conceived than with trembling eagerness I proceeded to put it into execution.

All went well for a time. It was an easy down-grade past the Seminary, the path was free from pedestrians, and my wheel, undisturbed by any obstruction or quick movement of the handle-bar, glided along of its own graceful will as noiselessly as a drifting feather. I verily thought that my hour of triumph was at hand, and my heart only rapped my ribs a little faster, when I saw a charming bevy of the Seminary girls come pouring out of the building, with books, and hammocks, and croquet mallets in their hands, evidently intending to make the most of a half-holiday. They all paused, of course, to watch me glide by. There is something wonderfully fascinating in a bicycle to a girl, — that is, a bicycle with a rider on it. I strove to fling as much grace and ease into my motions as possible, and was about to escape with undeserved credit, when, as luck would have it, a branch of an apple-tree overhanging the walk confronted me with sudden and dreadful distinctness. I did not notice it until I was close upon it, — no time to dismount or to guide my machine up the grassy slope. Only one thing remained to do: I must duck my head, and, if possible, pass under it. I ducked, — probably with undue precipitancy, — and a blank in consciousness ensued.

I was recalled to a sense of present things by a silvery peal of laughter from across the way. It was, indeed, a ridiculous tumble.

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I lay sprawling prone on the hard walk, the breath well-nigh knocked out of me, my hat in the ditch, my watch-chain torn off, and my machine piled on top of me. For several moments I lay gasping, until I could get breath enough to rid me of my incubus and stand upon my feet. I never felt so sheepish in my life, but my sheepishness wasn't a circumstance to my inward wrath. If it had not been for my audience, I think that I should have smashed that bicycle into a hundred bits, instanter! As it was, I could only vow vengeance through my set teeth, as I picked the machine up, and limped homeward with it.

The very next day I sold my wheel, sold it for considerably less than I had paid, but with extreme satisfaction at the parting. For about a week my resolve to have "no more to do with bicycles" survived. Then the fever came upon me again, and I could not rest until I was the possessor of a steed of steel. This time I bought a sturdy, steady, good-natured one, that served me well for a long time, and never treated me to a really aggravating header. I soon got over my sense of ticklishness; but it will be a long time before I can forget my first wheel, the apple bough over the path, the flying header, and the silvery laughter of the Seminary girls. One of them never ceases to joke me about it, even now. I would give, — well, say, two dozen nickel-plated bicycles if that particular girl hadn't happened to be there.

Paul Pastnor.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

HERE in the hammock I lazily swing,
Watching the sunset fires
Far in the village windows burn,
And gild the tapering spires.
Moth, and beetle, and dragon-fly
Whirl and whir in the evening sky;
Nature is resting, so am I,
While day in the west expires.

"Heaven is rest!" the mystics sing;
Sweet is the promise given
Unto the faltering, failing soul
Over life's ocean driven.
Weary spirit and aching brain,
Fond heart bearing its load of pain,
Yield to the spell of the siren strain —
"Rest is a dream of Heaven."

Well I know when the morning sun
Out of the deep arises,
Hydra duty will fill with cares
The path which night disguises.
Peace! no thought for the morrow take!
Shackles of bondage I bravely break:
Life is good for its own sweet sake,
Not for its glittering prizes.

So in the hammock I dreamily swing,
And life seems lovelier, dearer,
And the light from the beautiful land of Peace
O'er my wistful heart breaks clearer.
A gay song floats on the evening still,
A merry whistle rings over the hill,
I hear a welcome voice's trill
And a footfall coming nearer.

Sarah D. Hobart.

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THE BOYS' BICYCLE CLUB.

(From notes taken by an enterprising and eavesdropping reporter.)

THE B.B.C. was to hold its first meeting! This important fact excited great interest — in the minds of less than a dozen individuals who constituted the members of the said B.B.C., or Boys' Bicycle Club, which proposed to outshine every like association and illuminate the land, though at present it does not contain a single star. The captain had been elected at a sort of preliminary caucus, held at the residence of the standard-bearer, which had been most interesting from a musical point of view, as the exercises were enlivened by the members' scuffling for the possession of a small, round, red music-box, without any top, and playing tunes thereon. But never mind that. The first real meeting was to be held; and the captain, having taken advice from persons in authority, — that is, in his home-circle, — had decided that it was to be as much like a "big fellers' meeting" as possible, and very parliamentary as to rules, terms, order of business, etc.; the by-laws were to be arranged, and the members to pay an initiation fee of twenty-five cents. On the eventful Saturday afternoon one enraptured wheelman appeared before the captain had finished dinner, and was subsequently entertained by his host in the barn, which had been cleared for a riding-school. Meanwhile, the captain's feminine relatives transformed the dining-room into a club-room; the table was judiciously fitted with paper, pencils, pens, ink, and rubber, — and his sister, with extraordinary prudence, removed a dish of nuts and apples, fearing they might interrupt the business proceedings. Alas! with mental and physical short-sightedness, she left a choice collection of marbles on a side-table, and the result was disastrous to the poor captain, who was bound to be parliamentary. Before the appointed hour of three several members arrived and enthusiastically proposed to "skittle round the race-track" of the Fair Grounds, half a mile off. A grand rush, — they were gone, and so enticing was this expedition that the captain's Waterbury indicated half-past three when they started homeward, losing one member by the way. When his desertion was discovered two skirmishers started in pursuit, but failed to capture the recreant, and the 'cyclists returned to find one more disconsolate member waiting on the front piazza. The secretary was not present, but the captain decided to go it alone and do the writing himself, so with a great slamming, stamping, and scuffling the wheelmen entered the din— club-room. For several moments the reporter heard only a confused clamor, but finally some voices rose above the din, and this is, *verbatim*, the result of the B.B.C.'s first meeting: —

MEMBER. — Let's see your marbles first!

MEM. — Here's a knife; going to butcher anybody?

CAPTAIN. — (*Expostulating mildly.*) Oh, don't bother!

MEM. — (*With determination.*) I aint going to take off my coat.

CAPT. — (*Persuasively.*) Come on. (*Wild confusion.*) Say, come on.

MEM. — Call the roll. (*Captain begins to write the roll.*)

MEM. — You're captain.

MEM. — Put captain on the top line.

CAPT. —(*Modestly.*) I can't write very well.

MEM. — Don't spell "Captain" with a "K."

ALL. — (*In disgust.*) Aw-w-w!

MEMS. — { Put "present" there. / No, under the line. / Put 'em here.

CAPT. — Just wait. (*Considerable conversation by various members.*) Oh, the dickens! How do you spell your name? (*to standard-bearer.*) (*Various members simultaneously spell their names, then advise Captain how to spell his own.*)

CAPT. — (*Continuing roll.*) The secretary is not present.

MEM. — Are you putting me next to the last? You bad boy.

MEM. — I'd rather be last. (*Vigorous rattling of marbles.*)

STANDARD-B. — I'll write for you.

MEM. — Where'll the next meeting be?

MEM. — We aint going to meet here next. (*Discussion on the subject.*)

CAPT. — (*Preparing, during much confusion, to take account of initiation-fees.*) Did you bring your twenty-five cents?

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MEM. — No, I want to save my money for jaw-breakers.

MEM. — I've got five cents.

CAPT. — That all?

MEM. — Yes.

CAPT. — Sure?

MEM. — Yes. (*Conversation.*)

CAPT. — Hold on. (*Writes.*) Five cents. Standard-bearer next.

STANDARD-B. — One cent.

MEM. — (*With animation.*) He's got six cents.

STANDARD-B. — (*With spirit.*) I haven't.

MEM. — (*With increasing warmth.*) He has.

MEM. — (*Backing preceding speaker.*) He showed it to me.

CAPT. — He's got to give all he has. (*Argument, during which standard-bearer protests that he had purchased candy while out riding; but ends by producing five cents.*)

MEMS. — He says his bicycle is bigger than mine.
Yes, his is bigger.
I'll bet you ten dollars you can't — (*Unintelligible din.*)

CAPT. — (*In despair.*) Oh, fiddles! How much are *you* going to give?

MEM. — (*Firmly.*) Not a cent! (*Cries of Oh, oh!*)

MEM. — (*Excitedly.*) You shan't belong to the club. (*Heated discussion.*)

MEM. — (*Consolingly to captain.*) I'll give mine in a bunch.

CAPT. — (*Confidentially aside.*) They're hot kids. (*Aloud.*) I'll pay *all* mine; now, how much will you give? Come.

(*Reluctant member is gradually worked up to eight cents.*)

CAPT. — That all you got! Oh, you ought to give all you have; won't you?

(*Reluctant member, horrified by suggestions that he'll be expected to pay the remaining seventeen cents at the next meeting, declares that sum is quite beyond him, "all in a bunch," and finally cashes up ten cents.*)

CAPT. — (*Proceeding.*) Ten cents; what's next?

MEM. — Five cents.

MEMS. — (*Looking on as captain writes it down, "05."*) Don't put a nought first.
Just put "5" —
What are you writing that nought for?

CAPT. — That's all right; that's the way.

MEMS. — (*Cautiously.*) Don't spend it for candy —
Mind, you'll have to put it back if you do.

CAPT. — No, I won't spend it. I'll credit you with it anyhow, so it'll be all safe.

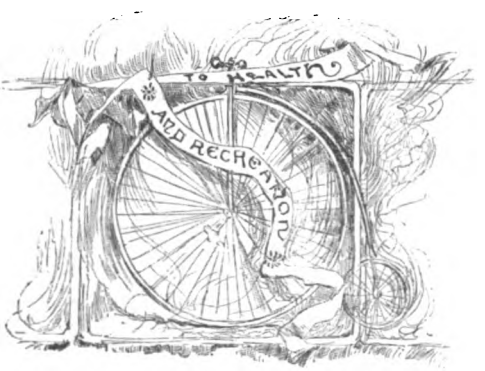
MEM. — (*To captain.*) Say, do you go to school?

MEM. — He goes to his mother.

MEMS. — (*In stentorian voices.*) Let's play marbles.
Say, lend me a bully to shoot with?
What's in this box? Chewing tobaccer.
Shan't play for keeps —
Come on out —

Meeting adjourned in wild confusion; but the captain means to try it again.

A. E. M.



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Healthy Living.

THE matter of healthy ways of living is brought freshly to our minds by two articles lately printed in the *North American*, in which Judge Jameson raises the question whether our civilization is perishable. He points out three dangers: from a physical point of view, a change of climate; from a political, the evil of majority rule, and, socially, our defective marriage customs. The first two it is easy to dispose of. The hypothesis of regularly recurring glacial epochs is a very uncertain speculation, and very poorly supported by geological evidence. In the millions of years before the latter part of the tertiary period there is no plain evidence of any period of cold; and it is quite possible that any decrease in the earth's internal heat, if she has any, may for ages to come be made up for by an approach to the sun, or an increase in the heat thrown out from that luminary. The second suggestion, of the dangers of majority rule, is too whimsical for serious consideration. We have tried the experiment for a century or two, and although it is not absolute perfection, it certainly does not show the suicidal characteristics Mr. Arnold would have us expect. It does not seem likely that Judge Jameson can give much real weight to these notions. But his other point is more important. Over and over again history has shown triumphant races decaying under social customs which were fatal to their virility. Athens and Rome both rotted within before any external force could shake them. This has occurred so regularly in the past that it has been fancied to be under some natural law resembling the growth and decay of the individual. In the clearer knowledge of modern science we see that this is a superficial analogy, and that the matter depends upon physical habits and social customs. The Saxon race in England and Germany has lost none of its vigor. But any one who has examined the records of our old families of New England must have been struck by the decrease in their fertility in the last two generations. The average number of children must have diminished one half, and it is uncertain whether we are now holding our own against the more prolific Celt. In the South the last census returns showed the blacks increasing faster than the whites. This, then, is not a fancied danger, but one actually looming up over us in threatening proportions. It is not a question of æsthetics, or politics, or creed, and the educational remedies proposed are too remote. It is a matter of physique, not opinions; of modes of life that give healthy bodies with healthy tastes and healthy passions, not of mental education. It is not so much money made, or so many books read, so much music listened to. Our accumulated learning is already beyond the power of most of us to master. It is a question of muscle and nerve, not art or literature; of loving homes and crowded firesides, not colleges or hospitals. Unless we can make bodily culture keep up with mind culture our civilization cannot possibly last. From this point of view athletics are not the amusement of an idle hour, — a way of killing a vacation, — they are elemental duties, vital moral laws.

Home Gymnastics.

HAPPY is the household where there is an attic, or other out-of-the-way room that can be set apart as a gymnasium. Only a few appurtenances are necessary; some hanging rings and horizontal bars, to lift and swing one's self upon; a few Indian clubs, and the ever-to-be-respected bean bags; these have in them a store of health and pleasure, and their value on a rainy day is not to be lightly estimated.

A very great part of the brightness of home depends upon the health of the inmates. One can't expect a hearty laugh from the dyspeptic, who takes no fresh air and exercise. Most of the trifling worries that jar our home happiness come from jaded nerves, and it is seldom mere

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overwork that makes a man or woman nervous. A man can do his full stint of work, even if it be brain-work that fills every spare moment of the day, and not be nervous so long as he keeps his body sound and vigorous. And how much of the beauty as well as the good nature and healthy instincts of home turn upon this. The firm muscle of the man, the graceful, easy motion and rounded form of the woman, the vigorous elasticity of the little ones, — how much these depend upon what they do away from the fireside! We have not half taken in the moral side of muscular Christianity yet. Take such a book as Blaikie's "How to get Strong," and the little manual that goes with it, and see how far we fall below our true standard of development. There has been a great improvement in this generation, no doubt, but we have not half reached the health and the beauty and happiness which come from the training that is within our reach. To fit one's self for the home, which is the crown of life, we must do more of this, and the more we can turn these duties into pleasures, and make our exercises seem recreations, the brighter home will be.

Black-board Possibilities.

THE possibilities of a piece of chalk on a good black-board are well known in the school-room; but she is a wise mother who realizes what a source of amusement it may be in the house. The fretful cry of "What can I do now?" ceases, and the long hours of storm outside — keeping the restless feet housed — become hours of calm within, while the small artists are revelling in pictures truly Japanese in their disregard of perspective. Black-boards for the play-room can be obtained in any size or shape, either to rest on an easel, swing on a pivot in a frame-work of wood, or simply hang against a wall; and range in price from $2 to $3; for the latter sum one can get a fine board, 30 × 42 inches, sufficiently large for several children to use at the same time.

A board of this size has been for the past year a never-failing fund of pleasure in a family where there are three boys. Sums were puzzled out on it, and maps of strange lands — exceedingly foreign to any known countries — were stretched forth. Columbus appeared discovering an America which the nimble fingers of another juvenile draughtsman brought to view just as the discouraged mariner was on the point of being wiped out with a rag. Often the board was divided so that each one had a section; and when, as it sometimes happened, the soldiers of one lad over-ran the boundary line and appeared in his brother's peaceful farm-yard, there came angry words, and mamma had to make peace. But when night came, bringing sleep to wipe out the ugly wrinkles from their faces, mamma wiped the board clean and wrote a loving verse thereon. It became at times a sort of family diary, reminding of forgotten duties and heralding promised and long-coveted pleasures; but the greatest joy of all came, I think, with the bright spring morning, when these boys found written on it, in papa's bold hand, "God has sent a little sister to you."

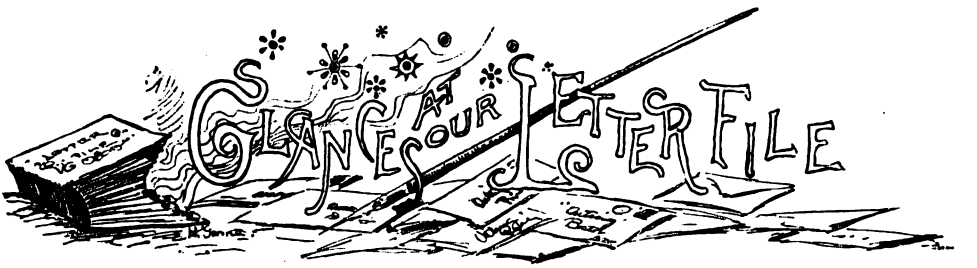
Spring Wheeling.

WITH the delicious hints of spring weather and drying roads the wheel is brought out and looked over. Of course it is too early; but when we have groomed our old friend, the temptation to try a spin is irresistible; to feel again that smooth, graceful, easy motion that is so different from any other! Washington does not seem so far off, and the meet there will be delightful. Old acquaintances will be renewed, and new ones made with the strong cement of a common interest. Squabbles will be left to that other meet in the capitol, where disputes are more in place. We do not go for the duties of legislation, or the excitement of a spree; we have an example to set to those older athletes. Athletic culture is not mere idle play; it is work, too, and work with a noble and elevating aim; and we want to show that there is nothing vulgar or ignoble in our way of getting it.

Parlor-Cars.

THE parlor-car adds so much to the pleasures of travel, with its toilet arrangements, its smoking-room, and its colored attendant, and the freedom from crowd, that it has become a distinct feature in our locomotive civilization. Mr. Howells has touched its social side with his delicious humor, and shown how amusingly it typifies some of our national characteristics, both masculine and feminine. We have a very kindly feeling for so hospitable an institution; and yet it must be confessed that there is still evident room for improvement. In the direction of light, and food, and ventilation, there has been some improvement, and we hope that there will be still greater gain this summer.

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BOSTON, MASS., April 15, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — I am led, from some indications that I have seen in its pages, to hope that OUTING, in embracing yachting in its field, will thoroughly stir up some of the vexed questions that American yachtsmen have now to deal with. One of these is the question of measurement rules. The English rules, which have produced the narrow, long, and deep model, — the extreme English cutter, — instead of fostering legitimate racing, have really led to its practical extinction; for that model is good only for "jockeying," to use plain English.

The measurement rule, known as the combination of length measurement and sail area, which has been adopted by some New York and other clubs, is fallacious in taxing the form of the vessel's hull. If the builder of a yacht improves her form of hull (while keeping her general dimensions in length, breadth, depth, and weight of ballast the same), so that she is able to carry more sail, he is at once taxed for his ingenuity in having accomplished this improvement. If a yacht carries inside ballast, and her owner, to improve her, puts the ballast on the outside, and thus enables her to carry more sail, he is taxed under this rule all he gains. The rule in this respect may, therefore, be justly termed a premium on stupidity and a penalty on ingenuity. Again, this rule, as it is now applied in practice, is not fair. Under the formulas adopted the measurer estimates the amount of sail by measuring the *standing spars*. This leads to the use of what might be called supplemental top-masts as light spars, and inevitably offers a reward to the man who can afford the most expensive and complicated rigging, which will enable him to hoist his spars in a race, and keep them on deck during measurement. It seems probable that this rule will, in time, develop *capacities for jockeying* which have hitherto been undreamed of.

Another rule has been proposed, which, after some trial, has developed difficulties that did not at first appear. It is the rule of measuring a boat by the circumscribed parallelogram of her hull; in other words, the length, breadth, and depth measurement. In this rule, every foot of added breadth and every foot of added depth are taxed for the same amount as every foot of length. Now, it is an undisputed fact that every foot of length added to the hull of a vessel increases her capacity for speed, in a certain regular ratio, but every foot added to her beam, or depth, does not increase her capacity for carrying sail and speed in a regular ratio, but in what may be termed the *vanishing* ratio; *i.e.*, you may add to the beam or depth of a vessel, until your additions are a detriment to her, by retarding her speed more than it will aid her in carrying sail to increase her speed. No one, so far as I know of, has ever yet been able to determine what the ratio of the added beam is, or how much one foot added over the last foot actually increases the power and speed of the vessel. It is impossible to know whether you are not imposing a tax upon the broader or deeper vessel which she ought not to bear, because you do not know how much benefit the added beam or depth is to her. It is a fact, developed by actual trial, that when the measurement of length, breadth, and depth of a vessel is taken, or, in other words, the circumscribed parallelogram, there is no table of time allowances yet constructed in England or America that will meet that measurement and give fair allowances to various sizes of vessels matched against each other.

The result of all these suggestions so far, brings us back to length measurement, which, when yachts are made of reasonable dimensions, is as fair a measurement as has yet been devised. When yachts are made of unreasonable dimensions under it, and racing in different states of sea and wind is attempted, natural laws impose such a penalty that the builder and owner is more likely to lose than gain by endeavoring to take advantage of the rule. If he attempts to construct his vessel of unreasonable dimensions he virtually prevents her sailing in any race excepting under conditions which are likely not to occur in a majority of races. To a certain extent, therefore, the laws of hydraulics, which come into play in the racing of yachts in open water, will regulate their proportionate dimen-

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sions, and he who attempts to violate these will find that he must either keep his yacht out of races in a majority of cases, or be beaten if he goes into them.

Why not go back to length measurement?

David Hall Rice.

DUNEDIN, N.Z., February 28, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — You will have seen ere this the report of our sports, which went off well, but, unfortunately, left us with a debtor balance to meet, though not as large as the Springfield one.

We have plenty of fun just now, — plenty of racing and riding. A trick rider, A. A. O'Donnell, from Australia, is here. He is very good, but I do not think *quite* up to George Smith, with his stand-still, cigarette trick, and others. There was some talk of his going round the world to bring back to Australia the championship; but he has only got this far at present.

Our roads are very rough, and hill-riding is made more difficult by loose stones, which are at present all over the roads. Going out for a spin, the other night, I ran 18 miles in 1h. 30 min. The evening was fine, with a breeze at my back, so I was putting in a record. The pace down the two big hills was too fast for comfort over the loose stones, and at one turn I thought I was in for a buster. The old bi. filled up the road, jumping and twisting under me as she hit the stones, and they rolled. I can assure you I never was so uncomfortable on a machine as in those few seconds which elapsed before I got her to answer her helm rightly.

Reading some of your yarns of the Rocky Mountain roads, with their magnificent coasts, Washington asphalt, Chestnut-Hill reservoir, tours over Canadian roads, and the innumerable lovely trips your lucky wheelmen get, we get just a *little* envious. I really think I must give you a short description of a ride I took not very long ago, as a contrast to your asphalt. One Saturday afternoon I got tired of watching the heavy rain, which had been falling without intermission for over twenty-four hours. I heaved THE WHEELMAN over on to my table, took a last look at the glass, now very low, and donned my foot-ball jersey and oldest bicycle uniform. I picked up my bicycle at our club-room, and went for what we call a "mud lark." I had not cleared the town before I was pretty well soaked, and had been through one creek three or four inches over the road. Over the first hill I pushed and down through a small torrent and a pool at the foot, along a flat, mostly under water, and then up the first big hill, the rain getting heavier each moment. The upper part of the hill was all right to descend, only rather muddy, but as I rounded the last turn — Hullo! — down brakes, — a yellow stream was rushing down the road forty miles an hour and a couple of hundred yards wide. There was nothing for it but to ride it, and I got through all right, and felt equal to any amount of water then. But round the next turn was more water, farther on more, till at last I got tired of counting, and began to wonder if I should ever get back again through the rising creeks. I got over and through eighteen miles of this sort of work, and at last reached my destination, only to find that if I wanted to get into my friend's house I must wade; and wade I did, carrying my "bi," and climbing a fence on the way. It is hard to swim on a bicycle. It was the liveliest trip I'd had for a while, though I had been through the creeks before when they were not quite so bad. Give us a yarn to ease off the sand-papered roads a bit, and make us a little more contented with ours in the rough. Meantime, *au revoir*.

Yours faithfully,

E. H. BURNS.

ZURICH, February, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — One afternoon last summer I sat at my window smoking. All nature seemed taking a *siesta*. The balmy air stirred not. The curling blue wreaths I blew through the window, expanding and expanding, framed the tranquil lake and the Vetliberg beyond. How charming was the picture! But soon a thought came to break the sweet revery into which I had fallen. I had just finished a twenty-three days' bicycle trip through Switzerland, and I remembered my promise to write you. "Why not do it up in verse, and show you literary fellows how to write?" said I to myself. To think with me is generally to act, and sometimes I do the acting first. So I seized my pen. Had any one entered my room at that moment he would certainly have seen the poetic fire blazing from my eyes, for in the first two lines I made *soap* rhyme with *goat*. I read this effort only once. Enough! I seized my hat, rushed downstairs like a madman, leaped upon my trusty steed, and sped away up the lakeshore, feeling that the shades of all the poets were howling vengeance behind me. Nor did I stop until Meilan lay between me and my unfinished poem. This town is about six miles up the lake; and the inhabitants of this canton are as fond of the canine species as our Indians. Perhaps the only thing a Zuricher

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desires not in a liquid form is a dog. The day was perfect and the pellucid atmosphere a symphony. Again I felt the muse's power, and had got as far as making *goat* rhyme with *poet* in the most peaceable and seductive manner, when a big dog ran out, seized my foot, and dog, man, and bicycle lay in a heap in the dusty way, with — as is hardly necessary to say — the man nearest the ground.

Schiller never rode a bicycle, or we should not have had his *Lied von der Glocke*. Neither Göthe nor Tom Moore ever had a wheel fly up ten feet into the air, and come down in the small of the back. Byron had a better idea of it when he wrote (I quote from memory) : —

> " I had no thought, no feeling, — none —
> Among the stones I lay, a stone;
> And was scarce conscious what I wist,
> As shrubless crags within a mist, —
> That critter give me such a twist! "

Some people don't appreciate Byron. I do. But even Byron could not come up to the long-drawn agony of that moment. Poetry might still live after a stroke from a pile-driver, but a bull-dog and a bicycle are too serious a combination. I won't mention the broken handle-bar, or the external and internal injuries of the rider, but will only say that the relation between soap, goat, poet, and a bicycle was lost to science forever, dogon it!

We cripples came back by boat, but forgot to invite the dog; and I have my doubts about the advantages of writing for magazines.

Yours truly,

I. C. L.

NEW YORK, March, 1884.

MR. EDITOR : — As the conveniences of travelling seem to come especially within the province of your journal, may I not call your attention to one or two points with regard to travelling on parlor-cars? One is in regard to the lights in the early evening. They are almost invariably so dim that travellers cannot see to read or write, and are forced to sit idly staring about until patience gives out, and they go to bed at an hour so early as to spoil the whole night's rest. This could easily be avoided by using some steady electric light; or, in a simpler way, by providing sconces with three or four candles in each, which could be put up for any traveller who desired them. It seems to me that this is no more than the attention which a traveller has a right to expect in return for the extra charge. It is certainly less than he would receive in a hotel of the same scale of prices. If a man pays four or five dollars a day he wants to be attended to. An electric light of the low-tension kind would be the safest. At present, if one can judge from the smell, a refined kerosene is often used. A little over a year ago I was on a train which was wrecked, and, on entering the parlor-car, after the accident, to get my traps, I found the floor and furniture, and my overcoat, all soaked with unmistakable kerosene from the lamps above. A spark would have set the whole interior in a blaze. I think that parlor travellers have a right to be protected from this.

Another thing in which there might be more pains taken is in the matter of meals. When I last went to Washington I arrived at half-past ten in the morning, without having had any opportunity to breakfast. A few months ago I went north to the White Mountains by a train which started in the middle of the afternoon, and did not stop anywhere for supper, except a scant ten minutes at a lunch counter. This might easily be cured, by directing the porter to keep sandwiches and oysters, milk, tea, etc., for sale at a moderate price. There is no reason why dining-cars should be unknown in the East.

I think the parlor-car companies would find it very much for their interest to make their guests more comfortable, in these and other respects, for at present many persons do not care to patronize them, on account of their poor accommodations.

Yours truly,

M. P.

TORONTO, March, 1884.

MR. EDITOR : — Cannot you publish *music* to some of the beautiful wheeling songs you print from time to time? If you were only to suggest popular airs to them, it would be something. Such things as " Come out into the road, my wheel," or " The man on the real steel wheel," — to quote almost at random from memory, — such things, set to really good and appropriate music, I, for one, would like the opportunity of singing.

Yours melodiously,

BASSO.

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Out-of-Doors.

MR. FELLOWS' "Boating trips on New England Rivers"[1] is an account of three summer excursions, each of a week or so, spent in rowing down our Massachusetts rivers. They were evidently enjoyed thoroughly, though they involved not only pretty constant rowing, and the usual labors of camping out, but a great deal of carrying to get round the frequent dams. The scenery was much of it charming, but Mr. Fellows has not attempted much more than a simple practical narrative of his experiences for the benefit of future voyageurs. His plan was in each case to start as near as possible to the sources of the river, and row down with the current, camping out when necessary in a tent which he carried, but not scorning to take advantage of the more civilized quarters which frequently offered. His first trip was from Southville, high up on the Sudbury, down through the Concord and Merrimac, to the ocean at Newburyport; and that part of it from Saxonville through Concord to North Billerica, a stretch of fifty miles, was particularly rich in easy waters with fine scenery. The Sudbury, higher up, was too small for easy sailing, and the Merrimac below "too wide to furnish the peculiar pleasure which comes from following the continuous windings of a small stream." The second trip down the Housatonic, from Pittsfield to the Sound, was through finer scenery; but there were more difficulties from rapids and from mill-dams, and it was obviously one which could only be undertaken by a pair of practised oarsmen. The third trip down the Nashua, from West Boylston to the Merrimac, was less interesting.

A HINT of the approaching season, when summer heats will drive us off to the cool shore of the ocean, is given by Mr. Emerton's little work on "Life on the Seashore; or, Animals of our Coasts and Bays."[2] It is an excellent, practical book for beginners, or for students who have never gotten beyond their books. On the shore we are at the boundary of two worlds. The plant life of the land, with one exception, cannot cross the tide-line, and even that tough and spiteful eel-grass that bathers and rowers detest so, cannot get far out into the sea. The marine *algæ* cannot climb the shore. The varied insect race is more adaptive, but only a dozen species live in their young condition near the shore; and, on the other hand, the crustacea cannot go far from the sea, the crabs, and sow-bug, and crayfish being the only ones that venture ashore at all. The echinoderms, and polypes, and jelly-fishes, are all marine, except the little fresh-water hydra; and although the worms and mollusks are found in both, it is in the sea that we must look for their best development. How to pursue this fascinating study practically is Mr. Emerton's subject, and he gives a great deal of practical information as to methods, and as to the specimens that will reward our search.

"THE 'CYCLIST AND WHEEL-WORLD ANNUAL"[1] is a very useful book for the English wheelman. It begins with a diary and run-record for 1884, followed by an alphabetical table of small towns and villages, with the roads leading to them, which, taken with the tables published in the annuals for 1882 and 1883, refers the tourist to every town and village in England. This is followed by racing records for 1883 for England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; a directory of the clubs of the United Kingdom and colonies, and of the continent and America, the last of which is far from complete. There are also articles about the National 'Cyclists' Union, The 'Cyclists' Touring Club, and the German N.C.U.; tables of the fastest amateur and professional times, railway rates, etc.

BATCHELDER'S "'CYCLIST'S RECORD BOOK,"[2] is a handy and inexpensive little pocket note-book for keeping a running record of each day's wheel-

[1] Boating trips on New England Rivers. By Henry Parker Fellows. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 176. Cupples, Upham, & Co., Boston.

[2] Life on the Seashore. By James H. Emerton. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 143. S. E. Cassino & Co.

[1] The 'Cyclist and Wheel-World Annual. Edited by C. W. Nairn and H. Sturmey. 8vo. pp. 246. Iliffe & Son, Coventry, Eng.

[2] 'Cyclist's Record Book. By C. D. Batchelder, Lancaster, N. H. 24mo. pp. 94.

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ing. Every other left-hand page is ruled with blanks for the place, cyclometer, total of distance, time of starting and stopping, rests, and condition of the roads and weather; and the blank pages will serve for fuller memoranda. The form and arrangement seem neat and convenient.

SEA-SICKNESS[1] is such a terrible cause of suffering that a scientific and practical method of preventing it without medicine or change of diet, such as Mr. Hudson claims to have discovered, is, if true, of immense importance. When one recalls those hours of nausea when life was intolerable, and only our total want of energy prevented us from taking leave of it, it seems too good to be true to be told that the cure is so ready. Mr. Hudson's idea is that the constant alteration of the position of the body produces in many persons a tension of the muscular system (in the effort to steady one's self against this change of position), which is so unhealthy when continued for any length of time, as to produce those symptoms of nausea and so forth with which the ocean traveller is so well acquainted. His conclusion is that this must be met by an entirely relaxed muscular system, with no bracing of one's self against the berth or the vessel. One is to drag and roll about, in slow, lazy motions, as the sailors do, with every muscle limp. In his own case he finds that he can bring on or cure sea-sickness by following this rule. To many persons this is a difficult thing to do, however, as it involves control over movements generally performed involuntarily. But it seems to be a thing that can be learned by practice by almost every one, and if experience shows that it really has the benefit that he claims, he has rendered a real service to humanity by publishing it.

MR. BUNNER'S "Airs from Arcady"[2] is a charming little collection of bright verses, many of which will be recognized as having appeared in the *Century* and elsewhere. He is at his best in the light love poems, "The Way to Arcady," "Da Capo," "Candor," "Accepted," etc., which are full of freshness; or, again, in his parodies on "Home, Sweet Home," paraphrased in the style of Swinburne, Bret Harte, Dobson, Goldsmith, and Walt Whitman, which are almost as good as Bayard Taylor's "Echo Club," and the "Rejected Addresses." One poem we must make room for, "The September Rondeau": —

> The summer's gone — how did it go?
> And where has gone the dogwood's snow?
> The air is sharp upon the hill,
> And with a tinkle sharp and chill,
> The icy little brooklets flow.
>
> What is it in the season, though,
> Brings back the days of old, and so
> Sets memory recalling still
> The summers gone?
>
> Why are my days so dark? for lo!
> The maples with fresh glory glow,
> Fair shimmering mists the valleys fill,
> The keen air sets the blood athrill.
> Ah! now that *you* are gone I know
> The summer's gone.

History and Biography.[1]

THE Hessians played such an important part in the war of the revolution that their history is almost the history of the war from a foreign point of view. They made a very considerable part of every British army here, and their apparent importance was increased by the popular hatred of the foreign mercenaries who boasted that they gave no quarter in battle. Mr. Lowell's book throws much new light upon it, partly by its store of fresh details, but more from the novelty in point of view. The German troops could not help admiring the fertility of our soil, and the general prosperity, but they were naturally inclined, at first, to despise the unaccoutred and undisciplined forces opposed to them. They said that it took the rebels a quarter of an hour to load, and that they would only fight at long range, where their skill in marksmanship gave them an advantage over the ordinary soldier who was not accustomed to take aim. The surprise and overwhelming defeat which Washington gave them at Trenton, which might have been avoided by ordinary military precautions, taught them a needed lesson. Our relations with them did not change, however, for the better. The surrender of Burgoyne, and the consequent alliance with the French, showed how impossible it would be to conquer these indomitable farmers; and the later operations down the coast looked more to seizing territory, which could be kept in the coming admission of the success of the revolution, than to destroying Washington's army, which was not seriously threatened after it had been driven out of Long Island and New York and forced south across the Delaware. Instead of blows at the vital part, the British operations thereafter were too

[1] Sea-sickness. By William H. Hudson. 18mo. pp. 147. Boston: S. E. Cassino & Co.

[2] Airs from Arcady. By H. C. Bunner. 16mo. pp. 109. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] The Hessians in the Revolution. By Edward J. Lowell. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 328. New York: Harper & Bros.

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often mere plundering raids, in which the Hessians took their full share. Their views of us are, some of them, worth quoting. They were surprised to find the interest with which these previously untrained men threw themselves into the study of military science, and filled their knapsacks with books of tactics instead of toilet conveniences. "In serious earnest," says a German officer, "this whole nation has much natural talent for war." The much bewigged members of the Massachusetts General Court amused the prejudiced Von Riedesell. "Their clothes are of the very old English fashion, and they wear, winter and summer, a blue cloak, with sleeves, which they fasten round their bodies with a leathern strap. You seldom see one without a whip. They are mostly thick set, and not one in ten of them can read writing [*sic*]; still less can they write. This art is only known to the knights of the pen and to the female sex. The latter are well brought up, and therefore succeed in obtaining mastery over the men more than in any nation in the world. The New-Englanders all want to be politicians, and therefore love the tavern and grog-bowl, over which they do their business, and drink from morning till night." The women, another German officer described as charming, but extravagant, and without the languishing tenderness of his own countrywomen. Some of them dropped the foreigners' mocking courtesies, and others would spit after they had passed. The Daisy Miller of that day was as vivacious, as independent, and as pretty as her descendants. "They dress very becomingly, but their clothes must fit them very closely"; and however poor they may be they manage to wear gloves, and silken mantles, put on "very prettily, so that one little white elbow peeps out." The Burgoyne affair, and the indefensible refusal to carry out the stipulations of the surrender, were not calculated to give the sufferers an over-favorable idea of us. Still a good many did remain in the new land.

AMONGST the biographies of the season Anthony Trollope's story[1] of his own life stands easily first. It is told with the most extraordinary simplicity and genuineness, in a thoroughly English way. He is so careful to keep to the strict matter of fact, and avoid even the semblance of romance, that the love and ambition which inspired his life seem unjustly belittled, and yet you feel that he has written just as he felt and talked about them. In its beginning, his was not a happy life. His father's infirmity of temper and loss of fortune were a trial; but his own unpopularity was far worse. The cause does not altogether appear, but we have a vivid picture of the ragged, dirty, clumsy little fellow, sullenly skulking round the outside of the boyish circles that he was not allowed to enter. It is strange to read of his twelve years at Harrow, with no instruction in anything but the dead languages, and that very poor, — not even writing and arithmetic were taught him. His unpopularity seems to have stuck to him in the beginning of his post-office career in London, and until his removal to Ireland and his engagement to Miss Heseltine, the young lady who afterwards became his wife. It is probable that her happy influence over him had something to do with the change, and with his devotion to literature, which began at about the same time, though he does not say so. Here, too, it was long before he won a hearing. The author who, at the end of life, could count up nearly half a million receipts from his novels; who could write and sell two stories a year, for year after year, wrote for ten years before he won any return of either money or fame. The same matter-of-factness that colors his biography colors his novels; and he is careful to tell us that he insisted on two hundred and fifty words from his own pen in each quarter of an hour that he sat at his desk. But he was undoubtedly a great novelist, with the secret of dramatic genius, that of making his characters alive, and of keeping them always with him. He hated them and loved them. He argued and quarrelled with them, forgave them and submitted to them, but never cut them. Machine-like, as his literary habits were, he wrote because he had something to say, and not because he had to say something. And always there was that hearty, genuine English frankness which is so very real. We open this volume for a specimen of it, and take these words about his course in the post-office. "How I loved when I was contradicted, — as I was very often, and, no doubt, very properly, — to do instantly as I was bid, and then to prove that what I was doing was fatuous, dishonest, expensive, and unpracticable! And then there were feuds — such delicious feuds! I was always an anti-Hillite, acknowledging, indeed, the great thing which Sir Roland Hill had done for the country, but believing him to be entirely unfit to manage men or to arrange labor. It was a pleasure to me to differ from him on all occasions; and looking back now I think that in all such differences I was right."

[1] An Autobiography. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 329. New York: Harper & Bros.

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AMONGST the men who fell a sacrifice to patriotism in the rebellion there were none whose loss was greater than that of Theodore Winthrop.[1] He was beginning to do his best work. He was always intense, even in boyhood, when we catch a glimpse of him in his sister's biography, toddling about, golden-haired and wide-eyed, with a picture-book under each arm, before he had hardly learned to walk. In his youth he experienced religion (this was nearly half a century ago, it is to be remembered), and a little later we hear of him as profoundly affected by a love as romantic as Dante's, for a young lady to whom he had never spoken a word; and he wrote a good deal of poor poetry, which it is rather cruel to print. He was too sensitive and too introverted; full of grand aspirations, and yet, sometimes, "very wretched, wishing for nothing so much as death, and yet knowing not what death is." His trip to Europe, and his employment by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, through the kindness of Mr. Aspinwall, did much to strengthen his character. His letters grew manly, and his powers of description vigorous and full of nature. His post at Panama proved to be too much of a sinecure for his active disposition, and he went on to San Francisco, then in its early days of mud, "the dirtiest place in the world. A single day will transform it from a slough, navigable only in a pair of gaff-top sail-boots, to an ankle-deep dust-pan." From there he pushed on to Vancouver's Sound, and, finally, across the plains to St. Louis, on that journey which yielded such splendid fruit in "John Brent" and the "Canoe and the Saddle." He never settled down to a regular life; possibly his health would not have borne it. Perhaps he had grown to love adventure too well. At any rate, his short attempts at professional work were easily interrupted by trips to the wilderness, and the war found him a prompt volunteer. His best novels have little in common with the school of the present day, with its chilly, critical analysis. He was too youthful, too earnest, too romantic, judged by the James standard; but "John Brent" will keep a place with the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" and "Lorna Doone," among the best novels of out-door life.

MR. JEANS has written a very valuable book[2] about the handful of great inventors who have made this an age of steel. He begins, of course, with Sir Henry Bessemer and Sir William Siemens, and then goes on with Whitworth, Brown, Thomas, and Snellus. It is a very interesting story. These men were none of them in the iron trade, with the exception of the last-named. For some curious reason of perspective the men who should know most about a business seem less able to get beyond details than outsiders. But their discoveries were not happy accidents. In the face of popular distrust, and of snubs from the government, they spent years of labor and vast sums of money, backed by all the resources of modern science, in working out an exhaustive examination of the subject, with an unpausing devotion, and brilliant fertility of invention that amounted to genius, and their inventions were of extraordinary effect. The Bessemer process of making steel by blowing air through the molten metal, with the adjuncts of the use of manganese and silicon, to purify it; and the Siemens furnace, in which an intenser heat than it was previously thought possible to obtain is produced by burning gas, have revolutionized mechanics by making steel available for a thousand new purposes. In ship-building and in artillery, this has been especially notable, far more so than has yet been recognized in this country. Iron ships and iron guns are already antiquated. We are in an age of steel.

MCCARTHY'S "History of our own Times,"[1] appears in a condensed form in one convenient volume. This book has taken an established rank as upon the whole the best and most interesting account of contemporary history. Its penetrating insight into causes, and especially its brilliant pictures of the prominent characters, are so well known that it is only necessary here to say that the condensation is well done, and the book made more convenient for reference, though less vivacious reading.

IN Major General Townsend's "Anecdotes of the Civil War,"[2] a rather formal and disappointing book, by the way, there are two of Lincoln's quaint stories, which are worth repeating. The President had been repeatedly bored by the irrepressible inventor of a curious breech-loading rifle; and, after a time, listened to him in order to get rid of him. After he had gone Mr. Lincoln told his friends of a traveller who was annoyed in Egypt by the braying of his donkey in the night, and was relieved for a time by his dragoman, who tied a heavy stone to the

[1] Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop. By his sister. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 313. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[2] The Creators of the Age of Steel. By W. T. Jeans. 12mo. pp. 349. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] A Short History of Our Own Times. By Justin McCarthy. 12mo. pp. 448. New York: Harper & Bros.

[2] Anecdotes of the Civil War. By Major-General E. D. Townsend. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 237.

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animal's tail. The donkey dropped his ears, hung his head, and kept still through the night; but in the morning, when the stone was taken off, he shook his head and gave a long and hideous bray, like Munchausen's trumpet when the frozen tunes thawed out. Mr. Townsend gently remarks that he does not remember the application, but it does not seem far to seek. The other story was one told by Lincoln as a cheering message to friends in Kentucky in the dark period of the war. He said that a fine chess-player once tried his skill with the "automaton chess-player." "He lost the first game; so with the second and the third. Then, rising in astonishment from his seat, he walked round the machine and looked at it a few minutes. Then, stopping and pointing at it, he exclaimed: 'There's a man in there!' Tell my friends," said Lincoln, drawing himself up to his full height, "there's a man in here."

THE complete edition of Emerson's works, in eleven volumes, which Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have prepared, is a worthy memorial of our great poet-philosopher. It runs through eleven octavo volumes, neatly bound, with gilt tops; and a small number of copies on large paper have been published for collectors and admirers, who would not be satisfied with anything less sumptuous. Looking at it again it is not difficult to revive the old charm. We have heard Matthew Arnold's extravagant attack, and know his opinion; but he has not convinced us that Emerson was neither poet, philosopher, nor man of letters. No doubt Emerson's style was sometimes disconnected and harsh; and his dislike of logical forms had an enfeebling effect on his weaker followers. But he gave a great impulse to thought, and a spiritual inclination to the nature-movement of the early part of the century which it lacks elsewhere, and we need not doubt the judgment of posterity.

Novels.

MR. CONWAY'S "Called Back"[1] is a clever story in the *Leisure Hour Series*, of English origin. Its interest — and it is decidedly interesting — springs from its peculiar plot, which turns upon a crime in the first chapter. The hero, who is blind, stumbles by a strange accident upon the scene of a murder, and his love affair, later on, turns upon it; and it is told in a dramatic way, that keeps up the interest to the end, without any of the ordinary detective pharaphernalia. The motive for the crime is supplied by communism, to which are opposed the hero's love and jealousy, which finally carry him to the extreme of Siberia for a solution of the questions upon which the story turns. It would be unfair, however, to tell beforehand the plot upon which the author relies to keep his reader's attention. It is highly colored, and the character drawing and the style, though good enough, are not extraordinary. It is one of those stories about which the reader only wants to know if it is interesting, and about that there can be no doubt.

"NOT like other Girls"[1] is one of those healthy, hearty English novels that no other country can produce. It is not excessively powerful, but there is a breath of fresh English air blowing through it. There is a good deal of snubbing and rudeness, but there is a plenty of genuine earnestness and devotion too, without the self-consciousness that hurts so many of our American novels, or the over-intensity of the continental ones. The theme is the struggle of three sisters, who lose their money and take to dress-making; and of course it ends with their coming to their own again. The style in which it is gotten out is very neat, considering the low price.

"KITTY'S Conquest"[2] is a romantic story of love and adventure. The scene is laid in the South, a dozen years ago, founded upon real incidents, and we have ku-klux atrocities in the first chapter, the New Orleans party fights for the middle, and an attempt at private murder to end up with; all told in a way well enough calculated to interest those who like stories of this kind.

[1] Called Back. By Hugh Conway. 16mo. pp. 254. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Books Received.

DOCTOR JOHNS. By Donald G. Mitchell. Revised edition. 12mo. pp. 431. Price, $1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BOUND TOGETHER. By Donald G. Mitchell. Revised edition. 12mo. pp. 291. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HELLERISM; or, SECOND-SIGHT MYSTERY. By Harry Hermon. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 129. Price, $1.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

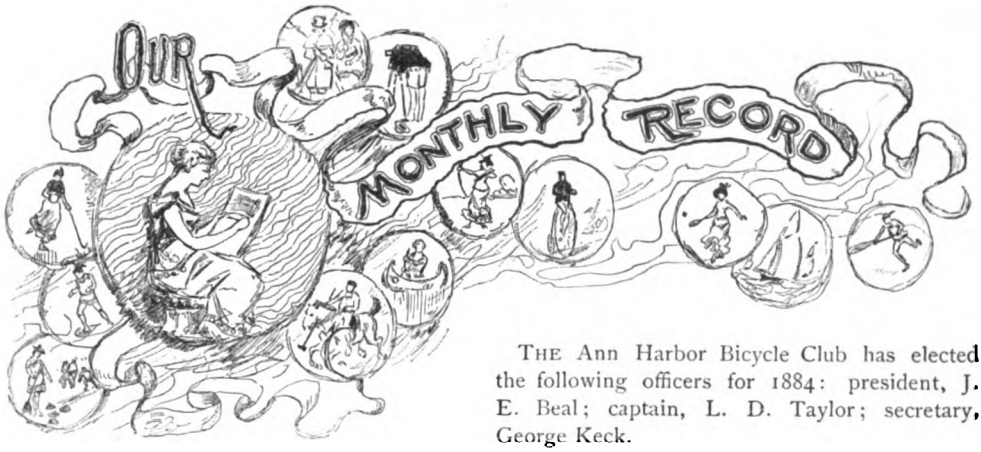
THE JOYS OF LIFE. By Emile Zola. 16mo. pp. 424. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

MY HOUSE. By Oliver B. Bunce. 16mo. pp. 108. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] Not Like Other Girls. By Rosa N. Carey. 16mo. pp. 463. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[2] Kitty's Conquest. By Charles King. 12mo. pp. 302. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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Amateur Photography.

AT Lowell, Mass., an amateur photographic club is being organized. Committee: Fred W. May, Paul Butler, R. F. Hemenway, and F. H. Pullen. Pleasant informal meetings have already been held.

AN amateur society is also being organized in New York.

THE Philadelphia Amateur Photographic Club has elected H. L. Roberts president, and Geo. W. Pearson secretary.

THE Providence Amateur Photographic Association has elected R. L. P. Mason president, and Howard R. Guild secretary.

A STRANGE case has just been tried at Brockville, Ont. It was an action of libel, brought by a young woman against a photographer. It seems that the lady had had her likeness taken, and not approving it had refused to take it or pay for it. Whereupon the defendant put a cigar in the mouth of one, and red spectacles on another, and a blotched complexion on a third, and exhibited them at his door, with some doggerel rhymes. The jury found a verdict of $200 for the plaintiff.

Athletics.

THE intercollegiate conference dissolved without taking any further joint action. Harvard, Princeton, and, as far as possible, Columbia, will maintain the rules so far as to exclude instruction from professionals or games with them, but permitting contests with all other colleges and with amateurs, in which form there can be very little real objection to the rules.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE Æolus Bicycle Club, of Paterson, N.J., has elected Wm. G. Norwood president; Wm. F. Beggs secretary; Chas D. Cooke captain.

THE Ann Harbor Bicycle Club has elected the following officers for 1884: president, J. E. Beal; captain, L. D. Taylor; secretary, George Keck.

THE Armory Bicycle Club, of Chicago, has adopted a uniform of cadet-grey, with black caps and stockings. They propose to give a reception about April 15, to the 'cycling clubs of the city, including in the programme both racing and literary features.

THE Binghamton Club has elected the following officers: Chas. H. Hall, president; Fred Lyon, secretary; W. H. Hecox, captain.

THE Boston Tricycle Club held its second annual meeting, and elected C. L. Hovey captain, and B. V. Howe secretary.

THE Buckeye Club, of Columbus, Ohio, held its fourth annual dinner at the Park Hotel, February 6. A large company sat at table. President Wm. H. Miller made an address, and the following officers were elected: president, W. H. Miller; secretary, C. J. Krag; treasurer, G. W. Flowers.

THE Capitol Bicycle Club, of Washington, has largely increased in numbers lately, having now ninety-three names on its rolls, and it has accordingly decided to move into new quarters, and has taken the commodious building No. 919 G street. The semi-monthly ladies' evenings, and the new library and reading-room scheme, are pronounced successes.

THE following is a list of the chairmen of committees for the approaching meet at Washington: —

J. I. Brereton, Chairman Parade Committee, 810 S. A street.

W. D. Doremus, Chairman Storage Committee, U. S. Treasury Department.

Wm. C. Scribner, Chairman Finance Committee, 1108 E street, N.W.

Rev. L. H. Schneider, Chairman Correspondence and Press Committee, 611 20th street, N. W.

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Amos W. Hart, Chairman Transportation Committee, 1112 New York avenue.

Howell Stewart, Chairman Hotel and Banquet Committee, 1420 Q street, N.W.

President, Wm. C. Scribner, 1108 E street.

Secretary, Rev. L. H. Schneider, 611 20th street.

Treasurer, E. T. Pettengill, 2036 G street, N.W.

The Columbus Bicycle Club has organized at Columbus, Ga., with the following officers: G. Buckman Whiteside, president; Chas. Dillingham, secretary, and Thos. L. Ingram, captain.

THE Columbia Bicycle Club, of North Carolina, has elected the following officers: W. E. Shaw, president; R. L. Jones, secretary, and T. T. Gilmer, captain.

THE Champion City Club, of Springfield, Ohio, held its annual election and dinner, March 13. The following officers were elected: A. M. Crothers, president: E. G. Barnett, secretary; T. J. Kirkpatrick, captain.

COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON is one of eleven new members received by the Cambridge Club at a late meeting.

THE Citizens' Club, of New York, has grown so large as to require new quarters, and its new building, the first in the country exclusively devoted to bicycling, will be opened about the middle of April. The front room, 15 × 30, is to be handsomely furnished as a club parlor; the rear room, 20 × 60, and two stories high, is to be used as a wheel-room, and also for a reception hall and roller-skating rink. It is finished in hard wood, with toilet-rooms and repair-shops: and around it, above, is a gallery with lockers. The club will appear in its new uniform of bluish-gray at the opening; and on April 25 it will hold a race meet at the American Institute Rink, including roller-skating after the races.

THE annual meet of C.T.C., at Poughkeepsie, on the 21st and 22d of May, promises well. The first day will be for business and the annual dinner; and the second will include a twenty-mile run in the fine scenery of the neighborhood.

The time selected will accommodate many members on their way back from the meet of the L.A.W., at Washington. One of the matters to be discussed will be the report of the committee on amending the by-laws, so as to "enhance the international features of the organization." The chairman of the committee is President J. L. Varley.

THE wheelmen, of Dorchester, have organized a club with Fred Archer captain, and Jos. Green secretary.

THE Bicycle Club recently organized at South Framingham, has the following officers: Joseph Allen, president; O. O. Davis, secretary; Henry F. Fales, captain.

THE Galesburg Bicycle Club, of Illinois, has been organized with E. E. Phillips, president; O. H. Johnson, secretary, and Nev. Lescher, captain.

THE Hyde Park Club, of Massachusetts, has elected the following officers; T. A. Walter, president; W. Smith, secretary; and A. D. Hale, captain.

CHIEF CONSUL BLAKE, of Illinois, proposes to organize a State division of the L.A.W., and for that purpose asks for a full attendance of wheelmen at the Chicago meet, on Decoration Day, May 30, when a parade is to be held.

THE Keystone Bicycle Club, of Pittsburgh, Penn., has elected Charles Beltz president, Chas. M. Clarke secretary, and P. N. French captain.

THE King's County wheelmen, have elected Robert F. Hibson president, A. C. D. Loucks secretary, and Edward Pettus captain.

THE Lafayette wheelmen, of Baltimore, are going to take a fortnight's tour on the wheel to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

THE Maryland Bicycle Club has elected the following officers: Samuel T. Clark, president; A. C. Kenly, secretary; E. R. Jones, captain. Two State champion medals are held by members of the club, A B. Harrison and J. D. Flack.

THE Massachusetts Bicycle Club is about to have a new and convenient club-house built for it on Newbury street, Boston, by a corporation organized for that purpose, the plans for which are already drawn. The club has taken in sixty-two new members in the last thirty days. It includes only practical wheelmen, and has the largest active membership of any club in the United States.

THE Massasoit Bicycle Club, of Springfield, has chosen for its officers for the ensuing year: C. A. Stone president, C. A. Stearns secretary. and Charles Adams captain.

THE Maverick Wheel Club, of East Boston, was organized March 12, with officers, T. C. Coleman, president.

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AT a special meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club, on March 14, the club, through it president, Mr. Tibbs, presented their well-known member, W. G. Ross, the amateur champion of Canada, with a handsome racing bicycle.

THE annual meeting of the New Jersey wheelmen was held at their head-quarters, in Orators Hall, Newark, N.J., March 3, when the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: president, Walter H. Parsons; secretary and treasurer, J. Calvin Willever; captain, Charles R. Zacharias. Several new members were admitted. The report of the treasurer showed the club to be in an excellent financial condition. This club, although organized but six months, is one of the largest and most influential organizations of the kind in the State. The new uniform is to be of fine English serge, of a dark green; and about April 1 they intend to have an entertainment, when there will be fancy bicycle-riding, and a club-drill.

THE Northampton Bicycle Club held its annual meeting and chose Louis B. Graves president, L. B. Campbell secretary, and E. E. Davis captain.

THE Pawtucket Bicycle Club, of Rhode Island, has elected J. A. Chase president, George C. Newell secretary, and Fred. Binford captain. This is a new organization, although it takes the name of an old one. Its uniform will be dark green, and it will soon join the League.

GREAT preparations are being made for the grand tournament, at Philadelphia, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of June, including a fine track lighted by electricity, for night-racing. The prizes will amount to $5,000.

THE Randolph Bicycle Club, New York, has elected the following officers: W. L. Rathbbone, president; O. M. Jefferds, secretary; W. W. Canfield, captain.

THE Roxbury Bicycle Club has elected for 1884 R. W. Davenport captain, and J. R. Heard secretary.

THE Rutland Bicycle Club is to be incorporated with a capital stock of $6,000, so as to build a rink and club head-quarters. The officers for the year are A. S. Marshall, president; J. R. Bates, secretary, and C. G. Ross, captain.

THE Salem Bicycle Club has elected the following officers: Frank P. Symonds, president; Thos. Courtis, secretary; and Charles H. Odell, captain.

THE Scranton Bicycle Club, of Pennsylvania, has elected the following officers: George Sanderson, president; John J. Van Nort, secretary; and George L. Mayer, captain.

A NEW Boston club, the Shawmut Bicycle Club (colored), has been organized with the following officers: D. A. Roberts, president; C. V. Smith, secretary; and David Drummond, captain.

THE Simcoe Bicycle Club, of Canada, has been reorganized, and has elected W. S. Perry president, Hal. B. Donly secretary, and W. Y. Wallace captain.

THE Springfield Bicycle Club has been reorganized, the net remaining debt of about $700 being assumed by the new club and paid by three of its members. A considerable number of the old members will not be reëlected. The club will hold a tournament at Hampshire Park late in the season.

THE students of the Institute of Technology, of Boston, have organized a club, with James C. Duff, president, T. W. Sprague, secretary, and Edward H. Dewson captain.

THE Valley City Wheel Club, of Sydney, Ohio, has elected W. P. Harmony president, Emory P. Robinson secretary, and D. R. Orbison captain.

THE Yale Bicycle Club holds a grand race-meet on May 28.

THE Youngstown Bicycle Club, of Ohio, elected officers March 5: W. H. Büchner, president, and Arthur Nichols, secretary.

THE route of Messrs. Morgan and Woodside, who propose to go from New York to San Francisco, in seventy days, will be through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Springfield, Fort Wayne, Chicago, Rock Island, Des Moines, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake, and Sacramento, to San Francisco.

AT the San Francisco race, between A. Bennett and T. W. Eck, the best time yet made on the Pacific Coast was recorded, the former winning. The time was, one mile, 3.12½; two miles, 6.33½; three miles, 10.00¾; four miles, 13.26¼; five miles, 16.50. J. S. Prince won the 20-mile race in 1h. 10m. 1½sec. If the record is correct as to the 26-hour race, between Higham, Prince, and others, where Higham is credited with 286 miles, it is much the best, so far, in this country.

THE ¼-mile slow bicycle race at East Gloucester was won by Frank Foster in 11.51.

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A NEAT specimen of riding on a rail is said to have been shown at Charlotte, N.C., lately, when a party of wheelmen were showing off near the Carolina Central Depot and some one offered a box of cigars to any rider who would ride his bicycle along the six-inch-wide hand-rail running along the side of the road for about a hundred yards, and Mr. Will Pharr accomplished it at once. A header outside would have thrown him down a dozen feet.

FOREIGN.

THE Mexican 'Cycling Club, the "Club Nacional Velocipedista," held a grand meet on March 16, at the Pesalville course, the first one ever arranged in the home of the Montezumas. The club is a very fashionable one, containing the *crème de la crème* of the city; and the attendance was large. It was, indeed, like a regular race-day, with numerous carriages, and the grand-stand crowded. The track was new, with some soft spots; but a shower an hour before the first race laid the dust and put it in fair condition. Later in the afternoon there was another shower, which did not interrupt the races, though doubtless the uncertain weather kept away many would-be spectators. The prizes were awarded by ten queens, — fair senoritas selected for their beauty and rank to award the prizes from their elevated seats, after the manner of the tournaments of old. Governor Fernandez, General Diaz, and many other persons of social and political distinction, were present, including many Americans. A keen sense of fair play was shown, even where some of the contestants were foreigners. Twice it happened that doubtful races had to be repeated to satisfy the audience, whose whistling and loud cries of "No! no!" showed their determination. Porfirio Diaz, Jr., was an unsuccessful contestant in the first race. The sixth was won by our countryman, W. S. Locke, after two trials, and he received the second prize of a diamond-pin and sleeve-buttons. The first prize, a silver medal, was awarded to Mario Garfias, who did some fine riding, though he was unsuccessful in his trace with Locke."

THE National 'Cyclists Union has adopted the following resolution: "That for sociable races side-by-side tricycles for two riders shall only be available; but side-by-side and tandem tricycles shall both be available for races for double tricycles."

THERE is to be a "grand international 'cyclists' camp and race meeting" at the Alexandria Palace grounds, May 30 to June 3.

A 'CYCLISTS' union has been formed for Switzerland, which is soon to have a grand meet at Berne.

THE great Hampton meet, which for half-a-dozen years has been so popular, is to be no more. The tricyclists are, therefore, the only wheelmen in London who have a general muster to look forward to.

Canoeing.

THE Rondout (New York) Canoe Club was organized Jan. 22, 1884, with Grant Van Deusen as commodore, Jansen Hasbrouck, Jr., vice-commodore, and H. S. Crispell secretary and treasurer. There are nine active members. Their first reception was held March 7, at their new club-house. "Mess was served at two bells, and dancing followed at four bells."

A FEATURE of the third annual meeting of the Lake George Canoe Club, held on February 21, at Glens Falls, N.Y., was the supper. This, by order of the reëlected captain, Dr. Neidé, secretary of the A.C.A., was cooked by the members present, and was a result of the determination of the club members to fit themselves thoroughly for the duties of cruising canoeists. It is expected that hereafter every gentleman who connects himself with the club will learn to cook.

AT the annual meeting of the N.Y. C.C., in March, Wm. Whitlock was elected commodore and J. F. Newman reëlected secretary. The treasurer reported the club free from debt, with a cash balance on hand, and a club-house on Staten Island, in thorough repair, fully paid for.

THE Winter Camp Fires have all died out now, but the Saturday-night meetings at builder Stephens' (West New Brighton, Staten Island) "ranch" are even better attended than during the colder weather. Many canoes are undergoing slight modifications there. The orders for new sails have come in so thick and fast that the interested look forward to the Newburgh meet, May 30, with great interest.

CONSIDERABLE interest is manifested in the new boat, "Everson," just built for Commodore Whitlock. A Child's centre-board of brass is to be attached shortly; and builder, designer, owner, and centre-board inventor are much interested in the trial trip. Great things are expected of her by them; and club members, with canoes built in former years, go about with knit brows and a careworn expression of countenance.

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CANOEING in the far West is yet in its infancy. But the opportunity afforded by the splendid waters of the Columbia river, and kindred streams of the Oregon region, cannot fail to make its growth a healthy one. There are two or three Rob Roys owned in Portland, Oregon; but they are not yet in appreciative use for cruising and true canoeing. The canoes of the coast-wise Indians are hewn from the trunks of cedar-trees, and are often sixty feet in length. It is said that a whale fight off Cape Flattery, in which six or seven of these powerful Indian canoes are engaged, is a fine sight.

THE Deseronto Canoe Club, of Deseronto, Ontario, Canada, was organized on March 17, 1884, with F. S. Rathbun captain, George Clinton mate, and E. C. French purser.

THE Knickerbocker Canoe Club, of New York, is one of the four oldest canoe clubs in the country, and the second in size, with 27 active members and 36 canoes. The club has lately been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and is about moving into a new and commodious club-house on the Hudson, at the foot of One Hundred and Fifty-second street, New York.

THE Chicago Canoe Club, organized at a banquet of canoeists, January 11, 1884, is now the live club of the West, having over thirty members on its roll, and increasing the number at each meeting. Nearly all are canoe-owners, and several new canoes are now building. A committee has been appointed to consult with a similar committee of the Chicago Yacht Club, relative to the erection of a joint boat-house. Early in the season it is proposed to have a club cruise, with at least twenty-five canoes in line. Officers of the club are as follows: Commodore, G. M. Munger; vice-Commodore, J. W. Keogh; secretary and treasurer, F. R. Seelye; signal, a pointed burgee with a ball of old gold on a field of red.

THE Vesper Boat-Club, of Lowell, Mass., has gone into canoeing extensively. Its club navy now includes about twenty-five canoes, and the formation of a canoe division has been suggested. Outside the club there are numerous unattached canoeists. Fine facilities for the sport are found on the Merrimac river. Several parties contemplate an early spring cruise from the head-quarters of the river. A "local meet" of Northern and Eastern canoeists has been proposed, and may be held in June, at some point on the Merrimac between Lowell and Lawrence.

Lawn Tennis.

LAWN-TENNIS clubs are not assigned courts or permitted to play in Central park, New York, and the tennis-players of that city have at last been aroused to assert their rights in the matter, and have memorialized the Park Commissioners, claiming that, as the object of the parks is to promote rest and recreation, and as the game does not interfere with or trench on the rights of the general public, it should be permitted, under proper regulations, in courts specially set apart.

On the other hand, the Brooklyn Park Commissioners have done their utmost for years to encourage healthful sports in Prospect park, affording special facilities for base-ball, lacrosse, bicycling, croquet, lawn-tennis, etc. This year, Chief-Engineer John Y. Culyer has sent out a circular which is commendable to the managers of all our public recreation grounds. From it we clip the following: —

At the smaller parks, viz., Washington park and Tompkins park, owing to the limited area available for tennis, preference will be given, first, to clubs of young ladies, and next to adult clubs, with membership of both sexes. Boys' clubs will be provided for at Prospect park. The courts will be laid out and maintained at all reasonable times. All employés are paid for their labor by the Park Commissioners, and no fee or remuneration of any kind for any service is expected or will be permitted, and any violation of this rule will subject the club to a withdrawal of its privileges and the employé to discharge. The grounds will not be in condition for use until after the first of May, at which time arrangements may be made for play.

All players must provide themselves with tennis shoes, in order that the turf may not be unnecessarily damaged. Lockers and dressing-room accommodation will be provided to the extent of our resources, which are limited. Players are warned against making the rooms and lockers repositories for valuables. Precaution will be taken by the park authorities to guard against loss, but they cannot undertake to be responsible for jewelry, watches, etc. Rooms and lockers should at all times be kept locked when not in use, and parties intrusted with keys should be held accountable for any neglect or carelessness in the use of keys. Articles of clothing, etc., should not be left on any part of the field.

It should be remembered that on a public park, restrictions as to visitors can only be general, but any direct intrusion upon or interference with players, to whom courts have been assigned, may be promptly remedied by applying to a keeper or other employé.

Any loss of property of any kind should be promptly reported to a keeper.

Generally, applications for further accommodation, arrangements for tournaments, etc., should be made to the undersigned, who, on behalf of the Brooklyn Park Commissioners, will be prepared to extend all reasonable facilities for recreation upon the parks.

Pleasure Travel and Pleasure Resorts.

THE Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskill Mountains, although built and opened only three years ago, is being enlarged to meet the demands on its space that its popularity has created.

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DURING the present season the Nantasket Beach Railroad will be retracked. New steel rails and new ties be laid. Changes and improvements at Nantasket Beach, Mass., have been extensive during the winter and spring, and preparations have been made for a successful season.

AN application was made on April 3 to the attorney-general of New York for the appointment of a receiver for the Catskill Mountain Railroad, which was alleged to be insolvent.

THE well-known steamer "Island Belle," which has run for several seasons on the St. Lawrence, in the Thousand Islands region, will be replaced the coming season by a larger and better boat, now building, to be called the St. Lawrence.

THE question of an ample supply of pure water for the resorts of the Monmouth coast, New Jersey, was virtually settled when, a few weeks since, Mr. Uriah White, of Ashbury Park, sunk an artesian well on his premises and found flowing water of wonderful purity at a depth of four hundred feet. The water rises in the pipe to a height of twenty-two feet above the surface. The right has been given to Mr. White to lay pipes and supply the hotels of Ashbury Park with this artesian water.

THE first through international train from the City of Mexico to Chicago left the former city on March 22, arriving at Chicago on the 28th. The route was *via* the Mexican Central; Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fé; Hannibal & St. Joseph; and Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy railways. The train was composed of decorated Pullman cars, and aroused much enthusiasm along the route.

THE Stockton Hotel, Cape May, which originally cost $500,000, was recently sold to a Philadelphia gentleman for $100,000.

THE Hygeia Hotel, the favorite winter resort at Old Point Comfort, Va., has had a most successful winter season. During March there were never less than six hundred guests in the house.

MEXICO is rapidly growing to be a favorite goal for the tourist in search of features of interest in nature and human nature. The prosperous Mexican mining city Guanajuato is said to be most picturesque. The silver mines of that region are producing wealth at the rate of $5,000,000 a year.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE great lakes are being successfully stocked with white-fish. Over a hundred million of these fish have been handled by the United States Fish Commission this season, at the Alpena and Northville hatcheries, in Michigan. The Minnesota State hatchery is preparing to stock the streams of that State with trout, about five hundred thousand brook trout fry, and nearly as many Lake Superior trout, having been made ready for distribution.

On April 1st the trouting season opened in the States of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Minnesota, and California. The day was an active one on Long Island, where most of the New York clubs and anglers have their preserves and head-quarters. The usual annual display of trout was made at Blackford's, of Fulton market, which was visited by a large number of interested people, including Henry Ward Beecher and Henry Irving. The slabs and tanks were entirely devoted to trout, and floral decorations, among them a bass with a body of red roses, fins of white daisies, and a strip of buttercups, which made the scene an attractive one. The post of honor was awarded to some Irish trout, sent by T. J. Moore, of the Liverpool Museum. The best display was made by James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, N.Y., who exhibited silver, brook, lake, and rainbow trout alive, as well as trout eggs in a package, to show method of transportation. A like exhibition was made in Washington and Philadelphia.

THE evils of fishing through the ice are beginning to attract the attention of anglers and fish-culturists. From the angling stand-point, such fishing is devoid of sport, and from the cultural stand-point it is destructive and ruinous. A bill has been introduced recently into the New Jersey legislature prohibiting fishing through the ice, which should be made illegal in all the States. The following item from the New York *Sun*, illustrates how fish-butchery has been indulged in during the past season: "Fishing through the ice at Greenwood lake, near New York is most excellent. Splendid specimens of pickerel and black bass are taken by giving a blow on the ice directly over them with an axe; that stuns them until they can be cut out."

A RATHER fishy story comes from Russia that awards to the electric light, in addition to its other useful properties, the function of a fish-bait. In order to enable some workmen on the banks of the river (Dniepper) to prosecute their

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work at night, a powerful electric light was brought into use. Its brilliant rays attracted large shoals of fish of various species to the surface, where they lay in a dazzled stupor, being easily killed and carried away in immense quantities.

THE Cincinnati Dog-Show, held in that city in March last, was a fine success. There were two hundred and eighty-nine entries, the sporting dogs, Irish setters and pointers especially, being well represented. The first annual bench show of the New Haven Kennel Club, at New Haven, in March, embraced three hundred and eighty-five entries with a good showing.

Yachting.

A CURIOUS and novel "land-launching" is the latest thing in English yachting. A Mr. Newman living at some distance from any navigable water in Essex, England, conceived the surprising scheme of having a yacht built on his own premises. The builder with equal ingenuity conceiving a way of conveying the craft to sailing waters on completion, built it accordingly; measurements: 8 tons; 30 ft. over all; 8 ft. 6 in. beam; cabin, 7 ft. 6 in.; forecastle, 7 ft. 6 in.; cock-pit, 6 ft.; remainder, store-hole and lockers. A cart with broad iron wheels, used for conveying boilers, was obtained; on this the craft was placed, a spar was stepped in place of the mast, and decorated gayly with flags. Amid the cheers of spectators, and gracefully, but formally christened by the owner's daughters, the whole concern glided gracefully off, launched and towed by nine stout horses. Her progress through the villages *en route* created no little surprise. After a long day's dry-land voyage, she reached the Blackwater river, and is now, we presume. at rest in her proper element.

THE "buck-eye," or "bug-eye," a species of craft peculiar to the region of Chesapeake Bay, is beginning to attract attention among yachtsmen, for a combination of safety, speed, and seaworthiness. This model is an evolution from the old "dug-out" canoe, but has gradually developed into a regularly built, timbered, and planked boat. The buck-eye is sharp at both ends, and carries two leg-of-mutton sails and a jib, and is, consequently, a peculiar-looking boat. Mr. John Masury, of New York, created a sensation last summer by sailing a yacht of this model with most successful results, on Long Island Sound and the adjacent bays.

AT the annual meeting of the Hull Yacht Club, held in Boston March 29th, the following officers were elected: Charles A. Perkins, commodore; W. H. Crane, vice-commodore; D. Hall Rice, rear-commodore; and Peleg Aborn, secretary. The club voted to join the New England Yacht Racing Association. The club owns about $3,000 worth of unencumbered property, numbers 437 members, and enrolls 164 yachts, as follows: 64 cat-rigs, 63 sloops, 24 schooners, 2 cutters, 1 yawl, and 10 steamers.

IT is stated by the secretary of the New York Yacht Club that the famous "Jeannette," of the Arctic Expedition, under Lieutenant-Commander De Long, was a registered yacht on the books of the club, and that Lieutenant De Long was an esteemed member of the club at the time of his death. No other yacht-club pennant has ever been carried as far north as the "Jeannette" carried hers.

AT the annual meeting of the Dorchester Yacht Club, held April 4, the following officers were elected: Commodore, S. Packard Freeman; vice-commodore, Dr. C. G. Weld; secretary, E. G. Chase; treasurer, C. H. Whiting; measurer, Hartford Davenport. The membership of the club is two hundred and twenty-seven; there are enrolled on the club-list eleven schooners, thirty-six sloops, forty-five cat-rigs, two cutters. It was voted to join the New England Yacht Racing Association; also, that no liquors hereafter be allowed in the club-house.

THE steam yacht "Namouna," N.Y. Y.C., Commodore James Gordon Bennett, has been thoroughly overhauled in England, at the yards of Day, Summers, & Co., remaining there five months. During this time she received new steel and pine decks; her boilers were strengthened; and she was entirely refitted, so that she comes out almost a new yacht.

MODEL yacht-racing, which has for a long time been a well-organized recreation among men, not boys, in England, is just now attracting especial attention on the part of yachting circles. The owners of these little craft are as keen about beating one another as the owners of 10, 20, 30, and 90-tonners. The Clapham (England) Model Yacht Club opened their racing season in March by sailing a match for first-class boats. Their annual dinner was held March 19.

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Short-hand Wit.

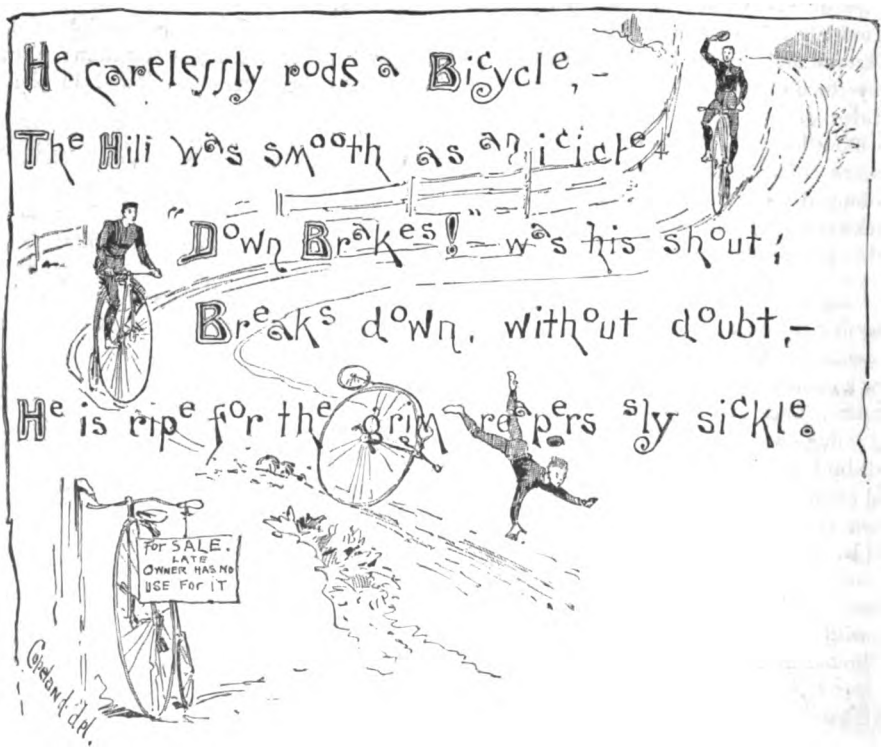
OUR sober-faced stenographer
Was such a funny man!
There never was a wittier one
Since first the world began.
He wrote this little sentence
Upon his little pad:
! ⌣ — ⌐ ⌣ ~ · × . . . ; ⌒ v.
Before I'd read it over twice
I'd laughed me nearly mad.

Without a smile upon his face
He wrote this comic thing:
·–) × ω v ⌒ · · ? – ɴ · · [].
I roared until the ceiling rang,
'Twas such a witty fling;
But when he wrote this droll conceit:
ɜ 4 × – ⌐) [] ; : ! ɷ ɾ ɔ ɷ,
'Twas such a show of wit,
I got ten stitches in my side
And one conniption fit.

I puzzled over this *bon mot*
For quite a little time:
„ — „ — „ — × — 4 · II · 4 4 ·
„ — „ — „ — × — 4 · II · 4 4 ·
I couldn't seem to catch the point,
Although I saw 'twas rhyme;
But when he told me it was verse
Clipped from a magazine,
I saw the joke and laughed and cried,
And choked, and coughed, between.

"Ho, ho! ha, ha! stenographer,
Quit writing puns," said I;
With that he scribbled on his cuff
This ludicrous reply:
⌒ ⌣ ! ? ɜ ɷ · · × — · · y . z .
I was about to laugh anew,
When he remarked, "I see
You understand, good sir, short-hand";
Said I, "It's Greek to me."

S. Conant Foster.



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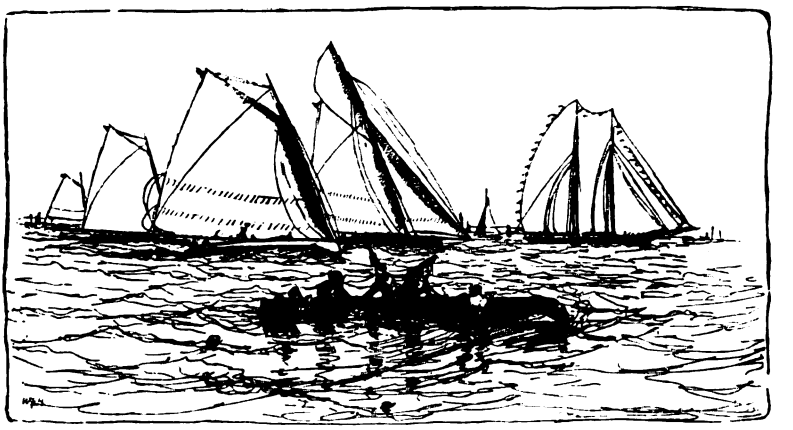
OUTING.

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1884. No. 3

HULL AND HER FLOTILLA.

LONG before the Dutch East India Company had presented the possessor of the English throne — Charles II. — with a vessel which from its Dutch origin introduced the word *yacht* into the language, the town of Hull was settled. The rebellious and seditious few who had left the band of the Plymouth Colony a few years after their arrival in the Mayflower, had made for themselves a home on the peninsula of Hull, where a score of years showed as many houses nestled in between the two hills whose sheltered sides favored the little agriculture that much fishing would allow.

As a fishing and trading station, the small hamlet flourished so vigorously that, in 1644, it was made a town, and its old name *Nantasco* changed for that of *Hull*. Where they got the name is quite as much of a mystery as it is what possible use to them could have been those many silver teapots that proud dames of the present time show as "having come over in the Mayflower." In the first place, as to the tea. It was an unknown beverage to the English. In the second place, had it not been, it is doubtful whether those same dolesome ancestors of ours would have permitted themselves to "take to cups" of any sort, even those of such innocent cheer. As to the name, it may have been chosen with some sentimental remembrance of its old Yorkshire double, then prominent in the civil wars, or from one Captain Joseph Hull, a resident of Hingham; or, like the teapots, it may have happened so to be.



IN A FIX.

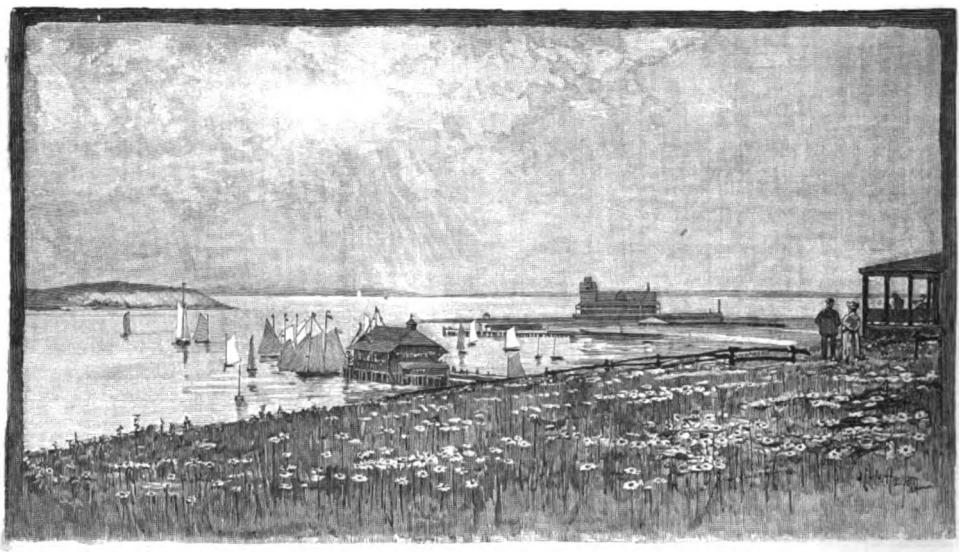
The natural advantages which have stood Hull in such good stead, as a yachting station, rendered it one of the most successful fishing ports along the coast. The long peninsula that bends from the shore at Nantasket up towards Boston, made, with what is now called Pettick's Island, a harbor of some ten square miles, wherein and roundabout, in those earlier days, the sturdy, plucky fishermen, with their twenty sail, or more, found ample reward; a wise example being set them by

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the Harvard graduate clergymen, who, for the century of their succession, each and all sought here to add to the somewhat scanty loaves of their salary the fishes of the free, deep sea.

In the midst of the village a few once handsome houses now bear a quaint witness to the success of these fisher-farmers. Beyond the church, the town-hall, and the tiny fresh-water pond, clinging to the side of the hill, is the God's acre, the home-lot that every village, however small, must possess. Summer shows it very plainly, even from the boat-piers of the inland bay, marked as it is by a few strangely stiff and Puritan-like trees, almost the only ones upon the point. Here are tenements that bear witness to the long flight of years that Hull has known; graves that now are hollowed out like cradles, and mounds that trace the half-preserved bodies underneath. Here is modern marble in scant supply, and many more gray stones that mark very probably the wrong graves, or very possibly no graves at all; for, during the time the French army lay at Hull, these slabs were carried down to the shore and utilized as washboards; from which ignominious position they were rescued in time of peace by the well-meaning, but, naturally, uncertain relatives. The oldest monument bears the date of 1708, — the oldest that is, of those that are decipherable. There are several whose graven cherubs and weeping willows are broken away, and the crumbling slate obliterates both name and date. There are many old and new that bear the names of Loring, Cushing, and Mitchell; but the newest of all is that erected to the brave, ill-fated Englishman, whose name is identified with that of Hull, and who loved this foreign spot so dearly that he chose it for his death-home.

Both the valley and the hills were once well-wooded, but not only were the natural facilities for rafting too great to be withstood, but the earlier settlers of Boston wished to build a fort on Castle Island for their own protection, and so quite stripped poor Hull of her forest. On what is now known as Telegraph Hill there is not a single living tree. A few bare trunks with green glass fruit and slim wire branches loiter down from the signal-station to the shore, but they are a sort of weakly parody on good old times, and, besides are much more likely to be exotic than indigenous.



FROM THE HILL.

Once when the old French fort, whose walls, bastions, embrasures, and moats still exist, was in use, the only messages sent from Telegraph Hill were those of ringing shot hurled into the frigates that Britain sent for our destruction by hands that trembled at the danger that threatened the homes they would defend. Now — O weakly times of peace! — a careless workman sends, by a since developed force, ticking words that tell the greedy Port of Boston what plunder

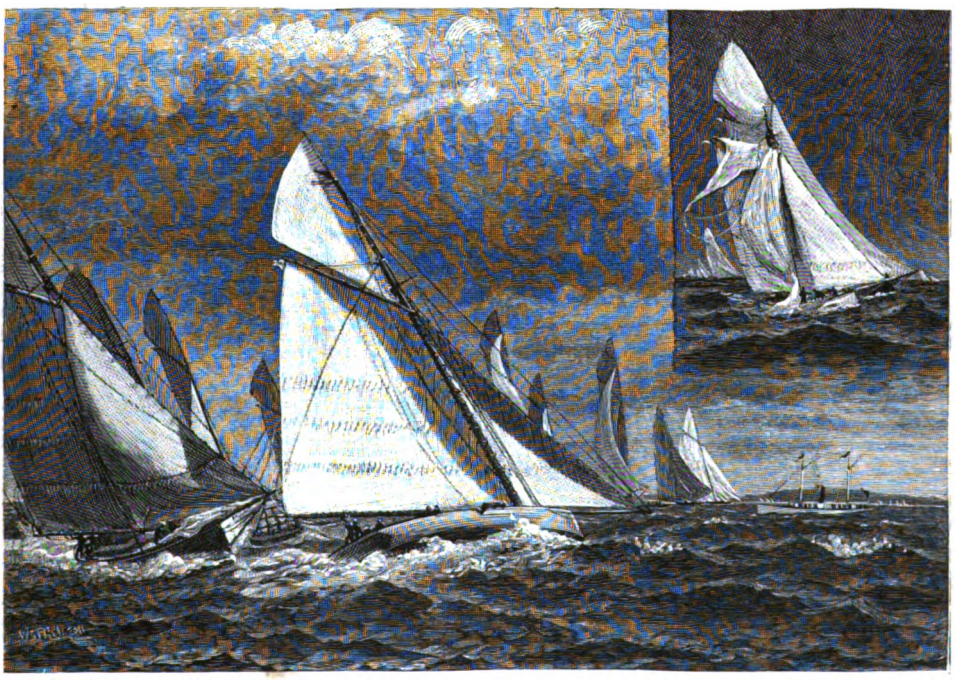
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in the way of merchant ships approaches the land. Once in the old fort friends and comrades watched many a brave American returning, by slow and profitless sail, to his native barrenness, and beheld him hurled by a shrieking sea upon the rocks of Middle or Outer or Little Brewster.

Now in the signal-station the old sailors sit and look with their long-eyed glasses out to these very islands where artists and lovers of solitude while away many a day, and the only dangers they behold are those of the past, of which they tell long, wild, or jolly tales. Shipwrecks are the meat of every sailor's discourse, and these are no exception to their gossiping brethren, and even those who have never been cast away themselves can tell horrid stories of the sights that this bleak and really dangerous shore has witnessed. In fact, from what legend, history, or story can tell us, it is evident that when these long-suffering, much-enduring men were not fishing, they were fighting, and when they were not fighting they were saving the lives of others.

In times of war they were obliged to abandon their natural occupation and their families,— the former at the instance of their enemies, the latter at the demand of their country, whose small army and meagre navy drew on their numbers and their resources to such an extent that at one time it was necessary to invoke aid from the General Council, while at another the enemies were actually the only people in town.

In peace prosperity followed in the wake of these misfortunes; still, even in the most peaceful times, these poor slaves of liberty were being continually called upon by wrecked vessels at their coast to show their courage and their bravery in their efforts to save life. Many a helpless sailor did they bring to shore, and for it they evidently thought they deserved much credit and no blame, for when the Boston underwriters, made suspicious by the frequency of these occurrences, gave forth vague but portentous suggestions as to the possible profitable connection between false lights and salvage, an indignation meeting was held in the turbulent little town, and the following tart resolutions, with a general preamble in the usual manner, adopted: —



ROUNDING THE BUOY.

Resolved, That the branch at Marshfield is not Boston Light-house, any way you can fix it.

Resolved, That no captain of a ship has a right to

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run his jib-boom into the lantern of Boston Light, through mistake or carelessness, supposing himself to be fifty miles from shore at the time.

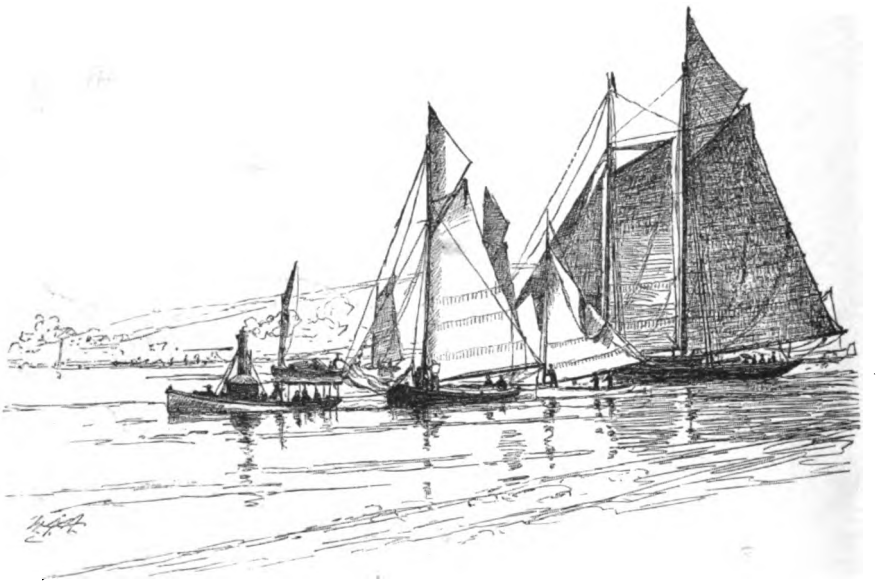
Resolved, That the light on Eastern Point, at the entrance to Gloucester harbor, a steady light, cannot well be mistaken, except through sheer ignorance, for that at the entrance of Boston Harbor, which is a revolving one.

Their indignation and satire was the most natural thing in the world, if they were innocent; and if they were guilty, we must admit that the temptation was very great not to hide any little lights that might possibly give them a chance to do good works.

By that strange rule of equivalents that one sometimes sees in the reckoning-book of the fates, it has been brought about that inasmuch as Hull once made boats necessary, so now boats have made Hull just as invaluable. At the time that the first yachting club — the New York — was started, in 1844, the guileless Hullonian was beginning to learn that he could live on strangers as well as on fish, ever curbing, however, the seeming cannibalism, and preferring their money to their lives.

Aided by such natural and provident incentives the popularity of the place improved from year to year; the mansion of the Tudors, at the unsuccessful salt-works on the point, became a famous hostelry, which entertained, however, more men than beasts, for the long road with its sandy bed and somewhat monotonous outlook, could not compare with the shorter, dustless route of the sea. The inevitable hotel preceded in usual custom the private cottages, which, on one hill, have since thickly spread themselves in about equal parts of architectural picturesqueness and carpenter ugliness. On the other hill the only building yet erected is the signal-station before mentioned, although it will soon begin its struggle for the erection of collar and tinder-box mansions, for the land so long withheld from the market has at last been sold.

Viewing its popularity as one does who knows or loves the place, and the number of yachting people who make the town their home, or the bay their harbor, what could seem more natural than that it should have a yacht club? Its position as regards the nearness to Boston, the harbor advantages, and the opportunities for replenishing stores, all combine to make it an important station. So thought many of the resorters, who raced their small-boats about the harbor and often joined in the regattas of the many clubs of the upper harbor and the north shore, and they talked much of a club of their own. The energy only was wanting for the accomplishment of the project. The boats were there, the men were there, and the limited capital needful could not stand in the way; still it was the early



TOWING THROUGH THE GUT.

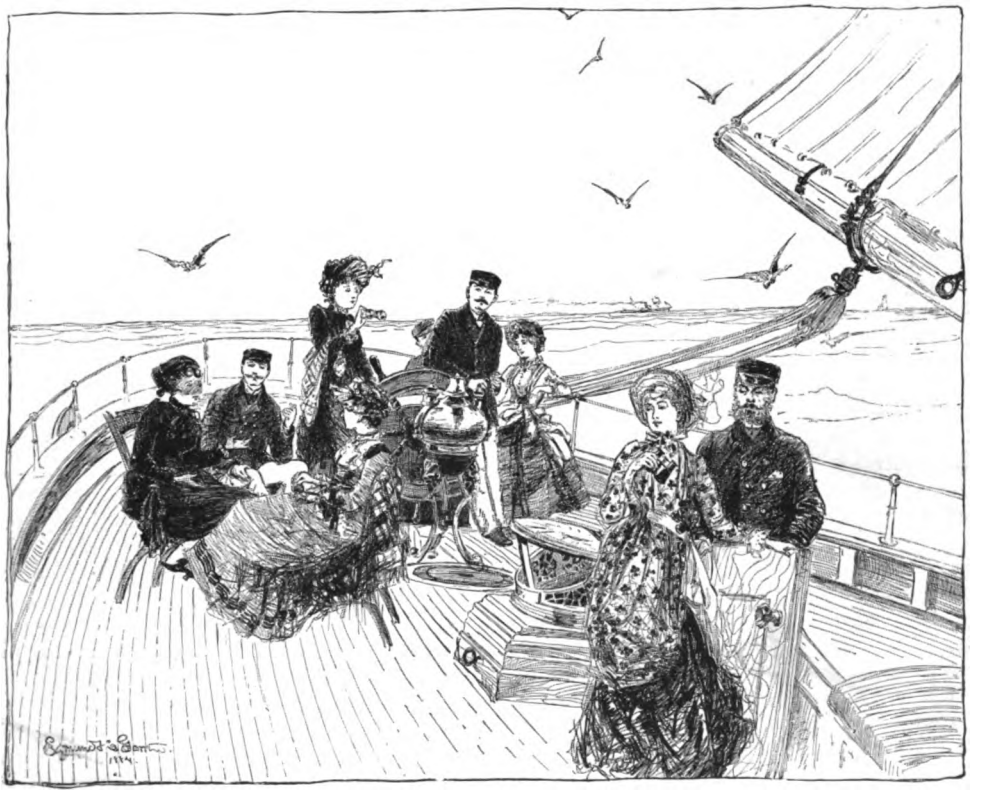
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summer of 1880 before the Hull Yacht Club was organized with less than thirty members, half of them owners of yachts.

These gentlemen, "founders and original members of the Hull Yacht Club," residents of Hull, were: W. A. Cary, Joshua Clark, J. H. Conant, H. J. Conant, Nelson Curtis, H. N. Curtis, W. P. Fowle, G. S. Forbush, F. M. Holbrook, W. B. Lambert, W. H. Litchfield, Moody Merrill, W. M. Merrill, George W. Merritt, T. F. Patterson, Chas. A. Perkins, J. P. Phinney, W. L. Phinney, C. H. Poor, R. M. Pulsifer, John Read, William Read, Jr., S. W. Richardson, W. E. Sheriff, H. P. Stanwood, B. Vaughn, A. S. Wattles. The officers were: W. B. Lambert, commodore; W. M. Merrill, vice-commodore; F. M. Holbrook secretary and treasurer; W. H. Litchfield, measurer.

The next year, 1881, the number both of members and yachts was doubled, and one more season increased the club's headquarters from a modest pair of float stages to the dignified comforts of a club-house with a hundred and twenty-eight members, owning forty-two yachts.

The club-house was built, by an arrangement with the Hingham Steamboat Company, upon their wharf, the company reserving a waiting-room and the first floor. Since the erection of this building the growth of the club has been as constant as was prophesied by even the most sanguine, for the advantages have been so great and the dues always so within the bounds of reason, that now the number has reached four hundred and eighty, — next to the largest membership of any club in America.



A LADIES' DAY.

The money necessary for their share of the building of the club-house was gotten in various ways. The season of 1881 was triumphantly successful; that of 1880 had witnessed several club-races, and one open one; that of 1881, three club-races, one open one, and three championship races. There were eight club-meetings; two concerts and a minstrel show were given by Hull residents, and their receipts

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turned into the treasury of the club; while the ball, given at the close of the season at Hotel Pemberton by the club itself, is still spoken of as the finest ever given on the New England coast. During the winter of 1881–2 the club-meetings at Young's Hotel were attended with great interest; the membership was a matter of much care; the dues were raised, and a club-book proposed; and when the season opened, with the club-house furnished, the book published, and the expenses met, there was still a goodly balance in the treasury.

Not only do the slightest matters seem to the members of this model club to be both perfectly natural and naturally perfect, but the chance visitor who tarries for an hour at the landing at Hull, awaiting his returning steamer, cannot but be impressed by the pretty sight before him. There are crafts of all sizes, either flitting about, or quietly moored in the harbor; many in number, and as characteristic a class as can be found anywhere; all bearing in miniature the same flag that floats from the staff on the picturesque building in whose shadow he is standing. He may find it exceeded in numbers and more heavy in tonnage as he approaches the wharf in Boston, and looks across to South Boston and Dorchester Bay, or beholds the many sleek and trim vessels lying at anchor just off the pier, but he will not find a greater difference in size, model, or rig among all this greater number, and he is more than likely to see a goodly sprinkling of the same little yellow pennants, each with its black cross, that he saw in such profusion nine miles below. There he could see the steam-yachts from the small launch, that skims about like a dragon-fly, to the stately miniature steamer with ample and palatial cabins and state-rooms, that moves off as if trying to emulate her larger sister, the ocean steamer, that he may see passing out by the Brewsters. A couple of cutters and a yawl, a hundred and more catrigs and sloops, about equally divided, and some twenty-two schooners, are enrolled as the property of this prosperous club, and they form, with the eight steamers, the longest list, if not the largest tonnage, of any yacht club in America.

In size there is quite as much variety as in kind in this generous bevy, — the small fry, like the fifteen-foot catrigs, being more lively, perhaps, and the larger craft, like the commodore's stanch schooner, which has just been doing the Mediterranean for a winter trip, the more venturesome. Another very probable reason for the liveliness of the smaller boats, other than that of greater ease of preparation, is the added charm of the Corinthian rule, which applies only to yachts under twenty-six feet sailing length. This rule the Hull Club adopted just after the Seawanaka had taken possession of the idea from some of the English clubs, where it had met with great favor.

The rule is that "all yachts entered in a race for Corinthian prizes shall be sailed by the owner only (who must be a member of the club) and manned by members, in good standing, of any regularly organized yacht club. . . . . No person who has ever sailed a yacht for hire shall sail in any yacht under this rule. In all club regattas, in addition to the regular prizes, there shall be a first and second prize in each class for yachts sailing under this rule."

Knowing these things it is not unaccountable that in the regattas provided by the club management the start shows more of the small white wings than larger sail, while in the yearly open regatta, in which outside boats are invited to join, a perfect cloud of duck stretches away out along the judge's line, — the boats, frantic to be free, shaking their little buoys and their leading-strings more and more naughtily, as the breeze comes up to tempt them away.

Pretty as is this sight it is not half as amusing as are the indecision, the daring, and the caution of these gay land sailors. When the sea is like glass, they moan their fate and wish there were waves, mountain-high, for them to breast; then when they get them they leave them, and, like Rip Van Winkle, "go home and think about it." Five men have actually been known to sit in a club-house (far be it from us to think which one!), each *willing* to start the race, but cautious and distrustful lest some harm might come to the boats of the others!

On the whole, however, the record of the club for attempting to do good work, whatever the weather, is not a bad one, and on a day that suits them, with good water and a steady breeze, a dozen or more boats, according to the attraction of the regatta, may be seen in the early afternoon scudding about to and from their places in the harbor, or on the line in front of the club-house. On the veranda are men and women, listless spectators, who seek in this mild dissipation a solace for the tennis and the rides and drives which the sloping, rocky sides of the hills entirely forbid, together

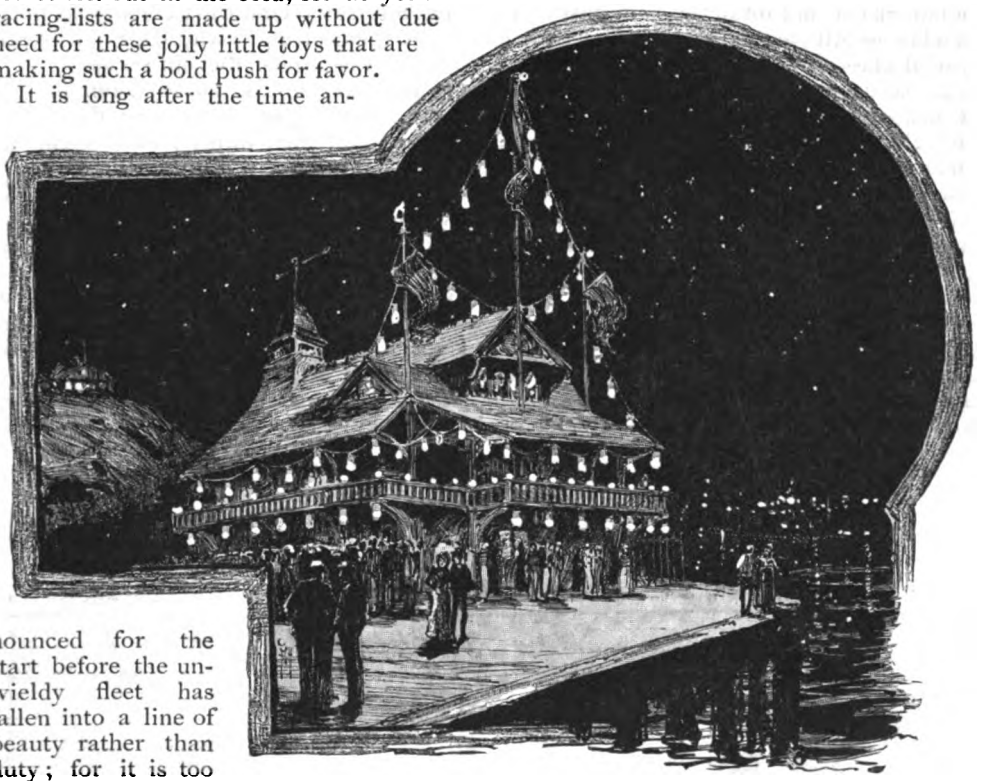
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with the many ardent admirers of the sport and of the sportsmen.

One of the passenger-boats of the steamboat line is early on the course. A tug carries some of the judges with the attendant photographer so inevitable in these days of dry plates; there is a private party or two on a chartered tug, and various yachts lie by, whose owners prefer to take their pleasure and their comfort as lookers-on rather than as workers. The luckless, or lucky owners of steam-yachts find themselves left out in the cold, for as yet the racing-lists are made up without due heed for these jolly little toys that are making such a bold push for favor.

It is long after the time announced for the start before the unwieldy fleet has fallen into a line of beauty rather than duty; for it is too much curved to be the latter. The gun is fired at last! The flight begins, and a prettier sight it is hard to fancy. The big boats are off to round the buoy before going out through the Gut, and away to the bell buoy on Harding's Ledge, leaving it on the port.

The first-class rush straight on to glory and the Graves, while the second-class work their passage back. They have begun to scatter and trail out when the Gut is reached, and on the homeward stretch the excitement of the shore people centres in the little groups of two or more old antagonists, each striving to hold his own, or, better, to yield a time allowance. One boat carried away her backstay off Toddy Rocks, and is not to be seen; a topmast lost away has taken one of the fastest out of the race, and her disappointed crew have nothing to do but to gather up the débris and keep out of the way of the slower competitors. The small boats have in the meanwhile had a hard scrimmage on their shorter course within the harbor, as is attested by the protest flags flying in the rigging. One has capsized near the start, but no harm has come to any of the crew,



ILLUMINATION.

save a ducking. Then, back to the club-house they all come trooping, big and little, the crowd waiting to learn the winners. The judges, however, have a long work before them, and nothing more than a general result can be come at, till all disputes are settled; no easy task for those who are also a court of appeal to take testimony on every mooted question. The measurer is busy, too, as claims are being made that this or that boat has more men on board than the yacht has four feet and a fraction thereof on the water-line; and he must test their truth. The carefully careless manner in which the heavy weights find

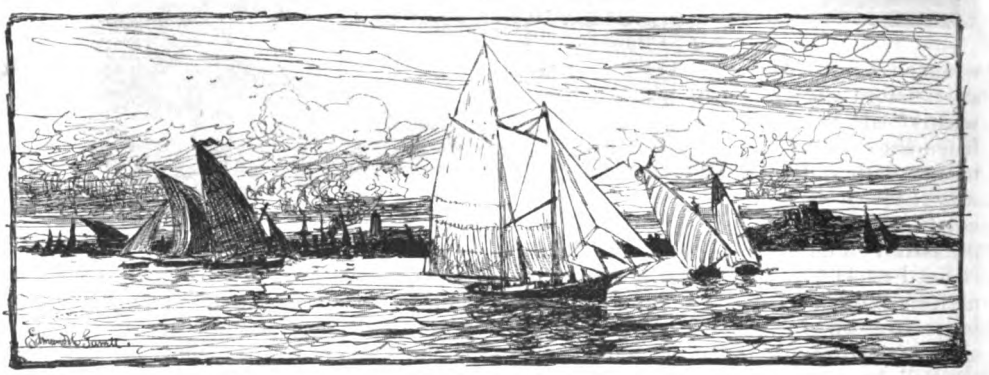
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work up by the bows, and leave the light weights aft, when the tape is to be used, shows that there is at least one trick in the trade of yachting.

All protests to be considered by the judges must be made within one hour after the conclusion of the races. So the period of waiting is over at last, and the awards are made of pennants, for pennant races, money for regattas, and various articles in the way of silver cups, marine glasses, etc., for championships, each and all differing according to the class. The yachts are divided into classes in this way. 1st class — All yachts 38 feet and above. Special class: schooners 26 and under 38 feet. 2d class: sloops 26 and under 38 feet. 3d class: sloops 21 and under 26 feet. 4th class: catrigs 21 and under 26 feet. 5th class: catrigs 18 and under 21 feet. 6th class: catrigs under 18 feet. In the first, second, and special classes there are no restrictions in regard to sails. In all other classes, sloops may carry mainsail, jib, and gaff top-sail, catrigs, and mainsail only. The course for the first class is sixteen nautical miles in length; for the second, ten; for the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, seven miles, the last course being sometimes shortened to six miles on account of the state of the tide. So, too, if the wind is light and the tide strong ebb, the finish for the first, second, special, and third classes takes place outside Hull Gut, after which the home-buoy is reached by the friendly strength of a tug-boat or the ignominious aid of oars.

Hosts of true things and pretty things might still be said of the joys of this club, its impromptu dances, its minstrel shows and concerts, but above all other glories, like the crown of a queen, shines forth the Ladies' Day. Gayly decked with pennants, flags, and streamers, the yachts, "all flocking by themselves," await their fair freight a little way above the club-house. The signal given, and the ladies taken in, they pass in brilliant review before their commodore, and then wait for him to lead the way out through the Gut into the bay for a short jolly cruise. As soon as pleasure, the wind and the wave will permit, they come back, the bright dresses gleaming like gay patterns on the white wings of home-flitting birds, to where the club-house glows in the twilight with the light of gaudy lanterns. Here a supper is served to the much fêted yachts-women by their devoted gallants; there's a little time for resting, and then begins the ball.

Arthur Hooper Dodd.



THE GITANA LEAVING A MEDITERRANEAN PORT.

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MISS SPARROW'S HUSBAND.

MISS SPARROW sat at her breakfast table washing her dainty, quaintly-shaped, old-fashioned china and silver, as she had done every morning for twenty years. She was such a dainty little figure, herself, in her pretty breakfast-cap trimmed with bright ribbons, and her Watteau wrapper, that she looked as if she might have just stepped off one of her teacups. She had just the complexion of a Dresden china shepherdess, and it was very hard to believe that the sun and winds of thirty-seven years had had their chances of spoiling it; there was scarcely a girl of eighteen in Cherryfield who did not envy Miss Sparrow her complexion.

It was a snowy world outside; a deep, white coverlet stretched unbroken over fields and hills; but the sun streamed in at the bay-window, setting the scarlet geraniums ablaze and the canary bird to singing his maddest; a deep-hearted fire glowed in the grate, and a huge cat industriously washed her face on a soft rug before it. Everything was as cosey as possible, and Miss Sparrow looked the picture of content.

Everybody said that was the secret of her complexion, — she was always contented; but everybody is sometimes mistaken; it may have been preserved by wearing a brown veil, rather than by any moral or mental attributes. And there was a *soupçon* of powder in the right-hand drawer of Miss Sparrow's toilet table. It gave Miss Sparrow's conscience a twinge to use it, — cosmetics were regarded with horror in Cherryfield, — but she said Eben liked to have her look as well as possible, and he always thought a great deal of her complexion. Eben was her husband, so, of course, it was quite justifiable.

As she washed her cups and saucers Miss Sparrow occasionally looked out over the snowy roads with a sort of expectancy in her face. There often was a sort of expectancy in Miss Sparrow's face, though it never seemed to mar its virtues.

"I snum to man if Desdemony aint washin' her face ag'in!" exclaimed Marthy Arabella, Miss Sparrow's handmaiden, pausing in her occupation of clearing the breakfast table to survey the cat with great interest. "That's the third time this morning, and not a morsel of breakfast has she had, either; and, roads broke out or not, company's a-comin'! I'll go and make a batch of pies. I've made many a batch on Desdemony's recommendation, and never hit it wrong yet!"

"You didn't happen to look at my tea-grounds this morning, did you?" asked Miss Sparrow, a little tremulously.

"You haint seemed to care so much about hearin' your future lately; so I hant thought of lookin' into your cup," replied Marthy Arabella; "but I'll see if I can't tell something by the rensins of the teapot." And she poured the contents of the teapot into a saucer, and regarded them with an air of great solemnity and wisdom. "Bird flyin' with his head up, that's good news; a letter comin' acrost the water; company from a distance; — didn't I tell you that cat wa'n't never deceitful? — dark-complected gentleman with a little girl has got a good heart for you." "O Marthy Arabella!" interpolated Miss Sparrow, with a blush. "And here's a weddin'-ring as sure's you live; not a mite of a break in it, as there used to be sometimes, and was a terrible bad sign; but just as round and perfect as you'd wish to see! I never see a mess of tea-grounds in my life that showed plainer signs of a weddin'."

"O Marthy Arabella!" exclaimed Miss Sparrow, in a tone of remonstrance, with a more vivid blush.

"As long as I'm a-goin' to do up a bakin', anyhow, mebbe I might as well make a loaf of weddin'-cake."

"Marthy Arabella," said Miss Sparrow, this time in a tone of sad and serious reproof, "I should not think you would talk so when you *know*."

"Well, now and ag'in I git kind of sick of a shadder, and that's the truth. He's dretful consolin' in some ways, for he don't make no trouble to speak of. He don't stay out late nights, nor use no profane language, and 'taint as if he was hearty to his victuals! But if he aint no great trouble he aint no great company, either. Seems sometimes as if 'twas lonesomer with him than 'twould be without him."

It was rarely that Marthy Arabella spoke with so much force and freedom on this subject, although long association had made her rather a companion than a servant to her mistress. Miss Sparrow looked shocked and distressed.

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"He has been a great comfort to me," she said. "I don't know what I should have done without Eben, in all these years."

"I snum to goodness, if there aint Doctor Bartley's gray mare a-strugglin' through the drifts! Patients must be terrible skurse with the doctor that he has to come clear'n up this hill a-huntin' 'em up such a mornin' as this!"

And Marthy Arabella looked cross-eyed, — a way that she always had when she tried to look facetious.

"Perhaps you had better carry Eben's plate and cup and saucer away, *quick!*" said Miss Sparrow, in a little flurry. "The doctor might think it strange to see the table set for two."

"I shouldn't wonder if he did," remarked Marthy Arabella, confidentially, to herself, in the solitude of the kitchen. "It makes me feel a terrible sight like a Bellamite, sometimes, when I come to think of it, especially when Miss Sparrer's away, and I ketch myself a-settin' Eben's slippers out before the fire, jest as nateral as life!"

Then Marthy Arabella hurried to admit Dr. Bartley, a stout, middle-aged man with a cheery face and a big voice, and ushered him into the bright little room, and left him alone with Miss Sparrow and the cat and the bird.

"He's a contrast to Miss Sparrow's present husband, no mistake!" remarked Marthy Arabella, looking cross-eyed, although there was nobody to see her. "And they both has their advantages and their disadvantages, like most things in this world; but if I was a-going to have my say about it I'd rather have Dr. Bartley round the house than Eben. All men has aggravatin' ways, and you've got to put up with a sight with the best of 'em; but Eben he's jest like one of them poor-spirited creturs that never answers back, nor takes no notice when you blow 'em up, but is always settin' round under your feet. It's my belief them's the wearin'est kind. And when it comes to burglars there's no doubt about the doctor havin' the advantage of Eben there!" And Marthy Arabella not only looked cross-eyed, but indulged in a little private giggle. "And bein' this is such a retired place I think it's her duty to marry the doctor! And my knees is so weak under me for fear she won't, that it seems as if I must set down; but if I did I should be terrible apt to set down too near that keyhole to be consistent with my Christian perfession; and set down I won't!"

Marthy Arabella's suspense was not of long duration. She soon heard the outer door close, and Miss Sparrow called "Marthy Arabella!" in a rather faint tone. After a brief delay she went into Miss Sparrow's presence, with a most indifferent and matter-of-fact look and manner.

"I'm going to tell you something, Marthy Arabella!" said Miss Sparrow in a tremulous voice. "Dr. Bartley asked me, two weeks ago, to — to marry him!"

"I expect he did," said Marthy Arabella.

"I think it's a *dreadful* thing," said Miss Sparrow.

"Do you, now?" said Marthy Arabella.

"On account of Eben."

"I don't expect Eben will have no actooal objections, or make no trouble about it," said Marthy Arabella, endeavoring to restrain a tendency to look cross-eyed.

Miss Sparrow perceived the effort, and her manner became invested in dignity.

"I don't expect you to sympathize with me, Marthy Arabella. They are few who could do so, even in a much higher station than yours."

"It *ain't* hardly to be expected, seein' this is a world of solum realities," said Martha Arabella, quoting from the Cherryfield minister.

"But you have shown feeling for me, and have never gassified about Eben, which would have made things very unpleasant for me, since there are so many practical and unimaginative people who would not understand."

"Folks would be apt to run of an idee that 'twas kind of cur'u's doin's, I expect," said Marthy Arabella. "I wouldn't heave out anythin' ag'in Eben for the world; but it does seem as if somethin' a leetle mite more substantial in a husband would be more enlivenin,' to say nothin' of burglars."

"Dr. Bartley is one of a thousand," said Miss Sparrow. "But he is such a contrast to dear Eben, he almost shocks me. He talks so loud, and there's such a creak to his great boots! I told him, at first, that I never could think of such a thing; but he wouldn't take no for an answer, and to-day I told him I — I'd think of it, and let him know next week. I don't think I *can* make up my mind to marry him, on account of Eben; but it is moving, Marthy Arabella, to have a man so much in love with one, and to hear him plead so eloquently."

"Yes, indeed, I know how hard it is to harden one's heart ag'in 'em," said Marthy Arabella (who never had been known to have a sweetheart in her life).

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"I have always felt that Eben would come back, and if he should find me unfaithful to him, married to another, his heart would be broken."

"Come back," exclaimed Marthy Arabella, in a tone of surprise. "Oh, yes! Eben Sutton. I do get kind of mixed up, and forget that Eben ever was anybody *real*. Seems as if you had made him up, altogether. But I remember Eben Sutton well enough; kind of a pretty-featured young man he was, with red hair. The Suttons all looked as if they was afire on top; but la! if they was they never set nothin' else afire — the shif'lessest set! I ain't sayin' nothin' against Eben, now, Miss Sparrer. I expect he was the likeliest of 'em, though he hadn't no edication; but Suttons was Suttons, and you couldn't make nothing else of 'em; there wa'n't faculty enough amongst 'em to keep 'em off'n the town. Mebbe your father wa'n't right to separate you, but most folks thought it was presumin' in a Sutton to think he was goin' to get Dr. Sparrer's daughter, and, Miss Sparrer, if you had married Eben Sutton it's jest possible you might have been sorry for it afterwards! I suppose there might be such a thing as a Sutton turnin' out well; but it does seem cont'ry to nater!"

"Eben was very different from the others: he was noble and high-minded. He was wickedly slandered. It was a cruel thing to separate us, and my heart would have broken if I had not been able to look forward to a time when he would come back to me. And then, when I grew very weary of waiting, I fell to imagining that he had come. You know what a comfort that has been. Some people might think it silly, but sometimes I think I have been almost as happy in it as if I really had been Eben's wife."

"There *has* been advantages to it," admitted Marthy Arabella. "Never no disagreein' nor blamin' one another, nor tryin' to carry the day over one another."

"And, besides, I have always had the hope that Eben would come back sometime."

"I han't heard you say much about that, lately; seems to me I han't heard you mention it for as much as two years. Lemme see, aint it about two years ago that Dr. Bartley came to Cherryfield?" said Marthy Arabella, reflectively.

Miss Sparrow evidently saw a connection between the two ideas, for her cheeks instantly matched the ribbons on her breakfast cap in hue.

"It hasn't been altogether Dr. Bartley, Marthy Arabella. There's little Nellie. I always did want a little girl, dreadfully. I've tried to imagine one, but for some reason I never was able to do it, and I was afraid somebody would find it out, too. They would have made even more fun of that than of Eben. You know I've never let even you see a little plate that I have put on the table between Eben's and mine, sometimes; a little plate and knife and fork, and a silver mug; but it never was of any use. I couldn't imagine her! It has been easy to imagine Eben, because I have never forgotten just how he looked; sometimes I am afraid that I haven't been able to change his looks enough; that he is altogether too young for me, though he is graver than when I saw him last, and very dignified and elegant. I fancy him a minister, you know; not that I ever knew of his having any disposition that way, but I like ministers, and he may be one, you know. There's one great advantage about an uncertainty, Marthy Arabella: you can always think that it *may be* just what you want to have it. Now, Dr. Bartley is such a certainty that there's something quite terrifying about him."

"I suppose there might be one likely one in a shif'less family; but it does seem queer to think of one of them Suttons been godly-given!" said Marthy Arabella.

Beyond a dignified look, Miss Sparrow took no notice of this remark.

"As I was saying," she went on, "until I saw little Nellie Bartley I have never been able to imagine a little girl for myself. Now, it is she that I fancy sitting beside me, and I think it is for her sake that I have grown to — to think a good deal of Dr. Bartley."

"You'd better say yes, and fetch him and Nellie right home, considerin' burglars and all," said Marthy Arabella.

"But, then, what if Eben should come back and find all his hopes shattered? Poor Eben! how would he bear it?" And Miss Sparrow applied her handkerchief daintily to her eyes.

"Mebbe he's married himself. He han't come, nor wrote, nor give no sign for twenty years," said Marthy Arabella, cruelly.

"O Marthy Arabella!" exclaimed Miss Sparrow, with a little shriek. "Eben was the soul of truth and honor! And he never could love anybody but me; he always said so. Sometimes I think he must be dead. If he is not he is engaged in some great and

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noble work to which he is sacrificing his happiness; he may have gone as a missionary to heathen lands. I often look for his name among those of the great explorers who are doing such noble work for mankind. If he is alive, only some such noble enterprise could have kept Eben from me."

Marthy Arabella was speechless; but as soon as she had retired to the privacy of the kitchen she exclaimed with uplifted hands: "La, what a thing it is to have an imagination!"

For the rest of the day Miss Sparrow seemed absorbed in reflection, and Marthy Arabella considered that the cause she favored was best secured by judicious silence.

But it was trying, for Marthy Arabella was, as she was fond of describing herself, "a sociable cretur'"; and as they lived more than half a mile from the village, and the roads were only partially broken out, they had not been favored with a caller that day. In spite of Desdemona's prediction nobody seemed to be coming.

"I declare if that tin-peddler's wagon on runners aint a blessed sight!" exclaimed Marthy Arabella, as she looked out of the window that afternoon. "There hasn't been more'n half a dozen sleighs by here to-day. Mebbe it's because there's so many sick with the measles that folks are so quiet. They say there's a rag hangin' out of every other window in the village to call the doctor, on account of measles. That blessed tin-peddler is a-comin' in, and I declare it's a comfort to see the face of a Christian — though if it's Lon Saunders, from Milltown, as I expect it is, he aint no great of a Christian!"

Miss Sparrow was "doing up" some laces by the kitchen table; she was particular about her laces, and always attended to them herself. The tin-peddler gave a rousing knock at the back door, and immediately opened it, stamping the snow off his boots.

"Don't s'pose you want to do any tradin' to-day?" he inquired, cheerfully.

"You might step in and warm yourself, Mr. Saunders. Oh, you aint Mr. Saunders, be you?" said Marthy Arabella.

"Jest as good a man every whit," returned the peddler, promptly. "I've bought him out. I expect I shan't be so sharp as he was, bein' new to the business, so now's your time to get a good bargain."

"Stranger in these parts?" inquired Marthy Arabella, glad of the opportunity for a little sociability.

"Well, I be, and I aint. I aint been nigh here for twenty years, but I was brought up down here in Cherryfield village."

"You don't say?" said Marthy Arabella, scrutinizing him carefully.

He was a short, stout man, with a coarse red face, and reddish hair and beard sprinkled with gray.

"Yes, I went away from here when I was twenty-two or three, and mebbe I should have done better to stay, for I han't had any luck; and then, there was a rich man's daughter dead in love with me; the old man was down on me, but she would have had me whether or no, and she was an only child, so she'd have been sure of the money some day. But she was terrible soft, putty wa'n't a circumstance to her, and I got awful sick of her. I s'pose she's married or dead by this time. You don't happen to know what's become of old Dr. Sparrow's daughter, do you?"

Marthy Arabella cast a hasty glance around, but Miss Sparrow had slipped out of the room, leaving the door ajar, however. "I aint so very well acquainted, livin' so far from the village," said Marthy Arabella, evasively. "I don't know as I want any tinware to-day, but I'll save up my rags for you against the next time you come round."

"All right, but mebbe I shan't stick to it long. I aint apt to stick to things a great while if they don't suit me, and tin-peddlin' is poor business. But when a man has got a wife and eight children to support, he's got to stir round lively."

"Good day, Mr. — Oh, what did you say your name was?" Marthy Arabella called after him.

"Sutton — Eben Sutton; begins with an S, like Saunders, so you can remember it."

"I aint likely to forget it!" murmured Marthy Arabella.

"Oh, land of mercy! who would have thought it? But yet it's jest as nateral as life! What a thing imagination is to run away with folks' idees."

Marthy Arabella turned towards the sitting-room; but the door closed just then, more forcibly than Marthy Arabella had ever heard Miss Sparrow close a door.

Marthy Arabella stood irresolute for a moment, then ran hastily up to the attic, and hung her red calico apron out of the window.

It was almost dark when the jingle of sleigh-bells came nearer and nearer and stopped at the gate.

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Miss Sparrow looked out, and saw, with amazement, Dr. Bartley coming up the steps.

"Don't you be mad, now," said Marthy Arabella, hurriedly; "I hung a rag out, and he thinks it's measles. I thought it would be terrible kind of consolin' to have him come jest now, and so comfortable to have things settled right up without no delay."

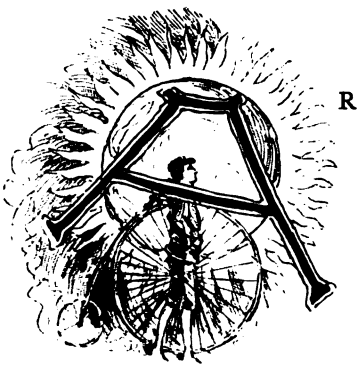
Miss Sparrow applied her handkerchief to her eyes. "I suppose you understand, Marthy Arabella, that it is all on account of little Nellie," she said.

Marthy Arabella said nothing, but she looked cross-eyed.

Sophie Swett.

THE GREAT CANADA BICYCLE TOUR.—PART II.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.



ARRIVING at London, Thursday, the day was spent there, as it would have been folly to attempt to proceed till the roads were dry. The streets being too wet for riding, the day was lounged away at the hotel, with occasional strolls about the city. After supper, the streets having dried considerably, the tourists mounted and rode to the handsome city park, into which they were admitted. Having had little exercise all day, the wheelmen first rode decorously round and round and through and through the park over all its winding paths; but presently one broke away and raced, then another, and another, till every path had its squad of flying wheels, amid the laughter and applause of the crowds of spectators. When it became too dusky to enjoy this exercise safely the party returned to the hotel, and then an expedition to proceed in search of ice-cream was organized, which all joined in for want of any better way to kill time. But at an early hour the order for bed was given, and the party retired to rest for the sixty-five-mile-run to Goderich the next day, over roads sure to be quite heavy, as they could not be expected to dry much during the night.

FRIDAY'S RUN.

As Friday morning was clear and bright, the tourists were promptly in their saddles after breakfast, except ten or twelve, who cared nothing for a riding-record. These few, having ascertained that the clay road ceased at or near Claudeboye, twenty miles out, after which there would be roads which the rain had not spoiled, took the train for that village at the same time the procession started. These, arriving at Claudeboye, — a very small village, — waited there for the arrival of the main party, whiling away their time by watching the artist make sketches. The day was a warm one, with a very slight breeze, and the road there showed plenty of evidences of the recent rains. They were assured, however, that the rain had only extended about three miles further, beyond which the country was dry, no rain having fallen in nearly two weeks.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the head of the line appeared on the brow of the long hill overlooking Claudeboye. Down this long hill the line came coasting, and was greeted with a hearty welcome. The wheels of the riders showed conclusively that they had ridden through plenty of stiff mud. Nevertheless, only a halt of five minutes was allowed, during which the village hotel was emptied of its stock of summer drinks. Then the bugle sounded, and the reunited party rolled on. For about three miles the road was more or less difficult with mud, after which the party suddenly ran out into a country which was dry and parched. The pace quickened, and the procession ran on without a stop to Exeter, where dinner had been ordered, which place was reached promptly at noon.

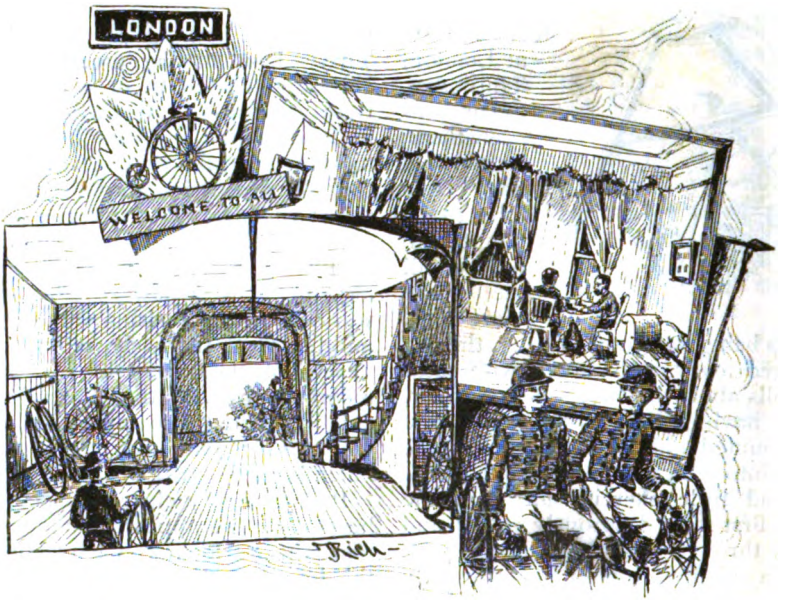
After a good and abundant dinner, and a few moments' time to clean wheels, the advance was again sounded, and the party started at a brisk pace on the afternoon run of thirty-seven miles. About an hour after

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starting, a rain-cloud appeared in the west, threatening a pretty smart shower. The pace was quickened, and no halts were made, the line running by village after village without a stop, keeping just in advance of the rain, which merely afforded a grateful coolness by a slight sprinkle. But the ambulance, which was two or three miles behind, was caught in a heavy shower.

Turning from the road thus far followed just beyond Brucefield, the line headed for Bayfield, on the shore of Lake Huron. After ascending a long and steep hill, deep, romantic valley, which we could overlook for many miles. In fact Bayfield has one of the loveliest situations to be found anywhere. The day had grown hot, and the blue waters of the lake — the bluest of all the lakes — sparkled and dimpled in the afternoon sun, and the scene was generally so enchanting that all were loth to leave it. While resting on the grassy slope, at the brow of the tall bluff, the photographer got in his work in a romantic picture of the party.

After lingering about an hour in this attractive place, the party reluctantly



LONDON CLUB-HOUSE.

the party struck the finest road yet found in Canada, broad, and as smooth as an asphalt pavement, with a few hills, but mostly with long inclines toward the lake coast. On this stretch of road the whole line made a run of six miles in twenty-nine minutes. This means the time of the slowest man, the leaders being more than a mile in advance.

This was a lovely stretch of country, growing lovelier as we approached Bayfield, where the road rushed up a slight incline, turned a sharp corner, and brought the party suddenly out on the head of a bold bluff overlooking the blue waters of Lake Huron, with here and there a snowy sail in the distance, a river at our feet, spanned by a noble bridge, and a wide, mounted, and immediately plunged down the steep bluff, turning short from the road we had followed, crossing the bridge over the river, and ascending the opposite bank up a long, winding glen. This road to Goderich, eighteen miles distant, was in bad order, having just been mended and improved by the authorities. After riding some ten miles at a moderate speed, the party halted and accepted the generous invitation of a farmer to refresh themselves with whatever his house could afford; and this was done so thoroughly that all his milk, bread, berries, and other eatables and drinkables disappeared in a twinkling. But the generous host and his hospitable family professed themselves greatly pleased with wheelmen's appetites, and heartily

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glad of our visit, as they waved us a smiling and hearty God-speed on our way.

An hour later the line halted in the outskirts of Goderich, being informed that a brass band was coming out to escort us. After waiting some twenty minutes the impatient, hot, and thirsty wheelmen (who heartily detested procession-riding at a brass-band pace) clamored so loudly to go forward that the bugle sounded, the line formed, and Goderich was entered. Before reaching the main street the party formed in fours, then eights, filling the broad avenue from side to side, and rode into the presence of a crowd of five thousand people assembled to bid us welcome. Here a fine band filled the air with melody; and, breaking again into columns of fours, the party rode slowly around the beautiful little circular park, with a handsome courthouse in its centre, which adorns the very centre of the village, facing which are all the principal hotels, stores, and business houses.



IN THE DUST STORM.

THE GODERICH BANQUET.

After supper the experts among the wheelmen gave an exhibition of their skill, in front of one of the hotels facing the park, to a crowd of spectators who packed every available space in the vicinity. An enthusiastic rural gentleman with gray hair declared emphatically that the entry of the wheelmen, with their evolutions from line to double-four front, and the exhibition after supper, "beat any circus I ever saw in my life!" In this experience praise achieved its acme; the most unbounded admiration could utter nothing higher.

The tourists had been accompanied from St. Thomas and London by several Canadian wheelmen, and had added to their number the following: —

Toronto. — T. H. Robinson, Robert Anderson, —— Walton, —— L'Anson.

London. — George Lilley, George Cameron.

Aylmer. — Perry Doolittle, A. E. Haines.

Clinton. — W. H. Ransford.

The Toronto wheelmen, representing the Wanderers and Torontos, extended an invitation to the party to visit Toronto and partake of a banquet there; which invitation was accepted.

The local wheelmen, of Goderich, where a club had just been formed, invited us, at eight o'clock, to attend a banquet under their auspices, but participated in by the citizens at large, in the town-hall. At the appointed hour the tourists were escorted to the hall, where, in the council-chamber, tables had been set with various delicacies.

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The president of the Goderich Bicycle Club, Dr. McLean, presided; but chairs of honor were occupied by the honorables Mayor Horton, Mr. Chilton the American consul, members of the council, and other dignitaries, leading citizens, editors of the local papers, etc. The speech of welcome was made in happy terms by the mayor. "The Queen" was drank, followed by the national anthem. Angus Hibbard then sung some of his most stirring bicycle songs, in which he improvised verses suitable for the occasion, with roaring choruses by the wheelmen, eliciting unbounded applause. "The President of the United States" was followed with Yankee Doodle and the Star-Spangled Banner by the band, whereat the wheelmen roared a lusty chorus; and then the American consul responded in a very happy short speech. "The Visitors" brought out Dr. Payne, in a neat speech. "The L.A.W." was coupled with the name of President Bates, who replied with a characteristic speech, eliciting applause and laughter. More bicycle songs by Mr. Hibbard, with choruses by the wheelmen. These songs were received by the Canadians with great enthusiasm. "The County Council of Huron" was responded to by Reeve Johnson, of Goderich. "Fair Canada" was sung by Mr. John Robinson, of Goderich. Mr. Tollman, of Massachusetts, was then called out, and made a good short speech. Mr. Doolittle, of Aylmer, our guide through Canada, was received with great applause, and made a neat speech. He was followed by Burley B. Ayers, the parent of the big, big tour, whose short speech elicited long applause. Harry Rothwell, John Robinson, and R. S. Williams, local singers, were followed by speeches by D. McGillicuddy and Mr. Mitchell, editors of the Goderich papers. The artist, Richardson, and Captain Brown, of the tourists, Mayor Horton, and Councillor Jordan, also made excellent short speeches, and the banquet broke up with more bicycle songs by Hibbard and the tourists, and "God save the Queen" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" by all. It was a happy evening amid a set of jolly good fellows, every one.

GODERICH.

During the night the wind rose until it blew a half gale. Early in the morning the artist, President Bates, and some others, rose and took a spin about the place to inspect it. Goderich is the principal watering-place of Western Ontario, and it well deserves its high reputation for beauty of location, and surroundings. The town is built upon a bold headland overlooking the lake. There is a small bay, the entrance of a river, and another bold headland, called "The Cape," on its opposite side, which shows finely from the village. Upon the brow of the headland is a reserved parade-ground, with the light-house. Here the bluff is almost a precipice, and the view is very fine, embracing many miles of coast, the bay, and the steep side and end of the opposite cape. On this morning, the waves of Lake Huron were beating sullenly at the foot of the bluff; the sun had risen amid drifting clouds, casting checkered lights and shadows over the water, which had a blue-gray hue, of a threatening character. Within the harbor below lay a number of vessels; while, several miles out in the lake, half a dozen fishing-smacks, standing in a direct line off shore, were dashing with white wings out to their distant fishing-grounds, regardless of the ominous aspect of the lake and sky. These little craft are periagua rig, — a rig much used on the lakes for fishing-boats, as it is easily handled by one or two men, and spreads a cloud of canvas to the light airs for boating. The two large, almost square, fore-and-aft sails, with their broad heads strained flat as boards, and with straight lines, have a peculiar picturesqueness, like Gothic architecture; and the sight of a fleet of them standing out of harbor in a wind is a finer marine view than that of a squadron of the most shapely yachts. And for fleetness it is doubtful which would win, as these boats are built very sharp, light, and strong, and are sailed by the most skilful and daring seamen of the lakes.

Turning from the lake view the village is a pretty sight, being neatly built, with many fine houses and summer residences, with gardens and ornamental grounds, the business portion clustering about the pretty little circular park heretofore mentioned. All about the neighborhood, within a radius of half a dozen miles, are summer hotels and summer residences, on locations which command the choicest views and other attractions.

SATURDAY — THE RUN TO BRANTFORD.

While breakfast was being eaten the clouds thickened, the wind rose to a gale, and a violent rain began. After breakfast

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the impatient tourists waited and watched the weather with growing anxiety. The roads from Goderich to Stratford, forty-five miles, were said to be the best in Canada, most of the way, with lovely scenery; and these roads we were all especially anxious to ride over. Then from Stratford to Brantford, forty-three miles, there were some of the most romantic scenery and some excellent roads. These two days' rides had all along been counted upon as the best of our whole tour. But, as we were now one day behind our programme time on account of the great storm, it was intended to ride the whole distance of eighty-eight miles to Brantford in one day. But here was another storm. After waiting till about 11 o'clock, the rain ceased, and there were slight symptoms of a clearing away in the sky. Most of the tourists, however, warned by their St. Thomas experience, did not put any trust in Canada skies; and declined to start. But eighteen brave hearts, when Capt. Brown's bugle blew, mounted and followed his lead out of the village over the wet and slippery road, with a drizzle still falling, and the wind blowing raw and wet. The rest turned into the hotel and ordered an early dinner, intending to take the train for Stratford. Within a few minutes after the bold eighteen had disappeared the rain came down again heavily and steadily. The eighteen hardy riders persisted till they reached a point about three miles out of town, when the rain and wind proved too strong for them, and they held a council of war under a tree. In spite of Capt. Brown's resolute pluck, it was resolved to turn back and take the train. While the early dinner was being eaten the party returned. As Capt. Brown entered the dining-hall he was greeted with a tremendous: "One, two, three — GREAT SCOTT!" which jarred the building; and then the eighteen were heartily welcomed back and made comfortable. After dinner a hasty council was held, and it was voted to give up the next two days' runs, and take the cars clear through to Brantford, as we were due in Hamilton and Toronto, where preparations were made to receive us, Sunday and Monday. We should thus lose the best two days of roads and scenery; but there was no help for it. Accordingly the whole party took train for Brantford, an extra car being secured for our wheels.

After all, this run by railway was not without its compensations. Having nothing else to do the entire body of tourists devoted themselves to the work of making things lively. Bicycle songs were sung, jokes cracked, and all sorts of jolly pranks were played. When the train stopped at Stratford for dinner, although we had all dined, some wheelmen discovered in the lunch-room an edible species of small pie, whereupon there was a prodigious rush and a concerted shout of "Pie!" which almost distracted the waiters at the lunch counter. Presently every wheelman had a pie in each hand, and was parading the platform, trying to sing in chorus, with Glee-master Hibbard: —

> "We never speak, as we pass by,
> Because our mouths are full of pie."

Being notified that the train would be delayed some time, a number of the wheelmen got out their bikes and rode into the town. "The Dude" sauntered the same way, walking. He was inconsiderate enough to laugh at the performances of some of the party on wheels. When they returned, Captain Brown gravely informed "The Dude" that the boys wanted to see him around the corner. Instead of taking the alarm and fleeing, he innocently walked around that corner, when he was seized, tried, found guilty of walking when the others rode, and of laughing at the wrong time and place where the laugh didn't come in, and locked up in the baggage-car for the term of five minutes.

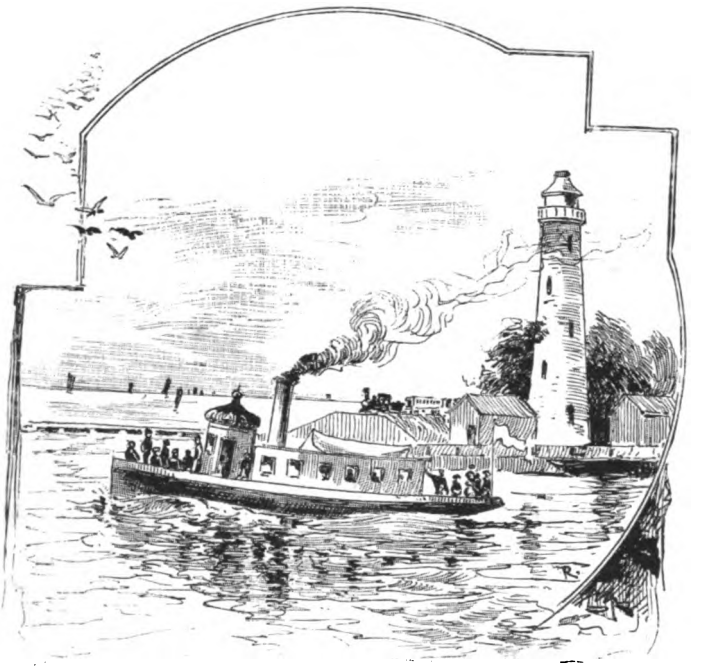
Late in the afternoon the train arrived in Brantford. From its windows we had caught fleeting glimpses of the fine scenery at Paris and other points of interest, deepening our regret that we had missed riding through this romantic section of picturesque Canada. On arrival at Brantford, the party mounted at the depot and rode through the city to our hotel. The streets were sloppy with rain; the pavement was rough; and the ride was in every way disagreeable. After storing our wheels and getting supper, the evening was spent in strolling about Brantford. Some of the party, by invitation, visited the house of Mr. McMichael, a local ex-wheelman, who was at the Boston League meet in 1881, and were hospitably entertained.

SUNDAY — "DOWN THE MOUNTAIN."

Sunday morning, after a late and leisurely breakfast, the tourists mounted and started on what they were told, and expected would be, a mere stroll of twenty-five miles "down the mountain" to Hamilton, which lies at the head of Lake Ontario.

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Our ride was to be "down-hill most all the way, over a hard road." We began by going up-hill; after which we went up-hill some more, and repeat. The road was a "hard" one,—the hardest one we had yet encountered. Nine miles of it was plank, in various stages of brokenness, with the brokenness filled in with unfathomable mud. Slowly the long line toiled over this, finding a large part of the plank unridable. After the plank came what the Canadians call "a stone road," to distinguish it from a gravel road. The gravel roads of Canada are excellent. But a stone road is a road constructed by dumping broken stone and boulders down at hap-hazard in the clay mud, in a very rude imitation of macadamizing. The result is a bottom of the hardest sort of stone, with a surface of loose stones, from the size of a walnut to that of a paving-stone, rolling loosely about on the mud. Then this surface was cut by from six to a dozen distinct ruts, each rut too narrow to ride in, with the irregular ridges between the ruts very dangerous to ride. There were no side-paths, and the walking was dirty and rough. Of the whole twenty-five miles the tourists all walked at least half, and most of them walked two-thirds. On reaching Ancaster, seven miles from Hamilton, we ceased going up-hill, and found ourselves at the place where "going down the mountain begins." Here a halt was made for lunch. The two small hotels in the place were instantly filled with hungry men, clamoring for anything eatable. At the first hotel reached bread and butter, and bread and milk and cold meat were obtained; but the landlady vowed that there was no such thing as pie in the house. Presently entered her husband. He was asked for pie, and blurted out the fact that there were, he thought, a couple of pies somewhere. The premises were immediately searched, and three pies and a half found. On seeing them dragged to light the vexed landlady exclaimed to her husband: "Durn you! there isn't enough for a mouthful apiece, and I didn't want them pies et!" But they were "et" in less than no time. Every man who got a piece esteemed himself lucky, and dodged the grabs of the unfortunate like a chicken with a fat grub dodging the hungry snatches of the rest of the brood.



HAMILTON LIGHT.

Immediately in a little village the descent of the mountain began. Mounting our wheels we had coasted only a few rods around a curve when a grand scene was opened before us. Far below ran the silvery thread of a winding river. Upon the right hand towered an ever-increasing height. Upon the left and before us the valley stretched away for miles toward the lake. The coast, every rod of which could be coasted nicely if the road were smooth, is about five miles long, mostly down a steep incline, with here and there a short level, or a shorter rise. At every turn a new and seemingly wilder view was disclosed. But the road was so stony, rutty, and difficult that the rider's attention had to be closely confined to his wheel, the

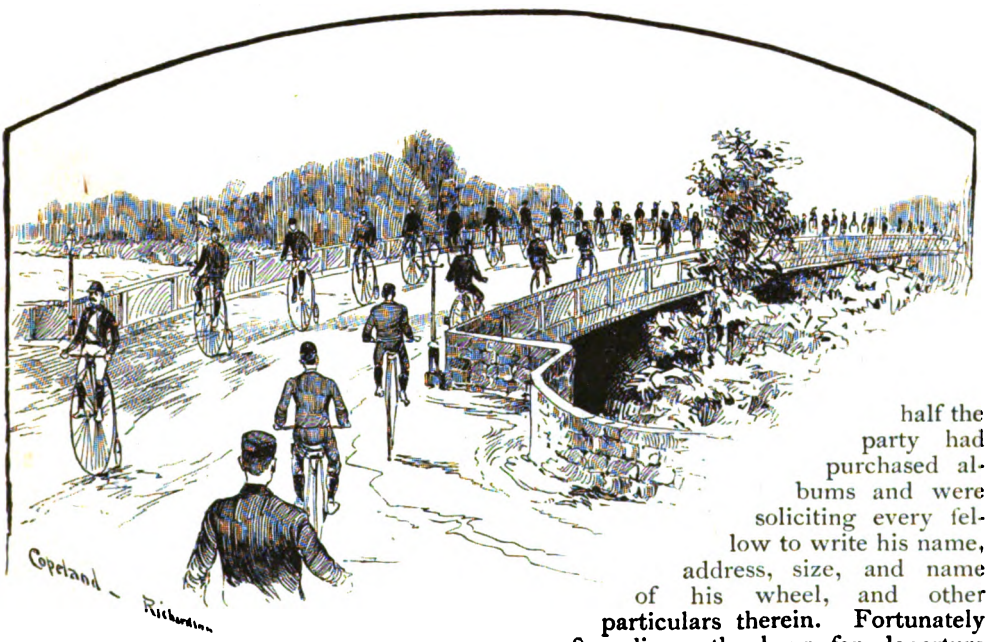
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splendid views only being taken in by occasional instantaneous side glances. Finally, a level, a little longer than usual, brought us to a toll-house, and the boundary of Hamilton. Passing the toll-house, the road runs down one more steep hill, crosses the stream, and then ascends a long, steep hill into the city. From the top of this hill the streets fall away down a long slope till the heart of the city is reached, when we stopped at our hotel.

Five miles out we were met by a delegation of Hamilton wheelmen, and escorted to our hotel. Immediately after a hasty meal we were taken down to the harbor and given a ride on a fast tug about the deep and handsome bay, stopping at the Bay View summer hotel for a swim. An ascent of the long flight of steps to the high plateau above furnished us a glorious view of Hamilton and its surroundings; and then we had lunch on the boat while we sailed to the mouth of the bay and the ship canal into Lake Ontario, called "Burlington Docks," where we visited the Ocean House, upon the lake beach, a famous watering-place, often called "The Long Branch of Canada."

Monday morning the party, by invitation, rode to the park and Castle of Dundern, famous not only for its beauty of location, but as being the favorite home of Lord Lorne. Here we were, of course, photographed again. Various other points of interest were visited, and the Hamilton wheelmen generously made our visit one long to be remembered with pleasure. "For they are jolly good fellows," and none of us will ever forget it.

At Hamilton some fiend started the autograph-album business, and presently half the party had purchased albums and were soliciting every fellow to write his name, address, size, and name of his wheel, and other particulars therein. Fortunately after dinner the hour for departure arrived, and the party took steamer for Toronto.



"ACROSS THE RAVINE."

But a few autograph-album fellows pursued their occupation on the boat. There were only about fifty wheelmen present, but if everybody didn't write his name in at least a hundred albums, then I am mistaken. After a pleasant ride of a few hours the steamer entered the landlocked bay of Toronto, affording a fine view of the city. This bay is so safe from the effects of winds that it is little wonder that Toronto has achieved notoriety for her oarsmen and yachting clubs. Upon an island to the right in entering the harbor is the handsome summer hotel of Edward Hanlon, the champion oarsman of the world; and many summer cottages. The surface of the bay was dotted with white-sailed yachts and shells darting

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hither and thither. At the wharf the tourists were received by the Wanderers and Torontos, and other clubs and unattached wheelman, and immediately escorted over the city and its suburbs, the procession numbering two hundred and eighteen wheelmen in uniform. Most of the pavements of Toronto are abominable for bicycling, but there are some smooth cedar-block paved streets, and a number of fine runs in the suburbs. The wheel is very popular here, as was evinced by the large number of uniformed wheelmen. The procession through the principal streets was delayed by a jam of thousands of spectators, who filled every foot of space, except a narrow lane good-naturedly kept open for the passage of the bicyclers. At the beautiful park of the college the wheelmen were again grouped and photographed. The buildings of this college are among the finest in architectural design and effect of any upon this continent. All about Toronto are admirable scenes. There are several deep and weird-looking ravines, over which at an airy height are trestle-work bridges, looking down from which upon the dark streams beneath you see the tallest trees failing to reach the level of the bridges. About these bridges are groves of natural trees, adding to the beauty of their scenery. The city is well built, though not so richly as cities of equal population in the United States. The streets are handsome, the city lying upon a rolling surface of hills, giving it a picturesque effect as well as excellent drainage. The welcome extended to the tourists by all classes of people was simply magnificent in its whole-souled hospitality. In the evening the tourists were given

A GRAND BANQUET,

attended by over one hundred guests. At this dinner speeches were made by Mr. Davis, of the Wanderers, who presided; Angus Hibbard, whose bicycle songs, with choruses by the wheelmen, were applauded and encored again and again; Dr. Pruyn, Mr. Tollman, Mr. Ayers, Mr. Doolittle, and various others. President Bates responded to the toast, "The American wheelmen," in a characteristic speech, and the unalloyed hilarity and fun was kept up till midnight, when the guests dispersed, and the wheelmen sought their beds just as full of good feeling as they could possibly hold.

BY BOAT TO LEWISTON.

Tuesday the tourists took a long farewell look at Toronto, and embarked on a fast boat for Lewiston, on the Niagara river. They were escorted to the wharf by the Toronto wheelmen, with whom they parted reluctantly, and with many hopes that they all might meet again. As the steamer moved from her wharf the tourists gave hearty cheers for their Toronto entertainers, and the steamer darted away amid a roaring chorus of "For they are jolly good fellows," led by Angus Hibbard, and punctuated by sonorous blasts from the bugle.

At Toronto the autograph-album craze broke out again. It was somewhat checked by Mr. Ayers entering the hotel reading-room, in the morning, with one of the immense hotel registry-books, borne by a servant, in which he loudly requested everybody to write his name and address; but it broke out again on the boat, and continued till the party broke up at Buffalo.

The wind blew freshly on the lake, and the boat rolled somewhat, slightly disturbing the interior arrangements of some of the passengers. But the wheelmen were not deterred from pervading every part of the vessel, climbing in groups upon the rigging, and performing all sorts of hilarious antics. It had been sternly laid down at Detroit, as a rule to which no exception would be allowed, that no "mashing" would be permitted upon this trip. Ignorant, of course, of this inexorable law, a charming young lady, chaperoned by her mother, innocently began a conversation with one of the Chicago tourists, who answered her questions with apprehensive looks at his companions. Presently the pair were seated in the ladies' cabin, earnestly discoursing, though the conscious wheelman ever and anon glanced deprecatingly at his companions, with a countenance intended to suggest that he couldn't help it. The tourists stood this sort of thing some half an hour, till forbearance ceased to be a virtue, then about a dozen of them filed into the cabin and quietly seated themselves in a half ring about the offending pair, at whom they gazed with folded arms and an air of the deepest respect, mingled with sorrowful deprecation.

In a few moments the young lady excused herself and sought her mother. Then the guilty Chicago "masher" rose

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and fled, pursued by the blood-hounds of justice. Down into the depths of the ship, up and about her decks, and, finally, into the rigging, he wildly darted. But escape was impossible. He was caught, borne in triumph before the stern circle of the outraged brotherhood, tried, convicted, sentenced, and compelled to pay the penalty.

UP NIAGARA RIVER TO BUFFALO.

Disembarking at Lewiston, after passing the Customs the party mounted and rode along the banks of the magnificent Niagara river to the falls, pausing at the whirpool exit, opposite De Vaux College, and at all other points of interest, and reaching the International Hotel, opposite Goat Island, just above the brink of the falls, in season for supper. On leaving Lewiston an adverse wind was blowing, and the road was stony and rutty, with precipitous hills to climb, but ridable. In the evening the falls were visited to see them illuminated by electric lights.

Wednesday forenoon was spent in visiting every locality of interest in and about the falls, commutation tickets having been procured for the party by Mr. N. Campbell, a local wheelman, who guided the party to every point that it was desirable to reach, and did everything possible to make their visit pleasurable. In the afternoon, under the guidance of a delegation from the Buffalo Club, the party continued their ride up the shore of Niagara river to Buffalo, thus visiting every point of interest from the mouth of the river on Lake Ontario, to its head on Lake Erie. The wet weather had reduced this clay road, in parts, to its worst condition of roughness and ruts, and the Buffalo wheelmen were considerably bothered to keep pace with the experienced tourists, whose hardened muscles and acquired skill in rough riding made an easy task of difficulties which worried the most skilful rider unaccustomed to touring on such roads. Approaching Buffalo the road became much better, and the city was entered at a fair road pace. Here the party was met by a large party of Buffalo wheelmen; and, after passing over the admirable asphalt pavements, and flying along the winding drive-ways of the famous Buffalo Park, a halt was made at sunset at the park refectory, when

ANOTHER BANQUET

was served, followed by the customary speeches, songs, and general fun. President Williams, of the Buffalo Club, presided, and called out in succession President Bates, artist Richardson, Mr. Tollman, Mr. Doolittle, Dr. Pruyn, Mr. Fuller, of the Chicagos, Mr. Hibbard, and others of the visitors, and several of the Buffalo wheelmen.

After the banquet, the party wheeled to the Tifft House, where a meeting of the tourists was held, at which it was voted to present Capt. Brown, Treasurer Richardson, Mr. Ayers, and Mr. Doolittle, each with an autograph album suitably inscribed and prepared by the artist, containing the names, addresses, etc., of the whole party. Then the party formally disbanded, and the Great Tour, as an organization, was ended.

A DAY AT BUFFALO.

But, though formally disbanded, the tourists were loath to disperse. It was generally voted to spend the next day in Buffalo, and accept an invitation tendered by the Buffalo wheelmen to see their park and city by daylight, and ride out to Bay View, — the principal Buffalo watering-place, — and dine at the summer hotel there. Accordingly, Thursday morning, the tourists again assembled, and mounted at the familiar sound of Capt. Brown's bugle; and, after wheeling over the fine asphalt pavements, and through the lovely park drives, they rode out on the Bay View road. On the way out a few of the party, who went by a shorter route, were hospitably entertained by the charming daughters of Dr. Wiggan, at his beautiful country villa, where they climbed cherry-trees, and feasted upon cherries in the orchard, and otherwise enjoyed a good time, till the arrival of the main body, with whom they reluctantly fell into line, and rode away. At the Bay View House a fine dinner was served, by order of the hospitable Buffalo Club, after which the party returned to the city.

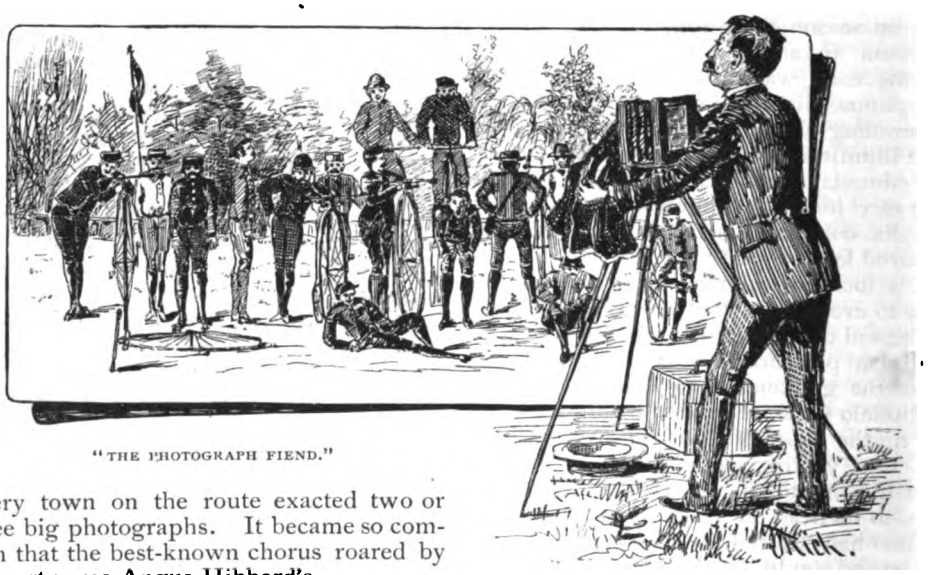
FAREWELLS.

Then came the inevitable farewells. Artist Richardson and "Massachusetts" took their wheels, with a Buffalo escort, and rode out to Lancaster, ten miles, that evening, and went on to Batavia, thirty miles, the next day, where they took train for Syracuse, on their way to Boston. A party of twelve took the evening boat for Erie, Cleveland, and Detroit. At Cleveland, A. A. Janes found himself, and made all the rest of us, at home. As the boat was to lie there all the rest of the afternoon, and till

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midnight, the party was taken in charge by the Cleveland wheelmen, and shown all over that city, given another banquet, and taken to an entertainment in the evening. The Cleveland bicyclers are jolly good fellows, too, whom it is good to know and be with. Arriving at Detroit the next afternoon, the party were taken by the local wheelmen to Grosse Pointe, Detroit's summer resort, on the shore of Lake St. Clair, and given a frog supper, where, for the first time in his life, Dr. Pruyn was filled with all the broiled frogs' legs he wanted. Then the last good-byes were said, and the Chicago and Milwaukee tourists took train for their homes.

The party were photographed at Grand Rapids, and photographed everywhere else.



"THE PHOTOGRAPH FIEND."

Every town on the route exacted two or three big photographs. It became so common that the best-known chorus roared by the party was Angus Hibbard's

"Now, see how pretty you can look;
We're going to have our picture took."

From beginning to end the Grand Tour was a magnificent success, despite the storms encountered. It was remarkably free from accidents. No member of the party was in the slightest degree injured in health by his exposure to the great storm. While there were the usual number of headers and falls, all escaped any serious injury. The third day out, while coasting one of the tremendous clay hills, one of the party ran upon a bridge having a sharp rise at its edge, and took a fearful-looking header across the bridge, spraining his left wrist, but not seriously. Approaching Bayfield, on the very finest of roads, C. H. Smith, of Detroit, one of the most expert riders of the party, was run into by another wheelman just as he was taking his legs down from a long coast, and hurled down an embankment five or six feet high. The pit of his stomach struck one of the handles, knocking the breath out of him, and his left shoulder was badly sprained. It was two or three minutes before he stirred; but President Bates and others ran back and raised him, when he soon recovered breath enough to speak, and, presently, was able to mount his wheel with assistance. Going on a quarter of a mile, President Bates procured him an ounce of brandy at a wayside inn, after taking which he was able to mount unassisted, when he rode with one hand so rapidly that the party and the doctor were overtaken five or six miles farther on. Though his shoulder was sore for several days, Mr. Smith pluckily rode with the party, and even figured as among the most expert that evening in performing some difficult feats at Goderich. Another member of the party sustained a sprain of the left foot, which compelled him to remain at Hamilton, by the doctor's orders, three days, before venturing to again mount his wheel. At Detroit, on his return, Angus Hibbard, of Milwaukee, after having made the whole tour without a fall, while riding after dark well filled with broiled frog, was thrown from his saddle by the low limb of a tree, and sprained his left wrist painfully. President Bates, who also made the entire tour without a fall, on the fourth day after his arrival home, while riding at the slow-

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est pace within half a block of his house, where some workmen were repairing the pavement, had his wheel hit by a paving-block, thrown aside by a workman, and, leaping off, alighted on a pile of old paving-blocks, which rolled away under his feet, letting him fall so that he struck against the sharp edge of a curbstone, breaking two ribs near the backbone on his left side. The blow was so slight that not even a red mark was produced upon his skin, but so sharp that the bones snapped off like pipe-stems. However, as one of the Detroit papers said, he attended to his business every day, and was "still on deck, despite his pain," after being duly encased in bandages and a stiff jacket of adhesive plaster, by the surgeons. His recovery was rapid, owing partly, no doubt, to the high state of health attained during the tour.

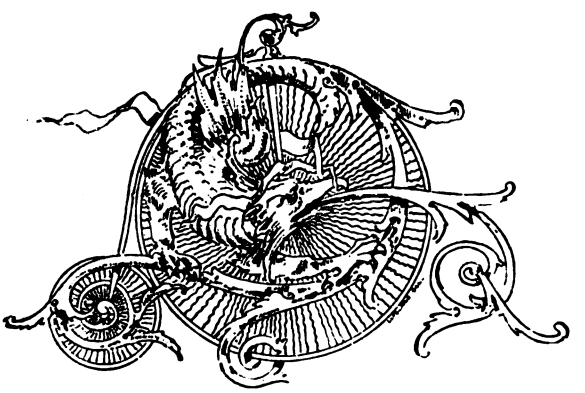
CONCLUSION.

It was a remarkable fact that, during this entire tour, traversing over four hundred miles, often running through country where the wheel was wholly unknown, of the thousands of teams met and passed, the writer did not see one, nor could he learn of one, that was frightened to a runaway, or any other accident, by the passage of wheelmen; yet there were untrained country horses of all sorts. Let the authorities of villages, and cities, and parks, who fear lest the wheel may frighten horses, make a note of this.

This tour demonstrated not only the practicability, but the pleasure of the wheel as a carriage for tourists and travellers. After the first day, no member of the party complained of being at any time tired. The run was a continual joy — a streak of pure fun and enjoyment, four hundred miles long. On a good road it is easier to ride fifty miles a day on a bicycle than it is to ride the same distance in a buggy. The traveller in a buggy feels tired every night. The wheelman feels fresh and ready for any sort of an evening frolic. Dressed in pure woollen, the hottest sun does not discomfort him, and his high spirits shed rain and chill as a duck's feathers shed water. He catches no colds; he feels no languors; he gets an appetite which makes plain food taste like a feast; he sleeps a dreamless, stirless, refreshing rest; he rises in the morning, bathes, and feels as full of life and frolic as a thoroughbred colt; he rides through a new and strange country in the open air, seeing all the people and all the scenery; each new vista, each fresh experience, by field, village, or city, a new and keen delight; he knows in every nerve, and muscle, and vein what it is to live, with ever increasing health and buoyancy of spirits.

A company of bicycle tourists are always jolly — they can't help it. And when they are all gentlemen, with as many varied talents, as those of the Grand Canada Tour, their days are full of ever-fresh and ever-varying pleasures, and they carry with them, wherever they go, an atmosphere of good cheer, which enlivens everybody they meet. Those who could have joined this expedition and did not, missed a great pleasure which might have brightened their lives; those who went will remember the Grand Tour as long as memory lasts, with never-failing congratulations that they were wise enough to be of the party, and a keen desire to repeat the experience another year over some other route.

L. J. Bates.



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AN OLD BOY'S CANOE.

I HAVE a word or two to say to the old boys. For one thing, I want to tell them how the canoe will broaden, and brighten, and diversify their outing, and make life healthier and jollier.

Take the swimming. Ah, the delight of a plunge into the cool, clear water on a summer's day! And how it braces a fellow up, be he old or young! Nothing gives such convenience and facility for swimming, or even for ducking and splashing around in the shallows, as does a decked cruising canoe. By sail or paddle it takes you away to some retired spot where the feminine eye will not disturb your privacy. Or, if you are not quite sure of that, pitch your little sleeping tent over the canoe, disrobe therein, and presently emerge in your bathing-suit; which afterward you can spread in the sun, or hang on the main top-gallant spanker-boom, in the wind, to dry. Then it is so enticing to have the water all around you, so that you can even dip your nose in, to see if it's too cold. A big bath-tub all around you! Just so when you are washing the canoeing dishes; how convenient to be floating in an immense dish-pan, and the dish-water always clean!

There is another thing about a canoe that is pleasant for an Old Boy, and that is that you need not work all the time. I never heard of anybody's sleeping on a bicycle; but I have slept in a canoe scores of times. I need not utter any truisms about one-third of our lives being spent in sleep, and how we need the fresh air just as much when we are asleep as when we are awake. Some four or five years ago, when badly broken in health, I took a trip from the North down to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, in a small decked sail-boat, — the big brother of a canoe. I slept in the open air nearly every night of the two or more winter months that I was on the Ohio and Mississippi. I used to anchor the boat at night in a safe spot, tuck up warm in blankets, and button a waterproof hatch-cloth over the boat's cockpit till it came up to my shoulders, with an old fur cap to keep my head warm. If it rained, I just pulled the hatch-cloth over the whole cockpit, leaving a little lateral slit for ventilation, and let the patter-patter of the rain send me to sleep. Once or twice I waked up in the morning with my beard white with hoar-frost, and the boat's deck also; but it did me no harm so long as I could keep my feet and limbs warm. I started with a tent, but lost it, and did not think it worth while to replace it. Many a night have I lain winking at the stars till sweet refreshing sleep came to hold me fast till the morning dawn peeped in to wake me for the next day's journey.

This is just the place to say to invalids, or semi-invalids, who seek the great out-of-doors medicine, that in many cases they must take it with a very mild admixture of physical exercise if it is to do them good. I knew a sedentary city man who became broken in health. He believed in the open-air cure; but this was before the time of rubber tires and ball-bearings, and he could not afford to spend too much time away from his ordinary occupation. Having to get a new house built, he arranged for several weeks' leisure, and, whilst superintending the erection of his new home, he did a good deal of the work with his own hands. He thought that the out-of-door work and change would do him a world of good. But it made him worse instead of better; he was not strong enough to stand the labor. The interest and novelty of it kept him going till his time was up, and then he was obliged to get an extension, in order to recuperate.

But let us get back to our canoes. What sort of a craft does the canoeing Old Boy want? Well, that depends upon the sort of water that is near him. If it is a river, not too broad, let him get a canoe from fourteen to sixteen feet long, and from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches beam; decked; light in build; having stowage-room for his blankets, spirit-stove, provisions, and toilet articles. A light lateen sail will be a useful addition, though he will have to depend chiefly on his long, nine-foot, double-bladed paddle, which he swings at his ease, leaning against a slightly sloping back-board, his feet braced against a stretcher, or working the foot-yoke of his steering-gear. Many a charming reach of the wooded stream will he explore; nor need he fear to wander too far, for his little craft contains the means of both food and shelter. Does he meet dams, rapids, or other obstructions? His craft is carried around them, or he may

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risk a wetting in the mild excitement of running a not-too-turbulent rapid. Let him not omit to provide a Mackintosh coat and a water-proof skirt or apron, which, with the help of hatches, will close up the cockpit of his little craft completely, and keep out the rain. No dull, rainy days in camp then; no getting wet and catching cold. Himself warm and dry, he can paddle or sail all day in the midst of the rain and enjoy it; that is, if he snaps rubber bands around his wrists to prevent the water trickling up to his elbows. He won't risk rheumatism, either, if he sleeps in his canoe with a little tent over him, instead of on the "cold, cold ground," in a shore tent.

But for the canoeing Old Boy who lives by one of the great lakes, or other big waters, there is a different and a more stirring experience. Behold him, well up on the windward side of the sailingest kind of a sailing canoe, the waves dancing in the sunlight, as he bowls along close-hauled, his little craft bowing gently over to the freshening breeze; his deck now and then washed by the crest of a wave which breaks at his gunwale, and runs harmlessly along until it meets his closed hatch and coaming. Some of these "bould young oystermen" of sailing canoeists do the gymnastic business on the weather gunwale, sitting up there to balance with the weight of their body the pressure on the sail, leaning sometimes 'way out, and hanging on with their toes under the lee deck. None of that sort of performance for our wise Old Boy. He sits or reclines right down in the bottom of the canoe, putting his "live ballast" as low down as he can get it. That's the way they do in the racing-cutters, you know, except that the cutter's ballast is carried below her keel, and that position would hardly suit a well-regulated canoeist. Two little hinged doors, or "side flaps," are sometimes arranged in the canoe's side-decks; then the windward one can be opened and the leeward one shut, enabling Mr. Live Ballast to shift himself well to windward, whilst keeping low down.

But see! It is getting cloudy and squally. This sailing canoe is only fifteen feet long and two feet seven and a half inches beam; or is it fourteen feet by two feet nine? No matter; either is a good and proper size; and either is a very small size for a sailing-boat. Surely such a little cockle-shell will be in great danger of upsetting when the squalls come. There is reason in such an idea, for a small, shallow boat under sail is a most dangerous thing unless properly equipped and under the control of a watchful, careful, experienced skipper. Ladies, therefore, are wise in declining to trust themselves out in small craft under sail unless they know something of the ability of both boat and captain. "Never tie your sheet" is the cardinal rule for the small boat sailer. Let us watch our sailing Old Boy. Here comes the first squall. The canoe heels over under the pressure till the water flows over the lee-deck. The Old Boy sits still and does nothing but keep his weather eye open. He knows that his craft, besides having a broad flat floor flares out well from the water-line towards bow and stern, so that the farther she heels the greater the bearing on the water rushing past. He knows that in the trunk forward is a heavy centre-board of three-eighths inch plate-iron, dropped sixteen or eighteen inches below the keel, and that the farther this careening wind lifts the fifty pounds of iron, the more efficient that weight becomes in keeping the canoe right side up. It's a great point to know your boat thoroughly. Some craft are so built and rigged that they are very stiff until they heel to a certain point, and then they go over with "dazzling rapidity," as Alden says. Not so this one.

Now another squall comes darkening over the water, ruffling the surface of the larger rollers with miniature waves as it comes. This one is much stronger than the last, and is not to be played with. Our canoeist's feet are always on the steering-bar, leaving his hands free to manage the boat's gear. That important rope, the main-sheet, is hooked on the lee-deck, passes thence through a pulley on the main-boom, and back into the Old Boy's hand, — an arrangement which relieves his hand from much of the continual strain of the pulling sail, whilst allowing him to slacken it out quickly. That is what he does now: he eases off the main-sheet, and allows his sail to present almost a knife-edge to the squall that goes whistling by. But the wind is getting stronger, and the canoeist must make his sail smaller by putting in a reef. How will he do it? He cannot reach the forward end of the sail from the cockpit, and if he has got to tie in "reef-points," he must leave his helm, get out forward on his knees on the wet, slippery deck, an bob up and down there till the forward points are fastened. Not if he knows it! Examine his sail, and you will see that it

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is shaped like that of a Chinese junk, with two bamboo battens running across, parallel with the boom, at intervals of about two feet six inches. Cords run between these, and are connected with lines on deck, running back to his seat, as does also the halliard. He lowers the sail till the first batten comes to the boom, hauls on one of the aforesaid deck-lines, and the reef is in, taking twenty feet area off his little sail. He could, perhaps, have carried his full canvas for some time longer; but he is out for health and pleasure, and neither is promoted by the catlike watchfulness and slight nervous strain incident to carrying too much sail when cruising.

If you are racing, that's another thing; then it's fun.

This squally weather has brought a shift in the wind, which is now dead ahead, — right in his teeth. Won't he be obliged to drop his sail and take to the paddle? Not he. He can make better time by beating up. What a straight course he is making through the broken, lumpy water! That is because he has lowered the little, light sheet-iron centre-board which is fitted at the stern end of the canoe for use in such cases as this; though some of his fellow-canoeists tell him that two centre-boards are an undesirable complication. It is doing him good service now; for see! he is sailing just as close to the wind as that big cat-boat which is on this same course as he, though, of course, he cannot go as fast through the water.

Let us see how his canoe behaves in stays, when he changes his course at the next angle of the large zigzag figure he is describing on the water. "'Bout ship!" He hauls up the aft centre-board and straightens out his "weather leg" on the steering-gear. Quickly responsive, his little craft whirls her head round into the wind. As she straightens up and the sail shivers, he shuts down the windward side-flap, which will now become the leeward one, opens the other flap, and shifts his live ballast over, holding the boom for a moment up to the wind as it swings over. She has come right round now; the wind is on the other side of his sail; he drops his aft board again, and bears away on the new course, lying low down in the boat so that the wind in catching him may not cause leeway.

She did it neatly and well: no gathering sternway, no getting in irons, no frantic efforts with the paddle needed to get her head round.

The sun is sinking now, and our Old Boy has been watching the shore, to look for a good landing-place. He sails always within easy reach of the coast, for he knows that a canoe has no business out of sight of land, and that if a storm comes up he can get ashore wherever there is a beach. He selects now a little sandy point, and heads his canoe for the lee side of it, so that the breaking waves may not get into his canoe. As he approaches he shortens sail, and hauls up his centre-boards. She strikes the beach. He is ready, "barefooted up to the knee." He jumps out with the painter in his hand, runs ashore, and hauls her nearly clear of the water. Now won't that heavy centre-board be a nuisance? How is he to get the canoe light enough to bring her inshore? He is loosening the gear now, and in fifty seconds he has the centre-board and all its tackle away from the boat and lying on the sand. Then he lifts out one or two of the heavier packages, and the canoe is light enough to drag easily. We will leave him there to cook his supper, pitch his tent over the canoe, and turn in.

Let us take a peep at him next day, when the wind has changed, and is blowing fresh right astern. The canoe is scudding before it at a rushing pace, rising and sinking on the great rollers that chase and pass her one after the other.

Nature seems in a mood of glorious hilarity that penetrates to the Old Boy's inmost gizzard, making his eyes sparkle and his lips whistle and sing. I said the wind was right astern; I see it is a little on the quarter, so that there is no fear of his sail jibing as long as he keeps a steady toe at the helm. Notice, also, the absence of the occasional wild yaws and rushes that a small boat under sail will make when running before the wind in a heavy sea; just as if she were going to take the bit between her teeth, broach to, and plunge under. It is caused by the rudder lifting out of the water when she is on a wave, so that there is nothing to hold the stern from swinging round. The absence of such disagreeable behavior on the part of our canoe is due to that despised little aft centre-board, which is dropped down to its full extent, whilst the forward one is hauled partly up. The rudder is also hung on gudgeons so as to drop a few inches below the keel, and to fly up if it strikes any obstruction in shallow water. All this keeps her on a straight and steady course.

One other glance at our Old Boy

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under different circumstances. No wind; the lake like a mill-pond; a very slight haze all around, giving the distant trees and shore the peculiar look of being lifted a little distance above the surface of the water, — a mirage-like, ghostly effect. He settles himself down against his back-board on a rather high seat, so as to get full power in the sweep of his paddle; and goes along with a slow, easy swing, stopping now and again to take in the scenery on the passing shore. Presently he passes a fine sloop-yacht, lying idly on the placid water, the crew lounging about and whistling for a wind. They cannot paddle in a calm, as he can. Now the sun comes out hot and strong. Our Old Boy disrobes, and goes head-first into the water; comes up cool as a cucumber, and dresses himself in a bathing suit only, with a light linen coat to prevent a repetition of the sunburning he got once before. After paddling awhile he plunges in again, removing nothing but his coat; and on coming out of the water he lies basking in the hot sun, in his wet suit, with a luxuriant sense of tropical enjoyment. When he lazily begins paddling again, he puts a wet cloth in the crown of his hat to guard against sun-stroke.

But our Old Boy has been out sailing so long that he must be on a summer cruise. If so, probably there is another like-minded Old Boy along with him; and you can imagine all the fun they have when they meet. But they are in separate canoes, for our Old Boy has too much gumption to take any one else in his craft, except for short trips.

Then the Big Water canoeing Old Boy can enjoy the pleasure of racing. See him on regatta day, a tall slender mainmast on his canoe, bearing a hundred feet of racing canvas; a full-sized racing mizzen, and a spinnaker cunningly stowed in a handy place to boom out when the "running" comes. On *this* path he can hold his own with the most stalwart youngster that ever urged a fifty-six to a winning place in the goal. He shares the keen excitement of the contest, and if things are pushed to the capsizing point, why, he can swim, and his canoe has water-tight compartments, and the water is not cold in summer!

An Old Boy.

THE MODERN KNIGHT-ERRANT.

The sun goes hasting down the west;
The evening wind comes flying
Through groves alive with song of birds
And lowlands soft replying.
Along the winding road I speed,
O'er daisy broidered meadows;
And, turning from the sinking sun,
I plunge into the shadows.

Across the rustic bridge we pass,
Along the flinty highway;
We greet the stars where violets creep
In many a sheltered by-way.
Through hazel glades the wavering moon
Points on with warning finger,
But sweet where nature's vespers rise
With rev'rent feet to linger

What 'ventures wait as on we go,
Where glow-worm lamps are lighted?
What weakness needs our sure defence?
What wrongs by us are righted?
The woodland lures me on and on
With myriad winsome graces;
A breath of perfume fills the air,
From hidden ferny places.

Sarah D. Hobart.

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EN PROVINCE À CHEVAL MECANIQUE.

The Rhone is the most delightful river of France. It is a great pity that it is so seldom and so hastily examined by the American tourist. The scenery is varied and changeful. Sometimes the stream rushes rapidly through a defile, or sweeps against an impending crag, sometimes it glides through broad bottom lands, skirted with willows and poplars, or is dotted with lovely islets. From its cradle in the heart of the Alps, where it rushes out from the base of the glacier a milk-white stream, to its death in the burning sands and barren shingle of *Provençe*, it is fraught with interest and delight. There is not a mile of this long distance which does not afford a new and attractive feature. Unlike the Rhine, which, below Cologne, becomes flat, yellow, and sluggish; unlike the Garonne, which, soon after leaving the rapids of the Pyrenees, becomes dull, reddish, and commonplace, the Rhone improves as it nears its mouth. The water retains its crystal clearness, the castle-crowned crags increase, great rocks rise out of its midst capped with picturesque towers and ruins, the banks grow rugged, and sometimes wild, as the stream enters the country where the Basse-Alps and the Cevennes converge, and breaks through the narrow pass into the gravel-waste and delta beyond.

It was the morning of the "Glorious Fourth" that I led my machine on board the little steamer "*Gladiateur*," lying at the wharf, which, with "*La Ville de Lyons*," makes tri-weekly trips to Avignon. The vessel was built, like all French river-boats, long, shallow, and narrow. The pilot stood on a bridge, and guided the craft with a rudder and long sweep, as our lumbermen do a raft. Awnings were spread over the deck both fore and aft, the stern being labelled the everlasting "*premiere classe*," and the bow "*deuxieme*."

The French are not an aquatic people. Everything about their navigation is shamefully crude. Often have I lain upon the banks of the Rhone and the Loire for a whole summer's afternoon, and pitied the fruitless attempts of a fleet of their flat-bottomed, square-sailed barges to get past a rapid in the river. They would lie still for hours waiting for the wind, and when it came the sails would be hoisted, and the clumsy craft would begin creeping slowly upward. Now they reach the rapids, and move slower — now they are still — now on a little — now they stop, the wind slackens — they fall back.

Now upward again — the wind stops, the sails flap against the poles — the current swings them round, jumbles them together, sweeps them in confusion back to the old point.

Now a different plan is arranged. The boats are tied together stem to stern, and a line thrown ashore from the prow of the foremost. The bare-legged boatmen wade ashore, take hold of the line, and the ascent begins. The train moves nicely in the still water.

Now for the rapids! On they move, the boatmen strive and strain; one more pull, and the ripple is past! Slower! slower! — motionless they are. Pull boatmen! one more pull! Too much! They drop the line in despair, and away the boats go, pell-mell, helter-skelter.

They are stopped below, and tied up at the old point. The men stretch themselves in the sun on the bales of merchandise, or in the shade on the bank, to snooze and to wait for a stronger wind. What care they if the consignment does not reach Orleans at the exact moment? They are blissfully ignorant, and refreshingly careless of the promptitude of the commercial world. The average Frenchman hates water as a cat does. He has an inborn and unconquerable antipathy to it in every form. One might as well attempt to make a sailor of a hen as of him. History has taught him to leave the water to his neighbors. His success has ever been upon the land; when he adventures upon the water failure is the result.

We let go our moorings at six o'clock, as usual one hour behind the time. The morning was glorious; clear, bright, and fresh. The rising sun gilded the lofty spires and many chimneys of the great silk-weaving city, and lit up the perpendicular wall of rock which rises at the western side, while the mass of the buildings lay still in shadow. The cross on the tower of *Notre Dame de Fourvières* shone bright as gold. It was from the tower of this church that, on the day previous, we had seen a bright fleck in the

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haze, away on the eastern horizon, which they said was the snow-capped summit of *Mont Blanc*, eighty-five miles distant. The river is very swift at Lyons, and the channel has been narrowed artificially in order to deepen it. The whole way to Avignon a dike of granite boulders and cement is built, following the thread of the stream, throwing the body of the water towards the right bank. It has cost the French government millions of dollars, and furnished their ambitious engineers a fine field for experiment. They keep an immense corps of workmen still engaged improving and repairing. Their labor is entirely unremunerated, for a railway now extends throughout the valley, and completely monopolizes the trade. The river traffic has been diminished and is nearly destroyed. The result of the huge work and expense is an unsightly wall of stone raising its ugly back and marring the beautiful expanse of the river.

It was sometime before the long "*Gladiateur*" was turned and headed down stream. After several failures we at length succeeded, with the help of ropes cast ashore and poles, and started merrily towards the sea. The passengers, jolly and talkative, as Frenchmen generally are, found endless enjoyment at the expense of my "*cheval mécanique*," as they facetiously called it. They laughed and joked with each other and the boatmen whom we passed, and waved their handkerchiefs and hats to the long lines of washer-women, who, taking advantage of the morning's coolness, were singing, and beating and rubbing their linen on the shore of the river. Just below the city the Saone pours over its locks, discoloring the Rhone; and directly opposite stands the fort, whose great black guns, frowning upon the walls, command both the rivers and the town.

For the first few miles the river winds gracefully between low banks margined by rows of trees and cultivated fields, and dotted with numerous villages. Each village, no matter how small, has a broad open space paved with stone and shaded by magnificent cotton-wood and mulberry trees, and used as a *place publique* or promenade. This *place* was always alive with people who had come to see the boat land, and to meet or take farewell of friends. Most of the villages had one, and sometimes two and three, castles or towers and donjon-keeps rising out of the water or overlooking them from the hill above. Many of these are in ruins, and have been punched full of little windows, and fitted up as tenements, and now are swarming with the multitudinous descendants of the former serfs. The remaining houses are poor, earthen-floored, one story high, and covered with rough red tiles. The scenery soon changed, and the hills drew near the river, first on one side and then on the other, and were terraced from the water to the summit. The vines were in full leaf, and the peasants were busy among them, with just their heads visible, pruning out the suckers, tying up the stems on stakes and trellises, and loosening the dry, stony soil about the roots.

At a little town some miles above Valence, an oddly-dressed young fellow came aboard, rolling a bicycle. He wore a knapsack upon his back, a heavy woollen shirt, and no coat. His trowsers were rolled up to the knee, showing heavy, well-worn shoes, and long, dirty stockings. His beard was of some ten days' growth, and his stiff, light hair came through the rents of a weather-beaten straw hat. It was a German student on a vacation ramble. How he had reached this out-of-the-way place, and whither he was bound in that guise, puzzled us, but seemed to afford him no uneasiness. His time on board was made the most of. He first mended a break in the backbone of his bicycle with a piece of old iron and a bit of old rope, oiled it, and put it in running order, took out a needle and thread, and sewed up a rent in his pantaloons, put off his shoes and knapsack, laid them in a sunny spot on the deck, stretched himself out with his head upon them, and in two minutes was fast asleep. At Valence, where he was roused, he led his machine ashore, mounted it, and started back into the mountains, strong-hearted and happy. These young Germans are brave, energetic fellows. During the summer months they overrun Europe as their forefathers, the Goths and Huns did. They penetrate into the most secluded and unfrequented parts of France, where the name German is hated and feared. They wander throughout the mountains of Italy, careless of bandits and highwaymen, and visit her cities regardless of heat and disease, during months when other men shun them as death. There is no place where they do not go; no spot where you will not find them, stern, selfish, and poor, but thoughtful and enthusiastic.

Valence is on the left bank of the Rhone forty-five or fifty miles below Lyons, and

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is famed throughout Europe as the place where the great Romans

> "Learned the arts of fencing, riding, gunnery,
> And how to scale a fortress or a nunnery,"

and for its luscious oranges. At every fruit-stand in Paris, and even farther away than that, may be seen a part of the oranges labelled "Valence," and marked at a higher price than the rest. The fruit is deservedly famous, and is unequalled in the world, with, perhaps, the exception of the "black-sweets" of Florida.

It was high noon when we reached Valence, and the sun was burning hot. Here I was to disembark and begin my long ride. My fellow-passengers who were going further bade me a *bon voyage*, and waved their handkerchiefs as the "Gladiateur" moved from the dolphin. They thought me very foolish to prefer pedalling along the white, dusty road to lying in the shade of the awning and watching the vine-covered hills and crumbling ruins glide by.

As I wheeled out of the town, before reaching the fields, while the road was still shut in by high plaster walls, I dismounted and knocked at a low door, over which was the sign "Restaurant." A little, old woman opened it, and invited me to enter. Within was a dark, low room, with cement floor, and several deal tables and benches. As my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the place I perceived a grim old customer seated smoking at one of the tables. When he heard my stammering French and foreign accent he came toward me with his hand extended, saying, "I am an Englishman." It was like meeting an old friend. I was glad to see him, and began chatting at a great rate. It is a very pleasant sensation to let your tongue loose after tiring yourself for several days in the unsatisfactory endeavor to express your ideas in a foreign language. It resembles an old skater who feels the ice under him after a long banishment. He throws his whole soul into the pleasure, and whirls, and spins, and glides, in reckless freedom. My host, however, did not experience this freedom, and was exceedingly taciturn. He seemed cordial enough, but would not talk. After some effort he said, in a hesitating manner, "Will you have something? Eat a bit." I could not understand what was the matter with him. He led the way to a cool, vine-covered porch in the rear of the cottage, opening upon a beautiful little garden, and told the old woman to bring wine and glasses. He spoke to her in French with rapidity and readiness, but to me he said hardly a word. It dawned upon me: he could not talk English. *He had forgotten his native tongue.* I tried speaking to him in French, but this seemed to anger him. "Speak English," he would say, "I am English." Little by little he told me his story. He had come to France in the eventful year 1848, thirty-four years before, why he did not say, and had wandered from place to place until he had reached this out-of-the-way nook. He had no desire to return home, no ambition but to rest in quiet to the end of his life. He lived frugally, his wine-shop furnishing him a scanty living. Like the philosopher in the French play he had concluded that in this life "The best thing one can do is to cultivate one's garden." The old woman, he said with a sly wink, was his wife. During the thirty years he had remained on this spot he had not spoken English thirty times. I asked him if he had been naturalized, and enjoyed the rights and privileges of a *citoyen français*. He replied emphatically, No, and that he never would be. After giving me directions as to my route, and seeing me on my way, he drew himself up, and, with a parliamentary attitude, and pardonable pride said, "I was born an Englishman, and I shall die an Englishman."

The road was hot and dusty. It lay through the bottom lands and near the river. There were no fences on either side. The wheat and barley had been harvested and the shocks of grain still stood in the fields. Most of these fields were cultivated to a prodigious extent, bearing three crops at the same time; first the mulberry trees above, the heavy leaves of which were supporting innumerable swarms of caterpillars, which had begun already to spin the cocoons of silk; then the vines which climbed up the trunks, and were trained in long festoons from tree to tree; and last, a harvest of small grain was being gathered beneath, and the ground in some places was in preparation for the fourth crop. Now and then I would meet or pass a little misshapen cart, with a dirty cloth cover, drawn by a poor dilapidated pony almost invisible in its great cumbrous harness and uncouth shafts. A number of ragged children trotted alongside, with several half-starved, unsavory curs. A bare-headed, half-dressed woman,

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with unkempt hair straggling about her thin face, sat in front driving, beating, and cursing the pony, and suckling a child or two, while a great brute of a man lay snoozing or smoking on a mattress within. There were very few farm-houses along the way, but every three or four kilometres a hamlet would appear. These hamlets are much alike: six or eight plaster cottages, with tiled roofs sloping to within ten feet of the narrow road; two or three wine-shops; a smithy's forge; a group of sleep, and live together. It is a wonder that the people do not become hairy, and the animals bipeds, in indistinguishable confusion.

It was my intention to reach Biascon, a little town at the foot of the hills, that night, where the Englishman told me fair accommodation might be procured; but I loitered upon the way, stopping every now and then to talk with the peasants in the fields, and to try the *vin de pays* at the many small hostelries, till sundown and



THE LANDLADY EYED ME DISDAINFULLY.

old men seated in the shade of the eaves; a group of old hags, who looked more like witches than women, knitting in a doorway; a group of sparsely-feathered fowls; a group, a large one, of gaunt, inquisitive dogs; a group of donkeys; a group of broken-down carts and barbarous farming implements; a group of squalid children, who played upon the dunghills, which were heaped at every door, or examined each other's heads for vermin. Every house is a stable, and every stable a house. Never were the human family and the brute creation on such familiar terms. They eat,

dusk overtook me still at some distance from my destination. I had learned from experience that in this climate twilight was very short, and determined to put up for the night at the next village. It was eight o'clock when, covered with dust and perspiration, weary and stiff, I reached the town. I will admit that I was a forbidding-looking object, and, with my blue flannel shirt and old hat, might have been set down at once as a bandit or a vagabond; but even so, I hardly deserved the reception in store for me. The dogs of the village were the first to notice my ap-

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proach, and out they poured to welcome me. They seemed to develop a relentless antipathy to my vehicle. From every house, door, hole, or corner, from under sheds, old carts, and walls, from around corners, from side alleys, streets, lanes, and passages, from unknown quarters, and invisible places they gathered, howling, barking, running, clamoring, snarling, growling, making the most hideous outcry and unearthly noises,—noises that no human being ever dreamed of in the most horrible nightmare, — noises that would make the inmates of Bedlam hide their heads in chagrin and defeat,—noises that the condemned shades who wander across the barren wastes of Hades alone could appreciate. There were large dogs, and small dogs, and medium-sized dogs; there were yellow dogs and brown dogs and black dogs, cream-colored dogs, mouse-colored dogs, clay-bank, piebald, terra-cotta, crushed-raspberry, old-gold dogs; dogs with spots, dogs without spots, dogs with long hair, dogs with short hair, dogs without any hair, dogs with a little hair in patches here and there, dogs with tails, and dogs without, with ears and without, some with stub-tails, some with clipped ears, some with four legs, some with three, one with two; dogs with long noses, with short noses, pug noses, snub noses; dogs of all shapes, sizes, forms, builds, breeds, and degrees; — dozens, scores, hundreds of them. They clustered around me, made me the centre of attraction, tore up the dust of the road, sent up frantic, fiendish, maniacal howls, to be echoed from hill to hill, from village to village, and set the dogs howling to the uttermost confines of France. They blocked the way. I had to dismount and drive them aside. Thus escorted, I entered the town. The inhabitants turned out *en masse* to see the cause of the uproar. They all looked upon me with suspicion, — the children behind their mothers' gowns, the women behind the men. After several ineffectual attempts on my part to establish confidence one man ventured from among their ranks and began a parley. I told him who I was, where I was going, and what I wanted. He spoke the peculiar *patois* of Provençe, and it was hard to understand him. There were three inns in the place, it seemed, to which he offered to conduct me. The dogs had quieted down, but still followed me, snuffing at my heels, anon using my wheel for a post, and now and then setting up a dismal howl. At the first and best inn the fat landlady eyed me from head to foot, and from foot to head, disdainfully, and bade me begone, as she had no accommodation for such a fellow.

I turned away indignantly. At the second house the reception was like unto the first, and at the third, which was a mere hovel, it was like unto the other two. Things were beginning to look dismal. I did not relish the idea of going on to the next town at that hour of the night in my fatigued condition, and with the probability of a like reception there, and still less the prospect of sleeping in the fields, so I locked my machine to a tree at the door and, quietly forcing my way into the room, sat myself down, and informed mine host and hostess that it was impossible to proceed, and that I intended spending the night with them, whether or no. The villagers gathered around the door; they held a council of war, and despatched a committee in quest of the constable, bailiff, alcalde, or whatever he was called. This worthy soon appeared accompanied by two of the mounted *gens d'arms* who scour all this country in pairs to hunt down banditti and preserve the peace. These fellows subjected me to a thousand impertinent questions, and demanded my passport. I had only a commercial letter of identification from the American Exchange; but it answered the purpose admirably. It was in English, with which they were unacquainted. I pointed out the words "passport" and "American," said I was a *Republican* and ardently devoted to *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" They were satisfied, at length, that I was no spy, and was not smuggling dynamite or fire-arms into the country, or attempting to overthrow the government. They asked me what I thought of Louis Philippe. I replied, fervently, that he was "*un grand coquin*,"— I got the cue from a countryman the day before. This, and the cigarettes which I fished from my bag for them, completed the conquest of their hearts, and they advised the landlord to give me a room for the night. Supper finished, I was lighted to my chamber.

I will not attempt to describe the horrors of that awful night. Dirt, filth, rats, mice, cats, dogs, mosquitoes, vermin! *Les punais* drove me from the bed to an old cushioned chair; the chair, too, was alive with them, and they drove me to the window-casement; the mosquitoes drove me thence; and I finished the night smoking and dozing and fighting off the rats in a

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corner on a three-legged stool. I tried to be complacent, racked my memory for consoling quotations of the Stoics, repeated again and again "*forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*," but even that did not put me to sleep.

Before daylight I was mounted, determined to make Biascon before breakfasting. The morning air was delightfully fresh and cool. I cannot recall anything in my life more grandly exhilarating than this morning ride down the valley of the Rhone. My mind goes back to it time and again. The wonderful buoyancy of spirit and excess of physical vigor made mere living intense and acute, and exquisitely delightful. The road wound along the foot of the hills and across a mountain tributary of the Rhone, up the valley of which the dark masses of the Basse-Alps appeared piled in confusion against the lightening east. Suddenly the sun rose over the summits and shot his bright rays down the valley, bathing the edges and peaks of the hills with a fringe of light, while the valley itself and western sides of the hills were still in dark shadows. One mountain in particular stood in perspicuous solitude high above its fellows. I stopped a party of bright-eyed peasant girls, who were on their way to work in the great stone factory lying hidden among the trees of the valley, and asked them the name of this vast mountain in sight of which they had spent their lives. Not one of them knew. They answered with the expressive and inimitable French shrug and the oft-repeated "*Sais pas.*" One younger than the rest, and more talkative, said they called it "The Mountain;" that was all the name she knew for it.

At Biascon my passport was again demanded, and the chief functionaries of the village held a grand council over it while I was breakfasting at the little *Hotel de la Blanche Main* on bread and milk, cheese and apricots.

From Biascon to Baix sur Rhone is a distance of eight miles. The road between these places is a beautiful run. It lies diagonally across the valley, is perfectly level, straight as an arrow, and walled on either side with an uninterrupted line of high Lombardy poplars. This avenue, planted in the reign of Louis Philippe, with the tree-tops meeting overhead, has the appearance of an interminable corridor or chain of cloisters. The vista is so lengthy that the road seems to rise up to the trees, and the trees to lower themselves to meet the road. The point of convergence seems miles away. It is the most magnificent avenue of trees in the world.

At Baix the road crosses the river to the west bank over a suspension bridge so loosely hung that it waves back and forth beneath the lightest weight. There are many of these bridges along the river, all alike, whose four towers are each much the shape and size of the Needle in Central Park. Just below the bridge was a very peculiar water windmill raising and lowering its clumsy arms in the water. I had seen many along the river, constantly at work, monotonously revolving, but had been unable to discover their use. It was a fish-trap; not that I ever saw a fish trapped, but, after watching the clumsy creaking thing revolve for hours, the only conclusion I could come to was that it was intended for the capture of fish. The boat to which it was attached was moored to the shore, and an axle extended over the side and into a barrel. The barrel resembled the hub of a wheel; and the arms of the mill, the spokes. These arms, or vanes, were covered with netting, and long enough to reach several feet into the water; and the current forced them over and over. The fish were expected to be caught in these nets as they dipped beneath the water, and, as the arm rose, were to slip down into the barrel and flounder along the hollow axle into the boat. It is needless to add that the fish never fulfil these expectations.

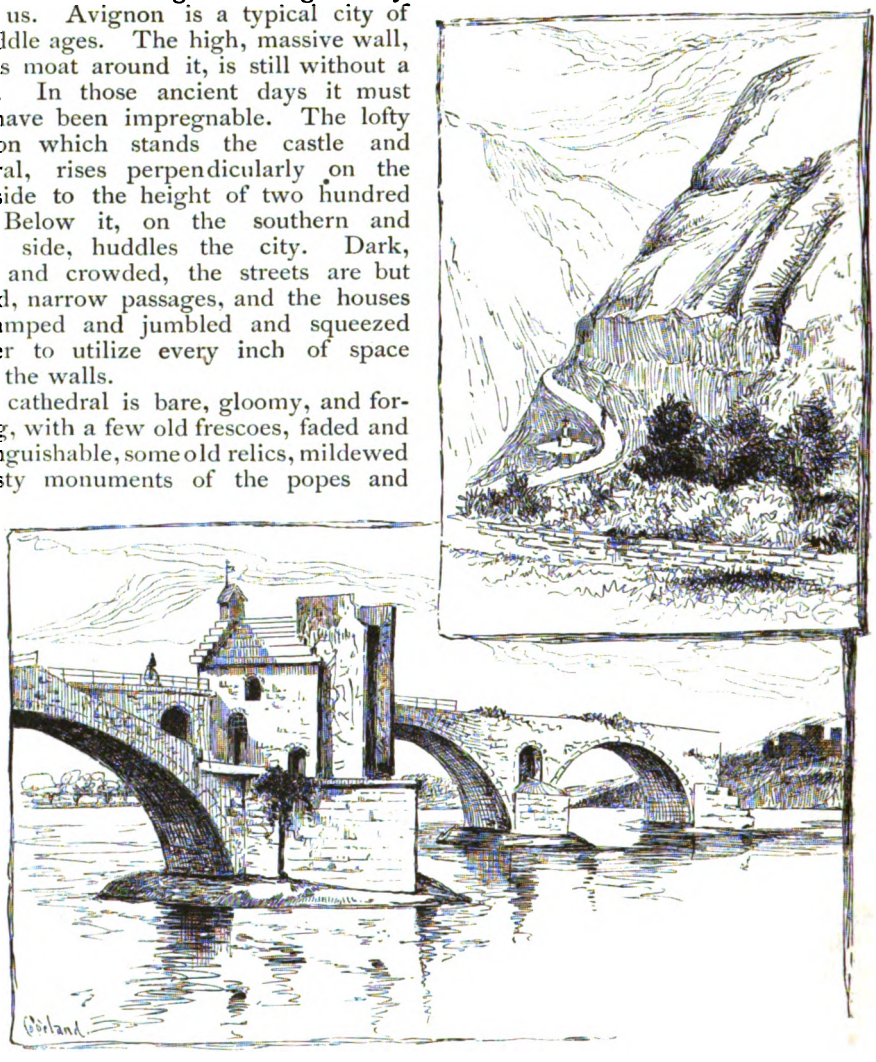
At *Le Teil*, where I stopped the next night, there are some large iron-works, and in the hills behind it are large marble quarries. The following morning was cloudy and wet, entirely unfit for bicycling, and as the inn had a billiard-table at the guests' disposal, and several handsome, dark-eyed girls about, that day and the next were spent there pleasantly enough. Near the base of one of the hills near the town, where we rambled in the evening, stands a rough-hewn stone cross. It marks the place where a young girl was murdered by her jealous lover. She was something of a coquette, I fancy, like the girls who live there now, and goaded the poor swain to desperation. The people thereabouts are very shy of the lonely spot after nightfall, for her wraith hovers about the place. Ofttimes the boatman on the stream beneath sees her fleeing from crag to crag upon the mountains, her bloody garments flying in the wind, and in the

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dead of night her dying shrieks startle the belated shepherd.

It was late on a summer's afternoon that I swept around the last curve in the road, and the broken bridge of Avignon lay before us. Avignon is a typical city of the middle ages. The high, massive wall, with its moat around it, is still without a breach. In those ancient days it must needs have been impregnable. The lofty crag, on which stands the castle and cathedral, rises perpendicularly on the water-side to the height of two hundred feet. Below it, on the southern and eastern side, huddles the city. Dark, moist, and crowded, the streets are but crooked, narrow passages, and the houses are cramped and jumbled and squeezed together to utilize every inch of space within the walls.

The cathedral is bare, gloomy, and forbidding, with a few old frescoes, faded and indistinguishable, some old relics, mildewed or rusty monuments of the popes and



THE CROSS OF THE MURDERED MAIDEN AND THE BROKEN BRIDGE OF AVIGNON.

defaced *bas-reliefs*. A band of slovenly monks moves about mysteriously, and wakes the echoes of the gloomy nave with melancholy chants. Tapers burn here and there, twinkling like stars in the darkness, before the shrine of a favorite saint. Old women crouch beside the pillars, mumbling and crooning over their beads, and hungry dogs skulk and snuff among the shadowy corners.

A little lower upon the declivity stands the papal palace, — a sombre Gothic pile, in which, during the great schism of the fourteenth century, the rival popes held court. This building is the pride of Avignon, and rightly it is. The immense thickness and giddy height of the walls, the tremendous size of the towers and abutments, the huge blocks of stone used in its construction, its extent and strength, are wonderful and awe-inspiring in the extreme. I looked about for the old woman who showed Dickens over the palace, and whom he dubbed "The Goblin." She, no doubt, is gathered to her fathers, for in her place is a worn-out old

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soldier. But the vaults are still there, and the same sickening, earthy gust of cold air brushes against your face as the trap-door is thrown open, and the same shudder passes over you as you peer down into the forbidding darkness, and think of the poor victims of the Inquisition, and the Reign of Terror, who were cast bleeding, mangled, shrieking in agony and despair into these pits, to writhe in the eating quicklime, and to tear the biting salt from out their gaping wounds, to be forgotten, and to die. The "Chamber of Torture," too, is there, and the devilish instruments contrived to produce the most excruciating suffering; the head-piece, the thumb-screw, the cord, the rack, the furnace for heating the irons, the irons, and the wheel. The awful wheel! with its endless routine of heavy hammers, mash, mash, mash! upon the sufferer's limbs. See! the stone trough, for the water torture! The blood-stains are in the stones yet, and the death-rattle seems still to cling about the walls, though the palace is a barrack now, and swarms with noisy soldiers. The yells of the tortured heretic have given place to the echoes of the bugle-calls.

The highest part of the hill is laid out as a public garden, and the view from it is considered the finest in France. Sweeping around the base of the crag, almost directly beneath you, is the arrowy Rhone, with three arches of the broken bridge. On the opposite shore, a mile away, is the ruined castle, which was formerly connected with the palace of the popes by a subterranean passage. To the north lies the broad valley of the Rhone through which we have journeyed, with its many-colored patches of grain; regular-rowed orchards of olive, lemon, citron, mulberry, and orange; the vineyards, from whose fountains flow to the ends of the earth, the rich, red wine of the *Cotes du Rhone;* and from the midst of the many-shaded verdure flashes the silver light of the winding river. To the east are the roofs, gables, chimney-pots, tiles, spires, steeples, towers, and walls of the city, and then the plain which stretches, level as a floor, to where the mountains rise suddenly. It is across this plain, in the edge of the mountains yonder, that Petrarch made his home, and sung of the beautiful Laura. Our first excursion was to this place. It is called "Vaucluse," and lies in a narrow cañon. The cañon is blocked up abruptly, some mile and a half from its beginning, by a mountain, out of the base of which the river Sorgue rushes, "*chiare fresche e dolci.*"

La Source de la Sorgue is a cave or sort of amphitheatre under the mountain, which is filled with a lake, leaving a narrow ledge on two sides, barely broad enough to walk upon. The water is as still as death, and at first sight as black as ink. There is something chilling and uncanny about the dead, motionless water and the echoing chamber. The abrupt passage, from the sweltering sunshine and the burning rocks, into the cold, dark, silent place, perhaps



CHATEAU DE PETRARCH.

has something to do with it, the transition is so sudden and unexpected. By-and-by, as your eyes become accustomed to the dim light, they do not rest upon the surface of the pool, but penetrate into its depths. Deeper, deeper, deeper, you see. The sides of the vault beneath the water, the rocks, cliffs, and crevices, are visible farther and farther down. There seems to be no bottom. They say there is no bottom. It begins away in the bowels of the earth. We threw in a white stone; down, down, down, it went, seeming to move back and forth as the ripple which it made changed

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the direction of the rays of light from it. I know not how many seconds it remained in sight. It would disappear for a moment, and then, as the light struck it again, we could see it still farther down. The walls of the lofty chamber were scrawled with names and couplets in different languages and characters.

Some hundred yards down the ravine from the cave the river gushes out in one large and many-smaller streams. The water is remarkably cold and clear, almost as transparent as the air. The ruins of the *Chateau de Petrarch* stand on a cliff high above this fountain, but a café upon the stream's margin bears upon its door-post this inscription: "On this spot stood the house of Petrarch, where he lived and wrote." On the outside wall is this quotation: "*Ôdoux paysage, ô riviére limpide qui rafraichis le beau visage et les yeux célestes de Ma Laure.*"

Petrarch, though a poet, was a sensible man as well, and when "Ma Laure" was offered to him he refused her. Well did he know that he worshipped not the real but an ideal Laura, and should he gain possession of her or even come to know her personally, the bright-colored cloud with which he had surrounded her would be dissipated,—the dream and joy of his life would be gone.

We slept at the *Hotel de Laure*, and gave ourselves up for one moonlight night to the influence and spirit of the place, and the next morning wheeled the seventeen miles back to Avignon. Avignon had new attractions for me now, for it was here that Petrarch first saw "*le beau visage et les yeux célestes*," and I searched eagerly among the maidens' faces for a reproduction of the famous prototype.

James C. Hume.

[To be continued.]

COME, ARCHER, COME.

Come, Archer, come and bend the bow!
The stars are faint, the winds are low;
And, where the frolic feet of spring
Have left the woodland blossoming,
With lilies flecked the brooklets flow.

Come ere the cock hath ceased to crow
His greeting to the orient glow;
The lark hath spread her dewy wing.
Come, Archer, come!

So wandered Robin to and fro,
In Sherwood forest long ago;
And still the woods are offering
A rapture that the proudest king,
In all his pomp, can never know.
Come, Archer, come!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

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SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.[1]

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fair Weather," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON a Sunday some time previous to the events of the last chapter Nelville went to the pretty little church. His mother, having a headache, did not go with him. He was late, and a moment after he had found a seat the choir began singing that stirring hymn: —

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all."

A soprano voice of great sweetness and power soared above the others. So notably excellent was the singer's control of her voice, and so flexible, and clear, and touching was the voice itself, that Nelville sat really charmed as he listened. When the hymn was ended he felt as if he had actually been hearing the music of adoring angels as they "crowned him Lord of all."

The sermon was a short, rather pointless one, by a short, slight, rather pointless man, with a bulging forehead, a retreating chin, and a sepulchral voice. Nelville wondered idly why it was that so many small ministers have projecting foreheads and absent or vanishing chins; and why it was that a minister's voice, like an old church, often seemed flanked with gravestones, vaults, and monumental dolorousness.

He may have been in a mood to be easily irritated, for of late he had been mightily wrestling with himself, or rather with the demon of discontent, which had become a part of himself.

His mother had been helping him in every way she could But, somehow, even after his heart had repudiated Miss Lartain, and after he had become deliciously conscious of a love for Louise Lamar, which surpassed by the width of the universe the passion which he had so long nursed for the former, his pride, or perverseness, or vanity, or some other evil element in his nature, held him aloof from being happy, and hindered him from speaking his love to the latter. The luxury of self-torture was hard to abandon.

This state of feeling may have had something to do with making the little minister's sermon a distress to Nelville; at any rate, he was glad when the last word of the benediction was said, and he could go out into the sunlight, which was tempered with coolness by a steadily blowing breeze from the north.

He did not care to go directly home, but chose to walk up to the top of the hill above the Lamar cottage. The flickers were there on the grassy plots, thrusting their long beaks into the ground and showing the golden shafts of their wings as they fluttered about. The blackbirds sang dreamily. The sharp-elbowed grasshoppers leaped high in the sunlight.

A thin grove of stunted oaks fringed the first movement of the hill towards the big cottage. The stems of these trees were of strikingly uniform size, scarcely thicker than a stout man's arm. Nelville sat down in their midst, not very far from the spot where he had first met Miss Lamar, whose gentle and fascinating ways had since so revolutionized his feelings. Almost the first object his eyes fell upon was her tall, girlish figure moving slowly among the trees. She had a book in her hand, a finger between the leaves to mark her place. She soon sat down, but did not read, a revery seeming to possess her. The two were not fifty feet apart.

Nelville recognized an impropriety in allowing his presence to remain undiscovered, whilst, at the same time, he preferred not to meet her just here and now. But he must remain hidden or boldly make her aware of his proximity to her. There was no way of escape.

He rose, and as he approached her purposely made a rustling by brushing against a low-hanging bough.

She looked up quickly, and sprang to her feet with the nimbleness and gracefulness of a fawn.

"Oh, I was frightened!" she said, her right hand going quickly to her left side, as if to still the beating of her heart. She looked very charming and shy, as if about to run away in a fright, like some young wild thing of the wood. In her agitation

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she let the book fall at her feet. He very promptly picked it up. It was the same volume that he had found on the day he first met her.

"I am sorry I have disturbed you," he said; "but I was sitting yonder when you came here, and I felt that it was not right to stay without letting you know that I was here."

She trembled visibly. He looked into her eyes, and saw tears there, and on her cheeks, too. This affected him.

"But you are crying," he added. "What is it? Are you troubled?"

She smiled brightly through the tears, and said, "I am so foolish, and you came so suddenly."

Nelville well knew that those tears had not leaped from her eyes on the sudden impulse of agitation at seeing him, and that her thoughts, just before he disturbed her, had been bitter ones. He went close to her and said in a gentle tone: —

"Louise, what is the matter?"

She laughed now, in a way that tore up the fountains of his heart, and in a voice almost joyous, exclaimed: —

"Oh, I've no trouble greater than a humming-bird might carry, and if I have I am not going to make you my confessor! I may have been crying over a passage in Maud, for aught you will ever know."

Nelville stood still and silent a space. She looked into his eyes and saw a dark, rich glow in them. Her girl's heart caught the import of that glow. She trembled again, and in a voice quick, thin, and sharp, like the chirping of a frightened bird, exclaimed, "I must go; I have stayed too long now." She held out her hand to take the book, and her face grew pale.

He caught that little hand in both of his, and, almost huskily, said: —

"Louise!"

She struggled, and looked up imploringly.

"Louise!" he repeated, "I love you.'

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "Let me go. You must, indeed you must." The tears gushed from her eyes, and her sweet red mouth curled and quivered like a crying child's. "Please do let me go, Mr. Nelville; please do!" she pleaded, speaking rapidly and quaveringly, as one in a distressing hurry.

"I cannot let you go, Louise," he said, in a repressed way, "I cannot until you tell me something that shall gladden or sadden all my future. Do you love me — shall you ever love me, Louise?"

"Oh, I can't — can't! Oh, Mr. Nelville, quick! There's some one. Oh, it's" —

"Where?" ejaculated Nelville, turning in the direction her eyes indicated, and there stood Miss Brownby, faultlessly attired and prettily posed, taking in with slightly dilating eyes the whole bearing of the scene. She was quite near them, in an attitude of faint surprise, a half smile on her clear-cut face. Nelville, with keen inquiry, looked at her, still holding Miss Lamar's hand.

In love, as in war, one must not hesitate. Boldness and directness often win where disaster seems inevitable. Few men have been tried as Nelville was just then. The situation was remarkably unromantic and annoying. But he was overwhelmingly in earnest. He felt that he could not retreat now that the struggle was well begun.

"Come here, Miss Brownby, — come close," he said, frankly and seriously. "I love Louise, and I have told her so, and I want her to tell me whether she loves me. She ought to tell me, ought she not?"

Miss Lamar, by a sudden movement, wrung her hand from his, and then, like a bird escaping from an enemy, she flitted away down the sunny slope toward the cottage, her light drapery fluttering in the breeze. He stood gazing after her, helpless and purposeless, for a moment; then came a strong impulse to follow her as swiftly as he could. But she ran like Atalanta, and he saw how foolish and fruitless pursuit would be.

Miss Brownby seemed to read his thoughts, for she laughed a low, merry, twittering laugh, and said: —

"You shouldn't run after her again. You came near killing yourself, somewhere near here, once, by doing that. And, besides, you couldn't catch her."

Nelville felt the half-ridiculous side of the situation. He smiled, and kept his eyes on the flying form of Louise until it was lost in the dusky boscage far down the slope; then he turned to Miss Brownby and said: —

"She escapes me so easily. What can I do? She is swift as an antelope."

Miss Brownby laughed again.

"Oh! it may amuse you, but I'm dreadfully in earnest. If she should fly to Egypt I should finally overtake her. The race is not always to the swift. Love overcomes everything."

"How do you know it does?" Miss Brownby lightly asked, reaching up as she spoke and breaking a spray from a

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bough. "Have you ever before been in love?"

This was a keen thrust in the only vulnerable joint of Nelville's armor. He looked at her half deprecatingly, half inquiringly. She was picking the spray to pieces with her delicately gloved hands, and looking as cool and demure as a dove in its nest.

"I suppose I might express an opinion, even if I hadn't had experience," he replied; "don't you think so?"

"Yes; but an expert's opinion is most valuable you know," she said, without looking up. "A man, for instance, who has climbed the Alps for one sweetheart might safely say he'd follow another to Egypt."

"H'm, yes, undoubtedly," stammered Nelville, coloring slightly, and looking hard at the placid, pretty face of the girl; "but I fail to see the point you are driving at."

"Oh, I wouldn't make a point! I'm not driving at any point. I never do," she said, glancing at him sidewise, and laughing in her musical way. "I detest remarks with points. They are like bees — they sound well enough humming around; but when they light, they sting."

"Do they?" he lightly asked; then, in a changing voice, he added: "You are a wicked little bee yourself. I believe you delight in stinging even your friends. Are you ready to go toward the cottage, or shall I leave you to finish your walk?"

"Now you are hurt," she exclaimed.

"Oh, no!" he replied, smiling, "not by you."

"I am going back," she said, quickly turning; "I came to look for Louise, and, as she has deserted me, I shall be happy to have your company down the hill."

Nelville was aware that he had acted his part illy in the little scene just passed over, and he feared that in some way he had hurt his standing with Louise. Nor had the pointed remarks of Miss Brownby tended to soften his mood.

They walked in silence down to the cottage gate. When about to turn homeward Nelville said: —

"You have our secret, or, at least, mine, and I need not ask you to deal kindly with it, for I know you will; that goes for granted."

"You can trust me," she said, smiling brightly; "but I know *her* secret also."

Nelville stooped toward her, an intense interest lighting his face.

"Well! please tell me," he almost whisperingly exclaimed.

"Ought I to betray her?" she asked.

"No," he said, coloring and recoiling a little; "keep her secret."

"Don't be downhearted. The secret is not a disastrous one for you," she added.

Nelville gave her a supremely grateful look, and, with all the impetuosity of a restless lover, was about to go in through the gate to look for Louise.

"Don't do that," Miss Brownby said, quickly interposing her hand and motioning him back. "Wait awhile. Be patient, and all will come out right. She has heard you have had — had — love trouble about another girl."

She turned, closed the gate, and left him with no alternative but to go home.

CHAPTER XX.

LAMAR remained in a state of mind not easily described, which kept him wavering between fanciful doubts and vague, horrible speculations as to what had become of Louis Abbott.

A highly excitable imagination rarely fails to play fantastic tricks when circumstances of a mysterious nature cast their shadows across it. Let it be kept in mind that Lamar was a poet, trained to view everything from a poet's stand-point. He was morbidly proud and conscientious, after the manner of the Southern conscience, whose culture is emotional and high-colored. His imagination was tricksy, oscillating, almost whimsical, when it came to deal with his first sore trouble.

Whilst he could not believe, positively, that Abbott had been mortally, or even dangerously, hurt in their fight, still he vainly tried to drive away the distressing doubt which the young man's mysterious disappearance had generated in his mind.

He had been to see Miss Revercombe several times since the unfortunate encounter, but young Abbott's name had not been mentioned between them. She kept her secret; he kept his.

But Lamar suffered. It haunted him that possibly Abbott had crawled off and died in the wood, and that somewhere, in the thick undergrowth, his body lay stark and swollen, slowly going into horrible decay. Sometimes, in the night, when a sudden storm rolled over with roaring rain and hollow booming of winds and blinding lightning, the throbs of thunder startled him, and he could see a drenched corpse, face

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upward, pallid, hideous, terrible, lying in some lone nook of the hills. He dreamed awful dreams, and awoke to toss restlessly in his bed for hours together. Many times he went and searched and re-searched the wood. He lingered about Abbott's old haunts, the billiard-room and the little inn down in the village; but he could hear nothing further than that the young man had "skipped the town mighty sly," or some such slang reference to his disappearance. No one seemed to know anything about him. There was mystery in the matter, and Lamar's conscience was burdened with a load of guilt extremely harrowing to his sensitive temperament.

One day he made another exhaustive search through the wood. He had determined that this should end the whole troublesome affair. He had wrought himself to the pitch of philosophy which renders one ready to take either horn of a dilemma.

Slinging a thirty-two calibre breech-loading rifle across his shoulder, and slipping into his pocket a few cartridges, he went to the hills, as if to shoot squirrels. He did not expect to find what he had so strangely and so persistently sought. But he went peering into fallen tree-tops, and behind old logs, as a matter of painstaking, conscientious care in the performance of this final effort.

Squirrels ran nimbly up and down the gnarled tree-boles all about him; but he gave them no notice. He did not see them or hear their chattering in the branches overhead.

He fired but once. A snake, of the kind known as blue-racer, darted among some drifted dry leaves on the ground; and, stopping, thrust up its head and darted out its red, forked tongue. Its eyes gleamed malignly. He aimed quickly, half mechanically, as all fine marksmen do, and fired, clipping the snake's head smoothly off; and then blew the smoke from his gun and trudged on, scarcely noting the effect of his bullet.

He skirted a bald hill, crossed a narrow hollow, crept through a thicket, and was about turning into a dim trail, which wound indefinitely off through a dense part of the forest, when a half-stifled groan reached his ear and caused him to halt. He heard it again. It was near him. It was a sound of agony. His imagination instantly grasped a horrible idea. A chill crept over him. Turning his eyes in the direction of the sound, he saw a man lying outstretched on the ground, face downward. With a weakness in his limbs which nearly unmanned him, he stepped forward and bent over the prostrate body. He took it by the shoulder and turned it over.

"Here! What are you about? Keep your hands off, confound you!" it cried, scrambling to a sitting position, and then to its feet. It was Longley, and his face flamed with hot passion. He half-lifted his hand, as if to strike.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" cried Lamar, astonished at such a turn of the apparition. "What's the matter?"

Longley glared hard until he recognized Lamar, when his face relaxed into a sort of lugubrious smile. He felt abashed and chagrined at being thus surprised in his paroxysm of grief and jealousy.

"What ails you?" continued Lamar, watching him curiously.

Longley drew his hat down over his eyes and brushed certain earthy traces from his clothes, but did not answer. In fact he did not know how to answer. He tried to think of some chaffing remark, feeling keenly the ludicrous element of the situation; but, before he could form a single phrase, Lamar fixed his deep eyes upon him, and exclaimed: —

"This is extraordinary. You look wild and haggard. What has excited you so?"

A dark thought had taken shape in Lamar's mind. Had Longley found the dead body of Louis Abbott somewhere near? Such a question was natural enough under the circumstances, and it seemed to his morbid fancy that nothing short of this could have affected Longley so terribly.

But Longley was silent, and his face mysteriously contradictory in its alternating expressions. At last, however, feeling that something must be said, he turned to Lamar, and exclaimed: —

"Can't a fellow enjoy a little private trouble? Must one seek a more secluded spot than this to avoid interruption?"

Lamar looked confused, and utterly at a loss what to say.

"Oh, I've been a precious fool!" Longley went on to say, "and have got to my row's end; but I'll not explain now. It's nothing, in fact, — a mere momentary disappointment."

"I am sorry if I have seemed to break into your private troubles," said Lamar.

"Oh, no!" rejoined Longley, "it is not that. I am hit pretty hard in a tender place; but it's all right."

Lamar felt that he could not go farther

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with his inquiries. He grasped Longley's arm, and by a mutual impulse they turned homeward, going forward in silence till they reached the highway. They parted where the road forked just behind the town, Lamar setting his face towards the Revercombe farm-house, Longley seeking his apartments at the Nelville cottage.

Lamar, when he reached the garden, where he had so often passed honeyed hours with Margaret Revercombe, found that young lady in very high spirits. She had received a letter from Louis Abbott, written at some little town in Minnesota, which cleared away all the mystery of his disappearance. He was penitent, and declared his intention to strive for a better life than he had heretofore lived.

To Lamar this was like some elixir of life. It renewed him. His mind flung off its dark fancies. He was as happy as he had been miserable. He and Miss Revercombe, like all lovers of all times, told over their fears and joys, kissed, and renewed their oft-made vows.

CHAPTER XXI.

If Willis Longley had been any kind of man other than his own peculiar kind; if he had been a man of society, thoroughly sophisticated, he might have acted very differently throughout the scenes of the preceding chapter. Even as it was, when once he had soberly reflected, he felt keenly the situation into which his impulsiveness and inexperience had hurried him. It secretly abashed him to look at Nelville, against whose love-weakness he had been accustomed to hurl all the stones of his wit and sarcasm. It occurred to him, in this connection, that, after all, his friend had as much cause to grieve for love of Miss Lartain as he had to be forlorn on account of Janet Wilson. Of course, such reasoning brought very little consolation, and Nelville frequently asked him, during the afternoon and evening, what was causing his gloom and silence. A hollow smile, and some colorless words of evasion, were the only answer. At dinner, Longley ate little, and replied to Mrs. Nelville's vivacity in exasperating monosyllables.

Lighting a huge meerschaum pipe, — the first time he had touched it since he left New York, — he strolled away into the moonlight, to be alone with his trouble.

How empty, now, seemed the idle boast he had once made to Nelville about "laughing at Cupid's freaks, and the fickleness of women"!

He looked back over the day, and it was like gazing across a wide desert to the green oasis of his loving time, now so far away. What a flat, dead outcome to the tender little drama which had begun so brightly!

"O Janet! Janet!" he murmured, and leaning his head against the timbers of what had once been a small pier, on the lake's edge, now mostly gone, he quivered and writhed in his agony. The broad murmur of the waves, as the lake swelled restlessly in its summer sleep, struck his ear like the pitying moan of a great sympathetic heart. He was a child in the simplicity of his grief. He had lost his new strange world. It had burst about him like a pricked bubble.

He strayed restlessly from place to place, and at last found himself near the post-office, where the moonlight, unobstructed, seemed to be unnaturally bright. Here he suddenly met Oliver Mosely, the editor and proprietor of "Mosely's Magazine." They recognized each other instantly, and Mosely, in his off-hand way, grasped Longley by the shoulder, and exclaimed: —

"You are a delightfully nomadic young gentleman! I've tramped the town over to find you. I've come for that manuscript."

Longley stared. It was so sudden; and then, too, he stood in a certain awe of Mosely.

"I sent the paper by express some two or three days ago," he declared; "did you not get it?"

"No," said Mosely, smilingly; "but I left New York the morning of the day before yesterday. It is all right if you sent it. I called at your cottage, — Mrs. Nelville's, — but no one was at home. But you look haggard, or is it the moonlight?"

"I've been a little off, I believe; nothing serious, though."

They had turned, and were slowly walking up the street towards the hotel. Mosely towered above the artist like a mountain above a foot-hill.

"I am very sorry you felt compelled to come after the paper," said Longley, penitently. "I fear I have been a poor workman."

"Oh, I was chaffing!" said Mosely. "I did not come for the manuscript. I came to visit my father, mother, and sister. You take things too much in earnest."

"Are your people here?" inquired Longley, in a surprised tone.

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"Certainly. I supposed you knew. Didn't Janet tell you? didn't she give you the secret of our family trouble?"

"Janet!" echoed Longley, "Janet — what Janet? Janet Wilson is" —

"Ah, I see you are in the dark," said Mosely. "It is a curious history. Janet Wilson is my sister. She is really Janet Mosely."

Longley stopped short and clutched Mosely's arm. "You are fooling with me," he said, catching up a Western expression.

"No, indeed, I am not," replied Mosely in a serious tone. "I in some way inferred from your letters that you and Janet were on excellent terms, — and from her letters, too, for that matter, — and I took it for granted that you had learned of my father's curious hallucination."

"I guessed that he was crazy," said Longley in his outright way; "but no one told me about it."

"He is a monomaniac. He imagines he is Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, who has been dead for many years, you know, and we are compelled to humor his whim. By the advice of his physician we have brought him here, where, by means of careful treatment, we hope to see him cured. One singular feature of his case is that he will not bear to be called by his right name — Mosely. In order to prevent irritating him we have all agreed to accept Wilson as his name, and he is known by no other here."

Longley heard this with ears that burned, and his heart was pounding in his breast like a trip-hammer. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw he flung out the arms of hope to clutch at Mosely's relationship to Janet as a means of extricating himself from the despair into which he had fallen.

"Is she — is Janet Wilson your sister?" he asked, in a half doubting, half hopeful voice.

"She certainly is," said Mosely, laughing at the young man's perplexity. "She is my own and my only sister, and the best sister in the world, too. She has written to me a great deal about you. It seems you are great friends?"

"We have been."

"Have been!" echoed Mosely. "What do you mean? Aren't you still just as good friends as ever?"

"No, that is, I — we — it is all up between us."

"Humph! A quarrel, eh?"

"No, — that is, — I have been a fool. She loves another man."

"Another man!" cried Mosely, in no mild voice; "what other man?"

"I don't know," said Longley. "I think he is from Boston."

"A Boston man!" Mosely ejaculated. "A Boston man! Do you know his name?"

"No."

"What sort of looking man is he?"

"Tall, strong, dark whiskers, broad-shouldered, and big-headed," replied Longley.

"Must be Dudley Orville," muttered Mosely, "and if I see him hanging around here I'll" — He did not say what he might do, but he looked in no pleasant mood. He was strong enough to do anything he chose with an ordinary man.

"I can't fairly understand all this," he added, looking in a puzzled way at Longley. "In her last letter she went so far as to say — but no matter." He hung his head, and moved along as if in a brown study. Presently he said: "How do you know she loves this man? Did she say so?"

These questions piqued Longley.

"She didn't say so in words, but" —

"But what?"

"She acted a good deal that way."

"Well!"

"Well, what?"

"You might be more explicit," said Mosely.

"Yes," replied Longley; "but why should I? I have no more interest in the matter. I am out of the question."

By this time they had reached the steps of the hotel. Here they met Nelville, who had come to take Mosely to the cottage.

Longley made them acquainted.

"I found your card awaiting me when I came in awhile ago," said Nelville to Mosely, "and I have brought my carriage to take you to our house. My mother will be glad to see you. You and she are old-time friends, I believe?"

"Yes, old friends," said Mosely, whose mind was wholly absorbed with another matter. "I shall be happy to renew the pleasant relation. Is your mother well?" Really, he did not know what he was saying.

"Yes, she is in unusually good health these last few years. But come, get into the carriage," said Nelville, cordially.

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CHAPTER XXII.

On the afternoon of the following day Oliver Mosely drove furiously back to the hotel from the Wilson homestead whither he had been to hold an interview with his sister touching the statements made to him by Longley.

The reader scarcely needs any further explanation of why old Mr. Mosely was known as Wilson, and Janet Mosely as Janet Wilson. Diseases of the mind are of so many kinds, and require such peculiar treatment, that it is not uncommon for a case like this to occur. It had been hoped that living in seclusion, and having his whim humored, would tend to his recovery.

But Oliver Mosely, as he drove back from the conference with Janet, was half of the opinion that some one else was crazy as well as the old gentleman. It seemed to him remarkable, indeed, that Willis Longley should have told him a thing which Janet unequivocally denied.

To his utter astonishment, Janet positively declared that no gentleman, old or young, Longley excepted, had called upon her for a fortnight and more. She had not seen Dudley Orville for a year.

Of course Mosely managed to get through with the examination and cross-examination of his sister without compromising Longley, and without exciting her suspicions that any trouble was brewing. When he had done with it he felt exasperated at Longley for what he feared was a vulgar impertinence, if it was nothing worse. Of course, from his standpoint, it brought up a question of veracity between Longley and Janet. His faith in his sister was solid as Gibraltar, and yet, when he came to soberly view it, his confidence in Longley's honor was unshaken. Surely the boy — Longley seemed but a boy to him — had not been joking. But then he must have been, too, for when Mosely had hinted to Janet that he had heard a rumor to the effect that she had discarded Longley, she had repudiated it, fiercely almost, and had declared that not the slightest misunderstanding had ever existed between her and Longley, who had been to see her only two or three days ago, and had gone away in high spirits. All this had little in it to pacify Mosely, upon whom Longley's story had made a strong impression.

After having exhausted himself in plying Janet with questions, much to her perplexity and wonder, he left the old house in a mood bordering on mild frenzy.

On returning to the hotel, where, on account of his father's peculiarities, he was compelled to stay, instead of at the old house, he met Longley coming down the steps.

"I was looking for you," said the artist.

"And I want to see you," said Mosely, clutching Longley's arm and hurrying him upstairs.

They entered Mosely's room. He shut the door and locked it, and then, turning on Longley a steady, searching gaze, said:—

"What the deuce does all this mean?"

"All what?" demanded Longley, returning his glare with interest.

"Is what you said about Janet, my sister, true?"

"Sir," said Longley, that was all; but the way he said it meant a great deal.

"I don't mean to be offensive," said Mosely, in a softer voice, "but I am in a deuced dilemma."

"Well, what?"

"Janet says it is not true."

"Do *you* say so?" cried Longley, his eyes flashing dangerously.

"No," replied Mosely, calmly looking in the artist's face. "But I wish you would explain the whole thing to me."

"What whole thing?"

"How do you know a man has been visiting Janet?"

"I saw him."

"Where?"

"At the house, and in the walk, and at the gate."

"What was he doing?"

"Kissing her."

"Kissing her?"

"Yes."

Mosely looked astounded beyond expression. His face grew livid. It was a momentary excitement, however, which he repressed, and presently he calmly said:—

"I do not believe, and I am never going to believe, that either you or Janet would tell a falsehood. This is a deuced mystery, Mr. Longley." He looked at the floor and stroked his beard, an air of doubt and distress darkening his massive, manly features. With a gesture of impatience he finally said:—

"Well, well, let it pass."

"No," said Longley, "we cannot let it pass in the way you mean. I won't let you think me a liar and a slanderer, and let it pass. I"—

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"You may prefer to have me impute those things to my sister," said Mosely.

"No," replied Longley, his face reddening. He faltered. He looked into Mosely's eyes, his features slowly softening. He was beginning to comprehend the perplexing nature of the situation from Mosely's stand-point. He felt that he could not say anything further, however, and so he moved towards the door.

"Do not go yet," said Mosely; "there must be some way of explaining and clearing up this foolish matter."

"I think there is no way whatever," said Longley, his tone softening into gloom.

They stood in silence for a time. Mosely spoke first.

"Suppose you go to Janet? It would be the best way. No doubt there is some mistake," he suggested.

Longley hesitated, pulled at his moustache, and shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"I will do it!" he presently exclaimed with energy.

"Do! do!" cried Mosely, seizing his hand and squeezing it powerfully. "Do go. I know it will all come right."

Longley said no more, but left the room at once, forthwith directing his footsteps to the old house among the hills.

On the veranda of the hotel, as he went out, he met a tall exquisite, with flowing dark beard, who leered at him through a single eye-glass. He felt a pang of choler dart through his bosom. He imagined the man was Dudley Orville. All the way up to the old house Longley kept vacillating between turning back and going on. How could he do this thing? How could he formulate questions sufficiently delicate, and yet direct enough, to get the required explanation from Janet? In the singleness and simplicity of his mind he did not more than vaguely feel that greater perplexity which, to the reader, will seem the prominent trouble of the situation? What right, indeed, had he to demand any explanation? No direct love-passage had ever occurred between them. He loved her deeply, tenderly; but he never had told her so, and such had been her maidenly reserve that she had never given him more than smiles and gracious actions for encouragement. Possibly she had never dreamed of his passion. If he could have read her letters to Oliver Mosely he might have found out a very sweet secret.

He stopped now and then, bit his moustache, and looked back down the road towards the town, his face drawn into an expression of utter perplexity. Again and again he proceeded a few steps on his way, only to pause and try to ponder. His task bewildered his mind, wholly unused to deal with such things, and, to make the situation still worse, his ready power to meet exigency with expedient, seemed to have deserted him. However, he could not turn back.

When he reached the gate he saw Janet straying about the shady lawn. Her face was turned from him. The sight of her slender, lissome form, and shining gold hair, so affected him that he leaned upon one of the gate-posts to gather strength for his undertaking. Mr. Wilson — let us call him Mosely hereafter — and his physician, a white-bearded, distinguished looking gentleman, were on the veranda, apparently absorbed in conversation.

At length Longley furtively slipped through the gate-way, like a thief more than like himself, and rapidly but silently went to where Janet was bending over some late-flowering shrub.

"Miss Mosely!" he said. The name did not slip readily from his tongue.

She turned quickly, a barely perceptible flush rising in her cheeks. She looked about a hundred-fold lovelier than ever before to Longley's hungry eyes.

"How suddenly you came!" she exclaimed; "did you drop out of the upper air?"

"Not exactly, but — but" — he stammered, "I am a fallen spirit. I have tumbled from a higher place than heaven."

She looked demurely at him, the light in her eyes baffling his inquiring gaze. He could not see deep into those eyes.

"Your fall seems not to have hurt you much," she lightly said; "you are looking very well."

"I feel like a fool," he bluntly responded, taking one side of his moustache into his mouth and grinding it diligently. "In fact, I *am* a fool, and have come to do a foolish thing."

Her eyes fell before his concentrated gaze. Her heart fluttered wildly, but she preserved her quiet smile. Bending low over the shrub, she parted the thick sprays and said: —

"See here! a sparrow's nest with a second brood of young. It is very late for the little ones, don't you think so?"

"No," he muttered, "I don't think. I can't think. I haven't got sense enough to think. I don't need to think. I am better without."

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She now looked seriously enough at him, and there was no mistaking the outright sincerity of the inquiry, when she very slowly said: —

"What is the matter, Mr. Longley?"

"A terrible matter, indeed, as I view it," he replied. "I don't see how I can come at it. I promised Mr. Mosely, your brother, that I'd come and ask you about — about" — the poor fellow choked and stammered.

"Well, about what?" she demanded, a tremor in her voice, caused by some vague emotion she did not understand. She plucked at the shrub until the callow birds were nearly shaken from the nest. The little brown mother hopped about, not far away, chipping drily and shrilly in all the agony of fear for the safety of her young.

"I promised Mosely," he began again, — "I promised Mosely that I would ask you about — about — that — that kissing affair."

He had tried desperately to reach some sort of circumlocutory phrase by means of which he could soften the question; but words seemed as scarce as diamonds. It was by the supremest effort that he forced his mouth to utter even that one blunt, rasping sentence.

Janet stood dumb before him. He felt like a great brute. It would have delighted him if the ground had opened under his feet and taken him a thousand fathoms down into darkness.

He looked into her face and saw a network of lines athwart it, — lines of perplexity, annoyance, and surprise. She looked like a dryad that had encountered a knot or gnarl in trying to issue from the heart of a tree.

"There now!" he cried, "I've demeaned myself and insulted you. But Miss Jan — Miss Wil — Miss Mosely, I have not meant any wrong, I assure yo. I have not. It was your brother begged me to come. It was to set myself right, and not to trouble you. I am sorry. I am more, — I am desperate. You will respect my honorable intentions when you fully understand."

There was that unmistakable ring of manly frankness in his voice along with the gloomy despondence. He half turned away, and seemed about to go, but she detained him.

"Oliver was here talking as you do; what can you mean?"

"I don't know," he cried; "I may have been crazy. May be I didn't see what I thought I did. But, Janet," he rapidly and excitedly went on, "I could have sworn I saw that fellow kiss you. I was yonder on the hill, Tuesday, and it was at the gate he did it."

Miss Mosely laughed. He had never heard her laugh so freely. It was a genuine burst of glee.

"I see it all now," she said; "it is such a funny thing — so ridiculous! When Oliver was here I did not understand him. I flatly denied the whole thing. I remember all about it now, and you will be ashamed of yourself when I tell you."

"Well, tell me. Let me laugh," he said, in a dry, unsympathetic voice.

"There is really nothing to tell," she exclaimed, the girlishness of her nature getting uppermost in her voice, and the slight flush deepening in her cheeks, "only it was Oliver you saw kiss me!"

"Oliver!"

"My brother, Oliver."

Life's landscape righted itself for Longley in that instant. His memory acted with electrical swiftness. Certainly it was Mosely. The tall, stout form, the flowing dark beard, — the walk, the gestures, — all were Mosely's.

They sat down upon an old, half-rotten seat under a tree. The house was hidden.

"I never heard of another such farce!" she said.

"Nor I," said he; "but it was nearly a tragedy once. How will it end?"

"I hope it has already ended," she replied.

"Not yet, not by a good deal," he exclaimed. "I was coming to tell you how much I loved you when I stopped yonder on the hill" —

"But you did not come," she demurely said.

"I'm here now," he murmured, and, bending swiftly, he kissed her. "You do love me, don't you, Janet?"

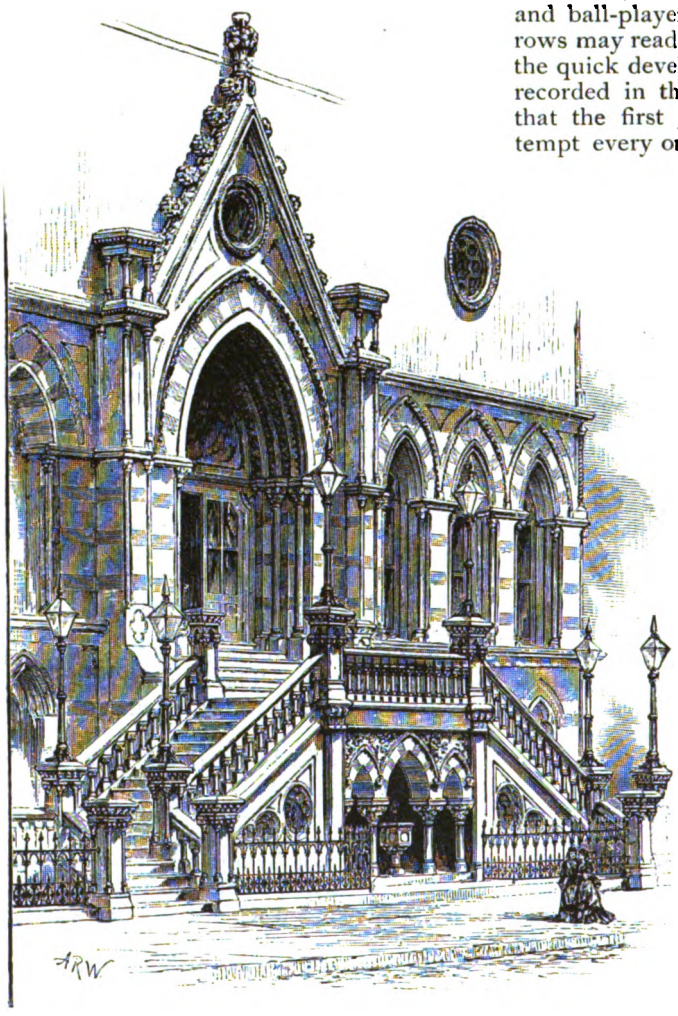
The summer wind blew away her answer.

[To be continued.]

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OUT-DOOR LIFE AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.[1]

THE Academy Exhibition and the fever of the spring-time come upon us together. The trout season and the doors of the little "Venetian casket," on Twenty-third street,



ENTRANCE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

open in the same week. Then fishermen occupy their evenings with loving attentions to rods and fly-hooks. The less hardy of the bicyclists, who have been kep from the road by the maddening unreasonableness of New York weather, pray that Providence may temper the April breezes to their knickerbockers, and that the flinty hearts of the Park Commissioners may be softened. A little later yachtsmen begin to order their vessels into commission; and, as for the oarsmen, pedestrians, and ball-players, he who neither runs nor rows may read the promise of the season in the quick development of athletic interests recorded in the daily press. No wonder that the first glimpses of April sunshine tempt every one out of doors. But those who sally forth into the country find roads boggy and impassable, brooks filled with ice-water, fields still sprinkled with the winter's snow, while the yachtsman shrinks from encountering the chill breezes of the Sound. From the first of April until the middle of May, during all the preparatory stage of the out-door season, New York offers a resource within itself; for the yachtsman and the bicyclist can travel in peace and comfort from Labrador to Florida, and the fisherman can select seasonable grounds all the way from Maine to California, simply by entering the doors of the National Academy of Design.

You and I set foot within these walls neither as critic nor amateur. What is the jargon of "tones" and "values," and the talk of "composition" and "technique" to us? We are impelled hither by the hunger for out-door life, which every healthy Anglo-Saxon feels when his blood, like the sap, begins to move more quickly. When the buds swell, the fields turn green, and the trailing arbutus reappears, every literary hack becomes Pegasus for the nonce, until scourged from the clouds by an unfeeling

[1] The cuts of this article are taken from sketches by the artists in Mr. Kurtz's admirable catalogue of the 59th Spring Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York.

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editor. Thank Heaven we are not spring poets! Naturally we are fishermen; and so we pause on the broad landing to look up at the huge picture of "The Fisherman's Return," by Emma L. Chadwick, which hangs above the stair-way. Now, you and I know, from sad experience, the kind of return which the fisherman often makes of necessity: "A wet back and an empty basket," to some such effect the old saying runs. No such bad luck has befallen this French fisherman, else he would hardly be in the mood for tossing his chubby youngster so joyously, while its clothing slips upward, leaving its round mottled legs twinkling in mid-air.



A WOODLAND BROOK.

And the clear sky and smooth water, full of light, show that his trip has been dry and pleasant; more pleasant, one may think, than being perched in that particular attitude astride the self-assertive gunwale of a boat. The oldest son, just arrived at the dignity of accompanying the father, looks half apprehensively, half jealously, at the crowing little tot above his head. The mother, whose neat, pictorial figure is quite out of keeping with her character as a fish-wife, meekly waits her liege lord's will and pleasure, with bare feet planted upon a rough rock, which may mean full as much penance as her husband is undergoing on the gunwale. Charming picture of domestic sweetness and light! Alas! I have found too often, in my experiences with coast fishermen, that Madame is expected to be cooking the pork and pan-fish at home when the fisherman returns, and her appearance at the water-side would be promptly condemned as a mutinous neglect of wifely duty. Now that we have gained the corridor we are fairly launched into the exhibition. What lover of out-door life is not a disciple of Izaak Walton? What follower of the gentle Izaak has not served an apprenticeship with freshly cut birch-pole, tow string, and per-chance bent pin, like the barefoot urchin whom Mr. Jerome Thompson has painted? There he stands, on a mossy stone washed by the clear wavelets of the brawling brook, face aglow with sunburn, mosquito-bites, freckles, and excitement; damp trousers rolled up to his knees, worms, no doubt, wriggling in his pocket; and half-a-dozen noble trout glistening in vermilion, black, and yellow, strung upon a rude withe at his feet. Perhaps they are the reward of virtue; perhaps of truancy.

Who wouldn't play truant in the spring-time when there are trout waiting to be caught? He has no need of split bamboo rods, or fly-books. It may be that his trout, by-and-by, will be transferred to the empty basket of some sumptuously

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equipped city sportsman. There is little science in the fishing of the barefoot country boys; but I doubt if the daintily nurtured, precocious youngsters of the city have half so good a time, after all. Opposite this lad is another picture, of two or three trout, accompanied by a section of a bamboo rod, large enough for New England pickerel fishing. Quite evidently it is neither by note nor by rote, but by main strength, that this artist catches trout. When we look through the exhibition we shall find plenty of likely-looking spots for trout, but let us pause to note the fisherman's disappointment, as we may well call Mr. Baker's "Woodland Brook." Who has not started down a promising brook, only to find it spreading out into troutless shallows like this? The sunshine lights up every pebble in the transparent little pools. The brook stretches itself out in sheer laziness, and goes comfortably off to sleep. You are hard by a sign of a current. There are no eddies, no deep holes, no anything, except an occasional miserable minnow. Last summer I fished through the region around Mt. Monadnock, of which there is a picture here by Miss Boott, and, on my way to throw a fly for the curious and beautiful silver trout of Dublin Lake, I crossed a brook in which I saw promise of great things.

Returning, I fished it down, only to find it degenerating into a monotony of untenanted pools, such as the artist shows here, —beautiful to look upon as the sunlight streaming through the tree-tops transformed their rocky beds into a setting of gold and jewels, but wofully unproductive. A different story is told by Mr. C. H. Eaton's "Morning at Lakeside." This is a bright, sunny June morning on the shore of a little Michigan lake. I think this must be the very lake that I camped near, years ago; and, if it is the same, I can answer that plenty of black bass will respond to the invitation of the trolling spoon, and if you follow down its sluggish outlet you will find a heron-roost in the depths of a swamp, and may bag a bird five feet or so from tip to tip. Every out-door man will appreciate the picture, for it is in the rare sunshine of June that out-door life is at its best.



THE WATERING TROUGH.

Some of my readers, who are either pedestrians or bicyclists during their summer vacations, have made the pleasant journey from Plymouth, up the green wooded valley of the Pemigewasset, past the Flume House, into that beautiful glen which forms the setting of Profile Lake. Mr. H. A. Ferguson has traversed this ground, and he shows a painting of "Mt. Lafayette and the Franconia valley." There is no need of crossing the seas and enduring the internal commotions which Mr. E. L. Henry has pictured "In the Roaring Forties," in order to view the snowy peaks of the *Dent du Midi*, with Mr. Coast, or the desolate grandeur of the Austrian Tyrol, with Mr. Stillman. There is mountain scenery enough at home. Messrs. Bristol and Robbins transport us to the Adirondacks, the former in a view of the Keene valley,

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the distant mountains almost lost in the hazy summer air, while the latter has chosen the stirring theme of a "Keene Valley Runway."

Do you know what it is to wait beside some favorite runway, hardly daring to lift a finger against the winged torments of the woods? The baying of the hounds grows nearer and nearer; you hear a crackling in the bushes, and then you are either a much-disgusted victim of "buck fever," or else the forest is all too narrow to contain your triumph. Here the artist portrays a critical moment, when the deer breaks from the trees across a little stream. The Kaatskills, that beautiful region desecrated by the Goths and Vandals known as "summer boarders," is remembered in this exhibition by Mr. Richards with a view of Kaatskill Creek. It might as well be in the Kaatskills, as on the Shenangunk Mountains, in New York, that Mr. Henry has laid the scene of "The Watering-Trough." This, I take it, is the advent of the "summer boarder." Rusticus, who busies himself in unloosing the check-reins, has thoughtfully provided a New York market for his spring chickens, cream, and fresh eggs, and is bringing home his captives in triumph to a diet of fried pork and cabbage, codfish, skimmed milk, and the other "country delicacies of the season." Madame, striving to protect her complexion, is already flushed, uncomfortable, and ready to find fault. The youngsters and the dog are excited and happy. You who are sentimentally disposed may concoct a romance between the thirsty heroine and the youth who turns his broad back so indifferently upon us. For my part, I am inclined to lay more stress on the cool, delicious water which she drinks, — water guiltless of "mains" and lead-pipes, fresh as the ferns and mosses of the little mountain brook, and sparkling down the wide spout leading to the trough with a crystal clearness unknown to Croton or Cochituate.

It is a far cry from the Shenangunk Mountains to the plains of Colorado; but we must make the journey with Mr. Whittredge,



"SAY, GEMMAN, DOAN YO' GWINE TOOK US?"

leaving behind us a view of Mt. Adams, by S. M. Barstow, and *en route* passing "A Forenoon in the Adirondacks," with Mr. Wyant. A little river, skirted with cottonwood trees, an Indian encampment, a glimpse of the plains, and a view of distant white-capped mountains, — these are the incidents of our introduction to Colorado. It is not the great dry plains, stretching for hundreds of miles north and south, and rising through eastern Colorado to the Rocky Mountains, that Mr. Whittredge has painted. Believe one who knows whereof he speaks, for I have coursed jack-rabbits and followed my lithe greyhounds after antelope on these plains, and I have looked down upon their vast, sea-like stretch from the summit of Pike's Peak. An artist like Mr. Bolmer, given

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to painting moors, level uplands, and gently rolling fields, would be at home upon the great plains of the West. Mr. Whittredge, on pictorial thought intent, tells us more of the river and the mountains than of the Colorado plains.

It is only a step across the Raton Mountains into New Mexico, where Mr. Percy Moran has found material for sketches around Santa Fé. An atmosphere clear and bright as that of Northern Africa; Moorish court-yards; streets lined with quaint *adobe* houses, and filled with pack-trains of ridiculous *burros*, guided by Mexicans in serape and sombrero; Pueblo Indians in red blankets; Navajo horsemen in white buckskin, — all this, and much more, is what the artist finds in the far south-west. Messrs. Bierstadt and Yelland take us still further west, to the neighborhood of Monterey, where the park of the Del Monte offers a truly Californian luxuriance of cypress and cedar trees, firs, Norfolk Island pines, the eucalyptus, palms, ferns, cacti, shrubbery, and flowers, such as the chillier east knows only within the doors of a hot-house. But California is no longer a distant land. First the wheel of the emigrant wagon, then the wheel of the Pullman sleeper, and this summer the true wheelman is to cross the Continent. Whether wheeling overland, or tramping staff in hand through the mountains, there is one experience which has become inevitable, now that every other bicyclist and pedestrian is equipped with sketching material or amateur photographic outfit: you are seized with a desire for a permanent souvenir of something along the route. Camera or drawing tablet is whipped out, but just as you begin the task you are conscious of company, and hear, in one form or another, the request, born of the innate egotism of man, to "took us." Of course humanity has the precedence over nature, however humble the wayside group may be. So here is the result, as portrayed by Mr. Charles Bridgman.

It is an easy matter, with the aid of this exhibition, to make a voyage down the Atlantic seaboard; but even such a cruise is not without danger of shipwreck, — witness Mr. Winslow Homer's picture, "The Life Line." From the cliffs to the barely visible spars of the sinking vessel the members of the Life-saving Corps have stretched a rope, upon which runs the pulley securing the free movement of the "sling" suspended beneath. In this is seated a stalwart coast guardsman, one hand clutching the rope, the other occupied in sustaining the statuesque woman whom he has rescued from the ship. Your sympathies are with him. She has gone off in a comfortable fainting-fit, not even shocked by the extraordinary skin-tight swathing of her heavy clothing around her limbs. He is blinded by the scarf which has blown across his face, and his cowhide boots kick convulsively in mid-air, above waves which, in the language of the landlubber, "run mountains high!" Well, there is a stirring sug-



CRAB CATCHING.

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gestiveness in the scene, after all, and I think every true lover of out-door life will join me in wishing all honor to the men of the Life-saving Corps, — the gallant, but shabbily rewarded, patrolmen of our coast.

It is a very different shore scene which Mr. Edward Moran shows us in his "Crab-fishing," — a quiet summer day off Greenport, Staten Island. One lad slowly sculls a clumsy boat among the weeds, while his companion, armed with a scoop-net, meditates the surprise of unwary shell-fish.

A view near Marblehead, by Mr. James D. Smillie, and "A Nantucket Nimrod," by Mr. Parker Mann, carry us on to "The Wild New England Shore," by Mr. W. T. Richards. Yachtsmen will remember the rocky cliffs of the island of Conanicut, in Narragansett Bay, seen in Mr. Richards's picture, against a background of rain and fog. Mr. Arthur Quartley has painted a breezy marine, the original of which can be found any summer day on the Sound. Who does not know the contrast of "Lofty and Lowly"? There is the absurd little coaster, tub-like in model, loaded to the gunwale with bricks, or lumber, or lime, her short, straight bowsprit "rooting" into the water as she tumbles along down by the head, the red-shirted skipper at the tiller watching the dirty, patched sails with wary eyes. Then he turns to look enviously at the cloud of snowy canvas astern. Presently he is overhauled and left far behind by some "flyer" of the New York or Eastern Squadron, her bowsprit and jib-boom saucily tip-tilted, her cut-water sharply hissing through the waves, well covered with canvas, pennants flying, and her spotless decks bright with uniforms, which put the party-colored raiment of the coaster's crew to shame.

Mr. Quartley offers another contrast in a painting of a full-rigged ship, dignity personified, passed by a puffing, vulgar little steam-tug, the embodiment of impudence. For a change from over-much tranquillity, there is a "Norther in the Gulf of Mexico," by Mr. Thomas Moran, and Mr. James G. Tyler paints a vessel caught in a sudden storm, with sailors pitching over the deck-load. Glimpses of Monmouth beach, Coney Island, and Southampton beach come next. Then Mr. J. O. Davidson gives our memories a rub with two historical marines. One depicts the "Battle of Lake Champlain," in the harbor of Plattsburg, September 14, 1814. The other shows the escape of U. S. frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," becalmed among the British fleet, off the coast of Maryland, in July, 1812, but towed safely off by means of a cable attached to an anchor, which was sent ahead in a small boat. Those days of fighting within "wooden walls" were stirring times for seafaring men. The American sailor was neither extinct, nor to be extinguished, as the British commodores found to their cost. But I see, in this exhibition, no pictures of the American navy of to-day.



WHO'S AFRAID

But this way politics lies, and I must imitate the colored hero of the good old story, and "take to the woods." Not that I expect any such remarkable discovery as Mr. W. H. Beard's "Spirit of Spring,"— a pantomime queen, welcomed into the forest by a chipmunk, while the scowling

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greybeard — winter — retires to a hole much too small for him. Nor can I hope for such intimate acquaintance with animals as Mr. Beard evinces in his "Who's afraid?" — a device of wily Monsieur Reynard against innocent Bunny. Reynard, stretched out beneath some ferns, announces himself dead, — a supposition belied by the vicious grin which reveals his teeth and watering tongue. With Bunny there is the same motive of curiosity which draws the antelope to the hunter's red handkerchief. Moreover, Bunny is not above an ignoble desire to triumph over a fallen foe. But there comes another form of the question, "Who will bell the cat?" One rabbit stands, half advanced, half drawn back, pushed on by a weak-kneed brother in the rear. Two others, intent and suspicious, crawl slowly up, their foolish eyes fixed upon the ambushed fox.



IF —

There is need of an "Uncle Remus" to turn discomfiture into victory, and proclaim the final triumph of "Brer Rabbit," and the humiliation of "Brer Fox." Pictures of ruffed grouse and Adirondack deer pave the way to a realistic story of sporting experience, — Mr. J. B. Sword's "If —" The day's hunt is over, and the antlered victim lies in the background, no thanks to the jaunty young city sportsman. His white leggings and immaculate shooting-coat look much better than the careless costume of the veteran hunter grinning sardonically behind him; but neither new leggings nor the latest improved breech-loaders are sure recipes for bringing down deer. The young fellow is beginning to recover his self-confidence. "If a fly had not lit on the barrel; if the sun had not shone in my eyes; if the deer had only waited a moment; or, if I saw a deer down there in the opening now," — why, then the novice, in his opinion, would have won a pair of antlers of his own. Well, no doubt he honestly believes it. He is delightfully unconscious of the quiet smiles behind his back. The tired dogs pay no attention to such talk; they have heard plenty of it. We can leave the chipper young fellow to learn wisdom from experience. More picturesque, if I may press that much-abused word into the service again, is Mr. Wordsworth Thompson's "Moorish Hunters returning to Tangier." Some stately dignitary of the city is riding back from a boar-hunt, a white-bearded dusky attendant, with a mandolin, on one side; slaves, with long guns and a troop of dogs, on the other; while a guard of truculent-looking followers brings up the rear in the journey across the hot sands of the desert.

But this is a diversion. There is no lack of scenes in Ecouen, Concarneau, Cernay la Ville, Chartres, St. Malo, Brittany, Douarnenez, Venice, Spain, and England, if I choose to go so far from here. Let us be patriotic, and hark back from the splendid sports of Tangiers to that truly American form of the chase known to those of my readers who have been brought up in

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rural districts, and illustrated by Miss E. P. Bradley, under the title of "Watching for the Woodchuck." The joys of setting traps for this clumsy, but self-competent, rodent, of chasing him into stone walls, and digging him out with dog and club, are appreciated only by the boys of the country. Their city brethren console themselves, perforce, with the pursuit of the night-prowling Thomas. It is nobler game which Mr. H. R. Poore's "Baying Hounds" are after. They have started Reynard early in the frosty morning, and followed him fast and far. Here, in a bit of boggy, half-frozen ground, the scent is lost. With heads upraised and "waving sterns," the hounds send out sonorous reproaches against crafty fox and baffling water, while their breath rises in white puffs upon the chilly air. This is no anise-seed-bag hunt, you may be sure. The master of these dogs is one of the good old New England sportsmen, who will spend day after day behind a snow-bank or on the lee side of a wall, close to some favorite run-way.

He would laugh at the idea of jogging after a tame fox, just let out of a box, for he is a fox-hunter, and his record shows astonishing figures at the end of every season. Perhaps he is a bird-shooter, too; and then Mr. Tracy's "Bang!" the head of a white setter, alert at the report of the gun, would appeal to him. Thoroughly characteristic is "An Evening in the Fields," by the same artist. Notice the statuesque pose of the beautiful setters as the scent of the low-lying quail comes to their nostrils. These are portraits of famous prize-winners. I grieve to confess my ignorance of their names. The "handler," attired in regulation shooting-garb, beckons the laggard sportsman onward. He should wing his bird when he comes up, for we can trust these dogs; indeed, they may be adding to their reputation at this instant, for the scene may readily be a "field trial" on Robbins's Reef. "All dogs have souls," Mr. Bergh might say; but there is more interest to be felt in such noble animals as these than in such a cur of low degree as Mr. J. G. Brown's "The Wounded Play-fellow," — a mongrel puppy, whose bruised or broken leg is being bandaged by some sympathetic boys. Dogs have fared better at the hands of the artists than horses, for I recall no painting of horses which seems to require mention.

"The Waning Year"— a large landscape by Mr. Bruce Crane — warns me that I have nearly run through with the out-door life of the seasons. Winter remains; but I can hardly expect a reader, amid May apple-blossoms or June roses, to feel a lively interest in "Gathering Christmas Boughs," as Mr. James M. Hart calls his picture, or to prefer the snowy fields and ice of Messrs. T. L. Smith and Macey to the green lawns of early summer. Let us turn our backs on the premature flower and fruit paintings, and descend the stairs. Outside, the piercing April wind, laden with dust, is as chill and discouraging as the climate of San Francisco. After all, out-door life at the Academy exhibition is better, at this season, than out-door life without the Academy's walls.

J. R. W. Hitchcock.



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A NATURALIST IN FLORIDA.

PROFESSIONAL men seldom possess a provoking plethora of money or leisure, and yet many of them are driven at times to seek winter or summer resorts through sheer necessity for rest, or to escape the pangs of disease, and recuperate energies exhausted and prostrated by overwork. Such considerations led me to visit Florida one February; and I intend in this paper to give an account of a hunt after *health* and *Natural History specimens*, from which they can form some conception of Florida as a field for the amateur naturalist.

It had stormed all night, and Friday morning there were six inches of snow on the deck of the "City of Austin," as we stood out of New York harbor before a stiff norther, that soon hauled to the north-east and blew freshly. We made Hatteras in thirty-one hours from New York, and Martyn's Industry Light-ship in fifty-nine hours and ten minutes, which usually requires a run of seventy-two hours.

We had a jolly set of passengers, brimful of determination not to be sea-sick; but as we approached the cape, and the weather became more boisterous, and the seas ran higher, one after another retired in disgust, until Saturday, at dinner, but few gentlemen, and only one lady, reported in person at table. We came to the dock at Port Royal, Monday morning, and I determined to employ the few hours that we should be detained, in examining the right bank of the Neuse towards Beaufort. Less than a mile from the mouth one begins to encounter shell-heaps, which seem to continue at intervals as you ascend the river. A mile and a half from the village, in Smith's Woods, there are some very interesting remains of an old fort, built by the French a little earlier than Fort Caroline, at the mouth of the St. John's. The shell-heaps consist mostly of the oyster, the large quahog (*Mercenaria mortoni*), and two species of conchs (*Busycon perversum* and *B. caricum*). Although it was only February 7, several species of butterflies were captured, and a few early flowers in the fields and the yellow jessamine in the copse and woods enlivened the landscape. We have evidently turned our backs on the North, the snow, and the winter, and are approaching balmy breezes and genial southern skies. At the border of Smith's Woods stands a grand old monarch of the forest, the largest live oak (*Quercus virens*), I ever remember to have seen. They say that three thousand men can recline in the shade beneath its leafy canopy. It is a favorite resort for picnic parties, and would alone amply repay one for the journey to behold its rugged arms and gnarled elbows festooned with streamers of misty gray moss, and its dome crowned with massy foliage of the glossy evergreen leaf that distinguishes this species.

Early next morning we entered the harbor of Fernandina. Here Florida begins for the tourist. Hiring a buggy at the hotel I drove out on the beach, — and such a beach! — as smooth as an asphalt pavement, and almost as hard, it gently slopes to the kissing wave, and presents a long reach of glittering sand, — there is no finer drive along shore on the Atlantic coast. A cooling south-east breeze from the ocean, softened by the sun's warm rays, fanned my face, — I often stopped to gather bright shells and sea-fans, and returned with sharpened appetite to a late dinner.

The evenings at this season — February 8th — are a little cool, and the blazing fire of fat Georgia pine (*Pinus palestris*), in a wide-mouthed, old-fashioned fireplace, is both picturesque and grateful. Amelia Island, on which Fernandina is situated, is a capital station to collect certain species, and I determined to remain another day. I set out at 11 o'clock the next morning, when the tide was out, and returned at 5 P.M., thoroughly tired, having travelled and collected for a distance of fifteen miles. What did I collect? Here is a difficulty. Many of the most interesting specimens in natural history are known only by scientific names. Of these I will give, as far as practicable, general descriptions, with the classification in *italics;* and, perhaps, you will esteem me the more learned — as a certain congregation did their pastor — if I use a few Greek and Latin words that you do not understand.

I took the foot-bridge across the marsh to the old fort, collecting fine specimens of a brown, oval shell, smaller than a humming-bird's egg (*Melampus bidentatus*) and a shell clinging in great numbers to the coarse sedge-grass (*Litorina irrogata*).

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A high tide had swept far up on the beach many beautiful things: from this line of drift I gathered live examples of the *Pinna*, — shaped more like a fan than a feather, — outside horn-colored, and within, iridescent; four to eight inches long, ornamented with strong, radiating ribs, crowned with incomplete hollow spines in one species, and crowded scales in the other (*P. carolinensis*, and *P. squammosissima*), and the *Dosinia discus*, a round, disc-shaped, cream-colored, shining bivalve, ornamented with coarse, concentric striæ, and as large as the palm of your hand. Of the boat-shaped shells, known as ark shells, we found the *Arca pexata* and *Arca incongrua*, each having a rich, brown epidermis, and the latter with unequal valves, the one passing quite beyond its fellow. Here, just above low-water mark, you will find multitudes of that elegant mollusc whose pretty little valves are so much used for ornamental shell-work (*Donax variabilis*) about an inch long, white, and pink, and rose, and brown, variegated with rays and stripes of various colors; it is most appropriately named *variabilis*. But one must know how to find Donax or he will elude the keenest observation, for the retiring swish of the tide-wave only partially discovers him for a moment; quick as a flash his little foot is out and excavating the sand beneath so rapidly that he sinks out of sight in an instant. There is a species of *Donax* at Panama that is much affected by French and native cooks as a delicate dish, and as a *fricassee* or *guisado*, it is, certainly, very delicious. Our species is of delicate flavor, the only drawback being its diminutive size. I found on an old wreck, near the dismantled fort, a new species of *Siphonaria* — a sort of limpet — and along the beach three species of *Tellina* — *T. radiata*, *T. alternata*, and *T. litoralis*. *Radiata* is the bright, enamelled shell, about two inches long by three-fourths of an inch wide, so frequently found as a centre-piece in shellwork. It has a white, polished surface ornamented by pink and crimson rays, beginning at the umbo, but fading out before reaching the margin of the shell. I collected more than thirty species on Amelia Island.

I would recommend, on arriving at Jacksonville, a trip down the river to St. John's Bluff and the mouth, before visiting the upper St. John's. Not long ago I listened to an essay on Florida by the wife of one of our college presidents, depicting in glowing description the luxuriant vegetation and unsurpassed tropical exuberance of palms and flowers, the flashing plumage of tropical birds, and hum of tropical insects. This preliminary trip down the river will effectually dispel all such fanciful illusions. Florida has no tropical scenery, and but few tropical plants — mostly exotics, that need frequent protection from frost — north of the 28th parallel, or say of a line run diagonally across the peninsula from Tampa Bay to Palatka and San Augustin. As to the fauna, it almost entirely belongs to the north temperate zone. The disappointment at first experienced in viewing the low-lying shores of the river, the sombre and monotonous foliage of pine — pine — pine, relieved here and there by clumps of live-oak, and magnolia, and a few other hard-wood trees on the recurring hammock lands, gradually wears off as you realize what a magnificent foil and background this sombre wood scenery makes for the beautiful villas and cottages, "ranchoes," and hotels that peep out at almost every turn and sweep of the river, and crown every slight eminence, often half embowered behind umbrageous live-oaks, or amid orange and citron groves. Despite the monotony, the scenery down the river is charming; and the St. John's Bluff, although but a few feet above the general level, seems quite elevated amidst its environments.

Here on the right bank you find long heaps of oyster-shells, so formed and so extensive when taken in connection with the fact that there are thick beds of oysters in the river, as to suggest serious doubts of their artificial character; but the discovery of broken pottery, arrow-heads, and other stone implements, by excavating these aboriginal *Koekken-moeddings*, dispels every scruple on this point. These mounds deserve to be much more thoroughly explored. They tell you that all vestiges of old Fort Caroline have been undermined by the encroaching river, and obliterated. And yet about half a mile below the most easterly shell heaps, and a few rods back from the river's brink are *two stone houses* about 12 × 14 feet inside, built of square blocks, well laid in cement or lime mortar, and, I should judge, twelve feet high, having narrow windows towards the river, and if I well recollect, the door of one on the east, and of the other on the south side opposite the river. There is not a vestige of a roof, and vines are hiding the walls; close by are broken-down stone

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enclosures which seem to have been gardens. In one of these we plucked delicious *tunas* from a fruit-bearing-cactus clambering over the broken wall. There is nothing to tell how old are these ruins.

From experience of Spanish bridges and stone structures elsewhere I could not hesitate to pronounce them of Spanish origin. Were they outposts; a sort of stone block-houses; or officers' quarters connected with Fort Caroline; or are they of later date? Elevating the shoulders, and turning the head on one side, we can only give the proverbial Spanish answer, "*Quien sabe?*" For the archæologist, Florida is a rich field. There are shell-heaps scattered all along the coast, from Indian river to Fernandina, and burial mounds and *Koekkenmoeddings* on either bank of every considerable river and creek, and along the shores of every lake in Florida.

We opened a burial-mound on the estate of Mrs. Hendrick, opposite Jacksonville, on the left bank of the river. While there was not the slightest objection to exploring the mound, a strange infatuation had seized upon the people that we were in search of treasures, and a former slave of the estate watched every motion. The same fancy seizes on the minds of dwellers along the banks of the Euphrates, and Bedouins of the Egyptian deserts, who turn away with disgust from the Frank carrying off broken bricks, bits of columns, stone images, a tablet covered with unknown characters, or some fragment of a utensil in use five thousand years ago, when they were sure, all the time, that this same Frank was only in quest of gold and silver. Talleyrand was right, "There is a great deal of human nature in mankind."

This mound is thirty-six feet in diameter, and about six feet high, of oval form, with a live-oak eleven feet eight inches in circumference near the south third of the principal axis; another on the west side at a fourth of the transverse axis. On the north, corresponding with that on the south, is a double live-oak that is branching at the ground, of about the same age as the south tree. A cedar, and the stump from which it had been broken in a state of decay, testified more strongly than the oaks to the age of the mound. A trench was cut half across, from east to west, in which were found bits of broken pottery, plain and of the basket pattern, and bones of the deer, the raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), and smaller animals, together with human thigh-bones that had been roasted and cracked open for the marrow.

Parts of three skeletons were found in a sitting posture; but the skulls crumbled to pieces as soon as exposed to the air, and the larger bones exhibited the same tendency, although some pieces of leg-bones and the humerus and femur of one skeleton remain in a tolerable state of preservation since removal North to a drier atmosphere. Measuring the thigh and arm bones with our own we concluded that the aboriginal owners must have reached a stature of at least seven feet. I was accompanied in the examination of this mound by Dr. G. W. Davis, of Jacksonville, the possessor of the most beautiful conservatory of flowers that I saw anywhere in Florida. All the way up the river, from Jacksonville to Palatka, on both banks, are to be found Indian mounds — at Horse Landing, eight miles above; at Rembrants, the outlet of Lake George; at Volusia and Lake Dexter; at Osceola, now Hawkinsville; at Blue Springs; at Spear's Landing, above Lake Monroe; at Watson's Landing, between Lakes Harney and Jessup; all the way to Salt Creek, near its junction with the St. John's. Lyman enumerates about thirty, and new discoveries are frequently made. Landing at Sanford, on the west shore of Lake Monroe, February 17th, we walked out seven miles to the Twin Lakes, all the way through piny woods, or clearings made by sturdy arms preparatory to planting orange orchards. It seemed to me a waste and a pity to burn in log-heaps the grand old pines, many of which were eighty feet to a limb, and straight as a candle; but history will ever repeat itself — there is many a farm in western New York that is not to-day worth half the value of the pine lumber burned off to clear the land.

A mile or so west of Sanford I came to a creek and the ruins of a saw-mill. There were a bridge and a ford; and although I had collected with my net some fine specimens of several species of *papilio*, and other interesting entomological finds, I met here, for the first time, with two typical specimens of the Florida Cracker. Just emerging from the ford was a rude two-wheeled cart, drawn by a single mule, in rough shafts. In the cart the first specimen, six feet high, crouched upon a bag containing two pecks of corn, with a brown jug by his side; lank, sallow, of no particular color or age, — anywhere from forty to eighty-five; his long, thin, yellow

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locks straggling beneath a well-worn palm-leaf hat, his striped cotton shirt open down the bosom, and his pants failing to reach his ankles, though sending down a forlorn hope of tatters in the vain endeavor, and barefoot. Astride the mule, whose ribs seemed determined to burst through the hide drawn tightly over them, sat our second type, — equally lank and sallow, and yellow-haired, clad in the same fashion, his feet almost reaching the ground, and his face exhibiting all the intelligence of a peeled turnip. He might have been aged twenty, or thirty, or forty; but there wasn't a shadow of doubt about the genus or species; he was evidently the son of his father. It must be a happy-go-lucky life, with few responsibilities, where one can afford to exchange the labor of two men and a mule and two pecks of corn for a jug of whiskey. On the roadside, in the openings, and even in the piny woods, the ground was strewn with beautiful flowers; and what with collecting insects and flowers, and travelling over the undulating country, we acquired a ravenous appetite for a bountiful dinner and supper.

We organized an expedition, in company with Dr. Robinson, to examine a mound on the left bank of the Wekiva river, about six miles from Twin Lakes, and three above the ford. At the ford we collected a shrimp, on the banks several *Succinia*, a hyaline snail, and in the river very fine specimens of *Melantho rufus*, a small fresh-water univalve, *Pomum*, a sub-genus of *Ampularia*, the largest of the fresh-water univalve molluscs, *Physa heterostropha* and a *Unio*, or muscle, which has turned out to be a new species. The mound was evidently a *refuse heap*, as we found several layers of coals and ashes, bones of animals and birds, and rude stone implements and broken pottery, but no skeletons. I would advise making a thorough search for *Unios*, in all the lakes and rivers; for although the Florida species mostly belong to the *Complanatus* group, several new species are likely to be discovered. The journey should be continued up the St. John's and over to Indian river; then one can advantageously collect along shore to Halifax river, and San Augustin, a fine station for marine fauna and an excellent point for the lover of the rod and the gun. I would thence return to Jacksonville, and cross the peninsula over its most uninteresting region to Cedar Keys. Several Northern settlers have been deceived by the black furrow left by the plow, usually indicating very rich soil in the north, and confounded to see the crests of the same furrows turned white as snow after a shower. The fact is that the black color does not owe its origin to decomposed vegetable matter, but to sulphate of iron and tannic acid (ink) and readily washes out with the first rain, leaving the bleached sand exposed. This part of Florida is too low, wet, and frosty for cattle-ranges, and useless for anything except its timber and naval stores, — rosin and turpentine, — which furnish nearly all the business for the railroad from Fernandina to Cedar Keys.

But little of interest was observed in crossing to Cedar Keys, — turpentine camps, saw-mills. And once, looking from the window, I saw a fine gar-pike, at least fifteen inches long, in the railroad ditch, in shallow water, apparently only made by the recent rains. Cedar Keys is a capital place to luxuriate on fish and oysters, and to collect marine fauna. Here you fit out for exploring the west coast of Florida. The "thorny conch" (*Hemifusus corona*), all the larger whorled sea-shells are called *conchs* in Florida, the left-handed *pyrula* (pear shell) — (*Busycon perversum*), and the pilgrim shell (the scallop), (*Pecten irradians*), the coffee shell (*Melampus coffeus*), the wonderful sea-horse (*Hippocampus hudsoni*), from Sea-Horse Reef; and many other species will reward your search about the Keys.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ELLA."

A gentleman from Boston, who desired a month's shooting on the west coast, joined me in chartering the sloop "Ella," of $5\frac{40}{100}$ tons, old measurement. And, having provisioned her for a month, on the afternoon of March 7 we set sail for Charlotte Harbor, intending to explore the inland waters, protected by the narrow sand islands between them and the Gulf, known as keys. With a south-east wind we beat out twenty miles, and anchored in rough water, off Chambers' Mill, at the mouth of the Withlacoochee river.

The next morning we beat round St. Martyn's reef, and anchored inside Great Anclote Key, near Hog Island, in St. Joseph's Bay. This is the first of a series of bays and harbors, the most charming that sportsmen can imagine or desire. Waters sparkling clear as crystal, with plenty of oysters, full of a great variety of fish, the home of water-fowl; the sandy shallows visited by heron, fla-

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mingoes, and all the waders; the shores bordered by woods containing plenty of wild turkey, grouse, and quail, deer, oppossum, raccoon, and occasionally a bear. For hunting and fishing, and for collecting specimens of fauna or flora, the west coast is incomparably the best portion of Florida. And there are excellent hammock lands along the shores of these delightful sheets of pellucid waters, and orange orchards producing the most delicious oranges I tasted in Florida, with plenty of room for more. Given equal facilities of communication with the outside world the west coast is in many respects superior to the east, and to the regions along the St. John's. We collected on this cruise more than one hundred and thirty species, of which our space will permit us to give but few of the names. Through St. Joseph's Bay one sails inside the Keys to Clear Water Harbor, most aptly named, for you can see a pin on the sandy bottom at a depth of fifteen feet. On shore I obtained specimens of *coquina*, coarser than that used for building purposes in San Augustin, and silicified oyster-shells, — a species of chalcedony, somewhat like that at Ballast Point, Tampa Bay, — and caught several gaudy butterflies.

We collected bright-colored sponges, brown, yellow, and crimson; the large, long-beaked whorled shell (*Fasciolaria gigantea*); the chocolate-rayed bivalve (*Tapes maculata*), and the larger and more splendid *T. gigantea*, *tellinas*, and many other beautiful shells; and caught a cow-fish and a balloon-fish. We sailed outside through Little Pass (*Boca Chica*) and, after passing Egmont Key and light-house, through the entrance to Tampa Bay known as the South-west Passage, came to anchor under Mullet Key, an excellent collecting station. We sailed up the Manatee river to Manatee, visited Mrs. Warner, and purchased a collection of shells and corals made by her two younger sons. One of these, a sprightly lad of fourteen, caught, unassisted; at the mouth of the Manatee, an enormous *tarpaun*, over seven feet long and weighing nearly two hundred pounds. (The *tarpaun* has large and resplendent scales, much used for ornamental work.) He succeeded in playing the gamy fish until he had tired it out, although at the risk several times of capsizing his tiny craft, and then hauling it alongside, gave the *coup de grâce* with a boat-hook. Unable to lift it into the boat he towed it ashore to add to the family larder.

From Manatee the passage to Sarasota Bay is inside the Keys. Our bonny sloop anchored in New Pass, at the south end of Long Key, where I found a five-fingered star-fish, measuring fourteen inches from tip to tip of the first and third rays. At Great Pass (*Boca Grande*) (the natives still retain the Spanish), we collected the shining oval shells so often seen hanging to keys — *Oliva literata* — the "winged conch" (*Strombus alatus*) and many other species.

It is difficult to compare Clear Water Harbor and Sarasota Bay, except that the latter is the larger; both are incomparably beautiful. Sailing out of Sarasota Bay through Boca Grande, and entering Charlotte Harbor through Gasparilla Pass, it is eighty miles to the south end of the harbor, and we made it before a stiff norther, in eleven hours. The harbor and mouth of Caloosahatchie river come together and find an outlet between Punta Rassa and Sanibel island. On Sanibel — the very name means charming and healthful — a few years ago, a French physician attempted to establish a sanitarium; but old Neptune got angry at his impertinence, and, calling Boreas to his aid, raised a fury of storm-blast and billow, hurling down the fragile structure; waves overwhelmed the highest land and scattered the fragments into the harbor. Whether our purpose to search the shores of Sanibel for "jetsam" equally roused the ire of the old sea-god, or for whatever cause, another such terrific norther came down upon us, nearly putting a disastrous end to the romantic voyage of the "Ella." Saturday, the 18th of March, we lay aground near an oyster-bed. I collected live specimens of *Fasciolaria tulipa* and a new species of *Natica;* and John, our colored cook, brought me from shore a castle-backed spider. Our Boston friend caught a sting-ray and a shovel-nosed shark. We sailed down to the south end of the island, near the outlet of the Caloosahatchie, and anchored in-shore. Sunday night the wind hauled to the south-east, raising a nasty, chopping sea that made it uncomfortable on board.

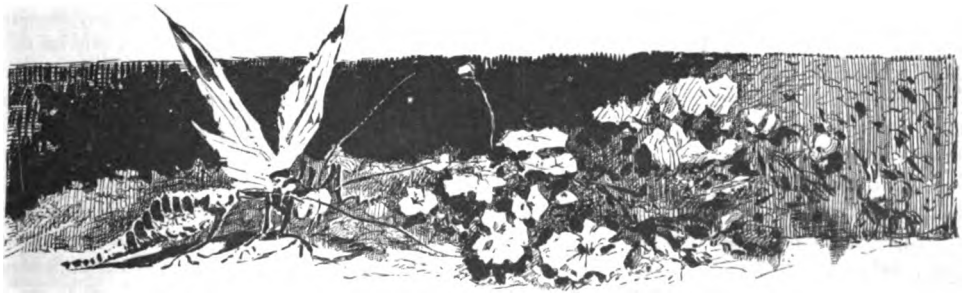
Monday was all excitement. The scouring waves raised by the south-easter had lined the shore of Sanibel with continuous rows of drift and sea-shells of the rarest kinds (we found two good specimens of *Voluta junonia;* a perfect live shell is worth fifty dollars); and sponges of every hue, with now and then a large urn-shaped one known as Neptune's drink-

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ing-cup (*Spolia maris optima*). Sunday night John, and one Anderson, working his passage to South Florida, had extemporized a camp, afterwards exceedingly useful, and slept on shore. All day long I had wandered on the beach, wading, sometimes to the waist, the inlets which the high tide was forming, loading with the choicest treasures a large market basket which I carried on my right arm, while encumbering my left with sponges and sea-fans. Away across the island the sun was setting in angry clouds, portentous of wind and storm. So tired that I could scarcely drag one foot after the other, and watching the camp-fire that "seemed so near and yet so far," I waded the last breach of briny water, and cast down my burden, utterly exhausted; not a taste of food since early morning, and I had tramped well on to twenty miles, and "toted" back at least eighty pounds of spoils. That night, an hour after sunset, the wind backed round to the north-west, and increased to a gale. All went on board. We took counsel what to do; for all our chain was paid out, and we were dragging our anchor, and drifting towards the offing, across which a sea was breaking, which would make quick work with our frail bark if we were once among the breakers. Another moment and our boat broke adrift and floated away.

We bent a three-inch Manilla-hawser on to a spare anchor and cast it overboard, hoping that both anchors would hold us. Directly bringing up, the anchor caught — delusive hope! — it was our bower, held for a moment by the telegraph cable, over which it soon glided, and we drifted on, dragging both anchors. The gale increased; the spare anchor caught the submarine cable, and fairly sang with the strain. In a moment the hawser parted; we showed a few feet of jib and the peak of the mainsail, ran down our anchor, and hauled in the chain until the anchor was aweigh, intending, if possible, to cross over to Punta Rassa; but we could not bring her into the wind; she payed off in spite of every effort. It would not do to be driven on to the breakers; so we beached her on Sanibel. Neptune had his revenge. To show how briefly all this transpired, my note-book says: "At 11.30 P.M. boat broke adrift; both cables out; 11.45, parted cable; 12.15 A.M. struck and ran the little sloop high up on shore." We beached her handsomely. Making a line fast to the mast, and passing it around a tree on shore, as each wave lifted her up on to the beach, we took in all the slack line, so that when the tide turned and ran out, it left her high and dry. This gave a fine opportunity to repair her rudder-post, which was damaged; and, by digging away the soft sand, she was easily launched. To tell of camping several days on the island, the superbest collecting-ground of the whole voyage — of killing raccoons, which John cooked deliciously — of having our boat stranded on another part of the island, from which we despatched John to Punta Rassa for a larger one, to transport us across to that point; of making fine catches of sheep's-head at the wharf at Punta Rassa, using fiddler crabs for bait, etc., — would conclude the cruise of the Ella, from which, in fact, we parted on the island. We chartered the schooner "Isodore B." to intercept, at Tampa, the steamer "Valley City," from Key West, and returned on the steamer to Cedar Keys, on our homeward voyage.

E. P. Larkin



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Time for a Change.

It need not be wondered at, though it may well indeed be regretted, that in an organization including nearly four thousand members, with divisions in many States, with numerous officers, who are also scattered like the membership, there should be some jarring of interests and of action, and some personal, or, in a small way, party conflicts.

When it is further seen that the organization is composed largely of very young men, and, in many positions, officered by those who have had long experience neither in affairs nor in executive capacities nor in moving or directing numbers of men, it could not be expected to run smoothly and noiselessly as a bicycle on a clay-loam road and to exhibit all the calm and sunny growth of a meadow in June.

Those who have watched the course of the League of American Wheelmen, during the past year, have seen it spread and increase and prosper. Taking its general aspects and aggregate results into view it has progressed considerably, and has done something toward promoting the objects expressed in its constitution. As wisdom is justified of her children so is the League justified of its officers and members and of the great body of wheelmen at large.

The past year has, however, been one of unparalleled strife and dissension in its history. Its critics have rushed into print with hot haste, and often with mistaken zeal, to tear down rather than to repair, and its officers, with one or two creditable exceptions, have done little beyond the steady performance of their work to defend its interests or to baffle its assailants. The class-press, with an amazing avidity for trifles, and disdain for the nobler verities, has magnified and paraded personal differences into national affairs, and exaggerated what folly it could find, until it would almost seem that organized American wheelmanship was to be the subject only of derision by the general press, and generally misunderstood and despised abroad.

With the approaching annual meeting of the League, and of wheelmen generally, in Washington, there is a good opportunity for the inauguration of an era of good feeling. Let warm hands be shaken and good comradeship be renewed. With a fusion of interests and a judicious discrimination in disposing the offices; with an elimination of "politics" and private quarrels from League affairs; with a mingling of earnestness and jollity at the banquet, and with a general consent to drop technicalities in administration of the rules, and to substitute cordiality and helpfulness in place of antagonism and disparagement all around, a year of sweetness and fraternal happiness may be made to succeed one of bitterness and strife.

Democratic Sport.

There is something peculiarly democratic and independent about the two most recent sports, bicycling and canoeing, which fits them especially for our use, although neither of them originated here.

It is only the comparatively rich who can afford to keep a coach or a yacht. They often get, no doubt, a good return of health and happiness for their money; but the young man who has his way to make in the world cannot afford any such outlay. The canoe and the bicycle, however, are comparatively modest, both in their first cost and in their later running expenses. There are few purses so short that these are beyond their reach. Then they are both independent. They need no servants on the box or before the mast. It is each one for himself. The yachtsman, or the owner of a four-in-hand, wants a pleasant party to make his tour enjoyable. But the bicyclist's steed is not dependent on company any more than the canoeist's bark. The owners can avail themselves of comradeship

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when it offers, but they can get on very well alone. Both, however lead naturally to a certain amount of club coöperation, which is a very good thing. The bicyclist or canoeist is in no danger of rusting at a club window, or dawdling life out over his cigar and brandy and soda. The athletic clubsman has a definite purpose; something to be done which keeps him from any such petrifaction. To him the club is not a retreat, but a centre of action, and of healthy growth. Democracy takes a newer and more vigorous form; no longer the closet work of the student, or the idling of the voluptuary, or the intense but intermittent strain of the professional, but the healthy, regular, natural, work of an American who understands that acting is living, and healthy action healthy life. The athletic movement of this generation, like every other valuable awakening, is a return to nature, a reaction against formalism.

The Elwell Bicycle Case.

MR. F. A. ELWELL, of Portland, Me., and Mr. Karl Kron, of New York, returned in March last, by steamer "Orinoco," from Bermuda to New York, with their bicycles, which had been taken with them to that island for personal use in the enjoyment of their visit. The bicycles were held for duty at the port of New York, and Mr. Kron only with difficulty secured the release of his because it was of American make, while Mr. Elwell (deserving thanks of all wheelmen for his persistent effort in relieving a general hardship), appealed from the Collector to the Secretary of the Treasury, on the ground that his bicycle, though of foreign make, had once been paid the duty upon, and was, moreover, in the nature of personal effects or baggage. The question was referred by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Attorney-General, who gave his opinion, and was decided accordingly, — the Collector at the port of New York being instructed that bicycles accompanied by their owners may be regarded as personal effects, and "if the facts shall be found to be as stated, you are instructed to deliver the bicycle to Mr. Elwell free of duty."

This decision is of general interest, and appears to establish, for American ports, the same practice which has somewhat recently been established for the ports of Belgium and of Holland, where the customs officers have, through the efforts of wheelmen, been similarly instructed to allow velocipedes of tourists to pass free of duty when accompanied by their owners, when the latter can show that the wheels are only for their own temporary use in the country, to be taken in and out again, or that, having been taken out, they are brought back again "where there can be no suspicion of fraud."

Pilotage.

STEAM-YACHTING is threatened with a new vexation under the bill before Congress for compulsory pilotage. It seems absurd that there should be any danger of a regulation that would injure the sport so seriously; but unless our clubs bestir themselves, and call the attention of the committee to the necessity of a suitable exemption clause, they may suffer severely. The recreation is already overburdened with legislative restrictions without this. Common carriers by sea may require State supervision, but the little private yacht in its familiar haunts is in no such position. The public has so great an interest in the precautions taken by a common carrier that there may be an excuse for some government supervision over him, but there is no more reason for telling a man how to sail his own yacht in and out of a harbor than for compelling him to employ a professional whip for his four-in-hand. The government is altogether too ready with its parental supervision. It has smothered our whole foreign carrying trade to death by its absurd restrictions, and now private recreations are threatened. We might as well have sumptuary laws at once, and be told what to wear or how to cut our hair. Congress ought to be informed that the American citizen is of age, and knows how to take care of himself.

Harvard Races.

THE change in the Harvard Bicycle Race meeting, brought about by the opposition of the Faculty to open races, is worth saying a word about, because it is not so well understood here as in England, and because it is a wise extension to the amateur race-course of the habits of gentlemanly intercourse. The races are not to be open to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who chooses to put in an appearance, but only to invited guests. There is no desire for aristocratic exclusion, but those invited should understand that such an invitation is like an invitation to dine, a compliment to be responded to at once. And once accepted the guest is not at liberty to stay away, unless for some reason of overwhelming importance. Absence would be a breach of courtesy, requiring a seasonable letter of regret and explanation.

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BOSTON, April 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — In the *Forest and Stream*, of April 13, there is an article, by S. E. C., which takes a new position. For years we have been told that length measurement fostered skimming-dishes, beamy monstrosities, etc. For years we have heard pæans over the advantages of depth, mingled with wails over our death-traps. We, in the East, thought we knew better. We knew that we had fast, deep-sea-going yachts, on length measurement. We knew that the much-derided Gloucester fisherman, built on American models, seldom drew less than eight feet, and from that up to eleven or twelve. We knew that this length measurement gave one builder the chance to construct his yacht with a draft of three feet on a thirty feet load line, and another with a draft of eight feet, and thus allowed free scope for the selection of the best model.

But the critic of the *Forest and Stream* did not think so; and to him every mistake of a sailing-master, from the capsize of the "Grayling," on her trial-trip, down to the sad loss of those inexperienced and reckless gentlemen who put to sea at night without chart or compass, seemed the outcome of the preposterous heresy, — length-measurement. Now, however, this gentleman admits "that if a sloop on twenty-nine feet draws seven and one-half feet, and has thirty feet hoist to-day, the future, forced by the artificial stimulant of prejudicial measurement (meaning length measurement) will develop vessels drawing ten feet on the length, with thirty-five feet hoist."

Then length measurement must foster deep boats, able boats, sea boats, as well as skimming-dishes, and smooth-water death-traps; but how can it develop two such diametrically opposite types of yacht as the skimming dish, and the one of ten feet draft on a thirty feet load line, at one and the same time?

The truth is that length measurement does not *foster* anything, but it *permits* all things to the builder which are possible to any system of measurement, and imposes no tax on any form, and compels the adoption of no form detrimental to sea-going capacity.

For proof we point triumphantly to the late correct statement of S.E.C., that it permits depth, while it does not sacrifice speed. In other words, we have the speedy yacht, the safe yacht, the comfortable yacht under length measurement. This is the whole truth in a nutshell.

Beside such a yacht how poor, how uncomfortable, how valueless, how extravagant is the narrow English cutter, so lauded by S.E.C.! A type of yacht that even the S.E.C. refers to in this very article as having caused a "harassing and regretable split between racers and cruisers," in England.

Suppose some leading clubs of this country have adopted the rule of "sail area" and "length" measurement, we yachtsmen of the East do not propose to pin our faith on to any body's skirts because they are of the titled aristocracy of England.

We know that the sail area rule taxes the form of the yacht, whether combined with length or not, or, in other words, handicaps the yacht of the best lines over another of the same type which can carry the most sail in consequence of her form. We know that the committee of the English "Yacht Racing Association" recommended a sail area and length measurement, because they said, in effect, that it would enable their antiquated and slow yachts to race with their best ones. We Eastern yachtsmen have nor arrived at that stage of dry rot yet. It is only the cutterphobists that desire it.

But we have another reason why we do not adopt this new rule, which is, that it is dishonestly applied, so as to favor that absurdity of marine architecture, the English racing cutter.

She keeps half her spars on deck and half her sail in the hold, unmeasured and untaxed, until the moment before the signal gun is fired, when, presto! they are aloft to compete with the honest American craft, which had her spars and sails aloft and measured.

We Eastern yachtsmen do not care for yachts capable of being so jockeyed; we want honest races, honest yachts, and honest measurement, in which alone the future hopes of yachting lie.

Nix's Mate.

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BOSTON, April 15.

MR. EDITOR: — Sometime since I started in company with others, and properly equipped, to spend a few days in the lovely trout district to the north of Three Rivers, a town in the province of Quebec. Embarking in several *barouches*, as they are called in the *patois* of the country, otherwise buckboards, we drove about fifty miles. Our route lay through an extremely interesting and beautiful country, — hilly, and even mountainous. In various land-rifts, and on various mountain-sides, we could see the writing of the glacial era; we were in, in fact, on the oldest hill-tops of the world, — the Laurentides. Up hill and down-hill, across dale and by mead, we had driven, passing many a beautiful little gem of a lake, nestling amongst the lofty pine and spruce, and hidden almost entirely from view by these lofty sentinels; we were now in a district of the wildest description, and were obliged to leave our buckboards and horses at a lonely settler's, more than "ten miles from a lemon," and take to our canoes.

And now the prose and poetry of camping-out came in proper proportion; the prose being when we were obliged to assist the canoe-men in making the portages, and the poetry being the consciousness of propulsion without effort or jar in a Rice-lake canoe through such scenery. Some of the lakes were even ten miles in length, others less than a mile; and their waters, in some instances, were clear as crystal, in others as dark as bloodstone; but all were deep and cold. By eventide we reached our resting-place,

Our camp had been pitched on the peak of a mighty promontory, and the eye was greeted with an expanse of water three miles in extent, enclosed by high sombre cliffs, down whose sides came the waters of a stream, breaking into foam, falling three hundred feet, and shifting their position with each breath of air. To the south, across a strait only a few hundred feet in width, rose hundreds upon hundreds of spruce and fir, aspiring to, "like fire ascending, seek the sun," so dense and so close to the water's edge as to conceal the island whose rocky strata formed their birthplace. A low rumble denoted the existence of rapids or water-falls hidden from view by the dense foliage.

With our rods and flies we descended to the lake shore, the water within a yard therefrom reaching a depth of twenty feet. The trout, all of them speckled, bit freely, and soon enough were killed to form the *pièce de resistance* of our enjoyable supper, consisting of fried bacon, potatoes, hot cakes, coffee, and canned luxuries. A hearty appetite was far better than any Worcester sauce or Yorkshire relish, and far safer in the long run also; every comestible that made its appearance on our improvised table made a rapid exit.

A week was thus most enjoyably spent, and our health was much improved, morally and physically. The point to which I wish to draw attention in camping out, is this: Be certain to have enough comfort and enough work for each member of the party, choosing a district or place, not too easy or too difficult of access, and if Dame Nature is only gracious regarding the weather, each one will enjoy himself; better, however, is it to have healthy hardship and bacon, than luxury and Pommery.

H. B. Stephens.

From Zürich to Luzern.

ZÜRICH, April 2, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — In July last we (two bicyling companions and self) decided to take a run to Luzern, a distance of fifty-six kilometers (thirty-five miles), to enjoy the regatta arranged by the See Club Luzern, in that town. I would never venture to tire you with the description of that tiny trip in my very poor English, had not that very part — *Zürich-Luzern* — become a point of deliberate question to almost any one driving his wheel through the lovely sceneries of Switzerland. There are not less than four roads leading from Zürich to the Vierwaldstätter-See, and if you were to ask somebody here which route to take he would tell you *one* to be the only ridable; the next fellow will give you another one, the third still another, so that, at last, you might say with Faust, "Da steh ich nun, ich armer Thor, und bin so klug, als wie zuvor." Just let me say a few words about the country you will pass through. On the west bank of the Zürich lake stretches the Albis, a chain of hills about three thousand feet high, ending some five miles below Zürich. Between those hills and the lake runs a rather good road alongside the water to the upper end of the Zürichsee. The Zuger and Vierwaldstätter-See are situated on the other side of that hill stretch, so you have to cross the Albis in any way to get there. Most of the bicyclists ride along the banks as far as Horgen, and from there do the ascent, which is a good two hours' walking, and requires a strong, reliable brake on the down-grade. We, however, determined to do just the contrary, and, running down from Zürich to Schlieren, not minding a detour of some miles, would sail right around the outrunners of the Albis, and so avoid all walking parties and brake

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tests. This was theory, but alas! practice was quite another thing.

Starting, morning broke in dull and damp; but we *had* to go, and we did go. Rode to Schlieren, over indifferent road, and behind this village a rather suspicious by-road curved to the left, running over Urdorf to Birmesdorf, when it meets the high road again. The other is what they call a second-class road here, but I should sincerely advise any fellow-wheelman *not* to try the strength of his spring on a so-called second-class road in this country. It was simply awful. Plenty of holes, and cobbles, and mud were to get through, and it was a mere slow steeple-chase over that miserable bit of road till we reached Birmesdorf by a very dangerous hill, steep, full of rills, and stones, and curvings, and I don't know what other impediments. Here the main road was greeted with cheers; but, nevertheless it was a hard struggle to move on the wet surface, the material (limestone) having become soft and sticky by the rain. A walk of about twenty minutes brought us to the top of the hill-back, and a soft descent began, which, however, did not at all leave pedalling unnecessary. Passed through Cham (of A. S. condensed-milk fame), leaving Zug on the left; the weather and road both improved considerably till we reached Luzern in glorious sunshine, and on a hard, dry road, at 12 o'clock. Had a good, but dear, lunch at the Luzernerhof (dépendence of the famous Schweizerhof), and that being over, rode to one of my companions' parents' residence, where we partook of a fine *café noir* and smoke, and witnessed the boat-race from the balcony, the whole course lying just before us. The race itself proved of little interest, the Anglo-American Boat Club, of Zürich, who were very likely to win, indulging in such a slow stroke, and finally, even in a crab, that they were easily beaten by the first and second crews of the See Club, Zürich, scarcely securing third place from the Zuger crew. A canoe race ensued, and some aquatic plays, and the watery part was taken up by the alcoholic and final part. Though the items of the day were of a rather poor description, yet the regatta was well worth seeing, on account of the surrounding scenery, both mountainous and human. The crystal color of the water, reflecting those giant mountains and lovely hills forming the back and side ground of the lake, that glittering of sunlight on the waves and on the gay colors of the flags and costumes, and that lightening of eyes—sweet eyes!—brown and blue, of almost every civilized nation's fair representers, — well, that did not belong to the sport, but it *was* there, and fine it was. After the races we had some leisurely riding along the lake and "Kneipten die Aussicht," outstretched at full length on a fine, elastic moss-bank of the deepest dark-green, a bolster of which a Turkish pasha would have envied us. Then back to town, and after a hearty supper: Addio Lucerna! Home by train.

In concluding, let me say the best route from Zürich to Luzern would be to ride on the west bank of the Zürich Lake to Wollishofen, turn to the right and ride as far as Adliswyl, where the walk up of about an hour begins. On the top is a good roadside inn, "Zum Hirschen," and, if you have an hour to spare, I should strongly advise everybody to walk to the "Albishochwart," half an hour from that inn (on a smooth and almost level road, which is in parts very well ridable). The truly grand view from the Hochwart amply repays the little detour. Another plan would be to go directly westward from Zürich through Wiedikon (suburbs) to Birmesdorf, here turn left, and *via* Cham to the Vierwaldstättersee.

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THE little book on "Woodcraft,"[1] by Nessmuk, is admirable in its way, going over the whole ground of outfit, food, fire, etc., with sound, practical knowledge and not a little originality. The most experienced camper-out will find something new in it, and the tyro will find it a storehouse of practical knowledge. Take, for instance, his recipe for making club bread, that we fancy no club has ever indorsed. The first ingredient is a heavy club of black birch or sassafras two feet long and three inches thick at the big end, shaved clean, and stuck in the ground, small end down, the big end over a bed of live coals, where it will get "screeching hot." Meantime the dough is mixed and kneaded, and then wound in a long strip, spirally, about the broad end, and baked for half an hour before the fire, with frequent turning. Sometimes his woodland instinct against superfluous duffle gives way with dry humor to his appetite. "I often have a call to pilot some muscular young friend into the deep forest, and he usually carries a large pack-basket, with a full supply of quart cans of salmon, tomato, peaches, etc. As in duty bound I admonish him kindly but firmly on the folly of loading his young shoulders with such effeminate luxuries; often I fear hurting his young feelings by brusque advice. But at night, when the camp-fire burns brightly, and he begins to fish out his tins, the heart of the old woodman relents, and I make amends by allowing him to divide the groceries." In canoes, he recommends the light clinker-built cedar paddling canoe, though he confesses that his ten-and-a-half pounder was rather light, and advises one twice as heavy. He also recommends, besides the regular double-blade, a small auxiliary single-blade paddle, tied with a yard of line to a boat-rib, ready for use in a narrow stream, and not lost when dropped for a hasty shot, or by accident. But we must refer our readers to the book itself.

[1] Woodcraft. By Nessmuk. Forest and Stream Series. 18mo. pp. 149. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ROOSEVELT'S well-known work on the game fish of the North[1] comes out in a new and improved edition, some chapters, those on propagation, for instance, being entirely rewritten. He covers the whole range of our fish from salmon and trout to perch, as our readers may remember, and gives a great deal of practical advice about the thousand-and-one details of his art, told in a pleasant and readable way.

AND here let us pause to say a word about a book on the art which is not quite so recent, but is too little known. The sumptuous Catalogue of Books of Angling,[2] by the well-known Cambridge lover of the sport, to whom James Russell Lowell wrote, in acknowledgment of a seven-pound trophy of his friend's skill, —

> "Fit for an abbot of Theleme,
> For the whole cardinal's college, or
> The pope himself to see in dream
> Before his lenten visage gleam,
> He lies there, the sogdologer."

Its seventy-seven pages chronicle too long a list of richnesses for us to do more than hint at, from the eloquence of the forerunners of the immortal Isaak to the last dry treatises of the scientific breeder, who comes in now to restore what the too reckless ravages of civilization had exhausted. The wide margins and beautiful execution of the work will reach the heart of the bibliophilist as well as the angler.

THE publication of the diary of the last colonial governor of Massachusetts,[3] the hated Hutchinson, has excited a good deal of attention, because it gives many details, by a very prominent actor, of a most interesting period of our national growth, — a period when a threat was enough to agitate to war a quiet commercial

[1] The Game Fish of the North. By Robert Barnwell Roosevelt Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 324. N.Y.: Orange Judd Co.,

[2] Catalogue of Books on Angling, from the library of a practitioner of more than fifty years' experience of the art. 4to. pp. 77. Cambridge.

[3] The Diary and Letters of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson. By Peter Orlando Hutchinson. 8vo. pp. 594. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

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nation, and change a life-long loyalty into unconquerable independence. The book, too, claims to furnish the grounds for reversing the judgment of history upon the governor, and force us to acknowledge his stanch integrity; and some of the critics who have hastily examined it have been ready to concede its claims. We regret to say that we cannot go so far as this. It is, of course, very unreasonable to assume that every man who was loyal to George III. was a black-hearted traitor. In order to look at things fairly we must try to put ourselves in Hutchinson's place sufficiently to appreciate his views, though not necessarily to adopt his conclusions. Hutchinson came of a good colonial family. There was a precocious priggishness about his boyish days, when he entertained himself with Fox's "Martyrology," wept over the tragical sufferings of King Charles I., and preferred reading Mather's "Lives of New England Governors" to playing in the street with the other boys; but this soon passed away, and he idled through college, and threw himself, first, into gay society (his wife was sixteen when he married her), and then into business. After he had been appointed judge he even studied a little law; but he soon became prominent in politics, and succeeded Pownall as governor in 1760. By 1765 he had become so unpopular as to have his house sacked by the mob, and, in 1773, the publication of certain letters, written by him four or five years before to Mr. Whately, of London, created a storm of indignation which had not a little to do with the breaking out of hostilities soon after, by opening the eyes of prominent patriots to the designs of the Tories. There is no doubt, that the letters were not a part of the public records, and that they were surreptitiously obtained by Franklin, and printed here against his instructions. This violation of privacy was dishonorable, but it does not help Hutchinson. The important charge against him by Bancroft and others is briefly this: that he tried to curry favor with the popular party by professing zeal for their liberties and exhibiting patriotic letters to his patrons in England, which he did not send; and that he wrote, instead, letters of such an extremely autocratic tendency as to show a desire to curry favor with the king at any cost; and there is also a charge of his being mixed up in some shady tea speculations engineered by his sons. We find little in this portly volume to support or disprove these charges. Bancroft also asserts that Hutchinson advised "the dismembership of Massachusetts; the diminution of the liberties of New England towns; the establishment of a citadel within the town of Boston; the stationing of a fleet in its harbor; the experiment of martial law; the transportation of incendiaries to England," with other measures which he dared not trust to paper. On what grounds Bancroft made these charges we do not know. The letters which caused the commotion certainly do not go so far. The most extreme one describes the patriotic party as "friends of anarchy," "afraid of nothing, be it ever so extravagant," and recommends a permanent "abridgment of what are called English Liberties," as necessary to preserve good order in the colonies. This was not patriotic or peace-making advice; and it was given at a time when a mischief-making governor could do, and did do, an extraordinary amount of harm. He wrote avowedly to spread information in England through his correspondent, who was a member of Parliament in communication with the king; and, instead of explaining the sensitiveness and excitement of his fellow-countrymen, which could then have been allayed by a recognition of their reasonable claim to local government in all local matters, he urged that the extreme measure of taking away their liberties was necessary in order to keep them quiet. It is no wonder that such a proposal excited popular indignation; and, if it was accompanied by the pretences of patriotism which Bancroft speaks of, it gave good ground for the hatred which was aroused. We trust that the evidence on which the charge of double-dealing is founded may be more fully shown or that it may be abandoned; as it is we can only say that, at a time when a more moderate and far-sighted man might have done much to pacify his countrymen, and strengthen the hands of his sovereign, Hutchinson urged the destruction of their liberties, and precipitated a conflict which was fatal to the king's power. No matter what his other virtues may have been, his abandonment and misrepresentation of the popular cause are enough to wither his reputation with the descendants of the men of Massachusetts Bay, whose liberties could only be redeemed by war from the perils with which he helped to surround them.

MR. LODGE has collected in one handsome volume his historical essays, relating to American history,[1] and especially to the great Federalist leaders and their contemporaries, — a field in which his connection with the "American States men Series" of biographies has made him particularly at home. Although they were mostly

[1] Studies in history. By Henry Cabot Lodge. 12mo. pp. 402. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

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called forth by particular books, they are rather of the nature of independent essays than of book reviews, telling the tale over in a new light with fresh thoughts, and sometimes fresh facts, in a style which, if seldom brilliant, is always strong and clear. He begins with an account of the Puritans and their downfall at the Restoration, and then gives a bright epitome of the diary of the Rev. Samuel Sewall, whom Mr. Lodge calls a Puritan Pepys, dwelling upon the striking features of the religious harshness of those early days, and the irrepressible humanity that would break through the hard crust, both of which were so quaintly preserved by the gossipy pen of the Chief-Justice. Then, after a paper or two on English history, which do not add to the integrity of the volume, comes a group of closely related essays on Hamilton, Pickering, Strong, Gallatin, and Webster; and the volume ends with essays on our colonialism, and on French opinions of us early in the century. The one on colonialism is that in which Mr. Lodge writes most freely, without the constraint of another's conception, and it is in itself a sort of epitome of the whole, for the earlier essays were largely devoted to exhibiting the product of the spirit which Mr. Lodge gently describes as colonial, but which is oftener and more vigorously called provincialism. There is no doubt of the fact, that after the first generation of immigrants had passed away, we were contentedly provincial for nearly a century and a half, then discontented and rebellious, but still provincial and narrow, and unable for years to appreciate the full scope of the Constitution which had been produced by the group of great statesmen to which the Revolution had given birth. Our colonialism survived even that extraordinary generation of poets and historians who, half a century later made the second quarter of this century so exceptionably brilliant; taking sometimes a whimsically pretentious and sensitive form, as the remarks of Marryat, Trollope, Dickens, and other visitors, show. The rebellion did us more good than anything else. "We came out self-poised and self-reliant," because we had won in spite of European dislike and distrust. "The sensitiveness to foreign opinion, which had been the marked feature of our mental condition before the war, had disappeared. It had vanished in the smoke of battle, as the colonial spirit disappeared from our politics in the War of 1812." Now it is the fashion for Englishmen to come and stare at us, and print their casual impressions, making "little splashes in the current of every day topics," and explaining to us that our philosophy is a mistake and democracy a failure; and we listen, not without curiosity, and, at last, a superior smile. That form of colonialism is nearly extinct. It is not all gone. Amongst the idle rich, who have drifted abroad, there is an element which made itself conspicuous in the "American colony" in Paris, in the days of the brumagem Second Empire by aping the vices and follies of that vulgar and rotten *régime*. And now, in New York, there is a group of wealthy but empty-headed young men who imagine that they can make themselves aristocratic by copying the fashions of Englishmen. But their silly provincialism is no part of our national life.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Albert G. Browne, Jr.'s valuable address on the growing power of the Republic of Chili[1] has been reprinted by the American Geographical Society. Mr. Browne visited Peru in behalf of the New York *Herald*, of which he is one of the editors, and the facilities which this gave him, his ability and journalistic training enabled him to make the most of. There is no country of South America more interesting than Chili, with whom we were lately so near to war, — war in which we should have been at a great disadvantage, and which we only escaped by a very inglorious and bungling retreat. Chili is not now, like most of the other South American states, the arena of a conflict of races, where the foreign settlers on the shore have all the wealth and culture, and the wild Indian tribes of the interior have all the power. The sea-coast of Chili is an arid and inhospitable desert, valued only for its mineral treasures. The settled portion of her territory is a fertile, secluded river valley, in which Spaniard and Indian have merged together into a new race superior to either of its components. This fortunate result is contrary to the theories of some old-fashioned speculators, who have held that such intermixtures of blood tend to degradation and sterility, but the fact remains. The nature of her territory has forced her people into agriculture, and intermingled and welded them into a homogeneous mass, from which the exclusively foreign elements have been largely excluded. Her government is a powerful despotism, too solid for revolution, and if she is cruel and illiterate, she is not corrupt. She has displayed of late a military aptitude and power which makes her a threatening rival in southern waters, especially since her league

[1] Bulletin of the American Geographical Society, 11 West 29th st., N. Y. No. 1. The Growing Power of the Republic of Chili. By Albert G. Browne, Jr. 8vo. pp. 88.

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with Brazil. Her navy is far more powerful than ours. Her three great iron-clads could easily destroy any vessel in our navy, enter any of our great seaports, and levy an enormous contribution not only on San Francisco, but New Orleans, New York, and Boston. Chili would certainly be unable to seize out territory, — she would not try to; for she could do us all the harm she wished without. We should be equally unable to seize hers, for her fleet would prevent our sending the necessary troops, and we should be cut off from attacking her by sea; so that, for a year or two, we should be pretty much at her mercy. In these circumstances, the war which Mr. Blaine came so near initiating would have been absurd folly. Our readers may remember how closely we approached it. In his effort to support the Munchausen claims of the Credit Industriel, Shepherd's Peruvian Company, and Cochet and Landreau, Mr. Blaine undertook to set up a Peruvian government after Chili had disorganized the legitimate one, and to force Chili to come to terms with it; and Chili in return threatened to declare war upon us. Fortunately Garfield's death saved us from such a misfortune by superseding our foreign secretary by the less obstreperous Frelinghuysen, and our policy was abruptly changed; but it was done with such clumsy haste that our envoy learned of the matter first from Chilian sources. Of course our prestige in South America was badly damaged by so hasty a retreat the moment that Chili looked big and threatened us. The whole affair was extremely mortifying. The evil savor of the claims we were pushing, our preliminary bluster, and later demoralization, form the most mortifying episode in a foreign policy which has seldom been exhilarating. There is a sound basis of policy for the Monroe doctrine, and a wise development of it in the South would be profitable, not only politically, but commercially; but it is folly to talk of it in the present rotten condition of our navy and coast defences.

JUDGE CHAMBERLAIN'S able address[1] on John Adams delivered before the Webster Historical Society, has received much deserved attention. It is not so much a biographical study as an inquiry into the causes of the Revolution, with a view to showing how thoroughly the hard-headed old Puritan understood them and directed them. Understand them he certainly did, not only in their commercial but their religious and political significance, and it is hard to over-estimate the service which this enabled him to render. The point upon which Judge Chamberlain says most is the religious aspect of the issue between the colonies and the mother country, because that had been less carefully worked out by other writers. And he brings forward a store of learning to show how, at the time of the Revolution, this vital issue, after a century of dispute, had taken a bitterer form in the Massachusetts Bay colony. The long-threatened coming of a bishop to this country was an alarming danger, not to the Puritan only, but to colonies like Virginia, where the English Church was recognized; but the increased taxation which accompanied its growth was as unwelcome as the constraints upon free thought which it imposed. Half a century later John Adams wrote: "The apprehension of episcopacy contributed fifty years ago as much as any cause to arouse the attention, not only of the inquiring mind, but of the common people, and urge them to close thinking on the constitutional authority of Parliament over the colonies. This, nevertheless, was a fact, as certain in the history of North America. The objection was not merely to the office of a bishop, though even that was dreaded, but to the authority of Parliament, on which it was founded. . . . If Parliament can erect dioceses and appoint bishops, they may introduce the whole hierarchy, establish tithes, forbid marriages and funerals, establish religion, forbid dissenters." This, of course, was not the only cause. The attack upon town government had a good deal of effect in the North. Every where, North and South, the restrictions on trade were felt with annoyance, and the colonies felt, in their vigorous youth, a consciousness of strength, and an impatience of parental restraint. They regarded the attack upon their old charters, and the attempt to regulate their affairs from the other side of the world, as usurpation and lawless violence, resistance to which, as Adams said, was "not rebellion by the law of God or the land." And this was his feeling to the very end of his life. It was only two hours before his death that he gave to a friend for a toast at the public dinner of the day (4th of July, 1825), "Independence forever."

[1] John Adams. By Mellen Chamberlain. 8vo.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has collected in a charming little volume for American readers a number of the lighter poems of his friend,[1] Mr. Andrew Lang.

> "Laughter and song the poet brings
> And lends them form and gives them wings."

[1] Ballades and Verses Vain. By Andrew Lang. 16mo. pp. 165. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

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says Mr. Dobson in an introductory poem that might have been Mr. Lang's: —

> "With doubtful flight the darting train
> Have crossed the bleak Atlantic main."

And they are sure to find a welcome here; for, although there is nothing great in the volume, there is a plenty of gay music and of tender love of nature. The "Ballade of æsthetic adjectives" is a bright specimen of the first: —

> "There be 'subtle' and 'sweet,' that are bad ones to beat;
> There are 'lives unlovely' and 'souls astray';
> There is much to be done yet with 'moody' and 'meet'
> And 'ghastly,' and 'grimly,' and 'gaunt,' and 'gray,'
> We should ever be 'blithesome,' but never be 'gay.'
> And 'splendid' is suited to summer and sea;
> 'Consummate' they say is enjoying its day,
> But 'intense' is the adjective dearest to me."

There are many sweet nature-poems like the one to spring, after Meleager, beginning

> "Now the bright crocus flames, and now
> The slim narcissus takes the rain,
> And straying o'er the mountain brow,
> The daffodilies bud again."

And the translations are not the least attractive; but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the volume itself.

"HER First Washington Season"[1] is a gentle, pretty story, smoothly written and rapidly read. It is pleasant reading to the end; but it presents no strong salient point for comment. The authoress felt, evidently, that the pictures of Washington society, in "Democracy" and "The Last Administration," needed to be toned down; but her colors are hardly vivid enough to compete with such powerful work.

"A WIFE Hard Won"[2] is a story of attempted crime, the scene being laid in England with a concealed will, and a husband and wife who are forced by a will to marry, but who agree to separate at once. Of course they meet afterwards and fall in love, without knowing their relation to each other, and, of course, it all turns out right, and the villain comes to grief.

"WHAT and Why"[3] is an entertaining little brochure by Mr. Charles E. Pratt, answering a few score of the questions which naturally occur to the wheelman, prefaced with an amusing bicycle sketch, and followed by a variety of items, practical and explanatory, including a *résumé* of the legal decisions in this country by which the rights of bicyclists have been established.

SCRIBNER'S series of "Stories by American Authors"[1] is a good idea. The plan is to collect in each of the handy little volumes half-a-dozen of the best recent American stories, care being taken to have only notable ones, short and pithy, original and striking. In the two volumes so far issued we have that curious character-study by Bayard Taylor, "Who was She?" which is Taylor's most original conception; one of Stockton's absurd ghost stories, in that vein of delightful humor that he discovered and worked so well; a criminal detection story or two, and a number of other bright things, by Mr. Bishop, Mr. Bunner, Miss Tinker, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Spofford, Mrs. Burnett, and others. Most of the stories will be fresh to the reader, as we do not remember seeing any of them in a book form before.

ECKSTEIN'S "Prusias,"[2] a historical romance of the slave insurrection in Italy shortly before the coming of Christ, has been translated by Clara Bell, in a two-volume authorized edition.

THE annual issue of the English *Tricyclist's Vade Mecum*,[3] reviews the progress of the sport for the year past, beginning with a history of the early velocipede movement, giving a description of the various machines in use, and a chapter of advice for the novice, and ending with the year's record of races and other notable tricycling events.

Books Received.

Q. P. Index Annual for 1883. 8vo. pp. 40. Bangor: Q. P. Index Publisher.

31 Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. 8vo. pp. 119. Published by the Association.

The Wife of Monte Christo. 16mo. pp. 492. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Travels in Mexico. By Frederic A. Ober. 8vo. pp. 672. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. The cuts in the article on Mexico, in our last number, were taken from this work.

[1] Her Washington Season. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 207. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[2] A Wife Hard Won. By Julia McNair Wright. 12mo. pp. 320. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

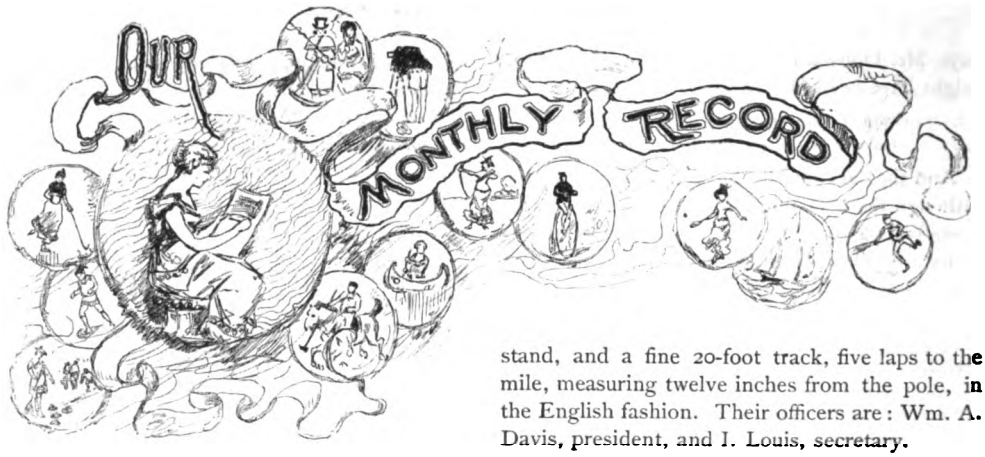
[3] What and Why. Some Common Questions answered. 24mo. pp. 72. Boston: Rockwell & Churchill.

[1] Stories by American Authors. 3 vols. 18mo. pp. about 200 each. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] Prusias. By Ernst Eckstein. 2 vols 18mo. pp. 355 & 235. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

[3] The Tricyclist's Vade Mecum for 1884. 8vo. pp. 224. Hammersmith, London: Cordingley & Sharpe.

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Amateur Photography.

THE Lowell Amateur Photographic Association begins with over twenty members. Officers: F. H. Pullen, president, and R. F. Hemenway, secretary. The association will hold monthly meetings, at which essays will be read, and will subscribe for leading photographic periodicals.

THE Society of the Amateur Photographers, of New York, held its second meeting April 8th, and appointed F. C. Beach president, and C. W. Canfield secretary.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has decided, in the suit brought by Sarony against the lithographic company which reproduced its photograph of Oscar Wilde, that the photograph was an original work of art, protected by the copyright.

THERE is to be a summer school of photography at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, under the direction of Prof. Chas. F. Himes, of Dickinson College (Carlisle, Pa.). The park is on the Baltimore and Ohio, in a beautiful spot near the summit of the Alleghanies, and a summer school of science has been held there.

A Mr. GOLDBEY, of Chicago, is suing a photographer for exhibiting his portrait in a case with some pictures of questionable characters.

IN the English case of Andrews *vs.* Capper, the photographer made a charge for photographing, and a separate charge for each photograph; and the sitter claimed that this was a sale to him of the negative; but the court held otherwise, giving the negative to the photographer.

Athletics.

THE Union Amateur Athletic Club, of Boston, have secured fine grounds on Dartmouth street, and are constructing a base-ball diamond, a grand stand, and a fine 20-foot track, five laps to the mile, measuring twelve inches from the pole, in the English fashion. Their officers are: Wm. A. Davis, president, and I. Louis, secretary.

W. G. GEORGES, the English amateur runner, has made ten miles in the best time, — amateur or professional, — yet made, 51m. 20s.; six seconds better than Deerfoot's previously unsurpassed record in 1863. The race was an open handicap, and the winner came in in good condition.

THE American Lacrosse Team played the Harvards on April 26th, showing an improvement in team-work, and making three goals to their opponents' nothing.

THE Gentlemen's Road Club is a new amateur coaching club of Boston, with Charles H. Joy for president. An inaugural drive to Hyde Park is soon to come off.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE second great excursion of the Chicago Bicycle Club is to start from Chicago on the 13th, and leave Niagara Falls July 14th. "A fitting commencement of the tour is at Niagara Falls. Here, at the International Hotel, will be the meeting place with other wheelmen of the tour. From thence the route lies over the foot Suspension Bridge, and along the edge of the grand Niagara river to its mouth; the trip across Lake Ontario and the afternoon and night in Toronto. Then the four days of wheeling along the north shore of Lake Ontario, through the richest section of Canada, and over the finest wheeling in the province. A day and a half among the Thousand Islands, and the next day's trip through the famous Rapids of the St. Lawrence river to Montreal. An evening in Montreal, and the next half day's tour along the shore of the picturesque Lake Champlain, and the visit to Ausable Chasm. A day's steam-boating on Lakes Champlain and George, stopping at all points on the way, with an afternoon's wheeling at the foot of Lake George. Saratoga and its superb roads, and the half day's run

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over famous revolutionary ground and fine roads, to the Hudson river. The Hoosac Tunnel and scenery of Northern Massachusetts by rail, and the day and a half wheeling through New England villages and over roads famous in bicycling history, to the climax of the tour, Boston. The three days' wheeling about the matchless roads and suburbs of Boston, down the Atlantic coast with the Kennebec tourists, and return westward by rail, either direct, or *via* New York." The expense from Niagara to Boston and return will be fifty dollars.

THE following is the proposed route for the L.A.W. parade in Washington: Starting from the Arlington, to I, to Fifteenth (west side), to Pennsylvania avenue (south side), to First street west, countermarching around the Peace monument; Pennsylvania avenue *via* Fifteenth street, through President's grounds, to Washington circle; out New Hampshire avenue to P street circle, to Connecticut avenue, to Rhode Island avenue, to Thirteenth, to New York avenue, to Ninth, to Massachusetts avenue, to Thomas circle, to Vermont avenue, to Arlington Hotel.

A petition having been presented to the Nashville (Tennessee) City Council that the riding of bicycles be prohibited by ordinance, it was referred to the City Attorney and the Board of Public Works, and the result appeared on April 28th, as follows: "The power of the Mayor and City Council to enact an ordinance prohibiting the use of bicycles on the public streets of the city, is, to say the least, extremely doubtful. The bicycle is, not a nuisance, *per se*, any more than many of the vehicles in common use, and unless it can be shown that their use constitutes a great danger to the public safety or convenience, it would, in my judgment, be the unnecessary exercise of a very doubtful power to pass an ordinance of the character prayed for in the written petition.

"J. C. BRADFORD, City Attorney."

The recommendation of the Board of Public Works is as follows: —

"The Board of Public Works and Affairs concur in the opinion of the City Attorney, and respectfully recommend that the prayer of the petitioners be not granted.

"T. A. ATCHISON, *Chairman*."

The recommendations were concurred in by the Council, and the petition rejected.

THE chief consul of the C.T.C. has arranged a pleasant excursion to Poughkeepsie on the 21st, for his *confrères*.

Bicycling in Nebraska is making a spring start. Messrs. C. C. Boslaw and W. M. Bemis, "the twin stars," made thirteen miles in fifty minutes, in a recent run from Aurora to Sutton, over rough country roads with four great hills. They propose to make a tour through Western Nebraska to Colorado, this summer, returning for the autumn races, and Mr. Bemis will probably take the field as a professional.

The roads are settling down into a good condition in California. In San Francisco and Oakland, where the wheelmen are thickest, the park is open every day, and there are sixty miles of good macadam roads round Oakland, and the road south to San Juan, and northward in some of the valleys, furnishes good riding.

THE bicyclists of Ashland, Kentucky, have organized as the "Park City Wheelmen"; President, E. M. Roberts; Secretary, Ashland Poage; Captain, Charles Martin. The uniform is black stockings, dark-blue breeches, and gray shirt and hat, and the members belong to the L.A.W.

THE Pequonnock Wheelmen, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, have chosen for officers for the ensuing year: G. H. Johnson, president; E. S. Sumner, secretary, and J. H. Smith, treasurer.

AT the regular monthly meeting of the Heights Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, the following officers were elected for the following year: F. J. Milhan, president; C. S. Averill, secretary; T. G. Condon (who won the recent three-mile handicap race), captain. The club took a successful thirty-five mile trip on Good Friday to Orange.

THE Brooklyn Bicycle Club has elected the following officers: Wm. F. Guller, president; Chas. G. Koop, secretary; H. R. Elliot, captain.

THE Tremonts, of Boston, have elected the following officers: President, C. J. Upham; Secretary, E. A. Hemenway; Captain, Richard Booth.

THE Capital Bicycle Club gave a brilliant house-warming reception to all their friends on April 23. The club-house is one of the most complete in the city, with a wheel-room below, a reception-room and library on the first floor, with card and billiard rooms above, and a gymnasium in the attic.

AT the benefit of Woodside and Morgan, April 12, at Chicago, the five-mile bicycle race of Hammel *vs.* Van Sicklen was won by the former in 19m. 9s. The parties were nearly evenly matched.

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THE Chicago Club has wisely decided instead of publishing a monthly paper to issue five thousand maps, giving the details of the club tour from Niagara to Boston, which promises to be a great success.

THE Detroit Bicycle Club plan a week's trip in Canada, over much the same ground as the great Canada tour of last year.

The officers of the Fitchburg Bicycle Club elected, April 23, are: W. W. Lowe, president; Geo. A. Wilson, secretary; T. W. Colburn, captain.

THE Mercury Wheel Club has been organized at Flushing, L.I., as a League club, with the following officers: President, Wm. Kissam, Jr.; Secretary, M. F. Covert; Captain, A. P. Cobb.

THE Royal City Club (Guelph, Ont.) elected, April 8, Geo. Sleeman, president; H. J. Harris, captain, and D. Allan, Jr., secretary.

A GALION (Ohio) club has been organized with J. A. Klosfenstein, president; Charles A. Snyder, secretary, and F. H. Bowlby, captain.

THE Goderich (Ont.) Club elected officers, April 8: President, T. F. McLean; Captain, G. B. Cox; Secretary, J. H. Vidal.

THE Hudson County Wheelmen have chosen H. Weinhagen, president; H. Henning, secretary, and E. W. Johnson, captain.

THE Harrisburg (Penn.) Club has elected for the coming year the following officers: Charles Small, president; Geo. A. Gorgas, secretary; Ed. M. Cooper, captain.

THE Kankakee Bicycle Club have for their new officers: Clarence E. Holt, president; F. E. Drake, secretary; Arthur B. Holt, captain.

AT the annual meeting of the Kenton Club, Robt. A. George was elected president; Geo. E. Crane, captain, and J. A. Kuert, secretary.

KINGSTON (Ontario) lately elected officers: President, John Carruthers; Captain, W. C. Carruthers; Secretary, D. F. Armstrong.

THE Lawrence Bicycle Club have elected: M. D. Currier, president; W. L. Barrell, secretary, and T. S. Webb, captain.

THE Long Island Wheelmen (President, W. W. Share; Captain, A. W. Guy: Secretary, S. W. Baldwin) is prospering, and now numbers twenty-five.

THE Star Bicycle Club, of Lynn, Mass., has chosen officers: President, F. S. Winship; Secretary, W. S. Pervear; Captain, F. J. Faulkner.

THE Leominster Club elected officers, April 7: President, W. H. Chase; Secretary, Edmund Munsie, Captain, C. A. Joslin.

THE officers of the Mt. Vernon (Ohio) Wheelmen are as follows: President, W. A. Baker; Captain, H. C. Plympton; Secretary, W. H. Crumley. The uniform is to be a pigeon-gray flannel jacket and breeches, and black stockings.

ON April 4 the Manchester Bicycle Club elected their officers for the year: President, H. M. Bennett; Secretary, L. G. Tewksbury; Captain, E. A. Mcqueston.

AT the annual meeting of the Mt. Vernon Bicycle Club, held April 3, the following officers were elected: A. E. Fauquier, president; Philip H. Lucas, secretary, and Frank T. Davis, captain.

The Montreal Club, at its sixth annual meeting, elected: H. S. Tibbs, president; J. D. Miller, secretary, and J. H. Low, captain. The club had seventy runs last year, covering nine hundred and thirty-two miles.

THE Millville (New Jersey) Club has chosen Herschel Mulford, president; John N. Reeve, secretary, and Thomas B. Somers, captain.

AT the annual meeting of the Missouri Bicycle Club, Geo. C. Oeters was elected president; Chas. E. Jones, secretary, and Fred A. Beckers, captain.

THE Newton Bicycle Club, on April 12, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, F. Morris; Secretary, C. W. Clapp; Captain, J. C. Elms, Jr.

THE Newcastle (Can.) Club has chosen W. H. Chandler, president; E. Bowie, secretary, and A. B. Kent, captain.

THE Ottawa (Ont.) Club elected officers, April 7: President, G. A. Mothersill; secretary, W. S. Odell; captain, P. M. S. Jenkins.

THE Peoria Bicycle Club is flourishing, notwithstanding its loss by fire last fall. The president is W. S. Irwin, and secretary Robert Clarke.

THE Rome (N. Y.) wheelmen have organized a club. President, E. B. Cantine; Captain, S. A. Freer; Secretary, H. J. Rowland. The club has taken rooms and is prospering.

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THE Pennsylvania Bicycle Club will hold a reception May 6th. The club call for 1884, by our contributor, Ninon Neckar, ends as follows:—

"Faster, Pennsylvania,
Let the bugles ring,
While the listening hill-side
Back their echoes fling.

"River song and ripple
Greet us as we glide,
Near where stars are dipping,
Deep in Schuykill's tide."

THE Paris (Ont.) Club organized April 7, with Thos. Hall, president; Chas. P. Pipton, secretary; and D. C. Carson, captain.

THE Ramblers (Boston) give something new on Decoration Day: a 'cyclist's picnic, for ladies and gentlemen.

THE Springfield Club has elected W. N. Winans, captain; and is having a medal made for Frazier, for his successes last fall.

THE Hawthorne Club, of Salem, has elected Warren Gray, president; Alden Babcock, secretary; and William Boudreau, captain. They propose to make a hundred mile run on Decoration Day.

THE St. John (N. B.) Bicycle Club organized April 10, with W. A. Maclachlan, captain; and H. H. Godard, secretary.

THE wheelmen of Springfield, Illinois, have organized the Lincoln Home Bicycle Club, and elected officers as follows: President, Fred Clarke; Secretary, I. J. Kusel; and Captain, A. Buckley.

The Schenectady Bicycle Club (of New York), at its last regular meeting, elected the following officers: S. R. James, president; Jacob W. Clute, captain; and Edw. L. Davis, secretary. The members are Leaguers and C.T.C. men, and will wear the gray uniform of the C.T.C. this summer.

THE St. Louis Bicycle Club has been reorganized.

THE Trojan Wheelmen held their annual meeting April 9, and after a spirited contest the following officers were elected: President, T. B. Way; Secretary, Frank E. Myer; Captain, J. R. Torrance. Surgeon Marshall presented the club, which has about fifty members, with a handsome plush banner in the club colors.

THE Weymouth (Mass.) Club has elected B. W. Burrell, president; Fred'k T. Hunt, secretary; and Chas. G. Sheppard, captain.

THE Waltham (Mass.) Club is reorganized with the following officers: President, Wm. Shakespeare; Captain, S. A. Butler; Secretary, Geo. F. Walters.

OUR contemporary, the *Wheel*, states that Mr. Cantell A. Whopper, of Alacazaen, Kansas, made the run from that town to Kansas City, 183 miles, on a tandem with a light square sail rigged on the connecting bar, and a good breeze, between 1.15 P.M. and 2.18 P.M. of the same day. The editor states that "this is probably the quickest time ever made."

TANDEM riders must remember that steering the hind wheel is like guiding the wheel horse in a tandem team. You cannot turn it at once in the same direction as the leader when he turns, or you will get out of line and risk a fall. The wheel horse must follow in the leader's track, and turn a little later.

A DEDHAM tricyclist stopped at a grocery the other day to make a few purchases, and the grocer told him that he "did not think the thing amounted to much; he'd rather have a wheelbarrow, that you could wheel a barrel of flour round on." The 'cyclist said that he could do that on his machine, and the grocer told him that he would give him a barrel if he could. Whereupon the 'cyclist lowered his seat, put on a barrel, and pedalled gently off home, leaving behind him a sadder and a wiser man.

THE New York Park Commissioners have made a whimsical decision, admitting bicycles, but excluding tricycles.

THE Kennebec Wheel Tourists propose to leave Boston on the 27th of July, and go by rail from Lynn to Gardiner, wheeling to Waterville on the 30th, Skowhegan on the 31st, Bingham Aug. 1, Forkes Aug. 2 and 3, and then back. The trip lies along the valley of the Kennebec, in fine scenery, with good hotels, and then through the wilderness, over the military road, to Canada. The distance to be traversed on the wheel is only about twenty-two miles a day, and the cost of the trip will be $25, all told. F. A. Elwell, of Portland, will give further information.

THE anti-bicycle law passed the Kentucky legislature, but applies restrictions only to certain counties in the State, for which wheelmen care little.

THE captaincy of some of the Western clubs is decided on the strictest principles of competitive reform. They have a race, and the winner takes the office.

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IN the races of horse *vs.* bicycle, in San Francisco, Louisa Armaindo won the 5-mile in 22.17, and John S. Prince won the 70-mile in 1.21.50. In the six-day the same riders won, making 1,073 miles. Their competitor, Anderson, used fifteen horses.

REX SMITH has been photographed riding down the steps of the capitol at Washington.

IN the recent case of Dalton *vs.* Milliken, for injuries received by a bicycle from a team on Sunday, the court held that as Sunday pleasure travelling is forbidden in Massachusetts the defendant would not be liable for mere negligence, but the injury must be shown to have been wilful or malicious.

THE Springfield *Wheelmen's Gazette* is announced to appear in May. It will be monthly, under the editorship of Henry E. Ducker.

THE *Western 'Cyclist* is to appear semi-monthly, with a guaranteed circulation of 10,000.

FOREIGN.

A NOTABLE meeting, called by the Tricycle Union, was held at Westminster Palace Hotel, on the 25th of March last, in furtherance of the object of securing the opening to tricyclists of certain parks from which they are now excluded. Letters were read from several members of Parliament, and other prominent English gentlemen in sympathy with the movement. Dr. Richardson, president of the T. U., stated the object to be, not to precipitate a legal contest for enforcing their rights, but to obtain, in a gentlemanly and peaceable way, the privilege of riding in the parks. Mr. Firth, M.P., in an opening speech of excellent temper, and perspicuous in manner of setting forth the question, and the authorities by which it must be settled, concluded with moving a resolution that "it is most desirable that the riders of tricycles should be allowed the same privileges in all the metropolitan parks that are extended to them in other parks in the provinces." Dr. Heywood Smith seconded the resolution, and, after other interesting discussion, it was adopted.

THE Union Vélocipédique de France has been endeavoring to establish an *entente cordiale* with the National 'Cyclist's Union, and to clear the way for British residents in France to participate in races for other than money prizes. The Britisher is, however, whatever initials he affixes to his name, very tenacious of his "amateur rule," and the compromise suggested by the U. V. F. was tabled.

ANOTHER exhibition of British tenacity is afforded by the notice from the N. C. U., that any rider competing in the championship race of the Tricycle Union will be liable to suspension, and that these rules will be strictly enforced.

A NUMBER of the English clubs having runs fixed for the day on which the funeral of H.R.H. the Duke of Albany took place, patriotically postponed them.

A MOTION was recently offered and passed at an executive meeting of the N. C. U., "that an amateur 'cyclist who accepts from his own club, or from a club, or any person promoting sports at which he competes, or from any such source, any payment for his expenses shall be liable to be suspended," etc. Whereupon a leading 'cycling weekly paper points out that a prominent "amateur" is training at considerable expense on a particular make of machine, asks who is supplying "the needful," and gives a sharp hit at the "kept amateur class."

THE racing season in England was opened in April, and several attractive events were held. A 50-mile international race, at Aylestone, was won by T. Battensby, of Newcastle, in 3h. 23m. 26⅘s. A 20-mile championship race, on the Belgrave road grounds, was won by R. Howell, of Coventry, in 1h. 5m. 33⅘s. Mr. Howell was also winner, later, of a 10-mile race, over De Civry, C. Terront, and others, in 35m. 24⅘s.

SIX members of the Ballarat (Australia) made an eight-day excursion in February last, extending over a route of four hundred miles.

THE Veloce-Club Turinese has announced a programme for the grand races at Turin in August, including the following:—

An international 12,000-metre bicycle race, for a first prize of 1,000 francs and a gold medal; a second prize of 500 francs and a silver medal; a third prize of 200 francs and a bronze medal; and a fourth prize of 150 francs; and an international 2,600-metre tricycle race, for a first prize of 300 francs and a gold medal; a second of 150 francs and a silver medal; and a third of 50 francs and a bronze medal.

THE Veloce-Club de Turin offers to furnish three prizes of *objets d'art* for a bicycle race open to wheelmen of all nations who have never run for money (to be strictly an amateur race, under N. C. U. rules), if at least six foreign clubs will definitely lend their adhesion to the plan. Several Italian clubs have promised their concurrence. Full information regarding the races may be had by addressing Gustave Brignone, avocat, secretaire du V.-C. T., 3 Rue Consolata, Turin.

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Canoeing.

THE Toronto (Canada) Canoe Club is one of the most progressive in the A.C.A. It has recently adopted a new and trim gray uniform. Four new members were elected at the last meeting, and four or five new canoes will be added to the fleet this year. It is expected that the club will have a commodious club-house before long.

THE new membership certificate of the American Canoe Association, designed by R. W. Gibson, of the Mohican Club, Albany, is a unique and attractive one. A special feature is found in the blank flags in the border on the left, ready to receive the owner's signals.

ON Wednesday evening, April 23, seven gentlemen met at the office of OUTING, and organized the Hub Canoe Club, of Boston, electing Chas. W. Hedenberg, captain; Theodore Walter, mate, and Geo. E. Dutton, purser.

THE Pelican Canoe Club was organized at Young's Hotel, Boston, on April 16, with a membership of twenty, and ten canoes. The club will be exclusively of birch-bark canoes. Commodore, W. H. North; Secretary, B. J. Bowen.

THE Rochester Canoe Club has adopted the titles of Captain, Mate, and Purser, instead of the cumbersome nomenclature of Commodore, Vice-Commodore, and Secretary-Treasurer. Several new canoes are building for the club, and they have a commodious new two-story club-house.

THE Whitehall (N.Y.) Canoe Club was organized April 16, 1884, with R. E. Bascom, commodore; E. P. Newcomb, vice-commodore; W. W. Cooke, Jr., secretary and treasurer; W. C. Blodgett, measurer. There are eleven active members, nine canoes, one cutter, one yawl, one cat-boat.

THE Ianthe Canoe Club was recently organized at Newark, N.J. It embraces twelve members and nine canoes, and has a club-house on the Passaic river.

A canoe club was organized in March, at Oshkosh, Wis., with six active members, all canoe-owners.

Pleasure Travel.

THE new Pullman Buffet cars are rapidly making for themselves a wide popularity. The Erie Railway has just adopted them, and is now running a through daily train of Buffet Sleeping Coaches, from New York to Detroit, and other points in Michigan, in conjunction with the Grand Trunk Railway. The attractive feature of these cars is that the attendant can prepare at any time a lunch from the well-appointed Buffet, which is placed at one end of the car. An electric bell-call at each chair enables one to summon the porter without rising.

THE proprietors of "The Wentworth," at Newcastle, N.H., have purchased of the Abbott-Downing Company a handsome tally-ho coach, for the use of the guests of that resort. Six bay horses with English harness complete the equipage. The entire turnout, said to be the finest in the country, cost $6,300.

MR. S. D. THOMPSON, well known lately as the manager of the "Pemberton," at Hull, will return this season to the "Kearsarge," at North Conway, N.H., associating with himself in the management Mr. Alfred Schoff.

THE Milwaukee, Lake Shore, & Western Railway Company have issued a most attractive and artistic guide to the forests, streams, and lakes of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. The pamphlet, entitled, "A Bohemian Adrift in a Wonderland of Lakes," is entertaining as well as picturesque. This enterprising company have introduced a novelty on their line in two new "fishing and hunting cars," designed and built for the special convenience of parties of sportsmen, who can charter the cars at a very reasonable charge. Mr. H. F. Whitcomb, of Milwaukee, is the general passenger-agent of the road.

Rowing.

THE forty-first annual eight-oared race between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, England, was rowed on April 7, with Cambridge as the winning crew. The race took place over the usual course on the Thames river, the day being cold, stormy, and windy. Cambridge was the favorite, and won by three lengths. Of the forty-one university races now rowed, Oxford has won 22, Cambridge 18, and one race resulted in a dead heat.

AT the annual meeting of the Nereus Rowing Club, of Flushing, L. I., the following officers were elected: President, Henry W. Baldwin; Vice-President, E. V. W. Rossiter; Treasurer, E. Morris Franklin; Secretary, W. H. Clarke; Captain, R. J. Lowden; Lieutenant, J. Robert Embree; Board of Managers, James Breath, Jr., Dan C. Beard, H. W. Baldwin, Ed. M. Franklin, Robert J. Lowden.

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Shooting and Fishing.

THE Independent Rod and Gun Club, of Rochester, N.Y., was organized on March 25, 1884, with H. Ritter, president; T. J. Zimber, secretary, and a Vigilance Committee of three. Its object is the protection of fish and game, and the promotion of legitimate sport with rod and gun.

THE London *Fishing Gazette* has presented to the American Fishculture Association ten thousand English trout-eggs. They are from the well-known hatchery of Mr. T. Andrews, whose establishment is one of the finest fish-farms in England. He has a system of forty ponds, ranging in size from two acres down to a few square yards, with facilities for hatching over two million eggs in the season. Mr. Andrews states that for twenty-four hours after being stripped from the fish the eggs can be handled with impunity; then for three or four weeks, until "eyed," they require delicate care. When fairly "eyed" they will stand an incredible amount of manipulation. Indeed, Mr. Andrews once upset a box of twenty-five thousand eggs upon the floor and then swept them up, without appreciable injury.

FLORIDA is not only attracting much attention in this country, but also abroad. A correspondent of the London *Field* says, in a recent issue, that he has travelled alone constantly for five years in various remote countries, tropical and otherwise, and has found no country that offers so good a field for a colonist's life as Florida. Food is cheap, game and fish plenty; his cost of living was 15 cents a day; hotels and social tone are good. All this he states for the benefit of young men who want the out-door life of the Western cattle ranch or wheat farm.

SETH GREEN, the father of American fish-culture, began his experiments at Holyoke, on the Connecticut river, in 1867. The shad fishermen, who believed that he would cheapen the fish by making them plenty, opposed his work by force, destroying his nets and boxes.

AMERICAN white-fish are about to be introduced into English waters. The Marquis of Lorne has lately received a half million of white-fish eggs direct from our Great Lakes, with which to stock British waters.

HENRY IRVING, according to the London *Fishing Gazette*, is an expert angler, and gets the greatest recreation out of a quiet day on a trout stream.

DURING the past year the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts have stocked the Pemigewasset river with 400,000 salmon fry, and have 600,000 Penobscot salmon eggs on hand for this season's plant. There were distributed last year 50,000 brook trout. It is the intention to extend the cultivation of brook trout. The coöperation of all law-abiding citizens in those States is asked for the enforcement of the fish and game laws. The commissioner of New Hampshire states that although the laws are ample, game and fish are being exterminated, because "it is more difficult to convict a poacher than a murderer." In New Hampshire, during December, January, February, and March, last, 200 deer, 1 moose, and 1 caribou, were illegally killed. In Lake Winnipesaukee hundreds of trout are killed yearly on their spawning-beds, by net and spear, and it is impossible to obtain evidence against the guilty parties.

THE New Jersey Fish Commission report that successful experiments have been made by Mr. Geo. Ricardo, Fish Warden, of Bergen County, towards the propagation of smelt. It has been found possible to procure impregnated ova and hatch the fish, but on account of their infinitesimal size, it is very difficult to confine and care for them until they are of suitable size to be liberated in the streams.

OWING to the ravages of "tourists," game birds and birds of plumage have noticeably decreased in Florida. The steam-boat officials have stopped promiscuous firing from the deck, which gave the steamers, it is aptly said, the appearance of gun-boats in action. Commercial demands for bird skins and plumage have led to wholesale destruction.

THE St. Louis Gun Club's dog show, held in April, numbered two hundred and sixty-five entries, with many bench and field celebrities.

Yachting.

THE schooner yacht "Fortuna," Mr. H. S. Hovey, of Boston, arrived in New York late in April, after a most successful 5-months' cruise in the West Indies, having shown herself a stanch cruiser in weathering some of the heaviest winter storms of our Atlantic coast. The "Fortuna" was built in Brooklyn, by Messrs. C. & R. Poillon, from designs by Mr. A. Cary Smith. She is 112 feet over all, 105 feet on the water-line, 22½ feet beam, and draws 12 feet of water.

YACHTING languishes in Germany on account of the burdensome restrictions imposed on

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yachtsmen in common with the merchant marine. A yacht leaving port for even an hour's sail must clear with formal papers and submit to custom regulations and red tape on return.

THE New England Yacht Racing Association was finally organized in Boston, on April 23. The following officers were elected: President, W. Lloyd Jeffries, Beverly Y.C.; Vice-President, L. M. Clark, Dorchester Y.C.; Secretary-Treasurer, B. W. Rowell, West Lynn Y.C.; Executive Committee, with president and vice-president, *ex-officio*, E. C. Neal, Lynn Y.C.; C. A. Perkins, Hull Y.C.; C. P. Pike, Jeffries Y.C.

THE "Lagonda," built for Mr. J. C. Hoagland, by John Mumm, of Brooklyn, is one of the latest additions to the rapidly increasing number of American steam-yachts. She was launched April 8. She is a screw-steamer, schooner rigged, 130 feet over all, 120 feet water line, 19 feet 6 inches beam, 10 feet deep, and draws 6 feet 6 inches water. She will be enrolled in the American, New York, and Atlantic yacht clubs.

THE Sewanhaka Yacht Club, N.Y., is no longer exclusively Corinthian. At a special meeting held April 8 it was voted to permit the employment of professional crews, in races of the club, on schooners and first-class sloops.

TWO notable steam-yachts were launched from the yard of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., Wilmington, Del., during April. They are Mr. William Astor's "Nourmahal," and Mr. Elbridge Gerry's "Electra," both of New York. The first measures 233 feet over all; on water-line 221 feet; beam, 30 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet 7½ inches; draught, 14 feet 3 inches. She has a 36-inch stroke of piston, and four cylindrical boilers, each 8 feet 3 inches by 10 feet 6 inches by 12 feet. The "Electra" is a steel and iron screw-steamer; 161½ feet on the water-line; beam, 23 feet; depth, 13½ feet; draft, 9½ feet. The piston has a 26-inch stroke. Both these vessels are really steamships in their construction and fittings.

THE South Boston Yacht Club, at its recent annual meeting, numbered 158 members. It has joined the N. E. Y. R. A. Mr. Henry Hussey was elected commodore, and Mr. James Bertram secretary.

IN July, 1882, Mr. William Belden's steam-yacht "Yosemite" sunk the steam-boat, "Charlotte Vanderbilt" in collision, and in the ensuing suit for $36,000 damages, a verdict of $13,000 has just been rendered against him.

THE American Yacht Club has issued a letter which marks a special step in American yachting, and from which the following is an extract: "The American Yacht Club, in furtherance of the interests of steam-yachting, for the advancement of which it was founded, proposes to arrange, during the coming season, a series of steam-yacht races for appropriate trophies, open to all steam-yachts owned by members of any recognized club. The races will be so arranged as to afford the fairest and most complete tests, not only as to speed, but of all the qualities peculiar to steam-yachts.

"This department of yachting has hitherto received little or no encouragement from the various clubs, and it is believed that this will be the first opportunity given to steam-yacht owners to come together and test the relative merits of their respective vessels."

MR. THOMAS CLAPHAM, of Roslyn, L.I., who is a well-known advocate of the yawl-rig, as member of the Atlantic Yacht Club, sails a yawl 31 feet 8 inches over all, 28 feet on water-line, 8 feet beam, and 26 inch draught. He is desirous of racing this boat at sea against any or all of the cutters. He is building for Mr. Franklin Osgood, N.Y.Y.C., a yawl-rigged boat, 65 feet long, 15 feet 4 inches beam, 6 feet deep, 3 feet 10 inches draught without board. Length of mast 51 feet, top-mast 17 feet, boom 37 feet, gaff 26 feet, driver or jigger mast 45 feet, boom 25 feet.

THE officers of the United States steamers "Thetis," "Alert," and "Bear," composing the Greely Relief Expedition, have been elected honorary members of the American Yacht Club, and a set of the club colors was presented to each vessel before she sailed.

A NOVEL feature of ocean pleasure life in England is indicated in an advertisement appearing in the London *Field*, which announces that the Ocean Steamer Yachting Company, Limited, intend despatching their screw steam-yacht, "Ceylon," 2,200 tons register, on pleasure cruises during the summer of 1884, to the Azores, the Northern Latitudes, the Atlantic Islands," etc. Each cruise occupies about a month, and the expense is about $225 for each person.

MANY of the American cutters are manned and sailed by English crews and masters, who are largely obtained in the region of Harwich. Mr. Stillman's "Winonah," N.Y. Y.C., will have an English crew this season.

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A Tale of Woe.

"Oh, your face is bonnie, my lassie,
Your eyes they are quare and blue;
Oh, dinna ye ken, my lassie,
I'm deein' for lo' o' you?"

"Oh, gang your gait, my laddie,
Gin you'd be my ain love true,
Three things maun ye dae, my laddie,—
Three things that is ane and two.

"Ye maun gang and ask my daddie,
Wha's ouer the Merton Lea;
Ye maun gang and ask my mammie,
Wha sits by the banks o' Dee.

"Nae food maun ye eat, my laddie,
Until ye cam back frae Dee,
Nor the sun maunna set, my laddie,
Or else ye canna hae me."

On his bicycle leapt the laddie;
As fleet as the wind was he;
Fu' soon haes he seen her daddie;
Fu' soon haes he reached the Dee.

The sun has gan doun, my lassie.
But your laddie ye haenna seen;
You may moan, my bonnie lassie,
And sop your greetin' een.

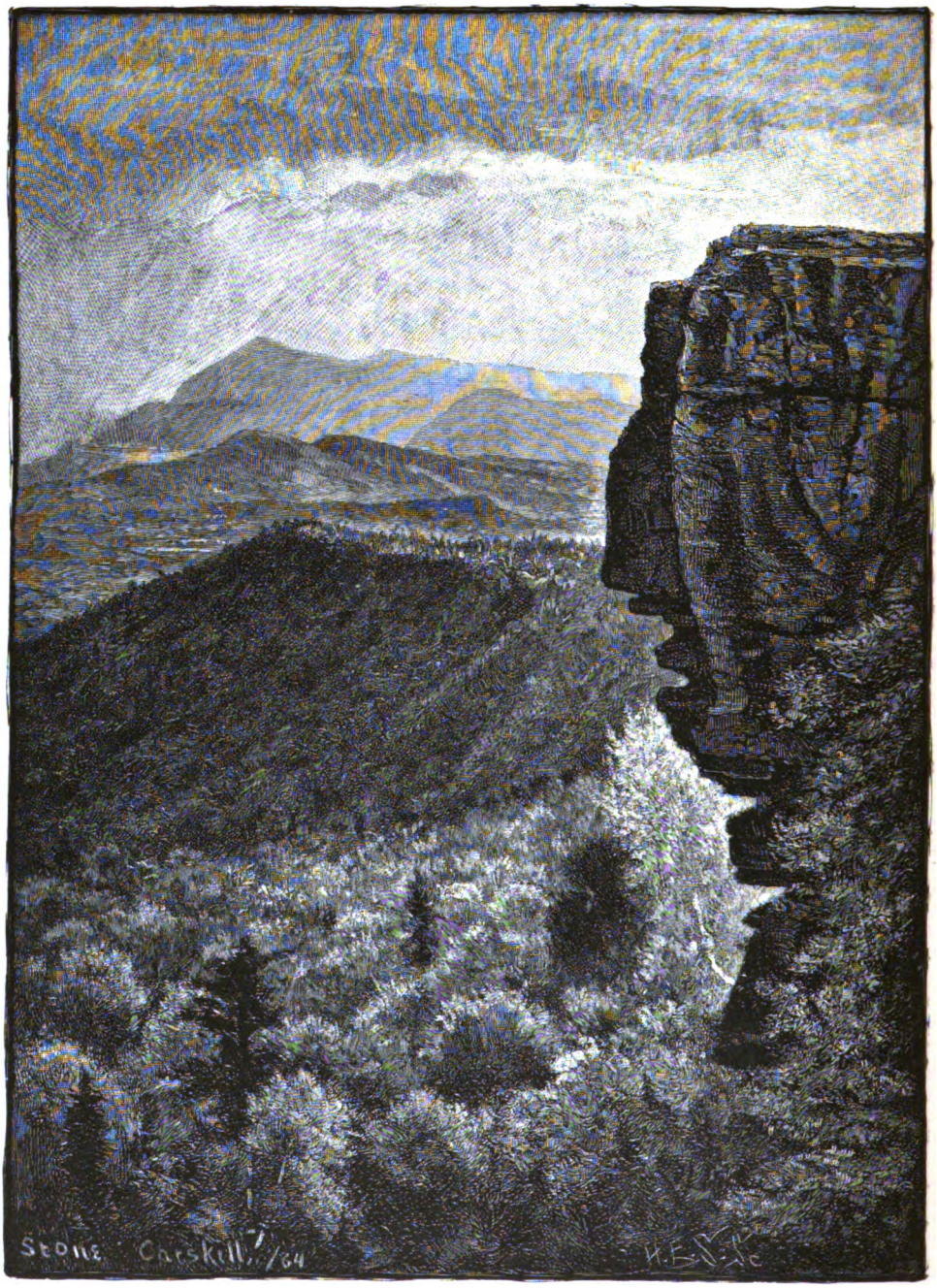
But your bonnie Hieland laddie
You neer again will see,
For he's taen a cauld auld header
And stickit in the mud so dree.

J. F. M.



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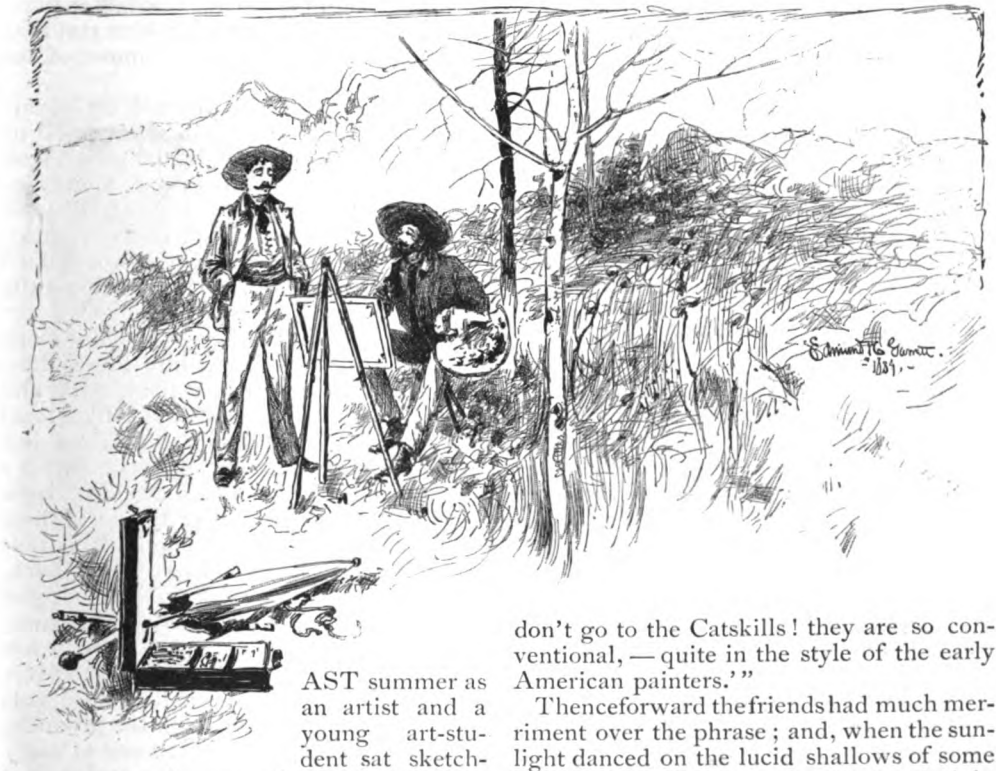
THE IRON DUKE.

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OUTING.

VOL. IV. JULY, 1884. No. 4.

SUMMER DAYS IN THE CATSKILLS.



LAST summer as an artist and a young art-student sat sketching together in one of the cool valleys that adorn the blue hills we see looking westward from the Hudson, the busy silence was suddenly broken by the younger man: —

"Mr. Vandyke, what do you think of the Catskills as a sketching-ground?"

"Think!" said he of the brush. "Why look here, and here, and here," and he signalled with his pipe — "a perfect picture on every side."

"Yes, but," a little doubtfully, "before I left New York I asked Mr. Umber" (and here he named a well-known painter) "the same question, and he said, 'Oh, don't go to the Catskills! they are so conventional, — quite in the style of the early American painters.'"

Thenceforward the friends had much merriment over the phrase; and, when the sunlight danced on the lucid shallows of some wild brook, or touched with good-night caress the curved summits, they shouted, "Conventional!" till the phrase was called into universal service for morning mists and evening shadows, and all the beautiful and picturesque possibilities of summer time in the hills. Perhaps a train of thought scarcely less absurd has infected the general public.

"Oh, we can't go to the Catskills, you know, any more!" people say; "they are too crowded."

Seventy thousand guests, say the newspapers; and one feels afraid to venture thither lest peace and seclusion should

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SLIDE MOUNTAIN.

have vanished utterly. Yet still they rise, green and gracious, with cool glens and mighty forests and far heights, not yet exhausted for artist or mountain lover. Neither railroad whistle nor electric light can wholly spoil the sense of stillness and rest in the deep valleys, or the distant splendors of the outward views; and for those who are pained by these innovations there remain quiet regions where they cannot come.

The approach by rail from Catskill is not a loss to the traveller. The drive across the plain was, on the whole, a tedious one. In the freshness of a dewy morning, or the strong lights of a late afternoon, there are many pleasant stretches and lovely glimpses of the blue hills drawing nearer; but under the heat of a burning sun, and over sandy grades, each mile seemed an enemy to be conquered. For the first few miles the pictures from the car-windows are charming. The creek has some fine ledges, and the track follows its shores so closely that you can enjoy them and the sparkling water and the graceful foliage upon its rocky borders. The later miles lose this brook comrade; but the hills are rising before you, and you do not miss it. At the little stations you may choose between the drives up to the mountain houses, or approach their level through the Clove. Here the railway cannot enter, and here, let us hope, it will never intrude. For in these winding, shaded roads, bordered with arching trees, or following the mountain watercourses, giving here and there, as they rise, brief glimpses of the sea-blue plain, dwells one great charm of the mountains.

If you choose the Clove road, as you leave the last house in Palenville behind you, the spell begins. Suddenly you are in the deep heart of the hills; soon your carriage-way, in its gradual ascent, has left the bed of the Kaaterskill far below; but you hear its laughing welcome, and can see it springing and dancing through the narrow glen. Many hundred feet above you the green woods rise before they reach the level which you are seeking.

But, without delay, the peaceful hush of the scene takes possession of you. If you are returning, you note the old landmarks, the beautiful rock forms of Church's Ledge, the cool, shelving seats at the head of the Fawn's Leap, the mossy birch that plays it is a beech-tree, the nook where you read a poem years ago to the wild music of the rushing stream.

If it is your first visit you will try in vain to take it all in, — the fresh sweet smell of the forest earth and leafage, the green, restful tints of fern and moss and mountain-side, and the glimpses of the far hill-tops. Half way up the valley widens a little; there are bits of fields and traces of ruined houses where the old tannery made a little settlement.

Here, fronting the wooded slope through whose deep verdure the Buttermilk and the Westbrook come leaping and singing from the great shoulder-like level far above, is a little plateau, raised just above the roadside dust, and bright with a scattered growth of hemlock and maple and ferns and vines, where the ideal hostelry of this region will yet be built, — not, we will hope, a great, bare, white barn, obtruding its glaring front and harsh angles upon the eye, but a rambling structure, with outlines quaint and graceful, with soft and sombre tints, with rustic porches overrun with vines, and home-like little cottages here and there through the grounds, for families or groups who choose to carry with them an atmosphere of seclusion.

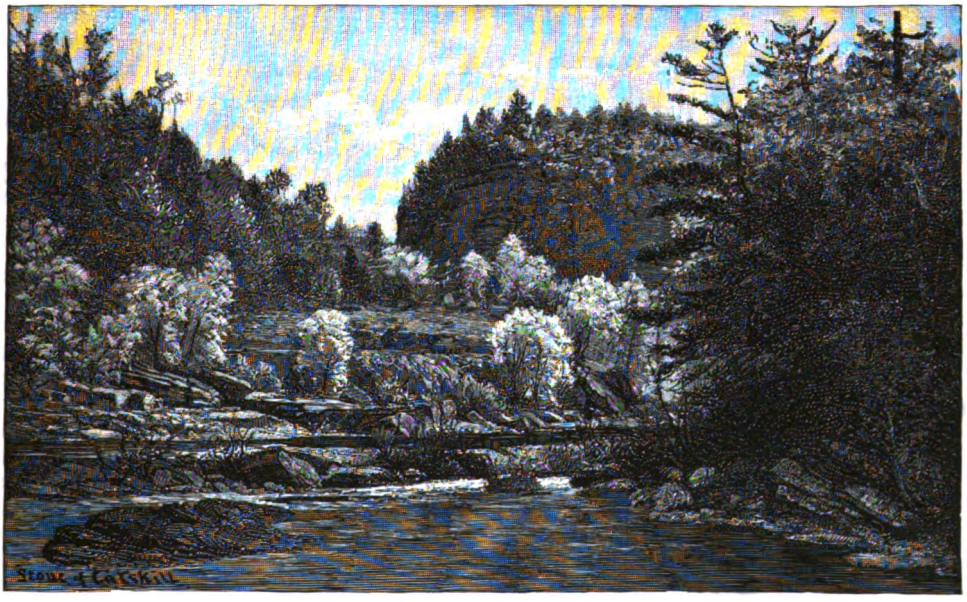
Here is the home of the pedestrian and the wheelman, amongst these cool, unnamed glens, the sequestered walks, the deep forest. But we must go onward. Half a mile more of this peaceful valley, with the wider curves of circling hills about it, and we cross the stream that comes down the Kaaterskill ravine with song and shout and many a merry leap. The little path that turns here to follow up its banks affords a delightful ramble, with a bit of climbing on the way, but the carriage-road climbs slowly and steadily up to the westward. At our left a deep and heavily-

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wooded ravine slopes down from our side, and in its deepest recesses sometimes a silver presence shines and sings, and far up, over its topmost cliff, slides the upper cascade of Haines's Falls, too plainly evident to us who used to delight in its deep, arching bowers, sacrificed now for this effect. As we near the top of the long pull we turn for the beautiful view down the Clove. Most lovely is the outline of the curving hills that encircle it on the south. Here the steam-whistle greets us again; we have come out of the sylvan depths into a land of stations and boarding-houses, and sights to be seen for a quarter. Here, about Tannersville, extending on to Hunter, the large boarding-houses and smaller hotels most do congregate. The elevation of the plateau gives the bracing air and the cool nights so much desired and needed by city people, and the comfortable quarters reconcile them to the ugly exteriors. Here, too, these new railroads furnish that direct access from the city so desirable for families temporarily separated, and for those with brief vacations.

These odd little trains approach almost to the Kaaterskill Falls and the two large mountain houses, to which we can drive by turning to our right. The view straight before us is farm-like in its general effect, save for the unusual preponderance of big white houses, differing but little in its general surface from any rolling country; but peaks and ridges rise about it, the fine terraced slope of Hunter Mountain illuminates it on the west, and a serrated chain stretches from the Stony Clove to High Peak. From these hills fine views are gained in all directions. The drives and excursions are charming everywhere, but the pedestrian must usually plod for a mile or two along dusty roads before he can lose himself in the forest paths and feel himself fairly upon his "native heath."

Hunter is a pretty little village at the foot of its namesake mountain, with some life of its own apart from the summer boarder. Its people rejoice in the little thread of railway, that, slipping through the wild and narrow defile of the Stony Clove, links it to the great world beyond. It is from this level that the Plaaterkill ravine, and the road from its head to the Overlook Mountain House, are reached.



EAGLE CLIFF, AUSTIN GLEN.

Now let us imagine ourselves at Palenville again, *en route* for the Hotel Kaaterskill. Before we reach the entrance of the Clove our driver turns to the right, and we begin a steady ascent. Soon the Clove road lies far below us. We curve and wind, always steadily, but always easily, upward,

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along great ledges, over parapets of logs and stone-work; and, as we rise, the opposite mountain seems to rise also with its exquisite curves, one sweep of living verdure to the Balsam crown of High Peak.



GRAND GORGE.

This wonderful road is a perpetual surprise to the old mountaineer. The cliffs and gorges it traverses were the least accessible to the wanderer on foot, and the picturesque view is a revelation of delight. But the summit comes at last, and you sweep up to the entrance of the great hotel there — a little world in itself, with its electric lights and bells, and its crowds of gay people.

The whole seems like a piece of society life with its flower-beds and croquet and tennis grounds, set down here, island-like, amid the wild growth wisely left to surge up to the smooth lawn and tell how it overran all this level four years ago, while its neighbor, High Peak, looks down grandly on all this petty pomp.

Near this hotel is the Sunset Rock, and the charming path along the mountain's brow, where the view of the Clove, and the plateau westward towards Hunter is unequalled. From the Sunset Rock especially, on a warm August afternoon, you may gain those delicious, hazy tints that make Gifford's pictures truest truth. They are exceptional, those quivering opaline mists, but they do come, and the poet-painters love to interpret them.

The beauty and delight of any clear summer afternoon spent on Sunset Rock are not exceptional, but permanent. As the sun sinks, the great valley of the Clove overbrims with rich and tremulous shadow, to which the brilliant light over the western distance offers a radiant contrast. In the bower-like recesses of Haines' ravine the falls used to glimmer and shine like jewels. The denuding process which has opened those sylvan glens too broadly to the open daylight has lessened the peculiar charm of this effect, but the hills still hold the shadows, the sun still shines down on the broad slope of Hunter Mountain till it glows with light and color. As of old, too, when all this beauty was framed by young trees (which were swept away by fire a few years ago, leaving the ledges open), the leafy shadows trembled above us as we watched and read, and waited for the end of the daily pageant. Oh, if life were only long enough for a summer of such sunsets!



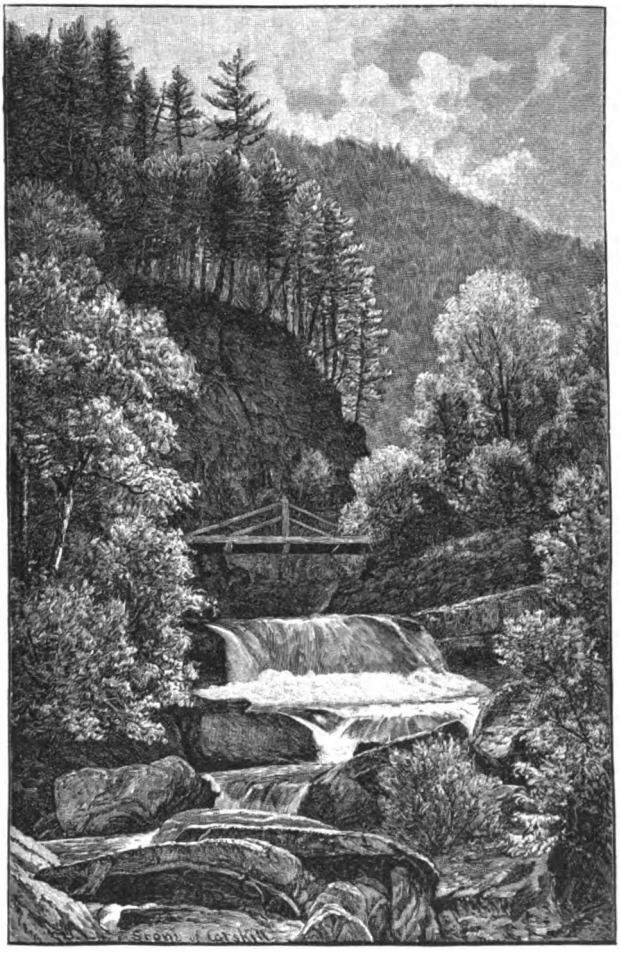
CATSKILL MT. HOUSE, FROM NORTH MT.

There are two or three, perhaps more, drives and paths from the Hotel Kaaterskill to the Laurel House, which was opened many years ago, but is greatly enlarged now. Its owner is also the proprietor of the Kaaterskill Falls, and has earned much money and much execration by making a show of them, being the first to "let on" the water and charge admittance. The first feeling about such a tax is certainly an injured and unpleasant one, but the dry summers have so pinched the springs everywhere in our land, shorn of its water guarding forests, that the chance comer would never know the beauty of

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this wonderful fall but for Mr. Schutt's thrift. The charge is trifling, made but once in a season, and giving the use of the steps and walks, without which few would gain the depths of the cool glen below, whence the finest views are obtained.

One warm summer day it was my good fortune, after paying our little toll, and descending to the foot of the falls, to spend with a friend some hours there. Exquisite mists rose and played lovingly about the great amphitheatre, softening its barren walls with a rainbow-garlanded veil. The waters plunged and roared about us in gladness and delight. I must forgive the toll-gatherers when I recall that day. Ah, these glorious mountain memories! — the fatigue, the tight shoe, the briers that scratched, the ill-chosen companion that fretted us, and seemed to spoil our day, these are evanescent, soon we forget them, but the pictures of such a ramble, — the young moon curving above a purple hill-crest against a golden sky, the shadowy vista, the radiant transition from forest gloom to sunlit splendor, the perfect sunrise — these are forevermore our own.



CHURCH'S LEDGE.

The Catskill Mountain House, poised upon its vast outreaching ledges, is, as of old, a dignified hotel, with an impression of peace and repose. The sudden descent from this ledge gives a certain individuality to its view of the plain.

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This spot was formerly the tourist's Catskills and his road to "The Falls." Perhaps, coming or going, he took the Clove road; a little strolling on the north and south mountain, and the hours on the piazzas, completed his visit. If he were a writer, he told the outer world his impressions from this stand-point. So Bryant, Cooper, Miss Sedgwick, and most charmingly, in later days, Curtis, wrote. Twenty-five years ago these two last-named hotels afforded the chief, almost the only, accommodation to the public. At that time our artists sought quieter and less expensive homes. They found, for instance, a tiny farm-house in the Clove, where they obtained quarters, and taught the goodwife to "broil a steak, and make a cup of coffee," as I once heard Mr. M'Entee say, adding, somewhat ruefully, that it was the artist's lot to find charming nooks, and then to be elbowed out of them.

To Brockett's, then, came in those early war times many of our well-known painters. Some brought their wives or sisters; a few people who longed for the hill, but did not like hotel life, followed them, and kindred spirits gathered in the little cottage, whose walls seemed elastic, so were their limits taxed.

Blithe days were those, and comical are the legends of the little house. How good-humoredly were its deficiencies endured on the part of the guests! How cheerfully, on the other hand, were meals served by the hosts at all sorts of impossible hours that the vagaries of pedestrians made necessary! Scarce a trace of Brockett's remains. The pioneer hostelry of the summer boarder has vanished utterly; the too odorous hen-feather pillow, which migrated from one complaining guest to another, till the merriment it caused half atoned for the discomfort, is a thing of the past, but many glad memories linger around the little glade whose grassy sods cover its ashes. I am sure that its life of simple excursions and quiet enjoyment was an ideal one for those who truly loved the hills. Soon a few houses in the little hamlet of Palenville opened their doors, where so many find pleasant homes now. Various families of Haineses, on the plateau, caught the infection. Gray's, now Roggins', was already established. These were the preluding chords to the great orchestra of welcome to the Catskills. Now seventy thousand people are said to enter this enchanted region in a season. The Plaaterkill was a favorite all-day pilgrimage from Brockett's. Sometimes more than a wagon-load would start off together, the pedestrians exchanging places from time to time with those who were driving; but it was not unusual for two or three of the best walkers to make the whole distance of twenty-two or three miles on foot. The climb up the stream, which all took together, counted for more than double its distance. It was a delightful exertion. A certain quality of peculiar clearness in the water in this land of crystal streams made its pools and rippling stretches unequalled, and the upper cascades were exquisite. The harebells were very abundant there, nodding on the spray-washed crests of the great ledges in delightful inaccessibility, tempting rash girls to covet, and rash youths to gather them. Now the quarrying has greatly injured the lower part of this ravine, and at times it is unsafe to attempt the ascent.

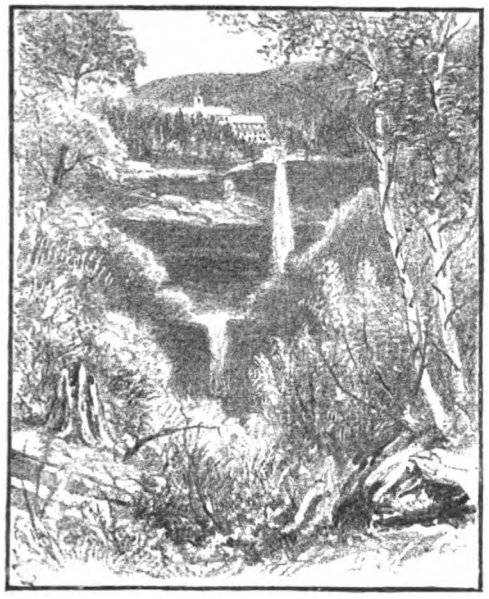
But it is not difficult to go down from above to the glen at the head of the fourth fall, which is one of the most beautiful I know. The rocky floor near the brow of the fall is almost level; the stream has hollowed for itself a little channel, over which you can spring lightly. Here and there upon this surface lie flat stones, with a marvellous upholstery of ferny mosses; on either hand the forest rises far above, upborne on giant ledges; the eastern outlook gives you the plain and river, or so much of them as the hills at the lower entrance of the ravine will let you see between their graceful curves and crested summits, in a glimmering azure vista.

These enfolding hills have just enough distance from you to wear a soft, purplish tint against which the trees that spring from the varying depths below are clearly outlined, while the great birches and maples that rise from our own level over-arch and frame the whole outlook. But no picture can give you all the charm, the exhilarating rush of cool air that follows such a stream in its flight, the forest sounds and odors.

At your foot the stream leaps out for its plunge of eighty feet into one of those deep, mysterious, fathomless, emerald pools, then races along another brief level, and then again falls out of sight in a glen that seems from this height all soft, waving verdure.

You turn and walk a few paces up the stream. The great cliffs confront you, the falling water widens into a silver cascade, the wild fissures of the Cross Clove on your right hold their own tiny streamlet,

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LAUREL HOUSE AND KAATERSKILL FALLS.

and, amid the distant foliage that trembles far against the upper heaven, shines another silver presence of living light and water,

"Like a white soul flung out to Eternity."

Again the plateau, with open fields and bright sunlight! We pause for the view through the ravine to the plain, — a wider vision, but very beautiful. We cross the little brook that sings along its way to turn the mill, with no thought of the wild splendors that await it, and find ourselves on the new road to the Overlook House. It gives us a delightful drive of five miles through the dense woods, stretching eastward and outward at first, and giving frequent glimpses of the plain or the hills across the Plaaterkill. This road links the old region on which I have dwelt so long, with the less known.

Twenty years ago the Woodstock Overlook was a far-off realm whose charms were seen only by more adventurous pedestrians: and the record of their delight had a rather tantalizing quality. When the Overlook Mountain House, and the Ulster and Delaware Railroad were built, this noble view became more accessible to the outer world. To reach it from the upper Catskills was no easy matter. Now, however, it is a charming drive.

The great river plain, as seen from the Overlook, sweeps away in long stretches to the extreme southern limit of vision. The northern view across the shoulders of the Plaaterkill, from the hill above the house, is very fine, but it is the westward view which gives the new-comer his great surprise. From the river he has thought this point the limit of the Catskills; and lo! beyond him, reaching away into the sunset, rise range after range, peak upon peak, higher, he is told, than any he has known. As the day wanes and the exquisite gradations of the afternoon light shimmer through a gentle haze upon the beautiful mountain forms, he looks, and lingers, and praises, and longs to explore that fairy land. And he will not cavil when he hears this enchanting vision called the most perfect extended view in the whole range.

The mountain rising to the north of the house is full of fine rock forms and delightful surprises, where graceful trees and magnificent ledges frame in or accent the glimpses which its narrow crest makes possible, now to the east, now to the west, as the paths wind. The Iron Duke one of these profile-like ledges is named, and how superbly its dark masses outline the soft tints of the distance, our artist tells you. [See frontispiece.] There is one westward picture from this point that I enjoy almost as much as the wider vistas.

Far below, behind this summit, is a deep valley, in which nestles a little lake, — a bit of sapphire, — and from its farther shore rises a most magnificent wall of forest, so directly facing the outlook as to give an unequalled display of foliage. I have



OLD BRIDGE AT LEEDS.

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always seen it in June; but in October how glorious it must be!

We can drive from the Overlook to West Hurley, and take the train there for the Shandakin Range, but perhaps it would be as well to imagine ourselves once more in the outer world, away from the breath of the hills. The new West Shore Road, with its fresh and comfortable appointments, seems, by its close connections with the Ulster and the Delaware, the fitting pathway to these newer resorts. To my mind the view, all the way from Rondout to Catskill, of the face of the upper range, is one of its claims to patronage.

But we leave it now at Kingston, and take the train into the hills. What an approach it is! — the gradual ascent among the foot-hills, the mountain wall that rises before you as if to bar your entrance, the narrow gorges that open suddenly, through which you glide beside a sparkling stream that has taken the same way outward. At Phœnicia the connection is made for the Tannersville Plateau, the narrow-gauge road from this point to Hunter connecting at Tannersville Junction with the Kaaterskill Railway, which turns to the eastward and reaches very near the old Mountain House, as I have already mentioned, — thus affording, by the West Shore and its connections, a direct railroad route to all the places I have described. The passage through the Stony Clove is very wild, and the passengers enjoy it exceedingly; but to one who has taken it on foot or in leisurely drives it is an unsatisfactory pleasure. The ledges and the steep opposing cliffs here are grand in their abrupt elevation, and no amount of personal convenience can quite console us for the havoc the railway has made in its intrusion. From Phœnicia our Ulster and Delaware train rushes onward and upward, among valleys themselves so far above sea level that the heights seem low, and suggested to me the lesser slopes of the Berkshires, the more so that the same cruel process of charcoaling has destroyed the older forest, and the same young growth of birch and soft maple is trying hard to repair man's ravages.

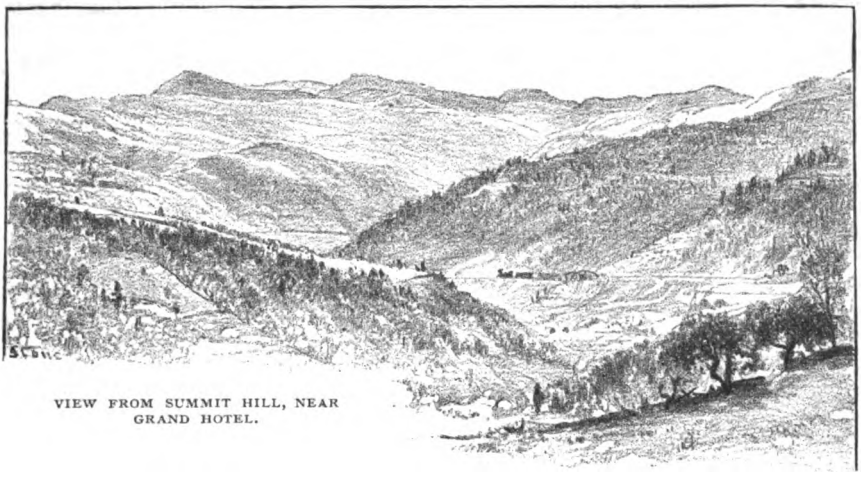
Beyond Shandakin the ascending grade is very evident, and the downward view along the line beautiful. The country beyond the summit, when the road begins to descend again, is more open, the Halcott valley widens to the right, — a peaceful, pastoral scene, — and the Drybrook valley has a unique charm. The Grand Gorge rises in strong lines, seeming a gateway into the hills from the west. But the chief interest of the summer tourist in these Shandakin Catskills centres in the region about Summit. Pine Hill lies just below in a little valley circled about with hill-tops, a little street of hotels and boarding-houses, gay and bright in the season, with young faces and pretty costumes, glad with blithe social life.

Pine Hill and Hunter, in the Green County range, have each the same level, sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and seem to have many points in common. Above Pine Hill, on the Birch Creek Road, two or three city folks have made summer homes, — an enviable and delightful custom. It is a pleasant walk from Pine Hill to the Grand Hotel at Summit Station, a most unhappy name, to my fancy, for a summer home in the hills. Why could not its sponsors have recognized the native resonance of Shokan and Shandakin, or the musical cadence of Ontiora? But we half forgive them as we gaze on the superb picture framed in the slender pillars and arches as we look outward.

There are no new phrases to use; even the artist's pencil, in the limits of illustration, is scarcely adequate to present the charm of these far-reaching views, so much does this depend upon the atmospheric color. Shall we ever forget an October morning spent on this piazza, when the house was all silent, the last summer guest flown, and the glow of the autumnal foliage and perfect sunshine suffused through all the hill country? The lines of the Slide, the Balsam, and the Panther mountains form, as seen from this point, a faultless mountain landscape. The view from the hill above the house is rather more extended, but not so picturesque. The walk from Grand Hotel to Monkey Hill — as this elevation above it is called — gives you an agreeable sense of climbing, with very little fatigue, and from the fine ledges, the Halcott valley smiles up at you, — a visible poem of peaceful fields and farms.

Coming out of the woods on this October day, as we came down from the hill to the hotel grounds we found, on a sunny knoll, built against a great rock, a child's playhouse, — an old-fashioned playhouse, made of bits of board, and gay with broken dishes, its roof adorned with that ambition of a child's heart in the olden time, a real stove-pipe. It was refreshing, in these days of elaborate toys, to think of children having such a good time amid the gayety

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VIEW FROM SUMMIT HILL, NEAR GRAND HOTEL.

of this great hotel. One has pitied the little, over-dressed creatures so often in summer resorts.

Leaving the last train one Saturday night at Pine Hill, we inquired at the station about quarters. We knew the larger houses would be closed, but had not supposed there would be any difficulty in finding room for two in one of the smaller ones. But the agent answered rather gloomily, "They are cleaning house. The boarders are all gone and everybody is cleaning house," as if there were something pestilential about the summer boarder which made instant purification necessary.

In this emergency we ventured to apply at a little farm-house that looked as if people went on living when summer boarders were no more. Fortunately for us it was the ideal farm-house of the seeker for country fare. We were served with genuine kindness, and found here the abundant milk and cream, the dainty breakfast cakes, the white clover honey, that one dreams of in farm life, but does not always find. Everywhere were pleasant drives, and we longed to linger here through the golden October weather.

But we had promised ourselves to climb Slide Mountain ere our return, and so one bright afternoon we drove through the Shandakin Valley, rich in fine mountain forms, blithe streams, and tree-bordered roads, to the unexplored haunt of the Big Indian. We had enjoyed Pine Hill and our pleasant home there, and the quiet walks and drives, and the grand prospect from Summit, but had been just a little homesick, after all, for the real mountains, —the deep, shadowy forests climbing to far heights, holding mysterious, gloomy vistas, and deep glens, and mighty ledges. Here we came suddenly upon them all. This narrow valley of the Big Indian is closed at one end by the sombre dome of the Balsam Mountain. Through its depths brawls the Esopus; there is room beside it for a few fields of varying size, and the road, a farm-house here and there, or a saw-mill; but these are scattered, and seem but to emphasize its expression of lonely and unsubued wildness.

Far, far above rise the crests of Big Indian and the Hemlock Mountain, clothed all the way with stately forests. Great curving basins, where the springs meet to leap outward and downward in silver cascades, hold the afternoon shadows; around these the higher ranks of foliage catch the golden lights, wood roads start upward with a vista, tempting to the pedestrian, of overarching boughs and a carpet of moss and pine needles, and the elastic odorous forest earth.

Panther Mountain stretches its giant length along the opposite side of the valley, less richly wooded and watered than its neighbor, comparing in this with the northern and southern walls of the Kaaterskill Clove, of which we find a reminder here, and we must own also something of unsubdued wildness and solitude not to be found there. The accommodations in the Big Indian are limited, and Pine Hill and many other points do certainly offer more comfort for families or invalids; but he who loves the veritable breath of the hills, the feeling of exploration, the wild ramble, the sombre magnificence of the unbroken forest, will cheerfully accept some denials in exchange for these.

Over all these mighty slopes dominates

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Slide Mountain, which we were to climb on the morrow. The radiant sunset and clear starlight promised us a perfect morning. But, as we peered from the little windows in the early dawn, a mist we knew too well had settled over all, the heights had vanished, the nearer terraces glimmered dimly through at first, but soon the rain, solid and gray, closed down about us, cold and dispiriting. How helpless we felt! We tried to console ourselves as best we might with Black's Sunrise and the renewed fascinations of Charles Auchester. It was a long, dull day; but at last, in very despair, we sallied forth into the rain, which, apparently daunted by our audacity, paused, hesitated, and finally ceased. Before our walk was done the last gleam flung a rich color upon the heights, and we sighed softly "At eventide there shall be light."

But to the mountain lover less hurried than we these rainy days have their own charm. Faintly and with a glowing softness the woods shine in successive ranks through tender mists. You know the streams are rising, and will greet you to-morrow with fresh beauty: and the dusty weeds by the roadside will rejoice anew, while you find time for needful stitches, writing letters, or an unfinished story. Once, long ago, I found a merry party at Brockett's playing croquet in rubbers and water-proofs. Such blithe spirits can spare a day now and then for in-door diversions.

Then how beautifully the clearing mists draw themselves together and hurry along the hill-side, tearing apart upon the tree-tops, and rising onward and upward till they float in light against the evening sky, and the sunlight touches with farewell the mountain-tops, and to-morrow's promise makes the hills more beautiful than ever!

So to us, after this delay, the next morning came unclouded, and in its early sunlight we were driving upward, the first half of our ascent being on a rough mountain-road. As it winds it affords such beautiful views down the valley, that we turned again and again for them. Some most magnificent old trees rise from the borders of the stream far below us; and, as we neared the upper curves, the trunks of mighty maples lay prone beside the roadway, and we grew sad to think how, a year before, the birds sang in their branches, and how ere long these their comrades might be stricken also. Some great iron company has bought vast tracts of forest here, and has built comfortable log-houses for its workmen, who are to carry on this cruel slaughter. Some of these houses were standing, new and empty, just where the outlook was superb; and I could imagine what a perfect summer two or three congenial families might have there, who could secure the homely shelter, and were not afraid of a primitive way of living.

One sudden curve which the road makes to gain an opposite height revealed to us a wonderful picture of interfolding hills, and the peaceful valley between them.

Near the spot where we take the foot-path there is a depression in the mountain-side where, within a short distance, four wild streams rise and flow by merry leaps and dancing rapids, in widely opposing courses, to far distant rivers in the world below. The ascent of Slide, after we leave the road, is not by any means a difficult one, with three miles of steady walking, — scarcely any portion of the way requiring what one might really call climbing; and the path is well blazed and easy to follow if one is accustomed to the woods. The fallen leaves obscured it a little, but we followed our guide and his prattling little maid cheerily.

The ferns had been very rich and beautiful along the roadside; the frost had not yet climbed so high, and they stood in gay crowds along the way in every shade of fading splendor. When we entered the deep woods we found only the evergreen plume-ferns, but they were unusually fine, and very green, and great mantles of the soft, warm-tinted moss that loves these high places covered the rocks and ledges everywhere.

The birches grew large on the upper slopes and took all manner of fantastic shapes, arching, twisting, overleaning, with soft, fine embroidery of daintiest mosses on their silver stems. Till we neared the summit we could see only the forest about us; but, on the last plateau, a cleared outlook here and there gave us a hint of promise. The balsams took possession of the soil, and their rich, strong breath made the air delicious. And then, suddenly, a purple distance shone through their sombre trunks, and we knew that we had reached the crown of all these mighty summits. Before us, beyond the lofty peaks and ridges, and seeming far away, smiled the well-known river plain; around us on all sides was the wide tumultuous upheaval of the everlasting hills, in lessening peaks and curves, far as the eye could see. A strange

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and weird prospect, seen from the rude tower, built of poles lashed and nailed to the trunks of four balsam trees, standing as they have stood on the mountain for ages. It swayed slightly in the autumnal wind and I was fain to cling to the rough railing as I gazed. There was something very fascinating in this sense of supremacy. Above all I stood in the centre of the visible earth, while below me lay the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof. An unbroken horizon tempted the vision on every side. The guide named the points and ranges about us, and at first we listened with some interest. Far in the north-east shines the Overlook Mountain House, and just over the twin shoulders behind it, a rounded knot of paler blue, is the High Peak.

It seems from its distance almost insignificant, and if you have once believed it the monarch of the Catskills, and have loved and revered it, you feel half jealous and incredulous. Another starlike point in the south-west is the Grand Hotel at Summit, and you almost forgive the glaring paint of these great houses when you see them sparkle thus in the sun. The strange contour of the Panther Mountain, the curious bulwark of Cornell and the Wittemburg, and many others, were pointed out; but I was glad when the guide left us, and we could ignore these details and strive in silence to take in the strange splendor of these billowy hills. The cloud-shadows chased each other up and down their sides, purple-dark against the October colors of the sunlit woods, and over all an indescribable thin blue veil of air. We watched the Esopus as it slid through the Shokan Pass, and again glistened far out upon the plain, to join the shining river. Ah, how perfect would a sunrise be on Slide Mountain! How the morning lights would play about these lofty crests, these giant ridges!

The August moon should not be quite full, that it might set in splendor ere daylight, and leave the world in darkness to await the coming of the dawn; but weird and wonderful should be its silver shining through the night, worth an unbroken vigil. But one cannot look so long; the brain wearies and the eyes droop, even here at high noon; yet when the guide called us, we turned again and again to each enchanting distance, and descended reluctantly. If the descent to Avernus is easy, not so the path down the mountain-side. We started bravely, but the steady downward gait is far harder than climbing, and the way seemed long, and we were very glad to clamber into the old wagon and rest, and remember, and welcome anew, the pictures of differing charm which our curving road revealed.

One recalls, as we talk of them, the effort of the tourists in the Sandwich Islands, who, becoming weary of the innumerable exclamations of "Lovely! — superb! — glorious!" as each new wonder rewarded their explorations, resolved to adopt a numerical scale, of which one hundred should be the supreme commendation, while for a graceful tree or pretty cascade twenty should express the modified approbation, and so on.

Yet neither feeble adjectives nor commonplace admirers can exhaust the gifts these green hills hold, and the old words come back anew: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Abbie C. Percy.



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"MAMMA," says my daughter Adéle, as she glances up at our family Sir Thomas Lawrence, that hangs in a place of honor, "how blue great-grandmother's eyes were! — and yet everybody thinks I look like the picture."

"So you do, my dear, although your eyes are so different."

"What a queer, big bonnet great-grandmother wore! It is a perfect fright!"

"Yet that ugly, big bonnet always reminds me of those dark eyes of yours, Adéle."

"Why, how funny! What do you mean, mamma?"

The blonde face is very like the picture, and Adéle is smiling the picture's own smile, though her great, velvety eyes, with curling lashes, that lie back against the fair upper lids, have something very un-Saxon in their brown depths, and so spoil the perfect likeness.

"Are my poor eyes so hideous, then?" she asks, as she shuts out the brightness of one with a cruel pinch. The little minx is a bit coquettish, and suspects the value of her beauty.

"Humph!" mamma answers, affecting a stern, critical air, "let me look into them. Perhaps I can read a story there."

"Oh, I love a story!" cries Adéle; and she draws a cushion to my feet, clasps her hands over my knee, nods at the portrait, then turns up at me a soft, steady gaze, designed to make the reading easy.

"Adéle, your great-grandmother, Anne Brinton, whose sweet, young face smiles down at us from that canvas, was born in New York. She remembered that November day when the British left our harbor, and a crowd at the Battery alternately cheered for joy and shouted in derision, as the ships of war weighed anchor. She remembered how the people tried to run up the new device of stars and stripes; and they found the tackling had been tampered with, and the enemy had greased the flag-staff. Then an American sailor came, with his hands and pockets full of spikes, and alternately hammering and stepping, reached the top of the pole and flung the young flag to the breeze in full sight of the British ships. The sailor's hat was passed around, and little great-grandmamma, only five years old, and holding the hand of Dinah, her black nurse, was carried away by the magnetism of the crowd, and put into the brave fellow's hat a beautiful, old pine-tree shilling, her own pocket-piece. When Dinah and her charge came stealing home, after the grand excitement was over, your irascible old great-great-grandfather Brinton said: —

"'A sound lashing is none too good for a nigger that carries my child to see the ships of her lawful sovereign driven from his own territories. That, too, by a set of vicious, ill-conditioned rogues, who think to better themselves by ruining King George's colony.'

"Dinah, only understanding the threat of a whipping, rolled her eyes, exclaiming: 'Lordy! master, don't!'

"Great-grandfather didn't, for Riding, his steward, just then came into the library and furnished an intelligent listener. That happened luckily for Dinah, because, once launched on the subject of the colonial uprising, John Brinton would talk violently as long as anybody would listen, and much longer, too. So, while he was firing his rounds of rhetoric, Dinah made a neat retreat, and little Anne was edging out after her, when, in a loud tone, her father called her back.

"'Anne, my child, come here! Ahem!' Great-grandfather had that chronic bronchitis that belongs to violent old gentlemen.

"Little grandmother promptly fell into position, — hands behind her, and looking out from under a great muslin cap, half scared, but quite obedient.

"'Anne, after whom were you named?'

"'After good Queen Anne.'

"'And whose subject are you?'

"'King George's wight woyal thubject!' lisps the little woman, glancing down at the buckles on her shoes, to make sure her feet were together at the heels.

"'And what are the so-called United States?' asks great-grandpapa, with a sneer.

"'Only a tham that will thoon thusplode.'

"'No, no! a sham that will soon explode.'

"'Tham that will thplode,' repeats Anne.

"'And what are these American soldiers?'

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"'All rathcals,' says Anne, sharply, and glad of the short answer.

"'Now, my child, as to the French?'

"'They are frogth and monkeyth, and wery dirriligious thcampth.'

"'Irreligious scamps.'

"But Anne's infant tongue tripped too egregiously for such hard words.

"'Now kiss papa; and remember all this as long as you live. Ahem!'

"Grandmamma skipped off as if she had finished her catechism lesson, very happy in getting so many queer phrases off her mind, and never dreaming that they meant anything.

"'Riding,' said Mr. Brinton, turning to the shrewd-eyed Yorkshireman, 'Riding, children can't be too early impressed with loyal ideas. From three years old Anne has been taught that formula. I only wish my poor sister's children had the same care. They need it, with those fellows at the table. By the way, Riding, how many of the infernal scamps are quartered on us?'

"'Eh, Maister Brinton, ar thout ye had forgot they was in your house too.' Riding wears a peculiar expression of mischief and cunning on his broad face. 'There be sax noo, — five Americans and one young Frenchman.'

"'Curse them for villains, every one!' stormed grandpapa, choking with rage, and walking the floor. 'They get no welcome in this house. By force they eat my food, and lodge under my roof; but, great Jove! don't let me meet 'em on my premises, or I shall — shall — do — murder!'

"'Oh, ey, sir; ar lodge 'em on the third floor an' serve 'em mysel'; an' ar tries to warn ye when they be clankin' oop an' doon t' stairs.'

"'Right! Keep them apart from me and my family as if they were lepers. Moral lepers they are. Great Jove!'

"This was grandpapa's favorite exclamation when he was in bad temper.

"'Ey, ey, Maister Brinton, ar moind all that,' said Riding, watching grandpapa on his angry promenade, then, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, he added, 'And ar thout, Maister Brinton, as ar would askee soommat aboot mysel'.'

"'What is it?' demanded the master, impatiently, and not pausing in his walk.

"'It war i' regard to payment.'

"'What payment?'

"'Moine; ar would like to look oot for your interests in t' matter of t' Long Island and New Jersey lands, and t' Bowling Green houses.'

"'I wish I'd never bought so much in this accursed colony. Then I could take my family home to the Lancashire place, and live like an English gentleman once more,' broke in our hasty ancestor, very angrily.

"'And these lands,' Riding continued, furtively watching his master's face, 'want lookin' afther, — not only for the farmin' paart, but they must be managed — managed!' — this significantly. 'There's Congress an' there's confiscation!'

"Grandpapa snapped his fingers. 'That for their Congress,' and, snapping them again, 'that for their confiscation!'

"'Ey, ey; but they can take your property unless ye employ some faithful person to swear ye took no paart ageanst t'new republic.'

"'To swear falsely, you mean! Look here, Riding,' and grandpapa rapped on his big library table; 'look here, man, I pay you well for honest services; but I'll never pay ye a shilling for playing the rogue or bearing false witness. Mind that. My loyalty to the crown is no secret. I'm no sneak, and employ no sneak! Leave the room!'

"'As ye please,' and Riding turned away, very red in the forehead and pale in the lips. At the door he stopped to say: 'Ar whoop ye won't repent, Maister Brinton. Confiscation is a bad thing, — here or in England.'

"'England! Why, man alive, confiscation is not for loyal subjects! England! Ha! my king knows my politics, Great Jove! and if they dare touch a foot of my land here, I'll — I'll' —.

"'Ye'll shak yer fist at a foine regiment of American troops, but they'll not boodge for 'ee — not they!'

"'Leave the room!' thundered grandpapa, and proceeded to calm himself by ejaculations against Congress, against the desire after more wealth that brought him to this country, and against Riding's sneaking villany. That the man was dangerous never occurred to him. Why, like the other servants, he belonged in the Brinton family, and he must be admonished and punished; children and servants always required that, and of course no person in the house could fail to be subdued by the master's authority. John Brinton was a fine old feudal tyrant; and, believing in his own strength, believed, of course, in the weakness of everybody else.

"Just at this unhappy moment he opened his library door, and was ap-

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proaching the stairway, when a strange sight met his eyes. There was little Anne leaning affectionately against the knee of a young lieutenant, who, to accommodate himself to her stature, sat on one of the lower steps. With one hand he caressed her chubby fingers, and with the other played with the fair curls that strayed beneath her cap. Grandpapa stopped aghast, and heard their conversation.

"'So mademoiselle saw ze Engleesh sheeps?'

"'Yeth,' says Anne; 'and it wath a fine thight, and all the peopleth cheered a big cheer.'

"'A big cheer. Is zat a *chaise?* I knew not cheer.'

"'You are almoth like our doggy, Nip,' says Anne; 'you can't talk.'

"'Like ze dog?' and the young fellow laughs and pinches her fat cheeks; then they both laugh.

"'But, like ze dog, I can talks my proper language,' the lieutenant says.

"'Ith it *bow-wow?*' asks the pert little lady. Whereupon the officer laughs still more. Then he says, '*Ecoutez, Mademoiselle.* I sall teach you in my language somesings pretty.'

"Anne plays with his sword-hilt and seems inclined to learn.

"'*Ecoutez donc*,—leesten: *Je t'aime, ma petite;* say zat.'

"Anne lisps it in a sweetly mixed-up fashion.

"'Zat will say: I love you my leetle one.'

"'*Ma foi*,' the lieutenant calls out, as another officer comes down the stairs; '*voici une demoiselle a qui je fais la coui. Tiens! Voyons.* Say zis, ma petite: *Je t'aime, Louis.*'

"Anne puts her finger in her mouth, stiffens her two little knees as she leans back against his shoulder, hangs her head, and, in that attitude of baby coquettishness, repeats, *Je t'aime, Louis.*'

"Both men laugh, and the young fellow puts a gentle kiss on her rosy cheek; but at this instant grandpapa, whom nobody had seen standing a little behind the big post of the banisters, sprang forward, and, with a fearful oath, snatched little Anne away. The child screamed out in terror, and the young Frenchman jumped to his feet.

"Then grandpapa launched himself on the full tide of his fury. 'You dare to touch my little child! You frog! you monkey! you infernal French adventurer! you foreign hireling! you meddling, vicious, parley-voo fool!'

"The lieutenant grew very pale, and spoke slowly: 'Sare, I understand not no word you have said, mais eef you insult,'—here he appealed by a gesture to the other officer,—'eef you insult; my friend will say for me,—n'est ce pas, capitaine?'

"The captain, who was American, said, 'A gentleman in your position (for I take you to be the master of the house) should know that it is dangerous to insult a soldier. If I repeat your words, nothing will save you from a duel.'

"'A duel!' echoed grandpapa, with scorn. 'I fight my equals, not a beardless young French donkey.'

"Luckily the lieutenant was quite puzzled by a vocabulary not common to his ears, and only stood by, watching eagerly, with his eyes ablaze. The friend was judicious enough not to translate the abuse until many days later, when time had cooled the matter off, and their quarters had been changed.

"All this was very easy for the men, but how about poor little Anne? She was carried off, screaming and struggling, into the library, and there received the first hard whipping she had ever known. Grandpapa grasped a ruler, and struck unmercifully, until his gentle wife found courage, for the first time in her life, to interfere with her liege lord. Then she jumped up, fierce as a tigress, snatched little Anne away, and remarked very aptly, 'John Brinton, you're a brute!'

"Mr. Brinton, surprised by such a prompt criticism, cooled off a little, and explained:—

"'My dear, the child can't be taught too early not to consort with the enemies of her king.'

"'Enemies and king!' repeats grandmamma, derisively. 'What does this poor lamb know about your political stuff and nonsense? My baby girl, my darling!' and she hushes the cries against her cheek.

"'I wathn't naughty, mamma,' sobs Anne. 'The pretty gentleman thmiled at me and held out hith hand, and I talked to him.' And then she screams and screams, and the parents watch her all that night, through a fever brought on by excitement and terror. A good many days pass before the child is well, and grandpapa is enough himself to be angry again and bestow curses on the 'parley-voo fool.' Yet, in spite of her father and the political catechism, Anne grew up serenely into a little American,—a new type of femininity. Prejudice, like respect, is destroyed by familiarity, and she

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grew to love her little republican cousins, the Remington children, and even the little Dutch girls, with whom her mother gave her leave to play, and forgot that they were political enemies.

"The mother was gentle-hearted, and apologized by saying she couldn't 'keep the child from being a child.' Neither could she keep her from growing a young woman; and so, at last, great-grandpapa pinched Anne's wild-rose cheeks, and gave her a good book and a pretty bag of sweets on her seventeenth birthday.

"'Was the picture taken then?' asks Adéle.

"No, my dear. Like your ancestress, you are too impetuous. We are coming to the picture.

"'Oh, hurry,' Adéle begs. 'I can't wait.'

"Neither could your great-grandmamma, Adéle. She must have everything just when she wanted it, and hence this story. You see, one day she paid a visit to her cousins, the Remington girls. They brought out two great paper boxes, and from each displayed an enormous structure, built of finery, that made Anne clasp her hands in mute admiration. As soon as she found breath she asked: —

"'Are they hats?'

"'No,' answered Mary Remington; 'they're bonnets.'

"'Bonnets!' repeated Anne, in an awed whisper.

"'They are the new fashion, and papa got them out from France for us. All gentle-women are wearing them now.'

"'Bonnets!' Anne keeps saying over reflectively. 'What are they made of?' She touches reverently the glossy and delicate framework, and caressingly the huge bunches of brocaded ribbons and flowers.

"'It's straw,' explains Sue Remington; 'and isn't it beautiful?'

"'I never saw anything so beautiful,' says Anne, in an ecstasy of admiration. 'It's smooth and glossy as paper. Straw! How wonderful!'

"'Everybody wears straw nowadays,' says Mary.

"Anne felt herself an ignorant and low-bred girl in her poverty of the new fabric. 'A straw bonnet!' The very words had a charm, and slipped smoothly over her tongue; and she sighs, not with any care for the civil gentlemen, but with longings after a bonnet. Then she turned one about, tried it on, peered into the inside, peeped under the bows; and, after half an hour, could scarcely tear herself away.

"Her homeward steps were meditative, yet very firm. She had formed a resolve. The bonnets had impressed her mind as things very lovely, gorgeous, and desirable. She felt she must have such a head-covering or be miserable.

"'Great-grandmamma was very silly,' says Adéle.

"Possibly, my dear; but she was very innocent. At her age the present New York girl is thinking of lovers, and flirtations, and marriage; but Anne was a child, hardly grown away from her doll; and she had no tact, for she walked straight to her father's library, where he was looking over papers with Riding. The Yorkshire steward had by this time become his business man, and general manager of all the Brinton property.

"'Confound the Congress!' Mr. Brinton was saying. 'Great Jove! How dare they threaten my property!'

"In all these years he had never changed his sentiments or his form of invective.

"'They've gotten t' power,' answered Riding, with an ugly smile.

"Mr. Brinton began to walk up and down, mutter, and breathe hard.

"'Weel, weel, sir,' Riding continued, 'ar have gotten t' matter put off from year to year, an' ar tell ye freely, noo, that your sworn oath of fealty to t' new government' —

"Here the master broke in with a fierce gesture and a fiercer oath.

"'Lackin' thot, ar offer ye ony oath of moine that will save t' property; and maister' (here Riding's quick little eyes almost disappeared in wrinkles of avarice and cunning), 'maister, t' cash for it ef ye please.'

"Grandpapa towered in his rage, and the library table gave back the dull thud of solid oak under his fist.

"'Confound you, Riding, for an infernal scamp! It's years since you tried that rascally game before, and now, Great Jove! I'll punish you. To England you go, and stop on the Lancashire place and look after it, — do ye hear?'

"The idea of dismissing an old servant never entered John Brinton's head. He'd as soon think of dismissing his dog for unseemly barking, or his tea-service for not shining. Things that belonged to the house belonged to it; and, after all, there's no such simplicity as that of a very proud and overbearing nature. Now, Riding picked up a good deal of money as manager of the Brinton lands; and very little

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was to be had from the Lancashire estate; so his big face was anything but pretty as he sulked and lowered off under his sentence.

"Anne stood in the door-way while all this was going on; but it was common enough to find her father in a temper, and the bonnet matter was too important to wait. Up she stepped to the big table.

"'Papa!'

"'Well, what is it, child?'

"'Papa, I want something.'

"'Anything in reason, Anne,' says great-grandpapa. 'Is it a pony?'

"'No, papa, it's a bonnet.'

"'A *what?*' The father stared in amazement, for the Anglicized word, in its present acceptance, was new. 'Do you want to be a Scotchman?'

"'No! no!' Anne explained. 'A bonnet is a kind of hat for a lady; and it's — oh, so lovely! It's big — as big as that' (Anne stretched out her arms to do full justice in the description), 'and it's covered with bows and flowers; and, O papa, Sue and Mary have each one.'

"'And you want one, vain little minx, eh?'

"Mr. Brinton looked complacently, as anybody would have done, into that sweet face, with the tint of wild-rose upon it. Then he pinched the dimpled chin, stained pink, too, like the cheeks, and said: —

"'Well, tell mamma, and you shall have it.'

"'But no, papa, it's not so easy. You would have to send abroad for it.'

"'Then to London we will send for a gentlewoman's hat' —

"'Bonnet,' corrected Anne.

"'Well, whatever you call it; though, to my mind, powder and a fine calash are the fittest dressing for a lady's head. To London we'll send.'

"'Not to London,' faltered Anne. 'The fashion is quite new, and comes from (Anne's voice was very low) — from Paris.'

"'Paris!' repeats her father, thundering out the word. 'Paris! That's France, miss. Do you know what you're saying? Paris! Give my daughter the fashion of a mincing, wicked, French' — Mr. Brinton brings up short and substitutes, *piece* for some other word he had on his tongue. 'To Paris, where fools and regicides make an eternal Punch and Judy show! Go to your room, miss! Your bread and water will be sent to you. Go!'

"Anne's color all faded out; the dimple in her chin seemed nicked in marble, and slowly she crept up the big staircase to her own room. It was a pleasant place, though too heavily furnished in great mahogany pieces, that shone like glass, and gave back black, distorted shadows of its pretty occupant.

"She knew there was no reprieve; so, in a fine pout, she set about entertaining herself and drawing on the resources of her prison. In a corner cupboard she opened her dolls' house, not so very long shut up and neglected. Then the miss of seventeen sat down on the floor, took out each old dolly (such ugly, wooden things), gave an affectionate eye to its toilet, and set it back, with due regard to its comfort. Anne thought next of her piles of ribbons and laces, all laid in lavender in the chest of drawers. In handling them she found pieces of brocade like those on the wonderful French bonnets. These she twisted up pensively, into bows and loops, which, held at the side of her head, gave back an admirable effect from the glass. Then she sighed, and, with the ribbons in her hand, wandered off to the window, where stood a table, and on it her pencils, box of colors, and a pile of drawing-paper. She idly sank on a chair, threw the ribbon down, chose a pencil, and handled over the paper.

"A smooth piece of creamy Bristol-board looked tempting; but, no sooner had she touched it than that, too, made her think of the bonnets. The delicate straw was not unlike this paper, — more glossy; but here was the tint. She doubled the paper into a sort of a cone, and tried the effect of the ribbon against it. 'Lovely!' murmurs little Anne, and she is inspired with a great idea. She will make a bonnet on those fine French models. The brocaded ribbons are rich as those from Paris; she knows where a great, yellow artificial rose blooms on the bosom of a plum-colored gown, —one of mamma's, laid away against Anne's maturity. The materials are at hand; she gets her work-basket, puts the mirror on a chair, seats herself on a low stool, and so cuts, fits, tries on, and admires the effect.

"Towards dark Dinah calls through the door, 'Your pa sends you only bread and water fo' supper;' but the old nurse adds, in a whisper, 'Look under de bread, honey!'

"Not until night has fairly fallen does she stop the precious labor and sweeten

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her hard fare with the neat layer of jam that is 'under de bread.' To her mother's gentle good-night, given softly at the key-hole, she returns a cheerful answer; then sleeps so lightly that, with the first beam of morning, she is again at the bonnet. It really looks wonderfully well. A pointed stovepipe crown asserts its independence of any known form of head; then a great poke, with extraordinary and unexpected turnings-up and turnings-down, dentings-in and juttings-out, like the map of a bit of dangerous seaboard, serves as support and shelter to piles of furbelows without and within. She has, as yet, so to speak, only sketched the great work; but there are four days before Sunday, and on each she spends many hours shut up with her precious creation. It has crown, poke, flare, flowers, ribbons, creamy whiteness; it lacks but one thing, — gloss. At last Anne has found a way to add this superlative touch. She melts some sugar, and lays on the syrup with a brush until the lustre is perfect, and then the bonnet is complete and gorgeous. The little milliner has now but one anxiety. Will papa and mamma stay from church on Sunday, and so may she escape their eyes? It seems too good to be true, but during this month of July Mr. Brinton has grown more and more testy at the omission of loyal forms of prayer, and has become so stout, too, that he dreads the broiling summer sun. He tells Anne that she is to occupy the pew alone, for mamma always stays or goes, according to his humor.

"Anne flies to her room, dresses in a white muslin gown, very scanty and short-waisted; belts herself coquettishly about the arm-pits; crosses and recrosses her slipper-strings; draws on her mitts; and then, on the fair hair, still flowing in childish ringlets, she adjusts the great, magnificent bonnet, and trips off, silently and secretly, to church.

"She is rather early. The Remingtons, whose pew is just behind the Brintons, have not yet arrived. Anne, as she passes through the church, hears a light breeze of whispering, and a rustle, as of neighbor nudging neighbor. She feels a thrill of gratified vanity right through the petition for an humble and attentive mind, with which she always prepares for the services. Soon the two cousins and the two bonnets are coming up the aisle; but there is no stir in the congregation. The edge of wonder has been taken off. The little heart, bowed in prayer, tries to feel pity for Mary and Sue; and, being tranquil with fulness of pride, solemnly believes itself filled with compassion, or some equally good sentiment. After 'Dearly beloved brethren' the old sexton opens some windows to let in air, for the day is stifling. Sunshine streams in, too, and a fly buzzes about Anne's nose. Another fly, and still another, plagues her, until the streak of sunshine lying across the pew becomes full of the restless black spots. She gives rigid attention to the psalm; but, buzz, buzz, buzz, come the flies about her face, and she is conscious that they settle on her bonnet. She whisks with her hand, she shakes her head; but buzz, buzz, come reinforcements, and every black marauder joins the colony on the bonnet. The triumph of millinery, poor Anne knows, must be half covered with flies, and she at last guesses what is the attraction. It's the grand finishing touch: the lovely gloss, — the melted sugar. Sue and Mary are tittering in their handkerchiefs; the pew stands at right angles with the body of the church, and all the people can see the dilemma and despise her. Anne thinks of sudden death with complacency; then she changes from scarlet to white, and turns her face towards the tablets on the wall, and away from the full gaze of the congregation. Only those that are seated near the head of the Remingtons' pew can see how fast her tears flow. Still the flies buzz noisily, settle, and make off suddenly, only to return as suddenly, and have a grand tussle among themselves. They can be heard through sonorous prayers and confused responses; they preach to little Anne of pride and its downfall more eloquently than the whole army of clergy. She only sits, quite overcome and helpless, and just cries and cries. In the midst of the lesson for the day there is a stir in the Remingtons' pew, as of people changing places, and presently, from behind her, Anne feels a gentle breeze, — the air from a fan in motion. The flies feel it too, and hold an angry, buzzing protest against it. Steady and strong it continues. The flies can't hold their own; they struggle; they are borne off by a strong puff — force their way back to the sugar; are again swept away. At last they yield, retiring by squads, — some to an old gentleman's bald head, some to the fingers of a small boy. Anne sits very still, with her face a little streaked and tear-stained, until, at last, the titters all die out, and she thinks that disgrace is for-

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gotten almost as quickly as merit, and begins to wonder who it is that plies the fan so steadily. That it is used skilfully, and as if for the pleasure of the person who holds it, she sees by the people who face her. They evidently don't understand that the flies are held at bay. After the sermon is done, our little grandmother rises prematurely in the midst of the blessing, and, twisting about, manages to catch sight of the active fan. Behind it are looking out a pair of dark eyes, set in the bronzed face of a tall gentleman, in military uniform. Anne quickly turns away, and, gathering up her prayer-book and handkerchief, goes out with the crowd. The Remingtons are following close, and Sue and Mary retain her just in the church-porch.

"'Where did you get it?' asks Sue, abruptly. Now, Anne had been ready for this question, and resolved to give a puzzling answer, that should excite both envy and curiosity; but, after what she has gone through during the past two hours, she loses her presence of mind, and plumps out the plain truth: —

"'I made it.'

"The girls laugh in chorus. 'Don't you like it?' ventures Anne, timidly.

"'It's frightful.'

"'It's just like yours,' says Anne.

"'It's *something* like ours,' Sue admits. 'But you are little, and the bonnet makes you seem a mushroom. *We* are tall, and can wear fine things. Little midgets can't.'

"Anne had forgotten, in planning the structure, that the cousins towered a whole head above her, and had mature faces, in which no dimples or rounded childish outlines mocked at finery, defied it, and outdid it.

"Mary criticised the bows, Sue the shape of the crown; but the deepest stab was when one sister, and then the other, asserted, 'You put on something sticky, that drew the flies.' Then they asked what it was.

"'Sugar,' Anne meekly answered, too mortified to be cunning.

"The girls screamed with amusement, and then, rudely staring and handling, discovered something more, and cried out. 'Why, it's made of paper!'

"Anne burst into tears again, — very angry ones this time, — and, tearing off the bonnet, she threw it down on the pavement of the church-porch and stamped upon it with her little, slippered feet. The congregation had dispersed; but there stood apart, waiting for the Remington girls, a gentleman whom Anne, in her confusion, had not noticed. It was the stranger who had fanned away the flies.

"Mary Remington called him, with a look, and presented him to Anne: 'Miss Brinton, General de Cazarac'; then the two sisters hurried away, feeling that in bringing Anne to the notice of a stranger, in the midst of her tears and her temper, they had punished her presumption most justly.

"As the general bowed to little Anne, standing in her white frock and blue sash, her fair curls all dishevelled, and such a pretty, childish shame in her face and attitude, he gave her a glance that meant anything but derision.

"They were quite alone now in the church-porch, and he gallantly produced a large umbrella. It was a cotton one, I'm afraid, and red, but considered fine in those days. With grave respect he said: —

"'If you'll let me see you safely home I'll take care of this unlucky millinery.'

"Anne stood speechless until he picked the bonnet up, and, tucking it carefully under his arm, proceeded to open the umbrella. Then she found voice and cried out: 'No! No! I don't want it. I don't dare take it home. I hate it! Don't let me ever see it again!' He had only had time to think that she fired off her sentences like pistol-shots, when the tears began to flow again, and he hastened to call a servant, in whose charge the bonnet was spirited away to Cazarac's lodgings.

"It was high noon; the streets were almost deserted, the sun lay hot upon the stoops and house-fronts, and under the umbrella Anne and her escort were sheltered from the eyes of even the few passers-by. Cazarac talked soothingly, pleasantly, with a semi-paternal, reassuring gravity, and about everything but bonnets. His step was shortened carefully to Anne's little trot; his eyes were deep, gentle, yet full of a tender light. His speech was soft, and, perhaps from being burdened with a foreign accent, it was so deliberate that one believed his words were well considered, and involuntarily trusted in what he said. Anne felt herself in a kind of dream as Cazarac, to catch her slightest word, walked with his fine head bent a little, and now and then a hot breeze would lift her hair lightly, yet enough, as she knew, to send some few golden threads right across his face. Anne felt rather ashamed when that happened, for she was no coquette as yet;

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and, beside, her gallant, who looked every day of his thirty-two years, seemed, though very kind and very superior, very old to the little girl, with her seventeen summers. Still she found a wonderful rest and content under that red umbrella, and began to wish it were always July, always high noon, and she always needing its shelter.

"Arriving, at last, at her own door, and seeing the house, like others, carefully closed against the heat, she planned to run very fast by Black Jake, who would open the door, and was too stupid to notice her bare head, so that nobody at home would find out her disgrace.

"Then, being no longer in a fright, she delayed a little to hear Cazarac say, 'Can't I have the pleasure of knowing your father and mother, Miss Brinton?'

"'Oh, no!' falters Anne, looking at his uniform, 'I'm afraid not' (she never dreamed what encouragement lay in her tone and form of speech), 'I'm afraid not; for papa is a Tory.'

"'What of that? I'm not an American.'

"'What are you?' asks Anne, who isn't accustomed to foreigners.

"'A Frenchman.'

"Anne looks up with a very scared face, moves her lips without speaking, nervously twists her neck-chain about her finger, says, 'Good-by! Thank you!' and dashes up the steps.

"Cazarac prudently retreats before the door is opened.

"Strange to say, from that day and hour little Anne forgot all about the dolls' house. She never again opened that corner cupboard, or attended to the comfort of her wooden pets. Instead she sat in the window-seat and gazed out at the twilight. She got into the way, too, of dropping her needlework, and letting her hands lie idle, while she stared into space, and, if any one spoke, forgot to answer.

"Dinah, the old nurse, thought: 'Dat bressed lamb ought to take a heap o' good physic.'

"Still the wild-rose on her cheek was fresh, and Anne was certainly a lovely, healthy, plump, little woman.

"About these days she developed a taste for being away from home. Either she must go to a shop for embroidery-silk, or she must go to the Remingtons', or to the Battery to taste the salt breeze. If, invariably, she met General De Cazarac, why, that was chance. The city was small, and in time of peace an officer had leisure to walk about. If the Remington girls, who were full of mischief, and had a spite against their Uncle Brinton for his tirades against their family politics, favored these chance meetings, why, poor Anne couldn't help that. But it was true that many times after taking tea or dinner at the Remingtons', and meeting the general there, Anne forgot, at home, to give her father a full list of the guests.

"At last General de Cazarac and Mr. Brinton chanced to meet at the house of a mutual friend. The general obtained the long-sought introduction, and got for his pains a surly, 'Servant, sir,' and the full front of grandpapa's back.

"In desperation Cazarac called at the house, saw the gentle-hearted mother, and asked leave, in manly fashion, to pay his addresses to the daughter. He was referred to the library and papa.

"The suitor came out of that room looking very white for a dark man. Great-grandpapa's words were: 'No, sir! My daughter shall marry no infernal frog of a parley-voo Frenchman!'

"Not long after this the Remingtons were walking on the Battery, and Cazarac and Anne were in their party. Mr. Brinton was safe at home, with his winter gout, and his patient wife for company. It was an autumn evening, fair, cool, and lighted with the deep splendor of the dying sunset and the pale glory of the just-risen moon. A band was playing, and, to hear certain strains with better effect, Cazarac had drawn Anne away from the rest of the company. He took this chance to plead his cause; and right gallantly he did it, too, for Anne could find no better refusal than to repeat:—

"'Papa wouldn't like it if I married you.'

"'But would *you* like it?' says Cazarac.

"Anne carries a rose that he has given her. At this she crushes it nervously and throws it down, then stops short, and cries out with passionate regret, 'Oh, my poor rose! I wanted to keep it forever!' The general eagerly picks up the scattered leaves, puts them into her hand, then holds the little, trembling hand, rose-leaves and all.

"'Take the poor rose, and the poor giver too,' he urges, made bold by her tenderness for his gift.

"'But I met you such a little while ago,' Anne pleads, receding again,—'only last July.'

"'Much longer ago,' says Cazarac; 'many, many years. We are old friends.'

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"'Oh, no! that can't be,' Anne answers him. With one hand he still holds hers, with the other he lightly touches one of her fair curls. 'Do you know any words of French?' he asks.

"'Not one,' she replies.

"He wears a strange, anxious expression, and says, 'Look at me.' She looks, and finds it hard to turn away again. Then he says, very slowly, '*Je t'aime, ma petite.*'

"Anne's eyes dilate; her brows contract, as if with an effort of the memory; yet she seems like one in a dream, and answers in a low, dreamy voice, but with perfect distinctness: —

"'*Je t'aime, Louis!*'

"A great joy sprang into Cazarac's face, his hand dropped from the curl to her waist, and then he — well, never mind what he did, Adéle."

"I know," says Adele; "he — he ***kissed her***. Don't look so shocked, mamma. It's in the story-books."

"So it is; but we always forget our children can read."

"Then what did she say, mamma?" Adéle asks.

"Your great-grandmamma was very much frightened." Here Adéle remarks, by way of parenthesis: "What a little goose!" "Very much frightened," I continue, "and she said 'Oh!' a great many times, and almost shed a tear. Then General de Cazarac told her gently the meaning of the French words, and Anne exclaimed: —

"'I remember it all, — the young officer and his sword-hilt, and papa, and the loud talk, and then the whipping. Oh, he whipped me so hard!'

"Cazarac murmurs his pity upon her soft cheek. Then they both declare: 'It is fate.'

"Now, Anne only needed a good phrase to reconcile her conscience with her affection. 'It is fate' seemed an excellent one, and perfectly quieting, even on the day after she is eighteen, when she kisses her mother, with tears that make the gentle lady wonder, goes out for a walk, and runs away and marries Cazarac."

"And did her father forgive her?" asks Adéle.

"Her father raged, and abused the servants, and had the gout, and made his wife wretched. Then he heard from England that Riding was denouncing him as a traitor to the crown, who had harbored rebel troops, and that the rascal was doing his best to bring about the confiscation of his Lancashire property. Then, too, the matter of the Long Island and New Jersey lands was taking an unfavorable turn before Congress. Mr. Brinton became alternately violent and broken-hearted, until people would have pitied him if he hadn't insulted and abused them at his pleasure.

"General de Cazarac, hearing all this, made a trip to England, and found a chance to explain, under oath, the sort of treatment Republican soldiers had enjoyed under Brinton's roof. They say his wife is described in some grave old legal records as a 'very faire young woman,' and her account of her father's violence stands as important testimony in an old case, and at last the lands were preserved, and John Brinton graciously allowed his daughter to kiss his cheek, although he always refused to accord a formal forgiveness. But he acknowledged to Cazarac, 'Parley-voo may not be so bad when you understand it,' and that was considered full reconciliation."

"But the picture, mamma," says Adéle.

"Oh, yes! I was forgetting that. While on the trip to England Grandpa Cazarac had it painted by Sir Thomas, and produced, for the sitting, the original bonnet, which he had kept sacredly."

"And my eyes?"

"Are like Louis de Cazarac's. Ah! people in those days said there was a rare charm in them," exclaims mamma, forgetting the implied compliment.

"Ah, people say just such things nowadays," Miss Adéle remarks mockingly, as she sends a liquid glance sideways from under the long lashes.

"Nonsense, child! Go and practise your minor scales;" and Adéle, laughing, runs away.

Fanny Foster Clark.

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EN PROVINCE À CHEVAL MÉCANIQUE.

PART II.

It was with a feeling of real sorrow that I strapped on my leggings again, and, leading my trusty bicycle out at the river-gate and across the new bridge, vaulted into the saddle and held a south-westerly course towards the *Pont du Gard* and Nismes; for I had been kindly treated at Avignon, and had grown to love the quaint old city, the pleasant walks near by, along the riverside, among the groves, and the garden high on the rock, the flight of the shadows across the valley, the settling of the darkness upon the mountains, the many-toned bells which tolled the knell of parting day, the gentle, soothing sounds of which were wafted up to us from the churches in the city below, and from the convents and chapels buried among the trees beyond the river, and the ringing calls of the buglers echoing among the embattled walls of the neighboring castle, calling the soldiers from the city and telling them that the drawbridge would be raised. And at ten o'clock, when all had retired, and everything was silent and still, one bugle would ring out solitary and sad, commanding all lights to be extinguished; and as it grew fainter and fainter and ceased, and the echoes grew less and died, sleep settled over the castle and the city and thousands of toiling hands and weary feet and aching hearts found comfort and rest for a little time under her sheltering cloak.

Nismes is thirty miles from Avignon, and the *Pont du Gard* is about half way between them, lying a few miles to the west of the direct road. It is the remains of the Roman aqueduct over the river Gard and at one time carried the water for the supply of Nismes from the hills, many miles further north. It consists of three systems of arches, one above the other, the lowest numbering six, the middle eleven and the uppermost thirty-five. From the valley above it resembles a great piece of perforated yellow card-board, blocking up the valley from the stream to the level of the hill-tops. The topmost row of arches is six feet in width, and the conduit upon it four feet wide and six deep. This conduit or trough is covered over for the most part with flag-stones reaching from one side to the other. The walk upon them is rather perilous, for some of the stones are missing, and you must jump across the gap, and others have been worn away by "the eating storms and the flight of time" till they are somewhat unstable. I had no way of ascertaining the distance to the stream beneath, but judge it not less than a hundred and eighty or two hundred feet. It is one of the grandest Roman works in existence, and is remarkable for its perfect state of preservation. Within the past century six new arches have been built alongside of the lowest system, and the carriage-road now crosses on these. I followed the aqueduct for some distance through cuts in the hills and over ravines until forced to turn back in a tunnel by reason of the fallen rock having blocked up the passage. It was an immense work and it is a great pity that it has not been repaired, for the Nismites now drink water one draft of which will disarrange one's bowels for a fortnight.

The sun was still some hours high on Sabbath afternoon as I entered the eastern gate of Nismes, and bowled up the splendid boulevard which leads into the great central square. The esplanade between the rows of venerable elms was thronged with citizens and peasants in bright holiday attire, and a military band near the central fountain was rendering with great gusto selections from *La Fille de Madame Angot*. There seemed to be some great event on hand, and among the exclamations and gesticulations I distinguished the words "*Espagnol*" and "*Taureaux*." There was to be a Spanish bull-fight that afternoon (do not be alarmed, my readers, I will not describe it) in the Roman amphitheatre. Soon after the Spaniards themselves appeared in a large open carriage drawn by four richly-caparisoned white horses and preceded by a band of music. They made the circuit of the square several times amid the shouts and hat-tossings of the populace, and sustained their national reputation for pride by disdaining to acknowledge the ovation by so much as a nod. The amphitheatre, though not quite so large as the one at Arles, is much better preserved, and shows the ar-

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rangement of the ancient theatres better than the Colosseum itself. It was built about the year one hundred and forty, is twelve hundred feet in circumference, and could accommodate twenty-three thousand spectators. It is situated near the "*Place*," and I followed the crowd as it poured through the iron gate and the stone arches and clambered high up the stone walls and seats within, which rose gradually from the pit to the outside wall. (I have changed my mind. I know you will be disappointed if I omit this fine show; besides, this isn't a common Spanish bull-fight, for it was fought in France, and some one was killed.)

In looking down upon the great structure from the highest part, the aptitude of a simile used by some traveller strikes one forcibly. It resembles the inside of a broad-brimmed, low-crowned straw hat, The arena is the crown and the tiers of seats are the braids of the brim. The color also is the same. The people swarmed and clustered like restless insects upon the brim. The ladies who were to act as judges were seated in a box on the lowest tier just outside the barrier. The bright colored costumes of the women, and the brilliant shawls which were thrown over the front of the seats, the tri-color of France and the rich, proud standard of Spain waving over it all, softened the asperity of the decayed walls and hid the glaring rents of seventeen hundred years. I found myself forgetting the holiness of the day and the cruelty of the sport I was about to witness in the excitement and expectation. It was easy to imagine that the world had moved back two thousand years and I was sitting among the fierce barbarians who had built this place and who were about to gratify their inhuman desire for blood; for these people were as eager and as cruel as the savage Romans would have been, and howled and cursed at the delay which kept them from glutting their sight with the agony and dying struggles of man and beast.

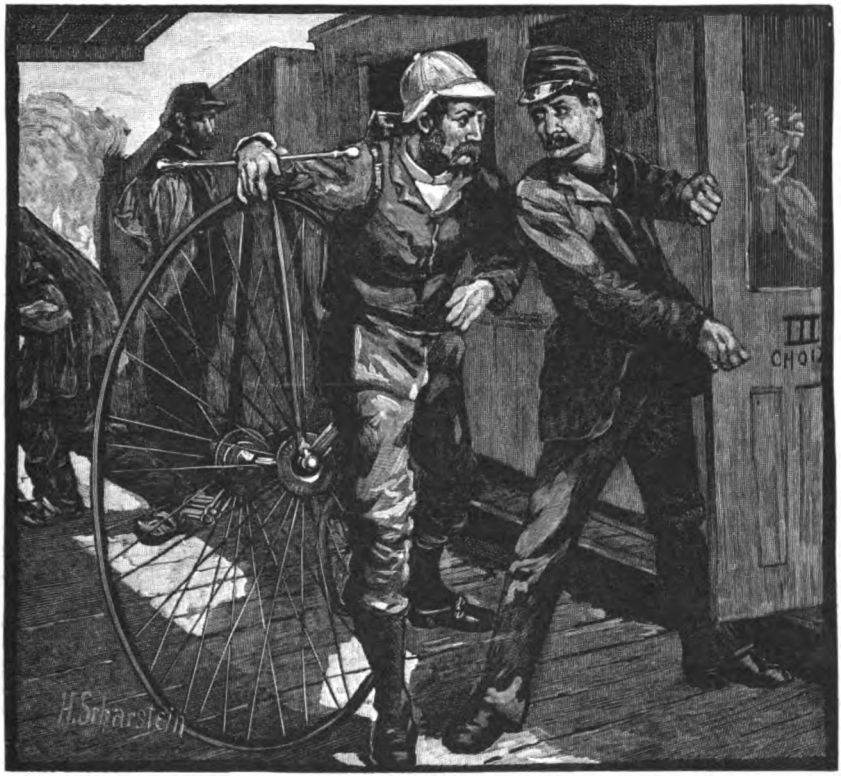
The music ceased at length, a trumpet sounded, the doors opened, and in stalked the six Spaniards dressed in bright, parti-colored satin jackets and caps, knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes, and carrying red and yellow mantles over the left arm. They were fine-looking fellows, tall, dark, and bearing themselves bravely. One especially was fit to be the Prince who rescues and marries every maiden in her dreams. Of the height and form of the Apollo, grace is in every movement, love burns within his flashing eye, and fearlessness and pride are stamped on every feature. All see at once that he will be the hero of the battle or die. They walked with stately tread across the arena, and, stopping directly in front of the fair judges' box, bowed to them and to the people. After they had taken their several positions the trumpet sounded again, the low doors at the further end flew open, and a second after out dashed a black Spanish bull. Light of build, quick of movement, with long, keen horns, tail lashing his sides and head lowered, he stood for a moment glaring at his enemies and pawing the earth. The pause was but for a moment, and, with a sharp, quick bellow, he rushed at his first opponent.

Look out, my brave Spaniard! Now! One wave of the cloak to the right, one whirl of the body to the left, and the bull thunders by him untouched. The bull turns and again rushes forward. Again he misses, and the long horns gore only the maddening cloak. How is it his prey escapes him? The poor animal, furious, foaming, bellowing, frantic, blind with baffled rage, rushes first one way and then another. What adroit turnings of the body on the part of the toreadors! What feints and springs! What lightning quickness and agility! A man is singled out and attacked. With the help of a pole he vaults, and the bull passes directly under him. The pole, struck in the rush, snaps in twain like a wand and flies across the arena. Now the burning eyes espy the Prince standing alone near one end of the pit. With lowered head the beast has at him. The long-sought opportunity has arrived. The Prince bows to the people, kisses his hand gallantly to the ladies; and then, running to meet the bull, he springs into the air, passes clear over him, and alights gracefully, bowing and kissing his hand again amid cheers and huzzas. The bull stands sweating and panting, cowed and exhausted. The fight is all out of him. Courageously twist his tail, noble Spaniard, beat him, prod him, kick him, bravely, fearlessly. There is no danger now. The attendants turn an old cow with a bell on her neck into the ring, and drive them both out with staves and jeers.

The band plays, small boys climb among the spectators selling lemonade and pastry. The bugle sounds again and another bull is turned into the pit. He is a thoroughbred fighting-bull, and of larger and more

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powerful build than the first. They worry and tantalize him until he is wild with passion. The people are becoming fierce. They want blood. They cry for it. The master of ceremonies hands down two little rosettes to the fighters. Playthings they seem, but daggers are hidden within. A man takes one in each hand, and, as the bull makes an onslaught upon him, he strikes one into either side of his nose and springs aside before being gored. It is done successfully. Then two darts are thrust into his neck in the same manner, from in front, over the horns, and as the shafts are plucked out the heads are left sticking in the flesh, and many-colored strips of tissue-paper and ribbons stream from them, and blood runs down and drips upon the sand. Soon he is completely covered with darts, rosettes and painted javelins. He tosses his head and shakes his sides in the vain endeavor to rid himself of them, and only irritates the wounds. He rubs against the barrier and the barbed heads are driven farther into the quivering flesh. He bellows and screams in agony, and weakening from the loss of blood, and drunk with wounds, sways back and forth. His limbs tremble. He is tottering. It is becoming sickening. Still they cut him and stab him. They have no fear now. He is at their mercy, and they have none. One catches a dart hanging from his side and wrenches it from the wound. The pain resuscitates him for a moment and he turns upon the fellow. The coward, instead of dodging, turns and flees. Fatal error! The bull gains upon him. The women scream and rise, the men hold their breath and grow pale. He reaches the barrier, tries to leap it, slips, and falls within the pit. The bull plunges again and again upon the prostrate man, goring and tossing him like a sheaf of grain. The others rush to their fallen comrade's assistance, throw themselves upon the bull and force him to the ground. He falls upon one of the daggers and it is driven into his heart. The dying man is carried out; the bull's carcass is rolled upon a sledge and drawn away; fresh sand is sprinkled over the blood to hide it from the next bull.



A PRETTY LARGE TIP.

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for they become terror-stricken at the smell of blood.

The band plays, the small boys peddle their fruits, the bugle calls, and the sport proceeds as though nothing had happened. I had seen enough, and wished to depart, but the breathless excitement fascinated me and held me chained to my seat. I was not satisfied, I wanted more; I was disappointed that men were not butchering men, instead of beasts. I longed to see more strife, and more souls loosened down in that reeking steaming pit, and sent soaring out from that passion-accursed crater.

Four bulls succeeded this, and upon the last the Prince accomplished his *chef d'oeuvre*. He took a long, straight rapier and placed himself at the end of the pit, close to the barrier so that he had no way of dodging or evading the attack. They worried and angered the bull for a time with their cloaks, and then attracted his attention to the Prince, who held his weapon in readiness. The bull lowered his head and charged. The point of the sword was directed so skilfully that it struck the exact point needful, just back of the horns, and pierced the spinal cord. It was a superb *coup de main*. He did not move an inch from his tracks, and the bull, relaxing every muscle and loosening every nerve, fell a quivering mass of flesh at his feet. Flushed and triumphant, the Prince received the golden wreath, and was crowned amid the praises of the ladies and the congratulations of his companions.

There are many interesting antiquities in Nismes besides the amphitheatre. With the exception of Rome it is richer in Roman remains than any city in Europe. The *Maison Carrée*, a Roman temple with ten beautiful Corinthian columns in front, is now used as a museum of relics and paintings. Another temple now in ruins is the *Nymphæum*, named from the probable fact of its having been dedicated to the Nymphs. The *Turris Magna* is an old tower on the summit of the hill above the public gardens, from the top of which is a magnificent view, bounded on the eastern horizon by the Basse-Alps, and on the western by the blue line of the Cevennes. The admittance-fee to this tower is ten cents, but beware of the old woman who keeps the entrance, and has the pretty little daughter! for she has a generous, cordial way of lending you a glass to extend the range of vision, and when you descend, with business-like harshness she demands twenty cents extra. If you are a man you cannot refuse, for the daughter looks beseechingly and has such lovely eyes, and if you are a woman you must pay it to silence the storm of reproaches, scolding, and threats.

Shun the *Hotel du Cheval Blanc*. It has a cool and shady court-yard, a fountain, and thick stone walls. In the chambers are old-fashioned spinets and heavy furniture, made after the style of by-gone times; the beds are high and lofty as beds of state, canopied and curtained with damask, but — lean down your head close that I may whisper it in your ear, and promise never to tell the hostess I told you — they have too many and too active tenants already.

The country between Nismes and Arles is much the same as that which I have described. The roads were terribly hot. A cloud of dust rose and spread out behind me like the train of a comet. The hedges and trees and grass on the road-side were covered with the white powder. The river was reached and recrossed at the little town of Tarascon. It had undergone a marked change, being less swift and much wider. On the west bank, and nearly opposite the town, stands the remains of a fine old castle. It has its story, like every ruin on the river. This is it: —

During the days when chivalry was at its height, when the knights were seeking adventures and fortunes at the petty courts of Europe, and winning fame and honor fighting the Saracen in the Holy Land, the family which owned this noble castle, now in ruins, was reduced to two, the old baron, De Clenay and his only child Matilda. She would be the heir to all her father's estates, for they were held, as all the lands in this country are, by allodial and not by feudal tenure. Adding to this attraction was the fact that she was beautiful in feature, form, and disposition, which made her the object of much contention among the young knights of the country.

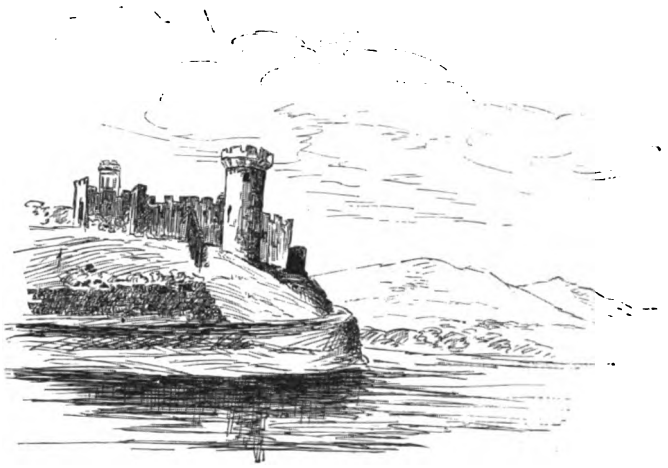
History does not describe her further than to say that she was the most beautiful being in the world. Such a universal compliment being the only description we have of her, each can picture her to himself. I have no doubt, from the tenor of the story, that her stature was not great nor her form *embonpoint*, but that she was beautifully moulded, and her limbs, though delicate, were round and full. Her skin was white, and rich as the lily, and in her cheeks lay a shade of pink as faint, as changeable and delicious as the inside of an ocean shell. Her eyes, no doubt, were blue, not the

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azure blue so highly praised by artists and loudly sung by poets, but deep and dark as violets, which at night, beneath the tapers of her father's hall, seemed black as jet. Her hair was golden, bright and warm as a summer's day, and shone and sparkled as the ripples of the Rhone beneath her window in the morning sun. Her foot was small and shapely, and her hand was small and white. An air of joy and gladness was in every motion, and her voice — oh, if you could have heard that voice! It was the most melodious sound in all the world, low and sweet as the sound of the Æolian harp touched by invisible hands, gentle and soothing as the whisper of the evening zephyr among the trees. That, at least, is my firm belief. Her father loved her greatly in his rough, hearty way, and quite a picture it was to see this gentle, modest maiden attending to his wants, stroking his hard hand, serving him at the board, kissing his hairy cheek, and caressing the great hounds which lay about his chair. She was a beam of sunlight in the gloom of the dark and trophied hall. The sparkling gem was set in the iron of the Lombard crown. Among the many followers and attendants at her father's castle was her cousin Armand. According to the custom of the times he had been sent to his kinsman's hall as page, to learn the arts of hunting and of arms. He was a gentle, thoughtful boy, and loved not the companionship of his rude uncle and his men-at-arms. He would rather far remain alone, seated in some deep stone casement, silent and thoughtful, or wander with Matilda on the walls and in the garden. Her company was to him delightful, as his was to her. When she was with him he was completely happy. They would sit for hours together on the battlements, gazing away across the river to where his father's towers rose among the distant hills, dreaming and talking of the great deeds he would do when he was dubbed a knight, and would ride forth against the infidel.

"I will remain at home," she said, "and think of you and pray for you; and when you have slain the infidels who hold the tomb of Jesus, and have won much honor, and are known throughout the world as a great and good and glorious knight, you will come home to me to rest, and I will place a laurel-wreath upon your brow, and we will live forever here together."

And Armand would say naught, but put his arm about her neck and kiss her sadly, for he had dire forebodings that this great happiness would never come to pass.



CHATEAU DE CLENAY.

One day there returned from the wars a noble knight, to whom, many years before, while she was yet a little prattling child, De Clenay had pledged his daughter's hand. The fame of Matilda's worth and beauty had reached him in Palestine, and now he came to take his pledge. Poor Armand was in despair. Before this he had never thought of his feelings towards Matilda. He did not understand them now. He only felt a great and overwhelming hatred towards the new-comer, and the thought of his taking Matilda away from him forever tortured him, and even to see him approach her and touch her drove him well-nigh mad. The returned warrior found no more favor in Matilda's sight than in Armand's. Before she knew that he was to be her husband she had admired his great, strong arms and chest, and his brave and noble bearing; she had listened with pleasure and admiration to his tales of the wars in which he had taken so great a part; she even had offered, timidly, to unpoint his corslet, and had poured the wine into his goblet with her own hands. But now all was changed. His great, strong arms and chest were coarse and clumsy. His brave and noble bearing was brazen and presumptuous. His tales of the wars were

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but boasting and vainglory. She looked upon him with aversion and disgust. She shunned his presence, and avoided her father's hall and rude banterings. She fled to unfrequented parts of the castle, and, shut away by herself, she sat and wept. Here Armand found her one day, and, in jealousy, and with rudeness, taunted her with her approaching marriage. This was more than the poor girl could bear. She threw her arms about his neck, sobbing in the fulness and sorrow of her heart. He repented, and begged her to leave her father's house, and fly with him that night across the Rhone. It was the night before the wedding-day.

When night came he met her at the foot of the turret's stair. The boat was ready. They left the castle by the postern on the river's side, and were stealing through the shrubbery, down the steep declivity to the water's edge, when the warder on the walls espied them and gave the alarm. In a moment the inmates of the castle, used to midnight alarms, were on foot. Armand reached the water, layed his fainting burden in the boat, and was striving and dragging at the chain, when they fell upon him. He fought like one mad, unarmed as he was, but to no avail. He was overpowered, and, as he struggled with convulsive rage in the arms of a dozen men, his uncle reached the scene. In a moment he comprehended the situation. With an oath he struck the boy with his mailed hand, and felled him bleeding to the earth. Matilda saw the blow. Something rose up within her. She hated her father from that moment. Her soul was as the soul of a tigress when she sees her cub struck dead at her feet. She sprang towards her father with eyes flashing and arm uplifted.

"Darest thou strike an unarmed boy?" she cried. "Then thou art no knight; thou art a coward."

The father looked astounded for an instant, as though he doubted his own senses, that his daughter, who was too gentle to speak in aught above a whisper, was this fierce woman.

"Men, carry her to her tower, and charge the women to guard her well," he said.

As the men closed around her, hesitating to obey this rude command, she turned towards Armand and saw his frail form lying among the rocks. The long, bright hair, the pale, cold face turned up, and the gash upon the forehead looked ghastly in the moonlight. All her fierceness vanished, she thought him dead, and, burying her face in her hands, with a low, moaning wail, she sank insensible. When they asked the baron what should be done with Armand, he muttered: —

"Let the ingrate lie where he fell."

When Armand came to himself the moon was sinking behind the castle towers. It was sometime before he fully remembered what had happened. Then he threw himself upon the ground and writhed in a passion of despair and grief. What had been done with Matilda? He clambered up the rocky height to the postern. It was closed and fastened. He struck it and cried aloud. No one answered. All was as still and lifeless as the grave. He ran around to the gate-way. The portcullis was down and the drawbridge up. He shouted again and again. The warden at length appeared on the walls and ordered him off. What was this? Bidden begone like a vagabond from the castle which had been his home so many years, and which now contained the only being on earth he loved; shut out in the night, barred from his sweet cousin by the heartless walls when she most needed him! It was too hard, too hard!

In a sort of nightmare he rushed to the river, threw himself into the boat, dashed across, and fled away to his father's castle. He told his story to his father and brothers there, of his love, the attempted flight, its frustration, the cruelty and insults to which he had been subjected, and prayed that they would lend him men and aid to attack his uncle in his castle, and force Matilda from him before the consummation of the marriage. But they looked upon him as still a boy, and this as a silly, childish passion, and laughed at him in scorn and pity. He quitted them in indignation. Bareheaded and blood-stained as he was, he ran, as though driven by an evil spirit, back again over the many miles to the river's brink. The castle was being decorated for the celebration of the nuptials; the baron's and the bridegroom's standards waved over the battlements. The boat was gone. He could not cross the water. He was impotent. There he must sit in ever-increasing agony and watch the marriage hour approach. A few short hours and Matilda would be another's, and the hope and aim of his life would be gone forever, the pride of his heart would be withered and dead, and the world would be to him an empty waste.

When Matilda recovered from her

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swoon and regained her senses it was broad daylight, and she lay in her own bedchamber in the tower, among her women. The lattice of the little window was thrown open, and the breeze rustled the leaves of the ivy. She was quiet and easy, for she fancied she had just awakened from a frightful dream, and that she was still the happy girl she was before the hateful knight came to demand her hand. But she was frightened at the seeming reality of the dream, and shuddered when she thought of Armand's face lying among the rocks. She was not left long in this pleasant delusion, for a messenger from her father was waiting to bid her prepare for the marriage ceremony, which should be celebrated in the chapel that same day at six.

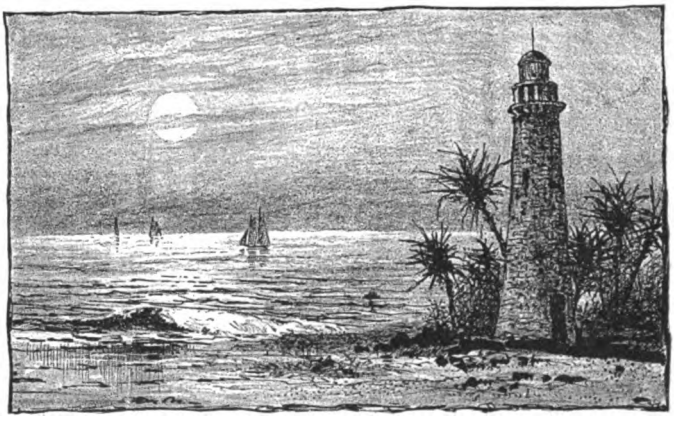
The whole day sat Armand on the opposite shore, unmindful alike of hunger or thirst or the burning sun, straining his tearless eyes towards the castle. It was almost six o'clock when, as he gazed, he saw some one appear on the summit of the tower. He knew the fragile form. It was Matilda, clad in the bridal robes of white. He sprang to the water's edge. She saw him. He hesitated no longer, but plunged into the river and struggled towards her.

"Armand! Armand!" he heard her cry. She held out her arms to him for a moment, and then, with a wild cry of love and despair, sprang into the air towards him. Down, down, she fell, as falls a white bird shot on the wing, and struck, crushed and bleeding, among the rocks at the foot of the crag. With a death-like sickness about his heart Armand beat and buffeted the waves. With superhuman strength he reached the shore. He sprang to where she had fallen. There she lay, a broken and bruised lily. She opened her eyes slowly, and smiled as he called her name, and threw himself at her side. She put her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, as though she had found a home at last, sighed, and closed her eyes forever.

The castle people had discovered them by this time, and were crowding through the postern and hastening towards them. Armand raised her in his arms. Cruel lover thou canst not gain thy promised bride! Hard-hearted father thou canst not tear her from her true love's arms again! He carried her to the rock which juts into the river, and there, before the father, the lover, and them all, he leaped with her into the eddying flood. The rushing water swept over them, and the pride of her father, the last child of a noble house, the flower of womankind, died with him in the strength of her love. Could woman's love be stronger?

They were buried as they were found,—locked in each other's arms. De Clenay's end came soon. He died of a broken heart. His lands were divided, and his castle went to ruins.

From Tarascon to Arles is a three-hours' ride down the eastern bank of the river. I stopped at the *Hotel du Forum*. The host has two very pretty daughters, who talk the most delicious English in the world. O Yankee damsels! if ye could lay aside your harsh, rasping, whining, biting, twanging, grating, saw-mill voices, and learn the soft, gliding English of these foreign girls, then would ye stand head and shoulders above all other women! But listen not to their voices. They are sirens; and to yield to the influence of their gentle cadences will cost you dear,—very dear. There is nothing pleasant in Arles except the *Champs Elysees*, at the south-east corner. The town is old, dirty, dusty, and hot. The river flows sluggishly by its brick towers and monotonous plaster walls, built close to the low bank. The amphitheatre is so dilapidated that its beauty and much of its interest is gone.



MARSEILLES LIGHT-HOUSE.

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"Here in 1651, the *Venus d'Arles*, now in the *Salle du Gladiateur* at the *Louvre*, was excavated from among the rubbish and debris of the theatre. It rivals in beauty the *Venuses de Milo* and *de Medicis*." *Quotation from guide-book.*

The men of Arles do nothing but play at quoits — only they use iron balls instead of quoits — in a large empty lot, and the women and children do nothing but sit on the road-side and look down upon them. There is a fine view from a point on the summit of the crumbling Roman walls, looking towards the east and north, of the hills and valleys and a famous convent, the nuns of which are celebrated for their piety and charity and holiness. They can do all kinds of miraculous things.

A few miles from Arles, towards Marseilles, the country becomes perfectly flat. Not a tree nor a house is in sight. The soil is gravelly, and of a reddish color. The carriage-road follows the railway track, and it turned out a lucky thing for me. Not a leaf nor a breath of air weakened the strength of the sun. Mile after mile I pedaled across the treeless plain. The track by my side was raised on an embankment fifteen or twenty feet high, and once in a long while a stunted cedar stood disconsolate on the side. Dry, knotty branches of grass withered on the sandy waste. It was a dreary prospect. For miles the tired eye traced the raised line of the track. There seemed no end. On the northern horizon lay the mountains; on the southern — nothing. The heat rose from the sand and gave things a whirling, unsteady, bilious look. The mirage appeared. I had seen it once before on the plains of the great North-west. Then it was a prairie village, depicted in the sky. This time it was the sea. The water lay close before me. I thought at first it was the sea, and shouted: "The Mediterranean!" but the sea was full forty miles away, and the water moved off as I proceeded. By and by I saw stakes stuck in the water, and cattle and fishermen on the shore, and a boat. I could scarcely convince myself that my senses were deceived, but as I proceeded they disappeared, and the barren plain lay in their place. My suffering from the heat became intense. I feared a *coup de soleil*. My head was swelled, and the veins seemed like to burst. The wheel under me lost all of its vitality, and would hardly move. About mid-day I reached a station where section hands lived. I dismounted and waited for a train. I was willing to give up, and ride the rest of the way. The guard objected strenuously to taking the bicycle aboard, but finally, at the instance of a pretty large tip, consented to let me take it with me into a third class compartment. I do not know when I first saw the Mediterranean, for the mirage appeared again as we looked from the car-window, and I know not when the reflection ended, and the real water began. It was nearly dark as we skirted the high hills above the blue bay, and entered through tunnels and under bridges into the great, crowded, bustling seaport town — Marseilles.

James C. Hume.

SYLVAN LIFE.

THE bird will carol just as sweet
When comes no passer-by;
The sun bepaint the fairest scenes
Beneath no mortal eye.

The brook will speak, the breeze will sigh,
And whisper will the wood;
The flowers will deck them unadmired
In lonely solitude.

Nature is like the fairest soul,
So generous and so sweet;
Or like a noble heart, with tones
Of truth in every beat.

A princess, with an open hand,
A smile that cannot die;
A beauty ever newly-born,
And an unfading eye.

Julia R. Anagnos.

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AT BUCKHORN LODGE.

ONCE the Scribbler in Chicago got a letter, which said, "Put up your pen, cork up your ink-bottle, and come to Minnesota. Take a vacation, and you will get strong enough to write political leaders."

"But it is no time of year to go to the country." "It is seven hundred miles to Otter Tail, — too long a journey." "You will freeze up there in April." "You might as well go to Manitoba." So objected the cavillers, who abound in every acquaintanceship; abound, but seldom prevail.

The Scribbler checked her trunk for the north, got a pair of rubber boots and took up her shawl-strap. And in due time she saw the Mother, standing in the door of the Lodge, with the Boy in her arms. The Scribbler climbed down from the wagon, without waiting for the Father's help, and cast herself tumultuously into the embrace of her sister and nephew.

"Eighteen miles to the station!" she cried; "eighteen miles of whispering spruces and tamaracks. This is certainly Arcady! Do lotos flowers grow in these lakes?"

"You are tired. Come in and take off your hat, and have some supper."

"I *am* tired."

The Scribbler ate her supper, and fell asleep in her tamarack log-loft, forgetting to take off her boots till long past midnight.

Next day the Nibbler came on the stage from the station to their post-office of Otter Tail, and walked the four miles to the Lodge.

"What in the world did you come for?" asked the Scribbler.

"I wanted some fishing," returned the Nibbler; "the Father invited me to come for some before he emigrated up to these fastnesses. Besides, I felt that April was just the month for Northern Minnesota. Chicago seemed stifling to me."

"You are very silly."

"You are mistaken, I am very hungry."

Then the Mother came and shook his hand cordially, and gave him some broiled venison with a piece of a teal. When this was finished, she broiled a large pickerel, and gave him the rest of the teal with some potatoes and a second half-loaf of bread. The Scribbler opened a can of California pears.

"Nothing like this at Kinsley's," said the Nibbler, smacking his lips.

"We were just going out fishing; the Father is coming in for us soon; you had better go, too, and replenish the larder."

"Is that a larder?" The Nibbler gazed curiously at the great cupboard against the log wall.

"You saucy fellow!" The Father, coming in, pulled him backward out of his chair, shook him, then took him by the scalp-lock. "I declare! So it's you? I thought it was a starved band of Chippewas devastating the premises in my absence. Do you want to go a-fishing?"

"What would you rather do or go a-fishing," returned the Nibbler, with an air of cosmopolitan culture.

"Don't mind his folly," said the Scribbler. "He can hold a rod with any Isaak Walton."

"Hold a rod!" The Mother laughed so that the Boy began cooing, sitting on his father's shoulder. "Wait until you see how we fish here, my dear."

"Here is one of our rods." The Father handed down a long fishspear from the gunrack. He took another, with his gun over his shoulder.

The Nibbler examined his with curiosity. "It looks like a pitchfork stunted in the tines."

"Come and see how we use it."

"Wait a minute." The Mother was getting a volume of Emerson from the rustic bookrack. "I always read Emerson while the Father is fishing. It helps me to keep quiet," she said.

"That's worth copying by all womankind," commended the Nibbler. "Why doesn't the Scribbler come?"

She was buckling to her side a large case, from which, at her request, the Father had taken out its revolver.

"What upon earth?" ejaculated the Nibbler.

"We might meet a Chippewa," suggested the Scribbler, gently.

"Take the revolver, then," pressing it upon her.

"Oh, no!" with a look of horror and a quick recoil from the steel.

"But the thing is empty," he urged.

"Put up the case, dear," said the Mother.

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"The Father has his gun, and the Chippewas are quite harmless."

"Yes, I know; but I want to take this. I feel safer." The Scribbler's voice was firm. "We look more like an armed company when I have this. It adds to — to" —

"The protective tariff," suggested the Nibbler.

"Yes. A gun and the fishspears do very well, but the Indians know that a revolver is readier."

"A fishspear maketh a full man, a revolver a ready man, and Emerson an exact angler. Is that in Proverbs, or where have I read it? It can't be I am quoting Bacon in this land of wild meat!"

The Nibbler tried to look witty, but no one noticed him. The Father had given the Boy suddenly to the Mother, and uttered a quick "Hush!" as he levelled his gun. They all ran forward to see a splendid buck lying in a thicket a few yards away.

"That was a magnificent shot!" The Nibbler was very much excited.

"Seventeen in seventeen months," said the Father, calmly, putting his gun into shape again. "We will go over and get the Captain and his Infant to help us get him ready to eat."

The next day they went over and found their neighbors at the river; and the newcomers gazed in amazement as the Captain and his Infant turned a full barrel of bright fish out on the sward. The unsuspecting pickerel, swimming up the little river from Leaf Lake towards Grass Lake, had found themselves by scores in a net in the stream.

"The neighbors for many miles come here for fish," said the Infant. "We sell them as they run at five cents apiece, yet a good many are wasted."

"Many of the Swede settlers in this region subsist almost exclusively upon a fish diet," said the Captain. "They are indifferent marksmen, and never have venison, even, unless your brother or I give them some."

"But he said that they live on turnips," said the Scribbler.

"Yes, that is the vegetable part of their nourishment — the *ruta-bagas*."

"The Father says the ruta-bagas grow to enormous size here. He told me that they are so large that a Swede near by scooped a room out of one in which he and his family and horses lived all winter, getting their meals by simply slicing pieces off the walls. They have a log-house now, but there is enough left of the turnip to supply the horses all summer."

"Oh, but that isn't true, you know," said the Englishman.

The Nibbler made a despairing gesture, and turned away. "Come and see how the fish shine," he called, presently, standing on the river bank overlooking a sandy shallow. "In the spring the northern pickerel gets himself a brighter crest," he added.

The Captain threw his spear deftly, caught a pickerel in the gills, and landed him on the grass. "That is the Indian fashion," and he threw again, landing another, and then another.

"Oh, I want to try!" cried the Scribbler.

But the lads must needs throw first, and each brought up one.

She threw and threw, and at last arrested the journey of a huge fish as long as her arm, cutting him nearly through the middle, and bringing him up bloody and struggling. She turned very white about the lips, but instantly threw again, hitting another with nervous incertitude, and landing him all mangled, too, by the cruel steel. She bit her lips, set her teeth resolutely, and threw again, her body swaying slightly as she leaned forward.

"Better stop," urged the Nibbler; "you are getting shaky."

She turned a fierce glance on him. "I *will* have three!" she cried, and swung the handle out again, stepping forward excitedly.

"Take care!" cried the Captain; but her poor footing crumbled treacherously, and gave way, and she fell forward into the water.

The Nibbler pulled her out and carried her, drenched and shivering, to the Captain's cabin.

"I — I wasn't nervous," — her teeth were chattering violently, — "you see it was that wretched bank."

"Of course it was," said the Nibbler, soothingly, wrapping a buffalo robe about her. "The Captain and I will take turns in carrying you home."

"Nonsense! I can walk;" and she did it resolutely.

The exercise made her rosy, and the Nibbler laughed reassuringly when he came up to her, waiting for him at the log which spanned the swift little river.

"Waiting for the bridge?" he inquired, with Chicago facetiousness.

"I'm waiting for you to help me walk this tamarack tight-rope. I'm not going to risk falling into that current."

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When she came down from her loft in dry raiment, the Nibbler observed, "It is about time to eat something."

"We'll build a fire." She fell to preparing a Mallard duck the Father had shot the day before.

When he took the first mouthful with ravenous teeth, a change fell on the Nibbler's countenance. He took a second taste, and looked hopeless. Then he rose and reached for his hat.

"What *are* you going to do? Oh, isn't it dreadful!" cried the Scribbler, with tears of anguish in her eyes.

"Do? Go to the Captain's and get some fish. Did you learn to roast Mallards at the cookery-school?"

"No, except dressing them. I roasted it all out of my own head."

"It tastes like it," sternly. "Come," and they went.

"You parboiled the duck first?" asked the Captain, taking evidence.

"Yes, sir, and I had dressed it ever so nicely, just as I learned of Miss Corson."

"Then what?"

"Then I put it in the oven to roast, and made some stuffing, dressing, you know, and stirred it up with a little of the gravy from the kettle, and I took some of that to baste the duck."

"Took *what?*"

"The nice, greasy gravy from the kettle."

"That you had parboiled the duck in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Foul taste of wild fowl," said the Captain, sententiously; "villanous extract of unripe game. You have only gone a step farther in barbarity than your sister. She cooks newly killed duck. You tried to make gravy of the extract! Throw away the parboiling-water next time, and put a piece of stale bread in the duck till it is nearly roasted. Throw that away before you stuff it, and you will have much less of the raw taste of game. I never taste game until it is quite ripe."

"Spoiled, you know," explained the Nibbler, innocently. And then they went in to dinner.

The Infant had spread an old newspaper over the rough brown table. He gave each of them a tin plate, and the leaf of an almanac for a napkin. There were no forks. The Scribbler's thoughts flew fastidiously to the dainty china, and silver, and napery of Buckhorn Lodge. But politeness and hunger kept her from refusing the delicate wood-duck and fat snipe broiled on the coals of oak.

"You are very kind," she said; "it looks appetizing."

"You are hungry after your duck-ing."

But the Nibbler's joke was lost, for the sons of Britain seldom see that sort of a smile, and the Scribbler only frowned upon him.

The Mother wanted to take her sister to see the Indians make maple-sugar; but the Father objected. "Let her enjoy her sugar in peace," he said. "Isn't there anything in Emerson to teach the human race not to investigate the cleanliness of a Chippewa camp in sugar-making time?"

"They are not to blame that they have not blankets enough to strain their syrup," argued the Mother, attacking the Indian question with ardor. "The government ought to supply them with other blankets, or else give them more soap to wash these."

"Do you mean" — murmured the Scribbler, faintly.

"That 'Lo, the poor Indian brave' of this section strains his part of the maple-sugar of commerce through the blanket he reposes in! That's about what they mean," said the Nibbler.

"No, he doesn't," denied the Mother.

"Wasn't that a fib?" asked her husband, when they were alone.

"No, the brave doesn't do it. It is the squaw; the braves are all too lazy to make sugar, and you know it."

"We must go fishing by brushlight," said the Father, and they all went to watch him spear pickerel by the light of great bonfires along the river. The flames leaped up to the dark of the sky. The tamaracks stood straight and tall, dead in silence, on the hill. The fish shot into the fire-glare on the river, and took their death in its brilliancy. The Boy cried to go home, and the peace of slumber fell again on Buckhorn Lodge.

The days went on in sunshine and shadow. The Nibbler trolled on the lakes and hunted on the plains, and they all went rowing and riding over the little waves and hills.

One morning the Mother came in from her hotbeds with her watering-pot in her hands and something more than the morning light in her eyes.

"Come with me very quietly," she whispered, mysteriously.

"What's in the air?" The Nibbler threw down his book. The Scribbler followed, with her nephew in her arms.

The fair young Mother, outside again, stood in the clear April sunshine, shading

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her eyes with one hand and pointing with the other. Out in the pathway, on the bit of flat land between the garden and the oak woods, was a great, graceful doe, stepping on, unmindful of humankind.

A flame of scarlet dyed the Nibbler's face. He stole back into the Lodge for the gun.

"Oh, what a pity the Father isn't here!"

"But the Nibbler will shoot it, of course," said her confident sister.

He came out, stole through the garden, stooped, and crept through the bushes beyond, and, lying down close beside the runway, took fair aim at the shy, unconscious creature. The Scribbler stood breathless, and the Mother rescued her son from the dangerous position he had slidden into under one of his aunt's trembling arms. On came the beautiful doe. The Father came up from the spring and stood silent, smiling incredulously. The gun crashed loudly. The doe turned her head — and bounded lightly away into the deep forest. The Nibbler came back to them, shaking in every nerve and muscle. His face was crimson, his hands cold.

"That was a magnificent miss!" laughed the Father. "But no man ever hits a deer at the first trial," he added, courteously.

"I didn't hit him," gasped the Nibbler; "I didn't hit him," again in the husky accents of tragic horror.

"No, but you have often hit rabbits and partridges. You shall have a partridge for your lunch." The Mother spoke soothingly.

"Better have a bite now, and then go across Portage Lake to the Springs. Your doe will be very likely to go there, and you may get her when you get over this attack."

"Why didn't you hit it?" asked the Scribbler, conversationally, watching the trembling Nibbler choking down a few fortifying morsels.

"You see it is not the shooting season now. There is fifteen dollars' fine for killing a deer in Minnesota at this season. I thought of that just as I was firing."

"Oh!" said the Scribbler, sympathetically.

"Oh!" said the Father, dryly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Mother.

The Nibbler took the gun and vanished. The afternoon wore away. The Father worked in the garden. The Boy played and slept. The Scribbler read aloud: —

> "Kill for me a famous roe-buck,
> Kill for me a deer with antlers."

Her voice ceased. The sun was sinking. In the door-way stood the Nibbler. His jacket, shredded into tatters by the bushes, hung upon his arm. He held aloft an enormous pair of antlers. His gun was under his arm.

"You killed it; oh! you killed it! *Jubilate!*" cried the Scribbler. "I am so proud of you;" and she seized the huge horns.

The Nibbler sat down with an expression of pride on his face. "It was hard work, but I found it," he said.

"And the doe got away again, so you went to the Captain's and borrowed these antlers. It was a splendid buck who wore them last year. What will you have for supper?" The Mother was always gentle.

"I'll eat crow, please," answered the Nibbler, humbly.

"Did you go to Portage Lake?" The Scribbler changed the subject.

"Yes; and I saw the queerest old fellow, — an ancient half-breed, who told me that the devil swims in that lake. You see it has only an underground outlet, and no man or beast drowned in it ever comes to the surface. It is just on the portage, and nobody knows whether its underground current sets towards the Mississippi or to the Red River of the North."

"I love this wild life," said the Scribbler on the May day of her departure. "I could live forever in the primeval forest."

She stood alone with the Nibbler for a moment. He wore his city-made clothes, and looked gladly ready for a return to civilization.

"Would you stay alone?" he asked, facetiously.

The Scribbler ignored his tone. Her mood was high above flippancy.

"Life is so free and true here," she said. "One can get enough of the world through books and papers and yet live close to the very heart of life and nature. When I go a-seeking happiness I shall find me a lodge like this. With one I love, I could be happier than the angels."

The Nibbler looked down uneasily at his pointed shoes.

"Would I do?" he asked.

"*Minimum.*"

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FISHING IN THE SPRING.

NOTHING engenders lying like frequent fishing. I shall confine myself to a few periods, and thus, it may be, escape the temptation that a long story about fishing provokes.

I will pass over the forenoon hours, and part of the afternoon, without remark. I thought to begin with the sun in golden bars, and the bars in a crimson cloud, and the cloud in a hollow west, and the west in a summer eve; but these are too far away. I shall only start from the golden bars. However, I am glad that the sun, and the cloud, and the west, and the summer were abroad that day, for they made my going easier. I cannot say as much, however, for the one-lined fish-hook that insinuated itself through my vest lining, and surreptitiously adventured farther.

The creek is not far away, and the way is safe and pleasant. The earth is green; a hawk drifts by. We walk under apple-boughs; under the top-bars to the lane; through the lane; by a dead cotton-wood in its white shroud; and by many red-headed sumachs.

What a blood-flame tops the sumach! Over their bare and attenuated trunks, full of hidden life and summer promise, glow their dull, red torches, like flames on an altar. But this is fanciful. Past the sumach and then the plum we go. What a delicacy about the plum! What an aristocratic tree for its inches! Stiff courageous, blossom-bearing little tree.

> "A purple tinges its bark without,
> A vital green its buds within;
> A white veil wraps its limbs about,
> Where diligent worms seclusion spin.
>
> "A woodbird tells of the plum's low place,
> By a creek that sings in unsyllabled rhyme;
> O'er the sleeping heaven's upturned face,
> That sank to its depths after winter time."

But we are not plumming. I occupy a stump. The creek is full of illusive beauty. A blackbird alights with its face to the wind. A liquid circle reels out its ripples. The shadow of the stump wavers in the water.

> "A calm,
> A bite,
> A helpless thing,
> Without a hand, a foot or wing.
> It cannot run,
> Or strike,
> Or fly,
> It can only shudder, and gasp, and die."

If fish could speak, how cruelty would be rebuked immortally: but they cannot, and I thrust a stick through the lungs of the captive, and withe it to the bank, its blood reddening a little flume of water. But we must not suspect that fishing is all tragedy. There is a comic element in its most solemn epochs. I found that my stump was uncushioned, as the fish ceased to bite, and I



THE LAST OF THOSE FISH.

made the discovery by way of my stockings, that a congregation of ants was holding cathedral services in the dead-wood beneath me.

Drifted white sand on the bank? A luxury I had overlooked. Yes, there it is — white sand, gray sand, red sand,— all clean sand; how shifting and accommodating it is! Here's a hollow in the sand. Let's put a fisherman into it. Listen, the fisherman says: why, its hollow is a cradle, and its sunshine is a lullaby.

You drowse, and drowse, and turn.

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"You look the bright sun in his face,
You close your eyes, and through the dim
Transparency the sight of Him
Who lights the glowing universe
Breaks clearer through the mellow space
Than through the bright sun in your face.

"You look the bright sun in his face,
You close your eyes and feel the beam
Of a common warmth and a fancied gleam,
And your soul absorbs the mellow grace
And stirs and flutters in the embrace
Of the bright sun when you look in his face.

"You look the bright sun in his face,
You close your eyes and ponder in
A silent din of surging spheres,
That noiseless are as fading years,
And dear your kin and near your race,
When shut the bright sun from your face."

Splash!

Your revery is ended and you've another fish; numerically, two fish are not many. You catch a third; still, three are not many. Yet three are enough to confuse your memory about exactitudes, and when you are called on to reinforce your statement on the next day, about having caught a long string of fish, yesterday, why, in such case, it may be you would go down justified, if you should say: "Oh, I caught a good many, but did not count them."

The sun heretofore mentioned is no longer in sight.

Three fish, beaded on a willow twig, are barely visible.

A white line twists faintly around your fish-pole. Your face is homeward.

"Imperial night ascends the east;
Crowns with her stars the mighty vast;
Descends the west and halting there,
Drops a curtain down before
The sunken sun's dim diadem."

Night!

You reach the kitchen porch, and in tired complacency sit down in a handy chair, and ambitiously accommodate your feet, half-way up the porch rests, to the little light that is passing from the west; and as you ponder on the frying-pan whose imperturbability shall be vexed with three frying fish in the morning; and as the old cat, with kittens in the barn, forgives herself the theft, in her maternal solicitude, as she slips quietly through the darkness with three small fish on a willow twig, that have been dropped at the foot of the tilted chair, — I say, as all this occurs, a peace and quietness follow that infrequently fall to the lot of bustling man. A quietness in which there is nothing but —

"The uneventful nearness crossed,
By sounds that come from either gloom,
And in the either gloom are lost."

J. R. S. Birch.



BASS ROCKS.

A DREAM of June, with shim'ring sea,
And distant snowy sails; a sky
Of liquid blue, a grassy lea
In levels and soft slopes; where lie
The sunbeams through the livelong day.
A tender dream — which o'er me steals,
In fantaisie, when far away,
With noiseless flight of swift-winged wheels.

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MY WIFE'S TRICYCLE.

THE last time Mrs. President Bates and I went out driving with a horse and buggy, hired at a livery stable, it was a very gentle horse. She insisted upon my procuring a gentle horse. Her instructions were specific and strict that the establishment must possess the cardinal virtues of sobriety, meekness, patience, forbearance, faithfulness, magnanimity, courage, a just and peaceful walk before the world, an even and kindly spirit, a carriage void of offence, and a general assortment of the Christian graces, at a price not to exceed two dollars and a half for the afternoon, with a handsome lap-robe included. I knew a stable where all these noble virtues, and a whole lot more, such as long-suffering, fasting, humiliation of spirit, chastening of the flesh, living by faith mostly, letting your moderation be known of all men and the like, are kept for hire on the most reasonable terms, day or night; and it was there that I secured a choice lot for our afternoon's excursion. This compendium of the loftiest principles, I remember, was sorrel, with a switch tail, artificially cocked to simulate that frivolous gayety of spirits which by no means belonged to its chastened and melancholy character. As is too often the case with the more exalted virtues its progression was jerky and uncertain, an alternation between too sudden enthusiasm and too somnolent relapse. As soon as Mrs. President B. got fairly launched on a sentence which threatened to verge upon anything of an uninteresting character I would punctuate her remarks by touching the moral example with the whip, producing a sudden jump, as if that noble-principled quadruped had never been so surprised in the whole course of his life. Crack! would go Mrs. President B.'s neck, her spine would jog sharply against the low rail of the buggy-seat, and her ideas would suffer a momentary derangement. But, after proceeding at a zealous trot for not exceeding one hundred feet the noble animal would gradually relapse into its customary snail-like quiescence, with its ears sleepily drooping, evidently inviting its driver to surprise it again. After a while, Mrs. President B. mildly remonstrated.

"What makes that horse jump so?" she asked.

"Oh, that's only his high spirits!" I replied with wicked but solemn prevarication.

"He'll break away from the buggy!" she cried, as he did it again.

"No, he won't, my dear," I assured her; "he can't."

"Why can't he?"

"Because he's too sincerely attached to it," I answered, looking at the harness, which was new and strong.

She indignantly grabbed the lines and pulled at them till the unhappy beast was only prevented from sitting down by his tail getting anchored over the cross-bar of the buggy-shafts. When the procession was thus brought to a dead halt, Mrs. B. remarked that she was going to do the driving. With that she grabbed the whip and surprised the moral model so suddenly that my heels flew up, and I lost my hat over the back of the buggy. A street gamin picked it up and handed it to me, receiving a nickel as a reward,— because he looked as if he was firmly resolved to raise all the hoodlums of the neighborhood with vengeful yells in case he was not satisfactorily feed. Then Mrs. B. set the virtuous example of travelling at the rate of a public procession trying to pass a beer-garden corner on a hot day.

When we got home from that drive Mrs. President B. gravely announced that she had concluded not to go out driving any more. I concealed the emotion produced by this announcement under a calm demeanor, and inquired: "Why, my dear?"

"Because," said she, "it is tiresome, and it costs too much. I had much rather save the money and buy a tricycle."

"But, my love," I remonstrated, "a tricycle costs so much!"

"Not much more than your bicycle," she said. "I'm tired of seeing you go out alone; besides horses are so dangerous."

"Dangerous! such a perfectly gentle beast."

"Well, the gentle ones are always stupid. I want a machine which I can man-

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age myself and not be at the mercy of a brute. I want to go out with you, dear. I want out-door exercise. I want—a tricycle."

There was no use of arguing the question. I knew the argument would be against me. This is why Mrs. B. has a tricycle.

While I was knocking off the crate from the tricycle in the alley, Mrs. B. and my daughter watched the proceedings with intense interest. They asked all manner of questions about the various parts of the machine, and examined it with the closest curiosity. As both are naturally bright about mechanics and machinery they very soon had a correct idea of all its working parts and its general construction. This is the very first thing that every lady who becomes possessor of a tricycle should learn. Mrs. B. could, if necessary, take her machine to pieces and put it together again correctly. As soon as the crate was disposed of, and I had adjusted the saddle to the proper height, Mrs. B. mounted it for her first trial. Before starting she explained to a lady neighbor, who came out to view the machine, that it was perfectly safe; it could not be upset in any way. To prove this she grasped the handles and swayed back and forth in the saddle. It didn't upset, — the safety-bars at the back prevented that,— but when it tipped up our family cat hastily climbed over the alley fence and sought the seclusion of the coal-house, where his agitation would not be observed by the public. Then Mrs. B. rode it proudly around the block. Then my daughter rode it. They both very quickly caught the proper stroke, and in a few days were able to maintain a fair speed when I accompanied either of them on my bicycle.

The first time that Mrs. B. and myself rode out together, I on my bicycle and she on her tricycle, was a proud and momentous occasion. All the neighbors came out to see us start, and envy our happiness. As soon as we were fairly started Mrs. B. asked which way we should go.

"Whichever way you like, dear," I replied; "this is your procession."

"Then," said she, with great sweetness, "I want to go whichever way you like. You know the best streets to ride over."

"Well, then," said I, pleased with her deference to my judgment, "we will turn up C street." (C street was three blocks ahead, turning east.) "We will call on Miss Blank. Miss Blank wants to purchase a tricycle, and will do so now that you have one."

"Come to think of it, my dear," Mrs. B. replied, "we will turn down D street." (D street was four blocks ahead, turning west.) "I want to call on Mrs. Blink. I promised to show my tricycle to Mrs. Blink as soon as it arrived. She wants to buy one."

"But, my love!" I expostulated, "you said you wanted to go my way."

"So I did," she retorted; "but you said it was my procession."

"Our first ride ought to be over the easiest pavement."

"I think I ought to go the way I prefer the very first time we are out together."

"C street, my dear, is — "

"D street, my love."

"Miss Blank will buy — "

"Mrs. Blink, you mean."

"A machine."

"Mrs. Blink."

Somebody — some ancient philosopher, who wasted his time on mere theory, but was evidently not at all up in practice—once wrote that a man should be a ruler in his own household. That is a nice theory, isn't it? It was invented a long while before the tricycle. It's a sound theory. I always admire and advise it. But, in practice, my parliamentary and political experience has taught me that the best way to rule, and secure having your own way, or at least as near to having your own way as is possible under certain circumstances, where there is a powerful and well-organized opposition, is to compromise. Compromise is the great family peace-maker, the sweetener of life's bitterness, the adroit manager's best instrument, the calm adjuster of spousal differences. Compromise in domestic affairs is a great moral necessity, a sweet matrimonial boon.

We compromised, and turned west on D street, and called on Mrs. Blink.

We are to turn east on C street some other time in the indefinite future, when Mrs. B feels like calling on Miss Blank.

This, you perceive, allows each of us to have her or his own way. She had her own way at once, in consideration of which, I am to have my own way whenever it happens to be her way. Nothing could be more satisfactory. A whole national political convention, or a congress, couldn't construct a compromise on a more amiably equitable basis than this. At least they never do. Our call on Mrs. Blink was so pleasant, and we enjoyed our first

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ride together so much, that now I always compromise whenever Mrs. B. wants to go anywhere, and go at once. It is always wise to start right.

Having a tricycle, the next thing necessary for a lady is a suitable costume. By listening to Mrs. President Bates and her friend Mrs. Blink, and other ladies, who discussed this important subject with much taste and learning as to fabrics and colors, I have learned some valuable lessons, especially about colors. The ladies all began with the primary principle that the fabric must be soft wool, and both fabric and color must fit the particular style and complexion of the wearer, and all ornaments, ribbons, and colors worn by the rider must be agreeable contrasts to the color of the costume. This of course. So far any wheelman could study out. But both my wife and Mrs. Blink agreed, and the other ladies at once conceded, that there was another very important point in selecting colors, — a point which the wheel-*man*, I now perceive, too often ignores. They agreed that the colors must all contrast agreeably with the machine! The tricycle being enamelled in black, no black or very dark colors, said these ladies, must be worn by its rider. Why? Because a little way off any black article of costume will look like part of the machine, and not like part of the rider. Think of that, ye wheelmen who propose to wear black stockings and ride an enamelled wheel! Think of having your black legs at a little distance mistaken by lady observers for piston-rods, or other moving parts of the machinery, and not parts of yourselves! If you wear black stockings ride only nickelled wheels. And when you select a belt-buckle, or other ornament, see that it is in harmonious contrast with your wheel. No silver or nickel ornaments for riders of nickelled wheels.

"This having to fit the colors to the machine makes it a great deal more trying," observed Mrs. Blink, while the two ladies were halting in opinion between a soft light shade of gray and a delicate pale brown which another lady recommended. They chose the gray. And then they said that they were glad the enamel of the machine was black, because a glossy black permitted so many more pretty contrasts than any other color.

I imbibed much additional wisdom by listening to the discourse of the ladies, concerning riding-gloves, shoes, hats, etc., their proper fabrics, colors, and forms. And I have concluded that feminine intuition can discover more about the primary principles of these things in a single day's shopping inspiration than our oldest bicycle clubs have been able to evolve from years of study and experience. Hence I am prepared to predict a rapid and large advance in the good taste and appropriateness of wheeling-uniforms as soon as tricycling becomes common enough among the ladies to give our clubs the benefit of their superior intellect in such matters.

President Bates.

A CANVAS CANOE.

BY B. T. NEWMAN.

CANOEING of late has become so popular that canoes are preferred above all other kinds of small craft; and they would be used still more if it were not for their price, which is more than it is always convenient for every one to pay.

Here is a plan which will meet the wants of a great many, being both cheap and good, and only requiring a little hard work to produce a serviceable affair. The original was used by the writer on Lake Minnetonka, and proved to be a stanch, fast boat, and easily handled. It was of the usual length, fourteen feet, beam twenty-eight inches, and depth amidship, at gunwales, ten inches.

First procure a piece of oak-plank an inch thick, and saw from it two pieces for stems of the shape shown in the upper Sketch, p. 281, being careful that at the lower end of each *A* the grain runs as in the drawing, or it will be likely to split. Plane the outer or convex edge of each down to half an

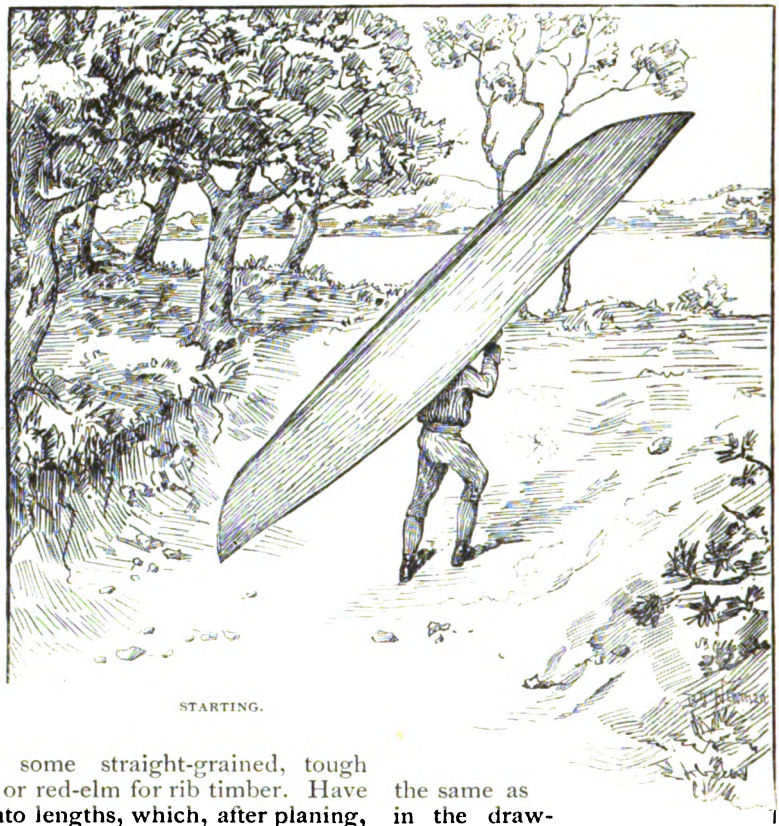
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inch, commencing at the end of the keel, *B*. Four inches from *A* saw in one and one-half inches crosswise, and cut the piece out to admit the keel, which should be of oak, twelve feet long, and one inch wide by one and one-fourth inches deep.

Secure the stems to the keel by boring three-sixteenths of an inch holes, and riveting with two and one-half inch rivets and burrs. Let in the heads of the rivets on the under side.

Mark a perpendicular centre line on each, and, to be sure of making both curves alike, after one curve is finished take a piece of paper doubled, place the folded edge on the centre line, and cut out with scissors both curves at once, then, spreading the paper on the board, you can mark the other curve by the edge of it.

Now for two permanent sections (Sketch 4). These are made of three-quarters of an inch hard-wood, with grain



STARTING.

Procure some straight-grained, tough white-oak or red-elm for rib timber. Have it sawed into lengths, which, after planing, measure, three-fourths of an inch wide, one-fourth of an inch thick, and four feet long.

Mark with a square, and saw places to admit them into the bottom of the keel three inches apart, cutting out with a chisel.

Cut out, from rough pine, an inch thick, three temporary section-boards, to keep the canoe in shape while you are putting it together, one for the middle, two feet and four inches wide (Sketch 2), and two others like Sketch 3, two feet wide, placed each side of the centre section, three feet from it.

the same as in the drawing. Make them twelve inches across the top, which is arched three-quarters of an inch. Place them upright, with the top twenty inches from the top of each stem.

Into the bottom of all these sections should be sawed a place to admit the keel, (an inch by an inch and a half). Then, to keep them in place, a piece of strap-iron should be nailed to each temporary section, passing under the keel.

The next thing to do is to procure a piece of joist, fourteen feet long by either three or four inches square. Fasten it on two horses, being sure that the upper edge is

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straight. It is secured in this manner to keep it from twisting out of shape. Then fasten the keel to it (Sketch 5), being careful to put it on straight, with either nails or slender screws, perhaps three or four in the length, boring holes first. These holes will do no harm as the keel goes inside the canvas.

The section-boards must be secured, to keep them from canting, by two strips of wood for each, one on either side of the keel, about ten inches apart, reaching to the floor.

After this is done a line should be fastened to a small nail driven in the centre of the top of one of the stems, and drawn tightly to the center of the top of the other, where it should be fastened. Then see if the centre line of the middle section corresponds with the string; if it does not, push the stem which tips over, up till it is right, and fasten both by nailing to them a stick reaching to the floor (Sketch 5), for a brace. Be very careful to do this, for the stems must be in line, otherwise the boat will not go straight.

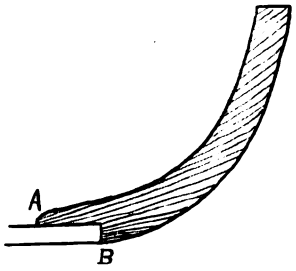
Now get some strips of pine for side-planks, one and a half inches wide. After planing, these should be about a quarter of an inch thick, or less; commencing three or four feet from the centre they should taper to an inch at the ends.

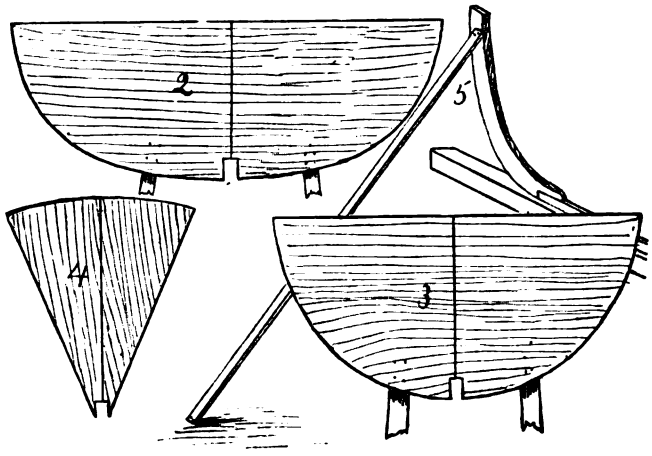
Take a splitting-saw, and split these strips from the ends towards the middle, leaving five feet uncut in the centre.

The height of the bows is to be fifteen inches. Measuring up from the joist, mark off this height on each side of each stem. Measuring up from the joist on the middle section, mark ten inches on the centre line, draw another line at right angles to it across the section; where this line touches the edge tack the centre of one of the strips, so that the upper side is on the mark.

Tack on the ends to the stems with galvanized inch boat-nails, holding an iron on the other side while driving to clinch them. Do the same on the opposite side. Now measure from the top edge of the first strip on the centre section, with a tape measure, to that side of the keel, and repeat for the other side to make sure that the two sides are alike. Secure in place temporarily with inch-and-a-quarter nails.

Look carefully at the strips, and be sure there is a good curve from the centre to the end. Nail to intermediate section on one side. Measure to keel. Repeat the distance on the opposite side; then nail. The measurement for the like section on the other end of the boat must be the same. Put on six strips on each side from the top pressing the edges together as you work (Sketch 6).





THE FRAME.

After soaking the rib-timbers in hot water, or steaming them (half an hour will be long enough), take one, slide the end through one of the places cut in the keel, and pull it in place inside the pine strips. It is long enough for each of the ends to project six inches or so above the boat on each side.

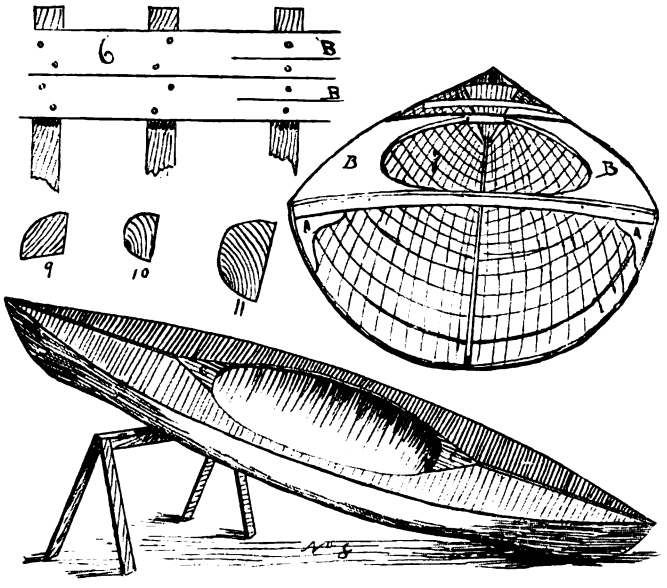
Tie the tops across with cord so as to prevent strain on the strips, then in like manner put in the others working from the centre towards the ends of the boat, leaving out the last three until later, when there will be further explanation about them.

For fastening the strips to the timbers procure a pound of galvanized boat-nails, three-quarters of an inch long. Take an awl, and begin near the middle, push the top of one of the timbers down till it

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bears against the strips, and punch a hole near the upper edge and through the timber. Be sure and use a sharp awl and cut across the grain. Drive a nail, and clinch it against an iron held inside. Now drive another on the opposite side, but not in line on the timber (see Sketch 6).

Fasten the strip below like the former, driving two nails, one on the upper, and the other on the lower edge; continue till the six strips are fastened on one side, then repeat on the other. Be sure and make the tops of the same rib-timbers equidistant from the end of the boat. Follow these directions for all the timbers.



FINISHING.

When you come to where the strips have been split fasten each half with one nail (see Sketch 6, *BB*). Fasten the strips to the hard-wood sections with galvanized nails.

Now for the six end rib-timbers. In the middle of each, for a space of an inch and a quarter, where the keel will come, make a number of saw-marks across them, a little more than one-sixteenth of an inch deep. Then with a chisel work from each side, and soak them like the others. Cut away the corners of the keel where the places for these timbers were cut, so that it will be rounded. The timbers can then be pushed into place, with the saw-marks inside, and bent under the keel without breaking them, and then nailed as before. Saw off all the timber ends which project above the upper strip.

The length of the cockpit is five feet. Two and a half feet on each side of the centre of the boat, put deck-timbers arching an inch. They must be sawed from white-oak, an inch square. Cut them the width of the boat, and, to secure them to the sides, get four small oak-knees.

These you can find among the oak-tree branches. Take off the bark and cut them out the proper shape to fit the sides (see Sketch 7, *AA*), placing them an inch and a quarter below the edge, and under the ends of the deck-timbers. Fasten them to the rib-timbers by driving nails, after punching holes through to the strips, and clinch them, and nail or screw them to the deck-timbers. Out of the same material cut two other deck-timbers, one for each end, making them arch an inch, one inch square. Place these a foot and six inches nearer the bows, fastening the ends a quarter of an inch below the edge.

Take two pieces of pine board, an inch thick and a foot wide by five feet long. Place one lengthwise along the boat, and mark on it the outside curve of the canoe. Cut both boards alike on this line, and saw places for the rib-timbers, so that these boards will fit inside the gunwales.

The inside edge must curve as well as the outside. The width of the board will be three and one half inches in the middle; the ends being cut as in Sketch 7, *BB*, allowing the cockpit to be about twenty inches wide after the washboards are put on. Remove the centre section, put the former boards in, and nail in place to the ribs and deck-timbers.

You can now take the screws out of the keel, turn the boat over, and fasten all the rib-timbers to the keel with galvanized nails. Next put on the rest of the pine strips, and clinch them in place. Take out the temporary sections.

Between the end sections and the stems put in two timbers, one on each side, about half-way. The lower end need not

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be fastened to the stem, but the strips must all be nailed to them.

For a deck take quarter-inch pine. Put it on lengthwise; three-fourths inch galvanized nails are used to fasten it to the timbers. The ends of the strips which project beyond the stems are sawed off curved with the bows.

Paint the wood-work, inside and out, a desirable color. This prevents its soaking water. When dry it is ready for the canvas.

Procure eight or ten ounce cotton canvas, fifty inches wide. A little over five yards are needed; also two papers of four-ounce tinned tacks.

Turn the boat deck down on the horses, and tack the centre of one end of the cloth to the top of the stem with two or three tacks, driven into the hard-wood. Now stretch it the length of the boat, pulling it tight and tacking to the top of the other stem. See that an equal portion of the cloth extends beyond the gunwale on each side amidships. Begin there to tack for about two feet on one side, two inches apart, half an inch below the gunwale on first strip, then pull tightly across, and tack for three feet or so on the other, and so on alternately, until finished.

Full the cloth a little on the gunwale; by so doing it is possible to put it on whole. Now the cloth that projects beyond the gunwales is used for the deck. Turn the boat over, and begin amidships to pull the cloth into the cockpit, driving tacks in the edge of the inch board.

As you work forward towards either end, strain the canvas endwise, and full it a little between the tacks. Draw a centre line lengthwise along the deck, and tack the canvas an inch beyond it.

Repeat for the other side, turning in the raw edge. If the canvas is not wide enough to cover the entire deck, insert a piece (see Sketch 8, *CC*).

The washboard should be of smooth white-ash, about three-eighths of an inch thick and three inches wide, projecting above the deck an inch and a half.

Bend a very thin strip around the opening for this, and mark the required length, sawing it off by this measurement. Steam, or soak it in boiling water, till it is very soft, quickly bend into place, and fasten by screwing into the surrounding boards and deck-timbers. Round the outside of it, fitting the angle, is to be a bead-moulding of pine (see Sketch 9). Set it in paint to prevent leakage, and nail with small brads.



AFLOAT.

Cover the tacks round the outside of the rail with a half-inch half-round (see Sketch 10) batten, and protect the canvas at the stems with a half-round batten the width of the stems (see Sketch No. 11), which may pass the entire length of the boat, and serve as a keel.

Paint the boat two coats, of a desirable color. It should cost about $5.00.

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SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.[1]

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fair Weather," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MOSELY had promised to dine at Nelville cottage, and went there from the hotel. He found Mrs. Nelville alone. Nelville had gone for a gallop on his favorite horse; but she was momentarily expecting him to return with Lamar, who had also consented to dine with them, and, soon after did come, but alone. He had not seen Nelville.

Mosely and Lamar had come to know each other, as writer and editor often do, in the course of a literary correspondence touching contributions to Mosely's magazine. They were soon upon common ground, and Mrs. Nelville very graciously left them in the midst of their fluent jargon.

In the meantime Nelville was immersed in a novel and thrilling phase of love-making.

At a point where the road he was following crossed a clear brook he chanced to discover Miss Lamar sitting at the root of a tree, gazing into a dimpling pool, the noise of whose brawling water had prevented her from hearing Victor's rapidly pounding feet as he approached.

He could not draw rein quickly enough to keep the horse from rushing right into the stream with a great splashing sound.

Louise looked up. He lifted his hat and bowed, turning Victor's head up the stream towards where she was sitting, and rode along in the current until he came close to her.

"I have found you," he said, looking at her as one might look who had discovered a naiad.

"Have you been hunting me?" she asked, smiling sweetly, whilst a rosy glow overspread her face, — a glow so faint, and yet so visible.

"I was up in the tower at home and saw you come out for a ride. I could not resist the temptation to join you," he said, "but I have had a long chase. I have galloped up and down every road between here and town. How did you manage to elude me?"

"I came straight here," she replied; "but what a lovely horse yours is!"

"Yes," said he, urging the animal nearer to the bank and leaping from its back to the ground beside her, "he is a faultless fellow."

Louise rose at once, and began leading her pony towards a log whence she could easily mount.

"Wait a moment, Louise," he said, gently taking hold of the pony's mane; "I have something to say to you."

She gave him a quick, scared look, and began to tremble.

"Now, don't do that," he added, as he saw a tear on her cheek. "I am not so frightful as to make you cry, am I? Why should you get so scared because I wish to speak to you? Maybe you don't know what I'm going to say?"

She brushed away the tear and tried to smile; but it was a failure. She looked pleadingly at him. His face was quite calm and grave.

"Louise, is my happiness so painful a subject that you cannot bear to hear of it?" He spoke in a slow, measured way, as if repressing himself.

She grew very pale, moved her lips, as if about to say something, but checked the impulse, and remained silent.

"I know it is hard for you to trust me under the circumstances," he exclaimed, an element of bitterness in his tone; "but what am I to do? I love you, and you know I do, and by the light of this love I have discovered that I never did love before. I shall not deny," he impetuously went on, "that I once stood before another woman and told her I loved her, and begged her to let me hope; and she cast me from her. It was a boy's fancy, — she was eight years my senior, — she is out of my thought now." He was painfully aware of the inadequacy, the colorlessness, the impotency, in fact, of this explanatory speech. He was ill-fitted to stand before a girl of Miss Lamar's queenly bearing, immature though she was, and, with love at flood tide in his heart, try to explain away a former situation. Indeed, it is probable that a man, to be a successful manager of such a thing, ought to be made to order.

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Nelville stood looking down at the cheek of Louise, which was alternately flushing and paling. His emotion was so strong, and his perplexity so great, that his natural eloquence was smothered, and he was left floundering for words fit to express himself in.

"Will you refuse to speak to me?" he presently urged, in a tone which hinted of something akin to petulance; but it was with himself that he was out of humor.

"No," replied Louise, smiling radiantly, and recovering herself perfectly as she looked up into his face. "Only I have nothing at all to say. I am waiting for you to unhand my pony so that I can go home. It is growing late."

Her words belied her face. He was sure that he saw love in her eyes, her cheeks, her lips. She was master of the situation, however, and the emotion which but a moment ago had forced tears from her eyes, was now pressed back and imprisoned in her heart.

"You had better let go my pony," she said, in a sort of half-playful way, very pretty to see and hear, a roguish school-girl twinkle coming into her eyes.

Nelville was half vexed and wholly charmed. It was easy to see that she felt herself caught in a snare, out of whose meshes she must escape at all hazards. The young, sprightly, wild element of her girlhood was asserting itself.

"Louise," continued Nelville, "this is no light matter. I would not pain or embarrass you needlessly with foolish words. I am deeply in earnest. I love you. Will you not speak kindly to me?" An infinitude of pleading tenderness was in his voice.

She bit her under lip, like a perplexed, wilful child, and glanced about in a half-helpless, half-inquiring way, as if searching for some means of sudden escape. Presently, as if in sheer despair, she cried: —

"You must let pony go." There was that almost wicked flash in her eyes, which one may see in the face of a child contemplating some mad prank.

"I'll make pony bite you," she added, seeing that Nelville did not offer to loose his hold on the mane. She laughed a little sham laugh, which had no trace of genuine merriment in it.

Nelville put forth his hand, imploringly.

"O Louise! Louise!" he hoarsely exclaimed, "do not treat me slightingly. Give me one, just one, tender word!"

She turned suddenly and blew in the pony's eyes.

"Bite him, Ruby, bite him!" she cried; and quick as a flash it did. There was a snap, like the closing of a steel trap, as the teeth of the vicious and spoiled animal gave Nelville's arm a terrible pinch, making him cry out sharply. It was a successful manœuvre. The young man started, almost leaped, and loosed his hold on the mane. He stood rubbing his arm, while Louise led her pony to the log, mounted and rode away.

When he had taken in the true bearing of her situation Nelville laughed, despite his hurt arm and throbbing heart. There seemed not to have been the slightest tinge of rudeness in what Louise had done. He at once acknowledged that the freak was wholly justifiable, considering his boldness and foolishness in following her to this lonely place. He feared that he had acted indelicately, and fancied that she had been compelled to resort to a heroic treatment of his love-blindness. "If all is fair in love and war," he thought, "then I deserve my defeat, and accept it. Her victory was cleverly won."

He brought his horse up out of the brook and mounted. Louise was out of sight, but the vivid memory of her crimson lips, her flushed cheeks, her dimpled chin, her deep eyes, almost maddened him. He did not attempt to overtake her, but rode slowly back towards the village, going, it is true, over the same road she had taken, but not faster than his horse could walk.

When he had traversed almost half the distance home, he looked up from the pommel of his saddle and actually started at seeing the pony and Louise coming back towards him.

"I was unkind and ill-mannered back yonder," she said, as they met, "and I beg your forgiveness. I do not know why I behaved so. I did not mean to be rude." Her voice was low and penitent. Her face was still flushed, but her eyes were soft and regretful.

"It was I who acted unpardonably," he replied; "the forgiveness must come from you. I have only my great love to offer for excuse. Will you accept it, Louise?"

She made no response, but turned the pony about, and they rode together, side by side, towards the village.

It was sunset, and the shadows were thickening in the wood. Here and there a cow-bell tinkled, and far away was heard the puffing of a locomotive and the dull

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roar of a railway train. Immediately about them hung a perfect silence, save the clacking of their horses' feet. Nelville gazed wistfully at the lissom figure by his side.

"Are you willing to have me by your side all the rest of life?" he added.

She looked bravely up. He read the answer in her eyes. Her lips parted, but before she could speak a man broke into the road from a side path just ahead of them and began singing a merry old love-song. The voice was full of happiness.

The man was Longley, and he carried himself as though a little more volatility would be fatal to him.

He was on his way back from his interview with Janet.

Discovering the riders, he checked the flow of his song, and stood waiting by the roadside till they came up to him.

"You must be happy," said Louise, returning his bow.

"I am! I am!" he exclaimed. "I never was so happy before. I've been settling a delicate matter with the Dryad, — a *very* delicate matter, indeed."

Louise laughed.

"The old, old story," said Nelville.

"Yes," frankly responded Longley, "and, from all appearances, I guess the same old narrative has been on the lips of others. What say you, Miss Lamar?"

"You do ask such terribly hard questions, Mr. Longley," she said, trying to mimic his fresh, light way, but a blush would ripple across her cheeks and her lips glowed.

"Ah, you can't pretend as Miss Brownby can! You show what you feel," he went on in his merciless way; "any child could see that you have been indulging in — in — what do they call it — taffy?"

She touched her pony with the whip, and, with Nelville close beside her, went clattering away, leaving Longley trudging gayly along.

"Have I such a tell-tale face?" Louise asked, after they had gone some distance in delicious dumbness.

"It must be, or else Longley is a consummate guesser," replied Nelville, with a sly look at her from the corners of his eyes.

"His guessing may be wide of the truth after all. I've not told you anything yet," she responded, pouting prettily.

And now they emerged from the wood into full view of the sheeny lake and scattered town. Night was falling. The mystery of mingled daylight and starlight was brooding in the sky; and in the hearts of Nelville and Louise brooded the sweet, eternal mystery of love.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE hotel at Cedar Springs, as summer began to tend towards autumn, was well filled with those boarders that usually are termed "permanent," that is, those who mean to remain through the season. They were mostly wealthy people of a very respectable class, whilst a few were the cream of society, — North, South, East, and West. There were picnics and yachting parties, railway excursions, summer gardens, rowing-matches, and what not of usual amusements. But our set kept well to themselves, mingling little with the crowd. They lived within an atmosphere of their own, breathing which gave a subtle sense of an existence whose charm was unique.

All the gentlemen, excepting Longley, knew well the ways of fashionable life: the flirtations; the half-wicked sighs and smiles; the webs woven by spider-like beauties; the crushed hopes; the satiated and tired hearts; all the glittering and deceptive generalities, and all the half-hidden particulars of high-toned misery; all the hollowness of flattery; the poison of coquetry; in fact, they knew the world as it mostly is. They often talked, gravely or humorously, about the great difference between ordinary watering-place life and this dreamy, innocent summer experience through which they were so sweetly drifting. And their loves, so tender and true, so free from the conventional drawbacks of ordinary courtship, were open secrets among them, blown from lip to lip in sacred whispers.

Even Mosely was drawn into a little whirlpool, wherein he and Miss Brownby grew sentimental in the old, delightful way.

At length, in the September number of *Mosely's Magazine*, which appeared about the 22d of August, Longley's paper came out in all its glory. It was greeted with unstinted praise by the press, and deserved all its popularity; for it was fresh and original, breezy and bright as the lake and the sky at Cedar Springs. Its illustrations were fine. They resembled those first sketches of the masters, feeling their way to a picture; something like carelessness in them, or lucky, accidental strokes, gave them the effect of etchings.

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One was the figure of a man, somewhat resembling Lamar, standing in a firm, graceful attitude, his head slightly lifted, gazing out on a sheet of water, presumably the lake. In his right hand he held an athlete's club, in his left a lyre. This illustration was named, "The Poet of the Physique."

"The Dryad" was a young girl drawn in profile. Her hair was the perfection of artistic deception, for with black and white it was made to look like the blonde hair of Janet. In the shadowy background was a cow.

"The Young Man with a Memory" was like Nelville, sitting, with folded arms and drooping head, brooding sadly. In the distance the Swiss Alps showed against the sky.

"A Discarded Lover going West" was a tall youth with his head bandaged and his nose swollen, whose whole appearance testified to a recent disastrous pugilistic struggle.

But the most charming picture of all was called the "Summer Sweethearts," and to its making the artist had brought his deepest cunning, and all the freshness and sincerity of his genius, quickened by his new and tender experiences. It was a group of four girls, all beautiful, being idolized sketches — of Miss Brownby, Louise, Janet, and Margaret Revercombe, so arranged and posed as to show their forms and faces in the most effective way.

The paper concluded as follows: —

It would seem that this quiet life might be woven into a very charming romance, whose stream would be as limpid as a summer brook, and whose course quite as uneventful and dreamy. Novels with plots and counter-plots, and with harrowing scenes of sorrow, shame, and things still worse; novels full of baffled lovers and evil marriages; novels with political bases, religious foundations and æsthetical underpinning; novels that attack religion; novels in support of "philosophy," or in behalf of spiritualism; all sorts of novels there are except the simple, pure kind, the kind that deals with true, happy, innocent people who love wisely and marry promptly. It seems to me that it would be in the highest art for some one to work out this simple theme to its perfect end. Three or four young people, happy and sincere, thrown together at such a place as Cedar Springs, will make the very air sweeter by their presence, and the story of their courtships would be charming. Tragedy is not the whole of life, nor is it the whole of art. Sorrow and death can fascinate, but they can never please. But, whether my theory is right or wrong, this is a golden spot, and has been at least during one summer.

'L'innocent paradis, plein de plaisirs furtifs,' where some young and happy lovers have won the crown without the thorns. No doubt our race is nearly run for the season, and we shall soon fly apart, but who of us all will ever forget the sunny days, the shady woods, the lake, the boats, the airy hill-tops, the moonlight, the starlight, the lovelight, the sweet disquietudes? Not one. We shall remember every thrill, every whisper, and shall love with surpassing faithfulness, to our dying day, each one his summer sweetheart.

All through the paper there ran a vein of something quite uncommon in current literature, as if the delicate, spotless love of a sincere, unsophisticated man for a pure and gentle girl had flowed from the writer's heart and trickled off his pen-point, infiltrating itself through the fresh and natural phrasing, and bubbling forth where least expected. It charmed everybody; for who is so *blasé*, so indifferent, to the rare flavor of genuine truth and purity, so callous to the effect of that sweet dream which gladdened the hearts of men before they thought of gods, as not to take delight in the full-blown violet of love?

Longley's theory was his experience, and so, in some degree, is the work of every genius. He knew nothing of the moth-and-candle sort of love. The characters of whom he wrote were not the dazzled fools who whirl around a devouring flame, and singe their lives out; they were more like those happy insects which disport in summer sunshine and disappear when the day is over. He wrote for those who love simple purity, finding, somewhat to his surprise, that his audience, measured by such a standard, included almost everybody.

Happy Longley!

CHAPTER XXV.

AUGUST was drawing on to its close. It had been a month of sheen and splendor, of long, dreamy calms and palpitant breezes, of heat and dust in the country highways and byways, of dusky, drooping foliage, of tiresome, distressing drought. The sun would come out through the morning-gate and sail up his cloudless way to the zenith, and down his cloudless way to the evening-gate, pass through, and be gone. The stars and the moon, in turn, would follow in the same way. The heavens were brass by day and silver by night. Scarcely a bird-chirp was heard in the woods. The pastures grew parched and sere, with no toothsome wisps left for the panting cattle. The berries were all gone from the red raspberry thickets. The wild flowers had disappeared. No butterflies remained, save those primrose-colored groups that came and settled, with wings shut straight and close above their backs, in the moist

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spots about the springs, a faded, jaundiced, doleful set, still clinging to an aimless and pathetically worthless life. But for the flight of gulls, whose pallid wings flashed against the sky, and the belted kingfishers on the rocks at the lake's edge, diving for minnows, there would have been no life in the landscape, unless the lazily-moving dwellers at Cedar Springs might have passed for living things.

Longley's paper served our friends for a time as something wherewith to fight the monotony; but if rain had not come at length, no doubt even the picture of the sweethearts might have been torn from the magazine to light a cigar.

Mosely stayed on, gallantly attending Miss Brownby through all the heat and drought. He proved to be the gayest one of the party. His big head was full of happy suggestions.

As for Miss Brownby, she grew quieter and more thoughtful.

But at last rain came, as it always does before nature wholly fails, fairly renewing all things. It washed the face of earth, making it shine as if suddenly startled from a pretty dream. It brought out a smile on the billowy woods, and flung cool breezes across the lake. Bland days and superb nights followed.

With this sudden rejuvenation of nature, the spirits of our young people flared up for a final merry-making before separating for the winter, or, at least, for a time. They would have a dance. The Lamar cottage was chosen, on account of its airy rooms so suited to the purpose. It was to be a full-dress affair, a thing Longley dreaded, as he did not fairly know what full-dress meant. He indulged, secretly, in many troublesome misgivings, very natural indeed, about appearing in such simple garb as his wardrobe could supply. He vaguely suspected that a swallow-tailed coat with a rolling collar, and vest and pantaloons to match, were required of him; but he never had owned such clothes, and there remained no time to get them. Such an awakening to the state of one's apparel is to be dreaded.

It had been Mosely's suggestion, this full-dress business. He and Miss Brownby agreed exactly about it. They must have one general meeting, as gay as could be. It was surprising how, of late, they two were agreeing about everything. They were unanimous. They kept the same pace in their walks. They went sailing together. They read aloud turn about from the same books, and their criticisms never clashed. They were congenial. They coincided throughout.

Lamar and Miss Revercombe were engaged. It was no secret now. Maggie, as they all called her, had become quite a favorite; she was so free and strong and racy of the West, and yet so sweet and good. Mrs. Lamar petted her and called her darling in her kindly, motherly way.

When the evening for their little exclusive party came on, Longley insisted that the Nelvilles should not wait for him. They might go on in their carriage, he would walk over later. Nothing else would do; so it was done in his way.

Mosely had agreed to fetch Janet, and for that purpose had driven out to his father's early in the evening.

It was a pathetic thing, and yet it had a ludicrous side — Longley's preparation. The poor fellow knew nothing about what he ought to do. He had seen Nelville get into the carriage in a faultlessly fitting dress-suit. He grew excited and nervous. He did not like to show roughly before Janet, where all the rest would be scrupulously sleek and bright. But he saw no way out of the trouble.

Finally, in sheer desperation, he put on a gray tweed suit, rough, but well-fitting, and went.

He arrived just as Janet and Mosely did; he met Miss Brownby midway the hall. She greeted him gayly.

"O you horrid creature!" she exclaimed, "to come here in a shooting-coat, as if this were a hunting party. Nobody will notice you during the whole evening. You shall dance by yourself."

"Keep still," he whispered, "don't say anything about it; maybe the rest may not notice it."

She took his arm, however, and seemed very willing to have his ear for a moment.

"A good idea strikes me," she said; "you will serve as a foil to set off my lovely costume. Come along."

She led him into the parlor, and, whether or not she owed anything to contrast with Longley in his coarse attire, her Paris dress, her pearls, her snowy neck and arms, her lovely *coiffure*, the diamonds at her throat and ears, her perfect control of her drapery, her self-possession—all combined to make her bewilderingly attractive.

If the roll had been called, all would have answered here. The men were happy, the girls looking their prettiest.

There was a crash of preliminary music

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and then the violins breathed forth a merry waltz. Mosely whirled Janet around the room, Nelville followed with Louise, Lamar and Maggie Revercombe coming after, and dancing best of all.

Longley stood like a stick. Miss Brownby moved impatiently.

"Aren't you going to ask me to dance?" she cried, looking inquiringly at him.

He bowed low, and said in his gravest tones, "Do go dance, Miss Brownby."

"Oh, now, we are losing all that delightful whirl!" she exclaimed.

"Alas!" he replied; "I never attempted to dance in my life."

"Dear me! what are you good for?" she inquired, putting on a pouting look.

"If I couldn't dance better than Mosely," said he, "I shouldn't want to dance. Why, he jumps up and down so heavily that he shakes the candles in the sconces! He's too big and clumsy to dance."

"He's a great deal nicer than you are," she retorted. "I think he dances real well, too. I'm sure I can't imagine what you've been doing all your life that you haven't learned to waltz!"

"I — I've been trying to earn enough money to buy me a dress-suit," he responded.

She looked curiously at him, and his expression was so serious that she laughed.

Longley was half ashamed of the deep sense of relief he felt when Mosely came and demanded Miss Brownby, almost as a matter of right, for the next waltz, and it chanced that he found himself left with Miss Revercombe near the door of a small conservatory whose windows were up, and through which a cool breeze poured with a low, rustling sound.

"May I claim you during the next waltz, or quadrille, or whatever it may be?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, smiling to herself at his manner of putting the question.

"Then," he added, "let us walk about in the conservatory while the rest are tiring themselves to death. I don't know the first thing of dancing. I'm worse than a savage in that regard, for I can't even perform a war-dance."

"It is no great accomplishment after all," she responded, taking his arm with an air of self-possession and ease, and going along with him so gracefully that he felt his own movements thereby pleasantly influenced. "It has an element of silliness in it very obvious at times," she added.

"I am ever so glad to hear you say that!" he exclaimed. "I like talking with a young lady who will now and then agree with me. It makes one feel safe and comfortable. Do you know, I think you must be a very sensible and good girl?"

"Indeed! I had not thought of it. Why?"

"Well," he bluntly replied, "because Alden Lamar loves you."

"You are delightfully frank," she said, "and I'm afraid you are more."

"Now *you* are *not* frank," he replied; "there is a hidden accusation in that word *more*."

"I fear you are like the rest of the Eastern folk who come West for business or pleasure," she added.

"How is that?"

"Oh, they all expect to find buffaloes in our streets, and a pigsty on every one of our front lawns."

"Ah, you like Southern people better!" he dryly responded.

She parried this thrust with such a smile as one gives a spoiled child, and added: —

"You are piqued. You are getting personal. I did not mean to make my statement foolishly broad; but the truth is I have been amused as well as surprised at the air of critical pity with which Eastern people view us of the West. The most liberal-minded *savant* of Boston will come to us with a lecture which is horridly out of date, and, after glaring at us over his spectacles, will begin to make excuses for using technical terms, and when he happens to say 'protoplasm,' or 'molecule,' or 'dynamite,' or the like, he is profoundly surprised that we do not plunge our hands into our pockets, fetch forth a lexicon, and, after finding the meaning of the word, go to howling and stamping, by way of applause, as if we were heathen."

Longley laughed. He began to better understand how she had captivated Lamar.

"Do Eastern folk behave in that vulgar way?" he asked.

"Yes; and their papers and magazines are full of stuff intended to be realistic pictures of Western society, — stuff as false and unnatural as it is unjust. Only the other day I read in a leading Eastern magazine a critique touching the art of a rising young actress, and all the sage of the East could say against the lady's style was that she clung to certain *Westernisms!* Now, by what divine right do Boston and New York put on airs, and profess to speak *ex cathedra?*"

"Oh, oh! I see, I see!" cried Longley,

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still furtively laughing, "but you must not class me along with those over-particular, self-conscious people."

"And why not?" she demanded. "Don't you hold to the dogma that all good, in some way, originated in Boston?"

"Oh, I don't bother with ideas! They are troublesome and expensive. But I have stood up for you from the first, Miss Revercombe."

"Stood up for me! — what a Westernism! — and how?"

"Why, at first, you see, I thought Lamar did not love you; that he was only amusing himself at the expense of — of —"

"Maud Muller, — a country lass of the West, who would die of a broken heart," she interrupted.

"Well, yes; something of the sort, and I said he'd be a villain to do such a thing."

"Oh! did you?"

"Yes," he said, "and I went further. I even said I would choke him if he did that."

"Did you tell Al— did you tell Mr. Lamar so?" she demanded, turning her large clear eyes full upon his.

"No, not exactly."

"Well, then," she said, "you had better not; for, if you do, he'll give you such a pounding as will last you for a long while. He can fight terribly, and I think he likes to."

Longley stared now. Her frankness had discounted his own. He slowly ran his eyes over her from head to foot, amused almost beyond polite endurance. He felt how powerless he was.

"Oh, don't you tell Lamar!" he cried with mock terror, "for I'm so sensitive."

It was her turn to laugh.

Nelville came to claim her for a waltz, and Longley turned to Louise and begged her to promenade with him on the veranda. He must have a partner, he said, as well as the other gentlemen. To-night he was in a talking mood.

"It is moonlight, just as it was that time we went into the garden and sat by the fountain," he said, as they emerged from the hall, and stood looking from the piazza out across a parterre into the broader garden grounds beyond.

"Have you remembered that?" said Louise. "It was a very long time ago, wasn't it?"

The intonations of her voice awoke something infinitely tender in Longley's bosom.

"Looking back through the purple gloom and rosy mists, it does seem distant," he replied.

"Yes, and looking ahead, how startlingly near the end seems."

"The end of what?"

"The end of our dream, — our sunny summer dream," she murmured.

"No, not the end," he quickly said, "not the end; for henceforth life has a new and a broader meaning. I cannot contemplate an ending."

"Oh, yes, I know! But I was speaking of our little friendly circle, — of us all, collectively, whom you so delicately caricatured in your paper, and —"

"Ah! you mean that the group must be dissolved, and the summer sweethearts become —"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, interrupting him. "Keep our secrets till they must out. Let us all be sweethearts as long as we may."

"I am too impulsive, I admit," he said. "Do you know how near I came to loving you once?"

She smiled, and shook her head.

"You do, — you do!" he exclaimed. "Out there by the fountain that evening so long ago. I was about to say something pretty and foolish when you ran away."

"I know it," she responded. "I knew it then. Whatever made you so silly?"

"Well," said Longley, thoughtfully, "I was like a bird turned out of a cage into a spring-time orchard. I hardly knew what I wanted. I saw you first, and you were sweet, and I thought I wanted you. You flew away from me, and then Miss Brownby came along." He stopped, laughed a little, and then went on: "Yes, Miss Brownby fascinated me too. You remember that calm day on the island? Well, I half-way made love to her that day."

"O Mr. Longley!"

"I did, indeed; and then Miss Revercombe —"

"Stop!" cried Louise, "I'll not believe you."

"It's gospel. It's mathematical fact," he gleefully added; "but I tell you I was just as honest and sincere as a soul ever was. I did'nt know what was the matter with me till one day I found out it was Janet."

"And are you quite sure of yourself now?"

"Miss Lamar!" exclaimed Longley, his face glowing with the charming thoughts hovering in his mind; "I am as sure of my love as to-morrow is sure of its sun."

Louise sighed a little fluttering, happy

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sigh, thinking how sure she was of her own love, and of how broad, and deep, and clear was its current.

They walked back and forth in silence. The waltzing was over, and the musicians went away, carrying their violin and violoncello boxes, as stealthily as if in those dark coffins they had shut up all the evening's joys and harmonies. On the hill where Louise had first met Nelville the moonlight shone like a crown.

The grand piano gave forth a tremulous prelude, and then a voice rich and indescribably touching in its expression began a simple song.

"Miss Revercombe is singing; let us go in," said Louise.

When they reached the parlor, Janet and Miss Brownby were standing together close behind Miss Revercombe, who was accompanying herself at the piano. Longley paused on the rug by the hearth, and leaned against the mantel, whilst Louise joined the group.

Lamar and Nelville sat on the sofa hard by. Nelville was thinking of that Sunday when this same sweet voice had filled the little church. It was a voice once heard never forgotten. Mosely stood almost in the middle of the room, a ponderous and spell-bound listener.

When the song was ended Miss Revercombe rose and stood by the piano-stool. It chanced that the movement grouped the four girls just as Longley had arranged them in his picture.

"See! look!" cried Mosely, waving his hand in the direction of this striking tableau, "See, there stand the Summer Sweethearts!"

Then the tall old clock in the hall struck one.

They all realized that summer was over. With the coming up of the sun some of them would be whirled away to distant and widely-separated cities. The hum of business and the bustle of society were already in their ears. But their loves were pure and true, and they did not fear for the future.

"They chatter like so many birds," said Mrs. Nelville to Mrs. Lamar.

Longley overheard the remark and his vivid imagination seized the comparison and delightedly drew it out to its fullest extent.

"Hear, hear!" he cried to the rest, "Mrs. Nelville says we are a set of silly birds. I think she is right; and I am reminded now that we have neglected one important thing."

"Well, what important thing?" demanded Lamar.

"To pair off and build our nests," said Longley, in his droll, bold way.

"True," said Mosely; "but we'll attend to that next spring."

And they did.

[Concluded.]



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ADOWN THE GLADE.

(PANTOUM.)

We rode adown the flowery glade,
Along a narrow pathway stony;
Upon the sward the sunlight played,—
I on my wheel, she on her pony.



Along the narrow pathway stony
We chatted, uttering idle words,
I on my wheel, she on her pony;
Around us sang the merry birds.

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We chatted, uttering idle words,
I hoped she did not think me stupid;
Around us sang the merry birds,
While hidden in the copse was Cupid.

I hoped she did not think me stupid;
We paused upon the velvet sod,
While hidden in the copse was Cupid,
Unseen, the roguish little god.

We paused upon the velvet sod,
We talked of boating on the river;
Unseen, the roguish little god
Amid the bright leaves all a-quiver.

We talked of boating on the river,
We rode from out the flowery glade
Amid the bright leaves all a-quiver;
Upon the sward the sunlight played.

We rode from out the flowery glade,
I on my wheel, she on her pony,
Upon the sward the sunlight played, —
But now our talk was matrimony!

Clinton Scollard.



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WALKING IN BELGIUM.

THE title may seem a strange one for a bicyclist to choose; as to its fitness you shall have an opportunity of judging. The steamer moves quietly up to the wharf as if afraid of waking the passengers, and Pixie and I are the first to disembark; indeed, most of our companions prefer remaining on board to the task of waking an Ostende hotel porter at one o'clock in the morning. We are too eager to see this promised land to think of delay, and the full moon is very tempting. The steamer immediately moves out into the stream again just as we discover that our rubber-coat is missing, but a hearty shout incites the steward to activity, and a successful throw lands the oft-needed garment at our feet. Here is the first wrong step: we begin by forgetting our mantle, and end by wishing we had forgotten ourselves, or remembered the seven-leagued boots, the only vehicle adapted to Belgian pavements. As we walk into the custom-house we flatter ourselves that our appearance is quite business-like. Pixie, with the rubber-coat strapped on her handle-bar, and a *Multum in Parvo* on her back, while I have a well-worn black flannel 'cycling-suit, with shoes of undressed leather, no heels, and rubber soles, and a flannel helmet hat. The custom-officers are sufficiently impressed to allow us to pass through with no attempt at levying a duty. Meeting an official near the door, we essay his native language, and find the ore much too hard to smelt, but gestures and the word "Digue" are simple and powerful, and we are directed to the famous Dyke, where we promenade to our hearts' content in the brilliant moonlight. The Dyke is three-quarters of a mile long, lined on one side by hotels and beautiful villas, and on the other open to the sea, which, as we looked upon it, was bright and sparkling with phosphorescence. It may have been against the law to ride a bicycle on this fashionable promenade, but the law was asleep, and we had a jolly run. What was a bed in comparison with a moonlight ride along the towpath of a Belgian canal? The thought was too romantic; and, at half-past two, I followed the guidance of Baedeker's map, and easily found the canal leading to Bruges; and rode through the town, though the pavements are rough, and kept up a good pace for nearly a half mile along the towpath, imagining myself in the true 'cyclists' paradise, and recalling with a smile the last time I attempted canal-riding, when my friend "Rus," bicycle and all, took a dip in the Erie canal, at Cohoes. Fine trees rose on each side of the water, which was so still that the reflections were wonderfully real. But, alas! the hard path suddenly ended in sand, giving me just time to dismount, and I began my walking. The beauty of the night, and the scenery, together with the hopes of better things, kept me from wrathful feelings for a time, but wheeling a bicycle through the sand is a violent poison, and moon, reflections, and all were quenched in anger at being checkmated by the smallest country in Europe. It looked as if Belgium had hit upon the proper method of keeping away 'cyclists without resorting to law. Here was a perfectly level road along the canal, paved with round cobble-stones, so set that there was no possibility of riding; at the side was a carriage-way, composed of beautiful, soft, white sand; the foot-path was sand, and even the grass grew in sand. While my reflections were as clear as those of the water, and not half so placid, they were not so lasting, and at length gave way to common-sense, and to a stern determination to walk through the provoking little land, though it should prove to be composed of naught but sand and cobble-stones, in order to prove to the Belgians that such a plan could not keep Yankees away, and that they need not incommode themselves by trying it. Not once did I mount Pixie; the night was passed in a square heel-and-toe walk. The work was hard, but I saw my duty clear.

Bruges, or Brügge, was reached at seven, distance eighteen and a quarter miles. From the Porte d'Ostende we followed the dog-carts, and market-women to the "Grande Place," where, at the Hotel Panier d'Or (good), we had our first French breakfast of coffee and rolls. I am sorry to say that I shocked the waiter by consuming nine of the delicate rolls and drinking three cups of coffee. After breakfast I very much wanted to go to bed, but went to see the churches and paintings instead. In Notre Dame is a statue of the

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Virgin and Child, probably by Michael Angelo, and the tomb of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. In the hospital of St. John are several paintings by Hans Memling, the most beautiful of which is the Shrine of St. Ursula, a Gothic chapel in miniature, perhaps eighteen inches high, its sides covered with scenes from the life of the saint. In the academy is John Van Eyck's Madonna with the infant Christ.

Then I visited the Cathedral St. Sauveur, the Hotel de Ville and the Chapelle du Saint Sangue, after which I spent more than an hour in walking about the quaint and very quiet streets, trying to accustom myself to the sight of the wooden shoes and strange vehicles. At twelve o'clock I started for Ghent (Gand), and, avoiding the canal, tried my fortune upon the main chaussée, where I found the same sort of work before me,— walking, with occasionally an opportunity to ride on a side path. Five miles from Bruges I stopped at a little estaminet (restaurant), where I had a very good dinner, though I think bets would have been declared off as to the respective powers of my hostess and myself in speaking French. The language universally used among the common people is Flemish, which is allied to low German but, when spoken, slightly resembles the old Chaldaic, and no other of the known tongues. Fortunately, a few French words and patience will give one what he wishes to eat and drink. The road was perfectly level, and the country very thickly populated. A common sight was a band of women at work on their knees in a field with a man overseeing them. Several times, when riding was possible, the boys of the neighborhood, and girls too, would challenge me to a race. Either hanging their wooden boots about their necks, or losing them off as the speed increased, they would enter into the contest with great spirit, winning as often as losing while I was ploughing through the sand. The distance to Ghent is thirty-two miles, and in no part of it could I keep my seat in the saddle continuously for a mile, until, three miles from the city, I crossed the canal, and, leaving the chaussée found fair though slow riding on the grass near the towpath. It was half-past nine as we walked through the Porte de Bruges, and ten o'clock as we mounted the steps of the Hotel d'Allemagne, in the Marche-aux-Grains. Tired out and dusty as I was, I went to one of the cafés for supper, and then walked about a little, but soon decided that sleep was better than knowledge, and did not wake till nine the next morning. After breakfast came a walk about the city and a visit to several churches and Le Grand Béguinage, a convent with seven hundred sisters, which forms a very quiet but pretty village on the outskirts of Ghent. In the cathedral is one of the finest paintings of the early Flemish school, Hubert and John Van Eyck's Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb, which is wonderful in its coloring and dignity, and is very well, almost perfectly, preserved. A few steps from the cathedral is the Hotel de Ville, a piece of Gothic architecture which is unsurpassed in Belgium, and is now being carefully restored. Very near rises the lofty Belfry, three hundred and seventy-five feet high, from which the call to arms used to be given. As I wandered back to the hotel I saw a market-cart with a donkey, a dog, and a woman harnessed to it, and another where a fat old Fleming sat comfortably smoking, driving two fiery steeds, — dogs as large as ordinary hounds,— while his wife ran behind. The head of the house is properly respected in Belgium, if not in Massachusetts. At half-past two I had a jolly dinner, with quail and all sorts of delicacies, for two francs, and at quarter-past three was off for Brussels by way of Alost; distance to Alost sixteen miles, and from Alost to Brussels twenty-four miles. Walking is necessary in Ghent over the pavements, and for two miles after leaving them, on account of sand, after which we find higher land, with hills and valleys, and can ride on the side path a good part of the way to Alost, which we reach at quarter-past six. We stop and order a beefsteak for supper, which in this case, as often in Germany, turns out to be a piece of cold boiled beef. While eating this we determine to leave Alost, which possesses comfortable hotels, and seek a night's lodging in some hamlet nearer Brussels for the sake of the experience. [Perhaps I may be allowed to state here that our complete work on the Bicycle, the parts of the world in which it can be ridden, those in which it can be pushed, and the mountains up which it can be carried will be published in 1894 in forty quarto volumes, and the twenty-first chapter will be upon the "Beauties of Home Life in dear old Flanders."]

From Alost the road continued semi-ridable, but after an hour's progress (six miles), the darkness warned us that we must seek our Flemish home. The next

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village was very small, perhaps a dozen houses gathered together on each side of the chaussée. The houses are all alike, very low, with one story and a high-tiled roof with no windows, but here and there a thick, half-transparent glass tile in place of the ordinary ones. At the first door I dismounted and presented myself to half a dozen barefooted men and women, who were sitting on the stone steps, smoking and talking. Did they speak French? No! Could I remain over-night? (in poor German). They did not understand. English succeeded no better. Pixie and I remained with a subdued look upon our faces and awaited developments. A crowd gathered, and pretty soon a young man was pushed forward, whose acquirements in French just equalled those of the writer. He heard, or saw, or in some way understood, that I wished to stay over-night, and conducted me, with a crowd of men, women, and children in my train, to the other end of the village, and into a house, where an animated discussion took place between my guide and the lady thereof, ending in a refusal of hospitality. Then came another period of inactivity, during which the guide counted the population of the hamlet to see if there was an extra bed in town, and Pixie won the hearts of two or three dirty little Flemings by allowing them to mount her, and roll quietly a few steps up and down the road. At last we visited another mansion and were admitted, bicycle and all. We congratulated ourselves, and celebrated the occasion by ordering glasses of beer for all the men of the party, after which everything went quite sociably for a few minutes, when suddenly the guide, to whom I had been telling my family history and adventures, in French (?), announced that we could not stay, and our forces were once more concentrated upon the highway. More than an hour had passed, and the case looked desperate. As a last resort I intimated my intention of walking to Brussels, and actually took several steps in that direction; but this excited his compassion, and he begged me to once more accompany him, and this time we were successful. More beer was ordered, and more 'cycling adventures followed, translated into Flemish by the guide for the benefit of the roomful of fathers and mothers, whose ideas of a bicycle were crude. But it was soon eleven o'clock, and I asked for a light, and retired to my room under the roof, — and what a room it was! The candle lighted dimly an immense garret, with no partitions, and three beds in it; at one end was a large stack of hay, and at the other, wheat, both threshed and unthreshed; on the floor near my bed were onions, potatoes, and turnips; from one beam hung a lot of coarse linen, from another several undressed hides; here was a pile of soiled garments, and there a heap of baskets ready for market. My bed was a heap of straw, with a rough piece of cloth partially concealing it, no pillow, and one ragged quilt. The men I had talked with were a rough and hard-looking set, and the immense and gloomy room recalled to my mind some blood-curdling tales of the Black Forest, and of Italian brigands, as I prepared to retire.

Then, too, just as I was resigning myself to my fate, some mystic numbers chalked on a beam above my bed attracted my attention. There were many rows of numbers; and the thought flashed across my mind that here was the list of unfortunates, who had been murdered and robbed in years past in this brigand's den; my appearance betokened poverty, and hence their unwillingness to receive me. This last fact encouraged me, and the last number upon the list was a very large one; so, with the thought that, after such a successful year as the preceding, they might be mercifully inclined, I dropped asleep. My dreams were horrible; I was walking through the flames with Savonarola; fighting tarantulas in Mexico, and scorpions in India. At length the pain waked me, and I found myself in the midst of a conflict. The room was quiet, disturbed only by the snoring of the other two human occupants, but an army of mosquitoes, fleas, roaches, centipedes, and some thirty other species of *Insecta* was devoting itself to me. The combat lasted till nearly daylight, when I once more fell asleep, waking at seven, entirely unrefreshed, to a daylight view of my surroundings. I speedily went down to breakfast; the coffee I spilled upon the floor when my hostess was not looking, and the earth absorbed it, while the bread was put in my pocket, to be later thrown away. The bill for the whole entertainment, night's lodging and breakfast, was fifty centimes, — less than ten cents, — but I can advise no one but a very healthy man to follow my example. My hair was slightly tinged with gray, and my step rather unsteady, as, at eight, I led Pixie forth and left Wasmuelsbroeck. From W. the road is ridable, with frequent short walks, until one reaches the outskirts of Brussels,

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where nearly a mile of pushing is necessary, and then comes the broad boulevard, which, under different names, entirely encircles the city, affording fair wheeling, either pavement or macadam. The eighteen miles from Wasmuelsbroeck required nearly three hours, and it was almost eleven as we left the Chaussée de Gand, and, turning to the right, rode down the Boulevard and stopped opposite the Museum of Antiquities for a good breakfast. At half-past eleven we again turned to the right, by the Museum, and, taking the Chaussée de Waterloo, found slight hills, sand, and hard work before us, now riding and now walking, to the village of Waterloo renowned as the site of the famous monument to the leg of the Marquis of Anglesea — the battle was not fought here.

The nine and one-half miles took two hours; but at half-past one we sat down to dinner in a little inn opposite the church, preparatory to a long tramp over the real battle-field, three miles further on. Pixie was left behind, and fifteen miles of walking indulged in before she was rejoined at six o'clock; if each French soldier had expended as many foot-pounds of energy, the English would have been beaten long before Blucher arrived. At the farm of La Haye Sainte I purchased a genuine bullet, which "had been just dug up." An Englishman I met was unkind enough to laugh at me, and try to throw doubt upon its value as a relic; saying that he knew his was official and genuine, because he bought it, before leaving England, from a firm in Birmingham regularly engaged in the manufacture, while mine was entirely unreliable, and might have been whittled out in some second-rate shop in Brussels. I visited the Mound of the Lion, which was erected by the Belgian government in memory of the wisdom of the Netherlanders, who all ran away at the first shot, — "lived to see" — etc., and now charge twenty-five centimes to all who wish to climb the hill, from which a fine view of the field is obtained. The earth for this mound was taken from the neighboring slope toward Mt. St. Jean, so that you can now see the deep cross-road which was, at the time of the battle, entirely concealed from view. It was this ravine which proved so fatal to Marshal Ney's charge, thousands of the "Old Guard" plunging into it.

Napoleon's guide had declared that there was no road, and this probably lost the battle. The facts are graphically stated in Victor Hugo's account of the battle in "Les Miserables," while some writers have entirely omitted all reference to them. The story of the false guide is one of the disputed "historical facts," but any 'cyclist who will spend a day at Waterloo can see this road and its great importance in relation to the positions of the French and allied armies. At six Pixie and I left the village, and in two hours were in Brussels, where we sought the Hotel Liegeois, in the Rue du Progrès, a cheap and comfortable house, situated on the side of the city toward Antwerp, and so convenient for a start. After supper I spent two hours in walking about seeing the Galerie St. Hubert and the famous shops of the Paris in miniature. At eleven I returned to the hotel and retired, finding that I somewhat resembled a small-pox hospital or an unsuccessful bee-tamer, — the wounds averaging three to the square inch; however, I congratulated myself with the thought that at least there was no bigger fool in the neighborhood, repeated Cæsar's little saying about the village and Rome, and slept the sleep of the wicked. Next morning, August 23d, I spent three hours in the Musée de Peinture, where are Van Eyck's Adam and Eve (taken from the wings of the painting at Ghent), Quentin Matsys' Holy Family, and Rubens' Adoration of the Magi. Then I visited the Palais de Justice, one of the finest buildings in Europe, not yet completed. I had a card of introduction to a lace-manufacturer, and went through one of the largest establishments. The pieces of lace which require six to nine months of continuous labor are very beautiful, but does it not seem like a slight waste of time? At three P.M. we started for Malines (Mechelen), and found the first mile as smooth as a floor, after which the chaussée resumed its ordinary character, — slow riding half the time, and walking the rest, to Malines, fourteen and one-half miles, which was reached at five o'clock, in time to obtain admittance to the cathedral, which contains a crucifixion, by Van Dyck, and is noted for the black and white marble in the interior, and its clock-face forty-nine feet in diameter. The city resembles Bruges in its quiet and quaintness. It is full of interesting and ancient houses, but has very little business activity. We stopped at Hotel Buda, directly opposite the cathedral, and found it very comfortable. At nine in the morning we were *en route* for Antwerp (Anvers), distance seventeen and one-half miles, with a road similar to

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that from Brussels to Malines. At twelve we were in the city, and our Belgium touring was almost ended. We went to the Hotel Couronne, very near the Bourse, but I cannot recommend it; Hotel Commerce is much better and very near. After dinner the first visit was to the cathedral to see Rubens' Descent and Elevation of the Cross, and a St. Francis by Murillo. In the old Museum of Painting is one of the finest collections in Europe, including many canvases of Rubens and Van Dyck, the Entombment by Quentin Matsys, St. Barbara by John Van Eyck, and numerous gems from the brushes of the *genre* artists. The modern paintings are now placed in another building, — the modern museum. The city is all activity, and is very prosperous, rivalling Amsterdam and Rotterdam in the extent of its commerce. English is spoken in most of the hotels and shops, partially supplanting the French. In Antwerp we met a visiting 'cyclist, and heard encouraging news about the roads in Holland. The road to Capellen, twelve and one-half miles, and Putten, three and one-half more, was sandy, affording very little riding. I reached Putten at eleven, and found the first road since leaving England which was really worthy the name.

Here, with the boundary line of Holland, ended my "Walking in Belgium." Speaking figuratively, and not very figuratively either, there is no bicycling in Belgium. Probably even in the spring, when the roads are at their best, walking would be necessary more than two-thirds of the time. As to choice of roads, the main chaussées are much the best, the tow-paths being very enticing at the entrance of a city, where they constitute the favorite promenade of the Flemish maidens and their lovers, but degenerating within a mile to very poor walking. The cross-roads are also impassable to our wheels. A wise course for a tourist who wishes to see Belgium, and then ride to Germany, would be to take steamer from London to Antwerp, leave his wheel there, make the circuit by train, and then start per bicycle for Holland.

The same thing could be done from Rotterdam, though this requires more railroading; and perhaps this would be easier. He could go from London to Ostende by steamer, or to Dover, and then across; and from Ostende simply take the train, carrying his bicycle with him, and beginning the touring, as before, at Antwerp. As to the requirements in the shape of guide-books, a Baedeker is essential, and nothing more; though one should become somewhat familiar with the general geography of the country, and with the distances, before leaving America. A knowledge of the language is not necessary. A French phrase-book, and a few days of study on the ocean, will enable a person to get on very well. Guides are entirely unnecessary, and often untrustworthy. I had the pleasure of paying one four francs, in Ghent, for the purpose of seeing a painting in a chapel there; the guide could not obtain admittance for me, and I had to return at the proper hour, and pay a second fee to the sacristan. The cost of the experiment was charged to experience, and I was my own guide thereafter. The money presents no difficulties, the franc and centime being used all through Belgium, and English gold everywhere received, but the units of distance are perplexing. The kilometre is, of course, easily translated into miles (1 kilo. = ⅝ of a mile), and this is used on the government sign-boards, which are, however, not very frequent. When the common people are asked as to distances, they show great ignorance on the subject of kilometres, and invariably use "lieue," which is equivalent to the German "stunde," or hour, and consists of five kilos, not always exactly reckoned, but nearly correct.

The ordinary 'cycling costume can be worn everywhere, though it excites a good deal of curiosity. Expenses are very light in Belgium; my average was six francs per day, including everything, — admittance to cathedrals and galleries, etc.; but I invariably went to second-class hotels, which are very much cheaper than the first, and always inquired in advance as to their rates. Meals were obtained in a café, as a rule, and no wine was drunk. There are very few 'cyclists in the country, and most of those are boys with inferior machines. The roads are an unanswerable argument against the wheel.

Geo. F. Fiske.

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WAYSIDE NOTES.

WHAT is the first flower one is likely to see in the spring? Any one who has the temerity to venture into the woods in March will, without doubt, see protruding from the ground, in marshy regions, curious hood-like bodies, mottled with various rich shades of yellow, green, and dark-red. They assume strangely grotesque forms, and call to mind the old German legends of gnomes and cobolds. These are the spathes of the skunk-cabbage. The true flowers are situated within these enveloping leaves upon a globular spadix, by which is meant a very close and solid inflorescence. The flowers themselves are inconspicuous, and devoid of calyx and corolla. The whole plant is pervaded by the abominable odor which has given it its name, and is nearly related to the Jack-in-the-pulpit, the sweet-flag, and the calla. Plants of this family are, with us, herbaceous, but, in the tropics, often present a tree-like appearance. It is easy to see how showy they may become from the large-leaved caladiums of cultivation. The skunk-cabbage seems absolutely to disdain cold weather; we have often found it amidst the broken crystals of ice, upon which Jack Frost raises the earth. Its leaves appear later. They are rank and coarse, but of so vivid a green that they become, really, very ornamental. Near them is often found the American hellebore, with equal verdure, but distinguished at once by its parallel-veined and strongly-plaited leaves.

A more humble plant, not native, but fully established in some parts of the country, is the whitlow-grass (*Draba verna*), resembling a diminutive cress, and with minute white and cruciform flowers. It springs up in gravelly garden-paths and on sandy banks or plains, maturing the seeds in a few weeks, and then soon disappearing. Like many other inconspicuous flowers it becomes beautiful under a lens, and that, of course, every observing traveller has about him. Of the true spring flowers, none is earlier than "the trailing arbutus," or May-flower, the *Epigaea repens* of the botanist. It is a member of the great heath family which furnishes so many superb flowers, as the rhododendrons and azaleas (these two are now classed as one genus), the mountain laurel, the andromedas, and the Labrador-tea. The *Epigaea* is waiting for its poet. No one has as yet placed it where Bryant did the fringed gentian, or Emerson the rhodora, or Burns the daisy, or Wordsworth the daffodil. These have left nothing to be said by other singers. Verses there have been to the May-flower, flowing, musical, rhetorical and, perhaps, even poetic, but no one has caught and embodied the aroma of this exquisite blossom.

One of the most charming of our vernal flowers is the "bluets," "star-of-Bethlehem," or "innocents." This is the modest little plant known to science as *Houstonia cærulea*. Everywhere the meadows are whitened with it, looking, often, as if covered with snow. Only two or three inches in height, the plants grow in detached groups, at short intervals apart, each special clump maintaining a characteristic structure. Thus, all the flowers of one group will have long stamens and short styles, while another set will reverse the arrangement. The purpose is to insure cross-fertilization, or, in other words, to prevent too close interbreeding, and hence deterioration. Insects are the agents by which transferrence of pollen from one form to another is brought about. The short stamens must react upon the short styles, and the long stamens on long styles, in order to secure full fertility. These little flowers, white, delicately shaded with lavender or violet, and with a yellowish eye, would form a fine garden border. They bloom from April well on into June. The writer has often cultivated them with success. Indeed, if one can guess at their whereabouts in winter, and dig them up, they can be easily forced in the house.

A little later than the first appearance of the "innocents," comes the wood anemone, or wind-flower. In this plant, which loves to nestle under copses of hazel or blueberry, the calyx replaces the corolla, and, as often happens, becomes itself delicate in texture and brilliant in hue. The opening buds, dyed purple externally, and emerging from an involucre of three bronzy compound leaves, are peculiarly charming. They appear, even when full blown, too ethereal to battle with the winds, whose name they have taken. Generally about the time we find the anemones, and the

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rue-anemone, which is still lovelier, we also discover the spice-bush, or fever-bush (*Lindera benzoin*), to be in flower. The now leafless twigs are covered with a profusion of small yellow blossoms, possessing something of the spicy odor of the bark and leaves. The bees soon find these flowers, as they do those of the willows and the red maple. We may also see that lovely butterfly, the Camberwell beauty (*Vanessa antiope*), hovering over them, though the creature prefers the sap that oozes from the bursting veins of birches. The stamens of the spice-bush are worthy of an examination; the anthers open by very neat valves.

Extending our walk, we find on sandy river banks the first white flower of the Virginian saxifrage. In the Hudson highlands whole hill-sides are often whitened with it. The name saxifrage, the rock-breaker, was bestowed upon this genus from its tendency to grow in the crevices of rocks, which it helps to disintegrate. There too is found, as one of the very earliest spring flowers, the blue-eyed liverwort, or *Hepatica*. It often has other colors than blue, as white or pink. If there is a locality for it anywhere within hail of one's home, it pays to make a pilgrimage to it. These bright creatures, laughing from amidst the dead leaves of the forest, peeping from behind rocks, and dancing over the hill-sides, make one feel glad for many a day. By closing the eyes, even in mid-winter, we can always recall them, and ever as a benison.

About this time there appears in the markets, as a salad plant, the "cowslip," or, more properly speaking, the "marsh-marigold." The true cowslip is a *primula*, while this plant is a *caltha*, and even belongs to a different family. Tennyson, in his "May Queen," has given a perfect picture of the habit of the plant in two brief lines: —

> "The wild marsh-marigold shines like fire
> In swamps and hollows gray."

It will be remembered, too, that Jean Ingelow speaks of the "brave marsh maribuds, rich and yellow." The plant is thus seen to be common to both countries. Everywhere in New England, on dry uplands and in meadows, the ladies' tobacco, or early everlasting, covers the ground with its dry, scurfy leaves and stems, — a sort of Yankee edelweiss. With the exception of the colt's-foot (*Tussilago farfara*) and the dandelion, it is the first composite to bloom. In wet, muddy places about swamps a quick eye may detect the golden saxifrage, but any one except a botanist might pass it unheeding. The minute flowers have bright golden anthers, hence the name. In the Middle States, one of the earliest flowers is the Dutchman's breeches (*Dicentra cucullaria*), a near relation of the bleeding-heart of the gardens. To us it is even prettier than that showy flower. The racemes are of a creamy white, arising from amidst a tuft of elegantly dissected leaves. The common name is given from the widely divergent petals which look not unlike the traditional baggy trousers of the old patroons.

Every wood-lover has a chosen place to find the blood-root. It is a peculiarly pure and delicate flower, opening in bright sunlight as a snowy star, but closing on dark days and towards evening. The two sepals, or outer parts of the flower, are fugacious and very difficult to secure. The blossoms come up from the ground enwrapped in a veiny leaf, which does not attain its full size until well into the summer. It is then itself very handsome. Every one knows how the roots bleed if wounded, recalling to classical students the old tale of Polydorus in the Æneid. The dog-tooth violet (*Erythronium*) comes a little later, and in similar places, namely, on moist stream-banks. This plant, which is really of the lily family, has rather large, oblong or elliptical pointed leaves, curiously mottled with brown and white. The bulb is deep under ground, and from this arises a solitary flower, nodding on a long scape. It is a pure yellow bell, spotted within. In sunshine the petals curve outward, and add much to the beauty of the plant. The flowers close in the house, so that one who has only seen them gathered can have no idea of their native elegance.

In this random talk about the early spring flowers we should not forget that charming plant, the wild columbine, most graceful of its genus. This is one of the many diverse *genera* popularly called honeysuckle, merely because it produces honey. It shares this title with the true honeysuckles (*Lonicera*) and the azaleas, while it may be found under quite different conditions; it especially loves to perch itself upon cliffs, over which its red blossoms droop in elegant clusters, tempting one to climb. Bees and boys have discovered that it has honey in the ends of those long spurs.

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There is no sharp line to be drawn between the flowers of spring and those of summer. Some of the early-flowering species continue to blossom even into June; others have but a few weeks of vitality, perfecting their seeds and then dying. The violets have, some of them at least, a long period of blossoming. There are many species of them, although these are not always distinguished by unscientific observers. Perhaps the handsomest of all is the "birdfoot violet" (*Viola pedata.*) This grows in sandy soil, and has light-blue flowers, paling towards the centre, while the stamens give a spot of orange or tawny yellow. Hawthorne, undoubtedly with this species in mind, notes in his diary, "a gush of violets along a woodpath." The variety *bi-color* of this species is almost as handsome as a pansy, and, indeed, under cultivation, all violets improve wonderfully. None of our natives have the delicious odor of the English violet, although in other respects quite its equal. The first violet to appear is the *Viola sagittata*, an upland or meadow species, but this is followed at once by the dog violet (*V. canina*), and by the common blue (*V. cucullata*), and the two white species (*V. blanda* and *primulæfolia*). The yellow species (*V. pubescens*, and *rotundifolia*), although not rare, seem always more choice.

The great heath family now exhibits the *Cassandra*,—a little shrub, thriving in swampy places, the flowers arranged in leafy, one-sided racemes and in shape suggesting those of the blueberry. The fruit, however, is a dry, inedible capsule. Now, too, is the festival-time of the mosses. The green of other plants seems tame beside their velvety verdure. They are found carpeting cliffs, and banks of streams, or forming luxurious cushions for the foot of some lazy tree. Among the first plants that appeared upon the earth when the primeval land emerged from the ocean, they imitate in their fantastic growth all subsequent vegetation. We find pine forests among them, in the branches of which, were our ears attuned to hear them, we might note the sweet melodies made by some passing breeze. Some of them assume the form of diminutive ferns, others are like palms or cycads. They do not disdain even to imitate the customs of men, and at times the imagination sees in them a mighty army, gay with lance and pennon, setting forth upon a journey of knightly emprise. The microscopist may well revel in the exceeding beauty and interest of their fructification, and the mere lover of nature in the elegance and variety of their colors.

We may at this season study an incipient geology. One can see on a small scale what has happened throughout the ages in the denudation of certain parts of the earth's surface; the filling in of the valleys; the disintegration of mountains; the deposit of alluvial formations; and even the laying out of terraces.

We should not forget the sweet music of these vernal walks. The streams sing as they dance over the pebbles, and the little birds warble in the tree-tops as if they could no longer contain in such wee bodies so great an excess of joy. The *hylas*, too, are very merry. Tread lightly as you approach the pond, as the musicians are coy, and the slightest sound disturbs them. One piper after another will then start up, until finally the whole chorus awakens. The bull-frogs are the deep-bass in this concert.

I have never quite decided whether a solitary ramble or one in company with some chosen friend is the most profitable. It depends largely on one's mood. If this is contemplative it is well to be alone. But, even then, if the companion is attuned to one's own disposition, if he is one that does not demand talk, or reject it, if he is one that even the eloquence of silence does not offend, his company is a large advantage. With me it is necessary to share a beautiful landscape, and to go halves even with a flower. When entranced I want to rush into somebody's confidence.

The true walker, like the poet, is born to the profession. He *must* walk, and, in walking, see and admire. Surely there is no time so full of inspiration. When every day reveals some new wonder of leaf or blossom, or bird or insect; when the woods are blushing with their first tender colors, and the air musical with liquid melodies, there is an imperative call to the forest and field. The primeval instinct which led our remote ancestors to the chase exerts itself in civilized man as a survival. We feel a sense of bounding joy and manly strength under the leafy boughs by laughing cataracts, or on mountain-tops looking over the world.

W. Whitman Bailey.

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The L.A.W. at Washington.

THERE is much for satisfaction in reviewing the recent annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, and, most of all, that an era of good feeling on the line of suggestion made by us in our last issue has been inaugurated. The organization of the new general board of officers was harmonious and energetic. The five executive officers elected are of a character to command respect and confidence. They represent well the different sections of the country where wheelmen are numerous. They preserve the experience of the past with a good infusion of new blood and fresh enthusiasm for the future; and they in no way represent any of the factious or personal differences which became so troublesome last year. Indeed, the new executive board is noticeably strong and promising for a vigorous and harmonious administration of League affairs.

The convention was better attended than that of last year, and accomplished much more in its legitimate way of expressing and shaping the general policy of the organization. The relegation of the arrangements for an official organ to the officers was a move in the right direction. And so was the resolution deprecating the publication of protests, and personal or administrative details, until they have been officially acted upon, and disapproving the rushing into print of members and officers with trivial matters likely to breed contempt outside and mischief inside the ranks.

The parade was the best in many respects yet exhibited. It was better in appearance and in performance — though not so large — than that of last year, and the delectable route and fine conditions made it most enjoyable to those who participated, and very impressive to the many thousands of witnesses.

The races were creditable, though not very remarkable, and the banquet was as usual an opportunity for social reunion and post-prandial reminiscences and congratulations. Here, as elsewhere, was one impressed with the growing and ripening friendships, the genial spirit of fraternity amongst the members of this great body scattered so widely, which adds so much to the sum of a wheelman's pleasures, gives every one a warmer and broader interest in his country and his fellows, strengthens the spirit of helpfulness and hospitality and union for common good, and makes membership in the L.A.W. valuable.

It was gratifying to note that the membership has more than doubled during the past year, and now exceeds four and a quarter thousand; that the treasury has something to the good besides the subscriptions, and has never yet run dry, though the dues are so small and the expenses have been large; that the races were financially profitable; and that the reports of the officers, the railroad committee, and others showed some very substantial benefits secured to the members.

Taking all considerations into account, the League meet in Washington was a happy success, and a good promise for the future.

Steam-Yachting.

The growth of steam-yachting has been considerable of late. The Boston Yacht Club, for instance, which had one steamer on its rolls ten years ago, and four of them five years ago, has ten now, and there are good reasons for this growth.

To the energetic, daring young yachtsman this kind of yachting is too mechanical, too far from nature. It is like taking the family coach, instead of riding the half-broken colt. For the old boy there are a good many advantages in a carriage, particularly if he is a busy man whose hours have to be measured; and the steam-yacht is always ready, no matter what the wind may be. He runs no risk of being becalmed just as he is due on change. There is not so much excitement, but he has not got to tug at the anchor, or get wet in fighting

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the storm. Of course the engine and coal require some room; but in an ordinary yacht, of say fifty feet in length, there have been so many improvements in boilers and machinery that the space occupied by them is small, and there is a saving in the sleeping accommodations which would be essential on a sailing-yacht of that length, but are quite unnecessary in a steamer that is sure of making harbor every night. Then the cost of running a steam-yacht of that size is no more than the corresponding sail-boat would require, for the steam-boat has only one man, where the sail-boat needs two (though that one man must be of a higher grade), and the cost of the coal is slight, not more than a quarter or so for an afternoon trip. Of course there is not the excitement of the doubtful struggle, or the triumph of outwitting nature with her own weapons. There is not the poetry or the sentiment of the sail; but there is a great deal of solid comfort, and that explains their growing popularity.

Summer Study.

As the summer season draws nigh, and we make our plans for the vacation which ought to form a part of every one's year, a good many good resolves are made. At the bottom of our travelling trunks we pack a goodly substratum of solid books, too often to find that the woods or the shore are bad places to study, for

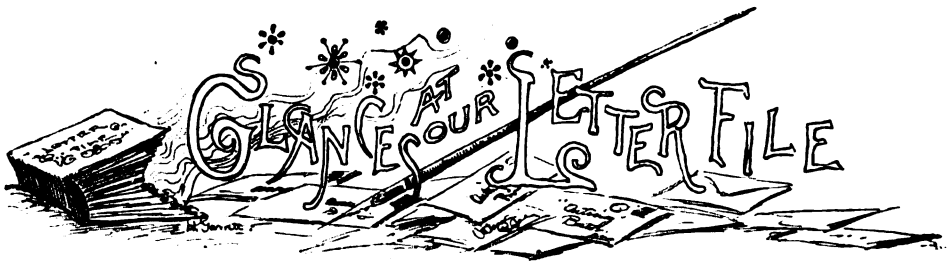
> ". . . Nature is too garrulous,
> Her many hands reach out to us,
> Perpetual riddles of surprise
> She offers to our ears and eyes,"

and so the books are thrown aside for more interesting realities. This may be a pity, but it is a fact, and we may as well recognize it, for it is a discouraging mistake to try to do a thing which there is no probability of our accomplishing. A book out-of-doors is out of place, and must take the minor part of the chorus, not the leader, in the concert. It does not follow, however, that summer is to be mere physical exercise or profitless idling, still less that we should stay in. There is a great deal to be got from Nature, when you come close to her, without much booking. We all of us go through the world half blind, noticing but a tithe of the wonderful things before our eyes; but it is a blindness that we can cure to a great extent by a little effort, and by taking an intelligent interest in things. The mere effort will do a good deal, as Houdin trained his son to tell over the names of things blindfolded in what he called Second-sight, by teaching him to take in at a glance before his eyes were covered the details of the objects that were likely to be presented to him. The best way to learn to see is to direct one's interest wisely, and here it is that a little science comes in to help. The canoe, and especially the wheel, open to us unlimited opportunities for reading Nature's book, if we will only learn the alphabet. A brief knowledge of botanical theories and nomenclature puts every wayside wild-flower in its own place in the world. A little general knowledge of geology, with its fascinating tales of the childhood of mother earth, and a little summer work with the hammer, gives one's most common-place acquaintance in inanimate nature a location in the history of the planet. If we scrape acquaintance with the birds or insects, the woods and fields take a new life; and the seashore, when we study it, has its own fascinating stories to recount. The summer science schools do much, but one can get a good deal of summer science without going to school, particularly if one can find a companion to share his interests and help to guess his puzzles, and enjoy his triumphs.

The Camera.

THE camera, which is now hard at work again, helps on this study of Nature, and makes the owner notice a thousand beauties that before would have escaped his eye. The amateur photographer has funny little ways, sometimes, in his search for "artistic effects," but his professional brother can learn a good deal from his honest, if not always successful efforts. How often we have turned over piles of professional photographs in some beautiful locality, without finding anything but hideous hotels and railroad trestle-work; pictures with an interminable waste of arid foreground, and no artistic quality! The amateur, at present, is struggling with a good many difficulties. The mechanical part of the work is hard to manage, his skies are heavy and leaden, and his small instrument will not reproduce distant views on a large enough scale. He naturally enough gives an undue attention to easily-handled near subjects, like a hay-cart, or a tree, or mortifies his friends by unflattering reproductions of their traits. But for all that he looks for and finds much that is beautiful that would otherwise go uncopied, and preserves these effects for others, while he trains his own faculties of observation as well.

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Notes from the Fish Exhibit.

FRYEBURG, April.

MR. EDITOR: — The Fulton Market Exhibition shows the most improved methods of trout-raising in all stages from procuring the eggs to the propagation and rearing the fish, — it may be called a fish-nursery. In ten days from being hatched they are about an inch long. In three years they are matured, but are not full grown. A trout has been known to live fifty years, from which it might be inferred that it matures in about ten years.

In getting trout eggs the parent fish are placed in a tank where they can be easily caught; the eggs are expressed from the female into an empty vessel, where the milt from the male is stirred into them; they are then washed and laid on hatching-frames set in glass jars filled with water, the water circulating freely around the eggs. The jar is cylindrical, ten inches in diameter and eighteen inches high. Three inches from the bottom an indentation around the side forms a support for the succession of screens (or hatching-frames), which are separated one inch apart by wire arches, and their bottoms are formed of wire gauze, upon which the eggs are laid. A constant flow of fresh water in the jars is indispensable, which is maintained by a pipe entering the bottom of the jar, and the outflow is through a pipe at the top of the jar. The time required for the eggs to hatch varies with the temperature of the water. At 55° it takes thirty-five days, and a longer time if the water be cooler, a fact which permits the transportation of eggs from a warmer to a cooler latitude without injury, if they are kept above the freezing-point.

Now, let us look for ourselves, and watch for signs of life in the coming generation, promoted by such skill that of the hundreds of thousands of fish-germs in a jar scarcely one will fail of coming into being. They look like tiny bubbles, or pearls, or fairy balloons not quite ready for ascent. Just gaze steadily a moment,—don't you see them move? Observe those two specks; they indicate what will be the fish's eyes when the head is formed. Opposite them his tail will start; and now you might call him perpetual motion, for he never seems still. Shortly the head and tail unite, and then his back is formed, and he floats *upon* his egg, instead of living within it, deriving sustenance from it until his body consumes it; then he begins to work for his living, which he may get some day on his own "hook." In the next jar are trout ten days old. They are about an inch long, with bodies apparently of glass. They are so nearly transparent, and, withal, so slender, that the mouths of the water-pipes have to be covered with muslin strainers to prevent their escape. The spots on them are too minute to permit their classification yet with the naked eye; but directly opposite there is a large tank with older fish of the same variety, whose beautiful marks are very distinct. The sides of this tank are glass, and within it an electric light exposes the fish with charming effect. It is entertaining to watch their motions, they are so sprightly and animated; but for friskiness just glance at their salt-water neighbors, the shrimps. At first they look like nothing but the moss into which they embed themselves, as a sort of hide-and-seek ground. In their antics they are more suggestive of a pack of schoolboys, swimming up and down, and tumbling over each other with rapid somersaults. One, rushing upwards, caught another descending and dragged him to the top of the jar and let him drop on the moss below, where he sat on his curled, half-moon tail, as though meditating on all he had been through. Out of this reflective mood he was knocked heels over head, and disappeared into the moss.

The market stalls were dressed with smilax, and flowers arranged in fish forms, of which one was in immortelles; and suspended by handles were ebony boxes containing globe fishes, visible through circular panes of glass in the sides. Conspicuous were three specimens of carp furnished from Germany, chief of which was one especially valuable for stocking sluggish waters which fail to produce table fish. Lastly, there was the "rainbow trout," from California, — nowhere found in the East — deriving its name from its irridiscent hue, while in motion.

B. T. Newman.

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An Early Tandem.

ILION, May 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — Three years ago last February I built a bicycle having two large wheels, viz.: one 50-in. and 48, which I bought of a dealer in New York, the frame of the machine being the same as the ordinary bicycle for the front wheel, and having the backbone extending straight back, and connecting with the fork of the 48-in. wheel, both having cranks, pedals, springs, handles, and saddles, but no joint in the backbone for lateral motion and no pivotal action of the rear wheel. As we never had learned to ride an ordinary bicycle, we had some trouble in staying on top, but could go a short distance before tumbling. I trust that this will not disturb our brother Tandemite, who has laid claim to the priority of tandemism (if you will allow me to coin the word). I have another style of bicycle, and also a tricycle, that I may give you a description of at some future time.

G. F. Stillman.

'Cycling in Germany.

BERLIN, May, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — Germany, and especially the southern part of it, is, perhaps, the best country in world for touring on a bicycle, not only on account of its fine roads, but also on account of its picturesque scenery. The fine weather of last September induced me to carry out my promise of visiting some friends in Breslau, and I started off for a week's trip on the 11th of that month in company with my friend, Mr. Dumstruf, both of us glad to lay the pen aside and enjoy the pleasures of the wheel through a part of the country which we had not yet explored, — a pleasure such as only those know who have made a bicycle trip of more than one day's duration. We left Berlin at midday, starting from the Krausenstrasse and riding over some nice asphalt streets as far as the Königstrasse, beyond which we had to push our machines half-an-hour through the east part of the city, until we reached the high road to Frankfort, on the Oder. Another Berlin rider, Mr. Emberg, accompanied us to this town, which we reached in the evening, riding the 55 miles with two stoppages only. A Mr. Fränkel, at present the only rider in Frankfort, rode out to meet us, and we spent a pleasant evening together, Mr. Emberg returning to Berlin by rail. Frankfort is celebrated for its Messe, or fair, which is held three times annually. Up early the next morning, we had a hard ride to Grünberg, in Silesia (52 miles), against an east wind, which blew steadily against us all the way to Breslau, and which, with the sun, caused our faces to present a strange appearance by the time we arrived there. Grünberg is noted for producing some of the sourest wine on the face of the globe, but its cloth mills are of more importance, and our friends, Messrs. Oldroyd and Blakeley, employ alone over 3,000 hands. Some of the Englishmen in their employ ride bicycles, and have started a nice club-house, where we spent a pleasant evening. The next day the wind was so strong that we had to make rests of several hours at Glogau and Polkwitz, and only reached Lüben (57 miles) at dusk, stopping at the "Green Tree," a quaint old inn with walls of remarkable thickness. On the 13th we arrived at Breslau (45 miles) at 3 P.M. The nearer we got there the better the road became, until it was almost perfection, running through a rich undulating country, belonging to some of the richest land-owners of Germany, among whom the Silesian magnates rank first.

Entering the city through the Nicolai Gate, we set our bells going, crossed the market place, or Ring, as it is called in those parts, although the space is always rectangular, past the ancient Town Hall, or Rathhaus, and dismounted in the court-yard of the "Golden Goose" hotel.

Breslau, with its 250,000 inhabitants, is the second largest city in Germany (Hamburgh, the largest, having 300,900), and offers a visitor many interesting sights, including thirty-nine churches, some of great antiquity, the St. Elizabeth church having a tower 364 feet high, one of the highest in the world, and visible for miles around. We took a rest the next day, enjoying the hospitality of the members of the Breslau B. and T. C., who were delighted to see us. I regret to say that one of the jolliest of them, Schmedes, a Dane, met, a few days ago, with an untimely end, falling down stairs and breaking his neck and backbone.

On 15th we set out for Dresden, accompanied by Mr. Buchwald, the captain of the club, on a 57-inch semi-racer. I was mounted on a 56-inch, carrying my luggage on the handle-bar, and Dumotry bestrode a 52-inch, fitted with a *multum-in-parvo* bag, into which, I think, he can stow away about half as much again as any other man I ever met. We now travelled west, with the wind behind us, and had a grand spin on the fine road we had passed over two days before. We rode twenty-one miles to Neumarkt, in one hour and forty minutes, and partook of breakfast. We then rode on to Liegnitz (25 miles) in two hours, where we lunched, and then rode on to

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Heynau (11 miles), in forty-five minutes. The war cry of the German club is, —

> "Fruh und spat, hoch zu Rad,
> Schnell wie der Pfeil, Frisch auf! All Heil!"

and we were true to it on this occasion.

Here Mr. Buchwald left us and returned to Breslau by train, while we set out for Görlitz; but the road becoming bad, we did not arrive there until 9 P.M. This was our longest day's ride, being one hundred and one miles.

In almost every town in Germany there is a monument to those inhabitants who fell in the great war of 1870–71, and to that of Görlitz is added the first cannon captured from the French.

The weather still continued very fine, and on the 16th we rode the remaining sixty-five miles to Dresden, the capital of Saxony. In this country, which is most picturesque, the roads are excellent, so that we had no trouble in mounting the hills, although some of them are very stiff. The roads are thickly lined with fruit-trees, which were this year almost overburdened with fruit, to which we helped ourselves plentifully, and pears and apples never tasted sweeter. Nearing Dresden, a Mr. Engel rode out to meet us by appointment. Dresden is grandly situated in the valley of the Elbe, and the last few miles were downhill, some of the inclines being positively dangerous, and just as much as a stranger, even if a good rider, ought to risk. The residence of the kings of Saxony is one of the celebrated cities of Europe for its fine buildings, picture-galleries, etc., and well known to all Americans who visit Europe. The neighborhood of Dresden is a favorite summer resort of many Germans, and has been appropriately termed the Switzerland of Saxony. We spent the day after our arrival in seeing some of the sights, and took a ride through the fine promenades in the English Quarter, and in the English Garden, in which already a few ladies are accustomed to ride on tricycles. Then, our leave being at an end, we returned to Berlin by train.

T. H. S. W. (Berlin B. C.)

The Harvard Stroke.

YALE, May 20, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — As to the rapid Harvard stroke at the late race, it is to be remembered that English boating men bitterly opposed the introduction of the sliding seat, on the ground that it would spoil the graceful swing, and that it really would not improve the speed of a crew. They could not long continue the opposition. Why? Because when men enter a race, they go in to win; and no amount of theorizing about grace of motion, or eventual benefit of the exercise, will long deter any crew from adopting that style which will the quickest carry them over the finish. The sliding-seat was adopted for speed, but it has proved graceful and easy as well. Regarding the late Harvard class races, why should a crew not row a fast stroke in a two-mile race? It may be more injurious; but will that prevent a crew's using it if it is faster? Men cannot continue it for four miles, but they can for two, and they can win with it. The more a race is shortened the higher will go the stroke; for every man means to pull his last pound as he crosses the line. It is ridiculous to say that a man should not run a hundred yards at his top speed, because he cannot keep it up for a mile. The winning stroke for four miles is not the winning stroke for two. As for the possibilities and hygiene of the fast stroke, they are just these: The normal respiration is 15 to 20 per minute. A man rowing breathes once per stroke. He keeps his chest fixed as he drags the oar through the water, because his muscles demand a fixed point of attachment. His breathing is, therefore, limited to the time of recovery. If he rows thirty strokes, he breathes thirty times; if he rows forty, he breathes forty times. Now, actually, no ordinary crew gives out because the voluntary muscles are exhausted; it is the involuntary muscles of lungs and heart. The crew are "pumped," not tired. The problem, therefore, is, to determine the proportion between the distance and the stroke, and the late race was but a practical demonstration that the stroke could run up in a two-mile race.

Men rowing for the advantages of the exercise should not only row a slow stroke, but a long distance and in a heavy boat. Men rowing to win a race should row as fast a stroke as they can accomplish accurately (straight arm and straight back, getting hold of the water), and keep up for the required distance.

Walter Camp.

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ROMANES' "Mental Evolution in Animals"[1] is a work of no little importance in a very interesting field. It is written with a great store of facts and a candid and clear intelligence, and has the great advantage of containing much hitherto unpublished matter from Darwin's note-books, including a chapter omitted for want of space from the "Origin of Species." This volume is the second in a series of three, the first of which, on "Animal Intelligence," was published a year or two ago, while the third, on "Mental Evolution in Man," is reserved for further elaboration. It is needless to say that the work is written from the stand-point of Darwin. That naturalist's theory has become so well established that a work which ignored it would have little value; but Mr. Romanes has a clearer understanding of its force than most of its expounders. He does not say very much about the old theological notion that animals are machines whose actions are guided solely by mechanical instinct, feeling, no doubt, a sort of contempt for an idea which he considers so easily disproved by the power of conscious choice displayed by the first dog we meet. He mentions, however, a number of different instances in which inferior animals learn to modify their instincts, — the birds of newly discovered lands, which are taught by experience, after a few generations, to shun man, whom they receive at first with too cordial a curiosity, learning at last even to measure and keep beyond the range of his gun; the swallows, who profit by his labors to change their mode of nest-building; the retrievers and pointers, with their wholly artificial game instincts, and numerous other instances. He describes the monkey who untied the knots in his rope so that it would be long enough for him to swing himself up to the lock of his cage, which he wished to open, as an instance of conscious choice of means to an end. And at the other end of the series he mentions many imperfect or abortive instincts, one of the most extraordinary and fatal of which is that which urges the lemming to occasional westward migrations, which are arrested only by death in the ocean — a parallel to which may be found in the devastating flights of our western grasshoppers, who, at certain intervals, leave their desert homes in swarms to perish utterly in the fields they have stripped. Some instincts, like the habit of suicide of the scorpions, he disproves, while others, like that of feigning death, he partly explains away, as sometimes due to cataleptic trances brought on by fear, although he does not altogether deny that genuine shamming sometimes occurs. While some instincts, like those of the bees and the beavers, are being belittled by more careful investigation, others are more firmly established, like those of the ants; but none of the marked steps in mental evolution, except speech, correspond exactly with the step from monkey to man. The first appearance of consciousness is far down in the animal scale; and Mr. Romanes gives a diagram to make this plain, showing the appearance of the several emotions (which is unfortunately omitted in the American edition). The power of conscious choice is possessed by all the more intelligent animals, and a dog has evidently some general notions, and even a sort of fetichism, which he shows when he runs away, frightened, from a bone or a ball that is made to seem alive by a string or some other hidden means. Abstract ideas he has not, but then, the lowest races of men do not possess them, either. The more one studies it the more the old lines of sharp demarcation fade away into an unbroken series of ascending life.

[1] Mental Evolution in Animals. By Geo. J. Romanes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 411.

IN "Wheels and Whims"[1] the tricycle scores its first novel. It is an animated little story of four young women on a tricycle trip from Hartford to the ocean, with many moving girlish adventures by flood and by field. A good deal of romance is interwoven, and it ends in a double wedding in the most blissful style. It is not the work of a skilful writer, and the illustrations are saddening; but it is an amusing story notwith-

[1] Wheels and Whims. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 288.

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standing, and shows what a nice time young women as well as young men can have in so refined and invigorating a sport as 'cycling. The book is dedicated "to American girls, who are distinguished throughout the world for their beauty, vivacity, and intelligence, with the hope that they may add to their charms the invaluable possession of perfect health." The experienced wheelman will readily see that it is not written by a practical 'cyclist, and will not rely upon the account of runs over roads, some of which are, in sober fact, too sandy for the excursions which the author's imagination has made over them.

UNDER the title of "Rod and Line in Colorado Waters"[1] is collected a series of lively Western newspaper articles, full of shrewd humor and keen observation of nature. The author is evidently familiar with trout-fishing in the Rockies, and understands how to make a smart column about it, finding occasion to say a word, as he goes along, about a thousand things, — mules, music, meteors, metaphysics, mineral baths, and what not. Now he scoffs at the city fellow in drab pants, and now, as he joints his rod, he pauses to tell us of two boys off on snow-shoes, miles away from home, when a shoe snapped, and over went its owner into a drift. It seemed impossible to go on; it was certain death to stop. Finally the boy with the whole shoes thought of a ball of twine which he had with him, and went ahead with one end, while his disabled comrade, lying flat on the snow to keep from sinking, held the other end. When the string was all out the forward one slipped off his shoes, and his companion pulled them back by the cord, put them on, and passed his cousin as far as the string would reach; and so travelling by turns, they worked their way to the trail at the foot of the range, and were saved. Then the author gives us some shrewd practical advice about rod and fly; and then some jocose account of an adventure. Once he went off on a raft with a professional, who offered to teach him how to catch trout. The raft "was constructed of four logs, each about six inches in diameter and eight feet long, held together by cleats and wooden pins, — a rollicking craft to put to sea in. Notwithstanding its questionable appearance, I took my seat on a soap-box to which I was invited, and my chaperone seized his paddle and pushed the machine from the shore into deep water. I would rather it had not been so deep, and as I tried to see bottom, and couldn't, I thought it would be less disagreeable to drown in ten feet of water than two hundred — your friends could find your precious remains so much easier, and would not be debarred the luxury of a funeral." But success changed the aspect of affairs, and the raft seemed safe enough when his would-be teacher wanted to know how he caught so many fish.

"TWELVE Days in the Saddle"[1] is the pleasant record of a horseback tour last fall in Eastern Massachusetts, from Chestnut Hill through Southbridge, Peterborough, Lebanon, Stockbridge, Hampden, etc., round to the point of departure. A preliminary chapter gives the reader good practical advice about the journey and the preparations for it. The hills and shores of New England are so rich in picturesque routes that such a journey can hardly fail to be charming, if the travellers by horseback, carriage, or bicycle will only be content with country life and country fare. Every year we are learning better the pleasure and health which companionship with nature can give us in the summer, if rightly sought; and the experiences of the author of this little book show how much pleasure our equine comrades can give us if we will only allow them a little better opportunity than an afternoon spin in the city dust.

As the season opens, a number of guide-books for 'cyclists, sportsmen, and tourists come to us, each useful in its way. The "Wheelman's Handbook of Essex County"[2] takes up the several towns alphabetically, giving the hotels, roads, officers of the L.A.W. and L.E.C.W., and other points of interest, and at the end a brief history of the League of Essex Wheelmen. As the interest in the wheel spreads, the need of such books is felt, and we may expect that this is only the forerunner of a long series; and Essex county is so often traversed by wheelmen that the need of a handbook is especially felt there. As to the form of this one the principal objection to it is that it is a little large for the pocket. The contents seem full and accurate. A map would have been a valuable addition; and, by the way, the Digestive Company, of Lynn, Mass., is selling a road map of Essex Co. for ten cents, which can very well be used to supply the gap.

THE Canadian Wheelmen's Association have gotten out a guide-book[3] giving, first, a short sketch of the association, its officers, races, etc.,

[1] Rod and Line in Colorado Waters. Denver: Chain, Hardy, & Co. 12mo. pp. 151.

[1] Twelve Days in the Saddle. By Medicus. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 32mo. pp. 73.

[2] The Wheelman's Handbook of Essex County. By George Chinn and Fred E. Smith. Marblehead. 12mo. pp. 35.

[3] The C.W.A. Gulde Book. H. B. Donly, W. G. Eakins, and J. S. Brierley. 24mo. pp. 96.

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and then devoting most of its remaining space to road reports from a score of towns, with hotels, recommendations, and other interesting 'cycling details, but not always so completely as the Essex County Handbook. The most valuable portion is condensed and presented in a handy form; but it is encumbered with a good deal of matter that one would not wish to have to carry round with one on a tour; and there is no map.

THE 'Cyclists Touring Club issues the eighth edition of its guide,[1] with the annual corrections and additions. It has a map of the British Island and alphabetical lists of the towns, C.T.C. head-quarters, recommended inns, consuls, places for repair, etc., in the usual excellent style, with some additions in the shape of calendars, diary, and so forth, all very useful and convenient for a tour, which our guide-book makers would do well to study.

THE "Guide to Dead River"[2] takes in that picturesque and little-known region at the source of the Dead and Kennebago rivers, in Northern Maine,—a region as full of ponds as a shad is of bones, and as well worth experimenting on for those who love the wilderness and its sports.

"ROUND THE WORLD,"[3] by Andrew Carnegie, the author of "An American Four-in-hand in Britain," comes to the reader with the pleasant expectations aroused by his former work, and like that, was originally printed for private circulation. The author is a shrewd and inquiring man, with an animated style, who enjoys travelling, but is generally quite contented with the common-sense, not to say common-place, side of things, and he never forgets that he is a Scotchman by descent and an American citizen. He wisely spends most of his space upon the far East, which still preserves its quaint freshness for us, however often it may be described. The utilitarianism of Japanese art struck Mr. Carnegie. He does not like to see art confined to ornamentation. The Japanese music puzzled him, with its full tone between the first and second note, and a semitone between each third and fourth. Our laws of harmony are disregarded, and he could not guess the sentiment of the pieces. "When I thought they were giving us a wail for the dead it turned out to be a warm welcome, and an assurance on the part of those pretty maidens of their happiness in being permitted the great honor of performing before such illustrious visitors," and he suggests that it is all a matter of education, and that our music is equally empty to them; a point on which we should like a little further information. The almond-eyed Oriental is still unhackneyed, but how long he can continue to be so we cannot guess. We may safely say, however, that the charm will have gone before Japan has become Anglicized, without waiting for the trans-Pacific railway that Mr. Carnegie anticipates. "The strip of land which is slowly being built up by the coralline insects from the depths of the sea, on the parallel of latitude of San Francisco and Yokohama, may very probably become of importance to us. Here a good chart shows islands dotting the South Pacific Ocean, all of coral formation; these millions of toilers are hard at work, and it is only a question of time when our posterity will run by rail from the Sandwich to the Philippine Islands, always provided that the work of these little builders is not interfered with by forces which destroy." And then, after having made this good point, Mr. Carnegie insists upon being common-place again, and goes on: "Thus the grand, never-ending work of creation goes on, cycle upon cycle, revealing new wonders at every turn, and knowing no rest or pause." He is too fond of moralizing; and his facts are far from being altogether new; but that is perhaps too much to ask from a book of travels nowadays, and his own hearty, unaffected enjoyment of his trip is contagious. The book is injured by having no index.

[1] 'Cyclists Touring Club Handbook and Guide, 1884. E. R. Shipton, Fleet street, London. 24mo. pp. 292.

[2] Sportsmen's and Tourists' Guide Book to the Dead River Region of Maine, with map. Boston: A. W. Robinson. 24mo. pp. 169.

[3] Round the World. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo. pp. 360.

Books Received.

The Son of Monte Cristo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 16mo. pp. 478.

Register of the Appalachian Mountain Club for 1884. 24mo. pp. 38.

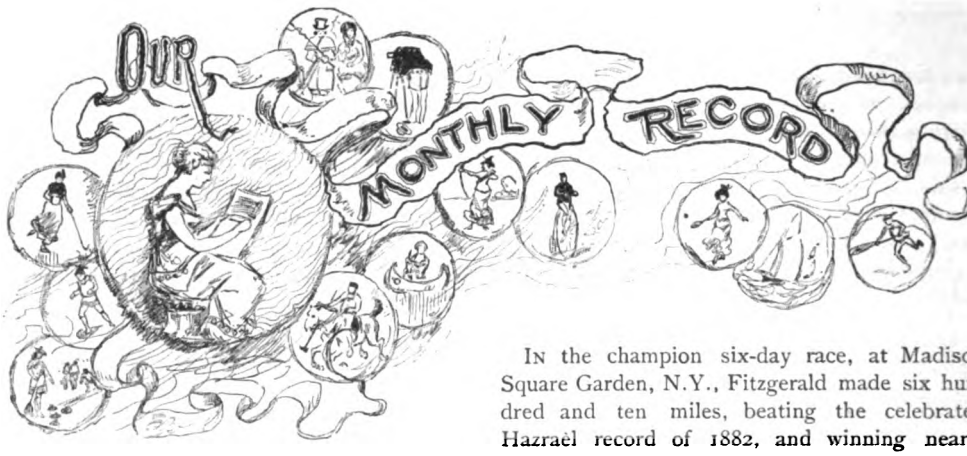
Stratford-by-the-Sea. American Novel Series No. 4. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. pp. 316.

Out of Town Places. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 295.

Trafalgar. By B. Perez Galdos. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 16mo. pp. 255.

A Graveyard Flower. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 16mo. pp. 160.

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Athletics.

THE inter-collegiate athletic games, at New York, May 24th, were witnessed by two thousand spectators; and several college records were broken. W. Baker, of Harvard, won the 220-yards dash, beating the best 150 yards amateur record, making that distance in 15⅘ sec. The running broad jump was won by J. Bodlesen, of Columbia, — 21 ft. 3½ in. The 120-yard hurdle was won by R. H. Mulford, of Columbia, in 17½ sec. The running high jump was won by C. H. Atkinson, of Harvard, — 5 ft. 9¾ in. These are each the best on the college records; and Harvard retains the championship cup.

THE American Lacrosse team, composed of H. H. Balch, of the New York Lacrosse Club, Captain E. P. Cuttle, of Yale; David Brown, of the New York Club; A. A. Davis, of the Union Club of Boston; J. C. Gerndt, of the New York University; H. W. Hall, of Princeton; J. A. Hodge, Jr., of Princeton; S. M. Johnson, of the Union Club; C. C. Nichols, of Harvard; S. J. Poe, of Princeton; H. G. Pennant, of Baltimore; Alexander Richey, of the New York Club; J. A. Stewart, of Chicago; J. K. Suisson, of the Union Club, and F. S. Wheeler, of the New York Club, — is meeting with brilliant success in England. They had an easy victory at Rock Ferry, near Liverpool; and at Whalley's Range, near Manchester, they beat the North of England team by five goals to none. The London team, it is supposed, will give them a more equal fight.

THE Harvard eight-oar class race, on the Charles river, was won by the seniors, in 11 min. 12 sec. The race excited attention from the fact that the stroke was a departure from the old Harvard stroke, with its straight body, shoulders back, and motion from the hips. Here the stroke was more rapid, reaching forty-one at the start, and the form less straight.

IN the champion six-day race, at Madison Square Garden, N.Y., Fitzgerald made six hundred and ten miles, beating the celebrated Hazrael record of 1882, and winning nearly $10,000 for his share of the gate-money.

THE amateur cricket team, "The Gentlemen of Philadelphia," has sailed for a tour through England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE L.A.W. MEET.

THE annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen continues to be the chief bicycling event of the year in America, and this year was held in Washington, D.C., on Monday and Tuesday, the 19th and 20th May. The bicyclers (who have, of course, an immense preponderance in numbers), and the riders of tricycles, and of various other velocipedes, began to pour into the city on Saturday, and by Sunday evening all the leading hotels were crowded with them, the headquarters being at the Arlington. All the days were bright and charming, and were cool for the season, and every anticipated attraction of the capital city was at its best.

The business meeting of the general board of officers elect was begun Monday morning, at Ford's Opera House, and continued, by adjournment, in the evening, at the Arlington. Business was transacted in a harmonious spirit. For executive officers for the year: Dr. N. M. Beckwith, of the Citizens' Bi. Club, New York, was reëlected president; Mr. William H. Miller, of the Buckeye Bi. Club, Columbus, Ohio, was reëlected vice-president; Mr. C. K. Alley, of the Buffalo Bi. Club, Buffalo, N.Y., was elected corresponding secretary; Mr. Eugene M. Aaron, of the Philadelphia Bi. Club, Philadelphia, Pa., was elected recording secretary; and Stephen Terry, Esq., of the Connecticut Wheel Club, Hartford, Conn., was elected treasurer.

Several amendments to the rules were acted upon and passed, providing that League championship prizes be won but once to become property of the winner; that the one-mile bicycle and

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tricycle championship races be held under the League's auspices immediately, and the others under auspices of League clubs, with sanction, etc.

The general convention was held in Ford's Opera House, on Monday, and was in continuous session for about six hours. A resolution, presented by Rev. Mr. Schneider, of the Washington 'Cycle Club, was passed, extending an invitation to all wheelmen in the city to join in the parade on Tuesday. A vote of thanks was passed to retiring officers, — rather prematurely, as they had not made their reports at the time, — and a considerable time was lost by waiting for the committee on credentials to report those entitled to vote as delegates representing League clubs. The president's report was read, giving a good and generally satisfactory account of the past year's progress; and the treasurer's report showed total receipts of $3,800.20, expenditures of $3,390.44 and a balance on deposit of $409.76. Of this balance, however, $379 had been donated by voluntary subscription.

The number of members in the League was reported at 4,250.

Mr. B. B. Ayers, of the Chicago Bi. Club, presented, as chairman, a very satisfactory report of the railroad committee.

A report of the Committee on Rules was presented, their recommendation of an addition to the constitution, defining the powers of the president, was adopted, and the remainder was referred to the board of officers.

The report of the committee on the "League Organ" was submitted, relating proposals from H. E. Ducker, E. C. Hodges & Co., The 'Cycling Publishing Co., and three from Baird & Co. It was the expressed sense of the convention that, by preference, the League should publish its own official gazette, and that at any rate no offer from any publisher of a 'cycling paper should be accepted, and that the recording secretary should edit it; and the whole matter was referred to the executive officers, with full powers.

Several other matters were proposed and acted upon, or referred to the board of officers, including a vote of thanks to the Washington 'Cycle Club for its entertainment of the League; and to the Capital Bicycle Club, for its hospitality to visiting wheelmen, and a resolution that no protests or grievances be published in the gazette, nor any member publish anywhere grievances against members, until such matters have been officially acted upon.

The parade of about 600 took place on Tuesday forenoon. Over 60 clubs were represented, and there were about 72 unattached riders. The machines ridden were 523 Bicycles, 48 Stars, 12 Tricycles, 12 Extraordinaries, and 5 Faciles.

The procession was formed along Fifteenth street, the right resting on I street, near the Arlington Hotel, and in three divisions, headed by two pace-makers, H. G. Brown and C. W. Kruger, of the Washington 'Cycle Club; a detachment of mounted police; a corps of mounted buglers from the U.S. Army; Chief Marshall, Dr. N. M. Beckwith; Adjutant, G. R. Bidwell, and staff; W. H. Miller, Charles E. Pratt, C. K. Allen, T. S. Steele, Dr. A. G. Coleman, W. E. Scribner, and A. E. Farquier; first division, Howard Conkling, N. Y. Bi. Club, commanding, and staff; second division, George H. Day, Conn. Wheel Club, commanding, and staff; third division, Dr. T. S. Rust, Meriden Bi. Club, commanding, and staff.

The route was over some ten miles of the finest avenues, streets, and circles, which were everywhere thronged with appreciative spectators, and the parade was exceedingly successful and enjoyable.

The races were witnessed at the Athletic Park, on Tuesday afternoon, by about five thousand people. The twenty-five mile championship race was won by Charles Frazier in 1.38.09, against H. J. Hall, by one minute. The ten-mile championship was taken by John Brooks in 36.03 against C. H. Chickering. In the three-mile championship race there were three entries, B. W. Hanna winning in 10.25½, against J. Brooks second, and C. H. Chickering. The one-mile championship was won by G. M. Hendee in 3.06½, against C. Frazier. The one-mile tricycle championship was contested by L. H. Johnson against G. M. Hendee, and won by the latter in 3.57½, with the former one-eighth of a second behind.

The banquet was held Tuesday evening at Willard's Hotel, something more than three hundred members and guests sitting down. President Beckwith occupied the chair, and President Wine, of the Washington 'Cycle Club, the vice chair. Ex-President Charles E. Pratt, editor of OUTING, acted as toastmaster, who elicited speeches from Rev. L. H. Schneider, Judge W. B. Snell, President Beckwith, Hon De B. R. Keim, Mr. Stratton, H. S. Livingstone, Mr. Wine, H. E. Ducker, Abbott Bassett, Stephen Terry, B. B. Ayers, J. O. Monroe, C. K. Alley, E. M. Aaron, Jo. Pennell, W. H. Miller, B. W. Hanna, Rev. Dr. Evans, and others. Telegrams were read from F. W. Weston, C. C. C. T. C., and Col. Albert A. Pope; and during

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the evening the Beckwith Diamond Medal was presented to Dr. N. P. Tyler, of New Haven, on behalf of President Beckwith, for bringing the greatest number of members into the League during the year. The best of spirits prevailed at the dinner, and the members departed at a late hour.

THE C.T.C. MEET.

THE annual business meeting and meet and run of the American division of the 'Cyclists Touring Club was held at Poughkeepsie, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st and 22d of May, 1884.

The location was selected on account of the Aerial Wheel Club, of Poughkeepsie, being the first non-metropolitan club to join the C.T.C. in a body. The date was governed by the meet of its sister organization at Washington, and was made in close proximity, so that business wheelmen could cover in one holiday the two events. Perhaps if one day had been allowed to intervene it would have been an advantage; but, however, on the 21st the early trains, both of the West Shore and Hudson River railroads, were liberally patronized by prominent wheelmen, both from the North and the South.

The business meeting was held in the rooms of the Aerial Wheel Club, at 3 P.M., on the 21st, but the attractions of the delightful Poughkeepsie suburbs proved so irresistible to the majority of visitors that there were not more than thirty-five members present when the gavel of Chief Consul Weston called the meeting to order. The meeting was busily engaged for upwards of four hours in discussing matters of considerable importance to the organization, but not perhaps of great interest to outsiders; for the C.T.C., although now nearly 15,000 strong, is essentially a close corporation. One item of business, however, will undoubtedly be of interest to wheelmen at large, and that is, that the club determined to hold a two-days' meet and tour of the American division on the first Monday of October next.

This meet will probably be an annual affair, and it has started out with every surety of popularity from the fact that it has been determined to make the 1884 tour a repetition of the world-famed "Wheel around the Hub." The run will be confined exclusively to members of the C.T.C., and the arrangements are in the hands of a committee, which has entered upon its work with vigor and enthusiasm.

The business meeting completed, the next thing was the annual dinner, which was held in the large hall of the Morgan House, tastefully decorated for the occasion. A small bicycle, beautifully made of choice and fragrant flowers, formed an appropriate centre-piece for the long table, which was speedily lined with about one hundred happy and hungry guests, with Chief Consul Frank W. Weston at one end, supported by State Consul Bourne, Dr. A. G. Coleman, Treasurer Gilman, and Consul Potter, of Cleveland, while at the other end the genial face of Consul Halliwell appeared, supported by the Rev. Mr. Graif on the one hand and the whole of the entertainment committee, including the indefatigable Cossum, on the other. The viands were of the choicest and the *menus* were exquisite specimens of art, being additionally valuable as souvenirs from the fact that they were hand-painted by some of the lady members of the club.

Upon the removal of the cloth the chief consul spoke a few appropriate words of welcome, and, giving notice that he intended to hold them prisoners for the evening, proceeded to call various members to their feet as proposers and responders to impromptu toasts, to which the most complete justice was done. The speech of the chief consul himself in reply to the toast "The 'Cyclists Touring Club" was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the final regular toast, "The Ladies," was responded to by the Rev. Mr. Graif in the happiest manner. During the evening several members favored the company with vocal selections, and one from Consul Bourne will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of listening to it.

It was not until the "wee sma' hours" that the company, with numerous cheers for the club, the chief consul, and the ladies, resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and, rising as one man, declared in tuneful numbers that they "were all jolly good fellows, which nobody could deny." And so ended an evening which for genuine enjoyment has probably not been paralleled in the annals of picturesque Poughkeepsie.

The morning of the 22d gave promise of a warm and beautiful day, which was afterwards amply fulfilled, and at 2 o'clock the wheelmen began to assemble by twos and threes at the place of meeting, — a wide street crossed by a pleasant brook and shaded with beautiful foliage. At half-past two the riders were all in line, and, at the sound of the bugle, came to attention and were reviewed by the chief consul and his staff; the latter consisting of Messrs. Bourne (New York), Coleman (Canandaigua), Eagan (New York), and Potter (Cleveland).

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Immediately after the review, the riders mounted, and, after traversing some of the most beautiful streets of the little city, finally left the town and proceeded to Vassar College, experiencing on the road what was perhaps a grievous disappointment, inasmuch as within a mile of their destination they *met* some twenty vehicles, each bearing from five to a dozen of the charming young lady inhabitants of the famous educational institution.

Upon arriving at the college, where, but for the number of smiling faces which decked the windows, the ladies would have been somewhat conspicuous by their absence, a visit to the art-gallery and natural history museum, for which special invitations had been issued, was made. After an hour's sojourn among these interesting objects of art and nature, the club remounted, and, by a circuitous route, again passed through Poughkeepsie and continued on to the Hudson River State Hospital, where they were heartily welcomed by the officials in charge. A brief sojourn enabled them to feast on the glorious panorama which was spread below them, and to observe some of the more interesting features of the institution, after which the bugle sounded again, and mounting once more, the riders sped down the shaded causeways and through the open road to Poughkeepsie and the Morgan House, where the halt was sounded, and the '84 Poughkeepsie meet of the C.T.C. brought to a close.

The annual meet of 1885 will probably be held further West; but the time and place have not yet been determined.

THE Amesbury Bicycle Club, on May 5th, chose F. W. Merrill, president, and A. F. Greenleaf, secretary.

THE Alpha Bicycle Club, of Bethlehem (Penn.), has elected the following officers: J. S. Dobson, president; Chas. C. Knauss, captain; and C. F. Smith, secretary.

THE Boston Ramblers, remembering their delightful four days' run to Gloucester, a year ago, propose to go to Portsmouth this year, starting Saturday, June 14th, and reaching Boston again on the 17th, the expense not to exceed $7.50 for the tour.

THE Berkshire County Wheelmen, of Pittsfield, Mass., held their fourth annual meeting May 5, electing the following officers: president, S. Harris Pomeroy; captain, H. C. West; secretary, H. S. Wollison, and ended with a social dinner at the American House.

THE wheelmen of Berlin and Waterloo (Ont.) have organized a club, with the following officers: president, D. Forsyth; secretary, H. J. Aldons; captain, O. Shuntz.

THE Brattleboro' (Vt.) wheelmen formed a 'cycle club, May 6th, with twelve members: president, J. W. Drown; captain, F. T. Reid, and secretary, C. R. Crosby.

THE Thorndike Club, of Beverly (Mass.), has chosen Leland H. Cole, president, L. L. Dodge, secretary, and J. Elmer Wood, captain.

AT the annual meeting of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, held May 7th, the officers elected were: T. S. Steele, president; Fred W. Davis, secretary; Charles E. Chase, captain. Regular runs are ordered for Saturdays at 5 P.M. After the meeting the club sat down to a fine supper.

THE Cheyenne (Wyo.) Bicycle Club held its regular semi-annual election of officers May 5th, resulting in the reëlection of the old board of officers: president, Frederic S. Hebard; secretary, Frank H. Clark; captain, Fred Bond. On the 9th they gave a handsome ball at the Opera House. The captain, secretary, and bugler are making preparations for a vacation tour on the wheel in Colorado, involving some three or four hundred miles of travel through the finest scenery in the Centennial State.

THE Canandaigua (N. Y.) Bicycle Club reorganized on May 12th with a membership of 23, electing the following officers: A. G. Coleman, president and captain, and Mack S. Smith, secretary. They will join the L.A.W.

THE Charlotte 'Cycle Club has chosen W. E. Shaw, president; R. L. Jones, secretary; and Wm. Maxwell, captain.

THE Crescent Bicycle Club has been organized at Chattanooga, Tenn., with the following officers: Clark H. Horne, captain, and John S. Lindsay, secretary. There are good roads and pleasant scenery round Chattanooga, especially in the direction of Crawfish Spring, and the members (who mean to join the League) expect much from the coming season.

THE 'cyclers of Elkhart, Ind., have organized the "Winged Wheel Club," A. F. Kelly, president; Frank Olds, captain; and Fred E. Hunt, secretary. They have secured pleasant headquarters at 76 Main street, and will probably adopt a gray uniform, with white helmet.

THE Fort Wayne (Ind.) Bicycle Club was recently organized with the following officers:

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president, G. A. Ross; secretary, C. J. McLain; and captain, C. W. Edgerton. The uniform is blue with cardinal lacing and nickelled bicycle buttons, the cap being of the polo pattern, with visor.

THE Harrisburg 'Cycling Club has elected the following officers for the year: president, Chas. H. Small; secretary, George A. Gorgas; captain, Ed. M. Cooper. The club now numbers thirteen active members, and is in a flourishing condition. The uniform is navy blue throughout.

THE Connecticut Bicycle Club, of Hartford, has elected as president, T. Sedgwick Steele; secretary, Frederick W. Davis; captain, Charles E. Chase.

THE Hudson County (N. Y.) Wheelmen have elected Henry Weinhagen, president; Elliott W. Johnson, captain; and H. Henning, secretary.

LEAGUE matters in Indiana progress slowly, though the roads are good at the right season, being mostly turnpikes, and those in the vicinity of Indianapolis are particularly pleasant.

THE Kankakee (Ill.) Bicycle Club have chosen for their new officers, Clarence E. Holt, president; Frank E. Drake, secretary; and Arthur B. Holt, captain.

THE Kings County Wheelmen, who have been recently incorporated, hold their second annual races June 21st, consisting of a half-mile race for members only, a half-mile race without hands, a one-mile race, a two-mile race, a three-mile race, and a twenty-five-mile race, open to all amateurs. The prizes will be gold and silver medals, a diamond medal, and best record medals.

THE wheelmen of Lincoln have organized as the "Lincoln Home Bicycle Club," with twelve members. Fred Clark, president; I. J. Kusel, secretary; and A. Buckley, captain. They have taken pleasant rooms, and have adopted a uniform of blue breeches, gray shirt and helmet.

THE Marblehead Bicycle Club has reëlected its officers, with the exception of the color-bearer, who declined to serve again. They are: president, George Chinn; captain, J. R. Schoff; and secretary, P. Howard Shirley.

THE Missouri division of the L.A.W. have decided to withdraw from that association and form a smaller one of their own, on account of their distance from head-quarters.

THE Massachusetts Club (Boston) held their May meeting at the club-house and admitted twenty-nine new members, making one hundred and twenty-three. E. W. Pope was elected captain, *vice* Geo. W. Pope, resigned. The stock of the new corporation has been all taken up by members of the club.

THE Marietta (Pa.) Wheel Club held its annual meeting May 6th, and the following officers were elected: J. J. Carroll, president; E. E. Lindermuth, captain; and Victor M. Haldeman secretary.

THE first annual meeting of the New Britain Club (Conn.) was held May 6th, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, F. Slater; secretary, W. B. Rossberg; captain, C. C. Rossberg; and a fifty-mile run was called for May 30th.

AN effort is being made to revive the interest in 'cycling in New Orleans. A club was recently formed with a membership roll of twenty, which is rapidly increasing. The club will endeavor to have the L.A.W. meet there during the exposition, and there is shortly to be a large 'cycle tournament,

THE Nashville Bicycle Club, on May 13th, chose Alfred E. Howell, president; Alex J. Dyas, Jr., secretary, and J. B. Burdett, captain.

THE Oberlin College Bicycle Club has elected officers for 1884, as follows: Harry Nyce, president; R. M. Lee, captain; Francis Covell, secretary.

THE Portland Bicycle Club has been reorganized with Chas. H. Lamson for president; John C. Stevens, captain; and Joseph L. Clough, secretary. It is a League club, and is looking forward with interest to its Kennebec trip in July, for which a large number are already booked.

AT the fifth annual meeting of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, the following officers were elected: Henry C. Blair, president; Horace A. Blakiston, secretary; and Ewing L. Miller, captain. The Park Commissioners have become strict lately, and the club resolved to sustain their action.

THE Plainfield Bicycle Club is having a six months' road contest for a gold and silver medal, and also one for the best twenty-four hours' record.

A NEW bicycle club has been organized at Portsmouth (Ont.) with W. Mooney as president, and J. Davidson as secretary.

THE Rockford (Ill.) Bicycle Club lately elected Frank P. Collier president, *vice* F. L. Lake, resigned.

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THE Rockingham Club, of Portsmouth (N.H.), chose officers May 5th; president, C. A. Hazlett; secretary, Albert E. Rand; captain, W. W. McIntire.

AT the regular meeting of the Reading Bicycle Club, H. K. Whitner was elected president; J. L. Henritzy, secretary; and W. I. Wilhelm, captain.

THE Springfield Club celebrated its third anniversary on the 13th, with a fine dinner at the Maverick.

THE Schenectady (N. Y.) Club have elected S. R. James, president; Ed. L. Davis, secretary; and captain, Jacob W. Clute.

FOR fifteen years the city weigher of Salem has suffered with paralysis in both legs, making it impossible for him to walk unaided, or to lift his legs, and even with the aid of a crutch it was exceedingly hard to drag himself along. As an experiment he was advised to try tricycling. Incredible as it may seem, he became a tricyclist, and can propel his machine as well as many who have the perfect use of their legs. He has the sufficient strength to push down upon the pedals, and as one pedal goes down the other pedal lifts the other leg. He rides his tricycle to and from his office daily, and has ridden all over the city, attracting great attention, for he is one of the old pioneer ship-captains of Salem, and is personally acquainted with almost everybody in the neighborhood. Recently he made a trip to Swampscott on his tricycle, a distance, out and back, of eight miles; but he was assisted by a bicyclist, who, connecting the bicycle and tricycle by a rope, towed him part of the distance. The city authorities contemplate erecting a little house for the machine near his office. — *Boston Herald.*

AT the second annual meeting of the Truro (Nova Scotia) Bicycle Club, Thos. M. Patton was elected president, T. G. Patillo, captain, and G. H. Blair, secretary. This club which, at the time of its foundation, was the only one in the maritime provinces except that at St. John, has now eleven members, and will hold its annual races on June 17th. There was only one bicycle in Truro a year ago.

THE Toronto Club has for its new officers: Jas. B. Boustead, president; N. R. Butcher, secretary; and A. F. Webster, captain.

THE Troy Bicycle Club has elected the following officers: Robeley D. Cook, president; L. Herman, secretary, and Geo. R. Collins, captain.

THE Toledo (O.) Wheel Club, lately organized, has for its officers, H. Richards, president and captain, and F. Chapman, secretary. The uniform is seal-brown.

THE first annual race of the Citizens' Bicycle Club, of Washington, made a good beginning with races and fancy riding, though no records were broken. The polo-match, on wheels, between Smith and Robertson, representing the Capital Club, and Chickering and Finley, the Star Club, was won by the Capital in three consecutive goals. The club has withdrawn from the L.A.W. because it does not wish that "its membership should be under the control of another organization;" many of its members, however, remain in the L.A.W.

The Capital Club races came off on the 22d, preceded by a procession of the club.

WASHINGTON 'Cycling Club have chosen as officers for the coming year: F. H. Pelouse, president; T. J. Putnam, secretary; and J. I. Breton, captain. Some of its members will make a 400-mile tour in June.

AT Weedsport, N.Y., the Cayuga Bicycle Club was formed, May 6th, with the following officers: William H. Lee, president; Charles Townsend, secretary; and H. D. Brown, captain. "The head-quarters of the club are at Townsends, where visitors are cordially welcomed with Lone Jack and corn-cob pipes on draught," — we are requested to state. The uniform is a dark-brown shirt, blue breeches and white helmet with monogram.

THE Wellsboro' (Pa.) wheelmen have chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: president, F. A. Deans; secretary, A. R. Niles; and captain, George W. Houk.

BICYCLES and tricycles are used extensively by the employés in the government departments at Washington, to ride to and from their homes.

THE Montreal Club will hold a race-meeting at the Point St. Charles Driving Park, June 21.

OWING to the lack of finances, the California trip of Woodside and Morgan has been abandoned.

THE best "Sociable" record for a lady and gentleman was made by Miss H. A. Whittingson and Mr. R. J. Nicholl, who made 120 miles in 18½ riding and 23 consecutive hours.

A "SOCIABLE" tricycle ride from Boston to Pittsfield, a distance each way of one hundred and fifty miles, is talked of.

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MESSRS. Woodside and Morgan started duly on their trans-continental tour, but shortly abandoned it on account of the ill-success of their exhibitions by the way, which deprived them of the sinews of war.

THE Kentucky anti-bicycle bill did not become law.

COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE was a member of the recent excursion party from Boston which visited Mexico *via* the lately-opened Mexican Central Railroad. In company with members of the Club Nacional Velocipedista, he tested on the wheel the roads about the city of Mexico, taking runs to the Paseo, the Alameda, and other points. On the trip Colonel Pope was fortunate enough to fall in with the scout, author, and poet, Captain J. W. Crawford, familiarly known as Captain Jack. The captain is a modest but original and versatile poet, and is entitled to a wider reputation than he has yet made. In a chat about the war of the rebellion, it appeared that Captain Jack was a member of Colonel Pope's regiment at the storming of Fort Hell, and, on arriving in Mexico, Colonel Pope received a pleasant letter from the scout, enclosing the following impromptu poetical tribute to his former comrade and commander: —

ACROSTIC.

Albert, here I wish you gladness,
Always sunshine on your trail;
Pleasure banish care and sadness,
Onward drive your flowing sail.
Peace be yours where'er you go,
E'en through strange old Mexico.

REMINISCENCE.

Comrade of the loyal legion,
We have met in hotter region.
Hell! — "Fort Hell," I mean — when fighting
For our flag; our country righting, —
You commanding, I obeying,
With my comrades ever staying,
Till that piece of rebel shell
Sent me limping from Fort Hell.

Here it was our gallant Potter
Fell amidst the fearful slaughter, —
Fell to rise again, God bless him!
See his loving ones caress him!
See his country's flag and ours
Floating high o'er freedom's towers!
Ours that day — a fearful tussle,
Won by Heaven and Yankee muscle.

Peace! good will! a happy land,
Fraternity on every hand;
Charity, the soldier's boon,
Loyalty in perfect tune,
North and South and East and West —
All in unison are blessed.

J. W. CRAWFORD,
Formerly 48th Pa. V. V.,
late Chief of Scouts, U.S. Army.

FOREIGN.

THE eighth annual meet of the 'Cyclists Touring Club will be held at Harrowgate, Yorkshire, on Bank holiday, Aug. 4. The programme is as follows: Friday, August 1, camp opens in the forenoon; Saturday, August 2, racing on the cricket-field track; Sunday, August 3, divine service in camp; Monday, August 4, meet at noon, racing at 3 P.M., dinner at 6.30; Tuesday, August 5, lawn-tennis tournament; Wednesday, August 6, camp will break up at 3 P.M. American members should sail no later than July 19th. Return tickets, good for twelve months, can be had for from $100 to $150.

MESSRS. Gossett and Nicholson started from Hounslow, on the 7th of May, on a tandem, and notwithstanding a violent head wind, made 100 miles in 8 hours and 45 minutes.

THE London wheelmen are expecting a grand time at their Whitsuntide camp, at the Alexandra Palace Grounds. The programme includes a tennis tournament on the first day (May 30); 'cycling races on the second; a church parade on Sunday, with services by the Bishop of Bedford; on Monday, June 2d, which is a holiday, tandem and other 'cycle races, and a torchlight procession; and on the final day another tennis tournament and the tug of war.

THE Woodford meet, May 10th, was a great success, with fine weather, and some six hundred 'cyclists. One of the features was an electric light on one of the tricycles. Nearly 300 clubmen and ladies rode in the procession, besides about one hundred unattached. After the meet came high tea and the usual social gathering at which some amusement was offered by Signor Alberton, who balanced his bicycle on his chin.

THE West of Scotland 'cyclists meet was duly held, May 3d, at Anniesland, but the rain-storm diminished its success. About one hundred and fifty wheelmen were present.

AT the Kilmarnock races there was a big smash-up, in which four of the back mark men were disabled at the finish of the first event. D. W. Laing had everything his own way, and carried away a handsome challenge-cup.

THE annual spring meet of the Surrey United 'Cycling Club, came off also on the 3d of May, and suffered from the storm, but the racing was more successful.

THE Surrey Spring meeting, the week before, at Kensington Oval, was held under more fortunate skies, and some eight thousand people attended. H. F. Wilson won the challenge-cup.

THE collapse of the May race meeting of the Tricyclists Union is an unfortunate proof of the weakness of that organization in its contest with the National 'Cyclists Union.

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AN enthusiastic 'cyclist is urging in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a 'cyclists' turnpike road, from London to Brighton (45) miles, to cost a quarter of a million pounds. His critic in the *Tricyclist* thinks the road would cost twice that, and would not pay.

Canoeing.

ON May 30 and 31 a very successful canoe meet was held on the shore of Newburgh Bay, Hudson river. Over forty canoes attended the meet, representing clubs from New York, Albany, Newburgh, Middletown, Rondout, Amsterdam, and other places. The camp was situate in a picturesque spot on the old revolutionary fortifications of Verplanck's Point. The races on the 30th were won as follows: Paddling race, Class II., by E. Gould, K.C.C. of New York, canoe "Neversink;" paddling race, Class IV., by W. P. Stephens, N.Y.C.C., of New York, canoe "Red Rover;" sailing race, B class, by P. M. Mackerhagen, Mohican C.C., Albany, canoe "Thetis;" A class, by General R. S. Oliver, Mohican C.C., canoe "Marion." High winds prevented racing on the 31st. The course for the sailing race was one and one-half miles.

CANOEING is growing in popularity in Florida, whose waters are admirably adapted to this recreation. Mandarin, Fla., now counts a fleet of seven canoes.

THE Chicago Canoe Club is increasing, and now numbers forty-two men. Several new boats will be launched this season.

THE Springfield (Conn.) Canoe Club owns one of the most convenient club-houses devoted solely to canoeing. It is a floating-house, 55 by 25 feet; on each side are nine shelves, to hold one canoe each. The club now owns twenty canoes.

IT is well suggested by a Brooklyn canoeist that the A.C.A. should appoint officers, whose duties and station should correspond to those of the consuls in the League of American Wheelmen, viz., "the representative, by whatever name known, if located on any stream, could give valuable information to any man cruising in his vicinity as to good camping-places, distances, location, and extent of rapids, and other facts, which if known before starting on a trip, would prevent many unpleasant happenings." The writer further suggests that this officer should be called "pilot."

THE first regatta of the Harvard University Canoe Club was sailed on the Charles-river course, Saturday, May 24th. The regatta consisted of four events — a sailing race, a single paddling race, a tandlem paddling race, and an upset race. The regatta was skilfully managed and successful, and canoeing will probably take a strong position among the recreations of the college.

THE Ottawa Canoe Club has issued a neat circular, containing a list of members, the constitution, and the officers of the club. The latter are: R. W. Baldwin, captain; E. King, mate; and J. H. Henderson, purser.

Pleasure Travel.

PLEASURE travel is not merely confined to tourists. The various prominent railway officials make the railway travelling that their business entails as much like travelling for pleasure as elegantly appointed private cars can make it. President Jewett, of the Erie, has a car which cost $20,000, and was built by the Pullman Company. One of the most elaborate railway cars ever built is used by Mr. Talbot, of the Chicago Railway Agency. Six of its twelve wheels were made in Germany, by Krupp. The parlor is finished in mahogany, panelled with rare and costly woods from all countries, including the Holy Land. The butler's pantry, the kitchen, and the servants' state-rooms are all models of convenience. It would cost $75,000 to duplicate the car.

THE new Murray Hill Hotel, on Park avenue, New York, will, it is said, surpass in interior elegance any other hotel in America. Many of the decorations were designed in Europe.

A RAILWAY company has been incorporated in New Hampshire for the purpose of building a narrow-gauge railway up Mt. Kearsarge. The road will not be a cog railway, such as that ascending Mt. Washington. It will be an ordinary traction road, and will wind around the mountain spirally, making the circuit three times before the summit is reached. A new first-class hotel will be built at the top of the mountain.

THE Campobello Company have, by energy and wise management, made that new and attractive resort off the Maine coast popular and noted among summer tourists. The steamer "Frances," formerly of the Stonington line, will run between Campobello and Bar Harbor, three days a week, this season.

THE Coney Island Hotel season was opened during the week of May 25th, the Brighton throwing open its doors to guests on Tuesday, and the Manhattan on Thursday, of that week.

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Shooting and Fishing.

THREE new game districts have recently been formed in New York, under the law for protection of fish and game. These districts are kept in careful supervision by protectors specially appointed for the purpose.

ACCORDING to a paper recently read before the New Hampshire Fish and Game League, by Mr. S. Garman, New England possesses two varieties of salmon, two of lake trout, and two of brook trout.

SOME of the fishermen of California have a unique way of capturing sturgeon. According to report, they have a long stout line, ranging from a few hundred yards to some miles in length. At regular intervals, on this large line, are placed other smaller and shorter lines, to each of which is attached a barbless, unbaited hook. The main line is stretched across a stream in which the sturgeon are found, and the fish, in swimming over the line, becomes entangled with the hooks, only fastening himself more securely by his thrashing about.

MR. WILLIAM H. BOWMAN, of Rochester, has been appointed by the governor Commissioner of Fisheries, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Commissioner Smith.

THE second exhibition of sporting and non-sporting dogs, at Warwick, England, was held in April, and proved to be one of the best bench shows ever held. There were over one thousand entries.

THE eighth annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club (more popularly known as the "New York Dog Show") was held in New York from the 6th to the 8th of May, inclusive. Although not financially a success, it was one of the finest exhibitions thus far held. The weather during the four days was unpleasant, and the attendance consequently light.

MR. WILSON FLAGG, the naturalist, died at his home in Cambridge, on May 4th. He was born in 1805, graduated at Harvard, and studied medicine, but never practised his profession.

THE annual meeting of the Fish Cultural Association was held on Tuesday, May 13th, at the National Museum, in Washington. Hon. Theodore Lyman, of Massachusetts, delivered the annual address, giving an interesting *résumé* of the progress of fish culture, and practical suggestions for the increase of our fish supply.

IT is said that the pike, or jack-fish, are so plentiful in certain of the waters of Manitoba that the half-breed children go to the banks of the streams and throw the fish on to the banks with garden forks.

RECENT extensive forest fires in Pennsylvania have destroyed, it is feared, many nests of the ruffled grouse. If so the fall shooting is ruined, as early hatching is out of the question.

THERE has been a recent awakening among the anglers along the lower Connecticut on the subject of fly-fishing for shad. We believe fly-fishing is not attempted on any other shad waters, although it is said to be a sport worthy of any angler. Holyoke, Mass., is the head-quarters of the fly-fishing.

HON. R. B. ROOSEVELT, of the New York Fish Commission, has been visiting the State fisheries, and expresses this opinion concerning food carp: "The conclusion arrived at was, that the carp was not in any way disagreeable, and far better than no fish at all; but that he did not compare with most of the native varieties, such as the sucker or the bull-head. His flesh was exceedingly soft, and yet quite tough, leaving a stringy residuum after it was masticated. The flavor was not bad, and is probably capable of unlimited improvement with condiments and sauces."

Tennis.

THE Commissioners of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, have not only decided, in answer to the petition of several gentlemen of that city, that tennis may be played in the park, but they have set apart grounds for the purpose. They are located at Forty-first street and Elm avenue, West Philadelphia.

THE Country Club, of Boston, held a successful lawn-tennis tournament at Clyde Park, on May 16th and 17th, in which Mr. Thorne, of Yale College, won the singles, and Messrs. Thorne and Knapp, of Yale, won the doubles.

THE New York Park Commissioners, after repeated petitions, have assigned a ground in Central Park for lawn tennis. But that is all. They have done nothing towards putting the ground in condition for the game, and the spot they have chosen is so inconveniently located as to be almost inaccessible.

A GREAT contrast to the attitude of Central Park, New York, towards tennis-players is found in the advantages given to the game by the superintendent of Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Each court is numbered in large letters, a plan in the club-house showing the position of all the courts on the green; also, a list of 120 clubs and

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parties using the courts, with the number of each. Any one running his finger down the list of clubs will find the number of his court. The plan shows him whereabouts it is on the green, and the number on the turf identifies the court. There is no squabbling as to proprietorship. In Fort Green twenty-eight courts are laid out, which are shared between forty-eight clubs and parties, some playing in the morning and some in the afternoon.

THE Polytechnic Tennis Club, of Brooklyn, opened the season at Prospect Park by a tournament on May 12th.

A LAWN-TENNIS association has been organized at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H., of which the president is S. F. Tower.

THE Scarlet Ribbon Tennis Club, of Chicago, has lately gone into its new club-house, at its grounds on Michigan avenue, near 29th street. The following officers have been elected for the season: president, H. N. Higinbotham; secretary, J. G. Jenks; captain, Eugene Bournique; sub-captain, Miss Nellie Warner.

THE Carteret Lawn Tennis Club, of Orange, N.J., has elected L. McAdam, president; Mrs. M. A. Dailey, treasurer; and Miss M. Andrews, secretary.

Yachting.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is one of the progressive and growing clubs of the country. Starting in a modest and small way, by good management it is now in a most healthy and prosperous condition. It owns the best anchorage and club-house site on New York Bay. A strong point with the club is select membership, and it has long been an adage in Brooklyn that one could become a member of any one of its many churches with far less scrutiny than he would have to submit to if he desired to join the Atlantic Yacht Club.

THE San Francisco Yacht Club opened the season on April 26th by a club sail to Vallejo.

THE Toronto (Can.) Yacht Club began the season in a spirited manner. The club-house was opened on May 1st with appropriate ceremonies.

COMMODORE, A. J. McIntosh; vice-commodore, C. P. O'Connor; secretary, G. L. Tait; treasurer, Walter Jones; measurer, T. A. Atkins, are the officers elected at the annual meeting of the Montreal Yacht Club, on May 10th.

THE New York Yacht Club has moved into its new house at 67 Madison avenue. It is one of the most commodious and convenient club-houses in the city. There are this season enrolled in the club 50 schooners, 42 sloops, 36 steamers, and 6 steam-launches.

THE English cutter "Maggie," now of Boston, has had 3,000 pounds of ballast taken from the inside and put on the outside of her keel. She will carry a much larger amount of canvas this season than last.

THE new grounds and club-house of the Larchmont Yacht Club were opened on May 3d.

THE schooner-yacht "Montauk," Rear-Commodore Platt, arrived in New York harbor on May 3d, after a successful cruise of eleven weeks among the West Indies.

THE Boston Yacht Club has adopted for its rule of measurement the length on water-line plus one-third of after over-hang. This has called out a protest from the supporters of the extreme cutter model, in which the over-hang is proportionately very large.

A NEW fast steam-yacht is reported from Chicago. It is the "A. Booth," 115 feet over all; 98 feet keel; 15 feet beam; 9 feet depth. On her trial trip, although not in the best condition for speed, she easily made 17¾ miles an hour. She was built in Chicago, from designs by A. Parker Smith, the builder of the famous clipper-ship "Gauntlet."

AT a regular monthly meeting of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, New York, the proposition to return to length measurement from the sail area and length rule was defeated.

MR. HENRY S. HOVEY, of the schooner yacht "Fortuna," has been elected commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club in place of Commodore Pickman, resigned.

THE Southern yachting season was opened on May 13th by the successful regatta of the Savannah Yacht Club.

THE Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, Belleville, Ontario, has elected W. H. Biggar commodore. The club is reported in prosperous condition, and its activity promises a good season.

THE "Isis" is a new cruising cutter built by the Poillons, of Brooklyn. Her length over all is 60 ft. 10 in.; load-line, 51 ft. 5 in.; beam, 13 ft.; draft, 9 ft.; ballast on keel, 32,000 lbs.; ballast, inside, 9,000 lbs.; area three lower sails, 2,325 sq. ft.

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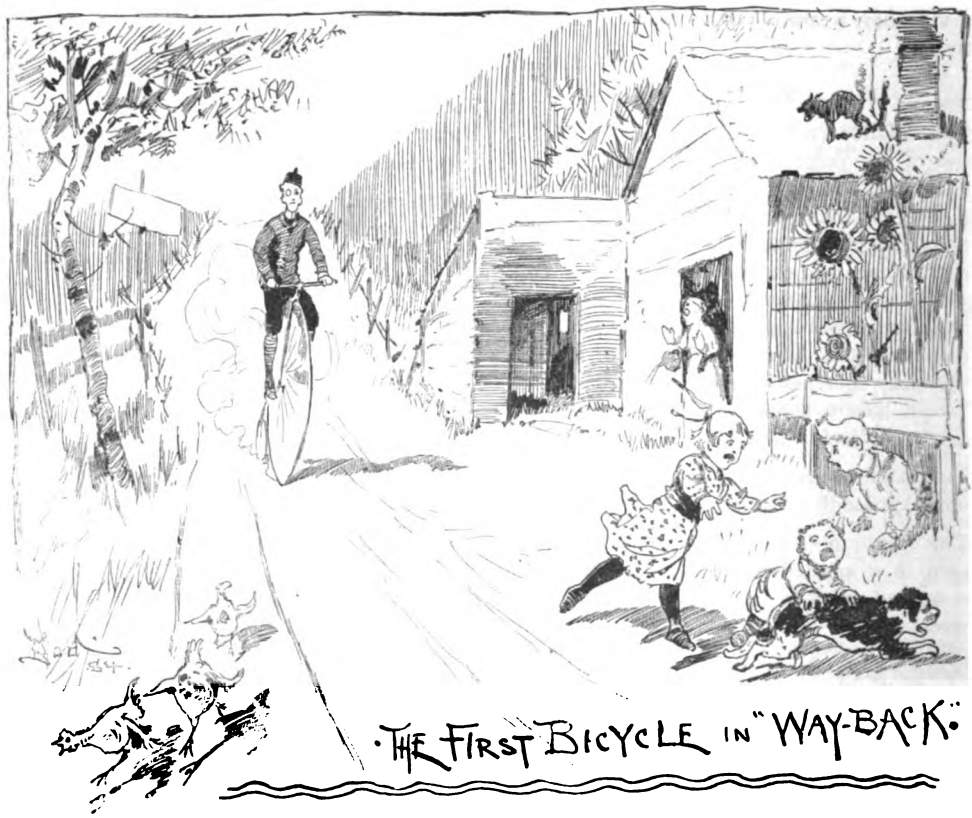
HER CYCLING SUIT.

Her cycling suit; no epithet
Within the poet's alphabet, —
I've searched the Rhymester through and through,
From "A" to crooked "W," —
Is worthy to describe its set.

She wore it that first day we met.
Amid its folds a violet,
Though sparkling with the morning dew,
Seemed faded 'neath her eyes of blue.
May Love deny when I forget
Her cycling suit.

Love has me deeply in his debt,
I owe him more each day, and yet
I borrow ever as I view
Her cycling suit.

Dudley C. Hasbrouck.



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Points to be Remembered.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is Two Dollars a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Subscribers in any other country embraced in the Postal Union will receive the magazine for $2.50 a year, postage prepaid.

REMITTANCES may be made by mail with perfect safety, if in the form of Bank Drafts on Boston or New York, or Postal Money Orders. Bills or Postal Notes may be sent with equal safety in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. In directing the change of an address be particular to give the *present* address as well as the new one. Otherwise it is impossible for us to comply with your desire.

BACK NUMBERS of either OUTING or THE WHEELMAN will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Booksellers, postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

THE ADVERTISING RATES of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be forwarded on application, together with sample copies of the magazine, and testimonials from those who have used its pages to their own profit and satisfaction. The special character of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN makes it of great value to all who seek for the patronage of the best people. Orders for advertising forwarded by mail will receive careful attention, and proofs will be submitted if desired. Special care will be given to the printing of good cuts.

A Pleasant Letter.

THE receipt of the daily morning mail is the pleasantest incident in the routine of the publisher's work. By means of it he holds a conversation with his readers, which gives him strength, energy, and purpose for his day's work. One reader suggests, another criticises, another commends, and in this way the publisher is enabled to adjust his work according to its needs. It is hardly necessary to add that the letters of encouragement and approval are the ones that are most heartily greeted. The publisher is always glad to hear from his subscribers; even a postal-card gives satisfaction. Such a letter as the following, for instance, makes everybody, from office-boy to editor-in-chief, take hold of the work of the day with increased zest: —

BUSKIRK, N.Y., May 25, 1884.

IT is quite impossible to tell you how much I enjoy OUTING. From beginning to close I revel in the whole of each number. And I find its pages so breezy, and so fragrant of perfumes, that to read them is like gliding down a densely-shaded stream, — like a dash through the country; like resting in the depths of the woods. And then, each number is so improvingly beautiful in all its mechanical effects! I hope OUTING may have a long life, for I am sure that the longer it lives the more useful it will become.

This is only a specimen of frequent letters that we are receiving, and we are pleased to believe that, as indicated by them, OUTING is rapidly winning a permanent place in the appreciation of the reading public.

Notes.

THE story of the building of the Hotel Kaaterskill, the announcement of which appears on another page, is unique. Briefly, it may be said that a New York capitalist, who was a frequent tourist in the delightful region of the Catskills, built it with the aim of providing a model summer hotel in every respect. This was his first aim; profit was his second. By succeeding in the first aim, of making one of the finest summer hotels in the world he has conferred a benefit on the tourist that will not soon be forgotten.

AMERICA is so rapidly taking hold of out-door life and recreations that a demand has arisen for an establishment where one can be fitted out with the necessary costumes and appurtenances for recreation, in the most approved fashion and without the inconvenience that visiting various stores for each separate article entails. Such an establishment has been organized in new York by Mr. Ira Perego, where anything and everything pertaining to out-door outfitting may be obtained. The readers of OUTING cannot do better than to consult his catalogue.

Outing in London.

WE renew the invitation, made last month to those of our readers planning a trip abroad this summer, to call at the office of OUTING, in London, where Messrs. Iliffe & Son will give any such visitors, we are sure, a hearty welcome. The office is at 98 Fleet street, W. C.

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For Future Numbers.

OUTING is glad to note the general verdict, that with each successive issue it makes a marked step in advance. In order to maintain this reputation of progress and energy the editors are exerting themselves to surprise the readers of the magazine with articles for early publication more attractive than any that have yet appeared. Among such may be mentioned a handsomely illustrated article by Mr. Kirke Monroe, on the "Highlands of the Hudson," embracing a picturesque description of the recent canoe meet on Newburgh Bay; a striking account of a "Reindeer Hunt in Iceland," by Mr. William Lee Howard, illustrated from photographs and sketches by the author; an article on the famous New York Athletic Club, by Mr. S. Conant Foster, fully illustrated; and a description of "A Scamper through the North-west," by Mr. J. A. Frazer, with profuse and artistic engravings.

A Word to the Tourist.

THE summer tourist who makes his start from Boston by way of the Fitchburg Railroad and the Tunnel line will find himself thoroughly well accommodated as to train-service, comfortable cars, and conveniences *en route*, and will pass through some of the richest and most attractive scenery in Massachusetts before he reaches the Tunnel. Between Greenfield and North Adams the views are especially beautiful. With good Western connections, and through sleeping and drawing-room cars, on the express trains, the tourist will find himself well pleased who buys his ticket *via* the Fitchburg.

A Hearty "Amen."

WITH such an array of good opinions as that which follows it is not difficult to fervently join Burns in exclaiming: —

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

Circumstances alter cases: under other conditions OUTING might not be so quick to quote that humble aspiration with a hearty "amen!"

OUTING is one of the breeziest and most seasonable of the magazines. It is eminently fitted for summer reading — in a hammock, in a boat, or anywhere out-of-doors.

— *New Haven, Conn., Palladium.*

The June OUTING is filled with breezy descriptions of past pleasure enjoyed in healthful out-door life . . . . The fact that so good a publication can be furnished for $3.00 a year is a marvel in magazine history.

— *Norristown, Pa., Herald.*

OUTING improves with acquaintance, and the June number is timely with its breezy sketches.

— *Lowell, Mass., Citizen.*

OUTING is a visitor whose welcome never fails, and whose good qualities become more apparent with every issue. The June number has some fine illustrations and several out-door papers of winning brightness.

— *New York Tribune.*

The June OUTING is a superb number. The constant improvement in this magazine is noticeable.

— *Savannah, Ga., News.*

At this season, when all the world longs to be out-of-doors and in the country, a magazine whose aim is to appeal to the nature-loving instints of man is the one that will contain reading-matter which appeals to every one. The June OUTING is of this sort; the entire number is good reading.

— *The Christian Union, N.Y.*



BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE
Of any kind, send stamp to **GUMP BROS., Dayton, Ohio,** for large Illustrated Price List of NEW and SECOND-HAND MACHINES. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange. **BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.**

ROYAL MAIL.

Light Roadster Bicycles and Two-Track Tricycles.

GREAT SUCCESS OF THESE CELEBRATED BICYCLES!

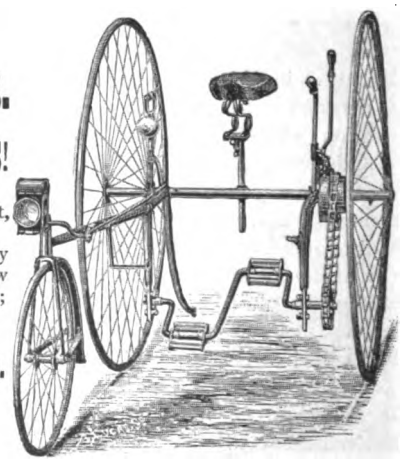
Since our introduction of them this year in the American market, we have been unable to keep up with our orders.

Tangent spokes, wound with wire besides brazed; the only machine having this feature; Warwick hollow rim; detachable cow horn handle; oval back bone; detachable cranks; Andrews' head; Bown's æolus; full enamel; narrowest tread in the market.

A LIGHT RIGID ROADSTER. Price, 50 in., $127.50.

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULARS.

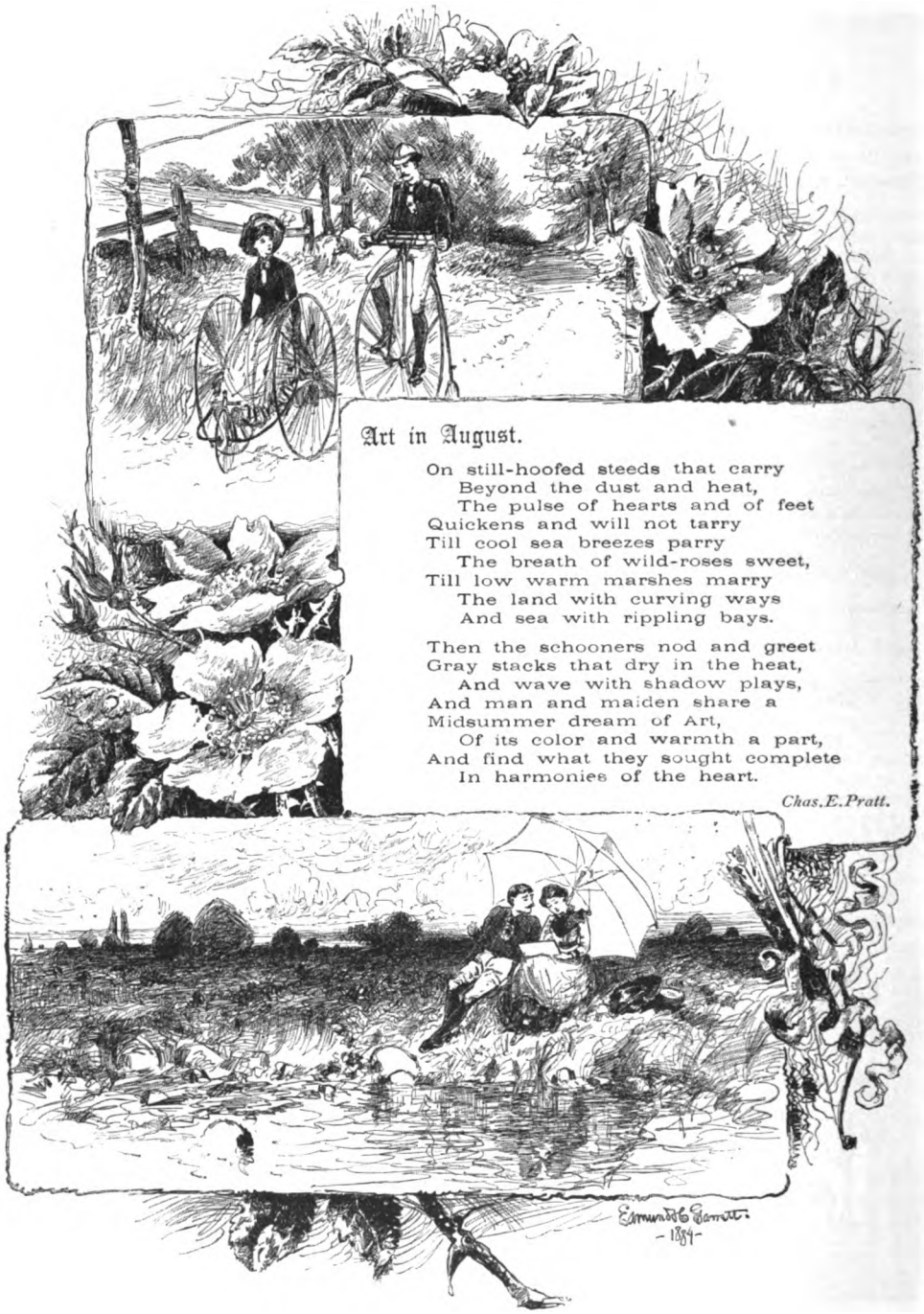
WILLIAM READ & SONS,
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SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS.



ROYAL MAIL.—TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE.
Easy of access; large and steering wheel running in same track, saving friction and easily avoiding stones.

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Art in August.

On still-hoofed steeds that carry
Beyond the dust and heat,
The pulse of hearts and of feet
Quickens and will not tarry
Till cool sea breezes parry
The breath of wild-roses sweet,
Till low warm marshes marry
The land with curving ways
And sea with rippling bays.

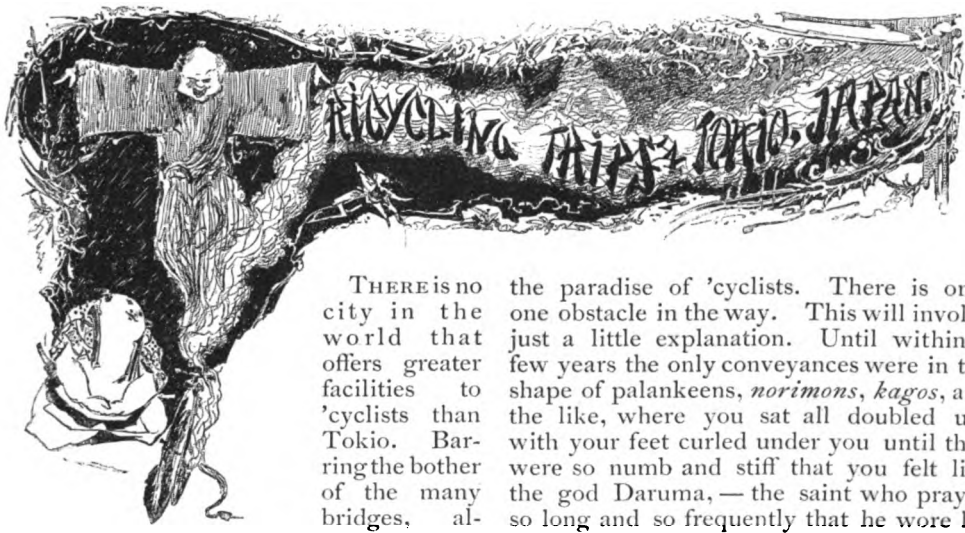
Then the schooners nod and greet
Gray stacks that dry in the heat,
And wave with shadow plays,
And man and maiden share a
Midsummer dream of Art,
Of its color and warmth a part,
And find what they sought complete
In harmonies of the heart.

Chas. E. Pratt.

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OUTING.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1884. No. 5



THERE is no city in the world that offers greater facilities to 'cyclists than Tokio. Barring the bother of the many bridges, almost always approached by a slight incline, there is not the least difficulty in navigating either bicycle or tricycle along its streets. The streets are hard, level, piked roads, the bed being made of good-sized gravel-stones, well rolled down. It is a city of magnificent distances. The government offices spread over a large district right in the heart of the city, where used to be the quarters of the Tycoon and his retainers, and these buildings serve to separate the different quarters of the city. In and out, all through the capital, winds the serpentine canal, with its head in the heart of the official section of the city and its tail touching the Sumida river. There are but few horses; consequently the roads are little worn. There are no sidewalks; but pedestrians are always on the lookout for the "Hai! Hai!" of the *jinrikisha* puller, and the 'cyclist runs little chance of toppling any one over. There are some splendid hills for coasting, particularly in and about the public park of Uyéno. One would not be far out of the way to call it the paradise of 'cyclists. There is only one obstacle in the way. This will involve just a little explanation. Until within a few years the only conveyances were in the shape of palankeens, *norimons*, *kagos*, and the like, where you sat all doubled up, with your feet curled under you until they were so numb and stiff that you felt like the god Daruma, — the saint who prayed so long and so frequently that he wore his legs clean off. A Yankee, seeing the need, fashioned a sort of big baby-coach, with shafts in front, and hired a man to pull him. (The palankeen had been "toted" about, suspended from men's shoulders.) The Japs took hold of the idea at once, and improved upon it, and soon *jinrikishas* sprang up like mushrooms, particularly about Tokio and Yokohama. The idea has been taken over into China from Japan, and has even gone as far as the land of the Laos, in northern Siam. The *jinrikisha* (literally, man-pulling carriage) weighs about as much as an ordinary tricycle, possibly a few pounds more. The seat is so placed that the centre of gravity, when the vehicle has an occupant, is back of the axle; when the carriage gets a good start the puller has little else to do than to keep trotting ahead of it. The *jinriki* — as we call it in Japan, for short — is first in the field; it is so easy to get and so cheap to buy or hire, that either bicycles or tricycles have little show, on economical considerations. You can purchase a first-rate *jinriki*,

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splendidly lacquered, for twenty-five dollars; or you can hire a man and his *jinrikisha* for from seven to eight dollars a month, and he finds himself in everything to boot — even the grease for his wheels! And yet I am foolish enough to think that 'cycling may become popular in Japan. The market is supplied with English-made 'cycles; yet these are too dear. But wait a little, till the Japs get hold of the thing, and they will soon turn out 'cycles that will cost little enough. Then there will be a rage for them. Even now there are a few dozen bicycles and tricycles owned by foreigners and by natives, that are trundling about Tokio. The *jinriki*-men make good time, say six miles an hour for ten hours; but the 'cycles can easily beat their record.



AN ARISTOCRAT.

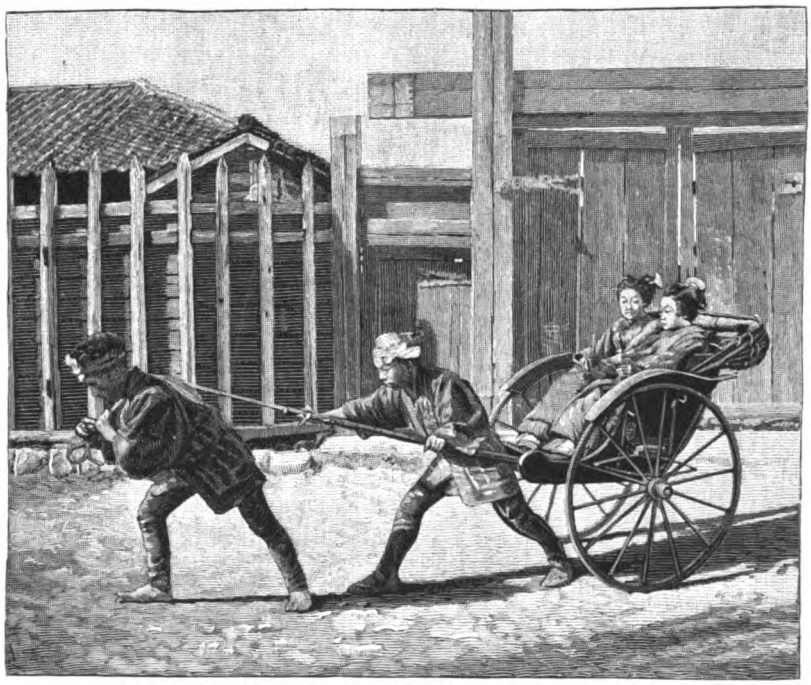
It was in the spring of 1882 that, after a long illness, and with the hope of improvement in health by the exercise, I secured from a neighbor a sociable tricycle. I determined to visit, first of all, each of the temples of Tokio, that I might become better acquainted with the actual religious condition of the people, and that I might practise speaking Japanese with the people whom I might meet, as I was trying to get a grip on the language. At the same time I secured abundant opportunities for talking to the people about the business which brought me to Japan, and which took me to Tokio. I heartily enjoyed these trips among the temples of Tokio. I never had the least unpleasantness with any Japanese. They never touched my machine, and never annoyed me in any way. They asked heaps of questions, but I took delight in answering them, and they were never more pleased than when directing my road. If I met with an accident (and I never could make the rubber tires stay on this tricycle) they were always ready to lend a hand to help. "Please lend a hand" is a literal translation of the Japanese "*Tewo tsukete kudasai.*"

The first point to which the foreigner directs his attention in Tokio is Asakusa Temple. I made many trips in this direction. It was a good hour's ride from my home in the Foreign Concession. The narrow road wound in and out among the houses, opened in all their fronts to the streets so that we could see all that was going on within. We were always stared after with long-drawn *Naruhodos* (Indeed!). Often did we see all of the household-stuff tumbled in front of the house, for it was house-cleaning time; or again, a group of children would dash to one side of the street from their play, with a half-frightened cry as we swept rapidly by. *Jinriki*-men kindly pulled aside to let us pass. Our *jitensha* (the Japanese name for bicycles and tricycles, literally the self-propelling carriage) attracted attention very generally. Finally, we pulled into the midst of the *jinrikishas* gathered before the entrance to the temple grounds. Passing through the posts that prevented vehicles from entering, we stood upon a flagged footway, lined on either side with booths for the sale of candies and toys. Before us rose the great red gate-way, and over to the right towered the pagoda. A little later in the day and the walk is so crowded that one can hardly elbow his way along. The keepers of the booths do a thriving business in roasted beans (in lieu of peanuts), rice-cakes, and *kompira*,— the many-pointed little lumps of sugar and rice-flour. In the toy-shops are toys of every imaginable shape and form, mainly native, yet many imported from America and from France. It seems a comical mixture, that of religion and sweets; and I do not know how to explain it, except that the Japs wish to offer inducements to get their

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children to church. Passing through the gate-way and between the red giant-gods, — sort of Gog and Magog guardians of the temple,— we come to more toy-booths, and among them the stable of the sacred white pony. The pious devotees feed the pony — like Cap'n Jinks of the ballad — on corn and beans, minus the corn. Beside the living pony stands a hobby-horse, who takes the place of the dead associate of the Queen of Heaven's sacred horse. Climbing the steep, copper-covered steps of the temple proper, one passes the old hag who, for a small coin, pushes a pinch of incense in the burner before her. Beyond her rises the altar. In a little shrine, now closed, sits the idol of the Queen of Heaven, *Kwanon-sama*. Before the altar is a wire-screen, put there to catch the prayers of the Buddhist worshippers; for they purchase from the priests a written prayer, make a "spit-ball" of it, and toss it towards the altar. If it sticks, the prayer will be heard; if it falls, the prayer fails. For a "tip" the priests will guide you behind the altars; you can handle the gods, open the sacred books, and do pretty much as you wish in your search for information, without the least fear of offending them. In and about the temples are the wax-works, photograph galleries, monkey-shows, and, dear knows what all.

A little on one side is an ingenious contrivance that would interest wheelmen. It is the Rin-zō. This is a building about twenty-five feet square each way, containing an invention of a priest who lived about twelve hundred years ago. The Buddhist sacred books number in all nearly seven thousand volumes, — rather too great a number for any single individual to read through. So Fu Dai Shi invented a whirling bookcase; in this are stored all the sacred books. It is arranged to turn on an axis resting in the roof and on the floor. Three times turning this is equivalent to once reading through all of the sacred books. Not far off is a Rim-bo, or prayer-wheel. If one thinks there is any merit in this sort of prayer, he might fasten a bundle of prayers, like a cyclometer, to his wheel, and he would soon have quite a stock of merit scored up. From Asakusa we pedal over to Uyéno. This is now a public park. In 1625 the Tycoon (or Shogun) Iyemitsu, began



THE RIVAL OF THE BICYCLE.

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THE APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE OF ASAKUSA.

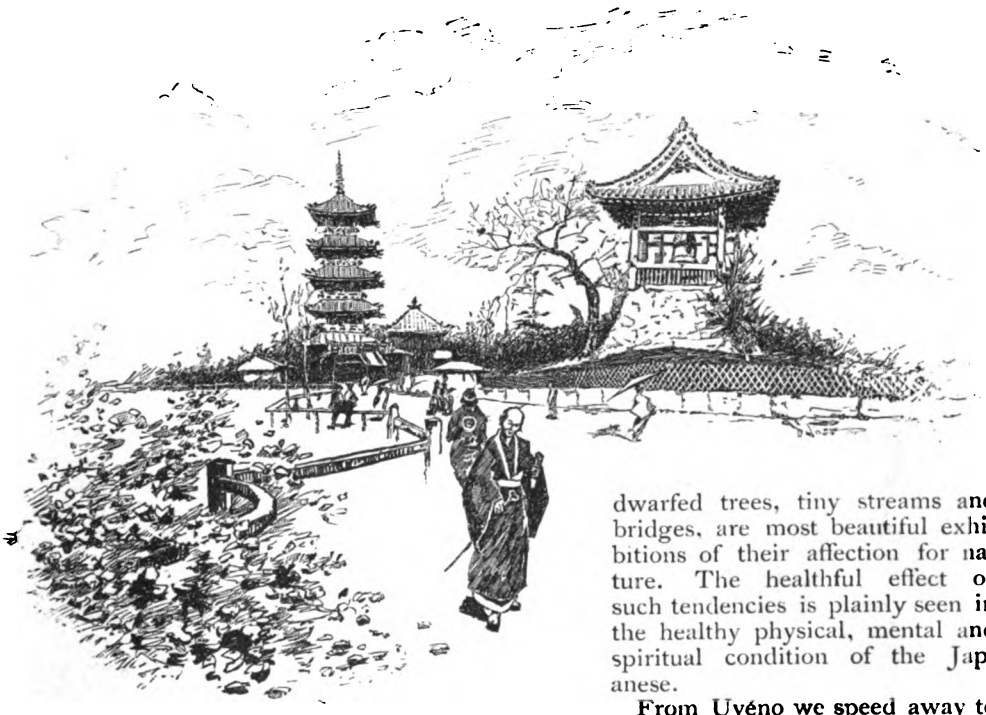
to erect a set of Buddhist temples in Uyéno that should surpass all others in beauty and splendor. The high-priest was always a son of the Mikado then reigning, and the central temple was the chiefest sacred spot in all Japan. This magnificent temple was destroyed in 1868, when the Mikado's troops hemmed in the Shogun's supporters here. The main road passes from a broad avenue over a triple bridge, called the Sammai Bashi, famed in Japanese history as the spot where Sakura thrust his petition into the palankeen of Iyemitsu, on one occasion (see Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," page 202, 1-vol. ed.). The broad road leads up a hill easily pedalled, by the little temple of the Thousand-handed Queen of Heaven. Down to the left, below you, lies a lotus-lake, with its temple dedicated to Benten-Sama, — one of the seven household gods, the patron goddess of the family and of the sea. Benten is the Queen of the Sea, and snakes and dragons are her servants. By the way, these seven household gods are, in reality, the most popular divinities in all Japan. Their pictures are painted on fans, they are carved in stag's-horn for *nitsukis* (a kind of button), they are sketched on calendars, and their likenesses are pasted on the walls of houses. Almost every household has upon its god-shelf at least a couple of the seven gods of good-luck.

A little further on we pass a branch of the foreigners' Tokio hotel, — the Seiyoken, — and pause before an ugly bronze image of Buddha (Gautama Sakya, or, as the Japanese call him, Shaka). It is not to be compared with the beautiful idol of Daibutsu, at Kamakura. When we first visited Uyéno, in 1876, this Buddha was sheltered in a tumble-down-temple; but, in 1882, on this second visit, the temple had been removed and the image renovated, without marring his beauty. The image is about twenty-two feet high, and was cast in 1660. Beyond this we perceive several temples built in honor of the shades of deceased Shoguns. These are beautiful structures, but are unused for political reasons. By tipping a priest, we are admitted through a side-door, and, slipping off our shoes, as we must always do in entering Japanese houses, hotels, or temples, we are shown most beautiful work in lacquer and bronze, decorating walls, ceiling, and floor. Little by little the whole structure is going to decay, like the

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religious system to which it belongs. The priest, acting as our guide, goes through all the forms of worship, tinkling his bell, clanking his bauble, telling his beads, and repeating a Sanskrit prayer. Scattered through the park are other temples, all more or less decorated with elaborate carvings, gaudy paintings, beautifully lacquered surfaces, and, above all, delicately executed metal-work in copper and bronze. Most beautiful of all, to our taste, is the panelling of the ceiling.

On showing a ticket we are admitted to the Goverment Museum of the antiquities, arts, and manufactures of Japan, and to the Educational Museum. Then for a spin among the gigantic *cryptomeria* and among the cherry-trees, — whole avenues of them, covered with a profusion of delicate blossoms. Both in Uyéno and lining the road running by the river Sumida, in the district of Mukojima, these cherry-trees are planted, solely for the sake of the blossoms. The Japanese care exceedingly for nature and nature's beauty; they are an out-door people. Pilgrimages and picnics are always in order, and outings are incessant. Going to view the plum-blossoms in January, and to look at the cherry-blossoms in April, not merely to scan, but to sit by the hour and gaze upon them, and write poetic phrases about the blossoms and tie them to the trees; to see the wistaria and peonies in May, the iris in June, the lotus-flowers in July, the chrysanthemums and maples in November, and to see Mount Fuji all the year round; this is the fashion among the Japanese of Tokio. If there is a people in the world that finds greater enjoyment in the outer world I have yet to hear of it. They excel in depicting scenes from nature, particularly birds and flowers, while they are miserable architects, and very poorly represent the forms of man or beast. Their houses are open to the air on every side, except in the crowded cities; their temples are placed in the most lovely nooks; their miniature gardens with dwarfed trees, tiny streams and bridges, are most beautiful exhibitions of their affection for nature. The healthful effect of such tendencies is plainly seen in the healthy physical, mental and spiritual condition of the Japanese.



PAGODA AND BELFRY OF ASAKUSA.

From Uyéno we speed away to the Mikado's Gardens in Fukiage district. We cannot take the 'cycle in, but must leave it at the entrance. Here the Japanese style of landscape-gardening can be seen in all its perfection. Just after passing across the moat, and through the great wall, we stroll along between groves of the graceful bamboo. Mounds, lakes, arbors, dwarfed trees,

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beautiful flowers, oddly-shaped roots, and queerly-formed stones are scattered every here and there. Both the people and their princes are lovers of nature, as is evident at a glance. Tea-houses are scattered through the garden for the rest and refreshment of wearied travellers.

Do my readers know what a deliciously refreshing drink is a cup of Japanese tea, prepared as the Japs prepare it? Take a tiny teapot, and warm it, put in a pinch of tea for each cup,—the cups must be small,—pour on water that has just stopped boiling. Let the tea steep, say five minutes, then pour it out, and drink it without milk or sugar.

While we are rambling back and forth in the upper section of the city we will take a run over to the village of Oji, and to the hill Asuka-Yama, from which we can see three different ranges of mountains stretching away before us. Along the road are the delicate maples, whose leaves in autumn will be tinted with deep crimson. Beyond the tea-gardens, where



A TRIP TO THE MOON.

the green tips to the branches shew the approach of the tea-picking season, the gathering of the first crop, the roadway is lined with florists' cottages and gardens, with the dwellings of dealers in goldfish and canary-birds. On the top of Asuka-Yama is a grove of cherry-trees, and the little village of Oji lies snugly in a dell at our feet. The beauty is marred somewhat by the paper-mills, with foreign machinery, which the government has established for the manufacture of paper, partly from the paper-mulberry (*Broussonetià papyri-ferœ*), and partly from rag-stock and straw.

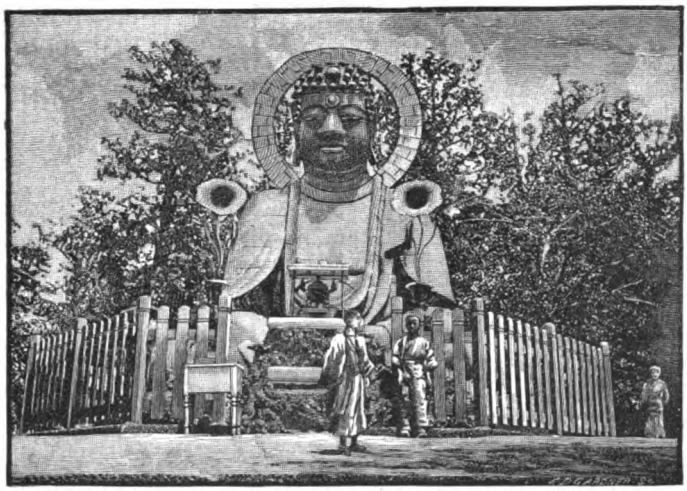
One very pleasant trip is to the temple of Kameido, on the other side of the Sumidagawa. A short run through a suburban district, in the midst of paddy-fields, brings us to the temple of "The Perfectly Free and Heaven-filling Heavenly Divinity,"—as the god's name, Temman Daijizai Tenjin, may be translated.

This is a Shinto temple, not a Buddhist. The hero who is here deified lived about a thousand years ago,—centennials are nowhere in Japanese history, not fictitiously, but in fact; he was a great scholar, and a patron of learning. In 1646, so the legend runs, a descendant of this hero, and a priest, brought to the Kameido an image of the hero-god, carved of the wood of the plum-tree, which had flown through the air from his home in Kioto to the distant province where he had been living in exile. The temple enclosure is lavishly laid out. The wistaria is trailed over trellises. A pond in the shape of the Chinese character for *heart* has been formed and stocked with carp and tortoises, which are fed by the visitors with hollow cakes. In front of the temple is a tree grown from a slip of the plum-tree which had flown through the sky, and beyond it a white stone cow, an image of the one on which the hero-god used to ride.

Beyond the Kameido is the Mŭme-Yashiki, or plum-garden, where five hundred and more old gnarled plum-trees couch and wind about like so many dragons. A short distance farther, and one enters upon the famed cherry-tree road of Mukojima, where for more than a mile these beautifully-blossoming trees spread their branches over the avenue. You can cross the river here in small ferry-boats, poled across, or you can turn and recross one of the bridges lower down.

In and about Tokio there are a multitude of places which one could profitably visit. Very many shrines and small temples having interesting legends associated with them, or containing some object of rare beauty,—an image, a wall-picture, or the like. The Experimental Gardens with the race-course, where His

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BUDDHA IN UYÉNO.

Imperial Japanese Majesty goes with great regularity to witness the spring and fall races of the Japanese ponies and Chinese "griffins." Mine was the only 'cycle that had visited the grounds and track, I believe. The celebrated Nihon-bashi, whence all the distances in the empire used to be calculated, and the great Fish Market of Japan; the Kwankoba, or Bazaar, where only the products of Japanese manufacture are on sale, and where you may wander without recrossing or retracing your track for hours together; the In Setsu Kioku, or government printing, photographing, and book-making department; the other government buildings, the Tokio University, the Normal Schools, the Arsenals, and so on, one may pedal about to see. The domestic establishments, where lacquer-ware, pottery, bronzes, screens, fans, umbrellas, and the thousand-and-one other pretty objects which form the stock of the *curios* and *bric-a-brac* stores of our American cities, are everywhere. Several years' experience does not begin to exhaust the wondrous novelties of Japanese life that thrust themselves on the notice of the busiest foreigner in Japan.

But there are two or three spots in and about the neighborhood that are of far greater interest to the general reader than any of those just mentioned, and which I have purposely left until the last. One of these is the scene of the famed romance of the Loyal Ronins, which one may read in English in either Dickens' or Greey's translation, or, in briefer form, in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." Then there is also the famed temple of the founder of one of the greatest sects of Buddhism; and last, and best of all, Shiba's magnificent park and temples.

Leaving Tsukiji, the foreign concession, early in the morning, with a light lunch packed in the "M.I.P." bag, my man and I pedal over to the Tokaido. We pass the railroad depot just as the first train up from Yokohama comes in. Then, crossing the newly-laid horse-car tracks, we enter the strange little thoroughfare of Shimme-mayé, commonly known among foreigners in Tokio as "Petticoat Lane," for what reason you can guess. They have just dumped a fresh load of gravel on the Tokaido here; this is the reason for our turning aside. Before we reach the district of Shinagawa, where the Japanese line of steamers,— the Mitsu-Bishi, or "Three Diamonds," — take in their supplies ere putting forth on their trips up and down the coast and across to Shanghai, China, we turn from the Tokaido up a narrow lane to the temple of Sengakuji, where are the tombs of the forty-seven Ronins.

The famous story runs thus: In 1701 a young noble named Asano was receiving lessons in court ceremonies from an old gentleman named Kodzuké, preparatory to entertaining the envoy from the Mikado in Kioto to the Tycoon in Tokio. Kodzuké was unnecessarily rude to Asano, and Asano sought to stab his insulter with his short sword. He failed, and was condemned to disembowel himself (*hara-*

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kiri) for using his weapon within the court precinct, and his property was confiscated and his retainers were forced to become wanderers, or *ronin*, *i.e.*, "masterless-men." After more than a year of suffering and dissimulation, the league of loyal *ronin* found their opportunity, and killed Kodzuké, cutting off his head. The head was washed in a well (by the side of which still stands, as I remember, a sign with the legend, "The well where the head was washed"), and was then laid on their master's grave. They then committed *hara-kiri*, and were buried side by side in a lot adjoining the grave of their master. The story is one of the favorite ones in the story-tellers' books, and a constant stream of visitors bears testimony of the lively interest of the Japanese in the old romance.

Striking the Tokaido again, Kosan and I wend our way slowly towards the railroad station of Omori, and then a mile and a half away to the temple of Hommonji, sacred to Saint Nichiren, who died here in 1282. He was a most violent sectarian, and drew upon himself the wrath of other priests and of the authorities; he was condemned to be beheaded, but was saved by a miracle. At the tea-houses at the foot of the hill we rest awhile, and take our luncheon. A little shrine dedicated to Daikoku, one of the Seven Gods of Good Luck, stands near the entrance-gate. Climbing some flights of steep steps we are soon in a grove of *cryptomerias*, where stands a shrine of the Fox god. Here, as I find the story, with a striking illustration in a life of Saint Nichiren, the famous priest met a beautiful woman; and upon his giving her a draught of water she became a gigantic snake, some twenty feet long, having iron teeth and golden scales. A delicate attention, truly! The temples and pagoda are unusually large structures, and in good repair. The construction is that usual in Buddhist temples in Japan. An old graveyard lies about the temple, and the tombstones have Sanskrit characters carved upon them. The view from the hill-top over toward the Bay of Yedo, and on the other side to the mountains, ending in the famed Mount Fuji, is grand. Ferns in abundant variety and wild flowers grow in abundance. I found here the only Jack-in-the-Pulpit (*Arum*) I ever saw in Japan, and the five-fingered maiden-hair fern, which I also saw on the Hakoné mountains, just above Yumoto. Here also I found a species of trailing-fern, bearing a slight resemblance to the Hartford trailing-fern. By a roundabout way we returned to Tokio, having the pleasure, at times, of carrying the tricycle over certain very rough hills and narrow paths.



"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

In the year 1393 the Buddhist monastery of the Zojoji was founded, and in 1596 it was removed to Shiba. The Tokugawa Shoguns took this sect of Buddhism under their protection, and multiplied and beautified their temples at Shiba. There are at present quite a number of temples grouped together at Shiba, each being devoted to one or the other of the dead Shoguns, whose bodies rest beneath oddly shaped tombs in the rear of the temples. On New Year's day, 1874, the most magnificent, the main temple, was destroyed by fire. It is now being rebuilt. I have rambled all through the new building, both in 1876 and in 1882, and have had abundant opportunities for examining the modes of construction in vogue in erecting such

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structures. Two kinds of wood are in use, — the *keyaki*, or elm, a hard, tough wood, and the beautiful *hinoki*, a species of fragrant pine. The massive curved roof is covered with tiles; gigantic griffins, weird fabulous creatures, lie about, ready to be put into place. The temple will take several years more in the finishing. The temples at Uyéno and those at Nikko, a hundred miles to the north of Tokio, share with the



THE MIKADO'S BAMBOO GROVE.

temples of Shiba the honor of being the chief marvels of Japanese artistic skill. Some of the Shoguns are buried at each of these three places. The outer gigantic gate-way, which is being repaired as we visit Shiba, has been standing just as it was built since 1623. We go up a little lane, enter a side gate, pass through a court having a pavement of pebbles, and surrounded by rows of stone lanterns. The gate-way leading into the next court is a beautiful structure, but is surpassed by that leading into the temple enclosure. Around the inner court are rows of bronze lanterns. On application to a priest we are admitted to a passage-way leading into the priests' quarters, and thence into the temple proper. One now finds himself "in the midst of a blaze of gold coloring, and elaborate arabesques, which quite dazzle the eye with their brilliant beauty." The building is shaped like a T, the front of the temple being the cross-piece and the shrine being at the end of the straight piece. In the room running across the front, in the days of the Shogun, sat the wealthy princes; just before them the Tycoon's family, while only the chief priest could enter the shrine. To-day the foreigner, whom the Shogun hated, may plant his stockinged feet even in the innermost shrine.

The structure is small, but of wondrous beauty in its finish; gold lacquer is used lavishly; the ceilings are finished like those at Uyéno, only more elaborately. Carvings on the gateways and within

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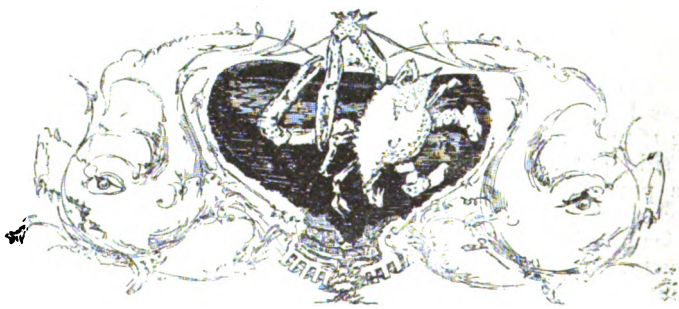
the temple are astonishingly well done. Heavy bronze gates, with ornamentations cast upon them, admit one to the tombs, some of bronze, others of stone. It is impossible to find words with which to express one's admiration. I have been dozens of times to these temples, and never ceased to be affected by their beauty. In the solitude of the great trees, away from the busy crowds, rest comes speedily to the weary in such a spot; one could almost envy the priests who live in the midst of such glorious creations. But, for purposes of worship, it is, after all, but an idol's temple.



TEMPLE.

Among the multitude of objects to be seen in Tokio one is often at a loss to make a selection, and, after all, this is but one city. In Yokohama, in Kioto, in many of the interior cities, are sights just as curious, and just as splendid. The mountains and valleys, the hot springs, and *solfataras*, and the myriad beauties of the Land of the Rising Sun are still before the foreign traveller.

Frank S. Dobbins.



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A STRANGE IDYL.

I.

He lay upon an old-fashioned bedstead whose carved quaintness would once have pleased him, but to which he was now indifferent. He rested upon his back, staring at the ceiling, on whose white surface were twinkling golden dots and lines in a network which even his broken mind knew must be the sunlight reflected from off the water somewhere. The windows of the chamber were open, and the sweet summer air came in laden with the perfume of flowers piquantly mingled with pungent sea odors. Now and then a bee buzzed by the casement, or a butterfly seemed tempted to enter the sick-room—apparently thought better of it, and went on its careless way.

Of all these things the sick man who lay there was unconscious, and the sweet young girl sitting by his bed was too deeply buried in her book to notice them. For some time there was no movement in the chamber, until the close of a chapter releasing for an instant the reader's attention, she looked to discover that the patient's eyes were open. Seeing him awake she rose and came a step nearer, thereby making the second discovery, more startling than the first, that the light of reason had replaced in those eyes the stare of delirium.

"Ah," she said, softly, "you are awake!"

The invalid turned his gaze toward her, far too feeble to make any other movement, but he made no attempt to speak.

"No," she continued, with that little purring intonation which betrays the feminine satisfaction at having men helpless and unable to resist coddling.. "Don't speak. Take your medicine, and go to sleep again."

She put a firm, round arm beneath his head, and bestowed upon him a spoonful of a colorless liquid, afterward smoothing his pillows with deft, swift touches. He submitted with utter passiveness of mind and body, ignorant who this maiden might be, where he was, or, indeed, who he was. Painfully he endeavored to think, to remember, to understand; but with no result save confusing himself and bringing on an ache in his head. His nurse, at the convenient end of another chapter, observed a look of pain and trouble upon the thin face, scarcely less white than the pillow against which it rested.

"You are worrying," she observed with authority. "Go to sleep. You are not to think yet."

And, staying himself upon the resolution and confidence in her tone, he abandoned himself again to the current of circumstances, and drifted away into dreams.

The girl, watching closely now, with mind distracted from her story to the more tangible mystery involved in the presence of the sick man, gave a little sigh of relief, when his even breathing indicated that he had fallen asleep. She removed softly to a seat near the window, and looked out upon the tranquil beauty of the afternoon. Long Island Sound lay before her, dimpling and twinkling in the sunshine, while nearer, a sloping lawn stretched from the house to the shore. Glancing backwards and forwards between the sunny landscape to the bed where her patient slept, the maiden fell to wondering about him, recalling the little she knew, and straining her fancy to construct the story of his life.

Three weeks before a Sound steamer had been wrecked so near this spot that through the stormy night she had seen the glare of the fire which broke out before the hull sank, and the next morning's tide had brought to shore this man, a floating waif, saved by a life-preserver and some propitious current. A terrible wound upon his head showed where he had experienced some blow, and left him hesitating with distraught brain between life and death. In his delirium he had muttered of varied scenes. He must, the watcher reflected, have travelled extensively. Now there were words which showed that he was sharing in wild escapades; cries of defiance or of encouragement to comrades whose shadowy forms his disordered brain summoned from the mysterious past; strange names and words in unknown tongues mingled themselves with incoherent appeals or bitter reproaches.

To the girl who had been scarcely less at his bedside than the old woman who had nominally nursed him, these broken fragments of wild talk had been like bits of jewels of which her mind had fashioned

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a fantastic mosaic. The mystery surrounding the stranger would, in any case, have appealed strongly to her quick fancy, but, when to this was added the brilliancy of his delirious ravings, it is small wonder that her imagination took fire, and she wove endless romances, in all of which the unconscious sick man figured as the hero. Scraps of talk in an unknown tongue, a few sonorous foreign words, a little ignorance concerning matters, in reality commonplace enough, have, in many a case before, been the sufficient foundations for a gorgeous *fata morgana* of fancy.

The stranger had been thrown ashore only partially dressed, and with nothing upon him which bore a name. A belt around his waist contained about fifteen hundred dollars in bills and a small quantity of gold-dust. From the presence of this latter they had speculated that the wounded man might be a returning Californian, yet his clothing was of too fine texture and manufacture for this supposition. Several persons, seeking for friends lost in the disaster from which he came, had vainly endeavored to identify him, and his description had been given in the New York papers; but without result. There seemed, upon the whole, to be no especial hope of obtaining any satisfactory information regarding the sick man until he was able to furnish it himself; and to-day for the first time the watcher found in his eyes the light of returning reason. She felt as if upon the threshold of a great discovery. She smiled softly to herself to think how eager she had become over this mystery; to recognize how large a place the stranger occupied in her thoughts; yet she could but acknowledge to herself that this was an inevitable consequence of the existences which surrounded her.

The life into which the wounded man had been driven by the currents of the sea and those stronger currents of the universe which we call Fate was a sufficiently monotonous one. The household into which he had been received consisted of an old gentleman, broken alike in health and fortune, so that while the establishment over which presided his only child was not one of absolute want, it was often straitened by the necessity of uncomfortable economies. Alone with an old family servant, the father and daughter lived on in the homestead which the wealth of their ancestors had improved, but which their present revenues were inadequate to preserve in proper state. One day with them was so like every other day that the differences of the calendar seemed purely empirical, even when assisted by such diversity as old Sarah, the faithful retainer, was able to compass in the matter of the viands, which, at stated periods in the week, appeared upon their frugal table.

Old Mr. Dysart would have failed to perceive the justice of the epithet "selfish" as applied to himself; yet no word so perfectly described him. He was absorbed in the compilation of a complete genealogy of the entire Dysart family, with all its ramifications and allied branches. What became of his daughter while he delved among musty parchments in his stately old library; how the burdens of the household were borne; and how a narrow income was made to cover expenses, were plainly matters upon which he could not be expected to waste his valuable time. The lonely maiden could scarcely have been more alone upon a desert island, or in a magic tower. Her days followed each other with slow, monotonous flow, like the sands in an hour-glass, — each like the one before, and each, too, like the one to follow.

Amid such a colorless waste of existence the rich mystery of the wounded stranger appeared doubly brilliant by contrast; and it is small wonder that to the watcher the first gleam of returning intelligence in the sick man's eyes was as the promise of the opening of a door behind which lay an enchanted palace.

II.

It was yet a day or two before the sick man spoke. He was very weak, and lay for the most part in a deathlike but health-giving sleep. At length the day came when he said, feebly:—

"Where am I?"

"Here," his nurse answered, with truly feminine irrelevancy.

"Where?"

"At Glencarleon."

He lay silent for some moments, struggling to attach some meaning to the name, and to collect his strength for farther inquiries. His eyes expressed his mental confusion.

"You were hurt in the steamer accident," she explained. "You came ashore here, and are with friends. Don't try to talk. It is all right."

He was too feeble to remonstrate, — too feeble even to reason, and he obeyed her

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injunction of silence without protest. She retreated to her favorite seat by the window, and took up her sewing; but her revery grew more rapidly than her stitches, and when she was relieved from her post by old Sarah, she stole softly out of the room to continue her dreaming in an arbor overlooking the water, where, in pleasant weather, she was wont to spend her leisure hours.

The next day, when she gave her patient his morning gruel, he watched her with questioning eyes, as if endeavoring to identify her, and at last framed another inquiry: —

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Columbine."

"Columbine?"

"Columbine Dysart."

That he knew little more than before was a consequence of the situation, and Mistress Columbine was wise enough to spare him the necessity of saying so.

"You do not know us," she said; "but we will take good care of you until you are well enough to hear all about it."

"But," — he began, the puzzled look upon his wan face not at all dissipated.

"No," she returned, gayly, "there is no 'but' about it. It is all right."

"But," he repeated with an insistence that would not be denied, — "but"—

"Well?" queried she, seeing he would not be denied.

"But who am I?" he demanded, so earnestly that the absurdity of such a question was lost in its pathos.

"Who are you?" she echoed, in bewilderment. Then, with the instant reflection that he was still too near delirium and brain-fever to be allowed to trouble himself with speculations, she added, brightly, and with the air of one who settles all possible doubts, "Why, you are yourself, of course.

She smiled so dazzlingly as she spoke that a complete faith in her assurances mingled itself with some dimly-felt sense of the ludicrous in the sick man's mind, and, although the baffled look did not at once disappear from his face, yet he said nothing farther, and not long after he fell asleep, leaving Columbine free to seek her arbor again and ponder on this new phase of her interesting case. She attached no serious importance then to the fact that her patient seemed so uncertain concerning his identity; but, as the days went by, and he was as completely unable to answer his own query as ever, a strange, baffled feeling stole over her; a teasing sense of being brought helplessly face to face with a mystery to which she had no key.

His convalescence was somewhat slow, the hurts he had received having been of a very serious nature, but when he was able to leave his room, and even to accompany Columbine to her favorite arbor, he was still grappling vainly with the problem of who and what he was.

This first visit to the arbor, it should be noted, was an event in the quiet life at the old house. Columbine was full of petty excitement over it, her fair cheeks flushed and her hair disordered with running to and fro to see that the cushions were in place, the sun shining at the right angle, and the breeze not too fresh. She insisted upon supporting the sick man on one side, while faithful old Sarah, her nurse in childhood, and since promoted to fill at once the place of housekeeper, and all the departed servants, took his arm upon the other to help him along the smoothly trodden path through the neglected garden. Mr. Dysart was as usual in his library, and to disturb him there was a venture requiring more daring than either of the women possessed. They got on very tolerably without him, however, and the patient was soon installed amid a pile of wraps and shawls in the summer-house, where he was left in charge of Miss Dysart, while Sarah returned to her household avocations.

It was a beautiful day in the beginning of September, warm and golden, with all the mellowness of autumn in the air, while yet the glow of summer was not wholly lost. The soft sound of water on the shore was heard through the chirping of innumerable insects, shrilling out their delight in the heat; while the notes of a bird, now and then, mingled pleasantly in the harmony. The convalescent drew in full breaths of the sweet air with a sigh of satisfaction, leaning back among his cushions to look with the pleasure of returning life over the fair scene before him.

For some time nurse and patient sat intently, but the girl, watching him silently, was in no wise dissatisfied with the other's evident appreciation of her favorite spot. Indeed, she had dreamed here of him so often that some subtle clairvoyance may have secretly put him in harmony with the place before he saw it. Columbine liked him for the pleasure so evident upon his handsome, wasted face, inly aware how great would have been her disappointment had he been less alive to the charms of the view.

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"How lovely it is!" he said, at length. "It is, perhaps, because you live in so lovely a place," he added, after a trifling pause, and with a faint smile, "that you are so kind to a waif like myself."

"Perhaps," she answered, returning his smile. "But really, we only did what any one would have done in our place."

"Oh, no; and, besides, few could have done it so well. It is so pleasant, I seem to have lived here always."

"It may be," Columbine suggested, with deliberation, "that it recalls some place you have known."

A shadow came over his face.

"It is a pity," he said, "that if that unlucky disaster could spare me nothing of my baggage, it could not at least have left me my few poor wits. I might make an interesting case for psychologists. They might discover from me in what part of the brain the faculty of memory is located, for that wretched wound seems to have let mine all ooze out of my cranium. I do not feel, Miss Dysart, like an idiot in all respects, since I certainly know my right hand from my left; and I have found, by experiment in the night-watches, that I could still make myself understood in two or three languages."

"You had much better have slept," interpolated his listener.

"But as far as my personal history goes," he continued, replying to her words by a smile, "my mind is an absolute blank. I can give you several interesting pieces of information concerning ancient history and chronology; but I haven't the faintest idea what my name is; and you must acknowledge that it is a little hard for a man to be ignorant of his own name."

"Yes," Columbine assented, bending forward and clasping her hands in front of her knees. "Yes; and it is so strange! Try and remember; you must surely recollect something.

"I have tried; I do try; but I can only conjure up a confused mass of shifting images; things I seem to have been and to have done, all indistinguishably mixed with what I have only dreamed or hoped to do and be."

"How strange!" she said again, fixing her wide-open dark eyes upon him, and then turning her gaze to the sea beyond; "but it will come to you in time."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, energetically, "I hope so, else I shall regret that you pulled me out of the water. To-day I do seem to have a glimpse of something more tangible. Since I sat here I almost thought I remembered"—

He broke off suddenly, his bright look fading into an expression of helpless annoyance.

"What?" cried Columbine, eagerly.

"I cannot tell," he groaned. "It is all gone."

"Oh, what a pity!" exclaimed she, springing to her feet in a flush of sympathy and baffled curiosity. "Oh, how cruel!"

Then she remembered that she was absolutely disobeying the doctor's orders, and was allowing her patient to become excited.

"There, there," she said, "how wrong of me to let you worry! Everything will come back to you when you are stronger. Now it is time for your luncheon. It is so warm and bright you may have it here if you will promise not to bother your head. For I really think," she added, wisely, giving his wraps a deft touch or two, "that the best way to remember is not to try."

"I dare say you are right," he agreed. "At least trying doesn't seem to accomplish much."

She flitted away, to return a moment or two later with an old-fashioned salver, upon which, in dainty china two or three generations old, Sarah had arranged the invalid's luncheon. She drew the rustic table up to his side and served him, while he ate with that mixture of eagerness and disinclination which marks the appetite of one in the early stages of a convalescence.

"That pitcher," he observed, carelessly, as she poured out the cream, "ought to belong to my past. It has a familiar look, as if it could claim acquaintance if it would only deign."

"It was my grandmother's," Columbine said. "When we were little, Cousin Tom used to tease me by saying my cheeks looked like those of that fat face on the handle. I was more buxom then than now."

Instead of replying her companion laid down his spoon and looked at her in delighted amaze. Then he struck his hands together with sudden vigor.

"Tom!" he cried. "Tom!"

"Well?" queried she, looking at him as if he had gone distraught. "It isn't so strange a name, is it?"

"But don't you see,"—he exclaimed, joyously,—"I'm Tom! I have found my name!"

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III.

THE rest of Tom's name, however, remained as profoundly and as provokingly concealed in the wounded convolutions of his brain as ever. Columbine called him Mr. Tom, and it is not unlikely that the familiarity of the monosyllable, which seemed to place them at once upon an intimate footing, had a strong influence upon their relations. The maiden had a crisp way of pronouncing the name, as if she was half conscious of a spice of impropriety in a term so familiar, and felt it, too, to be something of a joke, which was so wholly fascinating that the patient did not have to be very far advanced towards his normal condition of health and spirits to enjoy it so well as to reflect that the name so rendered ought to be enough for any man.

Mr. Tom soon began to gather up a few stray bits from his childhood, his memory apparently returning to its former state by the same slow road it had travelled from his birth to reach it.

"I remember a few beginnings," he had said, hopefully, on the day following that of his first visit to the arbor. "I had a carved coral of a most luscious pink color. It is even now vaguely connected in my mind with the idea of eating; so I infer that I must have cherished a fond delusion that it was good to eat."

"It is at least good to remember," Columbine returned, laughing. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to open an account of things recovered from the sea, of the past. You can begin by putting down: Item one, coral."

"Yes; and one nurse. I distinctly recall the nurse. She had a large mole on her chin. Yes; I can certainly swear to the nurse."

He was in excellent spirits to-day. The dawning of recollection gave promise of the restoration of complete remembrance; the day was enchanting; his appetite and his luncheon came to a wonderfully good agreement, while a prettier serving-maid than Miss Dysart could hardly be found.

"It must be very like being a child again," she observed, thoughtfully; "and that is a thing, you know, for which the poets are always sighing."

"You will have the advantage of growing up with me," was his gay retort, "if this process continues. Only you'll have the advantage of superior age."

After that he told her each morning what he had been able to recover from forgetfulness since the previous day. It is difficult to imagine the strangeness of this relation. It possessed all the piquancy of fiction, to which its ingenious author added new incidents from day to day; yet it had, too, the strong attractiveness of truth and personal interest. Columbine listened and commented, deeply engrossed and fascinated by the novel experience which gave her an acquaintance with the entire past life of her stranger guest, yet an acquaintance which was etherealized and marked by a certain charm not to be found in actual companionship. Had she really shared the childhood thus narrated to her it would have been in no way remarkable; but now she seemed to live it herself, with a vitality and interest more vivid each day. Often the freakish faculty, upon whose vigor depended the continuity of Mr. Tom's narration, would for days concern itself with the veriest trifles, advancing the essentials of the story not a whit; or, again, it would seem to turn perversely backward, although no efforts availed to speed it forward.

The main facts of Mr. Tom's story, so far as they were gathered up in the first week of this odd story-telling, were as follows. He made his acquaintance with the world doubly orphaned, his father being lost at sea upon a return voyage from India before the boy's birth, and his mother dying in childbed. Reflecting upon what he was able to recall, Tom concluded that his parents were persons of wealth. His surroundings had at least been luxurious. The truth was, as he came, in time, to remember, that, being left without near relatives, he had been, by his guardian, confided to the care of trusty people, who spoiled and adored him until he was transferred to boarding-school.

"I have grown to be a dozen years old," Tom remarked to Miss Dysart one afternoon as they sat in the arbor, she sewing, and he idly pulling to pieces a purple aster. "I have even conducted myself to boarding-school, and I cannot conceive why I can't get hold of my family name. I must have been called by it sometimes. I remember being dubbed Tom, Tommy, Thomas, — that was when I was stubborn; Tom Titmouse — that was by nurse; Tom Tattamus — that by the particularly odious small boy next door; but beyond that I might as well never have had a name at all. My trunks, I know, were marked with a big W, but all the names beginning with that letter that I can hit upon seem

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equally strange to me. I do not see why, of all things, it is precisely that which I cannot remember."

"It is because you worry about it," his companion suggested; "probably that particular spot in your brain where your name is lodged is kept irritated by your impatience."

"Heavens!" laughed he. "How psychologic and physiological you are! Well, if I've no name, I can invent one, I suppose."

"Or make one. Do you realize what a fascinating position you are in? Common mortals have only the consolation of speculating about their future; but you can also amuse yourself with boundless speculations concerning your past. You are relieved from all responsibility" —

"Oh, no," he interrupted; "that is the worst of it. I have responsibilities without knowing what they are. The past holds me like a giant from behind, and I cannot even see my captor."

"Oh, you look at it all too seriously!" Columbine returned. "You can fashion your past, as we all do our futures, just as you like. I think you are decidedly to be envied."

"Envied!"

The bitterness of the exclamation brought to her a sudden realization of the difference of their points of view, and revealed how deep was the man's humiliation at his helpless position. A quick flush of pity and sympathy mantled her cheek.

"Forgive me," she exclaimed, impulsively. "I had no right to be so thoughtless. I beg your pardon."

"There is no occasion. You are right. It is certainly better to laugh than to cry over the inevitable, especially as things are righting themselves. But we, or, rather, I, must go into the house. It is growing cool."

Arlo Bates.

[To be continued.]

SWIFTLY WE FLY.

GLIDING, gleaming, speeding along,
Waking the echoes with shout and song,
Swiftly we fly,
Cycle and I,
Making the woodlands ring, hurrah!
With the gladsome joy that we bring, hurrah!
Even the birds pause in their flight,
Watching us speed, so swift, from sight.

Away from the struggle and strife and sin,—
Out of the city's roar and din,
Cycle and I
Swiftly fly,
Leaving behind all care, hurrah!
Buoyant and free as the air, hurrah!
Racing with squirrels, at break of day,
Like a sunbeam out on a runaway.

Swift as a bird, on pinions fleet,
Under the trees where the branches meet,
Swiftly we fly,
Cycle and I,
Happy at noon or night, hurrah!
With a reckless, mad delight, hurrah!
Born of the shining steed of steel,
The pride and joy of the knights of the wheel.

James Clarence Harvey.

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YACHTING AROUND CAPE COD.

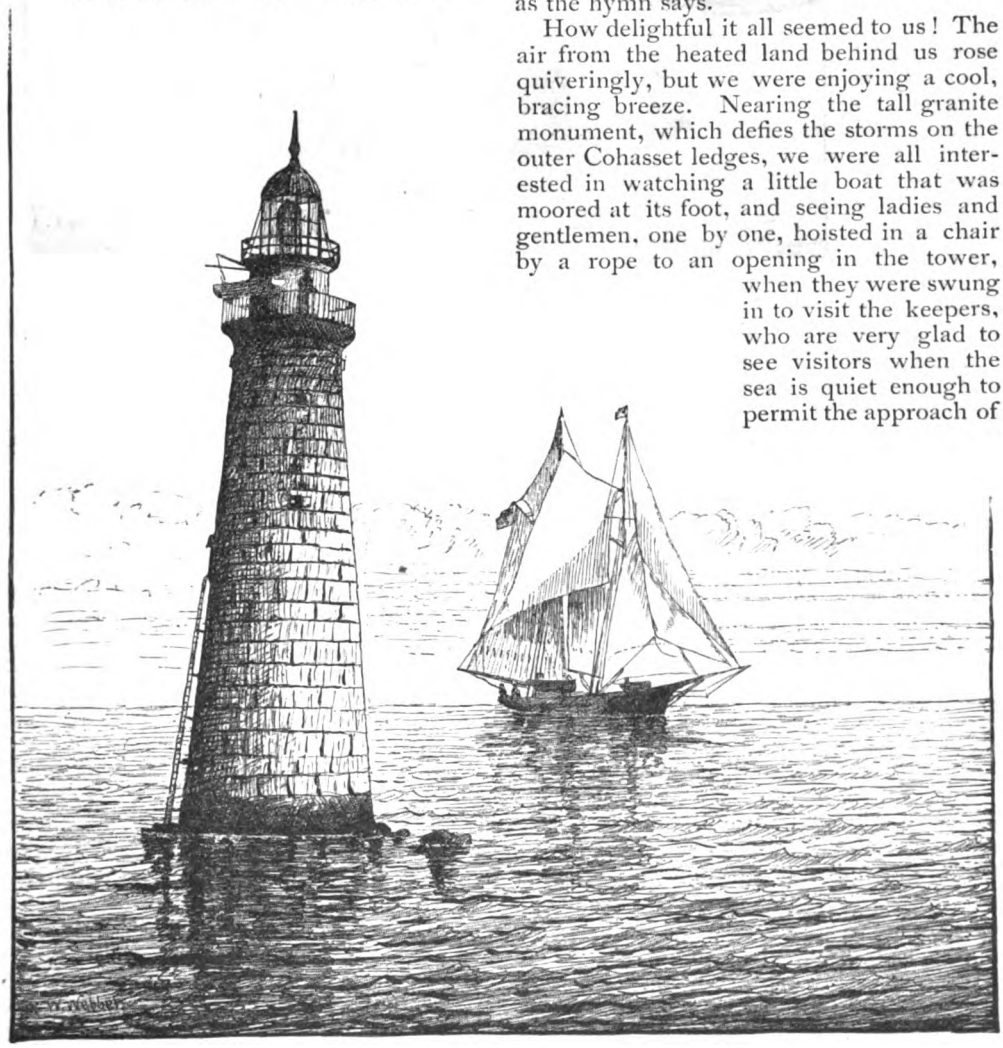
THE schooner yacht Idler, with a cabin party of eight on board, had sailed from Boston on a pleasant June forenoon, and with an ebbing tide and gentle southerly breeze had come past Point Allerton, and now, in the early afternoon, on the calmest of summer seas, was passing Minot's-Ledge light.

We of that party were invited to pass a month on board, cruising around Cape Cod and in Long Island Sound, loitering here and there as we liked. Some of us — the two Wellesley-College girls and a Yale man, beside Dick (the boy of the party, and my son) — were having their first sea experience; but the owner, Doctor Bell, and his wife had often cruised this way, while Colonel Graham, a cousin of the doctor's, and I had only now and then travelled by steamer; so that to all the cabin guests a cruise on a large yacht was a novel adventure, and we were prepared to see and enjoy all, —

"Cold, heat, and moist and dry,"

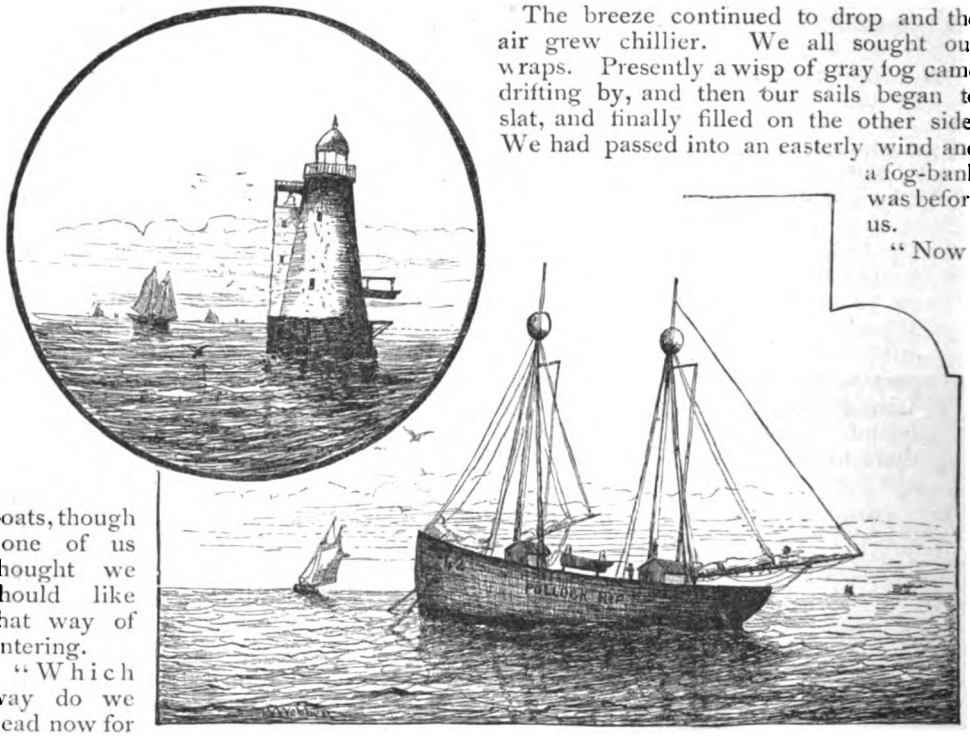
as the hymn says.

How delightful it all seemed to us! The air from the heated land behind us rose quiveringly, but we were enjoying a cool, bracing breeze. Nearing the tall granite monument, which defies the storms on the outer Cohasset ledges, we were all interested in watching a little boat that was moored at its foot, and seeing ladies and gentlemen, one by one, hoisted in a chair by a rope to an opening in the tower, when they were swung in to visit the keepers, who are very glad to see visitors when the sea is quiet enough to permit the approach of



MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT.

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DISHOP AND CLERK AND POLLOCK RIP LIGHT SHIP.

boats, though none of us thought we should like that way of entering.

"Which way do we head now for Cape Cod?" asked Dick, as we left the light tower astern.

"Just about south-east," answered Dr. Bell; "and Race Point is about twenty-six miles from here."

"Shall we get there before dark?" asked one.

"I hardly think so," said the doctor. "Probably it will be moonlight when we get to Provincetown."

"Oh, how charming that will be!" we all exclaimed.

So chatting, we gayly sailed on. The wind fell a little, and the air grew cooler. The captain took his glass and scanned the horizon, and then said quietly to the doctor, "The vessels coming round the cape have the wind the other way;" who replied, "Yes, I have noticed."

The shore was now well astern, and the high lands of Marshfield lay low in the horizon. "It is as far to return as it would be to go on," said the captain.

"What became of that distant schooner?" suddenly asked the Yale man. "A minute ago I saw her, and now I can't find her."

"Nothing unusual, I guess," said the doctor, cheerfully. "Vessels frequently pass suddenly out of sight that way at sea."

The breeze continued to drop and the air grew chillier. We all sought our wraps. Presently a wisp of gray fog came drifting by, and then our sails began to slat, and finally filled on the other side. We had passed into an easterly wind and a fog-bank was before us.

"Now I know what became of the vessel," said the student.

"Shall we be lost?" asked Dick, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" said Captain Blake. "This may hold on, or it may blow away; but we have plenty of sea-room. We will keep right on. We shall hear fog-signals before we come near any land."

A silence settled down over us all. The sun still shone two hours high, and the sky was bright and blue behind and over us, but at intervals we were enveloped in the gray mists driving by, great ragged masses which the wind had detached from the heavy cloud-bank which lay on the sea, and had sent on as *avant-couriers*.

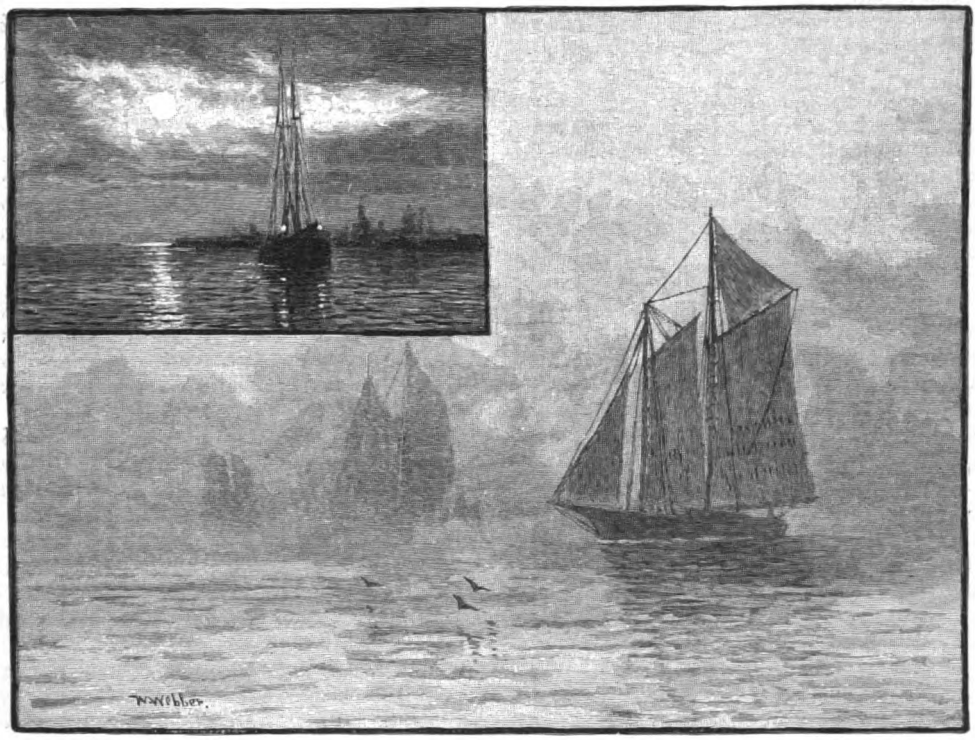
The look-out forward had brought up a great horn, and now and then sounded a hoarse blast. Once we heard an answering horn, and then we blew ours at regular intervals, till the other sound grew fainter, and was lost.

The fog was all around us; no more blue sea or blazing sun, only a cold, cheerless gloom. No one felt like talking. The chill had penetrated even our spirits. Unconsciously we grouped ourselves as we might have done in an hour of danger. My boy had crept to my side. The Welles-

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ley girls were looking appealingly at the Yale man. We were all thinking how helpless we were to combat some of the simplest and most frequent operations of nature. We may even in some degree make the dreadful lightning our servant, and we may ride exultingly on the wings of the strong winds; but when or how may we ever obtain any mastery over this silent, shapeless enemy, the fog? How arrest its coming or hasten its going?

As we came on deck again we were delighted to find that the fog was thinner. Now and then, as it drifted by, we could see, through rifts in it, the clear blue sky above. All at once we came into a clear air. The white sand-hills of the cape were bathed in the last rays of the now setting sun. Race Point was just ahead. The fog still hung over the sea behind us, but the hot air from the land had dissipated it here.



PROVINCETOWN BY MOONLIGHT: IN THE FOG.

"'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand."

And still we sailed on. How strange it seemed! The veil opened to let us pass, and closed behind us as we advanced. Our vessel seemed to typify human life: a steady, onward-going into the unseen; the ever-closing past, and the ever-opening future.

The steward's voice, calling us to supper, broke the long reverie, and, though it was hardly in consonance with our mood to obey his summons, we all did so.

"What has become of the fog?" asked Dick.

"That's all safe," said the captain. "We are lucky now to see our way into Provincetown. I think that by to-morrow morning you will not need to ask where the fog is."

"What do you mean," asked Mabel Wellesley, as Dick had christened the older of the girls.

"Why, later," said the doctor, "the land will become cooled, and will not dry up the fog. If this east wind keeps on all night we sha'n't see land to-morrow morning."

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Changing our course, we now followed the trend of the coast-line to pass around the long hook which encloses the fine harbor of Provincetown. What a dreary prospect lay before us! A long white sand-beach, backed by brown sand-hills, sloping steeply to the shore at the place where the Race-Point light tower stands, and the life-saving station, — a solitary cluster of buildings in the sandy desolation, — and then a long, steep, white beach, backed by innumerable white sand-hillocks, here and there scrubbily wooded, and beyond all the tops of several church-spires of the town.

Soon after we changed our course the lamp was lighted in the tower, for it must burn from the moment of sun-setting to that of sun-rising; and with a prosperous breeze we were, in less than half an hour, off the end of the long waste of sand, and ready to turn north-easterly to pass inside the sheltering hook of the cape. Here we could see behind us the Race-Point light, burning white, but intensified at intervals by flashes; while Wood End, near by, sent its frequent red gleams over the water, and the light on Long Point, at the very extremity of the hook, shone steadily white. Six miles away, seen over the land, blazed with unvarying radiance from its lofty situation the noble Highland light, the first to greet the incoming mariner approaching Cape Cod. We were deeply interested in watching these lights, as one after another they came into view, until at last they were all in sight at one time.

"Now you can understand," said Dr. Bell, "that it is no easy matter to locate a light-house properly, so that it shall be seen from all the needed directions, yet not in a confusing way; and, besides, each, by day and night, must have a perfectly distinctive character. The keeper cannot alter the shape of his house, or choose its color. The government makes all these matters invariable."

"How far does a light show over the water?" asked Dick.

"That depends on the height and power of the light," answered the captain. "The Highland light can be seen for twenty miles, but these others for only about twelve each; for while that is a first-order light, Race Point is only a fourth-order, and these others fifth-order lights."

We were now well abreast of Long Point and had come about to go up into the harbor. The twilight was fast dying out, and the moon shone only dimly in a dull, heavy sky as we came to anchor in this spacious basin, now dotted here and there with the twinkling vessel lights on a large fleet of coasters and fishermen, who, rounding the cape, preferred, like ourselves, a safe anchorage to a night outside in a fog. The air grew momently chillier on deck, and we were glad to gather by the pleasant cabin light.

"Was it only to-day that we started?" asked Mabel. "It seems a long time ago that we left Boston."

And to this feeling we all assented. Perhaps none of us had realized how deeply the new and strange impressions of our first day on the sea had moved us. Certain it was that all were glad to retire early, and in a short time all was quiet; but I did not find it easy to sleep. The faint creaking of the boom as the vessel gently rocked in the slightly-heaving tide, or the footfall of the anchor-watch as he paced the forward deck, waked strange fancies in my brain, and my sleep was fitful and unrefreshing.

A loud ringing of our vessel bell roused me in affright; but my room-mate, Mrs. Bell, still slept undisturbed. I could not be calm, and woke her to ask what could be the trouble.

"Nothing, poor soul!" she said, listening a moment. "Don't you hear that distant bell striking twice, and then, after a bit, once, and then again twice, and so on? That is the fog signal at Wood End. Now hear that far-off, deep-toned, long-held sound! That is the trumpet at the Highland light. The fog must have settled down again, as we expected. Now hear that horn blowing! Some vessel is trying to work her way into the harbor. Now we answer with our bell, because we are at anchor, and that is both a guide and a warning to her. Go to sleep again. We are all right," she said, and in a moment more returned to sweet unconsciousness.

But not so I. The light-house bell kept up its solemn tolling, and if I fell into a light sleep my dreams continued the vein of my thoughts, and now I was lost at sea, and again dashed on reefs, and then floated for days helpless on a dismasted hulk.

My night was one of misery, and I ignominiously resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity to abandon the trip. But, as we gathered at breakfast, all were so bright and had slept so soundly that I was ashamed to tell of my fears.

"We're out of sight of land!" shouted

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Dick, who, now that he felt safe, thought the fog quite a joke.

Presently we heard a call: "On board the schooner!" Dr. Bell, and in fact we all, hurried on deck. Alongside was a man rowing a dory, who asked us to give him the direction of the town, which we did after glancing at our compass, and he rowed away and was soon lost to sight. About half an hour later the same call roused us again, and we hurried again on deck to see — to our surprise and the chagrin of the rower — the same man asking the same question. We started him again, and watched him wearily pull away into the mist and disappear. Not long after the same call from the same man roused us the third time. Twice he had rowed in so complete a circle as to bring him again to his starting-point. When he recognized us he looked for an instant disheartened, then relieved his mind in a vehement soliloquy, which so amused the young people that the Yale man called for cheers, which, being heartily given, the angered man turned away. We called to him to come back and come aboard for a lunch; but he surlily rowed on, nor indeed, to our satisfaction, and undoubtedly to his, did we see him again.

"Why didn't he carry a little compass in his dory?" asked Dick, as Captain Blake was telling him that it was in that same way that many fishermen, overtaken by fogs, are bewildered and lost on the Grand Banks each year.

"The motions of small boats are too quick; the compass never has time to adjust itself," answered the captain.

We returned to the cabin and resumed our books or letter-writing.

"The fog-signal has stopped," said Dr. Bell; and we all followed him on deck, delighted to see the mists rolling off and the sun breaking through, though it was now about noon.

"Let's be all ready," continued he, "and after dinner we will go ashore and take a drive to the Highland Light-house."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bell; "this drive is quite the approved thing for visitors to Provincetown. They have three-seated vehicles here, which carry nine, which is just our party and a driver, and a pair of good horses will take us there and back easily this afternoon."

"We needn't take a driver," said Colonel Graham. "I think I could manage any horses that this town could bring on."

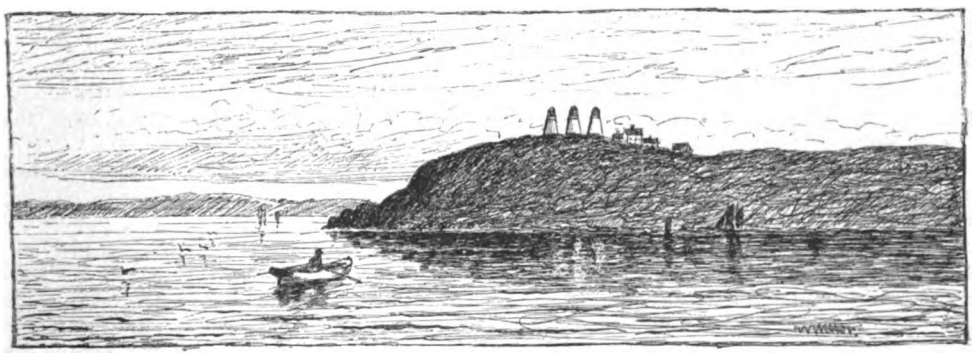
"You might manage the horses, but you couldn't for your life find the right road," answered the doctor. "I've been there before. We'll take a driver."

By the time we were all ready the sun was bright and the horizon clear. We secured a carriage and driver without delay, and were soon out of the streets of the thrifty little town.

Our horses began to labor in the sandy way and the big vehicle creaked dolefully.

"How much of this sort of riding do we have?" asked the colonel, dejectedly.

"It's the same all the way, except where it's coarse," answered our charioteer, and we soon came to be of his mind. Such a dreary outlook! There were wide marshes, crossed by a great causeway built by the State to prevent the sea from making a channel for itself across the land, if one could call that land where the tide flowed in and out among the tall reeds; then banks of sand, clean and white, now and then overspread with a tangle of wild roses blossoming deeply red in the sea wind they



NAUSET LIGHTS.

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love so well; some tufty beach-grass here and there; more wretched scrub-oaks; and at length young pines growing in long, straight rows as if they had been planted.

"And so they had been," our driver told us.

"Who by, and for what!" exclaimed we all, for not a vestige of a habitation was in sight anywhere.

"To keep the land from blowing all away into the sea," said the doctor. "History tells us that when this land was first visited by the Pilgrims it was covered with a growth of pine trees; but, once cut away, the forests never sprang again, and then the sand began to blow about and drift into hills, and in storms to whirl over the sea till it became plain that something must be done to keep Cape Cod at home. Some years ago a good minister settled here, interested the towns about in replanting these sands, and the State gave some favorable assistance by way of remitting taxes and otherwise, till now you see the result in these hundreds or thousands of acres more or less covered with these young pines. You can see about how much they plant each year by the height of the trees in the different plantations. There, some are as much as ten feet high, while this growth here is not more than three inches tall."

"But why do they plant only pines?" asked Helen.

"Because pines live almost wholly on the air, and you can see that there is hardly any soil-food here. Then, too, for this location, they possess the very great advantage of being evergreens, and so they serve also as a wind-screen for any unhappy creature who may have to travel these roads in winter."

"Roads!" said Dick, "I don't call these cart-ruts roads."

"You see, now, why we needed a driver," went on the doctor, as the man turned the horses in another direction and whipped them up a little sandy rise. Various wagon-tracks ran in devious ways through the pine growths, but nothing was in sight to indicate our way.

"A hermit lives there," presently said our driver, pointing out to us a wretched shanty with an adjacent wood-pile and hen-coop, though none of us could imagine why he should confine the poor hens, till the Yale man suggested the old joke, — that it might be to prevent them from getting out and starving.

A mockery of a corn-field was also near by. We wished to stop and visit the recluse; but our informer assured us that we would see no one, though he had spent several years in this seclusion, and that his name and history were unknown.

As we kept on we began to find better grass, and here and there little patches of corn were growing well. At last, almost before we were aware, we came to some grassy slopes, and before us, on a rise of ground, stood the tower and buildings of Highland light. Here, too, were a few pleasant country homes, and evident tokens of the ubiquitous summer visitor. We were much amused at an old dismantled and abandoned wind-mill of a by-gone time, which stood in a field near by, bearing the incongruous legend of "Ice cream," in new paint, on its time-worn face.

At the gate of the keeper's ground we alighted, and, as we crossed a field, came at length to a view of the sea that thrilled us with emotion. From the high bluff we looked directly down a hundred and fifty feet to where the gentle waves were rippling up the sand-beach that skirts the base of the long sand bluff, and then over the sea, the vast open ocean. We thought we could imagine how Xenophon's army felt as the blue Euxine came suddenly into their sight from a hill-top, and, embracing each other, they cried, "Thalassa! Thalassa! The sea! The sea!"

From north to south along this great highway of the coasting fleets vessels were coming and going. Below us, passing, so belittled by the distance, they seemed like some miniature fairy fleet. The effect upon the mind was startling.

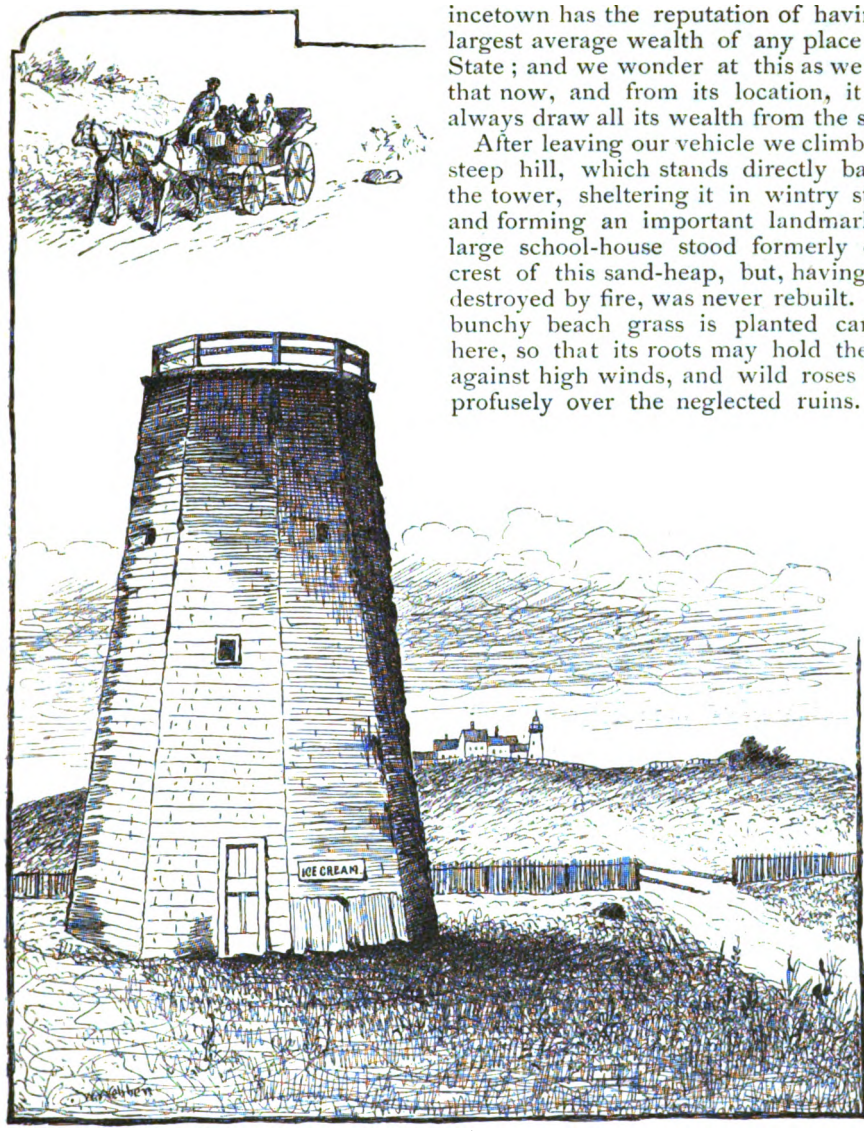
Ordinarily we look at the sea from its own level or, perhaps, from a hill with intervening slopes. But here is the ocean, its wide expanse unbroken by a single island, lying far below us at our feet, only sea and sky before us, as if we were floating in the air. Some of us grew dizzy and had to draw back from the face of the cliff; but it was a glorious prospect, many times repaying for the hot and dusty drive over the eight miles of sand.

"To-morrow," said the doctor, "some visitor here will be looking at us passing by."

"I wish we were there now," said Dick.

Returning to the tower, we took a hurried look at the lantern, and peered into the trumpet of the Great Siren — the fog-signal — and then, not being able to escape the attraction of the place, visited the ice-cream

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OLD WINDMILL.

incetown has the reputation of having the largest average wealth of any place in the State; and we wonder at this as we think that now, and from its location, it must always draw all its wealth from the sea.

After leaving our vehicle we climbed the steep hill, which stands directly back of the tower, sheltering it in wintry storms, and forming an important landmark. A large school-house stood formerly on the crest of this sand-heap, but, having been destroyed by fire, was never rebuilt. Now bunchy beach grass is planted carefully here, so that its roots may hold the sand against high winds, and wild roses bloom profusely over the neglected ruins. The rooms in the old windmill, and at length, as our driver was growing impatient, we reëntered our vehicle and started homeward.

Returning by another road we came through the quaint little village of North Truro, and then over the same weary sands, back to the thriving seaport, many of whose neat houses boasted very pretty door-yards, although we were told what, we are sure, must be true, that every flowerpot full of soil has been brought many miles, much of it on vessels. Provincetown has the reputation of having the largest average wealth of any place in the State; and we wonder at this as we think that now, and from its location, it must always draw all its wealth from the sea.

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Next morning, soon after sunrise, we were all astir. The anchor was weighed, and with a fair breeze we left the harbor and came out beyond Wood-end, and retraced our way to Race Point. Here our

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breeze began to fail us, and before we were hardly well by the dangerous Peaked-Hill bars it fell entirely, and we lay becalmed in a lazy ground swell, our sails idly slatting as the yacht rolled slowly. We all gathered in the shade of the sail as a protection from the hot sun, and then we drifted about till the middle of the afternoon, when a light air stirred, and with all our sails set we slowly worked along; but by night-fall all was again calm, and we were still only a little past the Highland light, and it became very evident that here we were to pass the night, — a fact which occasioned no regret, for the sea was remarkably quiet, the air bland, and the moon was almost at its full. We hung out our side-lights, and not far away could see the red or green lights of other vessels lying, like ourselves, becalmed on this summer sea.

"Just about here I had a dreadful experience many years ago," said Captain Blake, who sat at the wheel, and we all stopped our conversation to listen to his story. "It was near the close of the war, and the high price of cotton had made sail-cloth very expensive. Vessels used their old sails and patched and re-patched them till they were sights to see, and masters had to sail very cautiously because the sails were too old and worn to bear the strain of heavy winds.

One winter day I was coming up along the cape, with the wind blowing very fresh from the north-west all day, and about nightfall came along to a fleet of vessels anchored off here, making a lee of these high sand-bluffs. I joined them, and was the twenty-fourth and last vessel of that company, of which one was quite a large brig.

Soon after anchoring the wind fell, and not long after all was quiet. Now I had always noticed that, after such a sudden lull in the wind, it was very apt to come on again suddenly and strong from another direction, and so, as my sails were very old, I thought I had best get under way and leave that place; and so, although the last to come, I was the first to go. About eleven at night I hoisted sail, though my men were very unwilling to do so, and we had slowly worked only a mile or two away, when the wind suddenly struck in from the north-east, and in a few minutes the returned storm was upon us in redoubled strength. The other vessels, still riding at their anchors, thus driven on a lee-shore, struggled to get away, but before they could make any headway, five of them, including the brig, were driven upon the sand-beach, and pounded to pieces; and of the rest some more were lost between here and Race Point, the Peaked-Hill bars catching several of them. That was a terrible night."

"How did you manage to get away, captain?" we all eagerly asked.

"Well, I was far enough from shore to have some sea-room, and so I tried to work around to Provincetown. I got safely by Race Point, and then, finding myself likely to lose my sails at any moment, and the air being then full of blinding snow, I decided to drop my anchor and try to hold my vessel on the other side of the cape. There were twenty-seven fathoms of water there, but my anchor held, though I feared each moment that the cable would part, for the vessel labored terribly in the strong gale and heavy sea. The day at last came, and finally went without any lessening of the storm. I did not dare to start again, because I was sure my sails could not serve me; and yet I knew that if my cable should part, or my anchor drag, I should be helplessly adrift. But the next night the storm abated, and in the morning we went into Provincetown to get some rest. When we heard what became of the rest of the fleet we were very thankful that our case had been no worse. Everything then depended on our anchor holding on. You see we were in unusually deep water for anchoring, and in an almost open sea. I hope never to have to repeat that experiment."

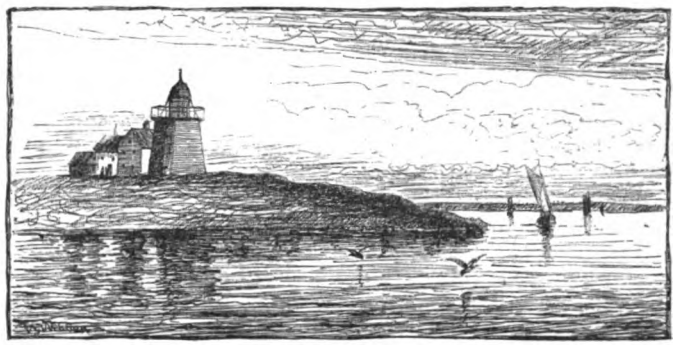
From the Highland to Nauset lights, twelve miles below, the shore has the same unvarying character, — a long sand bluff, gradually lowering in height, with a narrow strip of beach at the base. At Nauset three beacons of equal height send their rays over the water, forming a beautiful sight, and, as far as I know, a singular instance of triple lights on the coast. Up to this place we had really only drifted on a favoring tide; but here, at Nauset, the tidal currents divide as the incoming waters meet the land, some flowing northward and some southward, so that now we came into an opposing tide. The night was absolutely perfect. The unsentimental sailors were asleep below; but the Yale man and the girls had long been sitting in the bow, conversing in low tones.

At midnight, after some remonstrance, we all obeyed the doctor's advice to retire; but in the early morning we were again

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astir, eager not to lose anything that was to be seen. Nor, indeed, had we lost much, for we were then only abreast the two Chatham lights, nine miles below Nauset.

Here a dear little yellow bird, weary of his flight, lighted on our rigging; but a sailor instantly rose and shook the shrouds, so that he flew away. The girls were quite indignant, but Captain Blake told us that all seamen thought it a very bad sign for a bird to rest on a ship.



WOOD END LIGHT.

"And do birds often rest that way?" asked Dick.

"Oh, yes! Sometimes a whole flock of swallows, or other birds, especially in the migratory seasons, will light on a vessel; but the sailors never allow it if they can prevent it."

Passing Chatham, we still drifted southerly by the long, low sand-strip of Monomay Point, toward the light-ship anchored out at sea, where the shifting, sandy bottom rendered tower-building impracticable, on Pollock Rip shoal, some nine miles away; a two-masted, red-painted vessel, with its name in great white letters on its sides, and some red iron day-marks at the mast-head,—a curious sight to us who were unfamiliar with sea-travel. Then, with the same calm sea, and a brightly shining sun, we worked on westerly a few miles to another light-ship, this one painted green, but bearing in the same huge white letters its name, — The Shovelful; — and then slowly on to the straw-colored hull of a third light-ship, whose mast-head day-marks and lettering were black, — The Handkerchief, — past which we were fairly inside Nantucket Sound; but we had come so slowly that it was now noon.

A scorching sun poured down from a hazy sky, and the many vessels in sight began to take on strange shapes. The hull of one would seem to lift itself high above the water, while that of another would disappear as if below the surface. The sails would appear to contract or to lengthen, now stretching upward on towering masts, now shrinking on shortened spars; each form constantly changing as the bent lines of light came to us through the distorting medium of the hot air. The mirage — or loom, as the sailors call it — now suddenly brought the almost invisible island of Nantucket boldly into view, and then, again, suddenly let it sink from sight. It was all very curious and novel to us. The tide being now in our favor, with all our kites set, we were trying to work along to the north-westward to the singular-looking tower called the Bishop and Clerk, which stands on the half-uncovered reef of the same name; but it was the middle of the afternoon before we got abreast of it.

Hot puffs of air now began to reach us from off the land, and a general murkiness prevailed. We determined to try to get into Hyannis, and so kept on toward the large red bell-buoy, now solemnly sounding as it swayed in the sea. About two miles away a stretch of breakwater made a sheltered harbor.

"Was that thunder?" suddenly asked Helen; but there was no need for a reply, for, from a heavy black cloud now rising fast, we saw a vivid flash of lightning fall.

"Is that rain or wind?" asked the doctor of the captain, who had long been watching the weather.

"Both, I think. I hardly know whether we shall catch it before we get inside, but I think it will be as well to clew up our topsails and take in our balloon-jib," said the captain, as he went below and got his oil-clothes, then looked about to see that all was snug and in order on the deck. One man began to lay out some anchor chain, ready to let it run when needed.

"We might as well lower our flies," said the doctor. "They will only whip out in the wind."

Meanwhile Mrs. Bell had picked up the

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wraps lying on the deck-house, and the steward was screwing up the side-lights in the cabin.

"I don't like to take a squall here," muttered the captain. "There isn't sea-room enough."

The air grew rapidly thicker and darker, and little puffs of wind came now from one direction, then another. We took in all but our three lower sails. "I guess we will try to get in," said the captain. "Those vessels yonder are still carrying all sail." But as we looked we saw them suddenly stagger, and then lay away down as the first heavy blast struck them.

"Down the foresail! Stand by the main-sheet!" shouted Captain Blake.

"Everybody in the cabin!" called Doctor Bell, and we hastened to obey. The captain put on his tarpaulin, and carefully took his compass-bearings. The cloud looked grandly terrible. It came rolling over and over, headlong upon us, and the rain under it was like a dark wall on the water, which itself took on an inky hue. On came the wind, and as the first strong blast struck us our vessel quivered in every part. Her masts bent and cracked. The wind howled in the rigging. "Lower the peak!" cried the captain, and the vessel eased herself somewhat, though she still rushed through the sea, which now was lashed by the wind.

Shut down in the cabin, we could hear the orders above the pounding of the rain or the crashing of the thunder, and we could hear the hasty foot-falls on the deck. Dick crept into his berth and drew the curtains. The girls covered their faces, and were white with terror.

"We shall be lost," moaned Helen, by whose side the Yale man sat, regarding her with mute pity. I felt as if I should stifle, and rose and pushed open the doors in the companion-way. A dash of water greeted me, but I looked out. We were heeled down in an alarming degree.

"I can't help it," said the captain. "I must not let her up here," and he firmly held the wheel. Through the pouring rain I saw a great black mass of rock near by, past which we rushed, and then all in an instant, as it seemed, the vessel was brought around head into the wind, and righted herself, while the jib was let go, and then we heard the anchor-chain noisily running out of the hawse-hole.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Mabel. "I knew we should hit something."

"What nonsense!" said the colonel. "The anchor is the only part that has hit anything."

We were, indeed, safe behind the breakwater. The squall had struck us in a way to drive us along as we wished, and now, with plenty of scope to our anchor, we could and did ride out the tempest with comfort and safety.

In an hour all was again quiet, and the declining sun shone brightly on the retreating cloud, where a glorious rainbow was painted.

A pleasant evening followed the rain, but the wind had raised quite a sea, and we made no effort to go ashore till the next day. Finding the town pleasant, we spent two days here, taking some long drives; and the third, with a prosperous easterly wind, we left Hyannis, and, repassing the bell-buoy, sailed directly for the Succonesset light-ship, — a curious-looking craft, with its hull painted like a checker-board, in alternate red and buff squares, and its own long name in big letters over all, — by which we sailed so closely that we spoke easily with the light-keepers, and even threw over to them a big bundle of newspapers that we had accumulated on board.

About nine miles more in a southerly way brought us to the harbor and old town of Edgartown, where we lay another night. We were greatly pleased with this fine village, which stands as quietly among its trees as if it had never heard of its crowded, bustling neighbor, Cottage City. The one suggests age and repose as much as the other does youth and activity; but seen at a little distance, and from the sea, nothing could be more picturesque than these oak bluffs, with the endless variety of cottages, large and small, vine-hung among the oak groves. As we left Edgartown we came up along the shore in front of the bluff, and then around the East Chop into Vineyard Sound, intending to enter Vineyard Haven; but the sailing was so fine that we decided to keep on as far as the highlands of Gay Head, and then, having traversed the entire length of the Nantucket and Vineyard Sounds, to return, and after delaying at Tarpaulin Cove return to the Haven for the next night.

These sounds, through which so many vessels pass daily, several hundred being sometimes in sight at once, are admirably lighted and buoyed; and it would seem that, except for the presence of fog or a snow-storm, they should always be crossed with safety; but this is far from the case. Ves-

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sels are not infrequently run directly upon some one of the many shoals, and in beating, collisions often occur, so great is the carelessness of the masters. What the navigation of the shoals must have been before government located all these marks we can hardly imagine, but we know that the almost sole reliance then was that now-too-much-neglected article, the sounding-line; for in winter, not only these many buoys, but even the light vessels themselves, are sometimes carried from their proper places by drifting masses of ice, and so cannot be blindly depended upon; of course the amount of obstructing ice varies with the winters, some years there being hardly any, while in others it opposes an almost constant barrier. Indeed, in the winter of '75 the sound was closed entirely for about six weeks. Then, too, among these many shoals the tidal currents run very strong, and set in a very bewildering way, although the entire rise of the tide is only from two to four feet.

From Gay Head we could easily see the Vineyard Sound light vessel off the Sow and Pigs reef, indicating the other side of the westerly entrance of the sound, and we marvelled that men could be found willing to live in such places as these light-ships; for, indeed, so strangely careless are some coasters that these very vessels are occasionally run into, thus needlessly adding to the unavoidable dangers incident to the sea.

On Gay Head stands a conspicuous light tower, another of the few first-order lights alongshore; and yet here, as we all well remember, on a clear night, with several other lights in full view, the City of Columbus was run directly on to the ragged outlying rocks and lost,—another sad illustration of the carelessness of some masters of vessels.

"How many first-order lights are there alongshore?" asked Dick.

"Not many," said the captain; "off the New England coast there are only eight; or rather nine, for there are two together on Cape Ann. Then there is one at Seguin, off the mouth of the Kennebec, the Highland light, and this at Gay Head. Beside, there is one on Block Island, one at Montauk Point, and two on the seaward side of Long Island,—one of them at Shinnecock Bay, and the other at Fire Island. All of these lights can be seen at a distance of twenty miles."

Coming about at Gay Head, we sailed back through the sound, between the green fields of the Vineyard and the wooded, but desolate, shores of the islands on the other side separating us from Buzzard's Bay, to Tarpaulin Cove, where we entered, and, letting go only one jib, dropped anchor to wait while we all went ashore for a walk. Here we found a welcome from the light-keeper, who told us much about the island called Nanshou, upon which we were. It is almost wholly the property of Mr. Forbes, of Boston, who keeps it for a hunting-preserve, many native wild deer still living on the island. This seemed very romantic to us, but the keeper quite destroyed the illusion by telling us that these deer are a great plague to the farmer, who has his solitary house near by. He told us that they were so fond of potatoes that they would destroy his entire crop, if he had not found that by chaining his dog in the middle of the potato-field, the poor, cold, homesick animal would bark and howl so dreadfully to get loose that he frightened off the deer. He said that one could frequently see them in the moonlight, kicking at the potato-hills.

Such conduct on the part of the deer seemed to us very reprehensible and unpoetic, and we tried to fancy Landseer painting a group of these monarchs of the glen digging potatoes. The idea was so absurd that, on the whole, we regretted that the keeper had enlightened us as to the habits of the animals. We should have preferred a pleasing ignorance.

Back of the keeper's dwelling we had to cross a wonderful growth of what we decided to be rose mallows, hundreds of whose large red blossoms were open to the sun, — to us a very remarkable sight.

Again leaving this pleasant cove we crossed to the Vineyard shore, and entered the Haven, the favorite resort of the coasting fleet. Here, in this deep indentation, several hundred vessels at a time sometimes find a refuge in stormy periods; but as it is open and unprotected to the north, it is sometimes a very uneasy anchorage, and vessels often drag their anchors and pull back on each other, and occasionally go high and dry ashore. In the morning we visited the village, and drove over to Cottage City, and then, returning, lingered about an old wreck, which some fierce tempest had stranded here. The day was hot, and finding the sea water comfortable the girls took off their shoes and stockings, and waded and paddled about, while the gentlemen all went to the village to negotiate for a vehicle to take us over

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the island to Gay Head. Throughout the trip, each day brought its own fill of new experiences and scenes! It seemed to us all as if we had opened some other world, this life was so unlike that we had left behind us. And, as we returned at last to our yacht, we congratulated ourselves that our cruise was as yet only well begun, and that we were still to pass several more weeks in the waters beyond.

Sarah Leslie.

A RUN IN RHODE ISLAND.

THE run described in the following pages was made by two students, — one a member of the class of '84, at the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, and the other a member of the class of '84, of Brown University.

Both had spent their vacation at the most beautiful of all places in which to spend a vacation, — Newport. Together they had frequented the famous Cliff walk; together they had sailed the blue waters of Narragansett Bay, and made an occasional dash out into the broad Atlantic; together, indeed, they had tasted all those pleasures which have attracted to Newport the wealth and fashion of both worlds; and, more than all, had together rolled their wheels over the fair island of Aquidneck, in every direction. Now along Bellevue avenue, bordered on either side, for two miles, with fine residences. Now into the country, ever varying in aspect, where the ancient windmills and old farm-houses contrast strangely with the modern pinnacled and gilded cottages. Now to Paradise, and to the Hanging Rocks, under the shadow of which Bishop Berkeley was wont to sit while he was writing the "Minute Philosopher." Now around the Ocean Drive, which stretches for seven miles along the rocky shores of the Atlantic ocean.

All these pleasures had been enjoyed; but the summer had passed rapidly, and the opening days of September saw the writer installed again at college, with a year of hard work before him, and a train of happy memories behind, to dwell upon, which boded ill for the pursuit of erudition. The weather was still more beautiful than before, if possible, and psychology and similar burdens weighed heavily, while an occasional letter from Mr. Goff, the naval cadet, rendered college labors anything but fascinating. Resolved, therefore, to have one more outing before the fine weather was gone, the writer invited his friend to come to Providence the following Saturday morning, by the early morning steamboat, in order that together they might ride from Providence to Newport.

Saturday morning came, and with it Mr. Sigourny Goff, the naval cadet, from Newport. After despatching a valise by express, and after taking a short whirl on the campus, to work the oil well into the bearings, we turned our backs on Mater Brown and the groups of admiring Freshmen, and headed our horses towards East Providence.

Once off the campus we were about to coast to India bridge, when the advice of Karl Kron, to drink anything and everything (Nota benissime, while riding) was remembered, and we dismounted at the first corner for refreshments.

The next start was successful, and we were in a few minutes whirling across India bridge, having coasted the major part of the distance, though the flocks of young Celts, who utilize the streets for a playground, rendering coasting a dangerous performance. Much to our disgust we were compelled to dismount and wait for a string of coal-barges to be towed through the draw, on the way to Pawtucket, three miles higher up the Seekonk.

If we had not been impatient to mount, the view from this bridge would have seemed charming. Both sides of the river abound in trees and shrubbery, which cover its gradually ascending banks. To the north the river, widening into a broad lake, sweeps with a graceful curve towards Pawtucket, while to the south, uniting with the Blackstone, the two soon expand into the Providence river. Also, an object of historical interest near the bridge might have assisted us to endure the delay occasioned by the opening of the bridge. A few hundred feet north of India bridge, on the Providence side of the Seekonk, enclosed within an iron fence, is a heap of rocks on the spot where Roger Williams

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first landed as he came an exile from the Massachusetts Bay colony.

But now the tow-boat has dragged its weary length of barges through the bridge, and we lose no time in crossing. Winding to the left for a short distance, on a concrete sidewalk, we then bear off sharply to the right and begin the ascent of a hill something like a mile in length, but which is ridable the entire distance, except after rains. After climbing the hill we continued east until about two miles distant from the bridge, where our road crossed another running north and south. Straight ahead our road would bring us to Taunton, distant sixteen miles. To the left and north Pawtucket is five miles distant, while to the south and right Warren is distant eight miles.

Accordingly, we turn square to the right, and find ourselves travelling along a ridge, distant some two miles from the shore of the Providence river, and bordered on both sides by an occasional farm-house, but chiefly by what appears to be suburban residences. Behind us the city of Providence, resembling, in at least one respect, the city of Romulus, affords a fine view stretched out on her seven hills; but the river is only seen occasionally, being obscured by trees along the road and by ridges in the land. We ride on this ridge for three miles. The first thing to attract attention was a tremendous din, resembling a chorus of boozy politicians, but which proved to be a couple of strolling Italians, who were singing for a trained bear to dance, while they displayed his gracefulness and agility to the delighted gaze of the entire household of a large nunnery and female seminary. Just below this place we pass a rustic carriage-gate, bearing the words "Silver Spring" on it in large letters. This is the entrance to a famous "shore" resort situated on the east side of the river three miles below Providence. A gap in the trees, and a slope of the land, show to us the dining-halls of Silver Spring, and near by, on a small island, connected with the shore by a bridge, is the seat of the Squantum Club, known as Squantum.

Rhode Island is famous for clam-bakes, but among all, the dinners of the Squantum Club have the highest reputation. This club is composed of wealthy Providence citizens, whose object is to provide for themselves the ideal clam-bake. The bakes are served periodically at Squantum during warm weather. To partake of one of the Squantum Club's bivalvular banquets is an eternal felicity; so that when, in the summer of 1882, President Arthur was being monopolized at the other end of the State, the citizens of Providence could conceive of no more urgent motive by which to secure the honor of a visit from his excellency than an invitation to a clam-bake, under the hospitality of the Squantum Club. Opposite Squantum, on the west shore of the Providence river, is the town of Pawtucket. A short distance below this town is what was originally known as Narragansett Point, but what is now called Gaspee Point, in commemoration of an event which took place there, — an event of which the citizens of Providence may even be justly proud, namely, the destruction of the British schooner "Gaspee."

The "Gaspee" was stationed in Narragansett Bay to prevent smuggling; but, by waylaying and detaining vessels on all kinds of excuses, she had become a pest to the whole State. June 10, 1772, a packet-boat left Newport for Providence, without craving permission from the commander of the "Gaspee;" and accordingly the "Gaspee" chased the packet more than twenty miles up the river. When off Narragansett Point the "Gaspee," drawing more water than the packet, ran hard and fast aground. During the night she was boarded by a *posse* of patriots, and after seizing the whole ship's company, they burned the "Gaspee" to the water's edge, This was a year and a half before the "Boston Tea Party," and instead of merchantmen, the Rhode Island patriots had a fully armed war vessel to attack.

Turning our backs on the river we strike inland, bearing alternately east and south, following the road to Barrington, and until we reached Warren, the next town beyond Barrington, the road was very good. About four miles before reaching Barrington we were reminded of the "True Story of Captain Hardrider's Five-mile Run." [See WHEELMAN, Vol. II., page 139.] While passing a farm-house, a large dog, the breed of which was not ascertained, but which would pass very well for a full-blooded cyclone, rushed down upon us and began a series of leaps for our legs. The writer prides himself on having completed a rigorous course in logic, but in this instance it was evident that the dog, although he had abandoned his original premises, and was leaving them at a speed fast approaching to twenty

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miles an hour, could argue down an entire college faculty, unless provided with shotguns. The dog maintained his pace courageously, when, rounding a curve, we compensated for our spurt with a hearty laugh. Recent rains had left a broad puddle on the road, with only a narrow path at one edge. This the canine didn't notice, and while the wheels shot by on the path, he suddenly found himself a very much disgusted and a very wet animal. From this time until we reach Warren the road is made of crushed oyster-shells, and is very fine riding, being hard, smooth, and with little dust. Crossing the Barrington bridge we roll through the town at a smart pace, being desirous of arriving in Bristol for dinner. Therefore we passed directly through Barrington, although its broad shaded main thoroughfare, and the celebrated old Watson house, invited inspection. But he who has tamed the steel horse must rival Methuselah if he would see all that his steed makes accessible to him. And so passing on a mile, we rode directly through the town of Warren, although there is much to interest the wheelman here also. Warren, formerly an Indian village, received its present name in honor of Sir Peter Warren, who participated in the attack on Louisburg and Cape Breton Island, in 1745. Formerly a fleet of thirty whalers sailed from Warren; but now the chief industry is the manufacture of cotton cloth. About two miles south of Warren the roads, which had thus far been entirely ridable, and often very smooth and hard, became abominable. A hill a mile long, and deep with sand, made us wish heartily that we had reinforced our energy with a good dinner at Warren; but after pedalling and wading about a mile, the road became again good, and we completed the distance into Bristol with a spurt that called down upon us curses both loud and deep from two wagoners whose horses had taken to their heels when lashed for looking at our machines while passing.

After a detour among the streets of Bristol we succeeded in finding the ——— Hotel, and were informed by the proprietor, who was lounging on the piazza, that dinner was then being served. This was the place we long had sought, and oft had found it not, and we dismounted with those visions of edibles rising up before us which only the bicycler's appetite can inspire.

Having registered in the apartment which served both for an office and for a lavatory, we withdraw to the dining-room to realize our appetizing visions. But out of respect to the reader who has experienced those delightful sensations common to the wheelman as he enters the refreshingly cool dining-room of the well-appointed hotel after a stiff straightaway on the road, lest his recollections of such moments be turned into disgust, we will draw a curtain across the door of the dining-room of the ——— Hotel; suffice it to say, we came out wiser, sadder, and disgusted men, and that the name of the ——— Hotel is to be put on the wheelman's black-list, in very large letters.

Bristol is two miles from the end of a peninsula formed on the east by Mount Hope Bay and on the west by Narragansett Bay and Bristol harbor. In order to get on to the island of Rhode Island, on which Newport is situated, twelve miles south of its entrance we were obliged to cross Mount Hope Bay. Instead of going to Bristol, as we did, the wheelman may, at Warren, bear to the east, and go through Fall River. Crossing Mt. Hope Bay, on the Slade's Ferry bridge, he may ride south through Fall River and Tiverton, crossing the Seaconnet river over the "Stone" bridge, to Rhode Island. But as this would be at least five miles farther, with the last two additional miles at "Ferry Neck" on Rhode Island, through very deep sand, we decided to go through Bristol.

After mounting in Bristol, we had gone only a quarter of a mile when one of our cranks worked loose; and, as the key was already screwed home, we decided to stop at the machine-shops of the Herrishoff Company. The company do no "outside" work, but a messenger was despatched to the residence of Mr. Lewis Herrishoff, who came over, and personally attended to the needed repairs. The kindness of Mr. Herrishoff was partly explained when he showed us his stable of three tricycles, two singles, and a sociable, and expressed a legitimate wheelman's enthusiasm for his wheels. The Herrishoffs are shipbuilders. Their establishment consists of a ship-yard and a large machine-shop, as they build both sailing and steam craft. By combining lightness of construction with correct lines, in their sailing-craft, and in addition to these factors, by use of their own machinery in their steamers, the Herrishoffs are able to produce remarkably swift boats. It was a Herrishoff boat that

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beat the famous Scoth cutter "Madge," which, during the summer of '81, wrought havoc with our American boats. The "Lightning," a torpedo boat attached to the United States torpedo station at Newport, has attained a speed of upwards of twenty-one miles an hour. But the latest achievement of the Herrishoffs was in August last, when the "100" steamed past Jay Gould's "Atalanta" off New York.

After the refractory crank was made fast we sought a way of crossing Mount Hope Bay. Mr. Goff, true to his naval instincts, advised the chartering of a row-boat, a number of which we found at one of the wharves; but as the distance from the wharf to the Rhode Island side of Bristol ferry is nearly three miles, and as it appeared that two fifty-six-inch bicycles, two men, and somebody to bring the boat back, would make a comfortable load for two such boats, this plan was not adopted. The more feasible plan of hiring a man to sail us across, failed for want of a man and of a boat.

Accordingly we resolved to ride down two miles to the extremity of the peninsula, and trust to luck. The road was down-grade, and, letting our machines run, we enjoyed the prospect spread out before us.

Behind us, on the further side of Mount Hope Bay, Fall River rises up abruptly from the water's edge, dotted with cotton-mills whose lofty chimneys are delicately outlined against the blue background. Mount Hope lay on the left and Narragansett Bay on the right, uniting at the foot of the hill we are now descending, and stretch away to the south as far as the eye can reach, while just opposite, to the east, is Common Fence Point, the northern extremity of Rhode Island. The blaze of the mid-day sun was past. The soft haze which encircled the horizon blending the blue of sky and water, and the darker hue of green imparted to the distant fields and groves, combined with the cloudless heavens above, made one of those beautiful scenes which nature ever graciously displays to the appreciating wheelman. The road continually becomes steeper, with here and there a rut or a patch of sand, and the prudent wheelman will keep his wheel well in hand on the side of this hill. The road runs quite down to the water's edge, terminating on the beach near the Bristol light-house.

Before the days of railroads travel from Newport to Providence was in stages. Leaving the Newport stage at the Rhode Island side of Bristol Ferry, the traveller crossed to the Bristol side on the old ferry-boat, and completed his journey in stages from Providence, which were in waiting. Long since the old ferry has died out with the stage-coaches, but we found the keeper of the light to be an accommodating man, and willing to row us across in his boat.

As we rode on to the beach our ears were saluted by the familiar note of the calliope, and we were soon shaking hands with two of our Newport friends, who were riding home to Newport from the Springfield meet. While they were narrating to us the festivities of their stay at Springfield, the light-house-keeper appeared, and proceeded, after launching his boat, to row our friends across the ferry, assuring us he would return immediately to row us over.

By no means unwilling to rest we stacked wheels, and stretching ourselves out on the warm sand, with a tumble-down stone wall for a pillow, proceeded to enjoy the prospect. In the distance, toward Fall River, was a large sloop-yacht barely holding her own against the ebb tide though with every thread of canvas set, and so still was the air that the laughter and conversation of the party on her deck were easily audible. As we thus lay on our backs, with our caps screening our eyes, the water and neighboring shore seemed gradually to sink into the distance, until the rich green of meadow and hill became transformed into a frame of velvet encircling the sparkling bay with its islands as it were landscape on nature's easel. The breeze continued to fan us and the water to ripple on the pebbly beach, and we were fain to quote

"My willing soul," etc.,

when the grating of a keel on the beach and the voice of the light-keeper aroused us, and we were surprised to find we had been building air-castles for more than an hour. We soon had our wheels and our bodies packed into the boat, and in twenty minutes we were landed on the island of Rhode Island.

Near the landing is the Bristol Ferry House, — a commodious hotel, well patronized in the summer and fall by people who seek seclusion and good accommodations. Lingering long enough to learn that our friends had departed, after lunching at the hotel, we mounted and toiled up a steep hill abounding in sand, ruts, and stones. Soon after reaching the top of the

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hill, instead of continuing straight south, we took a cross-road to the right, and after following it for about a mile again turned south into the "West" road. Immediately on turning into the cross-road the wheeling became better, and the road is ridable from here into Newport, with the exception of two hills five and six miles distant from Newport. The improvement in the road was appreciated, and we settled down to a lively pace.

The country through which we were now passing, namely, the town of Portsmouth, which comprises the northern half of the island, was the scene of that struggle of the Revolution known as the Battle of Rhode Island, where, with a loss of two hundred by the Americans, the British lost over a thousand. The road on which the British marched out from Newport, the cross-road, — now called Union street, — where the Twenty-second Regiment of the British divided and received a tremendous fire from the concealed Americans, who rushed in between the two divisions, and Quaker Hill and Butts Hill, the two strongholds of the British, all are easily found; but as we should have been obliged to travel on the "East" road to see these places we allowed sand and hills to overcome our patriotic zeal, and we sped along the west side of the island on a good road.

About five miles from Newport we pass the "Prescott place." This is a house which takes its name from Gen. Prescott, the commander of the British forces, who made this house his headquarters while the British were in possession of the island. During the night of July 9, 1777, Col. Barton landed, on the shore opposite Prescott's headquarters, and with some thirty men, seized General Prescott, together with his aid-de-camp, and, hurrying down to his boats, rowed across the bay to Warwick, passing so close to the British man-of-war "Somerset," as she lay off Prescott's headquarters, that the "All's-well" of the watch was distinctly heard.

The five remaining miles are soon travelled. Gradually the sun sinks into the west, and the rising moon dispels the deepening gloom; now we pass the "two-mile corner"; now the Major Bull estate. Crossing the line from Middletown into Newport we shoot ahead on to a perfectly macadamized road, and our run is ended. We had not made quick time, but, with the exception of those at the —— Hotel, every minute of the ride had been enjoyed.

H. P.

A HOMEWARD CRUISE.

"GOOD-BY, my dear fellow! I hope to see you at the Thousand Islands next summer." These were the parting words of the ex-commodore of the American Canoe Association, at the northern end of Clear Lake, as he shook hands with each member of the party of eight that had decided to cruise — a portion of the way at least — to their distant homes over the line. You remember that day, don't you, Mohicans? You were in Peterboro', and had the Springfield and Saratoga men with you. Don't you recollect you camped that night in the graveyard, five miles below the city? The Knickerbockers won't soon forget it, I know, for it was the day that they spent most of in Camp 4-11-44. The lady members of that camp say it was a "red letter" day for them. The New York Canoe Club men were enjoying themselves at the restaurant in the city of Belleville. How strange it seems that nearly all the Americans who came home *via* Belleville happened to stop at the Queen's restaurant! Possibly that sweet face and those bright eyes had something to do with it. Well, it was a lively breeze that carried us in a short time through the lake and to the lock at Young's Point, and the quiet paddle under the shade of the overhanging branches of spruce, pine, and hard-woods, down to the wharf at Lakefield, was one long to be remembered.

This party had decided not to undertake the run down the river to Peterboro', as their canoes were too heavily laden to be easily portaged over the many dams between the two points. As there was to be no train to Peterboro' until the morning, the canoes were carted to the depot platform, in readiness for loading into the box-car on the morrow. The pleasant village of Lakefield was thoroughly explored during the evening, and many times was the quiet of its streets broken by the choruses of camp-fire songs. "Good-by! we will see you at the Thousand Islands next summer," was the farewell from the

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many friends who had assembled at the depot next morning to see us off. Each man guarding his own canoe in the box-car, we were rapidly whirled along to Peterboro', — that Mecca of canoeists, — the club and private signals flying from masts and spars held out of the car doors. A good dinner and the purchase of stores and jerseys consumed the greater part of the day, and it was not until 3 o'clock that the fleet was once more launched on the bosom of the Otonaber. The little fleet was convoyed as far as the lock by four "Peterboro's," each with a double crew. Here took place the last handshake and the final good-by with those jolly, hospitable brethren of the Knife-blade, and away we went with a fair current, following the sinuous course of this beautiful Canadian river. Now stopping to have a chat with the hardy log-drivers, and then away to dodge that big beast of a log that says, "I am heavier than you; get out of the way or I will crush you," until when, in the vicinity of Hale's bridge, the skipper of the "Red Rover" hails the fleet-captain with the intelligence that he is tired, and prays for an order to camp. Soon the details for milk and eggs have set off, while the alternate of each mess prepares the evening meal. But one tent is pitched and occupied by two of the party, the others deciding to follow the example of the Indian, who simply rolls himself in his blanket, with his feet to the fire, and — fights mosquitoes. When the voice of the captain arouses the camp, the hands of his watch point to 5.30. At once all is bustle, as but one hour has been allowed for breakfast and packing. All night hundreds of logs had been passing the camp, making it a sure thing that we were to have some hard work in order to pass them ere we reached the mouth of the river; and, sure enough, here they are at Hale's bridge, marshalled across the river, completely blocking up the stream.

It is slow work, but sure, to shove in among and force them apart, the canoes following in one serpentine line, — the "Aurora" ahead, followed closely by the "Souvenir" and "Guess," when her skipper announces his victory over the logs by a shout, and a hearty laugh at several of his companions, who had shoved their canoes into the thick grass, and got stuck in the mud, in order to avoid the logs. Now a fair breeze strikes us, and soon the surface of the river is dotted by the white sails of fairy craft, as we go skimming along, meeting a "Peterboro'," who informs us that we must take the right-hand channel in order to pass the boom of logs. A short search reveals the twenty-inch aperture between the ends of the booms, and away we go, flanked on either side by the tall, reed-like grass. The welcome hail of "Canoe ahoy!" is answered by a shout, and we find ourselves abreast of the camp of the Mohicans, at the mouth of the river. After a short chat with these braves of Albany, we speed merrily on our way, out into the rippling surface of Rice Lake, the beauties of which the poet and painter have portrayed.

Just as the sun was declining behind the western hills, the little fleet was drawn upon the shale beach of Sheep Island, where a comfortable camp was made for the night. On the following morning the sun greeted us with a promise of a fair day, and by 7 o'clock tents were struck, canoes packed, and we were off, heading for the little hamlet of Harwood, where we once again meet several members of the Stony Lake Camp. Bidding adieus to the skippers of the "Souvenir" and "Guess," who here take the train for Coburg, we stroll about, laying in stores, etc., until the train starts out, when we wave a farewell to our fellow *voyageurs*, with a cheer and a tiger, and then betake ourselves to our canoes, and prepare for a three-mile paddle against a strong head-wind. At midday we land on a bright green sward, for lunch. A drift for a couple of hours, during which one, at least, of the skippers indulges in a snooze, to be awakened by a blow on the head by the swinging boom Now, close-hauled, we speed on over the constantly ruffling surface of the lake and through the long wild rice, until an inviting shore, at the entrance to the river "Trent," reminds us that we must make a snug camp for the night, as the lowering clouds threaten rain before morning. With the dawn all indications of rain have disappeared, and while we are cooking breakfast a train of cars passes on the opposite shore, and we are told that we are within one mile of the depot at Hastings. In order to avoid the rapids between Hastings and Belleville we must make a portage, by rail, — and the train now passing is the one we should board in order to reach Belleville before night. This train leaves Hastings at 8.40. It is now 7.30. Can we break camp, paddle the one mile, and

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load the canoes in one hour? Try it. Had the members of this party displayed such skill in paddling at the Stony Lake races, the report of the regatta committee would have read differently. The captain springs ashore, accosting the gentlemanly agent and the conductor of the train with the intelligence that we will load the canoes and dunnage in ten minutes, if he will wait. Heartily the train-men lend a hand to carry the canoes the short distance to the box-car waiting at the depot platform. Eight minutes only are consumed in this work, and the train is off with a delay of but four minutes, and we are rattling along towards Belleville. At each stop of the train much interest is manifested by the loungers in the American canoes and their captains.

Belleville is reached in a down-pour of rain, and as we cannot get the canoes down to the pier before 4 o'clock, we start out in search of a hotel, for dinner. Making inquiry of a gentleman at the post-office for a good hotel we are informed that the ——— Hotel is the "fashionable" house, but the "prices are high. Now, there is the Queen's; that is a second-class house. I guess that will suit you best." Thanking our informant, we proceeded to the "fashionable" house, where we were looked upon with some suspicion as to our cleanliness; but when it was known that we were from the Stony Lake Camp, we were at once shown to the wash-room, and thence to the dining-room, where we enjoyed an excellent meal.

The rain having ceased, it required but a short time in which to replenish our stock of provisions and find our little craft on the pier. Here business made another draft on our numbers, and we were obliged to part with the skippers of the "Hawkeye" and "Tamenund," who proceeded to Kingston by rail, while the cruisers paddled to a point about two miles north of the city, and went into a rainy camp. "Let the poet and man of sentiment talk of the glories of the camp-fire, but for comfort on such a night as this, give me the little alcohol stove, on which a cup of tea and an omelet are made beneath the shelter of the tent." One day we are held in camp, wind bound, although the skipper of the only St. Paul in the fleet begs that we break camp and push on against the almost gale from the north. How long this skipper would have kept dry in his craft those who have had experience with the model can fancy. This is the day appointed for the autumn regatta of the Bay of Quinté Yacht Club, and although we could see the yachts as they came up to the starting-point, and hear the signal-gun, we were too far distant to have a view of the race; and the air and water were too cool to warrant us in taking a ducking in order to witness the finish. The day following, as we bowled along on this beautiful Bay of Quinté, one of the cutters bore down on and passed us, with her beautiful white sails filled out, and the clear waters parting before her bow, as she plunged along before the increasing breeze as though a thing of life. Ah! how we enjoyed our sail to-day along this bright and rich country! stopping here to examine the wreck of the "Pearl of Kingston," running across to that point to get a nearer view of that quaint stone ruin, etc., until we descry a favorable spot for lunch, which is a cold one, as we have no time to lose, but must make all we can of the freshening breeze that is now rolling up the water, until the surface of the bay is whitened with the flying spray.

A delightful run of six miles in the rolling seas brings us to the picturesque town of Deseronto, where the shore is lined with the mills and towering lumber piles of the Rathbun Lumber Co. The remembrance of the pleasant drive about town, the interesting visit to the extensive saw-mills, and the delightful evening spent with the Messrs. Rathbun, will always remain fresh in the minds of the skippers of this fleet. The captain of the "Sea Gull" decides to paddle on to some remote farm-house, where he has an engagement with a fair one, while the balance of the party elect to shorten the cruise by taking steamer to Clayton, where they "ran foul" of the captains of the "Marion" and "Fiordalice," whom we had parted with at Harwood some days before. After comparing notes and indulging in a quiet cigar, we again separate, and while the "Nettie," "Red Rover," and "Aurora" go flying down the rapid current of the St. Lawrence with all sail set, the captains of the two Albany craft wave a parting signal from the platform of the car that is bearing them rapidly to their homes. After a short stop at Thousand Island park, the great Methodist camp-grounds, we go quietly down-stream, with now scarcely wind enough to give us steerage-way, until an inviting bay decides us to camp on Wellesley Island, where we spent the following day and night, and received

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a call from our old Loma Island acquaintance, Frank Taylor, of Harper's staff. Breaking camp in the early morning, we drift along with the current, under the rays of a not uncomfortably warm September sun, stopping at Alexandria Bay to avail ourselves of mail privileges, when we hoist all sail, and are soon overtaken by a brisk breeze from the north and west, before which we make the eastern shore of the bay, where lunch is taken, and once again we go shooting out on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, whose rough surface now reminds one of New York Bay, with a strong wind blowing against an almost equally strong tide. The "Aurora," carrying more ballast in the shape of stores, and a greater spread of canvas, soon leaves her two companions of the Stella Maris model sailing affectionately side by side. Thick clouds now roll up from the south-west, and are soon followed by black squalls, one of which strikes the "Aurora," shooting her ahead on the crest of a huge green sea, from which she comes down with a thud that causes her to shiver from stem to stern and carries away the crotch of the main-boom, and the sail goes over to the starboard, while the mizzen throws her head into the wind, but too late to escape that monster with a white cap that comes roaring and foaming square athwart ship, soaking the crew, but doing no harm to the stores, thanks to rubber bags and water-tight cans.

The dock at Oak Point is within a few rods, and affords shelter until repairs are made, sail shortened, and the balance of the fleet close up. The wind now comes in a succession of black squalls, while the hissing water is white by contrast to the leaden clouds, and flies far up on the sail. The "Aurora" is forced to put in a reef, the "Nettie" takes off sail altogether, while "Red Rover" manfully holds on until he is seen in dangerous proximity to a bunch of rocks, apparently helpless, and drifting with the wind and current.

The "Aurora" heads up to him, and learns that his sheet has been torn from his hand by the force of the wind, paddle and hatch blown from their fastenings and gone adrift, leaving him at the mercy of the clements and rocks. A friendly island near by affords shelter, while "Red Rover," with a borrowed paddle, recovers his own, but is forced to relinquish all hope of again seeing his hatch. The rain now comes down with fierce gusts of wind, driving us to the shelter of the hurriedly pitched tents, where we are held close prisoners during a night of inky darkness, and are lulled to sleep by the wash of the waters on the rock-bound shores of our little island. A quiet paddle in the morning takes us by the town of Rockport, where we receive a pleasant salute from a steamer loaded with a party of lacrosse players. On we go, with a very strong current now, keeping close under the high, rocky bluff on the Canada shore, until we are within seven miles of Ogdensburg, when we spread all sail, and catch the north wind, which is now blowing a stiff breeze, and lay a course diagonally across the river. As we gain the main channel, we find ourselves in a lump of a sea. The pilot of a steamer going up river shook his head and pointed towards the shore, as one of us ran closely under the steamer's bow, and took a "lump all-aboard." Little do these rivermen know of the delights of a stiff breeze and a wet jacket to a canoeist. Three o'clock sees us performing acrobatic feats, as we attempt to land on a lee shore at the wharf of the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad. In a few minutes wet clothes have been exchanged for dry ones, and we have loaded the canoes and dunnage into the baggage car of the 4-o'clock train, which whirls us across country one hundred and fifteen miles, to Rouse's Point, by 8 o'clook. A gale, which the towing steamers did not attempt to breast, held us wind-bound for thirty-six hours before we could launch on the waters of historic Lake Champlain.

At Point-au-Fer the west wind comes out of the deep bay with a violence that decides us to carry small sails, and away we go across the wide stretch of water, between Isle La Motte and the mouth of the Champlain river, while the fierce gusts of wind cause the "Red Rover" a narrow escape from wetting her skipper's jersey, notwithstanding she is carrying but two small "dandies." It was just south of Iaxis Landing that we cooked dinner, and spread ourselves out to dry on the sun-heated rocks. It was a pleasant run we had that afternoon, now skirting the main shore, and then cutting across some deep bay, to find ourselves at sunset making camp under the rays of Cumberland Head light. The vacation of the "Nettie's" captain expires in two days, deciding him to make a portage by rail to New York, and at Plattsburg he bids adieu to the two

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remaining members of the party that left Stony Lake eight strong.

A run of fifteen miles brings the two voyagers to Port Kent, where the canoes are left, while their skippers make a pedestrian trip of six miles to the wild and weird Ausable Chasm, one of nature's greatest wonders. The night is passed at the little hotel on the lake shore. The hours of the now lengthening evening were pleasantly passed comparing notes with two brethren of the paddle from Boston. In the morning our friends head their canoes to the north, on a trip to and down the St. Lawrence, while we board the steamer "Vermont," in order to keep an engagement on Lake George, and are landed at Fort Ticonderoga at noon. A favoring breeze, light, but sufficient, carries us up the creek to the village of Ticonderoga, where a portage of one and three-quarter miles is made to Sacred Lake, one hundred and forty-three feet above Lake Champlain. The heavy clouds, which have all the afternoon been threatening rain, now drop lower and open their floodgates, soaking all things unprotected by water-proofs, while we are pitching the tent on Black Point, and preparing for the wild night that followed. Whew! how it did blow the next morning, as we ran for Friend's Point, and we were forcibly reminded of our experience on the St. Lawrence and Champlain, as we crossed Hague Bay, in "the heaviest blow of the season" — the "Red Rover" being filled, and "Aurora" rendered almost unmanageable by the amount of water she had shipped. The sight of Vicar's Island, with its comfortable cabin and handy stove, was hailed with delight, and here the last night of the cruise was spent. In the early morning, as we paddled under the shadows of Black Mountain, we could see the marks of Jack Frost's silent visit of the previous night. Indeed, it did not need this token, as our aching fingers bore testimony to his presence. A fifteen-mile paddle brought us, at 1 o'clock, to the landing on Soma Island, from which the "Aurora" had set sail on her cruise of three thousand eight hundred miles, to and along the Gulf of Mexico, the season before. A hurriedly cooked dinner is quickly disposed of, and the distance of five miles to Caldwell is passed over, and the train bears us southward towards our homes ere the sun has set on this lovely September day.

Charles A. Neide.

IN MAIDEN SCORN.

RONDO.

In maiden scorn, a year ago,
Her lips had lisped a waspish *No!*
But Cupid shook his dimpled wing,
And whispered, "Do not heed the sting;
The honeyed lips would woo thee so."

At sunset, where the zephyrs blow
The apple-blooms in flakes of snow,
She watched a bright star twinkling low,
In maiden scorn.

We lingered in the twilight glow,
And Cupid twanged his tiny bow,
An arrow hurtled from the string,
And close to mine lay quivering
A heart that beats no more, I know,
In maiden scorn.

Harold Van Santvoord.

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THE SHAYBACKS IN CAMP.

PART I.

"MEMPHREMAGOG," said the principal of a New York grammar school, "that is in Maine, isn't it?"

Mr. Shayback smiled a tender geographical rebuke. Glimpses of latitude and longitude flashed in mild commiseration from his eyes. Think not, erring one, that all the "quoddies," "gogs," "wippis," and "bagoes," are in Maine. Maine, to be sure, is one of the most dropsical places in the United States, judging from the amount of lake-water it holds in its geographical body, and it is peppered all over with unpronounceable names; but it is not the only place where the Indian tongue has wrought its ravages. If you consult the Koran you will find that the Scriptural Gog and Magog are north of the Caucasus; and if you as religiously consult a map of the United States you will find that the unscriptural Memphremagog is in the northern part of Vermont; that it is, indeed, a sheet of water hanging over the international boundary line, one-third of it dripping into the United States, and the other two-thirds into Canada. If you subject this word to the tortures of philological inquisition, the meaning it confesses is "beautiful water." Whether the etymology is truthful, I have no means of knowing; but there are so many Indian words meaning "beautiful water," that suspicion would naturally be aroused if this one meant anything else. And if, in the vicissitudes of language, "beautiful water" should get detached from any other scenery, whether in the Trosachs, the Alps, or the Sierra Nevadas, and should seek a new location, I do not know where these words could more truthfully settle their significance than on the name of Memphremagog.

It is seven years since the Shaybacks first made a raid upon an island in the Canadian portion of that lake, violently wrested it from the dominion of the queen, and, after camping two nights in dolorous discomfort in the brakes and bushes of its solitude, finally discovered and took possession of an ideal camping-place on the main shore. Many years before that time the first settlers on the eastern shore of Lake Memphremagog had landed at this very point, and slept there the first night of their sojourn, from which fact it has received the prosaic name of "Bedroom Point." But the landing of the Shaybacks on this charming little peninsula had all



THE SHAYBACKS IN CAMP.

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the zest of fresh discovery. History had repeated itself, and has continued to repeat itself ever since: for the Shaybacks migrate to Memphremagog in the middle of August as naturally as the birds of that lovely region fly south at the approach of winter. So subtle is the charm which this sheet of water and its surrounding mountains weave over the lover of nature, that it is difficult to break it, after you have once come under its spell. For two or three years past the Shaybacks have vainly tried to go somewhere else, but have not been finally able to make up their minds to drink their summer pleasure from another cup. Mr. Shayback explains it on scientific principles. The magnetic pole, he asserts, is not located at Boothia Felix, but in the vicinity of Memphremagog. And, as the Shaybacks have a considerable quantity of iron in their constitutions, they invariably point towards the north.

It is not easy to analyze all the currents of influence which produce this state of attraction. You cannot catalogue the beauty of a landscape any more than you can catalogue the beauty of a poem by naming the words it contains. Emerson's "Each and All" is the true exposition of the fascination of natural beauty. The beauty of Memphremagog is not of the commonplace sort; it is not a mawkish platitude of soft and effeminate outlines. Its beauty is incisive, vigorous, robust. Its features are distinct, salient, characteristic. Here is a sheet of water thirty-five miles long, and from one to four miles wide. It cannot claim, like Winnipiseogee, a wealth of island jewelry, but the brooch and studs it wears are enough to adorn without destroying the unity of its shining bosom. Its shores are heavily wooded, and for the most part bold and rugged, but at times gently subsiding into sloping beaches. Owl's Head is the special mountain guardian of the "beautiful water" that nestles at its base.

It rises swiftly from the lake for nearly three thousand feet. It is a hairy giant, a mountain Esau, covered with a heavy growth of forest from base to peak. To only one mountain in Lower Canada does it yield preëminence, and that is Mt. Oxford, which rises grandly to the north about six miles from the foot of the lake. Oxford is but three hundred feet higher; but this is enough to earn for it the title of the highest mountain in Lower Canada. Its head is as bald as that of Elisha, except when some soft, fleecy cloud kindly settles like a nightcap on its crown. Little Oxford is rooted not far away from the paternal mountain. And all around them are grouped children of a younger and less ambitious generation. Still another bold and striking figure forms a part of the montanic community which holds the lake in its cup. Elephantis does not belie its name. Viewed from the eastern shore of the lake, where the Shaybacks camp, it is an almost perfect outline of a sitting elephant, its trunk stretched out on the ground before it. We almost wonder that the Great Showman has not tried to capture it for his menagerie. This is the only elephant, perhaps, that his gold could not move.

Back of Elephantis the sky line is serrated, curved, and broken by numerous hills and mountains, which would be famous if dropped out on a Western prairie, but which in Canada, where mountains are cheap, have not received the honor of a name. Far to the south of Owl's Head, Jay Peak pierces the sky. Mt. Hor and Mt. Willoughby stand like a pair of twins holding a water-bucket, and a charming bucket is Lake Willoughby between them. Once, on a remarkably clear day, from the pilot-house of the "Lady of the Lake," I was able to see the top of Mount Washington blending with the sky.

This is the setting of Memphremagog, — a setting of which it may well be proud. The head of the lake rests in Vermont, its feet and its two broad arms lie in Canada. Nestling peacefully in the lap of the mountains it is a sleeping beauty. Torn by winds and storms it is maniacal in its fury. It is a lake of many moods: amiable, placid, serene, rippling with breezy smiles, or frenzied by tumultuous passion. Its scenery is picturesque, its sunsets gorgeous, and among its negative virtues we may mention the absence of fogs, mosquitoes, and black flies.

One element in the charm of Memphremagog is the general aspect of wildness which still reigns on its shores. There are a few tasteful villas on the eastern side and a hotel at the base of Owl's Head; but between Newport and Magog, which lie at the extremities of the lake, there is but one little village on the eastern side, and none on the western. There is a sense of solitude which civilization has not yet exorcised. The "Lady of the Lake," the "Memphremagog," the "Mountain Maid," and occasionally the "Newport," plough the clear water in front of the

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Shaybacks' camp, but the sound of the locomotive whistle is not heard. The mournful, lonely cry of the loon, breaking into a hysterical laugh hardly less plaintive than its wail, is a familiar note. Nature, not art, rules at Memphremagog, and Mr. Shayback believes that the only way one can fairly enter into sympathy with it here is through the medium of a life without conventionality, conforming to the simplicity of nature, and partaking of its wild, luxurious freedom; in other words, through the medium of camp-life. To worship at this shrine one needs to take the shoes from off his feet. Mr. Shayback accordingly goes barefooted half the time.

There are two or three methods of camping-out. One of them is known as "roughing it." It represents the minimum of comfort and the maximum of privation. The writer has fully tested its novelties, exhilarations, and discomforts. To bivouac under the cotton-wood trees — on a rapid cavalry march, with a McClellan saddle for a pillow, a rubber blanket for a mattress, an overcoat for a bed-cover — is a luxurious state of privation, which becomes commonplace only when it becomes monotonous. To go twenty-four hours without water; to camp where there is no wood to cook your meals: to fill a blank in your existence for several days with hardtack and bacon; to sleep on the deck of an upper Missouri steamer in a snow-storm; to endure pelting rain and howling winds, have become familiar experiences. A singular ambition exists among amateur campers to emulate these distresses of the professional. The proud heroism of the boy-camper exhibits itself in an utter disdain for the comforts which are within his reach. The fewer conveniences he has the more sublime seems his self-denial. Only when his abstinence has risen to its full height — which is usually the height of the ridiculous — can he descend again to the level of ordinary mortals. The Shaybacks have long-since passed by the heroic stage of camp-life. They have discovered the happy medium between the enervating luxuries of a highly-wrought civilization and the rude asperities of savage life. The sybaritic camper is an offence to them on the one hand; and the barbaric camper, on the other. To use an expression in use among Western campers, which expresses the ideal of thorough preparation, the Shaybacks always go "well heeled." Their object is to get the most comfort consistent with the most freedom; to get the most healthful enjoyment at the cheapest rates.

Adam was the first camper-out. He found, as many a modern camper has done, that it is not good to live alone, even in Eden. The mere duplication of male society would not remove the sense of want. Eve was essential to the completeness of the Edenic camp. It was the serpent which was superfluous. The Shaybacks have long since accepted the ideal of Genesis. They have chosen an Eden for their camp-ground, and have always maintained that every Adamic member should be neutralized by an Eve. Little Cain and Abel are taken along too, on condition that they will not club each other; and their sisters accompany them. But the sinuous serpent is not considered an element of felicity, and when, last summer, a young daughter of Eve in our camp suddenly found a serpent in her tent, far from being charmed by its guileful persuasions, she seized her little brother in her arms, and, though barely able to carry him, heroically removed him from the scene of temptation, and summoned the destroying angel.

It was written in the book of Beginnings to start with, and the Shaybacks write it yearly in the book of Continuations, that the best camp is the family camp. A purely masculine camp is generally like its camp-biscuit, an over-done or half-baked affair. And the purely feminine camp is a concentration of sweetmeats, like a mince-pie without any crust. A judicious proportion of children is another necessary element. A camp baby is a delightful luxury; but it should be past the gristly stage, able to waddle like a duck, to talk broken English, to find its mouth with a spoon, to laugh when it bruises the stones with its head, to serve as ballast in a row-boat, to sport like a little nymph at its daily bath, and to sleep twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Such a little joker is the best camp trump. Little Miss Shayback is eleven years old. She has spent a month of the summer in this way for the last eight years. I am sure there would be a miniature salt-water lake in each eye if told that she must spend the next summer at some fashionable hotel instead of in her tent on the wooded shores of Memphremagog. There are many families in moderate circumstances who are puzzled every year to know how to spend the summer vacation to the best advantage. Let two or three such families join together and camp on the coöperative plan, and, if properly

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organized, they will be loath to turn again to the tame insipidity of hotel or boarding-house life. All that is necessary to make such a venture successful is the faculty of knowing how. The Shaybacks have no copyright on their method, and freely offer the benefit of their experience.

The size of the party will usually vary in inverse proportion to the square of the distance. The Shaybacks have found that a party of a dozen is large enough, though they have never entertained a superstition against sitting down to a table of thirteen. At their last year's camp six of the number were children.

In the next place they have always had a definite plan to begin with. An individual camper may start off without knowing where he is going to bring up; but, for a family camp, especially when children are along, it is important to have the destination fixed with as much definiteness as possible. Another essential for a good family camp is that it should be a permanent one for the season. With a party of tourists there is a certain novelty in adopting the nomadic habit of camping in a new place every night, but this generally involves too much labor, and is too precarious for a family party. If a good site can be found it is better to stick to it, to make it as comfortable as possible, and to use it as the point from which radiating excursions can be made. The Shaybacks once thought it desirable to have a new camp every summer, and many campers prefer this plan. But, having found an ideal camping ground on Memphremagog, they discovered that a certain home feeling was developed the first year; that it grew into an affectionate attachment the second year, and that each succeeding experience enhanced the pleasure of the association. It is a great advantage to know before you set out on your trip just what you are going to have when you reach your destination. When a new camping-ground is to be found, unless the locality is very familiar, a scout or explorer should be sent in advance of the party, that the site may be selected and transportation secured. Another advantage of camping two or three years in or near the same place is that the heaviest and bulkiest of the camp kit may be stored somewhere near the grounds, and yearly transportations avoided. Those who adopt the nomadic plan of camping are obliged to go as light-armed as possible. [The writer once camped for four months on the Plains, making a new camp almost every night, and nearly all his worldly goods, except the clothes he had on, and a few little conveniences in a valise, were packed in an oat-bag or rolled up in his blankets. Only that which is absolutely essential should be taken on such an expedition. The writer remembers, however, that although officers and men were limited to twenty-five pounds of baggage each, yet one zealous lieutenant managed to smuggle along a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Why this volume was taken out on a campaign against the Indians I have never been able to discover. It is not a convenient missile; the Indians are opposed to the spelling reform on principle; logomachy had not then become a social game. The motive for this strange selection must be left to the charity of the reader. In a permanent camp, although one may not indulge in such "unabridged" luxuries, a wider range of comforts is permitted.]

"Good heavens! what luggage!" said a Canadian woman, as she saw the Shaybacks' effects piled up on the landing. It was, indeed, a motley array of bedding, boxes, bags, and bundles; such as one may see at Castle Garden with a party of newly arrived emigrants, and were we not emigrants on Canadian soil? It is not a well-ordered barrel, or a symmetrical box, which awakens suspicions of vagrancy. It is the roll of bedding tied up in a piece of old carpet, and heavily corded, the oat-bag filled with tent-pins, or some plethoric, shapeless bundle, a little out at the elbows, which creates the suspicion that the owner has just graduated from the poor-house, and has embarked for some new domain of pauperism. In later years the Shaybacks, to save transportation, have adopted the plan suggested of storing most of their tents, cooking utensils and camp-fixtures in the little village of Georgeville, about a mile and half from their camp-ground. Notwithstanding this the amount of personal material to be transported each year for the party of twelve is considerable, and Mr. Shayback found last summer, when the train moved off from the Lowell depot, that he had nineteen brass checks in his pocket. At this number the supply of checks gave out, and a piece of chalk was used for the rest of the baggage. Other important articles for the camp commissary are shipped by freight a few days in advance of the departure. Arriving at Newport, Vermont, these various articles are collected on board of the "Lady of the

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Lake," and after a night's rest at the Memphremagog House, the Shaybacks steam for Georgeville, eighteen miles away. Here the articles stored are gathered together on the wharf — and a formidable pile they present. A great barge or scow, like a Mississippi flat-boat, propelled by long sweeps, is procured, and all the things are piled in with tumultuous disorder. The campers gleefully tumble in also to fill up the chinks. The row-boats are taken in tow behind, and the great barge moves off with as much gravity as Noah's Ark, which it greatly resembles, except that it has not a house on top. When it showers, therefore, as it occasionally does just after the barge is pushed off, the Noachians cover themselves with waterproofs and tarpaulins and hide their diminished heads under the protection of the tents which are spread over the chattels.

Although the Shaybacks come from a foreign country there are no commissioners of emigration to set a price on their heads, and the only formality which marks this transit from the great Republic to the great Dominion is the inspection of the customs, which is more a matter of etiquette than of personal or official curiosity. Noah's ark moves slowly into the little bay, and finally grounds its broad prow upon the sand. A census taken on the spot would show that there were four families and a baker's dozen of souls added to the population of Canada; namely, seven adults and six children. An inventory of the cargo in the barge, as declared on Mr. Shayback's manifesto, reads surprisingly like one of Mr. Walt Whitman's poems. Six tents: one 9½ × 6½ feet; one 8½ × 9½; one 12 × 18; one 10 × 12. These serve as camp dormitories; a capacious tent, 12 × 14, is used as a parlor and general rendezvous, while a small one, 7 × 7, is dedicated to the kitchen. Four fair-sized trunks and six valises contain articles of wearing apparel. For the ladies there are short flannel dresses with warm jackets, heavy shawls, broad-brimmed hats, rubber circulars, coats and shoes, bathing-dresses, shoe-bags, hoods, flannel wrappers to sleep in, and the usual assortment of curling-sticks, hair-pins, mirrors, and ribbons, which make up the incidental but most essential features of a lady's outfit. For the gentlemen there are overcoats, both woollen and rubber, and enough old clothing to stock a Chatham-street dealer. Nothing contributes more to the freedom of camp life than to be clad in raiment which is beyond redemption, and therefore beyond the possibility of spoiling. At the close of the season there are always fishermen who can utilize the disreputable vestiges which are left. Furthermore, there are huge bundles of blankets and half a dozen hammers; an axe, three hatchets, two saws, a spade, a hammer, nails, spikes, screws, gimlets, a brace and bits, a full set of tin plates, cups and saucers,



A TEN-POUNDER.

plated knives, forks, and spoons; empty ticks for bedding to be filled with straw at the barn; two barrels of pots and kettles, three cots, two lanterns, a supply of rope of various sizes, a kerosene stove, oven, double-boiler, and tea-kettle, a barrel of kerosene-oil, and, among the instruments of torture, a violin, flute, and cornet. Many of these effects represent the accumulation of several years, and illustrate one advantage of camping in the same place.

The Shaybacks always make liberal provision for the camp cuisine. The fear of famine does not haunt them. The packages of merchandise sent by freight contain a supply of provisions, the bill of

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which lies before me, and which may be suggestive to other excursionists. It contains such items as tea, coffee, canned tongue, dried apples, canned pears, apricots, cherries, berries, tomatoes, peaches, raspberries, pineapples, sardines, sugar, oatmeal, rye, graham meal, raisins, prunes, currants, dates, walnuts, soap, sapolio, barley, cracked wheat, tapioca, rice, saleratus, isinglass, sea-moss, salt, macaroni, chocolate, oil, olives, candles, yeast powder, corn starch, matches, ship bread, oatmeal biscuit, and pilot bread. The quantities of those articles are judiciously determined by the size of the party and its gastronomic reputation. Necessities not included in this invoice can usually be found in the vicinage of the camp. Here is a great aquarium thirty miles long in front of our tent-doors, with a constant supply of perch, and a somewhat inconstant supply of lake trout and other fish. The butcher from Stanstead makes a bi-weekly trip to Georgeville, bringing good beef and the best of Canadian mutton. Milk, eggs, butter, potatoes, and other vegetables can be obtained at the farm-house less than half a mile away. There is a great sugar orchard almost within a stone's throw from the camp, and our summer life is daily sweetened by its product. Sixteen miles east, over some of the steepest hills that a horse ever climbed, there is an old-fashioned farm-house. With telescopic eyes the inmates see the Shaybacks coming weeks ahead, and as David, in Hebraic times, carried parched corn, loaves, and cheeses to his brethren in camp, so Joseph the Muscular invariably visits his Shayback cousins with loaves of graham bread, a bag of apples, a can of maple syrup, a mould of butter, and numerous other goodies, including some contraband doughnuts ripened in his mother's kitchen.

A generous camp-larder will repair a good many deficiencies, but it will not atone for a poor camp-site. The Shaybacks think that the several requisites for a good camp-ground are realized in their old camp at Bedroom Point, and their new one at Bullock's Bay. At the former, the tents were placed in the bottom of a U-shaped wall of cedar, pine, and hemlock, which protected them from northerly and southerly winds, and left a beautiful vista opening upon the water. The shores of the lake abound with drift-wood, and the groves contain an abundance of dried cones and dead limbs, which furnish fagot-gatherers with a plentiful harvest. Only one who has camped upon the Plains without a stick of wood or even a buffalo chip to cook a meal, can appreciate the luxury of camping where wood seems to be as abundant as earth or water. In the immediate vicinity of the camp-ground there are no less than twelve varieties of trees. Cedar, birch, hemlock, maple, pine, and spruce abound, some of which fill an important part in the constructive processes of camp-life. The water of the lake is soft and pure, excellent for cooking and washing. The little babbling brook which sings in the storm and is quiet in the sunshine, and the clear, cold spring within a few rods of the kitchen-tent, furnish a constant supply of ice-cold water on draught. In Camp Merriman a beautiful little cove slopes into the lake, and makes an excellent place for bathing; but the principal charm of the spot was the shady peninsula, running out into the lake, where the Shaybacks might swing in their hammocks, catch the soft summer breezes, and watch the clouds that float over the head of Oxford. When the farm upon which they had camped for five years finally changed hands, and the shore-front was put to other uses, the Shaybacks had to move but half a mile to find another site, lacking some of the characteristic features of the first one, but possessing compensating advantages. The beach was not so smooth or sandy, but the spring was more convenient. We missed the point for our hammocks, but a great, towering, forest-crowned cliff reared its battlements against the north-west wind. And there was a grassy, open park, so well protected by a thick wall of trees, that no rude storm, however violent, could disturb the trustful composure of our tents. We were also nearer to Georgeville, and nearer to Farmer Bigelow's milk fountains, that irrigated our oatmeal pudding every morning, and diluted our chocolate at night.

The habitual camper soon becomes, by education, a very fair topographical engineer. He knows a good camp-ground when he sees it. He must have an eye for a beautiful situation, but, knowing the inexorable round of camp duty, he will not overlook considerations of practical convenience. It takes the pilgrim Shaybacks, after they have landed with the heterogeneous baggage, but a short time to determine where their tent shall be placed. The ladies have the first choice, and invariably display a remarkable intelligence in making it. The slope of the ground,

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the outlook, convenience to the kitchen and the shore, relations to the picturesque and the symmetrical, as well as the important question of adequate shelter, — all assist in determining the location of the tents. Military regularity is not required. The kitchen-tent is not far from the shore, and the dining-tent not far from the kitchen. Having once had to make a round trip of half a mile for every pail of water, when camping on the Penobscot, Mr. Shayback recognizes the advantages of having the camp-fire near a good supply of fresh water.

These canvas houses are to be the pilgrim's shelter for four weeks; it is worth while, therefore, to put them up properly to begin with. It speaks well for the engineering operation of the Shaybacks that in the course of seven years' camping they have never had a tent blown down. There have been times when such an exigency has seemed very probable. Against a north or south wind Camp Merriman was well protected; but when a tornado west by south swept over the lake, rolling great billows on the shore, and roaring through the trees like a legion of demons, the tent-poles bent and swayed; there was an immense flapping of canvas, and on two occasions the whole camp sallied forth from their tents, at 4 o'clock in the morning, to witness the grandeur of the storm, and to hang on for a time to the guy-ropes. Eternal vigilance is the price of an upright tent. Every night before going to bed it is important to heed the injunction of Isaiah, to "lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes." Mr. Shayback never retires for the night without a lantern, an axe, and a sledge-hammer within easy reach in case of need, and it not infrequently happens that he is obliged to go forth at midnight, in undress uniform, to pound some recreant tent-pin or tighten a loose fly. In their first camp on the Penobscot the ladies who occupied a tent adjacent to Mr. Shayback's thought it a necessary precaution at night to have a rope pass underneath the tents, one end of which lay within their reach, the other being attached to Mr. Shayback's arm. Necessity never required the use of this danger signal, but attempts were made on more than one occasion to haul Mr. Shayback from under the canvas by means of it. The amount of giggling heard in the next tent showed that the motive was certainly not alarm.

Each tent is provided with a tent-fly which furnishes a second roof, keeps off rain, and renders them cooler. To keep out dampness the tents are all floored. Lumber for this purpose is stored from year to year in the barn at the farm-house, and when a new supply is needed, it is brought on the "Lady," from Newport. The six tents are put up in remarkably short time. In the work of settling there are no spectators. Every one takes hold. The first day is usually a hard one. The muscles are unused to exertion, but they are quickened by an active and unflagging enthusiasm. In the work of flooring the tents the mechanical capabilities of women are beautifully illustrated. Mrs. Shayback and Arline established on the Penobscot the precedent of cutting, fitting, and laying down their own tent-floors. They and their associates have ever since kept up this practice. Owing to the inequalities of the ground it is not always an easy matter to lay a level floor, but there are plenty of stones to shore them up, and it is only by some special grace of feminine resignation that the male members are permitted to carry them. The facility with which Mrs. Shayback will use a saw and hammer, a screw-driver, a brace and bit, and other useful tools, is only equalled by the ease and promptness with which she can get a meal for a dozen hungry campers.

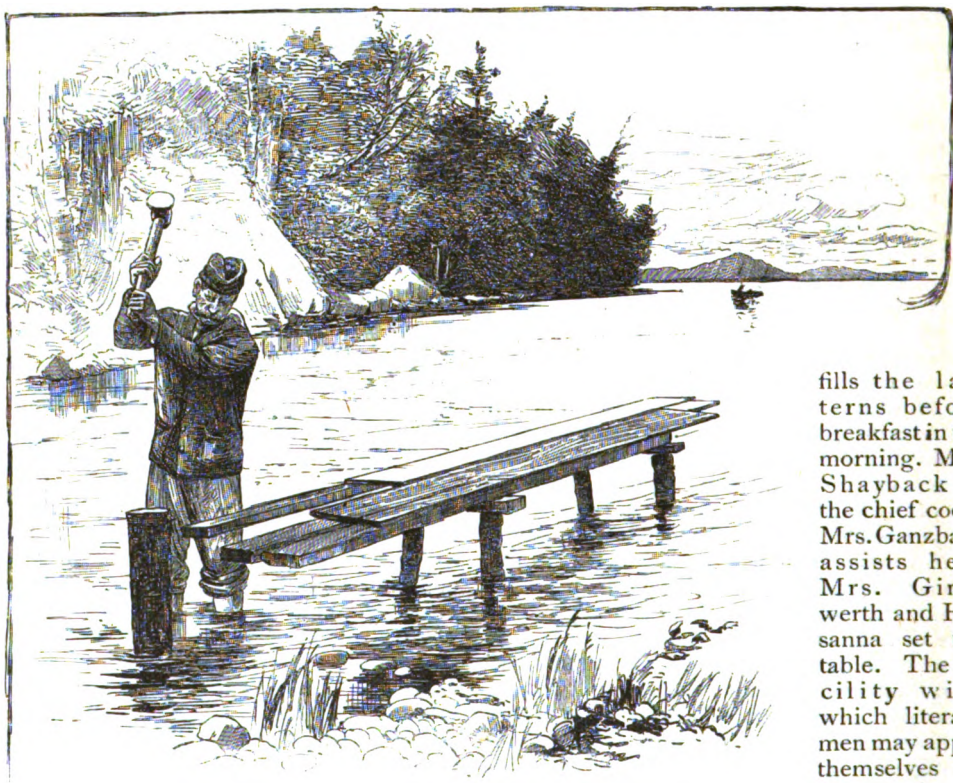
Ticks for bedding are filled with straw at the farm-house. Some of the campers use cots. Those who wish a luxurious couch make a box six feet long and about four feet wide; this is filled with spruce boughs, and the well-filled tick is laid upon it.

On the second day a large dining-room table is built, either under the shade of the trees in the grove, or under a tent-fly. Skids are made to draw up the boats; a spigot is put in the kerosene-oil barrel; the hammocks are put up; fish-lines rigged; and various shelves and tables are made around the kitchen tent, usually by Mrs. Shayback. The camp-ground is then cleaned up. The lumber left over is piled neatly up behind the tents. Hardly a day passes but a piece of it is wanted for some new purpose. The ladies take much pride in the decoration and arrangement of the interior of their tents. They are cosey and comfortable. It would not be difficult for the casual observer to tell the sex of the occupants from the taste displayed in ornamenting them. Mr. Shayback has one standing charge against the feminine pil-

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grims: they insist in making up their beds too early in the morning. No male member of the Shayback party thinks of making his bed till the afternoon has come.

It takes three or four days to get well settled, and then Mr. Shayback and his male associates apply themselves with intelligence and vigor to the construction of the camp wharf. The trees are cut in the forest and sawed to the desired length of piles. A calm day is chosen for the work in the water. Clad in his bathing suit, Mr. Shayback, with a huge mallet, drives the piles into the yielding sand. Cross pieces of joist are placed upon them, and over these boards are nailed, and the little wharf when made is found to pay for the labor in saving boats from wear and their occupants not a few wet feet.



BUILDING A WHARF

"But how do you spend your time after you are settled?" is the question which the pilgrims are often asked.

In reply, we may say that time is shorter at Memphremagog than at any other place. *Ennui* is unheard of. There is a daily round of camp duties which must be performed. Six o'clock in the morning usually finds the camp stirring. The kerosene stove is lighted, the water is put on for the oatmeal. An old-fashioned camp-fire is also built near the kitchen tent. Wood must be brought and chopped. Water must be drawn from the lake for cooking purposes. The milk is brought by Lisel from the farm-house. Mr. Ganzback is the presiding genius of the kerosene barrel, and, like a wise virgin, always fills the lanterns before breakfast in the morning. Mrs. Shayback is the chief cook. Mrs. Ganzback assists her. Mrs. Gingwerth and Hosanna set the table. The facility with which literary men may apply themselves to the task of wiping dishes is shown when the meal is over. After breakfast a trip is usually made to Georgeville for the mail, and to secure needful provisions. The duties of the camp are considered to be synonymous with its recreations. This may not be always the case, but it is pleasing to look at it in that way. It is difficult to say under which classification fishing would always come, but this forms an important part of camp occupation. The navy, at present, consists of three serviceable boats, the "Hippogriff," the "Garfield," and the "Achilles," the latter

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named in honor of its builder, presumably a descendant from the Homeric hero who has put off his ancient armor, laid down his pictured shield, and is now the best boat-builder on the lake. The three boats convey the entire camp party when necessary. The children are allowed the use of the boats within the limits of the bay, the only restriction being that they shall not go out in them unless there is one boat with oars left on the shore. The children prove often to be the best fishers in the party. It is generally not difficult to catch within an hour enough perch for a fry or a good mess of chowder. To the gentlemen falls the lot of dressing them. This is a domain of male occupation which feminine industry has not yet invaded. At noon the campers indulge in the luxury of a bath. The gradual slope of the beach makes it a suitable place to learn to swim, and the children are daily given lessons in this useful and enjoyable art. Dinner is laid about 2 o'clock. It is the gastronomic event of the day. The remainder of the afternoon is spent in rowing, fishing, walking, reading, taking photographs (Mrs. Shayback being the artist), writing letters to friends, swinging in the hammock, or snoozing in the tents. In August, when the Shaybacks camp, the sun sets before 7 o'clock. A cup of chocolate and a few oatmeal crackers are considered enough for the evening meal. The boats are drawn up and fastened for the night, the lamps lighted in the tents, the children are put to bed. An hour is devoted to games or reading, and generally by half-past 8, seldom later than 9, the Shaybacks have retired to that measure of rest which tired muscles and a good conscience afford.

The daily routine of camp life is varied by occasional excursions to new regions. Sometimes the Shaybacks hire a team and make a raid upon the enterprising town of Stanstead, never forgetting to visit the old farm-house on the hill that overlooks the plain. A family ticket on the "Lady" furnishes the whole party a trip to Newport or Magog when they desire it, and there is the great puffing, asthmatic, lumbering "Memphremagog," which crosses the lake once or twice a day from Georgeville to a little landing on the opposite shore, when it is not tempted by more lucrative business. Directly facing the camp, on the opposite shore of the lake, is a bold promontory known as Gibraltar. Some eight or ten years ago a company of capitalists from Montreal conceived the idea of building a large hotel on this point, in hopes that it would attract tourists from Montreal. Twenty or thirty small cottages were erected in the immediate vicinity of the hotel. The hotel was lathed, when the company burst like a bubble. The house and grounds were afterwards sold at a great sacrifice. The building with its shining tower still adorns the cliff, and once or twice a year the pilgrims make a trip to the site of its desolation.

The occupants of the Shaybacks are essentially aquatic, but now and then a large wagon or a two-horse team is engaged for a drive through the Canadian woods to Magog or Massawippi. From eight to ten miles a day is generally made with the oars. Mr. Shayback has a record of twenty, and Mr. Pod of twenty-two. In six days the latter gentleman has rowed a hundred miles; and has made the whole length of the lake, from Newport to Magog, thirty miles, in twenty-four hours.

Georgeville, the nearest village to camp, and the only one between it and Newport, twenty miles away, is a little Canadian hamlet containing about one hundred inhabitants, possessing two churches, a school, a post-office, an enterprising, well-kept hotel of modest dimensions, and two blacksmith shops. Georgeville is one of the calmest, most self-possessed towns in Canada. A single wire and a daily mail-bag keep it in communication with the outside world. Being within two hours' sail of the United States, it has an international interest in the great events which occur on both sides of the line. But no breezes of intelligence from any direction ever disturb the perfect serenity of its peace. In the course of several years' acquaintance I have never known Georgeville to exhibit a state of excitement save on two occasions. Once when Lord Dufferin, in 1878, stopped for a few minutes at the village; the other, when it was rumored that a certain little steam-yacht was sinking. Georgeville enjoys the distinction of possessing a little world of its own. The people are hospitable, generous, and obliging to the last degree. The simplicity of the town has not been perverted. The supreme deliberation of its inhabitants is sometimes exasperating to a nervous American, but it is exactly the sedative he needs. Soon he catches the influence of its soporific spirit, and takes an hour to do a job or an errand which he could do comfortably in thirty minutes.

The two daily events in the life of the

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hamlet are the arrival of the steamboat twice a day, with the latest intelligence from the United States, and the less eventful entrance of the mail-bag, which comes twice a day by wagon. For the satisfaction of the State Department at Washington (which already contains much of Mr. Shayback's handwriting) I am happy to communicate, that in the several years of their stay on the lake shore the Shaybacks have never suffered from any intrusion whatever, and every courtesy and kindness has been extended by the natives to these transient immigrants.

S. J. Barrows.

[To be continued.]

AN UNLUCKY TRIP.

Some time since, while lazily bicycling along one of the higher streets in the city of Montreal, and puzzling my poor brains as to the way in which I should spend my annual two weeks' vacation, I resolved to follow, on my bicycle, the north shore of the St. Lawrence as far as the old town of Three Rivers, and then go back to the north about forty miles, and enjoy a few days of trout-fishing and bear-shooting.

The distance between the two towns is about ninety miles, but the roads are abominably rough, or else your wheel sinks inches into the yielding and blinding sand. The trip is not an enjoyable one for a bicycler on this account, though the route is very beautiful, passing through small French villages and winding by magnificent elms and maples, with the noble St. Lawrence ever in sight. For the person who has never visited the rural parts of the Province of Quebec there is no more interesting trip, more especially if the tourist is at all acquainted with the French language; and, notwithstanding all that has been said by would-be critics and drawing-room linguists, the *patois* of the French Canadian is far more easily understood than the jargon of the Parisian in the same condition of life. I have spoken with both a good deal, and speak from experience.

The only village of any importance to be met with on the way down is Berthier, and that hardly deserves to be so spoken of. There may be seen a chapel built by the Seigneur Cuthbert, in the year 1786, and usually acknowledged to be the oldest Protestant place of worship in the Province of Quebec. In this village I passed the night at a comfortable, though small, so-called hotel, the charges being extremely moderate, and the politeness and attention excessive. After abreakfast of boiled eggs and fresh milk I went onward in excellent spirits and without any mishap or unpleasant occurrence, and taking my dinner at Louisville, a few miles distant from the far-famed St. Leon springs, I arrived at the ancient town of Three Rivers in the cool of the evening, and put up at the St. James Hotel for the night. The river is narrow opposite the town, and from the "Boulevarde" (a beautiful promenade walk of plank and asphalt) exquisite views of river scenery can be had. Here is where the dark and turbid waters of the St. Maurice river, coming from the north, mingle with the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, and the confluence is marked or divided by two islands which form three channels, thus leading the old discoverers of "La Nouvelle France" to surmise that *three* rivers entered the St. Lawrence at this point. The town is built on a huge natural mound of sand and is infested with the "wicked flea," and I left early the next morning to proceed on my journey northward. Successive ridges are to be met with, upon which scrub-pine are struggling for a bare existence, the ridges growing more and more sterile as we proceed northward till we reach the bare rocks and precipitous cliffs of the Laurentides.

These are said by geologists to be the oldest land in existence; and marks and evidences which it is difficult to attribute to other causes than the drifting of icebergs, or the long-continued onward march of a half-submerged glacier, abound everywhere. The face of the cliffs is scarred; boulders of many tons' weight lie in impossible places; and mounds of drift-gravel, showing the action of water, are to be found on all sides.

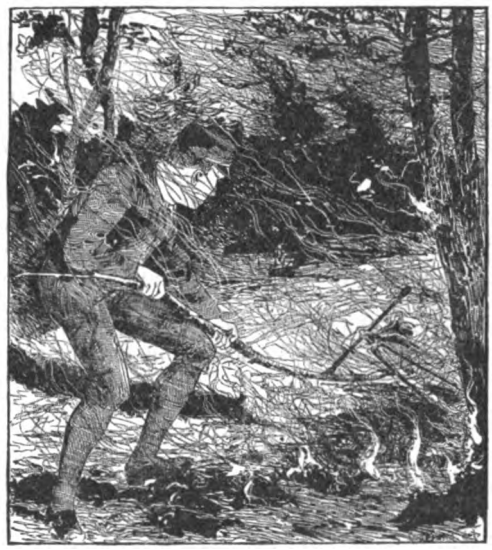
But I am anticipating a little too rapidly. Leaving Three Rivers about six in the

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morning, I wheeled on about a dozen miles, till I reached a place called "The Forges." Here are to be seen old iron forges, not now in use, with the most curious of blast-furnaces for smelting the bog-ore, once found in great quantities hereabouts, but now almost completely exhausted, thereby naturally stopping the forges. The castings formerly made here were justly celebrated, as they were manufactured by the use of charcoal, thus giving iron of a superior quality. Iron was first smelted here on October 15, 1737,—the first smelting ever done in Canada. Past these old and dilapidated forges a clear, crystalline trout brook quickly ripples, making sweet music, as if in joy that its pure waters are no more employed to carry off the mill refuse. Situated in a valley, from which the hillsides rise very abruptly, these forges form a most charming and exquisite *coup d'œil*, and would make a most excellent subject for a water-color. After inspecting the buildings, and smoking a pipe of mild tobacco, I proceeded on my journey with a great deal of difficulty, as the hills and ascents became very frequent, and the road very rough. At, or rather behind, the top of a somewhat high ridge in front of me I perceived a cloud of heavy smoke, and naturally imagined it to be some *habitants* (as the French Canadian farmers are called) clearing land, and, making an extra effort, I pushed on rapidly to gain the top of the ridge, which having been effected, I gave a loud halloo to inform the workers of a new arrival. No answer came but the soughing of the wind and the crackling of the branches before the fiery blast. It was at once evident to me that the woods were on fire, and beyond the immediate control of man; it had probably caught, from some "smudge" or camp-fire, and was rapidly spreading.

Huge, dense volumes of smoke were drifting to the westward, while up the tall spruces and elegant, spire-like larches the fiery tongues leaped in frantic rage. The whole heavens seemed to be on fire, from the brilliant illumination of the destructive blaze. Loud explosions occurred every few moments as the great heat rent the boulders in twain, and pieces of the granite cliffs chipped off with a report like a pistol-shot. The fire had nearly burnt itself out on one side of the road on which I had to pass, but the intensity of the heat was yet too great to permit me to think of dashing through. There was no other alternative than to wait. And most impatiently I did it; but I did not wait long enough.

Taking a quick start, and putting on all speed, I made a brave and impetuous dash; the road was almost hidden by ashes; and, in my eagerness to get through, I did not watch carefully enough for anything that might upset me. I ran full tilt into a gnarled root that extended across the road,



A FIERY "HEADER."

and the smaller wheel getting caught in the forked root, over I went, head over heels, into the hot ashes.

In an instant I was on my feet, and in another instant I was on the other side of the burnt "wave," having had fortunately only a few yards further to go. The bicycle remained in the ashes; but with the aid of a young spruce upon which I left one of the branches to form a hook, I managed to hook it out, luckily not injured beyond the remedial powers of a jack-of-all-trades in the next village. I, myself, had been more frightened than hurt, only receiving one ugly burn on my left cheek. I applied some cold wood-ashes to this, to exclude the air, and the pain sensibly moderated, though I could not lie with that side of my face on a pillow for five days afterward. Soon afterwards I reached the village of St. Etienne, than which a more wretched place can hardly exist on the face of the

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globe. There is no hotel, the stores seem to be afraid to sell anything of an edible nature, and the inhabitants look upon a stranger, especially an English-speaking one, as a wild animal, and dangerous at that. Shaking the dust off my feet, I did not tarry long, and proceeded on my way till I arrived at the village of St. Boniface,— by the way, every village and every township hereabouts is under the particular protection of a respective, and I hope respectable, saint.

This latter village is distant but a few miles from the exquisitely picturesque falls of Shawenegan, a view of which is well worth the trip here. They are unique of their kind, and must be seen to be appreciated. At eleven o'clock at night, under the rays of the gentle moon, I gazed, not for the first time, nor for the last time, I hope, upon those cascades. Alone I stood upon the banks, and listened to the surging and dashing and splashing of the waters, and thought of Southey's curious lines, "How the water comes down at Lodore." Alone I stood and listened to the clear metallic notes of the "mountain whistler," and the "too-hoo" of the owl,—alone with Nature! I felt I had come "on and up where Nature's heart beats strong amid the hills." Musing, the moments fled by unnoticed; I was completely absorbed in the almost silent majesty of the woods and the music of the waters. I thought of the Eternal, and knew that—

In vain thro' mazes of deep thought, the mind
Wanders to seek of Thee the fitting semblance.
Nought, e'en that thro' the glass of hoary Time
Has passed, can measure Thy immensity.
The ages dead of Babylon's splendor,
Of dynasties Egyptian and their ruin,
Of pre-Adamite darkness and fable,
Are only fleeting breaths, forever sunk
In thy vast, deep unfathomableness.
The celestial domes are but Thy footstool,
And Time himself is but a flickering flame
Showing the gloom thro' which no eye can pierce;
And the long cycles of Chaos, but dead waves
That found a grave in thee,—Eternity.

It seems to me that in the quiet solitude and peace of Nature we feel that we can better grasp, imperfectly as it must be, a mental conception of the Eternal.

About midnight, or after, I returned to the village of St. Boniface, completely wrapped in contented slumber. Not a single light was anywhere to be seen, and the only sign of life was the occasional bark of a timorous terrier, who shrank at the noise he himself had made. However, after some delay, I managed to ring up the antiquated landlord in whose domicile I had secured a much-needed bed. With a most gracious smile on his face,—though I knew he must be cursing me in his heart for having disturbed his night's rest,—he gave me a tallow-candle of home manufacture, and showed me the way to my room. "*Est ce que vous avez tout ce qu'il*



A TIMELY JACK OF ALL TRADES.

vous faut, Monsieur?" and, having received a reply in the affirmative, he gently withdrew. Without delay I retired, and, undisturbed by dreams or my conscience, slept as only a tired and healthy traveller can sleep. I had requested the landlord, who called himself "Louis," to rouse me in the morning early, which he accordingly did at half-past four o'clock, such being his idea of "early." A person *would* have to get up early to get ahead of him in more senses than one. There was no help for it, so I got up and dressed and breakfasted.

My purpose in coming up here was to do a little shooting, particularly to try and kill some black bears if possible. My gun-case and camp canteen I had had forwarded by carrier several days previously, and I found them at this village of St. Boniface on my arrival. The only additional matter now was to secure a couple of men to carry the camping material and canoes over the "portages." These were soon engaged at a moderate price, and the necessary provisions packed away as compactly as possible, so as to avoid any unnecessary bulkiness. We were to drive about seven miles to a lake called Perch Lake. We all embarked in the barouche (buckboard) and set forth on our journey; it took us two hours and a half to traverse the seven miles, owing to the hills and rough nature of the

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country. Then we unloaded our things from the buckboard, and placed them in the canoe, and embarked ourselves without loss of time, as we wished to make our selected camping-ground, about twenty-six miles distant, before nightfall. The great obstacle to our making a quick trip was the very long "portage" of two miles. After this was made we had nothing to delay us, as we had only a clear stretch of five miles across, or rather down, Horseshoe Lake to complete our journey. We passed through different lakes, all varying in character and beauty, whose waters were of the most transparent clearness and well filled with the crimson-spotted trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), often caught up to five and six pounds' weight. These lakes, which are innumerable, burst upon the view from the most unlooked-for quarters, and are most charming and exquisite in their wild picturesque beauty. Nothing can be more pleasing to the lover of nature than a trip through them in a bark or Peterboro' canoe. Canoeing, or perhaps some will say being canoed, is verily the "poetry of motion." Early in the evening we reached our camping-ground, and the camp was quickly made by driving two forked stakes, about nine feet long, into the ground, about twelve feet apart, placing a support from one to the other, and making a roof of *sapins*, or spruce-boughs. The canteen was unpacked, and the frying-pan and kettle brought forward. We made our first meal out of fried pork, a few brook-trout just caught, bread and tea, and some cheese, —not a very luscious *menu*, but one that was fully enjoyed.

The following morning, after breakfast, we started with the dogs to see what luck we could have in coming upon a bear. To make a long story short, we saw none for three days, during which time we travelled a good many miles through the woods. Alphonse, one of the men, had made a trap, with some logs, about half a mile distant from the camp, and from this trap on the third day we got our first bear, stone dead, —the heavy falling log having broken its back as neatly as could be desired. This was not altogether what I wanted. I desired to bring down a bruin with my rifle, and have the skin as a trophy of my prowess. On the fourth or fifth day we noticed a black object moving on the opposite side of the lake; and, being satisfied it was a bear, and a large one at that, we took the canoe and quickly paddled over. Before we got within range he scampered off into the woods. Whether he had seen us or not we could not tell. We landed, and determined to get a shot at him, if possible. I noticed a clear line up the declivity, which I knew at once to be a deer-run, and, saying I would follow it up, left the men to proceed in other directions. I had not gone far when I heard a tramping and rustling not far in advance of me, and in a few seconds a magnificent buck caribou stood upon the runway directly in front of me. I immediately fired upon him, and he dropped into the brush and undergrowth on the side of the runway. I went up to cut his throat with my sporting knife, when, as I approached, he suddenly got upon his feet and struck violently and viciously at me with his forefeet. I jumped on one side as quickly as I could, but received a blow from one of the feet on my left arm. The pain angered and maddened me, and I foolishly rushed in upon the buck, and stabbed him repeatedly with the knife. The blood rushed from the wounds, and I was as red with it in a few moments as the buck himself. He held out much longer than I expected, and succeeded in giving me some very ugly blows and bruises.

Finally, I gave him a stab that almost immediately deprived him of strength, and he fell to the ground. It seemed to me as if I could not have lasted half a minute more. I sat down completely exhausted, covered with blood, my own and his, and a scalp-wound still bleeding copiously. I could not have presented a very respectable appearance when my men came up. They soon bandaged my head and stopped the bleeding; and I now discovered that my left arm was broken, thereby necessitating an immediate return to Three Rivers, to have the bone set. There was no option in the matter. The men had killed, at the first shot, the bear we had seen on the lake shore, and, hearing my shot, had thought it was its mate, and had hurried to render me assistance, if necessary. We had a jolly meal of bear and caribou steak that evening, and the next morning started back for St. Boniface, thence to return to Three Rivers. The agony I suffered on the return trip in a buckboard, with my bicycle securely fastened on behind, is now past, but I am still doubtful whether two bearskins and a magnificent set of caribou horns repaid me for the suffering on the way.

H. B. Stephens.

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SCRAPING ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE BIRDS.

As I was crossing Boston Common, some years ago, my attention was caught by the unusual behavior of a robin, who was standing on the lawn, absolutely motionless, and every few seconds making a faint hissing noise. So much engaged was he that, even when a dog ran near him, he only started slightly, and on the instant resumed his statue-like attitude. Wondering what this could mean, and not knowing how else to satisfy my curiosity, I bethought myself of a man whose letters about birds I had now and then noticed in the daily press. So, looking up his name in the City Directory, and finding that he lived at such a number, Beacon street, I wrote him a note of inquiry. He must have smiled, I think, as he read it; for I remember that I gave him the title of "Esquire," and spoke of his communications to the newspapers as the ground of my application to him. "Such is fame!" he likely enough said to himself. "Here is a man with eyes in his head, a man, moreover, who has probably been at school in his time,—for most of his words are spelled correctly,—and yet he only knows my name as he has seen it signed once in a while to a few lines in a newspaper." Thoughts like these, however, did not prevent his replying to the note (my "valued favor") with all politeness, although he confessed himself unable to answer my question; and by the time I had occasion to write to him again I had learned that he was to be addressed as "Doctor," and, furthermore, was an ornithologist of considerable eminence, being, in fact, one of the authors of the most important work so far issued on the birds of North America.

Certainly I was and am grateful to him (he is now dead) for his generous treatment of my ignorance; but even warmer is my feeling towards that city thrush, who, all unconscious of what he was doing, started me that day on a line of study which has been ever since a continual delight. Most gladly would I do him any kindness in my power; but I have little doubt that, long ere this, he, too, has gone the way of all the earth. As to what he was thinking about on that, to me, memorable occasion, I am as much in the dark as ever. However, there is no law against a bird's behaving mysteriously, I suppose. Most of us, I am sure, often do things which are inexplicable to ourselves, and once in a very great while, perhaps, it would puzzle even our neighbors to render a complete account of our motives.

But whatever the robin meant, and no doubt there was some good reason for his conduct, he had given my curiosity the needed jog. Now, at last, I would do what I had often dreamed of doing,—learn something about the birds of my own region, and be able to recognize at least the more common ones when I saw them.

The interest of the study proved to be the greater for my ignorance, which, to speak within bounds, was nothing short of wonderful; perhaps I might appropriately use a more fashionable word, and call it phenomenal. All my life long I had had a kind of passion for being out-of-doors; and, to tell the truth, I had been so often seen wandering by myself in out-of-the-way wood-paths, or sitting idly about on stone walls in lonesome pastures, that some of my Philistine townsmen had most likely come to look upon me as no better than a vagabond. Yet I was not a vagabond, for all that. I liked work, perhaps, as well as the generality of people. But I was unfortunate in this respect: while I enjoyed in-door work, I hated to be in the house; and, on the other hand, while I enjoyed being out-of-doors, I hated all manner of out-door employment. I was not lazy, but I had — well, let us say the true aboriginal temperament; though I fear that this distinction will be found too subtle, even for the well-educated, unless, along with their education, they have a certain sympathetic bias, which, after all, is the main thing to be depended on in such nice psychological discriminations.

With all my rovings in wood and field, however, I knew nothing of any open-air study. Study was a thing of books. At school we were never taught to look elsewhere for knowledge. Reading and spelling, geography and grammar, arithmetic and algebra, geometry and trigonometry (the last a science, according to my remembrance of it, which was useful chiefly as enabling the student to calculate the height of church-steeples by means of certain numbers called logarithms), — these we studied, of course, as also Latin and

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Greek. But none of our lessons took us out of the school-room (for even our measuring of meeting-house steeples was all on paper), except, indeed, astronomy, the study of which (very little it was) I had nearly forgotten; and that we pursued in the night-time, when birds and plants were as though they were not. I cannot recollect that any one of my teachers ever called my attention to a natural object. It seems incredible, but, so far as my memory serves, I never observed the return of the birds in the spring or their departure in the autumn; excepting, to be sure, that the semi-annual flight of the ducks and geese was always a pleasant excitement, more especially because there were several lakes (invariably spoken of as ponds) in our vicinity, on the borders of which the village gunners built pine-branch booths in the season.

But now, as I have said, my ignorance was converted all at once into a kind of blessing; for no sooner had I begun to read bird books, and consult a cabinet of mounted specimens, than every turn out-of-doors became full of all manner of delightful surprises. Could it be that what I now beheld with so much wonder was only the same as had been going on year after year in these my own familiar lanes and woods? Truly the human eye is nothing more than a window, of no use unless the man looks out of it.

Some of the experiences of that period seem ludicrous enough in the retrospect. Only two or three days after my eyes were first opened I was out with a friend in search of wild-flowers (I was piloting him to a favorite station for *Viola pubescens*), when I saw a most elegant little creature, mainly black, but with brilliant orange markings. He was darting hither and thither among the branches of some low trees, while I stared at him in amazement, calling on my comrade, who was as ignorant as myself, but less excited, to behold the prodigy. Half afraid that the bird would prove to be some straggler from the tropics, the like of whom I should not find in the cabinet before mentioned, I went thither that very evening. Alas, my silly fears! there stood the little beauty's exact counterpart, labelled *Setophaga ruticilla*, the American redstart, — a bird which the manual assured me was very common in my neighborhood.

But it was not my eyes only that were opened, my ears also were touched. It was as if all the birds had heretofore been silent, and now, under some sudden impulse, had broken out in universal concert. What a glorious chorus it was; and every voice a stranger! For a week or more I was puzzled by a song which I heard without fail whenever I went into the woods, but the author of which I could never set eyes on, — a song so exceptionally loud and shrill, and marked by such a vehement crescendo, that, even to my new-found ears, it stood out from the general medley a thing by itself. Many times I struck into the woods in the direction whence it came, but without getting so much as a flying glimpse of the musician. Very mysterious, surely! Finally, by accident I believe, I caught the fellow in the very act of singing, as he stood on a dead pine-limb; and a few minutes later he was on the ground, walking about (not hopping) with the primmest possible gait, — a small olive-brown bird, with an orange crown and a speckled breast. Then I knew him for the yellow-crowned thrush; but it was not for some time after this that I heard his famous evening song, and it was longer still before I found his curious roofed nest.

"Happy these early days," these days of childish innocence, — though I was a man grown, — when every bird seemed newly created, and even the redstart and the wood wagtail were like rarities from the ends of the earth. Verily, my case was like unto Adam's when every fowl of the air was brought before him for a name.

One evening, on my way back to the city after an afternoon ramble, I stopped just at dusk in a grove of spruce, and soon from the tree-top overhead came a song, — a brief strain of about six notes, in a musical but rather rough voice, and in exquisite accord with the quiet solemnity of the hour. Again and again the sounds fell on my ear, and as often I endeavored to obtain a view of the singer; but he was in the thick of the upper branches, and I looked for him in vain. How delicious the music was! a perfect lullaby, drowsy and restful; like the benediction of the wood on the spirit of a tired city-dweller. I blessed the unknown songster in return; and even now I have a feeling that, perhaps, the peculiar enjoyment which the song of the black-throated green warbler never fails to afford me may be due in some measure to its association with that twilight hour.

To this same spruce grove I was in the habit, in those days, of going now and then to listen to the evening hymn of the veery, or Wilson thrush. Here, if no-

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where else, might be heard music fit to be called sacred. Nor did it seem a disadvantage, but rather the contrary, when, as sometimes happened, I was compelled to take my seat in the edge of the wood, and wait quietly, in the gathering darkness, for vespers to begin. The veery's mood is not as lofty as the hermit's, nor is his music to be compared for brilliancy and fulness with that of the wood thrush; but, more than any other bird-song known to me, the veery's has, if I may say so, the accent of sanctity. Nothing is here of self-consciousness; nothing of earthly pride or passion. If we chance to overhear it and laud the singer, that is our affair. Simple-hearted worshipper that he is, he has never dreamed of winning praise for himself by the excellent manner in which he praises his Creator, — an absence of thrift, which is very becoming in thrushes, though, I suppose, it is hardly to be looked for in human choirs.

And yet, for all the unstudied ease and simplicity of the veery's strain, he is a great master of technic. In his own artless way he does what I have never heard any other bird attempt: he gives to his melody all the force of harmony. How this unique and curious effect, this vocal double-stopping, as a violinist might term it, is produced, is not certainly known; but it would seem that it must be by an *arpeggio*, struck with such consummate quickness and precision that the ear is unable to follow it, and is conscious of nothing but the resultant chord. At any rate the thing itself is indisputable, and has often been commented on.

Moreover, this is only half the veery's technical proficiency. Once in a while, at least, he will favor you with a delightful feat of ventriloquism; beginning to sing in single voice, as usual, and anon, without any noticeable increase in the loudness of the tones, diffusing the music throughout the wood, as if there were a bird in every tree, all singing together in the strictest time. I am not sure that all members of the species possess this power, and I have never seen the performance alluded to in print; but I have heard it when the illusion was complete, and the effect most beautiful.

Music so devout and unostentatious as the veery's does not appeal to the hurried or the preoccupied. If you would enjoy it you must bring an ear to hear. I have sometimes pleased myself with imagining a resemblance between it and the poetry of George Herbert, — both uncared for by the world, but both, on that very account, prized all the more dearly by the few in every generation whose spirits are in tune with theirs.

This bird is one of a group of small thrushes called the *Hylocichlæ*, of which group we have five representatives in the Atlantic States: the wood thrush; the Wilson, or tawny thrush; the hermit; the olive-backed, or Swainson; and the gray-cheeked, or Alice's thrush. To the unpractised eye the five all look alike. All of them, too, have the same glorious voice, so that the young student is pretty sure to find it a matter of some difficulty to tell them apart. Yet there are differences of coloration which may be depended upon as constant, and to which, after a while, the eye becomes habituated; and, at the same time, each species has a song and call-notes peculiar to itself. One cannot help wishing, indeed, that he might hear the five singing by turns in the same wood. Then he could fix the distinguishing peculiarities of the different songs in his mind so as never to confuse them again. This, however, is more than can be hoped for; the listener must be content with hearing two, or at the most three, of the species singing together, and trust his memory to make the necessary comparison.

The song of the wood thrush is, perhaps, the most easily set apart from the rest, because of its greater compass of voice and bravery of execution. The Wilson's song, as you hear it by itself, seems so very characteristic that you fancy you can never mistake any other for it; and yet, if you are in northern New England only a week afterwards, you may possibly hear a Swainson (especially if he happens to be one of the best singers of his species, and, more especially still, if he happens to be at just the right distance away), who you will say, at first thought, is surely a Wilson. The difficulty of distinguishing the voices is naturally greatest in the spring, when they have not been heard for eight or nine months. Here, as elsewhere, the student must be willing to learn the same lesson over and over, letting patience have her perfect work. That the five songs are really distinguishable is well illustrated by the fact, which I will not deny myself the pleasure of mentioning, that the presence of the Alice thrush in New England during the breeding season, was announced as probable by myself, simply on the strength of a song which I had heard

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in the White Mountains, and which, as I believed, must be his, notwithstanding I had never before heard it, and though all our books affirmed that the Alice thrush was not a summer resident of any part of the United States.

It is a striking fact, however, that the *Hylocichlæ* differ more decidedly in their notes of alarm than in their songs. The wood thrush's call is extremely sharp and brusque, and is usually fired off in a little volley; that of the Wilson is a sort of a whine, or snarl, in distressing contrast with his song; the hermit's is a quick, *sotto-voce*, sometimes almost inaudible *chuck;* the Swainson's is a mellow whistle; while that of the Alice is something between the Swainson's and the Wilson's, — not so gentle and refined as the former, nor so outrageously vulgar as the latter.

In what is here said about discriminating species it must be understood that I am not speaking of such identification as will answer a strictly scientific purpose. For that the bird must be shot. To the maiden

> — "whose light blue eyes
> Are tender over drowning flies,"

this decree will no doubt sound cruel. Men who pass laws of that sort may call themselves ornithologists, if they will; for her part she calls them butchers. We might turn on our fair accuser, it is true, with some inquiry about the two or three bird-skins which adorn her bonnet. But that would be only giving one more proof of our heartlessness; and, besides, unless a man is downright angry he can scarcely feel that he has really cleared himself when he has done nothing more than to point the finger and say, You're another. However, I am not set for the defence of ornithologists. They are abundantly able to take care of themselves without the help of any outsider. I only declare that, even to my unprofessional eye, this rule of theirs seems wise and necessary. They know, if their critics do not, how easy it is to be deceived; how many times things have been seen and minutely described, which, as was afterwards established, could not by any possibility have been visible; and, regret it as we may, it is clear that in this world nobody can escape giving and taking more or less pain. We of the sterner sex are accustomed to think that even our blue-eyed censors are not entirely innocent in this regard; albeit, for myself, I am bound to believe that generally they are not to blame for the tortures which they inflict upon us.

Granting the righteousness of the scientist's caution, however, we may still find a less rigorous code sufficient for our non-scientific, though I hope not unscientific, purpose. For it is certain that no great enjoyment of bird study is possible for most of us if we are never to be allowed to call our gentle friends by name until in every case we have gone through the formality of a *post-mortem* examination. Practically, and for every-day ends, we may know a robin, or a redstart, or even a hermit thrush, when we see him, without first turning the bird into a specimen.

Probably there are none of our birds which afford more surprise and pleasure to a novice than the family of warblers. A well-known ornithologist has related how one day he wandered into the forest in an idle mood, and, accidentally catching a gleam of bright color overhead, raised his gun and brought the bird to his feet; and how excited and charmed he was with the wondrous beauty of his little trophy. Were there other birds in the woods as lovely as this? He would see for himself. And that was the beginning of what promises to be a lifelong enthusiasm.

Thirty-eight warblers are credited to New England; but it would be safe to say that not more than three of them are known to the average New-Englander. How should he know them, indeed? They do not come about the flower-garden like the humming-bird, nor about the lawn like the robin; neither can they be hunted with a dog like the grouse and the woodcock. Hence, for all their gorgeous apparel, they are mostly left to students and collectors. Of our common species the most beautiful are, perhaps, the blue yellow-back, the blue golden-wing, the Blackburnian, the black and yellow, the Canada fly-catcher, and the redstart; with the yellow-rump, the black-throated green, the prairie warbler, the summer yellow-bird, and the Maryland yellow-throat, coming not far behind. But they are all of them beautiful, and have, besides, the charm of great diversity of plumage and habits; while some of them have the further merit, by no means inconsiderable, of being rare.

It was a bright day for me when the blue golden-winged warbler settled in my neighborhood. On my morning walk I detected a new song, and, following it up, found a new bird, — a result which is far from being a thing of course. The spring

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migration was at its height, and at first I expected to have the pleasure of my new friend's society for only a day or two; so I made the most of it. But it turned out that he and his companion had come to spend the summer, and before very long I discovered their nest. This was still unfinished when I came upon it; but I guessed whose it was, having several times noticed the birds about the spot, and a few days afterwards the female bravely kept her seat, while I stood over her, admiring her courage and her handsome dress. I paid my respects to her almost daily, but jealously guarded her secret, sharing it only with a kind-hearted woman, whom I took with me on one of my visits. But, alas! one day I called, only to find the nest quite empty. Whether the villain who pillaged it travelled on two legs, or on four, I never knew. Possibly he dropped out of the air. But I wished him no good, whoever he was. Next year the birds appeared again, and more than one pair of them; but no nest could I find, though I often looked for it, and, as children say in their games, was sometimes very warm.

Is there any lover of birds in whose minds certain birds and certain places are not indissolubly joined? Most of us, I am sure, could go over the list and name the exact spots where we first saw this one, where we first heard that one sing, and where we found our first nest of the other. There is a piece of swampy woodland in Jefferson, New Hampshire, midway between the hotels and the railway station, which, for me, will always be associated with the song of the winter wren. I had been making an attempt to explore the wood, with a view to its botanical treasures; but the mosquitoes had rallied with such spirit that I had been glad to beat a retreat to the road. Just then an unseen bird broke out into a song, and by the time he had finished I was saying to myself, a winter wren! Now, if I could only see him in the act, and so be sure of the correctness of my guess! I worked to that end as cautiously as possible, but all to no purpose; and finally I started abruptly towards the spot whence the sound had come, expecting to see the bird fly. But apparently there was no bird there, and I stood still, in a little perplexity. Then, all at once, the wren appeared, hopping about among the dead branches, within a few yards of my feet, and peering at the intruder with evident curiosity; and the next moment he was joined by a hermit thrush, equally inquisitive. Both were silent as dead men, but plainly had no doubt whatever that they were in their own domain, and that it belonged to the other party to move away. I presumed that the thrush at least had a nest, not far off, but after a little search (the mosquitoes were still active) I concluded not to intrude further on his domestic privacy. I had heard the wren's famous song, and it had not been overpraised. But then came the inevitable second thought: had I really heard it? True, the music possessed the wren characteristics, and a winter wren was there; but what proof had I that the bird and the song belonged together? No; I must see him in the act of singing. But this, I found, was more easily said than done. In Jefferson, in Gorham, in the Franconia Notch, in short, wherever I went, there was no difficulty about hearing the music, and little about seeing the wren; but it was provoking that eye and ear could never be brought to bear witness to the same bird. However, this difficulty was not insuperable, and after it was once overcome I was in the habit of witnessing the whole performance almost as often as I wished.

Of similar interest to me is a turn in an old Massachusetts road, over which, boy and man, I have travelled hundreds of times; one of those delightful back-roads, half road and half lane, where the grass grows between the horse-track and the wheel-track, while bushes usurp what ought to be the sidewalk. Here, one morning, in the time when every day was disclosing two or three new species for my delight, I stopped to listen to some bird of quite unsuspected identity, who was calling and singing and scolding in the Indian brier thicket, making, in truth, a prodigious racket. I twisted and turned, and was not a little astonished when at last I detected the author of all this outcry. From a study of the manual I set him down as probably the white-eyed vireo, — a conjecture which further investigation confirmed. This vireo is the very prince of stump-speakers, — fluent, loud, and sarcastic, — and is well called the politician, though it is a disappointment to learn that he got his title, not from his eloquence, but from his habit of putting pieces of newspaper into his nest. While I stood peering into the thicket, a man whom I knew came along the road, and caught me thus disreputably employed. No doubt he thought me a lazy good-for-nothing; or

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possibly (being more charitable) he said to himself, "Poor fellow! he's losing his mind."

Take a gun on your shoulder, and go wandering about the woods all day long, and you will be looked upon with respect, no matter though you kill nothing bigger than a chipmunk; or stand by the hour at the end of a fishing-pole, catching nothing but mosquito-bites, and your neighbors will think no ill of you. But to be seen staring at a bird for five minutes together, or picking road-side weeds — well, it is fortunate there are asylums for the crazy. Not unlikely the malady will grow upon him; and who knows how soon he may become dangerous? Something must be wrong about that to which we are unaccustomed. Blowing out the brains of rabbits and squirrels is an innocent and delightful pastime, as everybody knows; and the delectable excitement of pulling half-grown fishes out of the pond to perish miserably on the bank, that, too, is a recreation easily enough appreciated. But what shall be said of enjoying birds without killing them, or of taking pleasure in plants, which cannot suffer even if you do kill them?

Of my many pleasant associations of birds with places one of the pleasantest is connected with the red-headed woodpecker. This showy bird has for a good many years been very rare in Massachusetts; and therefore, when, during the freshness of my ornithological researches, I went to Washington for a month's visit, it was one of the things which I had especially in mind, to make his acquaintance. But I looked for him without success, till, at the end of a fortnight, I made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. Here, after visiting the grave, and going over the house, as every visitor does, I sauntered about the grounds, thinking of the great man who used to do the same so many years before; but all the while keeping my eyes open for the present feathered inhabitants of the sacred spot. Soon a bird dashed by me, and struck against the trunk of a neighboring tree, and, glancing up quickly, I beheld my much-sought red-headed woodpecker. How appropriately patriotic he looked at the home of Washington, wearing the national colors, — red, white, and blue! After this he became abundant about the capital, so that I saw him often, and took much pleasure in his frolicsome ways; and, some years later, he suddenly appeared in force in the vicinity of Boston, where he remained through the winter months. To my thought, none the less, he will always suggest Mount Vernon. Indeed, although he is certainly rather jovial, and even giddy, he is to me the bird of Washington much more truly than is the solemn, stupid-seeming eagle, who commonly bears that name.

To go away from home, even though the journey be no longer than from Massachusetts to the District of Columbia, is sure to prove an event of no small interest to a young naturalist; and this visit of mine to the national capital was no exception. On the afternoon of my arrival, as I was walking up Seventh street, I heard a series of loud, clear, monotonous whistles, which I had then no leisure to investigate, but the author of which I promised myself the satisfaction of meeting at another time. In fact, I think it was at least a fortnight before I learned that these whistles came from the tufted titmouse. I had been seeing him almost daily, but till then he had never chanced to use that particular note while he was under my eye.

There was a certain tract of country, woodland and pasture, over which I roamed a good many times, and which is still clearly mapped out in my memory. Here I found my first Carolina or mocking-wren, who ran in at one side of a woodpile and came out at the other as I drew near, and who, a day or two afterwards, sang so loudly from an oak tree that I ransacked it with my eye in search of some large bird, and was dumbfounded when finally I discovered who the musician really was. Here, every day, were to be heard the glorious song of the cardinal grosbeak, the insect-like effort of the blue-gray gnat-catcher, and the rigmarole of the yellow-breasted chat. On a wooded hillside, where grew a profusion of trailing arbutus, pink azalea, and bird-foot violets, the rowdyish, great-crested fly-catchers were screaming in the tree-tops. In this same grove I twice saw the rare red-bellied woodpecker, who, on both occasions, after rapping smartly with his beak, turned his head and laid his ear against the trunk, evidently listening to see whether his alarm had set any grub astirring. Near by, in an undergrowth, I fell in with a few worm-eating warblers. They seemed of a very unsuspicious turn of mind, and certainly wore the quaintest of head-dresses. I must mention also a tanager, who, all afire as he was, one day alighted in a bush of flowering dog-wood, which was completely covered with its large white blos-

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soms. Probably he had no idea how well his perch became him.

Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but, though I went several times into the galleries of our Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, and heard speeches by some celebrated men, including, at least, half-a-dozen candidates for the presidency; yet, after all, the congressmen in feathers interested me most. I thought, indeed, that the chat might well enough have been elected to the lower house. His volubility and waggish manners would have made him quite at home in that assembly, while his orange-colored waistcoat would have given him an agreeable conspicuity. But, to be sure, he would have needed to learn the use of tobacco.

Well, all this was only a few years ago; but the men whose eloquence then drew the crowd to the capitol are, many of them, heard there no longer. Some are dead; some have retired to private life. But the birds never die. Every spring they come trooping back for their all-summer session. The turkey-buzzard still floats majestically over the city; the chat still practises his lofty tumbling in the suburban pastures, snarling and scolding at all comers; the flowing Potomac still yields a blameless sport to the fish-crow and the kingfisher; the orchard oriole continues to whistle in front of the Agricultural Department, and the crow-blackbird to parade back and forth over the Smithsonian lawns. Presidents and senators may come and go, be praised and vilified, and then in turn forgotten; but the birds are subject to no such mutations. It is a foolish thought, but sometimes their happy carelessness seems the better part.

Bradford Torrey.

POLYPHEMUS.

A FEW years ago, when a bicycle on the road was still a great rarity, and its rider a gazing-stock, I received an invitation to a picnic, to be held at N——, thirty miles from R——, where I then lived. N—— was on much higher land than R——, and the road ran mostly uphill, and very little down. This would make it hard going, but very easy coming home, so I determined to ride to N—— on the cars, taking my machine with me, to stop the next night at the house of a friend, and come home the next day, at a flying rate, on my bicycle.

Everything seemed auspicious. The day was warm and bright, and, as I wheeled my machine into the baggage-car and sat down beside it, I could feel the strong west wind beat the front of the car till it shook. The wind was rising, too, and, as we started, the hot cinders flew the length of the train like lightning. Unhappy the mortal that got one of these in his eye! As we left the wooded district, and sped over the open country, the wind seemed enough to blow the train off the track. How it rushed across the corn-fields! Each gust was marked by a long, graceful wave, which traversed the whole field and disappeared at the end, just as those of the ocean chase each other toward the beach. The few isolated trees seemed ready to break, so great was the pressure upon their leafy tops, and already a few fences could be seen lying prostrate, overthrown by the force of the wind.

When I reached N——, the wind had risen so much that it was impossible to ride against it, and I was reluctantly obliged to leave my wheel in the care of the station-keeper and walk to the grounds; and, as I leaned it carefully against the wall, I saw that I was not the first to be compelled to take this course. At the other end of the room, balanced in a stand (I wondered how *that* came there), was an immense wheel, a 62. It was half-nickelled, and in first-rate order, evidently pretty new. A nickelled hub-lamp swung in the centre of the great wheel, and the front forks were painted green and adorned with the gilt representation of a tall sunflower. A trailing vine was painted on the long backbone; just under the seat-spring clip was a plate, presumably gold, upon which was engraved the one word, "POLYPHEMUS."

I confess that I felt a stroke of envy, — not for that machine exactly (for what use would it be to a "52-inch man?"), but for one like it; but, remembering the saying, "Handsome is that handsome does,"

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and also the long and useful record of my own 52, I soon stifled it, and took my way to the scene of the festivities. This was a little lake surrounded by a grove of pines, and, like all of its kind, it had long ago been confiscated for this purpose. The pond was doing its best to imitate a storm at sea. Waves more than three feet high were constantly breaking on the little, pebbly beach at the leeward end, and white caps could be seen over all its surface. All the boats had been impounded by the authorities, on account of the rough weather, and one of the principal means of enjoyment thus taken away. The would-be picnickers were sitting under the trees holding their hats and grumbling. Was it for this that they had come so far, — some of them fifty miles? Different plans for amusement were discussed one by one, but none seemed to fill the place of the lost boats, until one proposed rigging one of a large boat's sails on a wagon, and having a sail on land in spite of the authorities. This project was received with a great shout, and all began immediately to carry it into execution. The one who proposed it took up a contribution wherewith to hire the sail. This man was remarkable for the fact that he did not hold his hat. And why not? His hat was by no means remarkable, being fashioned something like the modern "Derby;" but ah! how different! Made for occasions like these and countless others, — such a one as only wheelmen and policemen fully appreciate, the most comfortable one in the world — a helmet! From this, his bicycle suit, and his tall and commanding stature, I knew him to be the owner of "Polyphemus."

But to proceed. The owner of the sail, by means of a few dollars and the promise to repair all damages, was inveigled into letting it. For a few dollars more the great barge was hired and stripped of its top, and the mast made fast with ropes. They drew it out into the highway, "Polyphemus" took his position at the pole as steersman, as many as could got in, and, taking advantage of a transient lull, they hoisted the great sail. We could hear the wind coming again. On it came over the lake, making a long line of white-caps; we heard it roar through the pines, and the next instant it struck the sail. The mast bent like a straw, and the barge tipped on two wheels. Everybody not in it thought it would be overthrown, but its passengers threw their weight to the other side, and, with a lurch, the huge vehicle started. It went slowly at first, but gained velocity, and was soon rushing along at a high speed, sometimes on four wheels, sometimes on two. They were sailing too close-hauled. They crossed the railroad, and, just before they went out of sight, we saw them let out their sheet. The barge gave a plunge, and, taking the full force of the wind, disappeared from our view, going with the speed of an express train, the passengers clinging to each other and to the side of the wagon for safety.

The camp now being cleared of the more reckless portion, the others employed their time as well as they could with safer amusements, and the day wore slowly away. The time for departure arrived, and all, except the sailors, reached the station though with exciting pursuits of hats, handkerchiefs, and even lunch-baskets. The special train came, only a half-hour late, and, when it left, the station was deserted. I took out my wheel, and the keeper locked the door on the other. I remonstrated, but without effect. "Nobody should rout him out to-night," he said; and I mounted and rode away toward N——, which was but a half mile distant. I had the gale "astern," so you may judge of the ease and speed with which I climbed hills otherwise insurmountable. But when I reached N——, I learned that my friend, at whose house I was to stop, had gone away on a week's vacation, somewhere in the wilds of Maine. This was great. The idea of his forcing me to begin a thirty-mile ride within half an hour of sunset! I saw that I must ride at least ten miles in pitchy darkness, for it was only new moon at the time. There was no hotel at N——, so staying there was not to be thought of. If I was to get home that night I must start immediately. I mounted, and wheeled on silently out of the village, my friend's house being fortunately in the direction of my home.

As soon as I struck the open road I began to feel the force of the wind again. The ordinary whisper of a pine-forest was changed to a loud roar as the wind tore through the branches; and, when there were no trees near, the rustling of the grass or corn could be heard. The sun set red as a live coal, and the darkness began to come on. The wind did not abate, but rather increased. How it whistled through the spokes and past my ears! I could feel it push me on. Before long I reached the first down-grade. I took coasting position, and let her go. The hill was not steep, but the

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wind made it almost formidable. On I went, faster and faster. I didn't dare to put on the brake, neither did I care to. I reached the bottom of that hill and whirled up the next one by the momentum I had gained and the force of the wind. It was dusk now, and the farm-houses were far apart; but in the gathering darkness I saw at the door of one of them, a tall figure in a helmet, one hand resting on a gigantic wheel, while in the other he held a glass of water or milk. I thought that I recognized "Polyphemus" and nodded, and it was not until I got by that I remembered the impossibility of the idea. The next descent was steeper, and as the wheel got well on to it I could *feel* the increase of speed. I had thought I was going fast before, but what was this! It put the former one to shame. To touch the brake now meant a header, and perhaps death! Suddenly I saw something which made my blood run cold. A few rods ahead, directly in the middle of the road, lay the great barge, on its side. The pole stretched to one side of the road, the mast to the other. Run over one of them I must. But which? I have heard of great generals who could decide quickly in an emergency, but I own that I was unable to. Just at that instant something passed me like a flash. A glimpse of brightly polished nickel, and the glare of a hub-light, and it was gone; but in that glimpse I recognized towering "Polyphemus." In the gloom I saw the red light of his lamp gleam for an instant, and then — an awful crash came to my ears, and I saw the mast almost under my wheel. I lay back as far as I could, and shut my eyes in expectation; but my fears were not realized. I felt the machine jump, and the little wheel fly up, and then I was tearing down the grade again. My own danger over, I began to think of "Polyphemus." There was no room for doubt; he must have struck the barge and smashed his machine, if not killed himself. I should have wished to go back, but it was impossible to stop. I had no idea how fast I was going, except that I could no longer feel the wind on my neck. It was pitch-dark now, and not an inch of the road could I see; it was only by a special providence that I ever saw any road again; but at last I saw the lights of R—— gleam through the blackness, and then — I only remember that the hind wheel flew up; and I felt myself flying through the air.

When I opened my eyes it was broad daylight. I was in bed, and should have thought it all a dream if a sharp twinge of pain had not proved it a stern reality. I soon learned the sequel to my wild ride. I had taken a header nearly in front of *my own house*, and had been stunned by the fall; and my friends had been roused to my aid by a tall man on a gigantic wheel. My machine, strange to say, was uninjured. But it was a long while before I fully recovered from my mad ride from N—— to R——.

Forsitan.

QUATRAINS.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

He comes in April ecstasy
To keep his sylvan tryst, —
His music is the breath of bloom —
This tuneful optimist!

THE OWL.

His voice maligns the solitude,
When evening winds are whist, —
And the warm heart of spring abhors
This winged pessimist!

William H. Hayne.

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Purpose in Recreation.

THE recent awakening of the American mind on the subject of physical education is producing two important and timely results: it is turning the attention of the people to out-door life for recreation, and for the study of Nature. While it is conceded that the great need to-day of Americans is healthful, intelligent recreation, it is none the less true that the companionship with Nature, which a search for the pleasures of out-door life brings, is of great value in its effect, mentally and physically. The general emigration of our city population to the country in summer, the popularity of our modern pastimes, such as canoeing, bicycling, horseback riding, etc., are doing much towards furthering our acquaintance with Nature and her life. We welcome this. It is sure to bring out the best mental and physical qualities of a man when he finds out for himself the wonders and beauties of plant and animal life.

Among the agencies which are doing this work, one of the most recent, and yet most productive of good results, is the photographic camera.

For many years, from the beginnings of old Daguerre, the camera was no more than a machine for manufacturing portraits. In its sphere it held the same relation to Nature that the portrait-painter does. It is now taking a step in advance, and, as the landscape artist has a rank beyond the painter who gives us mere faces and figures, so the modern camera is to be counted far ahead of the machines which formerly did their simple work under the glass roof of the photographer's gallery.

To appreciate his out-door life in its highest capacity one must have a purpose. The purpose may be that of mere sensuous enjoyment of form; it may be that of scientific study of bird or plant life; or it may be, better than either, the artistic appreciation of the combinations for beauty which Nature makes in her rivers, her clouds, her rocks, her trees, her birds. This last is what the camera, in its most recent form with every convenience attached for the best results with the least labor, helps us to obtain. It enables the amateur to make his trip into the woods, to the mountains, or along the sea-shore, and to carry back for future reference those forms of Nature which most appeal to his best and truest sense of beauty.

That this is true, is easily seen in the fact that amateur photography is already producing a marked effect on the artistic taste of the general public, and in the mechanical art of periodical and book literature. "To judge what its possible effect may be a century hence," says a recent writer on the use of the camera, "study what it has already done for men, — and women, too, — who, before they became amateurs, had no appreciation of the fact that a tree or rock could have either individuality or attractiveness." This has been more than once exemplified in our own experience, and we welcome the growing popularity of amateur photography, as well as the great strides of improvement being constantly made in its mechanical operation. The amateur photographer cannot fail to find himself growing more closely intimate with Nature, and to feel the effect on his best self of this acquaintance.

Cruising-Boats.

THE growing and fallacious tendency to make yachting, and other forms of pleasure-boating a science instead of an art, is at last, we are glad to say, meeting with an intelligent and effective opposition. So-called scientific yachting requires that every line of the model, every strand of the rig, shall be conformed to theories for the attainment of speed. Pleasure-sailing, as a fine art, requires safety and comfort first, with speed as a valuable but subordinate accessory. It does not follow that there should be no boats of purely racing rig and model; they are necessary and useful in their

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proper sphere. The mistake has been that the racing element has permeated through and through our yacht clubs and boating organizations to the exclusion of the cruising spirit, which, after all, is the chief end of yachting. It has resulted in the extreme "English cutter" on the one hand, and the extreme "American skimming-dish" on the other; it has weakened our ocean-sailing; it has made our regattas a contest between so many yards of canvas and so many pounds of ballast, instead of a trial of qualities for stanchness and seaworthiness. This spirit has even had its effect on the canoe, which, in its original form, was a vehicle, rather than a racing sulky.

A natural reaction is now setting in. Yachting men find that a lee rail under and every man to windward is not the only way to sail, and are looking to cruising as the highest aim of pleasure-sailing. The successful ocean cruise, during the past winter, of two of our crack American schooners — one to the West Indies, the other to European waters — testifies to this. The adoption of the yawl-rig, the attention attracted to the Chesapeake "Bug-eye," the demand for single-handed sailers — all are signs of the times. In canoeing, the recent interest in cruising is developing boats built of so large a size and relative proportions — although on a legitimate canoe model — that there is agitated the formation of a special class, which may include "single-handers," built in the form of the canoe, but denied the strictest application of the word, because they lack the paddle.

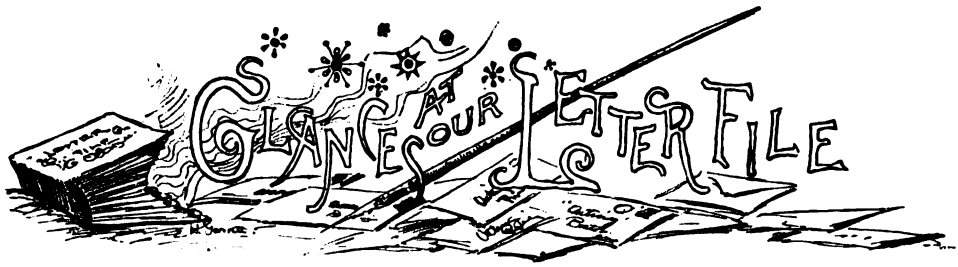
Cruising-boats are bound to engage more and more the attention of builders and owners. For health-getting and pleasure-giving, genuine cruising cannot be excelled, and the day is surely coming when the ideal yacht will be built, generally speaking, for sea-going qualities first, and for speed afterwards.

THE rapid growth in popular favor of the tricycle, both in this country and England, is significant. The number of wheelmen who ride the bicycle is increasing with great rapidity — never faster than during the present season. But the *proportion* of growth is largely in favor of the three-wheeled vehicle, on both sides of the water. This means that the practical and permanent uses of the cycle are becoming better known. It means that older men are riding, and finding both pleasure and health in it. It means that the ladies have discovered the value of the wheel for their use, and are asserting their rights in its enjoyment. The amount of touring and sight-seeing that is done on tricycles by gentlemen and ladies in England and on the Continent would be an astonishment to one who should observe it for the first time. The longer journeys by rail, with the cycle in the luggage-van, and the short trips off the main route by means of the convenient wheel, is one very popular and convenient mode of seeing the country. The same thing is beginning to find favor here, and its growth will not be small. For mere exercise, also, and for practical use in the daily conduct of business, the three-wheeled machine is gaining in favor very rapidly.

THE midsummer exodus from cities and towns to seaside, mountain, and mineral-spring resorts has fairly begun as we write these lines, and will have gained its full strength by the time they are seen by our readers. The reports from leading resorts, like Long Branch, Saratoga, Mount Desert, and the White Mountains indicate a reasonably prosperous season for the hotels, in spite of the depressed condition of the money market and the excitements of a presidential year. At quieter places, where families of moderate incomes find their summer home, there will be a steady growth, marking the increase of population and the development of the wise and pleasant fashion of breathing country air during a part, at least, of each year.

THERE are railroads whose managers frown at the bicycle, and do not hesitate to say that the patronage they receive from wheelmen is a detriment to them, rather than a source of gain. There are other managers who welcome the wheel and its votaries, and are ready to grant every courtesy and convenience in their power to bicyclers who use their trains. The latter are the men of wisdom, and their number is steadily increasing. There is no more doubt that bicycling largely increases the aggregate of railway travel than that cheap postage promotes letter-writing. The meetings of the L.A.W. and its various State branches are a single illustration. The thousands of miles travelled by wheelmen on the cars, to join bicycling-excursion parties, is another. And the daily rides out of any city on the wheel, to return by rail, teach the same truth. The railway managers will learn — indeed, they are fast learning — that it is for their interest to promote bicycling, canoeing, and all the other sorts of recreation that call people together and lead them to journeyings, brief or extended, by any manner of conveyance. They will gain their full share of all the travel undertaken for these purposes.

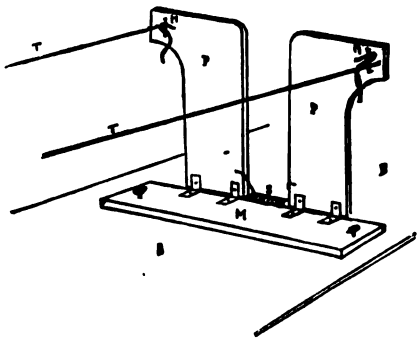
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The Spring Foot-Steering-Gear.

THE "Spring Steering-gear" for canoes, referred to in the May number of OUTING, was originally described in the *American Canoeist*.

The accompanying illustration shows it substantially as there given,



though with some modifications, which may or may not be acceptable, according to individual judgment.

P P are pedals of such dimensions as will work in the available space. These are hinged to cross-piece M, and this, in turn, is screwed to bottom-boards, B B, by means of thumb-screws, which should engage metal sockets placed at suitable intervals in the bottom-boards to admit of shifting. T T are the tiller-ropes to the tiller. A dozen different ways of arranging the spring will occur to any one who does his own tinkering.

The great advantage of this gear is, that one always has a square push with the foot, no matter what may be the angle of the tiller-head. If both feet are removed from the pedals, the springs hold, which are rove in and out through four holes at H H. A bight, passed under one of the turns, makes a self-binding hitch, which is adjustable with the greatest ease, so as to regulate the length of the tiller-ropes.

S is a spiral spring, arranged in any way so that it will bear both pedals forward, with a gentle, equal pressure, and will hold them flat against the bottom-boards when attached to the rudder amidships, — a great convenience in launching or when backing water. Moreover, the tiller-ropes are always gently taut in spite of any ordinary stretching or shrinking, so that the rudder can be shipped or unshipped without adjusting the length of the ropes.

I have tested this device thoroughly this year, and, with due apologies to the inventor for variations from the original type, I recommend it as the best gear I have ever tried.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

In Behalf of the Boys.

MR. EDITOR: — I notice that the "wheel papers" throughout the country, speak disparagingly of boys, as members of clubs, and wrongly, I should say. Vermont may not deserve any notice, perhaps, as a bicycling State, but we are in hopes that, some day, it will have furnished a bicycle champion. Here in Vermont, the best riders are the boys, and the young boys especially. They not only do the racing, but also all of the fancy riding. What should exclude them from the associations for the promotion of their interests is, to me, a mystery.

Some prejudiced and unjust writers in 'cycling journals state the impossibility of anything like maintaining order in a club which admits boys. At a meeting of about twenty-five bicyclers in this town, for the purpose of organizing a club, I sat among the older riders, and, as I looked up and down the line of boyish faces on the opposite side of the room, I thought of those statements. The "boys" of Burlington may be relied upon to take their share of the work of the club. We do not think here that they take anything from the good standing of our club. We are not ashamed of our boys.

Much as it may take from the dignity of the clubs in New York, Boston, or even Rutland, Vt., we derive more satisfaction from the pleasure we give the little racers than all the riding we can do.

How happy I should be to see the man who says boys should be excluded from the clubs follow one of the Burlington boys, who can turn his half mile in one minute and a half, on the

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poor track which he finds in our Howard park! We have been told that our records here, when compared (in proportion to the track) with professional records, are not to be scoffed at. 3.40 in Vermont is 2.55 in Springfield and the good racing tracks of the United States.

Yours very truly,

Edmund Boviere.

BURLINGTON, VT., June 11, 1884.

A Letter from "Nessmuk."

WELLSBORO', TIOGA CO., PA.,
May 23, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — The long and bitter winter is past.

"H'it mos' killed me.
But it has gone down the back entry of time."

Summer has come. It always does. I have been here sixty-two years, and there has been a summer every year. Sometimes I thought it wouldn't, but it always did come. I have grown to have faith in it. My last and most beautiful canoe rests in the cool, dry cellar right under where I am writing. I spend about an hour daily sparking her. I lift her by her handsome stems, and whisper of the long summer outing we are to have on the prattling, rattling waters of the Tiadatton, and she quivers and squirms like a trout; or, is it my imagination?

Yes, summer has come, and the wood-thrush, the cat-bird, the oriole, the song-sparrow, the waltz-bird (the naturalists miss *him*), they are here. I said I would leave when the maples did. They are *leaved*, and I am *left*; but not for long. I shall go next week. Good-by, debts, duns, taxes, and deviltries. "Life is short, art is long." Just so. Nature is longer than either, or both, and a great sight better.

I rather think OUTING has come to stay. I think it ought. I read indefatigably during the off-season, but never in the woods. And so, away for the woods!

Yours for OUTING,

Nessmuk.

P.S. The same meaning wood-duck in the obsolete Narragansett tongue; more correctly wood-drake. See?

An Old Vehicle.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., May 12, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — Your readers may like to hear of an early wheeled vehicle in this town which was propelled by hand or foot a dozen years before the Revolution. Jonathan Belding appears to have been the owner of this two-wheeled chair or velocipede in 1763. Carriages were not introduced here until 1800, when Hezekiah Stratton made a sensation with his two-horse coach. Master Belding lent the velocipede to Eleazer Pomeroy for a journey to Northampton, a trip of twenty-eight miles, and I hope farmer Pomeroy had pleasant weather, for then the trip must have been a charming one, as the scenery in the Connecticut valley, through which the route lay, is very lovely. This Jonathan Belding built the first saw-mill in Northfield, in 1717, about two rods from the beautiful spot where my dwelling-house now stands. It is called the Glen, and through it runs Mill brook, a brawling, dashing little stream, with a fall of a hundred and ten feet in as many rods on its way to the Connecticut; it took its name from the grist-mill built on it by John Clary, Jr., in 1685, not very long before he and his daughter were killed by the Indians, in their flight from the mill to the fort, which stood only a few rods from Master Belding's. The roads must have been pretty primitive in the days of that twenty-eight-mile spin, and old farmer Pomery's bones ached, I am afraid, before he got to Northampton.

G. A. Long.

Why Not?

MR. EDITOR: — There is an excellent opportunity for some thrifty and enterprising Yankee to do good and make money by opening, at some appropriate summer resort, a tricycle livery stable. The possibilities for excursions and picnics, and all sorts of out-door rambles which the tricycle possesses, would speedily commend it to the use of the young lady guests, and, for the purposes of agreeable exercise, it would have many other patrons, some owning machines, which they had left at home, and some willing to experiment by hiring before becoming owners. The experiment might readily be tried, and there is good prospect that it would result profitably.

B. H. W.

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Vacation Cruising.

WE heartily welcome "Vacation Cruising,"[1] a book which has unmistakably emanated from a spirit thoroughly in accord with the best phases of out-door life. Its tone is pitched on the key which OUTING has set for itself, — a belief in the well-rounded development that comes from companionship with nature.

Briefly, the book is the account of a summer vacation, of about eight weeks' duration, spent in cruising on the waters of Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, in a little sloop thirty feet in length. The author is professor of botany in the University of Pennsylvania. He made the cruise partly for purposes of study and partly for recreation, and has given us, in his description of the trip, not only a collection of pictures which his pen has made of bits of scenery, phases of nature, episodes of colonial history, and types of character, but also a record of experience of much value to the recreation-seeker who plans a vacation by water. Not one of the least attractive features of the book is the fact that it contains several simple but artistic illustrations from photographs by the author. For, to his cruising-kit, admirably selected and described, "another most important article was added, — a small, cheap camera, for dry plate photography. . . . We can hardly as yet guess how important a factor this amateur photography is to be in the book-making of the future. Neither can we measure its possible influence in opening minds to the quiet beauty or sublime grandeur which our land everywhere possesses."

Dr. Rothrock shows himself to be thoroughly and practically informed as a cruiser and single-handed sailor, and takes his stand in questions of model, rig, and methods on the side of comfort and safety as distinct from, and opposed by, the strained qualities for speed. Matters of technic, however, do not compose the only admirable quality of the book. As a medium of introduction to the regions which it describes it is both timely and needed. The Delaware waters are, it is true, to some extent, well known to yachtsmen and other water recreationists; but it has long been a matter of surprise and regret to us that Chesapeake Bay, with its contributing streams, is not more frequented by cruisers, small and large. Its expanse is ample enough to afford the excitement of sea-cruising, while the rest and beauty of inland waters may be found on its inlets and rivers; its shores are not only picturesque, but, for the student and lover of nature, are full of plant and animal life; its outlying regions and surroundings are full of associations of colonial and contemporary history; its people are courteous, generous, and hospitable, and are full of the spirit of out-doors. Why should not these conditions be accepted and enjoyed by us as well as by the little negro whom the author thus describes: "A good-natured colored boy amused himself by the hour sculling a heavy 'yawl-boat' over to the western side of the creek; then, hoisting a broad board in the bow, for a sail, he threw himself down in the stern of the boat and scudded before the wind back to the eastern shore. He was full of the languid poetry of drifting; his whole soul was saturated with it though it never found expression. The solitary reader of his muse was myself."

We commend Dr. Rothrock's book and spirit to the readers of OUTING, in the hope that, with the present awakening to the importance of the best physical life, America is only just beginning her contribution to the best and highest out-door literature.

The American Horsewoman.

THE revival of feminine equestrianism, which is one prominent mark of the increased attention paid by ladies to healthful out-door recreation, makes especially appropriate and timely the handsome volume just issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., entitled "The American Horsewoman."[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Karr is the author, and has done her work with great care and notable success. While not claiming liter-

[1] Vacation Cruising. J. T. Rothrock, M.D. 16mo. pp. 262. Philadelphia, Pa.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[1] The American Horsewoman. By Mrs. Elizabeth Karr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

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ary merit, Mrs. Karr has given us a book which is remarkable in its thorough grasp of the subject and its comprehensiveness of treatment. Herself a rider of the most elaborate education in the best European schools, she sees with clear vision what sort of instruction her countrywomen on this side of the water need, and with great plainness of speech and simplicity of style gives it to them.

We commend to our lady readers these sensible words from her introduction: "There is no cosmetic nor physician's skill which can preserve the bloom and freshness of youth as riding can, and my fair readers, if they wish to prolong those charms for which they are world-renowned,— charms whose only fault is their too fleeting existence,— must take exercise, and be more in the fresh air and sunshine."

The first chapter is devoted to rules and suggestions for the selection, training, and treatment of the horse. The author earnestly recommends gentleness of treatment, as opposed to the harhsness of whip and spur. The lady who rides is advised to visit her horse's stable from time to time, assuring herself that the animal is kindly and properly cared for by the groom. A well-bred horse will quickly come to understand the regard and kindly attention of his mistress, and will implicitly obey the voice of one he loves and trusts. Plain and easily understood directions for the selection of riding habits are given; minor details, which do so much to make attractive the successful horsewoman, being made especially plain and simple. Full instructions concerning the saddle and bridle, the use of the reins, mounting and dismounting, and the method of obtaining a correct seat on horseback, occupy appropriate space. Five chapters are devoted to the various gaits of the horse. A rapid walk, a steady trot, and a gentle gallop are advised, and the author urges her readers to bear in mind the familiar quatrain in which the animal's supplication to its rider is done into verse: —

"In going up hill, trot me not;
In going down hill, gallop me not;
On level ground, spare me not;
In the stable, forget me not."

This work is said to be the first of its kind written for American ladies by one of their own countrywomen. It is certain to become indispensable in its field, and to exert a wide influence in making still more popular among the ladies of the land this most successful and healthful out-of-door recreation.

Recent Fiction.

In Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "A Roman Singer"[1] we have the best novel he has yet written, and one of the strongest pieces of fiction that has been produced this season. The sudden fame secured for the author by his first works was somewhat dimmed by the unsavory character of "To Leeward," and it is a pleasure to find his latest production thoroughly artistic in its conception and execution, and at the same time a narrative of pure and faithful love. An elderly and garrulous Roman professor is made to tell the story, and the fidelity with which the author allows him to portray and maintain his own marked individuality is one of the most charming features of the book. The professor's ward, adopted in infancy, is the hero of the story, and becomes a marvellous and successful singer, the training necessary for which he receives, contrary to the tastes and inclinations of his guardian, who yields to the inevitable only because of his own great love for him. And when the young man, seeing the pretty daughter of a haughty and choleric German nobleman, fell violently in love with her at first sight, the old professor was impelled by the great affection he bore his ward to aid him in gaining acquaintance and prosecuting his suit, until, after numerous adventures, an elopement from a well-guarded castle and a happy marriage are brought about largely through his good-natured but always protesting assistance. The atmosphere of the story is consistently maintained throughout, and for real pleasure to the reader, we know of no recent novel whose power surpasses this.

"A Palace Prison"[2] is a story which the author says is, in all its main statements, a true one, and which is written with very clearly defined purposes. It is a protest, first, against such a training of girls as deprives them of air, exercise, and out-door recreation, substituting study, "accomplishments," and the restraints of society; and, second, against the present methods of dealing with the insane. The former part of the subject is treated with earnestness and vigor, but the bulk of the volume is devoted to the "Palace Prison," which here means the great asylum in which the heroine of the story, a refined and cultured young lady, suffering from nervous prostration, was confined by her deceived friends, and where she remained, suffer-

[1] A Roman Singer. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

[2] A Palace Prison; or, The Past and the Present. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

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ing untold misery, for twenty-seven years. It is doubtful if all the experiences related of this patient were ever undergone by a single person, but it is true that the *opportunities* for cruelty and for the incarceration of those not insane, under the existing system, are somewhat startling. The volume is an interesting one, and well calculated to provoke serious thought.

THE long list of books of summer fiction is added to by "A Midsummer Madness,"[1] and the addition is a creditable one. The story is of a young journalist who attaches himself as secretary to an eccentric man of literature, and falls in love with the latter's daughter, finally marrying her after a series of complications produced by an old flame of the secretary and another suitor for the daughter in their relations to the story. The book is well written, and is free from that exaggerated sentiment which is so distasteful in many of our numerous American love stories. The characters are ably drawn, particularly that of Medhurst, the secretary, whose young cynicism is nicely portrayed. It is not likely that the book will create any stir, for it is not remarkable in either conception or treatment, but as a well-told story it may readily claim a place with the good light literature of the day.

THE quaint style in which Mr. Stockton dresses his still more quaint conceptions in the world of fiction is too well known to the reader to require more than a mere mention on our part. The collection of his stories,[2] which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have recently published in a convenient form for the summer reader, is made chiefly of those which the author has already contributed, one by one, to recent magazine literature. The story which gives the book its title created, at the time of its appearance, a good deal of interest and discussion by reason of the analysis of character for which its curious climax gives opportunity. In some touches of his character sketching Mr. Stockton reminds one not a little of Dickens, notably so in his story of Mr. Tolman. The stories are interesting for their oddity rather than for their beauty, but are just the thing for the hammock idler, or for reading aloud on a summer afternoon.

IN these days, when railways and steamships are making travellers as rapidly as the printing-press is producing books of travel, a book of that class must, to escape worthlessness, be of the best. Mediocrity is ruinous. "Rapid Ramblings in Europe"[1] is a flat and stupid attempt at another "Innocents Abroad," so personal and trivial in its character that it can be of no interest to the general reader. Even the "Twelve Illustrations," with which the book is embellished, consist chiefly of portraits of the author, members of his family, and various travelling companions, none of whom, so far as we can see, deserve to be thus thrust upon the reading world. We are always sorry to see such work made public, however interesting it may be to the author and his personal friends, because if it commands any attention at all it does it in a way that must be a blemish, not only on American literary work, but more particularly on the literature of out-of-doors, under which head all writings of travel for pleasure should properly be classed.

IN recent fiction appears another story of the "Our Continent"[2] series, by Mr. R. H. Newell, whose literary notoriety was gained under the pen-name of "Orpheus C. Kerr," but whose reputation is better made in work like this. The story opens, or, rather, the "prologue" does, in Broadway, New York, about 1825, while chapter first transports the reader to Singapore, and to a period twenty years later; and from that time onward the story is of most varied scene and incident and character, — a novelty in the latter way being that of an educated mias named "Oshonshee." It is a story of strong interest, and is "founded on fact." Another book, of rather more absorbing interest, but of a more painful impression, is a translation, excellently executed, from the German, of an historical romance,[3] presenting a careful study of North German life in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Of painful impression, because of its vivid reproduction of religious bigotry and hypocrisy and oppression, of witchcraft, and torture, and execution, yet with passages of beauty and pathos, and gentle, faithful, noble character. Another translation, somewhat freer, is "Quicksands,"[4] one of those good, readable, wholesome-enough, but not very absorbing pieces of German fiction which Mrs. Wister's

[1] A Midsummer Madness. By Ellen Olney Kirk. pp. 295. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

[2] The Lady or the Tiger. By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo. pp. 201. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] Rapid Ramblings in Europe. By W. C. Falkner. pp. 566. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

[2] There Was Once a Man. A story. By R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr). New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, for Our Continent Publishing Co. 1884.

[3] Clytia. A Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By George Taylor. Author of "Antinous." From the German, by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[4] Quicksands. From the German of Adolph Streckfuss, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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renderings have made familiar to the more youthful American readers, and which, with all excellence of translation, seems less interesting in English dress than in the original. It is pleasant reading for a few leisure hours.

A HIGHLY entertaining, and also an instructive, recent book is Mr. W. S. Green's account[1] of an excursion to New Zealand, and his exploration of the mountain regions of the South Island. The author, a member of the English Alpine Club, set out in November, 1881, on the good ship "Garonne," with the express purpose of undertaking the before unmade ascent of Mount Cook; and the first five chapters of the book are taken up with a description of his preparations, outfit, and very interesting voyage to that far-away colony. The next six chapters contain an account of the country and of exploration, camping, climbing and prospecting, preliminary to the chief undertaking; whilst the remaining chapters give a vivid description of effort, peril, and success. Appendices give explanation of terms, the principles of mountain climbing, and some valuable information for mountaineers. There are also several maps and diagrams, and a frontispiece illustrative of mountain danger and grandeur.

Mount Cook is the highest peak of the New Zealand Alps, and attains a height of 13,349 feet. It rises in a region of perpetual snow and ice, comprising an estimated area of 160 square miles, and overlooks the most extensive glacial phenomena yet explored. The glacial line is lower than in Switzerland, and the Tasman glacier is eighteen miles long and two or three miles wide.

The author gives, with fine frankness, the incidents and accidents of the excursion, and the fascinations of travel are mingled with instructive bits of natural history and other descriptive science.

THE Vedder Lectures for 1883, delivered by John B. Drury, D.D., are very readable in their tastefully published form,[2] and constitute a helpful book to those who have but a vague idea of "evolution" and "science," and have also an equally vague unrest about the essentials of religious belief. In the preface the learned author says that "instead of combating Evolution as altogether inadmissible, I concede a possibility of its truthfulness," and after a hundred or more argumentative pages, in which he finds a "mechanical evolution" and a "purposive evolution," rejecting the former and accepting the latter, he reaches the conclusion that "evolution helps us to understand and interpret the Bible; and the Bible equally helps us to better understand and explain evolution." Dr. Drury's "purposive" theory suggests, though it does not probably fully coincide with, the "harmonic" theory presented some fourteen years ago by Prof. E. D. Cope, as a companion of the "conflict" theory, with a showing that both appear to accord with observed facts.

CASSELL'S "Illustrated Guide to Paris" is a convenient and comprehensive handbook, containing a large amount of information for the benefit of the visitor, and, as the preface suggests, "enabling him to dispense with the services of a guide." It has three hundred pages, a handsome map, and sells for 40 cents. (New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.)

A Treatise on the Tricycle.[1]

SEVERAL notable mechanical discussions of the tricycle, and rather incidentally of the bicycle, have been recently published in England. One of the best is a "treatise," by Mr. F. W. Jones, a civil engineer and inventor of a swing frame for tricycles. Mr. Jones begins at the beginning; that is to say, he begins with the rudiments of physics, and proceeds as if his reader might know nothing to begin with, — an assumption which can be justified in one who has read much of the trash about velocipede "points," which finds its way into the class press.

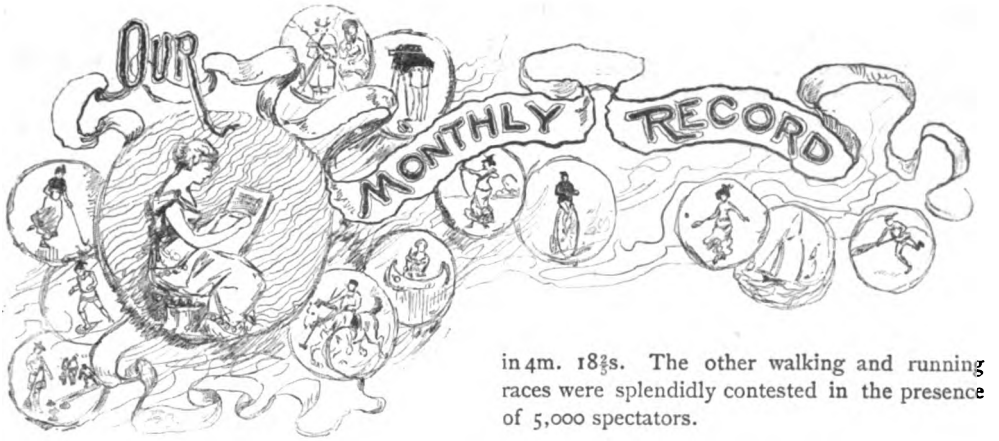
He then, after discussing the principles and shaping the problem sought to be solved, goes on to draw the lines of a tricycle to meet the physiological and mechanical requirements for a man of given height and weight, according to his idea; and then to modify the ideal to meet certain necessary conditions. The result is a very readable and highly instructive book, of some seventy-six pages, with numerous diagrams, made with the usual taste and excellence of his publishers. Every one who wishes to consider intelligently the mechanics of the tricycle should read it.

[1] The High Alps of New Zealand; or, A Trip to the Glaciers of the Antipodes, with an Ascent of Mount Cook. By William Spotswood Green, M.A., member of the English Alpine Club. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

[2] Truths and Untruths of Evolution. By John B. Drury, D.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

[1] A Treatise on the Theoretical and Practical Construction of the Tricycle. By F. Warner Jones. London: Iliffe & Son.

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Amateur Photography.

THE Chicago Amateur Club has chosen for the ensuing year Wm. Carson for president, and E. J. Carpenter for secretary.

THE Society of Amateur Photographers, of New York, opened its new and commodious rooms, at 1262 Broadway, New York City, on May 4th. A special feature is the dark-room, which contains a series of lockers, sinks, lamps, shelves, etc., for the use of members. The occasion was celebrated by the exhibition of slides, made by amateurs, with a stereopticon.

THE Chicago Amateur Photographers' Club gave a lantern exhibition on May 21st. The slides were all dry-plate work, according to the conditions of the exhibition, which excluded wet collodion.

THE Cincinnati Amateur Photographic Club have moved into new quarters, and are arranging a series of out-door club meetings.

Athletics.

THE Harvard-Columbia University race was rowed June 18th, at New London, Conn., over the usual Thames course. Harvard was the winning crew, making the four miles in 24m. 31⅘s. The race was a close and interesting one, as the Columbia crew were beaten by only two lengths.

THE sixteenth annual regatta of the New York Athletic Club was rowed on the Harlem river, June 21, in the presence of several thousand spectators. The events consisted of a single scull race, a pair-oared gig race, a double scull match race, a double scull gig race, and an eight-oared shell race.

AT the recent amateur athletic championship meeting, held in Birmingham, England, W. G. George broke the record by running the mile race in 4m. 18⅗s. The other walking and running races were splendidly contested in the presence of 5,000 spectators.

THE following are the records of the spring games of the Pullman Athletic Club, at Pullman, Ill., May 30: 100-yards run, handicap; 3 heats; won by —— Taylor; 3 yards; time, 10⅘ seconds; E. Butcher (scratch), 2d. 1-mile bicycle race; handicap; L. P. Halliday; 15 seconds; P. Hammel and N. H. Van Sicklen (scratch); won by 40 yards by Van Sicklen; time, 3.43½; Hammel, 2d. 220 yards run; E. Butcher, 1st; W. Murphy, 2d; no time. 1-mile walk; handicap; A. B. Chadwick (scratch), 1st; A. H. Cook, 15 seconds; disqualified for running in first lap. Running high jump: E. Butcher, 1st, 4 ft. 8 in.; H. Fake, 2d. 880 yards run, handicap; L. E. Goodwin (scratch), 1st; O. Duffy, 18 yards, 2d; won by 2 feet; no time. Running broad jump; E. Butcher, 1st; 17 feet 7 in.; H. Price, 2d; 17 feet 2 in. 3-mile Bicycle race: (scratch); Van Sicklen *vs.* Hammel; won in 12.05¾, by Van Sicklen; Hammel, 2d, by 100 yards. Standing broad jump: T. Taylor, 9 feet 3½ in.; E. Butcher, 9 feet; W. Murphy, 8 feet 2 in. 1-mile run: J. Kent, 1st; T. E. M. Angelo, 2d; O. Duffy, 3d; won by a foot; time, 5.11¾.

THE Rochester Athletic Association was organized the past winter, and now has one of the finest gymnasiums in the country. It has been equipped with the highly approved system of Dr. D. A. Sargent, of Hemenway gymnasium, Harvard University, the entire equipment having been manufactured and erected under his personal supervision. It is in charge of Professor J. A. Mellin, late instructor in Harvard University gymnasium. Following are the officers of the Association: president, Dr. M. L. Mallory; vice-president, W. W. Gilbert; secretary, Ed. G. Gould; treasurer, Winfield S. Sherman; governing committee, Dr. M. L. Mallory, W. W. Gilbert, Ed. G. Gould, W. S. Sherman, Theron E. Parsons, H. G. Danforth, Daniel B. Platt.

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THE ninth annual field-day sports of the University of Rochester were held at the Rochester Driving Park on Wednesday, May 28th. A large attendance of spectators rewarded the students in spite of very cold weather. Professor H. E. Webster acted as referee, and T. C. Wilber, '84; as time-keeper. The judges were Chas. H. Losey, '84; W. E. Stearns, '85; W. A. Scott, '86; and E. C. Paine, '87. Following are the records: Throwing ball, George McDonald, '86—323 feet. Running long jump, G. T. S. Foote, '84—16 feet 8½ inches; ¼-mile dash, G. H. Walker, '86—1m. 3s. Standing long jump, G. T. S. Foote, '84—9 feet 3 inches. Hop, skip, and jump, G. T. S. Foote, '84—36 feet 1 inch. Putting weight, George McDonald, '86—50 feet 7 inches. 100-yard dash, W. G. McKennan, '86—10⅘s. Running high jump, W. G. McKennan, '86—5 feet 1 inch. Mile walk, Daniel Bullard, '85—9m. 26s. Tug-of-war between classes of 1886 and 1887, won by class of '87.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE Galesburg (Ill.) Bicycle Club gave a successful exhibition and entertainment, at the Academy of Music, in that place, on May 17th. The programme consisted of a club drill; a mile, a half-mile, and a slow race; fancy riding, and other features of skill and humor.

THE Ramblers' Club, of Boston, held a race meeting on May 30th (Decoration Day), on the grounds of the Union Athletic Exhibition Company, of Boston. Over 2,000 spectators were attracted. The track was six laps to the mile, measured by the English rule, 12 inches from the pole, and was in bad condition, being new. This accounts for the poor records. The events were as follows: Half-mile race, two heats, won by Chas. Frazier, Smithville, N.J., 1m. 36s. One-mile, three heats, won by H. A. Edgerly, Cambridge Bicycle Club, time, 3m. 25s. One-mile club championship, open only to the Ramblers, N. G. Norcross, 3m. 41s. Race with hands off, won by H. M. Sabin, Newton Bicycle Club. Club handicap, two miles, won by N. G. Norcross (scratch), in 7m. 8s. Five-mile open handicap, won by H. M. Sabin (scratch), in 18m. 49⅘s.; E. E. Gage, Hyde Park, 440 yards, came second, in 18m. 49⅘s. The tandem race, the first ever run in this country, was won by Messrs. Whitaker and Stahl, of the Ramblers' Bicycle Club. Two-mile race, won by Chas. Frazier; time, 7m. 41s. Ten-mile race, won by E. P. Burnham, Newton Bicycle Club, 38m. 58⅘s. Five-mile professional race, won by R. A. Neilson, in 19m. 29s.

THE Woodstock (Ontario) Bicycle Club is now a very strong one, numbering about fifty active members. A couple of months ago, in connection with the lacrosse and base-ball clubs, it formed an Amateur Athletic Association, for the encouragement of purely amateur sports, and in connection therewith has rented for a term of years the northern portion of the Driving Park, and has built a quarter-mile bicycle-track on it. The shape of the track is semicircular at the ends and the sides straight; it is 12 feet wide, with the exception of the starting-place, which is 20 feet. The foundation consists of cinders, over which there was put a covering of asphalt, making, without doubt, one of the best, if not the best, track in the country. The cost of laying the same was about $1,000. Inside of the asphalt-track the ground is well laid out for base-ball and lacrosse matches. There is also a large grand-stand capable of seating several hundreds of people, band-stand, dressing-tent, etc. On the 26th ult., Her Majesty's Birthday was celebrated by opening the new grounds, with a programme of bicycle and athletic sports, the following being the different bicycle events, names of winners, and prizes, viz.:—

First, 1 mile (open); won by C. F. Lavinder, of Toronto; gold medal, $40; time. 3.33. 2d, H. P. Davies, of Toronto; silver medal, $15. Second, 2-mile (green race); 1st, H. P. Davies, of Toronto; gold medal, $30; time, 7.35. 2d, M. F. Johnstone, of Toronto; silver medal, $10. Third, 5-mile (open); 1st, C. F. Lavinder, of Toronto; gold medal, $35; time, 19.2. 2d, P. Doolittle, of Toronto; silver medal, $15. Fourth, 1-mile club-race (open to those members who had not ridden previous to 1883); won by H. W. Clarke; silver cup, $20; time, 4 minutes. Fifth, best fancy rider; P. Doolittle, of Toronto; hub lamp, $6. Sixth, slow race (50 yds.); Jno. Moody, Jr., Hamilton; bell, $4. Seventh, 2-mile club-race; H. W. Clarke; pair of nickel ball pedals, $11.50. Eighth, boys' tricycle race, (¼ mile); Willie Thomas; silver cup, $6. Ninth, club drill (not less than 8 riders); won by Brantford Club; silver cup, $45.

A CLUB of Junior 'cyclers has been organized in Rochester with fifteen members. Uniform: white shirt, duck helmet, corduroy knickerbockers, and red stockings; officers are as follows: captain, Martin B. Hoyt; president, H. S. Macomber; secretary, D'Orville Doty; treasurer, Henry J. Sugru.

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AT the meet held in Chicago, May 30th, for the purpose of forming a State Division of the L.A.W., there were about one hundred and fifty men present at the club-house of the Chicago Bicycle Club. The meeting was called to order with J. O. Blake in the chair. Short speeches were made by Chief Consul J. O. Blake, Dr. C. P. Pruyne, Mr. Cowles, and T. S. Miller. Mr. Angus Hibbard, of Milwaukee, sang some original songs, which were heartily received. Mr. S. H. Powell was elected secretary of the meeting. Mr. Blake stated the object of the meeting, and the constitution of the Pennsylvania Division was read and adopted. B. B. Ayres, of the Chicago Club, was elected secretary of the division; F. Lillibridge, of Rockford, Ill., treasurer. A racing board, consisting of N. H. Van Sicklen chairman; L. W. Conkling, Chicago; A. E. Thompson, Rockford; J. H. Koch, Peoria; and E. H. Wilcox, of Genoa, was appointed.

THE Genesee Bicycle Club celebrated their first anniversary on May 5th, making their first appearance in their new uniforms, consisting of coat, knickerbockers, cap, and stockings of navy-blue. After a seven-mile run through the principal thoroughfares of the city, under command of Captain M. F. Shafer, the club and their guests sat down to an elaborate banquet at the Osburn House. Short speeches were the order of the day, and it was shown that the first year of the Genesee's existence was a successful one.

JOHN S. PRINCE, the champion professional, on June 20th, beat the trotting horse Scotland, at Philadelphia, in a ten-mile race for $500 on a quarter-mile track. Prince's time was 33m. 35½s.

AN unique club has just been organized in Philadelphia, which suggests an idea of value to wheelmen. It consists of a coterie of 'cycling spirits of social literary tendencies, styling themselves the "Tavern Talkers," who meet at set times at the celebrated Devon Inn, fifteen miles outside of Philadelphia. It gives a purpose to the wheel. We hope to hear more of it.

THE League of Essex County Wheelmen held a meet at Salem on Decoration Day, with a gathering of two hundred and eight riders. M. D. Currier, of Lawrence, was elected president. Two tandem tricycles participated, one being ridden by L. B. Packard and his niece.

THE Albany (N.Y.) Bicycle Club is one of the largest and most prosperous in the State. It numbers one hundred and fifty members, and its club-house is a model for convenience. Their Decoration Day run was made by a company of forty-five wheels to Sand Lake, a favorite resort for wheelmen of the vicinity.

THE Boston Ramblers Bicycle Club made a club-run of four days to Portsmouth, N.H., and return, starting on June 14th from Boston. They were joined by various other clubs and wheelmen, and were received in gala style by the citizens and residents along their route. About seventy-five wheelmen took part, and the run is reported to have been one of the most successful ever made by a single club.

ON June 17, Bunker Hill day, the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, of Boston, made a club-run to Nahant. Forty wheelmen, reinforced by the Hawthorne Club, of Lynn, shared the pleasure.

ON Wednesday, May 28th, a race-meeting, parade, and evening exhibition was held at Mansfield, Ohio, under the auspices of the Mansfield Wheel Club. The races attracted an assembly of 3,000 people, and the day was successful in every respect.

AT the recent annual meeting of the Seaside Bicycle Club, of Norfolk, Va., T. C. White was elected president; C. A. Field, vice-president; J. C. Carroll, secretary and treasurer; and W. B. Rodman, captain.

THE wheelmen's tournament and exposition held in Philadelphia during the four days from June 16th to 19th, inclusive, was a success as far as racing was concerned, but a bad failure financially and as a public display. It was managed as a private enterprise, and not under the auspices of any club. Several amateur records were broken, as follows: One mile, 1m. 50s.; one-mile, tricycle, 3m. 18½s.; two-mile, bicycle, 5m. 48s.; one mile without hands, 3m. 9½s., five-mile, tricycle, 17m. 55½s.; five-mile, bicycle, 15m. 18½s.; three-mile bicycle, 9m. 22s.; ten-mile, bicycle, 32m. 23s.; twenty-five-mile, bicycle, 1h. 27m. 58½s. There is some question about the track, which is said to lack a few feet in the mile. Until this question is set at rest by the L.A.W. racing board, the above records cannot be accepted.

D. J. CANARY is now the champion fancy and trick rider of America, having defeated Warren Wood at Chicago, in a contest for the championship, on June 14th. Canary is only 20 years old.

THE new Harvard track is said by experts to be one of the best in the country, and to compare favorably with the best English tracks.

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THE secretary of the Lawrence (Kas.) Bicycle Club reports the following interesting item: Last winter the Missouri River was frozen almost solid for one hundred miles from Kansas City, west, so smooth that we had the finest bicycle-riding we ever enjoyed. Skaters were left far behind, and we could coast one hundred yards and more by the momentum gained, often enough to rest. We did not discover the treat until late in the season; next year we shall take it at the full.

THE King's County Wheelmen, the oldest bicycle club of Brooklyn, N.Y., was incorporated May 10th, last. It contains 75 members, of which 40 are active. It held its second annual race-meeting on the Williamsburg Athletic Grounds, Saturday, June 21st. Representatives of various clubs in New England and New York State were present. The records were good, but not exceptional. On Saturday evening, June 7th, the club made a "moonlight run." The sight was a pretty one, as each man carried a lighted lantern.

SCURI, the well-known single-wheel rider of Italy, is about to visit the United States. It is said that, as a boy, he was unable to walk, being crippled in his legs. But, by practising on a small tricycle, he gradually developed the defective limbs, and is now become an athlete.

EFFORTS have been made in Nashville, Tenn., to prevent the use of bicycles on the street, and the common council were petitioned to enact an ordinance prohibiting riding within the city limits. The petition was rejected according to the following opinion of the city's attorney: —

The power of the mayor and city council to enact an ordinance prohibiting the use of bicycles on the public streets of the city is, to say the least, extremely doubtful. The bicycle is not a nuisance, *per se*, any more than many of the vehicles in common use, and unless it can be shown that their use constitutes a great danger to the public safety or convenience, it would, in my judgment, be the unnecessary exercise of a very doubtful power to pass an ordinance of the character prayed for in the written petition.

J. C. BRADFORD,
City Attorney.

THE best French long-distance record was recently made by M. Rousset, president of the Veloce Club, of Bordelais. Although fifty years of age he made 180 miles, from Bordeaux to Agen, in 23 hours.

THE first long run on a tandem bicycle for this country was made by C. A. Joslin and W. H. Chase, of the Leominster Bicycle Club, May 30th, 31st, and June 1st. The run was from Boston to Portsmouth and return, the cyclometer showing 140 miles.

THE Southern Pacific Railway now carries bicycles free when they are accompanied by their owners.

THE following 'cycling clubs have been recently organized: At Genoa, Ill., the Kishwaukee Club, captain and president, E. H. Wilcox; secretary and treasurer, C. A. Brown. Cadet gray uniform. — At Chicago, Ill., a club of Northside wheelmen, not yet named; F. W. Gookin, president; secretary, H. F. Fuller; captain, J. O. Blake. — At Chattanooga, Tenn., the Crescent Bicycle Club; C. H. Horne, captain; J. S. Lindsay, secretary; F. P. Smith, chairman. — At Merrimac, N.H., a club of ten members not yet named; F. E. Pease, president; G. W. Smith, captain; G. A. Oak, secretary and treasurer. — At Aurora, Ill., the Aurora Wheelmen organized in May; E. S. Frazier, president; E. A. Fitzgerald, captain; G. O. Clayton, secretary. The club secretary reports good roads in their vicinity. — At Council Bluffs, Iowa, the Council Bluffs Bicycle Club organized May 27th, H. E. Palmer, captain; C. H. Judson, secretary and treasurer. Six members. — At Newburyport, Mass., the Newburyport Bicycle Club organized early in June; J. W. Coffin, president; G. T. Avery, captain; G. W. Richardson, secretary. Twenty-three members. — At Memphis, Tenn., the Memphis Bicycle Club, organized May 26th; A. B. Pickett, president. Twenty members.

FOREIGN.

Dr. GEORGE F. FISKE, an Amherst College man, and known to early bicyclers as a fast and long-distance road rider in the early days, and who is a valued contributor to OUTING, has recently finished a tour of over one thousand miles, continuously, on wheel, from Leipzig to Dresden, Prag, Pilsen, München, Nüremberg, Coburg, Zena, and back to Leipzig. At the end of the tour he entered in a consolation run, and won a handsome smoking-service. He then competed for the twenty-four-hour bicycle road record, and won it, by covering 205 miles in 23 hours 40 minutes, including stops. It is a matter of a little pride to his countrymen that this creditable performance should have been made by an American, on an American machine.

ANOTHER notable recent performance was that of Mr. J. H. Adams, in riding from Land's End to John o' Groat's — 930 miles — in 6 days 23½ hours; the distance covered the last day being 197 miles. The mount was a Facile machine.

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THE WHEEL IN GERMANY.

"ONWARD!" is the war-cry in 'cycling matters here, and though there's a lot of "Bierphilister" looking with half-mocking and half-envious eyes on those "fools on the wheel," still it revolves slowly but steadily onwards. The police, in Berlin at least, seem to think 'cycling quite a nuisance, and bring out new regulations for street-riding almost as good (or as bad) as a total prohibition. The police lost two or three lawsuits against the Berlin clubs, having summoned some members for street-riding with a fine of 1 mark (25 cents). The club took things in hand. As the police relied upon a very old regulation wherein the "rolling of barrels and wheels, the carrying of looking-glasses, and the executing of *like* actions adapted to make horses shy, is prohibited, and as the court of justice could not find any relations between riding a bicycle and rolling a wheel or carrying a looking-glass on the street, the one word "like" made the police lose the process in all instances. But, of course, they sat down at once and produced a special by-law for bicycle and tricycle riding. So that the poor Berlin boys have now a few streets only where they may try to get out of the city.

Racing-tracks, races, and racing-men are springing up like mushroom snow, several clubs having built their own tracks, others taking some municipal place, and making the best of it.

Our records, as given below, for 1883, are not so bad as they might be, considering the tracks were not all first-class.

2,000 Meters, Jul. Huher, München Sept. 16, 1883. 3m. 36⅘s.

(1 mile = 1,609 meter = 2m. 52s.)

10,000 Meter (idem-eodem) 19m. 49s.

Longest distance: — 266 kilometers, H. & D. Beisscarth, Nürnberg, Aug. 19, 1883. 22h. 30m.

On May 18 the Frankfurt B.C. held their first spring meeting on the new cinder path, and it may be called a complete success. Of course they have still to learn a good deal about the management of bicycle races, but I am sure the next time all will come off as merry as a "wedding-bell." The severest mistake, perhaps, was that, although the track has a breadth of about 11 meters at the starting-point, yet the competitors had to ride in single file past the starter, and when the last man came over the ribbon there was something like the *pf* of wet gunpowder out of the starter's revolver, and off they went. This was equal to a start of about 10 meters given to the first, and this is quite a little too much for a 2-kilometer scratch-race.

About 6,000 spectators witnessed the events. The results of the races is: —

I. Forsthaus Novice Bicycle Race. 2,000 meters; three heats, final heat as follows: —

1. Becker (K.B.C.), 4m. 4⅘s. 2. Heitmeier (M.B.C.), 4m. 5sec. 3. Krüger (C.B.C.), 4m. 5⅘s. A good race with a fine finish.

II. Ganverband Race. 4 kilometers. 1. G. Haack (Frankfurt B.C.), 8m. 25s. 2. Ewen Neuhaus (Frankfurt B.C.), 8m. 45s. 3. I. Haus (Aschaffenburg B.C.), 9m. Haack, who is a fine spurter, dashed away from his opponent in the last lap, and won as he liked. A little Frenchman (G. Debacker) on a 52-in. shot to the front just before the last lap, thinking it the finish, but had to give it up then.

III. The Boys' Race was an easy gift for Curt Bergmann, of Frankfurt, an extremely nice-looking youth of 12½ years, who was afterwards intensely caressed by the ladies. (Happy boy!)

IV. The 2,000 Meter Tricycle Race fell to H. Kleyer (Frankfurt B.C.), who whizzed over the track and landed an easy winner by almost a lap. Time, 4m. 50⅘s.

V. 3,000 Meter Bicycle Handicap. (Club Race.) G. Haack (Frankfurt B.C.), scratch; E. Neuhaus, scratch; G. Debacker, scratch; A. Brecht, 200 meters; the last could keep his benefit only for two laps; in the sixth round was passed by the scratchmen, and was *hors de combat*. A splendid race ensued between Haack and Debacker, Neuhaus having fallen to the rear. Haack would have won by about one foot, but missed his pedals a few yards from the line, and Debacker won by one meter. Time: 1. Debacker, 6m. 17s. 2. Haack, 6m. 18s. 3. Neuhaus, 6m. 19s.

VI. 10,000 Meter Scratch Race.

Six started. The first laps were done extremely "gemüthlich," when F. Stuhlberger (München), went to the front, closely followed by H. Witzel (München), who made the race at a rattling pace, leaving the rest hopelessly behind. In the 20th round, Witzel passed Stuhlberger, and maintained this place all the rest of the time, winning a splendidly ridden race by two meters in 22m. 7⅘s.

The prizes were afterwards distributed by the chief of police.

$C_2 H_5 OH.$

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN,
May 23d, '84.

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TWO ENGLISH ROAD RECORDS.[1]

MY DEAR SIR: — From a wheelman's point of view England may be regarded as possessing unequalled facilities for locomotion. Scarcely a mile of country but is intersected by a road of some kind, and, although many are what we here call bad, few in their normal condition are unridable. With these advantages English riders are not only able to show better results, as far as distances go, than those less favorably situated, but they derive a degree of pleasure from the pursuit commensurate with the smoothness of the roads they travel upon. During the year 1883 I was enabled to devote considerable time to bicycling, and this may account for my riding a distance about three times greater than my previous yearly average. Living near London, — about seven miles due north of Charing Cross, — I am fairly well situated for riding. In going out for a day's run I generally take a northerly course, as by that means I am soonest off the rough granite roads which surround the metropolis for a radius of ten or twelve miles. The greater part of the distance ridden last year was made up by day runs, out and home, although, when I had a few days' leisure, I would go and stay down in Bedfordshire, where there are some of the best roads in the country, and ride about in all directions. My score, as tabulated below, will show how the distances were apportioned to each month, also the number of riding days, average length of each ride, and the longest day's run, which, for the year, was 154 miles. This journey was from Finchley to Norman Cross, Huntingdonshire, and back, with deviations, and it occupied, with stoppages, twenty hours. When travelling by main roads the distances are readily discovered, when not known, by reference to an interesting old book, called "Paterson's Roads." When this fails me I measure the distance with a "Wealemefna" on ordnance, or other large-scale maps. My longest month's score, as appears below, was 1,343 miles, and the best week's record was, I think, 459 miles ridden in November. Although much of my distance was covered on Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire roads, I made many excursions in other directions, such as Leicester, distant 100 miles; Ipswich, 70 miles; Eastbourne, 75 miles; Birmingham, 110 miles; Farringdon, 75 miles; Coventry, 90 miles; Litchfield, 120 miles, and Ely, 80 miles; returning, in each case, often by a circuitous route. In a four days' tour, at Easter, through Kent, and along the south coast, 240 miles were ridden. The principal tour was undertaken in September, with three other members of the Belsize Bicycle Club, and occupied nearly three weeks. Crossing to Antwerp, and travelling by train to Basle, in Switzerland, we rode through some of the most picturesque scenery and traversed the Furca Pass, eight thousand feet high. On our return to Basle we had covered nearly 500 miles of new ground. My total distance for the year includes 15 runs of 10 miles or under; but for these the average length of each ride would exceed 46 miles. The distance also comprises 22 rides of 100 miles and upwards, amounting, altogether, to 2,373 miles, and 35 rides of 80 miles and over. About 8,000 miles were ridden upon one bicycle, — a 52-inch Matchless. During the whole year I only met with two mishaps, but in neither case did any harm result. The first was by over-running the machine of a companion, owing to his pulling up suddenly to avoid a demonstrative native in Switzerland. The second time I was unhorsed occurred near London, and came of my encountering in the dark a huge lump of coal, negligently dropped from a cart.

I commenced riding in the fall of 1872, but only did a few hundred miles that year. Since that time I have used the bicycle with fair persistency, my lowest score being in 1879, when my attention was divided between bicycling and yachting. The first fairly long run I took was 90 miles, on May 11, 1873, on a 45-inch bicycle, weighing over 70 lbs. Although I had done innumerable rides of 70, 80, and 90 miles, it was not until 1875 that I accomplished a run of three figures by riding 122 miles, on August 2d in that year. I participated, on April 11, 1874, in the first Hampton Court Meet, in which thirty or forty riders took part. Another incident of my road-riding was the London Bicycle Club 100-mile trial of 1877, from Bath to London, in which I secured the second medal in 8h. 35m. On June 12, 1881, I rode from Finchley to Bedford, 45 miles, without a dismount, in 3h. 35m., and,

[1] MR. EDITOR: — These really wonderful records, which two of England's most distinguished road-riders have kindly prepared for the long-distance chapter of my proposed road-book, seem to me so interesting that I forward them to you for advance publication. My hope is that all those American "ten thousand mile men," who have, thus far, neglected my appeal for their personal statistics, may be moved by the sight of such well-arranged summaries to send me similar ones concerning their own records. As to the number of one dollar subscriptions pledged to ensure the publication of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," I regret to say that not quite half the needed 3,000 have yet been enrolled, — the latest addition to my list to-night being numbered 1,404.

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N.Y.,
21 June, 1884.

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resting 1h. 20m., returned by the same road, without a dismount, in 3h. 33m. From the commencement I have kept a careful account of all my riding, with any incidents worth perpetuating, and I find these records both useful and interesting It will be seen below, that to the end of 1883 I had ridden 42,577 miles. Should any one be interested in it, I will merely state the bare fact that I have entirely abstained all my life from alcoholic beverages.

YEARLY DISTANCES.

	Miles.
1872–73	2,892
1874	3,333
1875	3,315
1876	4,485
1877	3,700
1878	3,695
1879	1,496
1880	2,486
1881	2,904
1882	4,218
1883	10,053
Total	42,577

1883.	Riding Days.	Distance, Miles.	Rough Average.	Longest Ride.
January	13	301	23	100
February	9	575	64	104
March	19	683	36	112
April	20	929	46½	126
May	24	1,169	48½	154
June	25	1,343	54	122
July	10	522	52	101
August	24	1,306	50	107
September	18	640	35½	103
October	22	1,044	47½	103
November	27	1,050	39	102
December	19	591	31	105
Total	230	10,053	44	1,339

It would be practically impossible for me to ascertain how many separate miles of road I have traversed in making my last year's score of 10,053; or, rather, it would be a work of such great labor that I have not time to undertake it; but, generally speaking, my riding has not been so varied as yours appears to have been. I should say that it was entirely unlikely that any one in Europe had ridden anything like 1,420 miles straightaway. I know of no such ride. The longest that has been done in England (that *can* be done) is from Land's-End to John-o'-Groat's, about 1,000 miles.

If you prefer to publish this account outside of your book, you are at liberty to do so. Wishing your venture success,

I remain,

Yours, very truly,

E. TEGETMEIER,

Belsize Bicycle Club.

FINCHLEY, LONDON, May 3, 1884.

DEAR SIR:—I send herewith some of the particulars you ask for. My total riding of 1883 was 8,380 miles. This was chiefly done by riding from Croydon to Brighton, on Saturday afternoons (46 miles), and back early, starting generally about 5 A.M. on the following Monday. Furthermore, the fact that I do all my journeys on bicycle, and also use my bicycle in all sorts of every-day pursuits, to save walking, contributes very largely to the amount. Longest day's ride last year, 184 miles (on a tricycle). Time, 22¾ hours. Longest ever done straightaway, 201 miles, London to York, in 1882; time, 21h. 43m. Longest stay in saddle, 70 miles in 6½ hours. Longest tour, Croydon to Edinburgh, and back by the Lake District to Exeter, and thence to London (about 1,300 miles), Thompson's cyclometer checked by the "Wealemefna" on the ordnance map. Percentage of night-riding about 50, as I am in the City during the day.

During 1882, I rode	8,700 miles.	Longest,	201
" 1881, "	8,605 "	"	140
" 1880, "	6,578 "	"	140
" 1879, "	6,061 "	"	105
" 1878, "	5,190 "	"	125
" 1877, "	3,069 "	"	115

I learned to ride in April, 1877, and the total number of miles traversed up to April, 1884, is 48,250. Separate miles of roadway, 15,150. Most separate road in a year, I should say about 4,500, in 1881. First long ride, 100 miles on May 26, 1877. Have been into all the counties of England on bicycle, and know Essex, Surrey, Middlesex, Herts, Berks, Oxfordshire, Bucks, Hants, and Worcestershire, well. Have never ridden on the Continent, nor in Wales, nor Ireland.

When I give 1,300 miles as length of my tour last year, I don't mean that I went straight on all the while. I merely rode during the long vacation from one place to another to visit friends, as I *use* the bicycle as a means of locomotion, and not as a mere sport. My best performances, if I may mention what have been said to be my best, are, I think, the following: London Bicycle race, Bath to London (100 miles), 3d in 1881, in 7h. 58m.; 1st in 1882, in 7h. 26m.;

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and 1st in 1883; time, 7h. 28m. Also, won 2-mile race for Oxford University, Cambridge; time, 6m. 1⅘s., which was pretty fast then though nothing now. June 29, 1882, rode from London to York, 200 miles, in 21¾ hours; wind adverse all day. Have got "time medals" at the 50-mile championships of the National Cyclists' Union, of which I have been a member of executive for 3 years, viz.: 2.47.52, and 2.48.16. Have not had much success in handicap racing, having only twice won an open handicap. Won championship of Brighton in 1882.

Started in 1883 in 24-hour tricycle race, without any intention of racing for first place, being quite unused to the tricycle, and got a gold medal for doing 176 miles (not counting 8 or 9 lost by misdirection) in 22¾ hours. During the last seven years I have won altogether about twenty prizes.

Yours truly,

H. R. REYNOLDS, JR.

101 LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.,
May 7, 1884.

Canoeing.

THE fourth annual spring regatta of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club was held Saturday, June 14th. The first race was a one-mile paddling race, Class II.; won by Jas. L. Greenleaf, "Coquago," 8m. 34s.; second, E. Gould, "Idler," 8m. 44s. The second race was one-mile paddling, Class IV.; won by E. C. Griffin, "Marguerite," 9m. 32s.; Robt. J. Wilkin, second, 9m. 54s. Third and fourth races were both one mile and a half sailing. Class A won by W. L. Green, "Nettie," 23m. 7s.; Jas. L. Greenleaf, "Coquago," second, 27m. 33s. Class B won by Prof. E. Fowler, "The Nettie," 21m. 30s.; W. Dormitzer, "Halcyon," second, 27m. 30s.; R. J. Wilkin, a good third. The two classes were started together, and for the first mile the race was a very pretty and exciting one, but shortly after they had passed the mile buoy the wind died away, and the finish was a mere drift. The fifth, a one-mile tandem paddling race, open to all, was a very exciting one. Five crews were entered. The "Tip" won, the "Saskatchewan" being only two feet behind. The "Saskatchewan" made a beautiful spurt, and if the race had been twenty feet longer it would surely have won. The crews were: "Tip," Jas. L. Greenleaf, W. L. Green; "Saskatchewan," R. J. Wilkin, E. Gould; time, 8m. 43s. The regatta was most successful in every way. Among the spectators there were many ladies. Mr. E. A. Hoffman, Jr., of the New York Athletic Club, acted as clerk of the course, and Mr. H. T. Keyser, of the Palisade Boat Club, as referee. The Knickerbocker Canoe Club's growth since it moved to its new club-house, 152d street and the Hudson River, has been wonderful. It has now forty-five members, thirty-four of which are canoe-owners. It sends a large delegation to Grindstone Island this month.

THE members of the Toronto Canoe Club had their first race of the season on Saturday, May 31st. It was a sailing contest for the new Running Cup. In sailing for this cup the course is chosen in such a way that there is no close-hauled sailing. Six canoes entered; the "Boreas," Com. Hugh Neilson, coming in first, and winning the cup; the "Isabel," Mr. Robert Tyson, second. On the following Saturday, June 7th, the All Round Cup was raced for. This has been held by Mr. Tyson, during the winter, and he was challenged for it by Commodore Neilson. There was a fairly good breeze, and the canoes carried full racing canvas. Four started, and after passing the first mark, Neilson increased his lead, and came in a winner of the cup. Tyson crossed the line three minutes afterwards. The other canoes did not complete the course. "Boreas" and "Isabel" each carried two centre-boards—a small one aft, in addition to the usual large one forward.

THE annual spring regatta of the New York Canoe Club took place off New Brighton, Staten Island, in New York Harbor, on June 21st. The entry was the largest ever made in the Club regattas. The one-and-a-half-mile sailing race was won in 10m. 33s., by H. O. Bailey's "Surge." There were an "up-set" and three paddling races.

THE Merrimack River Canoe meet, held at Deer Leap, between Lowell and Lawrence, June 14th, 15th, and 16th, was very successful, and attended by about fifty canoeists with more than half as many canoes. Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, Salem, Boston, and Dedham were represented. John Boyle O'Reilly and his companion, Fred J. Stimson, who had been cruising on the Charles and Concord rivers, honored the camp with a visit, and were entertained by members of the Vesper Boat Club. The camp was delightfully situated. There were no races, but a thoroughly good time was enjoyed. Hunt's Falls were run by several of the canoes, and one lightweight filled, but no harm was done. After the meet, canoes "Chemaun" and "Clytie," "A.

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C. A.," cruised down the river to Newburyport, and around the coast to Salem.

Pleasure Travel.

MR. LUCIUS TUTTLE, of the Eastern Railroad, has issued a dainty pamphlet containing a wealth of practical information about the summer resorts of Maine and the Provinces, put into the most condensed form. Several excellent maps are among the most valuable features of the book.

"THE Tip End of Yankee Land" is a pretty little pamphlet, issued by the Fall River and Newport lines, and the Old Colony Railroad. It is effectively illustrated, and is full of interesting and timely facts for those who plan for summering or journeying in the region described.

THERE are said to be more sea-side resorts on the New England coast than on any coast line of corresponding length in the world.

THE Coney Island season has opened favorably, with the new hotel management, and the indications are good for a more successful business than was done last year.

MR. R. H. SOUTHGATE, of Congress Hall, Saratoga and several other well-known summer hotels, is coöperating with government surveyors in opening a direct route through the Adirondack wilderness, by stage and steamer, from Blue Mountain Lake to the Thousand Islands. This will afford a wild and adventurous journey of a hundred miles for people who enjoy the picturesque. Mr. Southgate pronounces the outlook for the Saratoga season to be most propitious.

THE Boston, Concord, & Montreal Railroad has been leased to the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and will be hereafter known as the White Mountain Division of the latter road. Mountain travellers will find that every convenience will be provided for them by this line.

Shooting and Fishing.

A STATE senator of New Hampshire has been arrested and prosecuted for engaging in the illicit sport of fishing in Lake Winnipiseogee with a trawl 723 feet long, bearing 125 hooks. Strange to say the culprit was a member of the Fish and Game League.

PROFESSOR H. J. Rice recently read an exhaustive paper before the American Fish-cultural Association advocating the efficacy of salt in destroying the "fish fungus" which attacks the eggs in artificial fish culture,

SARATOGA Lake affords the angler good fishing for bass, which are plentiful and gamy. There is now a call to have the fishing there protected from illegal and wholesale destruction.

THE festival of the Newark Shooting Society, held June 9th and 12th, was highly successful. Representatives were present from Washington, Pittsburgh, Boston, and other places.

TROUTING is a favorite sport of Californians. Several streams in that State are noted for their abundance of the fish.

THE Adirondack Club have sown their tract of land in Essex county with white-pine seeds. The seeds came from Maine, where they were threshed from the cones.

THE victorious team of the Exeter Sportmen's Club, of Exeter, N.H., which won first place in the clay-pigeon tournament at Chicago, was received with an ovation by the citizens of Exeter on June 2d.

A SALMON weighing over fifty-two pounds was caught early in June in the Restigouche river, Canada, by Mr. J. Reed. It is believed to be the largest ever caught in Canadian waters.

THE Second Annual Bench Show of sporting and other dogs, at Chicago, held early in June, was highly successful.

NEARLY 1,500,000 young shad, hatched at the Connecticut State fishery, were turned into the Connecticut river on June 23d, and several hundred thousand were put into the Housatonic river.

Tennis.

A NATIVE Hindoo lawn-tennis player is attracting some attention in England. On June 7th, however, Mr. R. D. Sears, the American amateur champion, defeated the Hindoo at Wimbledon, Eng., in seven sets.

AT a meeting of the United States Lawn-Tennis Association held at the Hotel Brunswick, New York, June 7th, Mr. Cowan, of the Newark Club, was elected secretary. The Ayers ball was adopted as the regulation ball.

THE Far and Near Lawn-Tennis Club, of Hastings, New York, held an open tournament on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, June 19th, 20th, and 21st.

THE Orange (N.J.) Lawn-Tennis Club held a successful meet on Decoration Day, on which occasion the play foretold a good record for the season.

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THE opening games for this season of the Ladies' Club for Out-door Sports, were held on the grounds of the Staten Island Cricket Club on June 5th. Tennis was the favorite game of the day, and the courts were kept continually filled with ladies and gentlemen. Gilmore's Band added to the pleasure of the occasion. This club, organized only a few years ago, has met with great popularity and success.

LAWN-tennis is gaining rapid popularity throughout the country as an out-door game for ladies and gentlemen. The game is just beginning to attract decided attention in the West, and the demand for it there is exceeding the supply.

A TENNIS lawn has been laid out in Central Park, New York, and it is hoped to arrange forty good courts on it. Arrangements are also in progress to put up a club-house, with dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen; also to let nets and lockers to clubs.

Yachting.

THE champion pennant race of the Hull Yacht Club, of Boston, came off on Saturday, June 21st. The wind was so light and variable that boats of the first class did not start. The following are the winners of the pennants to be permanently retained: The "Transit," in the second class; "Sea-bird," third class; "Joker," fourth class; "Morgan," fifth class; "Mirage," sixth class.

THE surreptitious shifting of ballast in races, although it does not speak well for the honor of some racing men, is attracting attention. Rule 26 of the N.E. Y.R.A. reads: "Shifting ballast shall not be allowed in any race governed by the rules of this association, under penalty of the boat, and the owner of the boat, or any other boat belonging to him, being debarred from any further entry or participation in any race given by any club affiliated with this association."

THE effort of the American Yacht Club to promote steam-yacht racing, mentioned in OUTING in a recent issue, has been followed by the offer of prizes for the same end, on the part of Commodore Bennett, of the New York Yacht Club. These prizes are to be competed for during the club cruise in August, and are as follows: 1. A $1,000 cup to the steam-yacht winning with time allowance. 2. A $1,000 cup to the steam-yacht making the shortest time over the course. 3. A $500 cup to the steam-yacht arriving second without time allowance.

A NEW single-hand yawl, the "Windward," is attracting the attention of New York yachtsmen. She is 18 feet on the water-line, 22 feet over all, 6 feet beam, 4 feet draft, with 1,500 lbs. on the keel. She is planned to be "uncapsizable, unknockdownable, and unfillable."

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard College, has purchased the keel sloop-yacht "Uarda," of Boston. She is a first class cruising-yacht, and measures 29 feet 6 inches over all, 9 feet 6 inches beam, 5 feet draught.

THREE well-known Boston boats are looked at as the most likely to be successful in matching an American build against the famous English cutter "Madge," this season. They are Mr. C. G. Weld's "Hera," Dr. John Bryant's "Shadow," and the American cutter "King Philip." The "Hera" is being now put in racing trim.

ON June 10th the annual regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club was sailed in New York Bay. The "Grayling," the "Triton," and the "Mischief," won in their respective classes.

A NEW steel cutter, the "Irex," is building at Northampton, England, for Mr. Jameson, owner of the racer "Samœna." Her frames are steel, and her planking is of teak and pine. She measures 85 feet on the water-line, and 99 feet over all, from which it will be seen that she has a tremendous overhang. Her beam outside is 15 feet, and her depth 13 feet.

THE ocean race of the New York Yacht Club around Long Island was finished Wednesday, June 18th. The race was begun on Monday, the 16th, by fourteen yachts. The winners were the "Fanny," first class sloop; the "Vixen," third class sloop; and the schooner "Grayling." A $500 cup was the prize for schooners, and a cup of like value for first-class sloops.

THE annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club was attempted on June 12th, but delayed by light winds. The boats failed to make a race within the eight-hour limit, and the regatta was sailed the following day. Of the second class schooners, the "Montauk" won. The first class sloops came in in the following order: "Fanny," "Gracie," "Ileen," "Hildegarde." The contest among the sloops was regarded as a trial of the cutter against the American centre-board model. Of the four sloops, the "Ileen" is a cutter of pronounced English form.

THE Seawanhaka Yacht Club sailed their annual Corinthian match around Sandy Hook lightship, on June 14th. The wind was fresh, and a heavy sea was running outside the Hook. The "Gracie" won in her class, and the cutter "Oriva" won in the second class.

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THE OVER-ENERGETIC WAY.



THE SHOWY WAY.



THE DIGNIFIED WAY.



THE UNDIGNIFIED WAY.

RED-HOT BALLS,

AND HOW TO TAKE THEM.

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THE WALKING-LEAF.

(*Camptosorus rhizophyllus.*)

MOLLIE.

THIS is the spot, — at least it is the region;
The botany should more explicit be.
"On shaded rocks" — that's good! their number's legion.
Are these "calcareous"?

JACK.

Don't question *me!*
I say, let's rest! I've no breath left to mention;
We've left the others half a mile behind.
Hear the wind sway the pine trees! fine invention
To make one sleep. I'll smoke, if you don't mind.
Is that the road we came, that ribband yonder?
Are those dots people, and that smoke the town?
Listen! I heard a partridge; maybe thunder.
How we should catch it, if the rain came down!

MOLLIE.

Now here's a tuft of something quite suspicious;
"Fronds evergreen," yes, I should call them that.
"Procumbent," yes, and "lanceolate," — delicious!
This must be it, —

JACK.

What made you wear that hat?
It may be stylish, but it hides your forehead
Too much, —

MOLLIE.

Well, really, this is not the place
To talk of bonnets; I shall think you horrid!
"From a heart-shaped or often hastate base,
Roots at the apex," yes, "the fruit-dots scattered,
The outer ones approximate in pairs."

JACK.

They do, eh? Shows their sense! I should feel flattered
If, in this interest, I could go shares!

MOLLIE.

How sentimental!

JACK.

No, I am not jesting;
Don't bluff a fellow till he's had his say.
You are the only one, — why this protesting?
I haven't had a chance before to-day.

MOLLIE.

One moment, please; let's see, — the fronds are "simple."
Now, I should think, —

JACK.

Yes, tell me every thought!
When your lips move they show that pretty dimple.

MOLLIE.

It's rather damp here; don't you think we ought
To search elsewhere? I'm not through analyzing, —
I've got to listen? Then, sir, please be brief.

JACK.

Three words will do; the news is not surprising?
Hold your face up. There! Hang the walking-leaf!

Henry Baldwin.

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Points to be Remembered.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is Two Dollars a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Subscribers in any other country embraced in the Postal Union will receive the magazine for $2.50 a year, postage prepaid.

REMITTANCES may be made by mail with perfect safety, if in the form of Bank Drafts on Boston or New York, or Postal Money Orders. Bills or Postal Notes may be sent with equal safety in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. In directing the change of an address be particular to give the *present* address as well as the new one. Otherwise it is impossible for us to comply with your desire.

BACK NUMBERS of either OUTING or THE WHEELMAN will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Booksellers, postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

THE ADVERTISING RATES of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be forwarded on application, together with sample copies of the magazine, and testimonials from those who have used its pages to their own profit and satisfaction. The special character of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN makes it of great value to all who seek for the patronage of the best people. Orders for advertising forwarded by mail will receive careful attention, and proofs will be submitted if desired. Special care will be given to the printing of good cuts.

An Invitation.

OUTING is fortunate in having offices in one of the pleasantest and most convenient locations in Boston. The "editor's open window" looks out upon the Common and catches the breeze on these hot summer days in a delightful fashion. It is only five minutes distant — is it not convenient occasionally to measure by minutes instead of miles? — from the Providence station; ten minutes from the Boston & Albany, and twenty minutes from the eastern and northern railway stations. This makes it a good place for head-quarters for readers of OUTING who may be in or passing through the city. And the publisher cordially invites all such to consider the office as a head-quarters. Please do us the favor of calling. A good elevator brings you to our door, and we want to see you. You will find a place to write and receive letters, and an office-force ready to supply you with any information in their power on points of interest, roads for wheeling, streams for canoeing, or anything else allied to out-door life. Man is mortal and fallible, consequently we are not as thoroughly informed on the various topics of the encyclopedia from A to Z as we should like to be. But whereof we know, of that we are always ready to speak, and desire to be of any service to the friends and readers of OUTING that we can. Try the experiment, and see if the welcome is not as hearty as the invitation.

A Bright Book.

"ST. LAWRENCE SUMMER LIFE" is the title of a handsomely illustrated volume, prepared by Frank H. Taylor, and setting forth the charms and attractions of that matchless river for summer visitors. The volume contains several colored maps, and promises to be of great value to tourists. Messrs. Leve & Alden, of New York, are the publishers, and the book sells for 50 cents.

Special to Club Secretaries and Canvassers.

THERE is a particularly good opportunity for the secretaries or members of out-of-door clubs to extend the list of subscribers to OUTING among their membership, during the next two months, when the club-feeling is warm, and the interest in out-door matters at its height. We offer *special inducements* to any one who will send us ten new names during the next two months. A postal-card of inquiry will give full particulars.

A Good Sign.

AN advertiser in OUTING, having a yearly contract, asks us as a special favor to omit his ad-

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vertisement this month, saying that he is already behind on his orders, and each publication of the advertisement brings so many new ones that he wants to skip a month in order to get even. This customer, like many others, is satisfied that *advertising pays*.

Some of the Friends We are Making.

IT always takes a little while for a new-comer into a community to make acquaintances and friends. There has been no exception to this rule in the experience, thus far, of OUTING, but it is now making itself known, and the following extracts will show that its neighbors are rapidly warming from casual acquaintances into valued friends:

THE July number of OUTING opens with a fresh, spirited, and profusely illustrated article on "Summer Days in the Catskills." The number is a very excellent one. — *Chicago Evening Journal.*

OUTING is now far and away ahead of its out-door-sport rivals in the magazine world. The reading matter is interesting, while the illustrations would do credit to any publication. — *The Week, Toronto, Can.*

NEXT to reality is imagination, and next to exercise and a good vacation is a good pen picture of them. One cannot read this journal of recreation, OUTING, and view the fine illustrations of quiet glens and nature's secret summer places, without feeling refreshed. — *Daily Times, Kansas City.*

OUTING for July has a long list of out-door articles, and the reader may take a tramp on foot in Belgium, go through the French provinces on a bicycle, wield a rod on the banks of a trout stream, or paddle his way in a canvas canoe, as he chooses. The opening article, "Summer Days in the Catskills," is a fresh one, and, with the [illegible] illustrations accompanying it, is more than simply good reading. — *Chicago Interior.*

OUTING for July is practically a mid-summer number, and perhaps one would naturally expect a magazine of this title to do its best in the warm season. Several articles are sketches of travel, that on the "Catskills," with its modest illustrations, being particularly entertaining. — *The Nation, New York.*

OUTING is second to no magazine, not even the *Century* itself, in the elegance of its paper, type, and pictorial matter. The man who, because he does not ride the bicycle, neglects to see the monthly issues of this magazine, stands in his own light. — *Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn.*

THE July number of OUTING is an admirable one, and just suited for the mountain and sea-shore. Every article is suggestive of out-door life. — *The Courier, Lowell, Mass.*

THE July issue of OUTING keeps up the high grade of illustrations and literary merit, promised by the promoters of the magazine. A varied assortment of articles, fresh with the breath of out-doors, and the exhilarating tone of healthy sport and travel, is given.—*Norristown Herald, Pa.*

OUTING is decidedly the magazine for the summer months, when recreation is general, and out-of-door life is enjoyed as much as possible by every one. Walking, canoeing, bicycling, and travel into picturesque regions, form some of the topics treated in July number, and all the articles are bright and wholesome, befitting the life represented. — *Boston Journal.*

OUTING FOR SEPTEMBER

Will be a particularly valuable and interesting number. It will contain:

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

An accurate and interesting description of the new building now in course of erection for this club, which will be the largest, handsomest, and most complete building devoted to athletic purposes in America. With numerous illustrations, including a full set of floor plans, from the architect's drawings.

THE WASHINGTON MEET OF THE L. A. W.

A bright and readable sketch of the recent League Meet in Washington, by NINON NECKAR, effectively illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL and other artists.

THE SHAYBACKS IN CAMP.

Part II. of the lively camping chronicles of S. J. BARROWS, handsomely illustrated by HENRY SANDHAM.

CANOE TENTS.

A valuable practical paper on a subject of special importance to all present or prospective canoeists By T. J. KIRKPATRICK. With 12 illustrations.

A CRUISE IN THE PETREL.

A vivid and entertaining sketch of a cruise in a New York Pilot Boat, full of incident and life. By WILLIAM H. RIDING.

A STRANGE IDYL.

Part II. of the bright and curiosity-provoking story by ARLO BATES.

THE PERKER HUNT.

One of PRESIDENT BATES's humorous and taking bicycle sketches.

Together with a choice variety of other contributions, the Editorial Departments, Records, and Amenities.

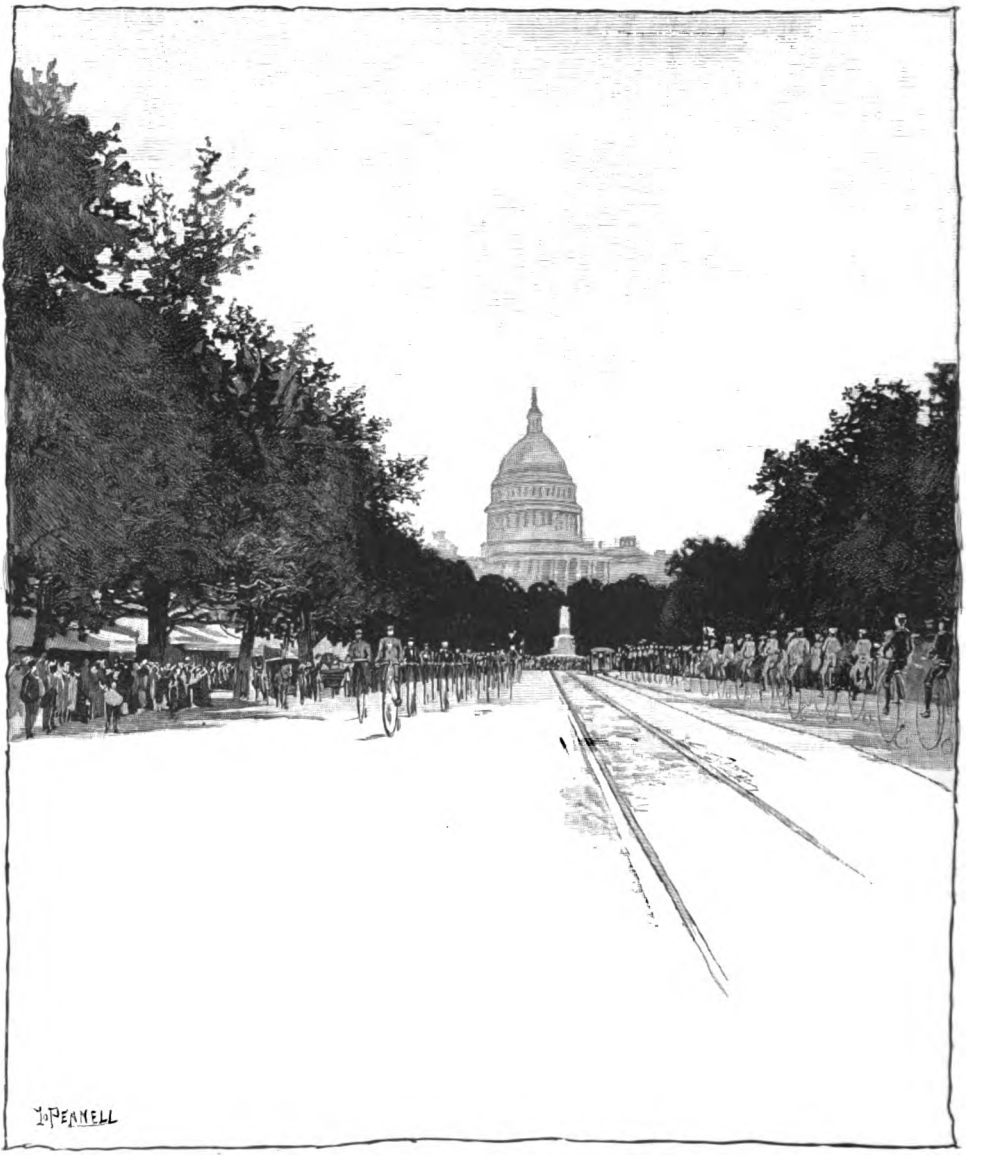
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SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS for subscription work among out-door clubs *during the next two months.* Send postal card for particulars.

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OUTING.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1884. No. 6.

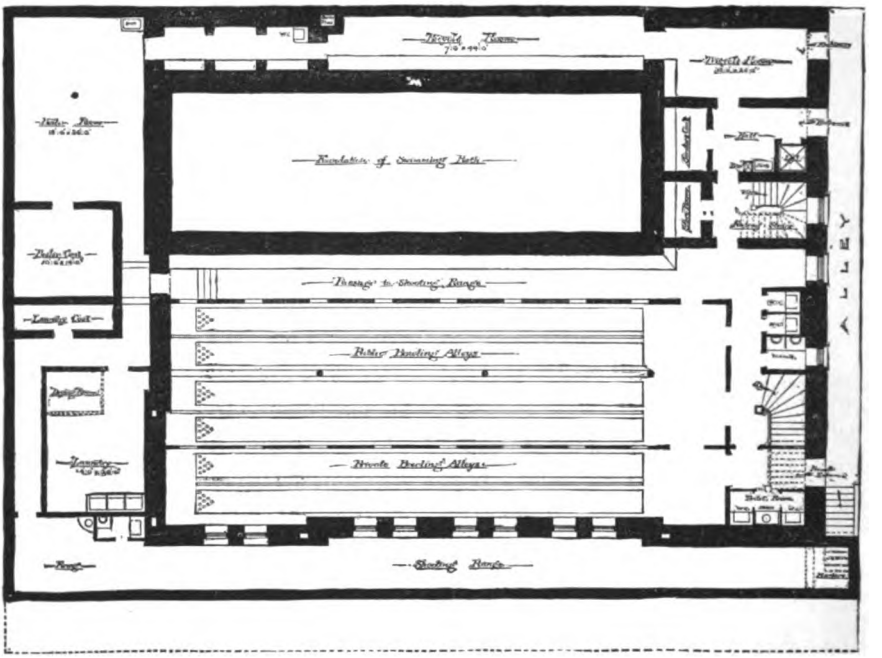
THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.



SINCE the first day of his existence, the cultivation of muscular strength, suppleness, and dexterity, has been one of the chief pleasures of man. From the time the Isthmian games were first instituted by Sisyphus, King of Corinth, thirteen hundred and twenty-six years before the coming of Christ, when the fortunate winner of the most events in one day received a simple garland of pine leaves for his reward, and felt amply recompensed at that, man's interest in manly sports has waxed strong and stronger, until no amount of money is too great to expend in artistic workmanship and costly material for a prize to the winner of a single event. Who, in reading the Good Book, has not marvelled at the great strength of Samson, or applauded the dexterity of David with his sling? and how interested we have become in the sturdy strokes of the Black Knight in Scott's "Ivanhoe," or, to cite another novel, in the great prowess of Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables"! Writers are well aware of the interest to be awakened in a reader by putting a manly man in their "cast," and many a book of fiction appears with a hero noted above its other characters for some manly exercise.

The first amateur athletic organization in America was the New York Athletic Club. Certain members of the Atlantic Boat Club, of Hoboken, coöperating with members of a boxing-class at Wood's gymnasium, were the promoters of the enterprise, and one evening after a regatta, Messrs. John C. Babcock and W. B. Curtis, in their rooms at No. 200 Sixth avenue, where Macy's store now is, draughted a circular which was sent to desirable amateurs, and, on Sept. 8, 1868, the New York Athletic Club became a thing of life. There was no initiation fee asked at first, the $10.00 paid by each man as he entered being for the first six months' dues. The first officers were: president, the late J. Ed. Russell; vice-president, John C. Babcock; secretary, H. A. Hiers; treasurer, H. E. Buermeyer. A room was taken on the third floor of the old Medical College, afterward the Masonic Temple, and now known as Clarendon Hall, and in an incredibly short space of time over three hundred members were enrolled. This number diminished considerably when the time for collecting the second six months' dues arrived, but new members rapidly took the places of those who had departed, and the club was soon as strong as before. The first to organize, it has always been first to hurl the discus of progress in athletic matters far beyond its fellow associations. It was not satisfied to creep slowly into notice, for, exactly two months after its formation, the first games given by the club were held at the Empire Rink, now the American Institute building, upon which occasion the first pair of spiked shoes seen in New York were used for jumping, running, walking, and other competitions, and in each case won the contest. These athletic sports were the first ones given in America, open to all amateurs, and the entertainment was made more enjoyable by music by Dodworth's band of forty-two pieces, which, toward the end of the programme, played a spirited march dedicated to the N.Y.A.C., and composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Harvey B. Dodworth. These games, admirably conducted as they were, gained for the club a pleasant notoriety, and, what it needed far more, members and money. Applications for membership poured in,

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BASEMENT PLAN.

and in 1869 more roomy accommodations were sought at Mier's Gymnasium, in St. Mark's place; and again, in 1870, the year of the incorporation of the club under State laws, another move was made, and the head-quarters transferred to Wood's Gymnasium, in 28th street, near Fifth avenue, where it remained until two years ago, when a private gymnasium was secured in West 23d street. In 1874 a room was hired on Broadway, between 34th and 35th streets, and fitted up as an auxiliary club-room, but at the expiration of the twelve months' lease it was given up. In connection with the incorporation of the club, it is not generally known among the more recent members that two of the incorporators were Mr. Charles Delmonico, whose late tragic death caused such sincere regret in New York, and Mr. Charles Roosevelt, also deceased. In the early history of the club the members used to meet for out-door sports at Finley's half-mile track on the old Harlem lane, but in 1871 a plot of ground was obtained on 130th street and Harlem river. Although many well-fought contests took place on these grounds, the athletic games of the club never became thoroughly popular until it removed to its present location, on the Harlem river, at the foot of 150th street, in 1874. Here the club expended large sums of money in levelling the land, building grand stands suitable for the fair sex, dressing-houses for contestants, and in enclosing the track with a tall fence capable of baffling the most athletic efforts of the small boy; but perhaps the largest outlay was spent in a cinder track, the first one laid in American soil, and upon which many of the "best on record" have since been made. Beautifully situated as the spot is, giving a fine view of High Bridge, with its background of hills on the southern shore of the river, and within hearing of the ceaseless tramp of some of the best trotting-horses in the world, as they wend their way across McCoomb's Dam Bridge from morn to night of every pleasday, it is no wonder that, with the added attraction of manly endeavors, the club games have always drawn large audiences to the ground, especially of ladies; and this, too, before the advent of elevated railroad trains available every three minutes, and when the club was obliged to run special trains from the Grand Central depot.

The most important aquatic step taken by the club was the building of the first boat-house on the Harlem river, in 1870. It then possessed but a single boat, a clumsy six-oared gig which would cause some hilarity among the members now, who boast

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to-day of four boat-houses, and more craft than any boat-club in the world, with the single exception of the London Rowing Association. It is not an uncommon thing to see a couple of hundred members at the boat-houses on a hot day in summer, some rowing, some bathing, and many of the older members — deed, when we consider the many changes each year's election of officers must naturally have brought about, the success of its business management has been phenomenal. But, noticeable as are the many progressive steps of the club, the present year will undoubtedly chronicle the most important event of its history. That indomi-



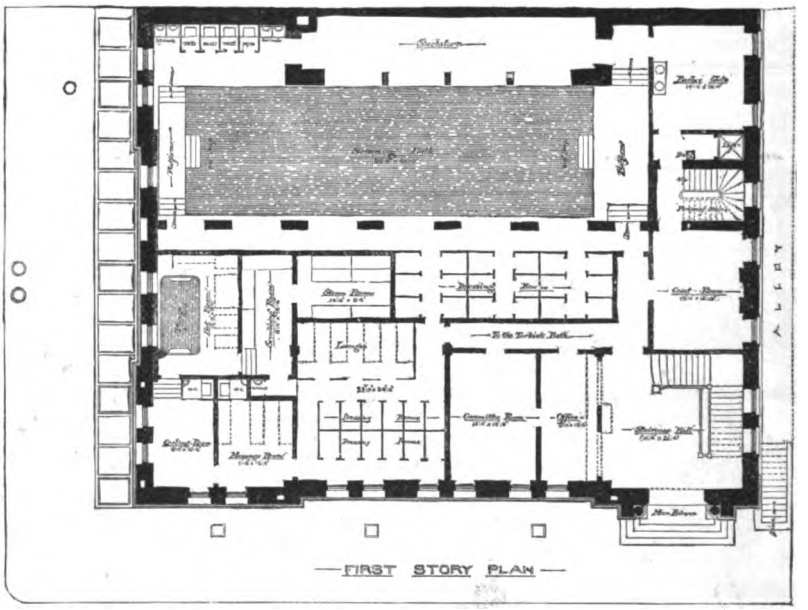
BUILDING FOR THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

the retired gladiators as it were — sitting on the cool balconies enjoying the lively scenes taking place in the water below.

From this brief sketch of the club it will be seen that from the crack of the pistol it has kept up a steady gait of improvement; believing that to be be first in the field it must provide its members with every facility for accomplishing that end, and always acting up to this belief. The business management of the club has been perfect; in- table backbone — the governing committee — is now rigid under the weight of trials and tribulations which attend the building of a new house: not a Harlem boat-house, nor a grand stand affair, but a handsome five-story club-house of brick and terra cotta, to cost from $125,000 to $150,000. The lot chosen for the building is on the southwest corner of 55th street and Sixth avenue, and is seventy-six feet six inches wide by one hundred feet long, the length of the

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lot being on the 55th street side. The entrance, of red granite, will also be on the 55th street side, at the extreme north-west end of the building. Entering a tiled hall, the visitor will find on his right a hard-wood staircase descending to the base-



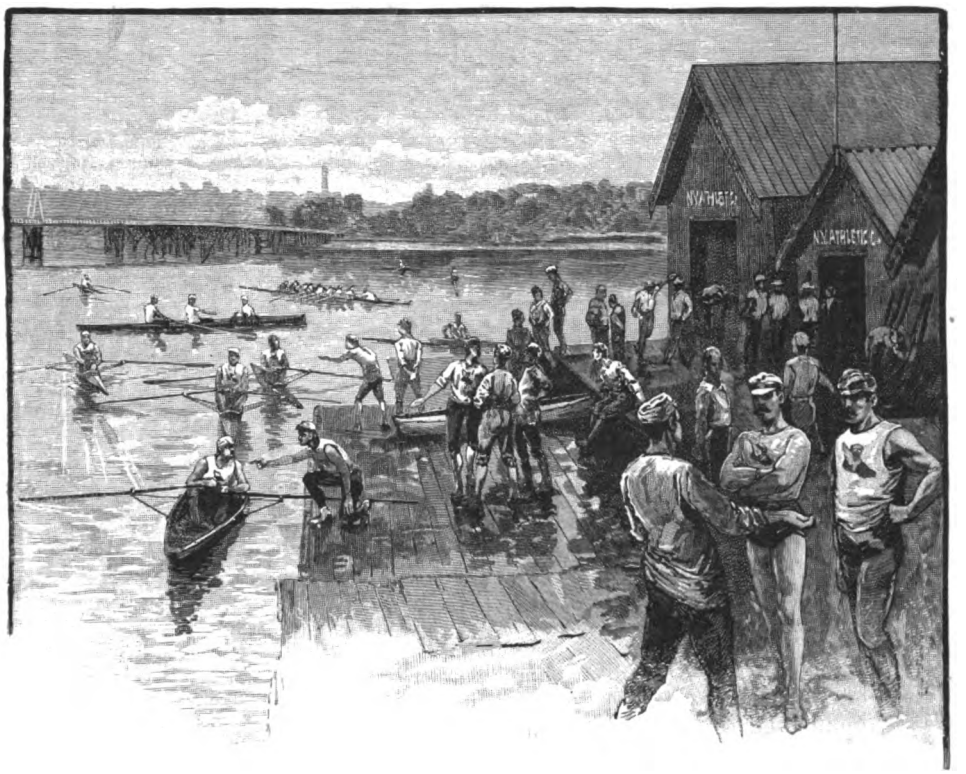
latter twelve feet by six. Between these two baths is conveniently located the scrubbing-room, furnished with marble scrubbing-couches, and hot, cold, and needle showers. To the left of these rooms, on the 55th street and Sixth avenue corner

ment, and on the left two arches opening into an office, in the rear of which will be a large committee-room. Further along the hall, and back of a stair-case leading to the floor above, are to be a coat-room, a fire-proof back staircase, a small hydraulic elevator for servants and freight, and a barber-shop, each running along the north-west end of the building in the order named. Opposite the barber-shop will be a large swimming-tank, sixty-six feet long by nearly twenty feet wide, with a depth of four feet six inches at one end, shelving to six feet at the other. This will be the longest swimming-tank in the city—the one in Prof. Gebhard's natatorium being about forty-five feet. It will be lined with white enamelled brick, provided with spring diving-boards, summersault rings, etc., and the water will be heated in the winter so as to be as agreeable as in summer. Adjacent to the swimming-tank will be eighteen dressing-rooms, and at the Sixth avenue end space has been left for several closets. East of the dressing-rooms will be the Turkish and Russian bath-rooms, with a plunge in the of the building, will be apartments for cooling and massage, with large closets connecting, and between this and the committee-room, will be twelve more dressing-rooms with a couch-room close by, where the refreshed bather may seek repose, or smoke his cigar before making his toilet. Wherever water or steam can come in contact with the walls or flooring there will be put either white Italian veined-marble, white enamelled brick, or tiling. This completes the plan of the first floor.

Before going on with the details of the building a word about baths is not *mal-apropos*, for their value in connection with physical culture has been appreciated but a few years in this country. I remember standing by a party of trainers, prize-fighters, and sports, at one of the international walking-matches in the Madison Square Garden. They had been backing Rowell freely, and were praising his good style and condition, when news was brought that the little Englishman's trainer had taken him from the garden for a Turkish bath. If a thunder-bolt had fallen among them, they

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could not have been more astounded, and as this was an evidence, in their opinion, that Rowell was on his "last legs," they "hedged" their bets to a man, only to back him again when he stepped on the track, an hour later, as fresh and supple as at the beginning of the race. The baths of the ancient Romans were expensive and beautiful. Their walls glowed with crimson, their pavements were skilfully tessellated in white mosaics, and their roofs were



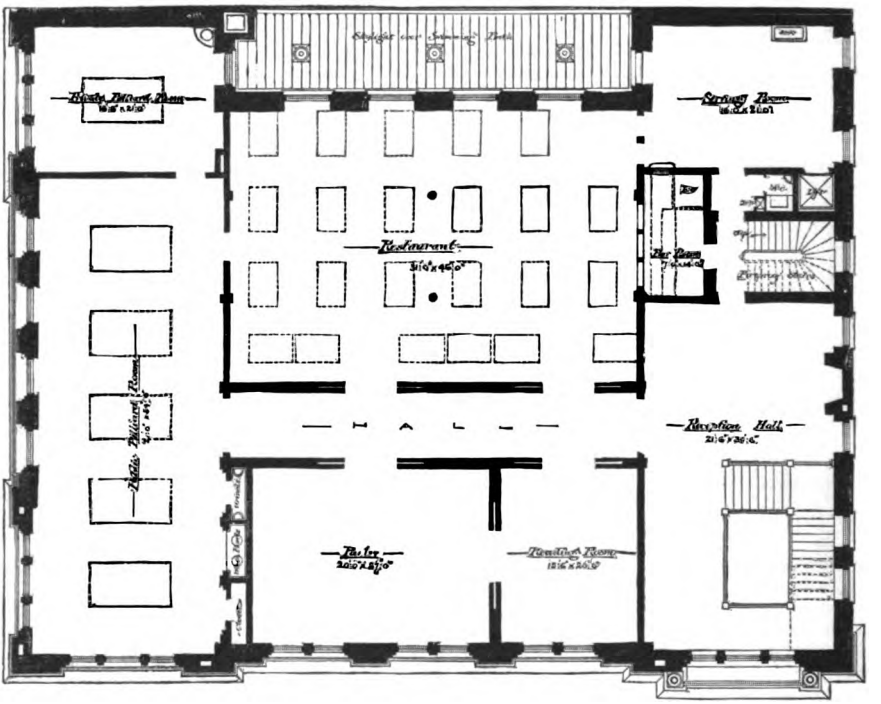
BOAT HOUSE AND FLOAT.

arched and elaborately carved and painted, — institutions which have been copied in Europe and America on a smaller scale, but in a manner not liable to the excesses practised in the Roman baths. Three baths a day were none too many for the habitual Roman bathers, who generally made their appearance during the first hour in which the doors were opened and remained until that in which the doors were closed. They took exercise in the tennis-court to prepare for the first bath; they lounged in the theatres to refresh themselves after it; they took their prandium under the trees and thought over their second bath, and by the time it was prepared their prandium was digested; from the second bath they wandered into the lecture-room or library; then came the supper, after which they again repaired to the terpidarium or sudatorium, as the hot-air and vapor baths were called, and went through the luxuries of bath number three. While no one that I know of advocates this excessive bathing, unless I may except Mr. J. K. Emmett, the actor, who, when in his own house, is said to take three Russian baths each day, the benefit of Turkish and Russian baths in moderation has now been recognized by trainers generally, and no well-appointed gymnasium should be without them. But to return to the building.

Descending to the basement the visitor will find wash-rooms and closets to the right and left of the staircase, while directly opposite will be four bowling-alleys for general use, and adjoining, two private

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alleys for matches, or members who bring lady friends. These alleys will be sixty feet in length, and fitted with a new invention for returning the balls without noise to the bowling-point. Extending the full length of the building on the 55th street side, and occupying the space under the area and sidewalk, will be a rifle range, the firing-point being at the Sixth avenue end. The actual distance from the firing-point to the bull's-eye will be one hundred feet, making it possible, by reducing the targets, to get a range of four or five hundred yards. This will be furnished with light rifles of the best manufacture, improved targets, cases for locking up private arms, an armorer's bench, wash-stands, and a patent appliance for clearing the range of smoke. At the Sixth avenue end of the bowling-alleys, beneath the area and sidewalk, will be the laundry, drying-room, coal-bunkers, boiler and engine rooms. In the engine-room will be pumps for supplying the boiler and the house tank, a small engine for running the washing-machine and an engine for furnishing the entire house with electric light. Outside the engine-room there will be an artesian well, which is to supply the swimming-tank with water, though, should it at any time run dry, ample provision has been made for getting water for this purpose from the Croton main. West of the bowling-alleys stand the granite foundation of the swimming-tank on the floor above, and, still west of that, a stable for bicycles and tricycles, which communicates with an alley-way five feet wide, extending along the north-west end of the building, and connecting with the sidewalk on the 55th street side. The fire-proof staircase runs down to this floor, as does also the service elevator, and in close proximity to them are the janitor's coal-bunker and store-room.



SECOND STORY PLAN.

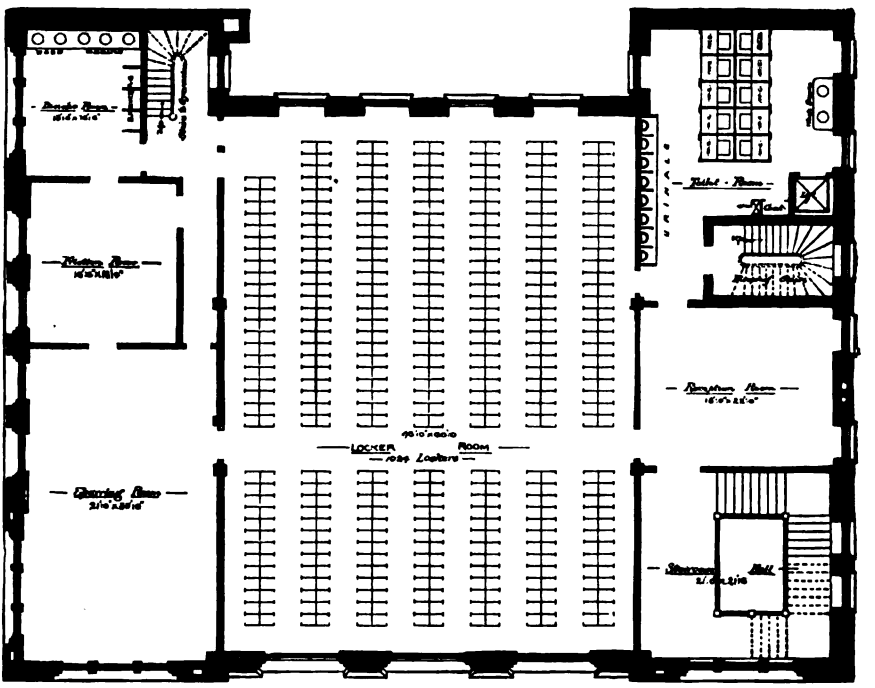
In the well-hole made by the main staircase, which goes to the top floor in the form of a square, there are to be two Otis Standard hydraulic passenger elevators. The stairs, which are to be of polished hardwood, with handsome newel lamps at the angle of each landing, open on the second

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floor into a spacious hall and reception-room, with a large fireplace for logs, with opposite a hall extending toward Sixth avenue, on the left of which will be sliding-doors opening into a parlor and a reading-room, and on the right, corresponding doors leading into a restaurant. At the end of this passage a large hall has been set aside for the billiard parlor, to be provided with five tables and a small toilet-room. Next to the billiard parlor, in the south-east corner, will be another room containing one billiard table, to be used for matches or by members accompanied by lady friends, as in the case of the private bowling-alleys. Connecting with the restaurant will be a pantry or serving-room, and close to this a small bar-room, with a dumb waiter for elevating delectable spirit concoctions to the floors above.

two dollars each per annum. In the east corner of the building, on this floor, will be a sparring and fencing room, thirty-six feet by twenty-four feet, with friction and douche rooms adjoining. Next to the douche-room will be a small staircase connecting the locker-room with a gymnasium on the floor above; the locker-room will also connect with a large toilet apartment in the south-west corner of the house.

The whole of the fourth floor will be devoted to a gymnasium, or, as a member facetiously dubs it, "a factory for flexors and extensors." This room will be twenty-two feet high, and, in addition to the windows at the sides, will be lighted by a sky-light in the centre, twenty-eight feet by fourteen feet. Around the room, midway between the floor and ceiling, will be a gal-

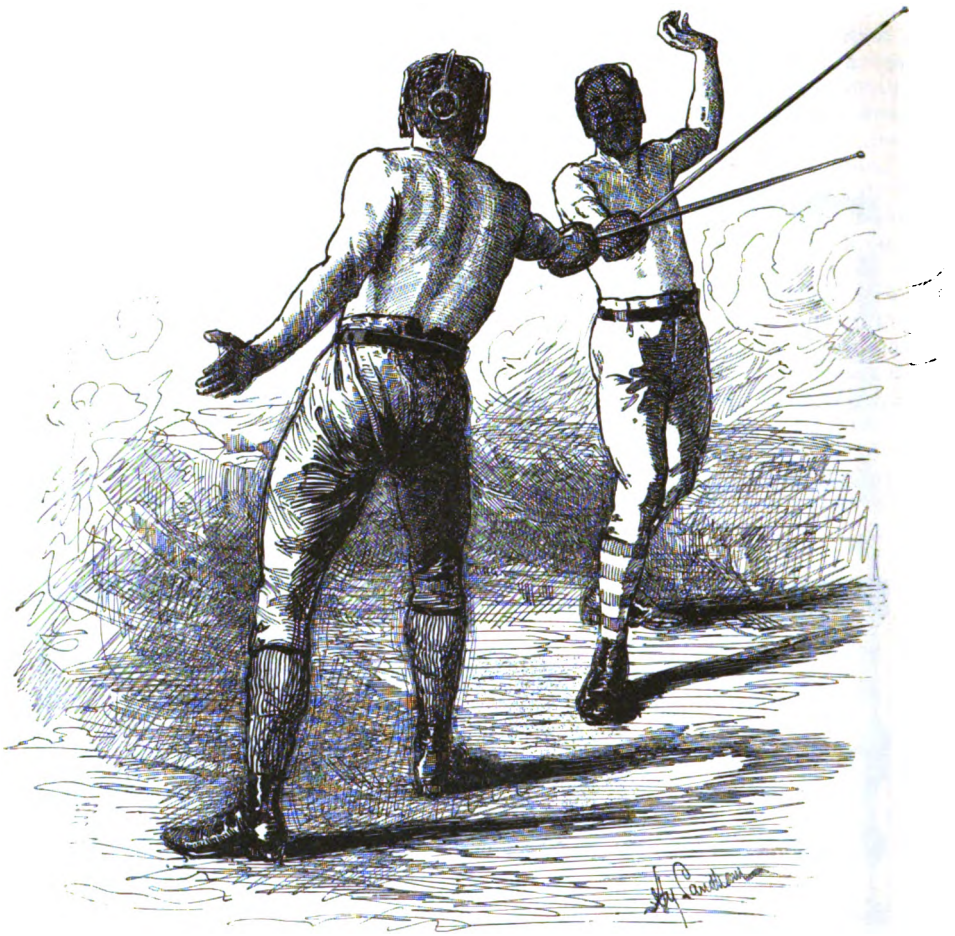


THIRD STORY PLAN

On the third story the stairs again usher the explorer into a hall and reception-room, as on the second story. This floor will be almost wholly taken up by the locker-room, which will contain over one thousand small closets for rent to members at

lery, to be used as a track for running, twenty-two laps making a mile. This gallery will not be supported by brackets on the walls, but is to be suspended from the roof by rods, which will run through fancy iron newel-posts, which in turn are

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FENCING.

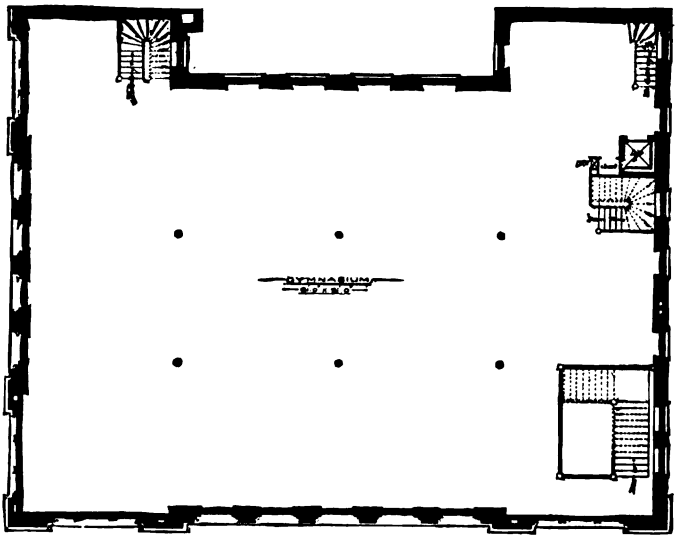
to support an ornamental railing around the edge. There will be battens, fastened to the floor, running around the gallery equi-distant from one another, between which will be placed the tan-bark forming the track. The gymnasium will be furnished and arranged by Dr. Sargent, now in charge of the Harvard-College gymnasium, with all the latest and most improved apparatus for muscular development; and he promises that it shall be the finest in the country, not excepting the celebrated Hemingway gymnasium. There is but one more ascension, and that is to the roof, where will be the kitchen, pantry, janitor's rooms, and on the south-east corner the house-tank containing five thousand gallons of water. There will also be spruce flag-poles rising fifty feet above each pavilion on the 55th street side.

The architect selected by the governing committee is Mr. Charles W. Clinton, one of the leaders of his profession in New York city. The club-house will be of the Rennaissance style, constructed of Colaberg front brick and terra-cotta, laid up with close joints in red mortar. The builders are Messrs. James B. Smith & Prodgers, also well-known men in their line.

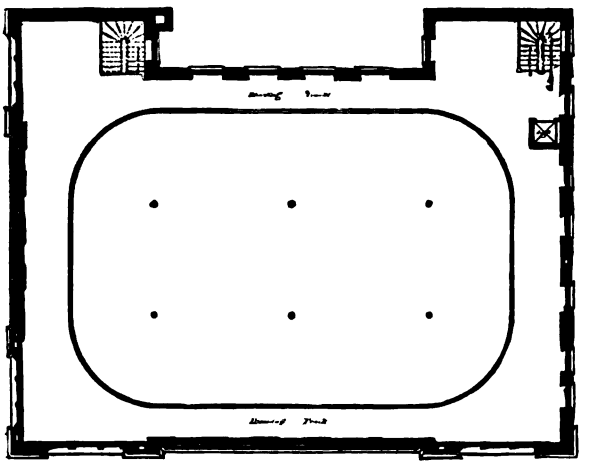
The membership of the club is limited to fifteen hundred men, who must be amateurs, and not under sixteen years of age at the time of their election. At present it has its full complement, with some three hundred names on the waiting-list. The initiation fee is $50, and the annual dues are $30. The club emblem is the winged foot of Mercury. The club uniform is a scarlet or white cap, white shirt with scar-

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let winged foot on the breast, and scarlet or white knee-breeches. At the annual election, held March 11, 1884, the following fifteen gentlemen were elected for the governing committee for the term of 1884–85: president, William R. Travers; vice-president, Alfred H. Curtis; secretary and treasurer, William Wood; captain, William C. Wilmer; and for the remainder of the committee, A. V. de Goicouria, Hermann Oelrichs, A. de Bernales, Edward A. Drake, Edward S. Innet, Rutgers Van Brunt, Frank J. Kilpatrick, Harry B. Phinney, Otto Sarony, Albert H. Wheeler, and Walter S. Wilson. Mr. William R. Travers, the president of the club, is a wealthy gentleman, well known in New York for his genial manner and bright witticisms. He is as young to-day as he was before the silver sprinkled his hair and English-cut whiskers, and evidently enjoys being one of the "boys" as much as the boys enjoy having him with them. He fills the chair with dignity, and his rulings are always excellent. Mr. Alfred H. Curtis, vice-president, is one of the original members, and it was through his courtesy and good memory that many of the points on the early history of the club were obtained. He has the interests of the club largely at heart, is a hard-worker, and an able assistant to the chair. Some idea of the work done by Mr. William Wood, secretary and treasurer, may be formed from the fact that during the past year over fifty-five thousand envelopes have been sent out from his department for club notices alone. The captain is not so well known to the writer, but, judging from the length of time during which he has held office, Mr. Wilmer must be another right man in the right place. There are but seven men who enjoy the distinction of being honorary members. They are G. I. Brown, R. C. Fellows, J. C. Babcock, Austin Flint, Jr., H. H. Barnes, F. S. Kinney, and G. Moore Smith. The life-members are P. A. Curtis, F. J. Hynes, J. H. Miller, R. W. Rathborne, A. H. Wheeler, D. H. Knowlton, W. K. Collins, A. H. Curtis, H. G. Meeker, and D. M. Stern. Active membership for ten years used to be a qualification for life-membership, upon the candidate paying $50 but this law has been revoked.



FOURTH STORY PLAN



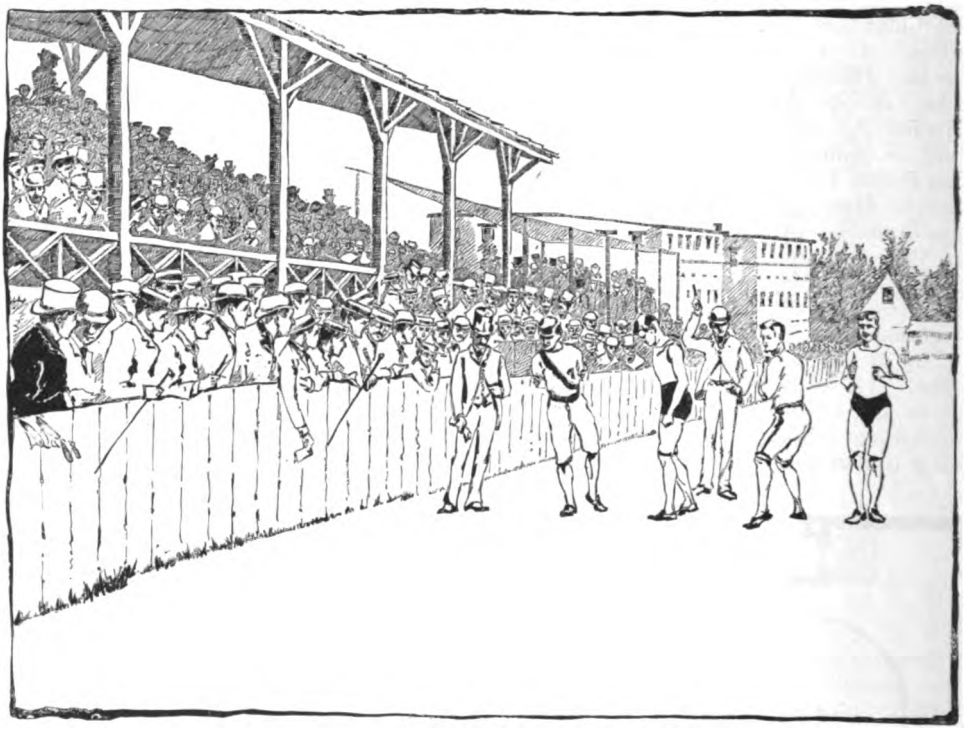
GALLERY PLAN

Such is the hastily-told history of the New York Athletic Club. There is prob-

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ably no other club in the world which offers so many attractions at so small an expense to its members, and its athletic, social, and financial successes should encourage the formation of similar organizations all over the country. Among no nation was the gymnastic art ever so thoroughly put in practice as among the ancient Greeks. Gracefulness and strength in movement and sanity of mind and body were natural characteristics and the outgrowth of a thorough physical training. Attention was paid not only to the larger muscles, but to the strengthening of the voice by shouting, and the muscles of the eyes by rolling the balls; and much of the credit for the intellectual and artistic excellence attained by this race should undoubtedly be given to the great care taken of their bodies. It seems strange, with the example of such a nation before us, that a man of learning and refinement, like the President of New Jersey's leading college, should, in this age of enlightened ideas, frown down athletic sports as being detrimental to the interests of students. Healthy bodies beget healthy minds, and the more associations there are like the New York Athletic Club, the better will be the American man.

While giving money and thought to procure the best conveniences for promoting excellence in athletics, the club has not been unmindful to prove the value of the purchases. Its victories in the field are countless, and the heart of many an aspirant for athletic honors has throbbed with uncertainty when an opponent appeared bearing the winged foot of Mercury on his breast. One of its best general athletes is Mr. W. B. Curtis, one of the founders of the club, and the first winner in America of an amateur running-race of one hundred yards, the championship of which distance he held for several years. He, with Frank Yates, won the double-scull championship of America, and on April 25, 1874, on the Calumet river, near Chicago, he rowed in a paper shell, 50 miles in 10 h. 11 min. 55 sec., defeating Mr. J. H. Edelmann. He has been champion hammer-thrower and 56-lb.-weight-thrower of America, and was for a long time in the champion tug-of-war team. He has also made one of the greatest lifts in harness, being credited with

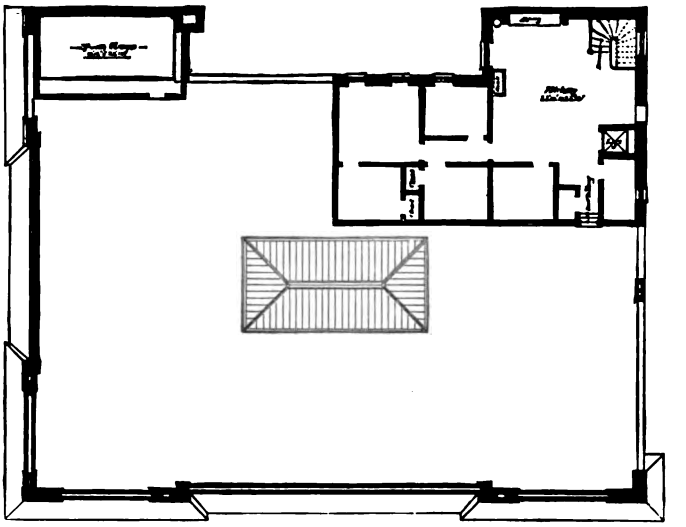


THE GRAND STAND.

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3,300 lbs., and with a hand-lift of 1,230 lbs. A good anecdote is told of Mr. Curtis, who, in company with Messrs. Henry, Buermeyer, and Montgomery, probably the four largest men in the club, attended an athletic tournament in Philadelphia. While riding on a street-car a drunken man became abusive, and, selecting Mr. Curtis as the smallest of the quartette, insisted upon a fight with so much persistency that he was finally accommodated to the extent of being lifted by the collar, held at arm's-length and dropped over the rear dasher into the mud, very much to the amusement of the other passengers.

Mr H. E. Buermeyer was another good 100-yards-runner, and in the fall games, Oct. 2, 1872, he defeated W. B. Curtis and A. Rennie, of the Caledonian Club, in the final heat, in 10¼ secs.. This was an exciting and, considering the weight of the victor, which was over 200 lbs., a remarkable race. He was champion 100-yards-swimmer of the N.Y.A.C., and in a competition held at the Academy of Music, Nov. 8, 1873, he won the championship medal for putting up the heaviest dumb-bell. He was, and still is, one of the finest sparrers in America, and has held the heavy-weight championship.



ROOF AND SUPERSTRUCTURE

Mr. W. E. Sinclair was one of the first amateur mile-runners, and when he lowered 5 min. it was considered extraordinary time.

Mr. George I. Brown was another fine runner, and in 1873 he raced with Sinclair for the half-mile medal. The papers, in commenting on this event, said the betting was ten to seven on Sinclair, with plenty of takers. The race was an exciting one, and resulted in the defeat of Sinclair, Brown winning in 2 min. 7¾ sec.

Among the first prominent amateur walkers in this country was Mr. D. M. Stern, who won the first championship mile-match, open to all amateurs, which was held at the summer games of the New Jersey Athletic Association, at Ridgewood, N.J., July 5, 1875. There were eighteen entries in this race, and Stern won in 7 min. 55½ sec. T. A. McEwen, of the New York Caledonian Club, coming in second. For several years afterward Mr. Stern held the championship for one mile and three miles.

Mr. M. Elliot Burris was one of the club's old champions at the running high jump, and the quarter mile and 100 yards run, but he retired before the champion meetings, open to all, were instituted.

Lieut.-Col. Wm. E. Van Wyck, a president of the club in its early days, was a veritable Hercules, and for many years had the reputation of being one of the strongest men in New York, and is still known as an enthusiast in all athletic sports.

Mr. Chas. H. Cone was a champion 100-yards-swimmer and stroke-oar of the N.Y.A.C. four-oared crew, which won the championship of the Harlem river, June 26, 1876, defeating the Harlem Rowing Club, by four lengths, in 12 min. 40 sec. At this same regatta, R. B. Bainbridge, of the N.Y.A.C., won the 1-mile single-scull in 7 min., vanquishing W. B. Curtis and F. E. Yates.

Mr. F. J. Hynes, a life-member and former president, was a good general athlete, and is now a celebrated tennis-player.

In 1876 the first handicap games given in the United States were held at the N.Y. A.C. grounds, under the management of Messrs. Jas. Watson and A. H. Curtis, who, after many unsuccessful attempts to have the affair under the auspices of the

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club, finally conducted the entertainment themselves. Mr. B. C. Williams, who had won the mile-run at the seventh annual spring games of the club, was placed on the scratch, while other competitors were given starts ranging from 85 to 150 yards, a somewhat discouraging lead for the scratch man to pull down; but, nevertheless, the race was a pretty one, and the grounds were well filled with an appreciative audience.

Mr. Williams was the third champion mile-runner in the club, and held the medal for two years, when he retired it. He afterward won the championship feather-weight sparring-match, in 1879, at Booth's Theatre.

In 1878, the club gave the first amateur athletic games ever held in the winter. They were conducted by President Walter R. Collins and Mr. D. Henry Knowlton, and were given at Gilmore's Garden, now the Madison-Square Garden, on the evenings of January 4th and 5th. At this meeting the first light, middle, and heavy weight sparring championships were introduced. Mr. Buermeyer sparred in the heavy-weights with Mr. George Lee, of the Union Athletic Club, of Boston, and, by a left-hand cross counter, lifted him off his feet and laid him on his back, insensible. The force of the blow was unintentional, but the knock-out caused such general exclamations of agony from the ladies present that the management cut the sparring portion of the programme, and it was afterward privately settled in the large basement of Ingersoll's chair-factory, in 23d street, where the Chelsea Apartment-House now stands.

Of all our American hurdle-racers, none have run more gracefully or cleared the hurdles more cleverly than Mr. H. Edwards Ficken, who held the 120-yards championship at this sport for several years, until he retired from public athletic encounters. He was one of the first men to make a good record at the running high jump, and was an excellent general gymnast and bicyclist.

Mr. E. C. La Montague, as a runner, won many prizes for the club, probably his best victory being the half-mile race at the seventh annual spring games of the N.Y.A.C. Mr. R. La Montague, a brother of E. C., was one of the finest and fastest 100-yards-runners in America, and made 100 yards at the Staten Island athletic games, New Brighton, S.I., in 10 seconds.

Mr. Ed. Merritt was for several years champion at 440 yards and ½ mile, winning at these distances in Canada as well as the United States.

At the eighth annual games, September 8, 1877, the N.Y.A.C. tug-of-war team won the championship, tugging against the Turn-Verein Club and the Scottish-American Athletic Club teams.

One of the first members of the club is Mr. R. W. Rathborne, who was for several years champion of the Harlem river and



DUMB-BELLS.

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winner of the diamond sculls. He, with Mr. Irving A. Lyon, won the champion double-scull-race at the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen regatta in 1879. He has now retired from sculling, and taken to the less laborious pastime of yachting.

Mr. George D. Phillips, a member of the club, was champion skater of America for several years.

At the second annual spring games of the Westchester Athletic Club, held at Portchester, N.Y., June 21, 1879, Mr. F. J. Kilpatrick won the hop-step-and-a-jump by 37 feet 7 inches, the running high jump by 4 feet 6 inches, and came in second at the running broad jump, making 19 feet 1 inch. He afterward became champion broad-jumper.

The present club-captain, Mr. W. C. Wilmer, is an ex-champion at 100 and 400 yards, and at the third annual championship meeting won the running broad jump.

During the present season Mr. M. W. Ford has competed successfully at Philadelphia, where he won three first prizes and one second, and at the Staten Island, Williamsburgh, and Manhattan Athletic Club games. Mr. E. M. Yeomans won the half-mile run at Philadelphia, and the mile run three times successively at the Staten Island, Williamsburgh, and Manhattan athletic games. On Decoration day Messrs. M. T. Hard and George D. Phillips won the pair-oared gig-race at the Newark regatta, and repeated their victory at the Harlem regatta on Tuesday, June 3d. Messrs. H. M. Raborg and R. M. Mulford have also won first places on one or two occasions, and other members of the club have given good accounts of themselves.

To give all the champions of the club and their numerous exploits is impossible in this article; but there is one more, Mr. Hugh H. Baxter, the champion pole-vaulter, who should not be left among the unmentioned. At the club fall games in 1883, he won the pole vault by 10 ft. 6 in., and at the meeting of June 2, 1883, he became champion of America, by vaulting 10 ft. 11½ in. Mr. Baxter is said to have made over 12 ft. in practising, and for rapidity in vaulting has never been excelled.

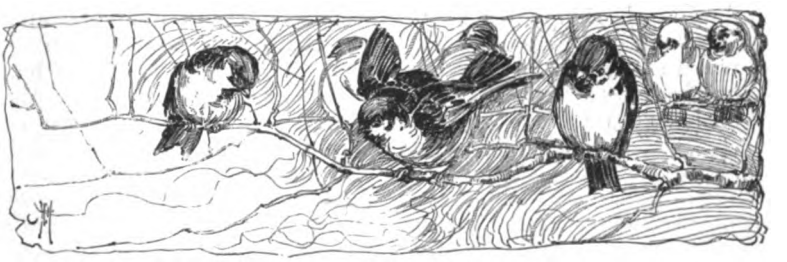
The first steeple-chase in America was at the fall games, Mott Haven, Oct. 7, 1877, the course being one-half mile over water-jumps and bush-hurdles; and on Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1883, at 11 o'clock, the club gave the first cross-country-race ever held in America, the contestants starting from the end of 10th avenue, thence to Fordham and back, and ending on the Dyckman farm, a distance of five miles.

The foregoing representative list of champions, as well as the many first events in America given by the club, is sufficient to establish the claim it advances of being the greatest athletic organization in the world. Shakespeare says: —

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild and age is tame."

But twenty years hence, when the methods of obtaining perfection in athletic sports will, perhaps, be as different as they now are from the ones used twenty years ago, the old athlete will sit in his easy-chair at the club and recount to the younger muscle the glories of the good old days. The foundation of health laid forty years before will keep his breath from being short, his limbs from lameness, and his mind from being crabbed, and age and youth shall dwell in harmony at least under one roof in New York.

S. Conant Foster.



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A CRUISE IN THE "PETREL."

FEW persons in any manner connected with the shipping interests of New York are unacquainted with Martin Pyne, of the pilot-boat "Petrel." He is an old friend of mine; and, while I was walking along South street, one morning last October, he suddenly confronted me, and with assumed severity demanded when I would accept his frequently repeated invitations to take a cruise with him. I was not busy at the time, and when he told me that the "Petrel" would sail on the following morning, I decided to go with him then.

"And bring a friend along with you," he said.

Thus it happened that Eugene Bently and I found ourselves sweeping down the harbor in the boat which is reputed to be the fastest in the pilot fleet.

In two hours we were off the arm of land called Sandy Hook, the point from which the great ocean-steamers take their departure. A fresh westerly gale was blowing, and the boat danced from wave to wave, throwing sheets of spray over her bows with a saucy air, like a living creature rejoicing in a newly-found freedom. Her course was shaped almost due east, and before noon the white spit of Sandy Hook and the green bluffs behind it had vanished. North, south, east, and west the waves heaved and glittered in unending ridges, with sea-gulls swooping down upon them; only waves, sea-gulls, and sky, could be seen, and we realized that we at last were at sea.

In addition to Martin Pyne and his six partners, all of them licensed pilots, the "Petrel's" company included the boat-keeper, four seamen, and a cook. The boat-keeper had command of the vessel, and it would be his duty to take her back to New York when the pilots had been disposed of. He hoped to be a pilot himself some day, and his position was one which all pilots must occupy before receiving their licenses.

The cook was a smiling darkey, and, as he busied himself among his pots and pans, he seemed to be in constant danger of scalding himself to death; but he calculated the plunges and rolls of the boat, and balanced himself so well, that he contrived to prepare an excellent dinner, and to set it on the cabin-table without upsetting a single dish or doing himself the least injury.

Perched up at the foremast-head was a look-out, with a telescope slung over his shoulders, who was scanning the sea in the hope of discovering some vessel requiring the services of a pilot. The moment he cried "Sail, O!" all the pilots, who had been below, came clambering up the companion-way in great haste, and the excitement was intense until the nature of the vessel and her course could be defined.

"Where away?" cried Martin.

"A bark, three points off the lee bow, bound east, and ten miles away." Vessels bound east have no use for New York pilots, of course; and, hearing the reply, the pilots returned to the cabin, to resume their games of chess, or cards, or to their reading. The cry was repeated several times during the afternoon, and once, instead of "Sail, O!" it was changed to "Smoke, O!"

Inasmuch as he is paid according to the draft of the vessel, the greatest boon which can fall to the lot of a pilot is one of the large transatlantic steamers, which draw from twenty to twenty-eight feet of water; and one of these leviathans is worth several hundred dollars to him. The food and accommodations on board of them are also much superior to what he receives on other vessels. The cry of "Smoke, O!" therefore, brought the pilots on deck quicker than before; and when in the distance an immense three-masted steamer loomed, up, more sail was crowded on the straining poles of the "Petrel," and she flew, as if she had been the bird whose name she bore, in the direction of the anticipated prize.

Presently the steamer could be distinguished as one of the Inman line, bound to New York, and the pilot who was entitled to the first vessel met in the cruise went below and in a few minutes reappeared in his "go-to-meeting clothes," with a small valise in his hand. From considerations of etiquette, pilots always board a vessel in their best clothes, and take with them a file of the latest New York papers, for distribution among the passengers and officers, to whom such favors, containing the only news they have received since leaving Europe, are ex-

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tremely welcome. The jaunty schooner, scattering the spray before her, and the mammoth steamer, looming up like a fortress in a desert, rapidly approached each other; but it was by no means sure yet that the gentleman who had shown so much alacrity in preparing himself to go ashore would be required, as the steamer might have already received a pilot from another boat; and so, while the uncertainty lasted, all the glasses on the "Petrel" were brought to bear in searching for the signal which would relieve the suspense of the observers.

It was seen at last, however. The "Petrel" was in luck, and when less than twelve hours out she was to provide one of the largest steamers afloat with a pilot.

The little yawl, lying bottom upward on the deck, was launched into the stormy sea by means of a tackle attached to the masts, and, almost as soon as she touched the water, two of the men, followed by the pilot, jumped into her and seized the oars. A moment afterwards this cockle shell (it was scarcely larger) was adrift, and we breathlessly watching saw her disappear in the hollow between two waves. We had not thought it possible to launch her, so high was the sea; but she reached her destination and returned to the boat.

Night was closing in, and in half an hour the steamer looked like a great tower projected against the blaze of the fiery sunset. The wind abated while the glow lasted in the west, but with darkness it burst out with increased fury, and the boat reeled as if she would capsize. The shrieks of the blast in the rigging, the snapping of the cordage, the bending of the masts, and the thud of the seas as they broke over the decks, made us feel uneasy. Nothing was above us but the stars, and only the planking of the boat was between us and twenty fathoms of blue water. It was no discredit that we felt timid; the bellowing of the gale, and the quivering of the boat as the waves broke against her sides, and thundered over her deck, would have justified fear in any one. After one sea, heavier than the rest, had struck her, Martin and one of the men got out of their bunks and put up several supports between the floor of the cabin and the deck overhead. The pilots said nothing, but the precautionary measures taken indicated that the gale was of more than ordinary severity. Again and again it seemed that the "Petrel" was being borne down beyond recovery; but she labored out of the trough up to another mountain-like crest, where she was balanced for a moment before she once more shot into the valleys of water.

The occupants of the berths had to brace themselves up with their knees and clutch the sides, to prevent themselves from being thrown out of their narrow beds. Sleep was difficult, but as the hours passed along, and the little clock, which sounded like the chirping of a cricket above the noise of the gale, recorded the approach of midnight, we fell asleep. We awoke, an hour later, with a start, and our half-opened eyes saw a sudden commotion in the other berths. A hoarse voice was calling down the companion-way, and we imagined that a disaster had happened, until, gathering our scattered senses, we made out the voice to be that of the boat-keeper.

"A steamer on the starboard bow, sir!"

"Where away?" trumpeted Martin, in the tones of a basso-profundo.

"Three miles away, sir."

The pilots were all out of their bunks in one instant.

Neither Eugene nor I supposed for an instant that any attempt would be made to board a ship in the darkness when the wind was blowing a gale. Soon, however, we saw the pilot whose turn it was filling his bag, and preparing, without any hesitation, to embark in the precarious little yawl. We crawled on hands and knees up the ladder of the companion-way, though Martin brusquely warned us that we ought to remain below, and, presently, we stood on deck, clinging for dear life to the rigging. It was a terrible night. The lamp, trembling at the mast-head, threw out a pale ray, and now and then the heavy clouds, racing across the sky, revealed a cluster of stars; but everything on deck was hidden. The crests of the tremendous waves were traceable in ribs of white, and the hull of the "Petrel" was rimmed with phosphorescent fires, as the sea boiled around it. The wind pealed like thunder, and the sails cracked like musketry. It seemed to be madness to attempt to board any vessel in so furious a gale. We searched in vain for the reported steamer, but the salt spray which was blown across the deck like snow, bedimmed our sight, and we could see nothing. To the look-out at the mast-head alone was it visible, and to him it was only a needle-point of light in the distance. Nevertheless, the reefs in the sails were shaken out, though the slender masts strained as if they would snap like pipe-

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stems, and the gallant little schooner was headed for the approaching vessel.

"Give her a torch!" roared Martin, through a speaking-trumpet, and a moment afterwards a blaze of light shot up from the deck, illuminating with its fantastic glare the surrounding water, and the dark outlines of the "Petrel." At first it was dazzling and confusing, but by and by we saw that it was produced by the torch which Martin had called for — a ball of cotton, dipped in turpentine, and waved by one of the men, to show, by revealing the number on the mainsail, that a pilot-boat was near.

The pilot, whose turn it was stood expectantly gazing over the tumultuous sea, and though he probably would not have complained if the steamer had passed on her course without responding to the signal, he did not shirk his duty when a blue light announced to him that he was wanted. We could not believe yet that an attempt would be made to launch the yawl, but the steamer's lights became visible not more than half a mile away, and in a few minutes more the tiny boat was dropped over the low bulwarks into the boisterous sea. It was an exciting moment. The "Petrel" shook as if she was in a maëlstrom. The noise of the gale was deafening, and the flicker of the lamps, as the men crept along the decks, only occasionally revealed what was being done. A cluster of lights, which were numerous enough to be those of a fair sized town, shone over the port bow, indicating the position of the big steamer, which was now stationary, almost within hailing distance of the pilot-boat. Lying under the lee of the "Petrel," the yawl was in constant danger of being dashed into pieces or swamped; but, watching their opportunity, the two oarsmen and the pilot sprang into their places, and she was pulled out in the direction of the waiting steamer, disappearing a moment later behind an immense wave, which rose like a wall between her and the boat.

Great as our suspense had been during the boarding of the previous vessel by daylight, the additional danger now incurred by the darkness, and the increased violence of the gale, made the episode of the afternoon seem trivial, and we felt as if we were in the chill presence of death when we saw the yawl put off. A small lantern burned at her bow, and we speechlessly watched the rise and fall of this yellow speck as it drew farther and farther away from us. It could only be seen at infrequent intervals, as the boat was poised on the tops of the long waves. Once several minutes elapsed before it became visible, but again it rose, like a star, and pricked the darkness for a moment, before it sank behind another wave. Every eye was turned after it, and Martin stood at the helm silently waiting for its reappearance. It did not shine again, however, though it was impossible that the yawl could have as yet reached the steamer's side. Martin strained in vain to discover it, and an awful suspicion took possession of him as we perceived from his attitude.

"Can you see anything of her?" he asked the others, at last, in an anxious voice.

They bent forward, but were no more successful in their search than he had been.

"The light's gone, sir," cried the look-out from the mast-head.

It was fear rather than suspense which now filled all on board the "Petrel," and Martin, though recognizing the peril of approaching her in the darkness, headed the boat for the steamer, which at this moment burned another blue light. He then gave the helm to the boat-keeper, and, reckless of the seas, which occasionally broke completely over the deck, he dragged himself into the rigging, in order to get a wider view of the situation. The darkness had deceived him and the other pilots as to the distance of the steamer, and he had scarcely left the deck when he saw with horror that we were almost under the bows of the huge craft, which had not yet come to a stand-still. A large ocean steamer can cleave the stanchest pilot-boat in twain, passing through the breach without damage to herself. Martin could now faintly distinguish the immense iron prow coming as if to cut the "Petrel" down like a cyclopean knife. We also saw the imminent danger we were in, and in the overcast night the steamer loomed up to twice its actual size, great as her dimensions were in reality.

"Hard a starboard! Hard a starboard!" cried the old pilot, giving the only order which could possibly be of any avail in averting the threatened disaster. The sparkle of the phosphorescence, and the curling white of the foam at her bow, could be seen; the roar of her escaping steam could be heard above the booming of the gale, and the lights on her deck seemed to be directly over the heads of the men on board the "Petrel." An outstretched arm could have touched her, but

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she glided by, leaving the pilot-boat unharmed under her lee.

"Where's your yawl?" demanded the officer on the bridge, making his voice audible above the storm after the crisis had passed. No reply was given, — no one dared to say what had become of her, though all feared that the little boat was lost forever. Another torch was burned, and the light it made leaped up the sides of the steamer and over the rolling waves with the wildest effect imaginable. The water was in such a tumult as that which may be seen in the whirlpool rapids below Niagara Falls. It boiled and hissed, as if controlled by demons anxious to destroy the little schooner. It was piled up in ridges ten feet or more above her, and these were plumed with spray, which was blown across her deck in heavy torrents, as if a water-spout had burst over her. But in the wavering light an object was descried by Martin, which shaped itself by degrees into the missing yawl, and when the torch was renewed it was seen that the three men were safe on board her, though her lamp was invisible, having, it was guessed, been accidentally extinguished.

The "Petrel" stood as near the little boat as she could without danger, and the movement of the lamps on the deck of the steamer showed that her watch had gathered aft to lower the slender rope-ladder by which the pilot ascends from the yawl. There was nothing to do now except to wait. To the pilots, used to experiences of this sort, the waiting, very likely, was not protracted; but to us, wet and shivering, and awe-stricken by the savageness of the gale, the minutes seemed to be hours. Now the lights of the steamer were lost behind an intervening wave; then they rose and put into our heads thoughts of the varied life pent up in the vast hull, — the firemen working in the flash of the insatiable red-mouthed furnaces; the engineers moving about among the ponderous machinery; and the passengers, so snugly quartered, that they were probably unconscious of the storm and the excitement which was attending the boarding of the pilot. Presently she moved off, and, instead of the cluster of lights which her broadside had revealed, only one small lamp could be seen swinging astern.

The "Petrel" was steered to the place where the great steamer had been, and there she "hove-to" for the yawl which, after another perilous delay, came alongside and was hauled on board. As Martin had inferred, her lamp had been blown out when she was half way between the "Petrel" and the steamer, and hence her disappearance.

By morning the weather had moderated, and the moderation was followed by a rain which fell dismally all day long from the gray sky. No ships were spoken, and the "Petrel" had all the sea to herself. But the next morning opened clear and mild, with a fresh breeze and a sparkling sea. We were on deck to see the sunrise. At first a fiery wedge uplifted the dark clouds along the eastern horizon, and then the sea was turned into blood. In an hour both sea and sky seemed to be made of gold and pearl. A barkentine was in company with the "Petrel," and land was in sight — a desolate shore, jutting out to a rocky point, upon which the tower of a light-house, with its lantern still burning, became visible. This was Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of Long Island. At about noon three large steamers were sighted, bound west, and the "Petrel" provided pilots for two of them.

On the following day the sky was again hidden under dark gray clouds, and the sea, instead of being like crystal, was dull and metallic; the barometer was again falling. Martin glanced upward with a serious face and whistled "Yankee Doodle" with the rhythm of a dirge. It was his turn to go ashore, and the "plug" hat and the little valise full of newspapers were in readiness at the foot of his bunk. As the afternoon drew to a close the wind moaned ominously, and the lurching of the boat increased. The air was chilly, and we found greater comfort below than on deck. No sail or smoke was seen until about 5 o'clock, and then the look-out in the fore cross-trees discovered a large brig beating up to the westward. The "Petrel" was at once headed for her, and Martin watched her with growing interest as he approached her. She was a broad-beamed, old-fashioned craft, and moved through the water with no more grace or speed than a tortoise. It seemed hard luck that so paltry a vessel as this should fall to the lot of the senior pilot, when nearly all his juniors had been put on board fine ocean steamers.

"I wouldn't go near her," said Eugene.

"It aint a matter of choice with us," Martin replied; "it's duty, my boy, and if she wants us I must board her. But I reckon she'll not want me, for, as near as I can make out, she is the 'Susan Hale,' Cap'n Sam Grimsby."

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"Who is he?" Eugene inquired.

"Don't know Sam Grimsby!" exclaimed Martin; "why, Sam's a salamander. He's the cussedest old pirate on the high seas. He used to be a slaver in the South Pacific, and afterwards went into blockade-running; lost a fortune in gambling, and now owns and commands the 'Susan Hale.' They say she's only kept from falling to pieces by a chain around her hull, and I believe it, too. It's God help the unlucky Jack tar that ships in her! He's kicked until he fights, and then he's put in irons and starved until he repents. Many a poor fellow has jumped overboard from that brig to escape the cruelties of Sam Grimsby, and scarce a voyage is made without a mutiny in the foc's'le. There aint any love lost between Sam and me," Martin continued. "About two years ago the son of one of our pilots shipped with him at Callao for the passage home, — a little fellow about sixteen years old, who had gone off to sea without his mother's leave and been wrecked on the coast of Peru. When he arrived at New York he was out of his head; he had been beaten and put in irons, and when I boarded the brig off Sandy Hook the boatswain whispered to me that a young fellow was confined in the lazaretto. Sam didn't know who he was. If he'd known you may bet your sweet life he wouldn't have brought him to New York. It's not me to be uncharitable when strong language aint called for — no, sir — but I ain't sailing by dead reckoning when I venture to say that, if Sam had understood that he was bringing the ill-used boy among friends, he would have driven him overboard.

"Waal, sir, as soon as I'd docked the brig, I had Sam arrested, and next, I went to the office of the *Morning Courier*, and gave the news to Mr. Small, — him as you know. There's nothing like having the newspapers on your side when you're in a quarrel, and Mr. Small published a staving article, which he called 'Inhumanity of the High Seas.' Then the other papers took up the case, and a public subscription was started for Dick, — Dick Otis is the boy I'm referrin' to, — and when Sam Grimsby was brought before the court, it was a question with the judge whether he should be sent to the penitentiary or not. Now you know why Sam Grimsby don't like me."

The "Petrel" was now within hailing distance of the brig, but the latter vessel paid no attention to her. The man at the wheel, however, took off his cap, and waved it gleefully at the pilot-boat, which no doubt seemed to him like a messenger from home. A few minutes later a burly figure was seen striding along the poop, in the direction of the helmsman.

"That's Sam," said Martin; "he's going to give the poor fellow fits, for taking notice of us."

This prediction was verified immediately. The wrathful captain shook his sledge-hammer fist in the helmsman's face, and poured out a volley of imprecations, which happily did not reach the deck of the "Petrel," though they evidently terrified the person to whom they were addressed. He then leaned over the taffrail, and in a voice which the wind could not drown, cursed the "Petrel," and all on board her. Martin smiled, and nodded his head without replying to the blasphemous abuse.

"Very well, my friend," he said, quietly, "if you don't want me I'm content. I'd a heap rather be aboard the 'Petrel' than the 'Susan Hale,' in the weather we're likely to have before morning."

The unshapely brig soon passed out of sight in the gathering dusk, and the "Petrel" was put on a south-westerly course.

When daylight once more showed itself the sea was again rolled up into huge gray hills, and the spray was blown from ridge to ridge, in slender bridges. It had blown a gale all day, and in the afternoon the "Petrel" heeled over to the leeward until her topmasts whipped the water. The men seized hold of what they could, and hung on, with their legs dangling in the sea. The boat was on her beam-ends, and Martin said afterwards that he never expected to see her come up. But she righted herself, after a struggle, and her pencil-like masts once more pointed to the sky. Nearly everything movable had been swept from the deck, but the two yawls were uninjured, though both of them had been thrown on their sides, and the boys lent a willing hand in turning them bottom-up again.

"We can't be very far from land now?" I said, inquiringly, to Martin, who in reply pointed over the starboard bow, and a darker streak, like a column of smoke, was visible against the horizon.

"That's Barnegat light, and in a few hours we'll find shelter in Little Egg Harbor."

While I was straining my eyes in the direction indicated, I discovered a vessel far in-shore, and I called Martin's attention

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to her. The look-out had been relieved from the fore cross-trees, so she had not been seen before. Martin brought a marine glass to bear upon her, and, after viewing her intently for several minutes, said, "He's got her into a bad position there. That shore's a graveyard."

I now borrowed the glass. "Why, its the 'Susan Hale!'" I exclaimed.

"Nonsense! Old Sam Grimsby haint an angel, and, as I remarked, there haint no love lost between us, but he's a careful seaman."

I was not mistaken, however. It was the old brig that was laboring to escape from the terrible lee shore; and I could see behind her the surf heaped up like snow on the low, sandy, and cedar-tufted coast. The breakers were visible, though the "Petrel" was a good five miles away, and the unfortunate ship was rapidly drifting among them. Captain Grimsby was probably regretting his refusal of Martin's services.

The old pilot kept the glass fixed on the distant vessel; then he said, in a quiet voice, to the boat-keeper, who was at the helm, "Head her for the brig; shake out the reefs of the mainsail there. She's signalling us."

"What are you going to do? You can't board her!" replied the boat-keeper.

"She gave you the go-by before; now, don't you take any notice of her," Eugene added.

Martin paid no heed to these protests, and his silence was the silence of determination. His orders were obeyed, but one of the men whispered, "The old man's stark mad."

The "Petrel" flew along as the sail was shaken out, but she was as often under water as out of it. The sea made clean breaches over her, and the spray was carried as high as the cross-trees. The peril of the "Susan Hale" became more apparent as the boat drew nearer to her. Though she had every stitch of her canvas set, the leeward flood was forcing her on to the shoals, and her position seemed to be hopeless; but her pilot-signal fluttered at her fore, like the cry of a drowning man for help. If any one could save her it would be Martin; he knew of a current setting from these treacherous shoals by which he thought he could prevent her destruction.

"Now, then; volunteers for the yawl!" he cried, when the "Petrel" was within a quarter of a mile of the brig. This was no ordinary venture; the waves were confused and running higher than I had ever seen them before; the chance was small that the yawl could live among them, and still smaller that she could go alongside the brig. If, instead of calling for volunteers, Martin had said, "Who is willing to die?" his words would not have exaggerated the danger of what he proposed to do.

But the men only hesitated for a moment; they stared one another in the face, more in doubt than in fear, and then they made for the yawl and dropped her into the sea. Two of them jumped into her after Martin, and as she was lifted up on the crest of a wave as if she had been a chip, and shot thence into a gulf that seemed to swallow her, the old man cried out, cheerily, "Good-by, boys! Take care of yourselves!"

Scarcely any daylight was left, and a flurry of snow hurried on the night. Over the breakers on the shore a bright flame burst out on the tip of the light-house, now flashing with piercing brilliancy, then going out, the changes occurring at regular intervals. But its guiding beams were useless now. After keeping the "Petrel" standing off and on for two hours, we saw, by the brig's lights that she had been driven ashore; and, a little later, she sent up rocket after rocket, and fired signal guns, to proclaim the disaster The yawl did not return; only a guess could be made as to its fate, and it seemed more than likely that it had never reached the brig.

When further waiting was useless, the boat-keeper decided to run for Egg Harbor Inlet, about eighteen miles to the southward, which gives an entrance for small vessels from the sea to the smoother water which lies behind the outer beach; and the "Petrel" was headed in that direction.

What happened to the men in the yawl I learned afterwards.

Martin realized the peril of what he was doing, but he had hopes that his knowledge of a lateral "set," or current, would enable him to help the unfortunate brig out of her difficulties.

He had leaped into the yawl as actively as either of the two young oarsmen, and though they flinched before the danger, he sat astern as calmly as if he had been swinging in a hammock on a summer afternoon. Fortunately he was not only a pilot, but also an experienced surfman, and it was his judgment that preserved the little boat, as she was borne from crest to crest of the confused seas, which seemed to be animated by a demoniacal resolution to

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destroy her. No ordinary skill would have availed in evading them; they were so irregular: now flowing with wide spaces between them, and then flowing in close ranks, or attempting to cross one another, and collapsing together in white heaps, that the shrewdest guesswork and the greatest promptitude were necessary in escaping them.

The oars did not call for much exertion, as the gale blew the yawl along before it, and in less than a quarter of an hour the yawl was tossing about under the brig's lee. The water was white all around her, and spouted upward as if forced out by a submarine explosion. The eddies were so strong that their suction could be distinctly felt, and the frail boat shook in a peculiar way, which was more alarming than the savage buffetings of the sea. Perilous as the approach had been, a far greater danger had now to be encountered in boarding the distressed vessel, and the chances were wholly against the attempt. It was scarcely possible for the yawl to go alongside the brig without being dashed against her, and crushed like an egg-shell.

Martin gave his orders in a clear voice from his seat astern, and the oarsmen knew that their salvation depended on their unhesitating obedience. A favorable opportunity presented itself for a moment; the wind ceased, and a pool of unruffled water appeared under the lee of the brig.

"Now, boys!" cried Martin, and the men pulled as they had never pulled before. A pair of lanterns came together amidships on the brig's deck; her crew also had seen the opportunity, and were standing there, expecting the pilot to take it.

The yawl approached within a yard of her, and Martin had risen from his seat to spring for her, when a mountainous sea broke over her from the weather side, and fell in a cataract on her lee. The men in the yawl saw it coming, and pulled away from it; but quick as they were, a part of it descended upon their bow, and half filled the boat. Martin stood off from the brig now, waiting for another lull in the wind, during which he might make another attempt to board her. The attempt had to be made, for the yawl was unfit to return to the "Petrel."

"Boys," he said, "you've got to abandon the boat, and to jump with me for the 'Susan Hale.'"

Unknown to him, the brig had already grounded, and was wedged in the sand, and this accounted for what took place the next moment. Her bow being held by the shoal as by a vice, she was struck under the stern by another enormous sea, which knocked her half round a circle, so that, while her head had been pointed south-west, it now lay north-west.

The yawl had dropped a short distance astern, and but for this circumstance the brig, in swinging round, would have surely capsized it.

The change of position left the little boat to the windward of the brig, however, and exposed it to the untempered violence of the sea. Martin endeavored to pull her round to the leeward again, but the water in her made her unmanageable, and, without any warning, she was borne aloft as if, it seemed to those in her, she had been transformed into a balloon. The oars were snatched out of the hands of the men, who were crushed and strangled under the weight which fell upon them. Then, after having been carried to the summit of a precipice, it seemed to them that they were thrown down to the bottom, where they fell in a heap.

The yawl had been lifted bodily out of the sea, on the crest of a wave, and dropped on to the deck of the brig, where it lay in the lee scuppers, — a boat no more, only a pile of wreckage.

As the inmates of a building which is upset by an earthquake or a tornado sometimes escape what seems to be inevitable death, so Martin and his companions came miraculously out of this strange adventure unharmed, save by the shock and several cuts and bruises. The blood poured from Martin's forehead, but the wound was not deep, and, pressing his wet handkerchief to it, he rose to his feet and dodged astern, where, in the intervals of the wind, he could hear the gruff voice of the captain giving orders, every word being primed with an oath.

Samuel Grimsby was unaware that his vessel had been boarded by the pilot, as the yawl had been carried over the weather side, unseen by him. Supposing Martin to be the boatswain, he swore at him, as he saw him groping his way astern.

"A civil tongue, if you please, Captain Grimsby."

The old savage was startled when he perceived his mistake, and with a string of oaths demanded, "Where did you come from?"

"By the quick despatch line," the pilot answered; "but," he added, "I'm not in

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time to be of very much use to the 'Susan Hale.'

Just then the brig was released from the shoal in which she had been caught; perhaps if it was a narrow bar, she had ploughed through it; perhaps an immensely high wave lifted her off, — which it was will never be known, — but before Martin could reach the helm she was floating again.

It was a hopeless task to attempt to extricate her from the net-work of dangers which surrounded her, but, nevertheless, Martin made an effort to lead her out of the trap into which she had fallen.

No one could be more familiar with these shoals than he was; he knew every current, and could rattle off the soundings much more fluently than his multiplication table.

Captain Grimsby stood sullenly watching him, and did not offer to interfere. But with a strong flood-tide and a heavy gale of wind opposed to him Martin could do nothing with the unhandy brig, which would not respond to the helm, and in a few minutes she again grounded.

"D—n you! you shall pay for this," roared Grimsby, in a fury, putting all the responsibility of the disaster upon the pilot, who had done so much to prevent it. "I'll have your license revoked, you villain. Give me the helm." Martin let him take the wheel, but the "Susan Hale" was held more firmly in the sand than if she had been anchored in it.

The decks were in a pitiable condition: everything movable had been swept away; great gaps were opened in the bulwarks, and the ravelled ends of broken cordage dangled through them. Scraps of torn canvas and splintered wood lay like traps in every direction; the ropes hung down from aloft, and, swinging to and fro, added to the danger. The seas came over her stern and swept the whole length of the brig. Martin warned the captain that it was useless to attempt to launch the boats; that if they succeeded in getting away from the ship they would surely be swamped in the surf; but his advice was again ignored, and as they were lowered from the davits one after another was crushed into firewood before it reached the water. The strain was so severe on the brig that the seams of her deck opened, and she groaned and shuddered as if she would go to pieces. Nothing could be done to help her by those on board. They had to shelter themselves as well as they could, and to wait during the awful night for succor from the shore.

On the south side of the inlet, near the light-house, is a United States life-saving station, manned by a crew of six men and a keeper.

But an attempt to launch the surf-boat failed, and one thing after another prevented communication with the "Susan Hale," until daylight opened over the angry sea. The brig lay a long way off the shore, and in some of the attempts made to reach her, the shot, with the life-line attached, fell short of its mark; then the line was blown over her stern by a terrific gust of wind, then over her bows; and once it broke in transit. Not discouraged by these accidents, nor by the defiance which the gale seemed to mutter, the life-saving men persisted in their work, and just as dawn was making a long, gray streak in the east, they succeeded in passing a line over the brig's rigging. It was a marvel to them that she had held together through the night; newer ships would have fallen to pieces; but there she was, on the shoal, with both of her masts standing.

The tide had been down and was again coming in, and the sea was high as ever; the waves sounded against her stern and then curved over her and disappeared in wrathful foam over her bows. But the observers on the shore were gladdened by the number of men they saw sheltering themselves on deck and in the rigging. It was evident that many, if not all, of the crew had survived.

The shot-line had scarcely been delivered when it was seen that the brig was rapidly changing her position; it was hardly credible, but the combined force of the tide and wind had torn her from the shoal on which she had been fast all night, and was now drifting in-shore. The captain was discovered in the rigging, and one of the men, who had been sheltering himself near the cabin entrance, — Martin Pyne, as it was proved afterwards, — at once ran aft and took the helm. But every sail had been blown away, and he had to resign her to the current. Before her career was again interrupted she had drifted within a few hundred yards of the point where the life-saving men were stationed with their apparatus, and then, as she was brought to by another invisible obstruction, a following wave swept over the poop, and carried away with it, into the surf, both the wheel and the man who had stood by it.

The accident was observed from the

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shore, and the men once more attempted to launch the surf-boat. They were dressed in heavy oilskins and had cork life-preservers around their waists. As quickly as possible they shoved the carriage down to the water's edge, and the crew took their places on the thwarts. They were a fine-looking set, — all of them were in the prime of life, and there was not an undersized man among them. The surf roaring at their feet taunted them with its power, and the terrors of death were before them. As far as the eye could reach the only prospect before them was a foaming waste, from which the spray arose in a dense mist. Undaunted, they waited a minute or two for a sea that would launch the boat.

"Here she comes!" cried the captain, and at the last moment he threw off his life-preserver, remarking, "If I'm going to drown, I don't want to float through the inlet with a deck-load of cork."

The sea which he had pointed out advanced rapidly, and the men held their breath, and watched it steadily. The boat was run off the carriage into it, and for a few seconds afterwards she was invisible, but she then toiled out of the trough and was balanced, like a teter-plank, on the ridge of another wave, before she again sank out of sight. The next sea caught her amidships and broke over her, — a little more of it would have swamped her; but she continued on her way, revealing all that buoyancy for which the surf-boat is famous, and was soon near the brig.

Martin had little breath left in his body when his rescuers reached him, and, as one of them leaned over the bow of the boat to catch hold of him, he sank, but as he came to the surface, he was seized by the collar and thrown on his back. The strong arm that had done this then deftly rolled him over the gunwale, on board, and so into the boat.

The boat was rowed back to the beach, as it was impossible for her to go any nearer to the brig; but the latter vessel was now close to the high-water mark, where she had drifted in changing her position, and it was no longer difficult to send a hawser to her. The whip-line and the hawser had become entangled, and it took some time to unravel them; but when this was done all on board were landed through the surf by the breeches-buoy, — all, except three seamen, who had disappeared during the previous night.

Captain Grimsby was unsoftened by his terrible experience. His hoarse voice trembled with rage, and he clenched his fists, as he vowed that Martin was responsible for the loss of the ship.

Meanwhile the "Petrel" had arrived at Egg Harbor Inlet, whence we made our way to Barnegat, and there we learned what had happened. A few days later the "Susan Hale" was hauled off by the wrecking-steamers and towed to New York. Nevertheless, Captain Grimsby fulfilled his threat of reporting Martin to the commissioners. He accused the pilot of having run the brig ashore; but the charge was dismissed at once, and a gold medal was afterwards presented to Martin for "his distinguished bravery."

William H. Rideing.

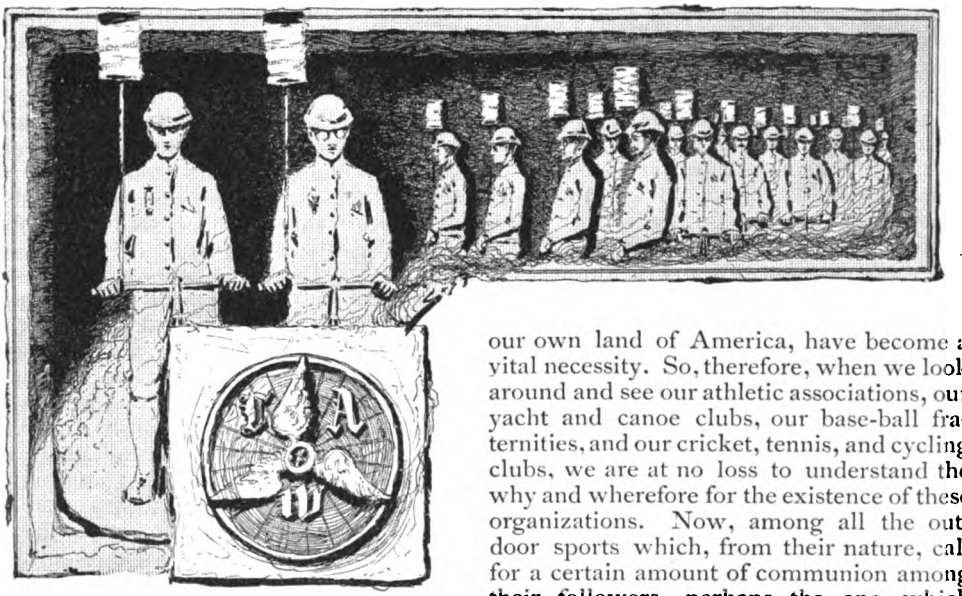
A THOUGHT.

THIS tiny little flower I found
  Half hidden in the grass,
So small that some would never stoop
  To pluck it as they pass.
And yet, this tender little flower,
  Its petals wet with dew,
Was made, I think, with God's own hands,
  For me — to give to you!

Anna M. Talcott.

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WITH THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN AT WASHINGTON.



THE great and universally-allowed principle, that in a unification of purpose, of interest, and of action there is a pledge of strength, has led men to band themselves together in societies and brotherhoods for the furthering of certain ends and aims. Thus we find through all society wheels, as it were, within wheels of associated effort and concerted action; and, whether we contemplate the story of the Pythagorean brotherhood or that of Ignatius Loyola, whether we reflect on the splendid work of the French academy or the R.A., or wonderingly note the mighty achievements of the late English "anti-corn-law league," or even mark the portentous shadow of advancing socialism, we must feel convinced of the mighty power and influence which can be wielded by a number of individuals working harmoniously and governed intelligently. And, as we find in politics, in religion, in science, and in art that this disposition is evinced, to unite each in its own sphere its individual component parts, for a common purpose and for general advantage, so we find the same tendency exhibiting itself in the lighter pursuits and recreations which have always been indulged in by man, and which pursuits, at the present stage of the world's progress, and more especially in our own land of America, have become a vital necessity. So, therefore, when we look around and see our athletic associations, our yacht and canoe clubs, our base-ball fraternities, and our cricket, tennis, and cycling clubs, we are at no loss to understand the why and wherefore for the existence of these organizations. Now, among all the outdoor sports which, from their nature, call for a certain amount of communion among their followers, perhaps the one which appeals most to the spirit of good fellowship, developing generally into close friendship, is cycling. The very fact that cycling is not wholly a recreation, but has a decidedly practical phase, would at once stamp it as one of our advanced means of grace in the recreative line. And cycling — we must drop the exclusive term bicycling — has obtained a position in America within the past four years which even its most ardent advocates who witnessed its advent could hardly have dared to expect.

England, the home of the wheel, still holds the palm of seniority as to cycling matters, and she still remains, what we American cyclists are pleased to term her, "the bicycler's paradise." But we look to the future to give us those advantages and incentives to the use of the wheel which our cousins across the water possess; and while at the present the proverbial American spirit of go ahead and push makes up in a measure for the lack of good highways to push over, yet we look to that same spirit actuating and urging on our rapidly increasing army of cyclers to insure in the future some legislation, or, at least, to draw some public notice to the great want of this country, — good roads. "The three-quarter civilized

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Romans had good roads, and why should not the United States have them?" remarked an indignant cycler while standing on the steps of the Arlington Hotel at Washington on the 18th of last May. "Because," said a gray-haired, staid old gentleman, who overheard the remark, "those ancient friends of yours had no railroads; that's the reason, young sir, why those Romans had roads." And the old gentleman was right, and right as to the inference to be drawn from his remark, — that American cyclers have to thank, in a great measure, our splendid railroad system for our lack of good roads.

But placing the matter of cycling in the light of practical utility, and thus appealing to the national characteristic of the American nation, no reason can be assigned why the bicycle should not, in the future, be the prime factor towards remedying the great defect of the "New World" in the matter of good public highways. And what can our cyclists do to gain this end? What have they done? and what are they doing? If the preceding remarks have drawn out queries such as these from the reader, I am satisfied. Perhaps, also, the question has been asked on reading the heading of this article, What is the "League of American Wheelmen?" Well, then, the L.A.W. is, as its name implies, an association of American cyclists, banded together for the object of not only furthering the pastime of cycling, but for the purpose of watching over its interests in every way which may tend towards its advancement, not merely as a pastime, but as a practical and efficient addition to the means of modern travel. This is a great task, and one which calls for intelligence and method in the manner and plan of working, as well as for energy and enthusiasm in the workers. When we look back a few short years, not many more than half a score, and see the bicycle in England struggling through the early stages of a checkered infancy, and then direct our eyes to the England of to-day with its nearly half a million wheelmen, we are sorely tempted to overestimate the future possibilities of the "wheel." And when we note the wide-spread interest taken there in cycling matters, the prominence given to the wheelmen in the public press, the literature of the cycling world itself, and the interest taken by the English people in the racing features of cycling, we are forced to ask, surely, where it has obtained such a hold upon the public. "There must be some organization, some recognized authority in cycling matters, to guard the interests of cyclers and afford facilities for intercommunication among them. This power in England, is represented by the "Cyclists' Touring Club," which is not now strictly an English organization, but has developed into an international one, with its fourteen thousand members scattered over the world. Go where you will through the little island, where many of our forefathers performed wonderful feats on the venerable precursor of the bicycle, the mighty stage-coach, and, if you do not find the veritable inns and hostelries of our progenitors and their conveyances, you will find gentlemanly consuls of the C.T.C., civil hotel-keepers, who cut down your bill by virtue of the C.T.C. sign, which somewhere or other adorns their premises; C.T.C. signs you will meet along the road imparting welcome warnings or directions, and you will find even C.T.C. tailors in almost every prominent town in England. So much is the result of organization and union, and so much is distinctive of a pastime, the sympathies and sentiments and associations of which neither find their limit nor expend their vitality in pleasure pure and simple. And what have we American cyclers to show in the way of an organization filling the role of the C.T.C.? We have our "League of American Wheelmen," an organization which after the facts elicited at its last "Annual Meet" at Washington, relative to its progress up to the present, American cyclers have no reason to be ashamed of. The aim of the founders of the L.A.W., when, in 1880, they started the organization, was, that it should fill, in America, the position which the C.T.C. had for two years previously occupied in England. It was early recognized that the spirit of prejudice and unreasoning dislike which greeted the advent of the bicycle in this country, had to be combated, and none but the bicyclers themselves could or should, undertake this duty. So, acting on this knowledge that the interests of their new and much-loved pastime would in the future demand care and thought, a little band of gentlemen, taking advantage of their being present together, at the primal bicycle meet of America, held at Newport in 1880, launched the L.A.W. on its way to the present successful career.

This bicycle meet, which saw the first seeds of the L.A.W. sown and rooted, has generally come to be recognized as the "first annual meet of the L.A.W." The

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19th and 20th of May of the present year saw the fifth annual meet, and no doubt the founders of the organization who were present on this last occasion, and looked round Ford's Opera House, in Washington, during the business meeting, or gazed admiringly on the long line of the cyclers' parade as it traversed the magnificent sweep of Pennsylvania avenue, felt their hearts bound with pleasure, as they remembered the meet at Newport in 1880, and the infant days of the L.A.W. It was early decided by the League that an annual meet and parade should be a feature of the organization, as no better plan could be devised for bringing the new pastime of cycling prominently before the public. The scheme of holding bicycle meets had been tried and found to work well in England, where the great cyclist gatherings at Hampton Court, Hyde Park, and Harrowgate were drawing attention to the practically useful, as well as the purely pleasurable attributes of cycling. Thus we find that in 1881, Boston, which, owing to the exceptionally good condition of the roads in its vicinity, had early become "the hub" of bicycling as well as of the world, had the honor of holding the second annual League meet, and twenty thousand Bostonians indulged the curiosity with which they, in conjunction with the rest of the world, then regarded bicyclers and bicycles. The following year, 1882, saw the L.A.W. travelling out to Chicago. Two Eastern cities had already had the privilege of holding the "annual meet," and the West wanted it and got it. The numbers attending the 1882 meet were not large, but they answered one of the purposes for which the L.A.W. was formed, and for which meets were instituted. They waked up the people of Chicago and the West to the uses and pleasures of bicycling. In 1883, New York claimed the meet on the plea that Central Park must be opened. The fourth annual meet took place in that city during the latter part of May, 1883, and was, in point of the numbers participating in it, the most successful of any meet of the League. At the time of the meet the membership of the League counted over two thousand cyclers, — not a very large number considering the size of the country and the number of wheelmen scattered over it. But if the New York meet did not, as far as the business transactions of the League in that city were concerned, do much for the organization, it not only opened Central Park, though under restrictions, but it gave the enlisting of new members such a decided impetus that the secretary, at the meet held in Washington this year, had the satisfaction to announce, amid the cheers of his listeners, that, during the last year, the membership of the L.A.W. had doubled itself, there being over four thousand members on the roll. Much conjecture was indulged in, during the early part of 1884, as to where the fifth annual meet would be held, and many longing eyes were turned to Washington as the place above all others most fitted for a great gathering of cyclists. The sixty miles of magnificent asphalt roadways, the attractions of Congress in session, the patent office, Smithsonian Institute, etc., in addition to the fact of the city being the capital of the country, all contributed to draw attention to that city. So when the board of officers announced that an invitation from the Washington Cycle Club to make Washington the scene of the League meet of 1884, had been received and accepted, much satisfaction was felt among League members generally. The only drawback in the matter of Washington's fitness for the League meet lay in the fact of its being, if I may use the expression, at the tail end of bicycling; but then it was a very lively extremity to that tail, and though the interest in cycling did, and even does still, increase as you approach New England, still that was, perhaps, after all, but another reason why the South should have the 1884 meet. Washington, then, and the fifth annual meet, were to be identified, and many thought that the attraction of the city would draw together the largest number of cyclers ever gathered at one point in America.

The 19th and 20th of May, 1884, had been fixed by the board of officers as the date for the fifth annual meet, and as the time drew near which was to draw the cycling world to Washington, much interest began to be manifested as to what the probable result of the meet would be. The annual business meeting was to take place on Monday the 19th, and the parade and the league championship races were to be, with the banquet in the evening, features of the following day's programme. Strong fears were entertained by many, and not without reason, that the disputes and bickerings among individuals, which unfortunately were a characteristic of the League for the preceding six months, would give rise to unpleasantness, and perhaps to something worse, at the business meeting,

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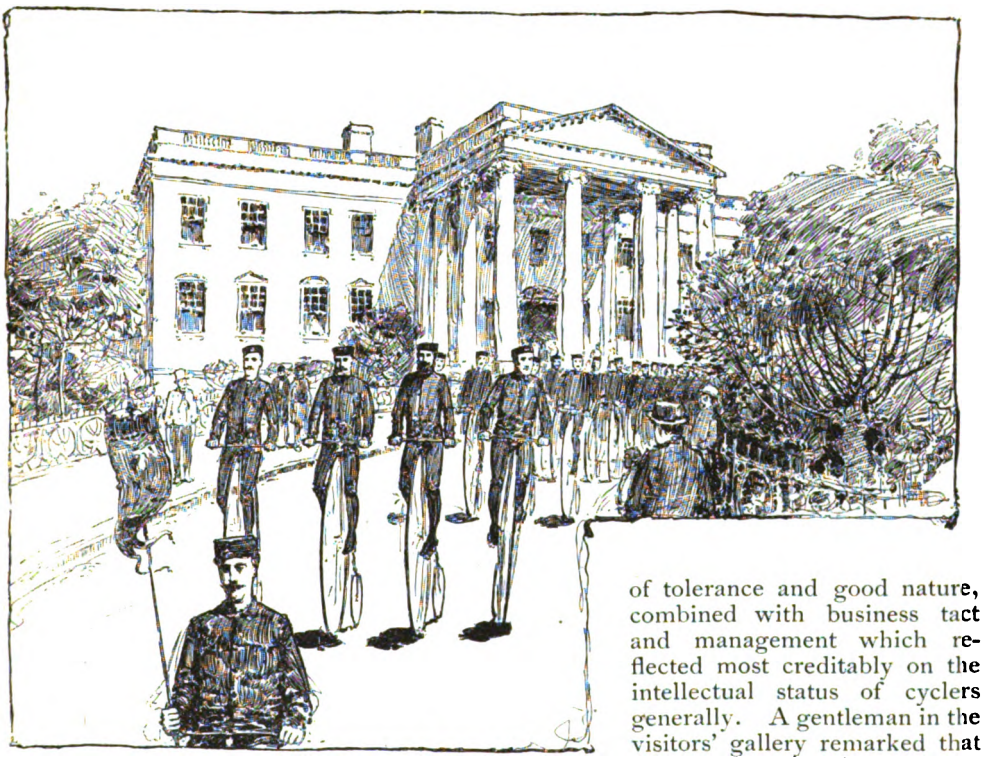
and even the meet proper did not itself escape from prophecies, which, to be lenient with them, were anything but sanguine. Many, while willing to allow that the fifth annual meet at Washington might and probably would be a success, still most dogmatically asserted that it would, at least as far as the parade was concerned, be the last ever held by the L.A.W. Their reasons for so believing being that the sentiment already prevalent in England, and by them considered as worthy to be classed a doctrine, was decidedly and substantially correct, viz., that large meets were, for the purpose of arousing interest in the wheel, superfluous, and a useless expenditure of time and money on the part of the participants in them. Newport launched the "League" ship in 1880; Boston, in 1881, remanned it, and, as it were, added a new motive power of steam to supplement sail, and sent it on its way rejoicing. Then Chicago, the next year, flung the whirl of the great vessel's wheels far into the West, and in 1883, New York strove her best to outdo the efforts of her sister cities, but at the same time she drove home the local interest screw at the business meeting so tightly, that but for the staunch timbers of the good old ship she might have fared but ill, and last of all Washington, what did Washington do in the present year for the L.A.W.? Why, she sent the old vessel fresh from her repair-dock, clear across the harbor bar without even a serious rap on shoal or rock. Right into smooth water, too, and whether the member of the L.A.W. who was present at Washington remembers the anything but stormy session of the business meeting, or whether his thoughts linger lovingly on the glorious cruises over those magnificent asphalt streets, or whether he recalls the faces, or the words of friends then met and parted from, not to be met again until the next annual gathering once more calls the crew of the old craft to their posts; whether he thinks of but one of these features, or thinks of them all, he cannot but think at the same time: Well, if the next meet is a repetition of the last one, success lies ahead for the "League." Immediately prior to the 19th of May, 1884, all roads led — for L.A.W. cyclers I mean — to Washington, and from the 17th to the 21st of the month the city was alive with cyclers gathered in from all points of the compass. The citizens of Washington, accustomed as they are to seeing constantly the bicycle in all its forms, no doubt wondered at this great influx of the cycling community, for the visiting wheelmen numbered somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred. Every hotel in the city had among its guests some representative of the cycling fraternity, but it was at the Arlington Hotel that the greatest crowd was at all times to be found assembled. It was at the Arlington that the inevitable canvassing, button-holing, and mild lobbying, expectant of the business meeting, was principally indulged in, and it was there that the most representative men were to be found. Let me remark that a distinctive feature of the meet was the decidedly large number of eminently representative men which it drew out. A large congregation of the rank and file was not so much characteristic of it as was the fact that men prominent in cycling matters from all over the country attended its gathering.

A great number of the visiting wheelmen, particularly those coming from long distances, arrived prior to Sunday, the 18th; and, as train after train rolled into the city on the afternoon of Saturday and throughout all Sunday, the crowd round the Arlington increased, and the neighborhood of the hotel assumed an appearance both novel and animated. Machines lay about in all directions, and the street in front of the hotel became a regular bicyclers' promenade. All Sunday afternoon the Arlington presented an appearance of being the scene of a great levee; and even well on into the evening, owing, partly to a specially called meeting of the "Pennsylvania Division," the League head-quarters seemed to be the favorite spot in town for the cyclers. Gradually, as night fell, the gathering broke up, and the cyclers, who had not a chance to do so before, now took a social ride through the Capital City. Away round quiet squares and through shady avenues, across from these into the better lighted main avenues, and then back again into shade and silence. Everything was still, phenomenally so to most of the visitors, who were mainly used to the bustle and roar of the busy centres of civilization.

The cyclers who were at Washington on the occasion of the last L.A.W. gathering know, as every average cyclist knows, that, outside of the mere mechanical pushing of a wheel, there are, in the pastime of cycling, sentiments and sympathies woven in with the strong as well as the gentle phases of our human nature, which find free play for their exercise in

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gatherings such as the yearly meet the L.A.W. has instituted, and which it is to be hoped its members will see continued. The business meeting, on the 19th, offers in itself a strong argument in support of what I have just mentioned as being characteristic of cyclers and their gatherings. In Ford's Opera House, at Washington, were gathered deputations and representatives from cycling clubs and associations all over the country. As in the case of every deliberative assembly, something had to be feared from differences of opinion; and, on the occasion referred to, this fear had some ground for existing. Yet, from the beginning of the session, at 10 A.M., until it closed, at 4 P.M., not one hitch occurred to spoil the general good temper. Not one ebullition of undue heat on the part of a single delegate arose to dispel the sense of security which had spread through the hall when the new board of officers, chosen from among the representatives of the various States by themselves, made its appearance on the stage. Dr. N. M. Beckwith, unanimously chosen, stood on the platform, for the second time, president of the L.A.W., and the selection of the other officers, and the determined stand taken by the convention subsequently, relative to an L.A.W. gazette, showed that both the representatives and the body of members then present were determined that no localization of League government should again jeopardize the safety of the organization. The proceedings throughout the business meeting were marked by a spirit of tolerance and good nature, combined with business tact and management which reflected most creditably on the intellectual status of cyclers generally. A gentleman in the visitors' gallery remarked that the meeting would have done honor to the halls of Congress.



PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH WHITE-HOUSE GROUNDS.

Tuesday, the day of the parade, turned out a "scorcher." A heavy, heated and languid air spread over everything as early as nine o'clock A.M., by which time the parade commenced to form in the neighborhood of the Arlington. The large space of roadway in front of the hotel at half-past nine presented an apparently inextricable mass of machines and men, and offered a curious spectacle to the hundreds of eager spectators who crowded every window and balcony in the vicinity. Gradually the mass thinned out, though how it did so was a mystery to many, and formed along Fifteenth street, in three divisions, with a squad of army buglers at

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the head of the first. President Beckwith acted as commander, and performed the functions of his office well, as he did at New York the previous year. Senators Mahone and Jones, and a galaxy of other lights watched the proceedings from the steps of the Arlington, and the many-windowed building itself held a host of observers. It was after ten o'clock before the parade got started on its twelve-mile excursion. The line consisted of three divisions, the first composed of L.A.W. clubs only, the second of clubs whose membership was partly League, and the third division comprised unattached riders. The route lay through the White-House grounds, so that America's chief magistrate might see what the L.A.W. looked like, and thence to Pennsylvania avenue. Along this magnificent avenue the procession, viewed from windows and other vantage points, must have presented a most interesting appearance, as it moved forward with a regularity of formation which surprised many, and in a silence which at times was oppressive. It was, perhaps, the most unique and precise parade that any wheelman present had ever taken part in, for, in addition to the absence of the jar and rattle of machines, consequent on the character of the pavement, the Washingtonians, while pouring out in their thousands to witness this spectacle, preserved generally a wondering and dignified silence. Without doubt a greater number of people witnessed this parade than any other bicycle parade ever held in America, for the lowest estimate of the on-lookers placed their number at fifty thousand. As to the appearance presented by the different clubs, a marked improvement in the style of dress was apparent to the most superficial observer who had noted the costume at previous meets. There was a total absence of showy colors, the only things approaching to display being white helmets and light gray uniforms, and that these were most sensible accoutrements few will deny.

For twelve miles under a burning sun, but over magnificent roadways, to be found in no other city in the world to a like extent, save Washington, the procession wended its way. The steps of the Treasury building were black with people; even its roof and the roofs of many houses were taxed for room for spectators, and every window along the main thoroughfares held its wealth of pretty faces and summer costumes. But, notwithstanding the appreciation and pleasure expressed in the faces of Washington's fair ones, by the time the parade reached the Arlington, and the signal was given for disbandment, many a heated cycler was wishing for a thunder-storm to come and cool off the torrid atmosphere, and the unfortunate mounted buglers were one with the head of their party, who asseverated rather savagely, to an aid of the First Division, that he'd sooner play for a whole day for the United States army than for two hours for the L.A.W. After the parade came the races for the L.A.W. championships of twenty-five miles, ten miles, three miles, and one mile, with a one-mile tricycle championship. These races were held at the Athletic park, and it was a feature of the meet to have these championships contested at one time and place, for, during previous years, they were raced for at different places and times.

The holding of the L.A.W. championship-races at the time and place of the meet is, perhaps, a wise move on the part of the board of officers, even on pecuniary considerations alone, for the admission charged at the Athletic park, Washington, turned into the League's treasury the respectable sum of over $600.

The business meeting was over, the parade had traversed its allotted course, the races had been run, and their honors and prizes were in the hands of the fortunate victors, and the sight-seers of the morning, and the no doubt greatly edified spectators at the races, had sought their various homes, and the two days of the League's celebration were drawing to a close; yet one more item remains to fill the bill of the fifth annual meet. This last, and by no means minor, feature was the banquet at Willard's Hotel. Recollections were rife of the last jovial gathering in the great city of the Empire State when, underneath the brilliant chandeliers of the Metropolitan Hotel, six hundred brethren of the wheel enjoyed the dainties of the palate, and listened to the wit and humor of cycling good-fellowship. At Willard's, that last night of the League meet, when the viands had been put away according to the accustomed manner of cyclers, many a wheelman wished that he had the fixing of the hour at which 12 o'clock should turn up. Mr. Charles Pratt was toast-master, and the assembled three hundred had but to lie back and enjoy what his summons to various gentlemen evoked. It was a pleasant even-

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ing, that 20th of May, for if a "gallant six hundred" were not present to make havoc among the forces brought forward by Willard's waiters, yet a "sacred band" of sturdy cyclers stood as solid where chicken croquettes and milk punch flew thickest as ever did the redoubtable Theban phalanx where the onset of the enemy was fiercest. A break in the party came at length, as a large number of the Pennsylvania and New York delegations retired to catch the special late train put on by the Pennsylvania Railroad to accommodate those having to leave the city that night; and shortly after, with the hands of the clock pointing close to midnight, the remainder of the revellers dispersed.

An express train, laden with decidedly wakeful cyclers, thundering up the line to Baltimore, and on to New York; a hearty shaking of hands round Willard's door amongst those remaining in Washington; sleepy promises to meet on the morrow; a mounting of machines and starting up of coaches, with a few other signs of a general leave-taking, and the fifth annual meet was an event of the past and a memory for the future. And now that we have taken this cursory glance at the L.A.W. and its last meet, we may well ask ourselves what we are to expect of the organization in the future. The full significance of what was done at Washington will probably not make itself palpably felt for some little time. What results followed from the New York meet of the previous year? In spite of unfortunate misunderstandings and shortcomings amongst officials and others, the L.A.W. benefited by it to a great extent. Some of the unreasonable prejudices against the wheel were swept away in the locality where the meet was held, and a spirit of work, in the line of gaining new members, was infused into those present at New York, with the result that the membership-roll swelled up in one year to the extent that it had taken three years of previous labor to raise it to. As a result, too, of the policy advocated at this meet, State divisions of the National League were organized, and in every instance but one have turned out a success and proved an assistance to the L.A.W. proper. Notably in Kentucky, during the last year, have union and determination among cyclers saved them from the unjust enactment by the legislature of a law prohibiting the bicycle being propelled on certain highways, though at the same time acknowledging it to be a vehicle.

It is to matters of this description that the L.A.W. will have to devote its attention, and for this purpose a balance must needs always be in the treasury. Then the policy of the C.T.C. is being followed, and L.A.W. signs are appearing on our roads, and L.A.W. hotels are springing up wherever there is need for them. In New England the L.A.W. is doing more work in this special line than anywhere else. And already the influence of the late meet in Washington in these latter-mentioned matters is beginning to be felt. Not only was the same spirit apparently evoked, as was engendered by the New York meet, to recruit among our vast army of unattached riders for new members, but State divisions, notably that of Pennsylvania, are waking up to the fact that League hotels, with schedules of reduced rate for L.A.W. members, are very desirable things to have. The Colonnade Hotel, one of the finest in Philadelphia, now hangs out the L.A.W. sign, and Massachusetts will soon have many States rivalling her in efforts to make the usefulness of the League felt as it ought to and can be felt. In Washington itself the impression produced was most favorable. Judging from the printed reports, and from verbal expressions of Washingtonians, every one was, in a measure, surprised at the general tone of the whole proceedings. One impression seemed to have sunk deeper than any other, and, indeed the meet at Washington was well calculated to produce it, and that was that the League of American Wheelmen is an organization of men, and not, as the general idea seems to be, of boys. Perhaps the fact of the inherent power of the L.A.W., will be more apparent in a few years, when some framer of a "green bill," aimed against rights, not privileges, of cyclers, chances to get left at the polls. There are wide-spreading possibilities before this organization, for the simple reason that, as there is something very much more than mere sport associated with the use of the bicycle, it enlists "men of thought and men of action" in its cause, and imbues them with an enthusiasm and a love for the recreation, such as no other sport can command or call forth. It is to this spirit of enthusiastic love and respect for this health-giving and life-prolonging exercise, which binds all its votaries in a great brotherhood, represented by the L.A.W., — it is to this spirit that we look for great things in the future. *Ninon Neckar.*

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IV.

LIFE at the old Dysart place went forward in a slow and decorous fashion, little allied to the bustling manners of the present day. Mr. Dysart was getting now to be an old man, albeit it is doubtful if in any abundant sense he can ever have been a young one. In any case he had, by long burrowing among musty records and genealogical parchments, acquired a dry and antique appearance as, to use a somewhat presumptuous yet not inexact metaphor, certain scholarly worms had taken on a brown hue from continued dining on the bindings of his venerable folios. He inhabited a remote and essentially unworldly sphere, from which the existence of his daughter was wholly separate. He was conscious of her presence in an unrealizing way; was even aware that just now she had in the house a guest who had come ashore from a wreck; but that was the affair of Columbine and old Sarah; he could not of course be expected to loosen his hold upon the clew which he hoped would lead him to the exact connection between the Dysarts and the Van Rensselaers of two generations back, to pay attention to a chance waif from that outer world with which he had never considered it worth his while to concern himself. As far as Mr. Tom was concerned, Mr. Dysart might as well not have existed. They did once meet in the passage before the study door when the invalid in his first days of walking was one rainy morning wandering restlessly about the halls; but the owner of the house hurried furtively past as if he were the interloper and the other lord of the manor; and even when the convalescent was well enough to join the family at table, Mr. Dysart was very seldom there, so that the meals were for the most part taken *tête-à-tête* by Columbine and her patient.

The result of such a situation is evident from the beginning. Exceptional natures might be imagined, perhaps, that would not have grown dangerously interested in each other under such circumstances; but at least these two drew every day closer together. Neither had any tie belonging to the past; or, more exactly, Columbine had none, and he, for the time being at least, had no past. His helplessness and the mystery enshrouding him would have appealed to the heart of any woman, and Columbine had no distractions to fill her life and crowd out this ever-deepening interest. Of Mr. Tom, her beauty and freshness, her simplicity, which was so far removed from insipidity, her innocence, which never suggested ignorance, won the respect and admiration long before he was conscious that love, too, was growing in his heart.

There came a day, however, when he could no longer be ignorant of the nature of his feelings.

The two had gone past the arbor and down to the shore. Columbine was seated upon a rock, while Tom lay at her feet, idly tossing pebbles into a pool left among the sea-weed by the ebbing tide. The maiden wore that day a dress of gray flannel, almost the color of the stone upon which she sat, trimmed with a velvet of orange which no complexion less brilliant than hers could have endured. She twisted in her fingers a spray of golden-rod, yellow-coated harbinger of autumn.

"The summer is gone," Columbine remarked, pensively. "It is getting late even for golden-rod."

"Yes," he echoed, "the summer is gone. I lost so much of it I hardly realize" —

He broke off suddenly, a new thought seizing him.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "how long I have been here! I ought to have taken myself off your hands long ago. How you must think I abuse your hospitality!"

"Nonsense," she returned, brightly; "you of course cannot go until you are well. It is necessary that you at least conjure from the past the rest of your name before you start out into the world again. Make yourself as comfortable as you can, Mr. Tom; you won't be let loose for a long time to come yet."

Despite the lightness of her manner her companion fancied he detected a shade of some hitherto unnoted feeling in her words; but whether dread of his departure or desire to be rid of him, he could not divine. The latter thought struck him with a sudden chill. The love which had been fostered in his mind by this close and intimate companionship was not unmixed at this moment with a fear of being

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thrown upon his own resources while ignorant alike of his place and his name. He clung strongly to Columbine as to one who understood and sympathized with his strange mental weakness. The color flamed into his pale cheeks with a sudden throb of intense emotion; then faded, to leave him whiter than ever.

"Besides," Columbine continued, after a moment's pause, her glance still downcast, "why shouldn't you stay? Your being here makes no difference to papa; he smokes and grubs after the roots of his ancestral tree the same as ever; and as for me," lifting her eyes with a sudden smile that showed all her dimples, "you know how much you amuse me. You are as good as a continued story, and are alive, too, the last being a good deal in this desert."

He returned her smile with effort. His moment of intense feeling had so overpowered him that he felt weak and faint.

"How white you are!" she exclaimed, noting the wanness of his face; "you should have had your *bouillon* long ago. A pretty condition you are in to go roaming off by yourself!"

She tripped lightly off towards the house for the forgotten nourishment, and Mr. Tom was left to his reflections. He raised himself, as her graceful figure vanished, then sank back upon his rug with something like a groan. All in an instant the knowledge had come to him that he loved her. He had gone on from day to day conscious only of thinking of his own history, which, bit by bit, he was disinterring from the past, as men bring to light some buried city, and insensibly Columbine had become dear to him before he was aware. He buried his face in his hands in a despair which was in part the result of his strange mental confusion; in part arose from his physical weakness. He did not reflect then that his case was not necessarily hopeless; that nothing in his life, which remembrance had recovered, need raise a barrier between himself and Columbine. Afterward this thought came to him and brought comfort; now he was overwhelmed by a sense of impotent misery. Helpless in the hand of fate, it seemed to him that this love, of which he was newly aware, was but a fresh device of malignant destiny. He did not even consider whether his affection might be returned; he only felt the impossibility of offering his broken life to Columbine; of binding her to a past that was uncertain and a future that was insecure.

Tears of weakness, and scorn of that weakness, came into his eyes. Their traces were still visible when Columbine returned.

"Come," she said, ignoring the signs of his agitation, "you have told me nothing on the story to-day. Just down there," indicating by a pretty sweep of the hand a little pebbly cove lying just below them, "is where Sarah and I found you."

"And I would to God," cried poor Tom with sudden fierceness, "that you had left me there."

Columbine made, for the moment, no reply to this outburst. She insisted upon his drinking his *bouillon*, despite his protests of disinclination, and then brought him back to the tale of his life.

"There is an air of improbability about my story," he said, after a little musing. "Indeed, so much so that I myself begin to doubt the truth of it. In the first place it seems particularly arranged to baffle inquiry. Whenever I recall a person to whom I might send for verification or information, I straightway remember that he is dead or that my wanderings have carried me beyond his knowledge. I am apparently as far as ever from knowing who I am or what I am. And, besides, suppose your beautiful theory, that my memory acts as it does because the impressions of youth are strongest, is not true? You put me in the same category with those whose memory is weakened by age; but this may be all moonshine. Perhaps this history, to which I am painfully adding every day, is something I have read, and only a fiction after all."

"But why suppose so many tormenting things?" returned Columbine, brightly. "The fault of the age, they say, — we know very little of it here, but cousin Tom sends me a paper occasionally, — is unrest; and whoever you are a little tranquillity will scarcely be likely to harm you. Go on with the life and adventures, and never mind now whether they are true or not. At least they are interesting. You broke off yesterday in a most exciting account of a tiger hunt."

"Ah, yes; I got the rest of it together this morning. Where did I leave off? Had we reached the second jungle?"

V.

THE salt meadows were on fire. The pungent odor of burning peat and saline grasses floated over the Dysart place and

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about the arbor one October morning when Tom sat there meditating. He was thinking of Columbine, and of his passion for her. His health now seemed firmly reëstablishing itself, and his memory had gone on over the old track of his life in its singular method of progression until he felt confident that he should be in possession of all his past. He reviewed what he remembered, as he sat this morning inhaling the aromatic scent of the burning lowlands, and the result was not unsatisfactory. He had recovered from oblivion his life up to the time three years before when he took passage home from India, and his financial affairs at that period were in an eminently satisfactory position. He recalled that he had been regarded on shipboard as a person of more consequence than the British officer, who, with his daughter, occupied the cabin of the Indiaman with him; and he trusted that no untoward circumstances of the interval had placed him in a condition less desirable.

He had reconciled himself to remaining at the Dysart mansion by turning over to old Sarah a goodly portion of the money contained in his travelling-belt, and blessed himself that his wandering life had led him to form the habit of always going thus provided. He sat now waiting for Columbine to appear, and fondly picturing to himself the delight of telling her his love when the time came he dare speak. Every day increased his attachment, and he believed, as every lover will, that his love was returned. A smile of brooding contentment, so deep that even the impatience of his passion could not disturb it, dwelt upon his face as he inhaled the fragrant odors from the burning marshes, and listened for the step of the maiden he loved.

She came at last, moving along the garden paths between the faded shrubs, a gracious and winning figure. She was dressed that morning in a gown of russet wool, with a bunch of gold and crimson leaves at her throat, and never, in Tom's eyes, had she looked so lovely.

"I shouldn't have been so late in getting here," she said as she took her accustomed seat, "but Sarah is greatly concerned about the fire in the salt marshes. She says it is thirty years since they burnt over, and she presages all sorts of dire calamities from that fact."

"That they haven't burnt over for thirty years?"

"Well," Columbine returned with a pout, "she is not at all clear what she does mean, so it isn't to be expected that I shall be. We will go on with the life and adventures, if you please."

"But suppose I haven't remembered anything more?"

"Nonsense," retorted pretty Columbine; "you never really remember. I'm convinced that you make it all up as you go along; but you tell it so seriously that it might as well be true. And in any case it does credit to your powers of imagination."

His story now was of his voyage from Calcutta. He told of moonlight nights in the Indian ocean, of long days of sunny idling on deck, and all the pleasant details of a prosperous voyage over Southern seas.

"Miss Grant wasn't very pretty," he observed, lying lazily back and looking up into the blue October sky, "at least not as I remember her; but she was very good company, only a little given to sentimentalizing. She had a guitar, and I will confess I did hate to see that guitar come out."

"She would be pleased if she could hear you," laughed Columbine. "What was there so frightful about her guitar?"

"Oh, when she had that she always sang moony songs, and after that—"

"Well?" demanded Miss Dysart, mischievously.

"Oh, after that," he returned with an impatient shake of his shoulders, "she was sure to talk sentiment."

His companion laughed merrily. The faint, almost unconscious feeling of jealousy which had risen at the mention of this engaging young lady had vanished entirely in the indifference with which Mr. Tom spoke of her. She moved her head with a happy little motion not unlike that which a bird plumes itself. Her soft, low laugh did not really end, but lost itself among the dimples of her cheeks.

Tom regarded her with shining eyes.

"Not that I should mind some people's talking sentiment," he said with a smile.

She raised her laughing gaze to his, and, as their eyes met, the meaning of the look in his was too plain to be mistaken. She flushed and paled, dropping her gaze from his.

"And did nothing especial happen on the voyage?" she asked, with a strong effort to regain her careless manner.

"Not that I recall," he answered, putting his hand beside hers upon the rustic table so that their fingers almost touched.

A moment of silence followed, broken only by the chirping of a few belated crick-

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ets, that, despite the advancement of the season, had not yet discontinued their autumnal concerts. The two, so quiet outwardly, sat with beating hearts, when suddenly a wandering breeze brought into the summer-house a puff of smoke from the burning salt meadows. It was laden with the fetid odor of consuming animal matter, and so powerful was it that both involuntarily turned away their heads.

"Bah!" Columbine cried. "How horrible! There must be a dead animal of some sort there that the fire has reached."

She stopped speaking and gazed with surprise at Tom, who had buried his face in his hands with a groan.

"What is it? Has it made you ill? It is gone now."

He lifted a face white with emotion.

"No," he said, "it has not made me ill; physically, that is; but it has done worse, it has made me remember."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "What is it? is it so terrible?"

She leaned toward him, and to poor Tom she looked the incarnation of enticing loveliness. Sympathy and interest — not unmixed, she being a woman, with curiosity — sparkled in her eyes, yet he nerved himself to tell her all that had come back to him.

"That smell of burning hide," he began, "brought it all up in a flash. The ship got on fire; Miss Grant clung to me; there was just such an odor leaking out around the hatches from the hold where the flames were at the cargo; she — I — when everything else was right, when the fire was out, I was all wrong."

"I do not understand," Columbine said.

She drew away from him, her cheeks pale, her very lips wan. She did not meet his gaze, but sat with downcast eyes.

"I was engaged to Miss Grant. I did not pretend to love her, but I thought we were all bound for the bottom, and"—

He stopped, helplessly; her eyes flashed upon him.

"And if a lie would soothe her last moments," she said, bitterly, "you — no, no; I beg your pardon."

"I remember more," he went on, wrenching each word out as if by a strong effort of will. "The shock, and, perhaps, previous seeds of disease, were too much for her father; he died the day before we landed. She was alone in the world, she had no protector, and I — I married her at once, to protect her."

A sparrow flew up into the lattice outside the arbor without noticing the pair within, so dead was the stillness which now fell upon them. At length Columbine rose and stood an instant by the table which had been between them. She wavered an instant, then stooped and kissed him upon the forehead. Then without a word she turned from the arbor and fled swiftly to the house.

VI.

LEFT alone in the summer-house Tom's first feeling was a great throb of joy; but it gave place almost instantly to an aching pang of misery. To be assured of Columbine's love would have been intense happiness an hour before; now it could only add to his pain. He raged against the toils in which fate had entangled him, yet defiance to helplessness and every paroxysm of rage at destiny ended in a new and humiliating consciousness of his own impotence. He felt like one who walked blindfolded, with light granted him not to avoid missteps, but merely to see them after they are taken. There was in such a position an irony which seemed almost the result of the malignity of some conscious power.

One thing at least was clear to Tom; that he must leave the Dysart mansion. To go on seeing Columbine day after day, with the knowledge at once of their love and of the barrier that stood between them, was a position too painful and too anomalous to be endured. Both for his own sake and for Miss Dysart's it was necessary that he delay no longer. Where he was going he was not at all clear; that he left to circumstances to decide He quitted the arbor and walked towards the house, so intent upon his painful thoughts that at a turning of the path he ran plump against old Sarah, who was hurrying along with a face full of anxiety.

"Oh, mercy gracious, Mr. Thomas!" the faithful creature cried, "I'm sure I beg your pardon! But you look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"So I have," he answered. "Where are you going with that spade?"

"To the salt meadows," she answered. "The fire's sure to come into the lower garden if we don't ditch it, and if it does, there'll be no stopping it from the house."

"What!" exclaimed Tom. "Where are the men?"

"There aint any men," old Sarah re-

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turned, philosophically. "Why should there be?"

"But you are not going down to ditch alone?"

"'D I be likely to stop in-doors and let the house where I've lived fifty years burn over my head?" demanded she, grimly.

"Give me the spade," was his reply. "A little work will do me good."

Old Sarah remonstrated, but it ended in the strangely matched pair going together to the meadows below.

The dry sphagnum was readily cut through with the spade, and it was not a difficult, although a slow task, to dig a wide, shallow trench between the stretch of burning moss and the gardens. Once the ditch was complete, it would be easy to fight the fire on the home side, since there was nothing swift or fierce about the conflagration, it being rather a sullen, relentless smouldering of the moss and grass-roots, dry from the long drought.

Zealously as the two labored the fire gained upon them, and, as they worked, they could not but cast despairing glances at the long stretch of garden which lay still unprotected.

Meanwhile, Columbine from her window had seen the laborers, and, in a moment realizing the danger, she flew to the library.

"Father," she cried, "the salt marshes have been burning all day, and the fire is almost up to the garden."

"Good heavens, Columbine, how impetuous you are! You have quite driven out of my head what became of the second son of" —

"But, father," she interrupted, impatiently, "do you realize that if you sit here pothering about second sons the house may be burned over our heads?"

"Burned!" exclaimed the geneaologist, in dismay; "and all my papers scattered about! Oh, help me, Columbine, to pack up my notes; but don't take up anything without asking me where it goes. Do you think that iron-bound trunk will hold them all?"

Fearing to trust herself, Columbine darted from the library, leaving her father to the half-frenzied collection of his papers, and betook herself to the salt meadows, where, grimmed with smoke, Tom and the old serving-woman were sturdily laboring. The pungent smoke eddied about them, and already old Sarah's gown showed marks of having been on fire in a dozen places. Columbine stood upon the descending path a moment and regarded them; then, with a step which bespoke determination, she went on and joined them.

"Go back!" shouted Tom, hoarsely, as she approached; "don't you see how the sparks are flying about? You'll be a-fire before you know it."

And, indeed, the fire was becoming more active as it crept nearer to the edges of the meadows, where the grass was taller. The word of warning had hardly left Tom's lips before she found her dress burning, and while, being of wool, it was easily extinguished, Tom found in it an excuse for taking her in his arms to smother the flame.

"Go back to the house," he said, in a voice which was full of feeling, yet which it would have been impossible to disobey. "We shall save the place; but I cannot work while you are in danger."

"And you?" she demanded, clasping her hands upon his arm.

"Nonsense! there is no danger for me," he returned, smiling tenderly. "Don't think of me."

It was not until late in the night that the contest against the fire was concluded. Tom worked with an energy in which desperation had a large place, while old Sarah, with the pathetic fidelity of an animal, labored by his side, indefatigable and unmurmuring. Faint streaks of light had begun to show in the east when Tom flung down the spade, upon which he had been leaning, for a last close scrutiny.

"It is all right now," he said; "there can't possibly be any fire left on this side of the marshes. It was lucky for us that the tide rose into the lower part of the trench."

Undemonstratively as she had worked, old Sarah gathered herself together, grimy, stooping, quivering with weariness and hunger, and crept back to the house they had saved; while Tom, with tired step, climbed the path and took his way past the summer-house toward the other side of the mansion. As he passed the arbor something stirred within.

"Columbine," he said, in surprise, recognizing by some instinct that it was she. "Why, Columbine, what are you here for? You will be chilled to death."

"You sent me away," returned the girl with a trace of dogged protest in her voice. "You wouldn't let me help."

"I should hope not," laughed Tom, nervously, taking off his hat and passing his hand through his hair, from which odors of smoke flowed as he stirred it. "You were hardly made to fight fire."

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"No," she answered, with sudden and significant vehemence, "I was not made to fight fire."

He moved uneasily where he stood in the darkness; then he took a stride forward and sat down beside her. They were silent a moment, his eyes fixed upon the first far sign of dawn, while hers searched the gloom for his features.

"Columbine," he began, at length, in a voice of strange softness, "it would have been better for us both if I had never come here."

"No, no," was her eager reply; "I cannot have you say that. You have put savor into my life that was so vapid before."

"But a bitter savor," he said.

"Bitter, yes," Columbine returned in a voice which though low and restrained betrayed the fierceness of her excitement. "Bitter as death; but sweet too, sweet as"—

She left the sentence unfinished. Below on the shore the full tide was lapping the stones with monotonous melody. Save for their iterance the stillness was almost as deep as the marvellous silence of a winter night which no sound of living thing breaks.

"Whatever comes," Columbine murmured a moment later, her voice changed and softened so that he had to bend to catch her words, "I am glad of all that has happened; glad of you, glad, always glad."

He caught her passionately in his arms and covered her downcast head with kisses, while she yielded unresistingly to his embrace, although she sobbed as if her heart would break. In the east the promise of the dawn shone steadily, increasing slowly but surely. It became at last so strong that Columbine, opening her swollen lids, was able to distinguish objects a little. At that moment she became conscious that the arms of her lover had loosened their hold upon her. She looked into his face with sudden alarm. Mr. Tom had fallen into a dead faint.

VI.

THE afternoon sun was shining into Tom's chamber windows when he awoke. Ten hours of heavy sleep had had a wonderfully revigorating effect upon him, and despite some stiffness he awoke with a sense of renewed power. His repose had, too, a far more remarkable effect than this. Before his eyes were open he said aloud, as if he were solemnly summoning some culprit before the bar of an awful tribunal:

"Thomas Wainwright!"

The sound of his own words acted upon him like an electric shock. He started up in bed, wide awake, his eyes shining, his whole manner alert, joyous, and confident. He was nameless no longer. Treacherous memory had yielded up its tenaciously kept secret, and at last he emerged from the shadowy company of the nameless to be again a man among men.

He sprang from his couch and made his toilet with impatient eagerness. As he dressed he remembered everything in an instant. That baffling mystery of his family name seemed the key to all the secrets of his past, and having yielded up this prime fact, his memory made no farther resistance. His whole life lay before him, no longer laboriously traced out, bit by bit, but unrolled as a map, visible at a single *coup d'œil*.

Little that he recalled was of a nature to change the conclusions he had formed of his circumstances, except the single fact that his wife had not outlived her honeymoon. The shock of her father's death, and, perhaps, some seeds of malaria contracted in India, had proved too much for her delicate constitution, and Tom, eagerly reviewing his newly recovered past, felt a pang of unselfish sorrow for the unloved bride who had for so short a time borne his name, that name which he now kept saying over to himself, as if he feared he might again forget it.

He hurried downstairs, and in the old-fashioned hall, stately with its wainscoting and antique carved furniture, he met Columbine coming towards him. Like his, her eyes shone with a new light, her lips were parted with excitement, and her step was eager.

"Good-morning, Mr. Wainwright," she fluted in a voice high with excitement and joyousness. "I heard your step, and could not wait for you to get to the parlor."

"Good heavens!" cried he, stopping short in amazement. "How did you know? Are you a witch?"

"No," she laughed, pleasure and excitement mingling rather dangerously in her mood. "Nothing of the sort, I assure you; though one of my ancestors was tried for witchcraft at Salem. Cousin Tom sent me this advertisement, and I knew at once that it must be you."

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The advertisement she showed him was cut from a New York paper, and called, with a detailed description of the personal appearance of the missing man, for tidings of one Thomas Wainwright, of Baltimore, supposed to have perished in the wreck of the Sound steamer, and whose large estate was unsettled. Tom read it over with mingled feelings.

"Bah!" he said. "When I get home I shall only have to look over a file of the daily papers to read my obituary. Fortunately I have been back from India so few years that they cannot say a great deal about me."

"*De mortuis*," returned Columbine, smiling. "They will only say good of you. I congratulate you on having found your name."

"I had it before you told me," he said.

He took her hands in his and looked at her tenderly.

"I have all my past, too," he went on. "I am free; I have nothing to hide; nothing stands between us. Will you be my wife, Columbine?"

She grew pale as ashes; then flushed celestial red; but her eyes did not flinch.

"I trust you utterly," she answered him. "And I love you no less."

Arlo Bates.

THE PERKER HUNT.

I THINK that somewhere in these club chronicles I have hinted that Mr. Perker is a particular person concerning the natty appearance of himself and his wheel. I must have conveyed such an impression; otherwise I should have heard some complaint from Mr. Perker that justice had not been done to his reputation. But, to make sure that a correct idea is set forth, let me observe, while I think of it, that Mr. Perker is the club model of the very latest style of uniform, of wheel, and of all the accessories, — the very latest and also the very toniest style. Mr. Perker, of course, could not have achieved this distinction except by concentrating his intellect upon such things. Mr. Perker always has the shiniest wheel in the procession, and the most completely fitted with cyclometer, lamp, luggage-carrier, and other things. When you look at Mr. Perker's wheel you cannot help observing that it has been polished with brains. Mr. Perker's uniform fits the most accurately, and is the finest-looking of the lot. When you look at him you cannot fail to perceive intellect in the faultless smoothness of his stockings, and talent in the fit and neatness of his knickerbockers. As to the rest of his apparel, including the medals he wears, which were won in various contests, it suggests positive genius.

Mr. Perker's peculiarity is of much value to the club. Through his experience we all obtain knowledge of the various styles. He is continually bringing out the latest wheel, spring, saddle, bell, lamp, pedal, step, whistle, and other wheelmen's accessories, whereby the club gets the benefit of his experience. He also tries many experiments in uniform, belts, buckles, caps, stockings, shoes, and other articles of apparel, enabling us to judge of the effect before adopting any of them. He is an invaluable member of the committees on uniform and club-room decoration. We really could not get on without him.

Owing to these characteristics the president was not surprised when he was hailed one day, while riding by Mr. Perker's father's house, and requested to stop and inspect Mr. Perker's bicycle-gun. Taking the president out into the back-yard, Mr. Perker exhibited a weapon designed for the use of bicycle-riders. It was a long-barreled light pistol, throwing a ball about as large as a pea, and fitted with an extension skeleton stock. When the stock was drawn out it formed a shoulder-piece, and the weapon was really a diminutive rifle. With the stock pushed in it was a long-barreled pistol. Mr. Perker had seen it advertised as a handy weapon for bicyclers for shooting small game, whereupon he immediately ordered one. With it he had a box of cartridges, and a strap and bolster for carrying the weapon suspended at his back when riding. There being a severe ordinance against discharging fire-arms in the city, Mr. Perker mounted his wheel, and rode with the president to a grove just outside the city limits, where, on Mr. Per-

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ker's invitation, the president tested the weapon, and found it really serviceable, its range, accuracy, and penetration being excellent, considering the small size of its ball. After trying it a few times at a mark, the president shot a couple of sparrows, and pronounced it a good thing for any one who should ride where he could find any use for such an implement.

Then the president wanted to see Mr. Perker try his marksmanship with it; but Mr. Perker declined, on the plea that he didn't care to waste any more ammunition. He had watched very closely the manner in which the president handled the weapon; and he asked some questions which made the president suspect that his familiarity with fire-arms was moderate; but the president supposed that, of course, he had practiced shooting some, else why should he send for such a weapon, which would be useless as well as dangerous in the hands of one wholly untrained. On the ride home Mr. Perker announced that he should go to a shooting-gallery and practise so as to be in readiness to take the weapon with him on our next club-ride out into the country; and the president thoughtlessly approved of the plan, as promising some sport for all of us.

At the next club-run, the captain led us over the river into Canada, to try a new road which he had discovered. This road ran through a forest broken by fields, and the run would furnish Mr. Perker with a fine chance to try his latest hobby. The president was not surprised, therefore, when Mr. Perker joined us on the ferry-boat with his bicycle-gun strapped to his back. The members of the club instantly had their curiosity aroused, and began plying brother Perker with questions. He explained the weapon, told how and why he got it, expatiated upon its merits, anticipated a great deal of pleasure shooting squirrels, and finally, just after we were mounted and started, he informed us that he had never fired off any sort of fire-arm in his life, except about a dozen shots by way of learning during the last two days, in a pistol-gallery, with an attendant to show him how!

Upon this information the captain insisted that Mr. Perker should ride in front of the procession. The captain gave as an excuse that Mr. Perker ought to be where he would have the first chance to see game. But the captain's suggestion was enthusiastically supported by Mr. Littleweed and Mr. Condor, who were riding next to Mr. Perker, and by the president, who did not feel quite comfortable with Mr. Perker behind him, especially as, in his enthusiasm, Mr. Perker would ever and anon grab his gun with one hand, and swing it around to show how easily it could be handled by a rider, now and then taking an aim at some imaginary object. Accordingly he was sent to the front, whereupon the captain made an excuse to retire to some distance back; and there seemed to be a general disposition in the club to occupy the honorable position of rear guard. But the president and Mr. Condor, reasoning that the safest place would be near to Mr. Perker, where we could watch his motions, rode next to him, and kept a sharp eye upon his every movement.

By the time we had ridden some four miles out into the country the apprehension — that is, the precaution — of the club had mostly disappeared. Anybody who insinuates that the club was alarmed, or that the Detroit Bicycle Club is capable of being alarmed, is a wretch whom it were gross flattery to call a slanderer. But, as I was relating, when we had ridden about four miles out, without seeing any game, the just prudence of the club became relaxed, and the line closed up in its usual careless and happy style. We were rounding a curve in the road at a good pace when Mr. Perker, having his eyes on the lookout for game, instead of on the lookout for bad spots in the road, ran into a hole with his wheel, and took a beautiful header, illustrative of the parabolic curve. When his head and hands struck the road, his gun flew over his head and struck violently on the ground. There was an explosion, a cloud of dust and smoke, the singing whistle of a bullet, and a short *ping*, as if the ball had struck steel somewhere.

The entire line of bicyclers and wheels went down, each in his tracks, as if that one bullet had winged the whole crowd. The president, as soon as he could dig the dust out of his mouth and eyes, scrambled hastily to his feet and anxiously inquired if anybody was hurt. After feeling of themselves, one after the other of the party declared himself unperforated; and the captain was about to give the signal to mount and ride on, when Mr. Cubb, who was in the extreme rear, came forward and angrily declared that "that infernal idiot had shot off one of his spokes."

This accusation made Mr. Perker angry, and he retorted that nobody but a condemned Cubb would talk that way.

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Mr. Cubb replied that he believed Perker did it on purpose.

The president and the captain hastily interposed and convinced Mr. Cubb that it was absurd to suppose that Mr. Perker took a header and nearly blew out his own brains purposely; and presently the two shook hands and apologized. But the entire club insisted that Mr. Perker should not carry his bicycle-gun loaded. Not that the club was at all alarmed, — as I said before, the Detroit Bicycle Club cannot be alarmed, — but they are sometimes what you may call discreet. Then we picked up our wheels, mounted, and rode on, with Mr. Perker considerably subdued in demeanor.

After riding about a mile farther Mr. Twiddle suddenly exclaimed that he saw a squirrel. The line was halted, and Mr. Twiddle pointed out the game. It was a black squirrel, which had run up a dead tree, or stub, whose top had broken off, leaving it not over thirty feet in height, with a couple of parts of dead limbs near the top. In the crotch, at the base of one of these limbs, the squirrel was perched, after the manner of his kind, flattened down upon the limb so as to be almost invisible, with his head showing, and his bead-like eyes watching the movements of the party. The stub stood a few rods from the road in a cornfield. The club at once climbed over the fence, all except Mr. Lowe and Mr. Littleweed, who stopped at the fence, Mr. Lowe sitting on top of it, and Mr. Littleweed standing beside it.

As soon as the squirrel observed the approach of his enemies he whisked around the stub, and flattened himself in the crotch of the limb on the opposite side. Mr. Perker put a cartridge in his gun, and walked around to that side to get a shot. The club, with breathless interest, watched him get ready to shoot. He peered around and selected first one position and then another, till he finally found a stump upon which he rested the barrel, and took a very long aim. Mr. High got impatient, and cried out: —

"Why don't you shoot? There's no use waiting to starve that squirrel to death."

Mr. Perker, who appeared to be in difficulties with his weapon, answered that he had forgotten to cock it.

After cocking it, he again knelt down behind the stump, aimed a long time, and finally fired. The ball evidently did not hit anything, not even the stub; but at the report, the squirrel whisked around to our side of the stub. Mr. Perker put in another cartridge, and announced himself ready to try another shot. Then Mr. Condor suggested that, if Mr. Perker would stay where he was, we would scare the squirrel around to Mr. Perker's side. Accordingly several of the club began to throw stones at the game. Presently one of the stones struck near the squirrel, when it dodged around to Mr. Perker's side. Mr. Perker knelt down and began to aim, when the animal, observing him, and well aware of the meaning of a man with a gun, concluded that its position was too dangerous to be continued. Therefore, it uttered a series of querulous chirps, and began to run down the tree on the side next to the club, evidently considering that there was more safety in exposure to a multitude of men with stones than to one man with a gun. As it neared the ground and leaped off, running directly through our line for the fence, Mr. Perker rose and followed its motions with the aim of his cocked weapon.

By the time the gun got down to a level with the heads of the crowd, and was wavering wildly about, trying to follow the nimble motions of the game, everybody thought that the muzzle pointed directly at him, and its opening gaped like the mouth of a "hundred-pounder." There was a universal yell. The president, with great presence of mind, dropped behind a big stone, and Mr. Smirker, the new member, fell upon the president, and tried to crawl under him.

Mr. Condor and Mr. High frantically scrambled for the shelter of a small stump not big enough to hide a cat.

The captain and Mr. Cubb lay down in furrows, and attempted to burrow into the ground.

Mr. Podwinkle simply ran in three or four directions at once, yelling fearfully, "Don't shoot!"

Mr. Cubb fell backward off the fence, and remarked, "The devil!" or words to that effect.

Mr. Littleweed rolled into the ditch beside the road. One of his hands fell upon something cold which wriggled violently. A glance showed him that it was a snake. With a cry he scrambled up and ran on his hands and feet into a fence corner, where he lay down as flat as possible.

Where the squirrel went to, and what he did, nobody knew and nobody cared; but Mr. Perker shut up both his eyes and blazed away in the general direction in which the game disappeared.

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Then Mr. Lowe, who isn't afraid of snakes, jumped up, grabbed the snake by the tail which had alarmed Mr. Littleweed, leaped the fence with it in his hand, and chased Mr. Perker all around the cornfield, striking at him with the squirming reptile, while Mr. Perker awkwardly attempted to parry the blows with his gun. Meanwhile everybody got up and examined his person carefully, to discover whether he had lost any brains or other vitals in the affair. Finding that nobody was killed, the captain and the president called off Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Perker came up and examined himself all over to see if he had been bitten. On being told that the snake was one of the harmless common striped sort, he heaved a great sigh of relief, and consented to forgive Mr. Lowe; only he said that he really didn't think such jokes were in good taste.

In all this the club wasn't alarmed,—certainly not; it was merely exercising commendable prudence. Anybody who supposes that the president was frightened is guilty of rank injustice. The president's hair has never bristled in the presence of any danger, however appalling, since he—became bald-headed. But he would be unworthy of his title if he were not a specially discreet and careful person.

It was voted that Mr. Perker should not shoot any more; after which the club mounted and proceeded. Presently, shortly after passing a farm-house, Mr. Littleweed said that he saw a rabbit. Mr. High said that he would shoot it, and Mr. Perker handed him the gun. At Mr. High's shot the animal leaped up and fell dead. It proved to be a cat, doubtless belonging to the farm-house. Mr. Cubb hung the body across the fence, and the club proceeded.

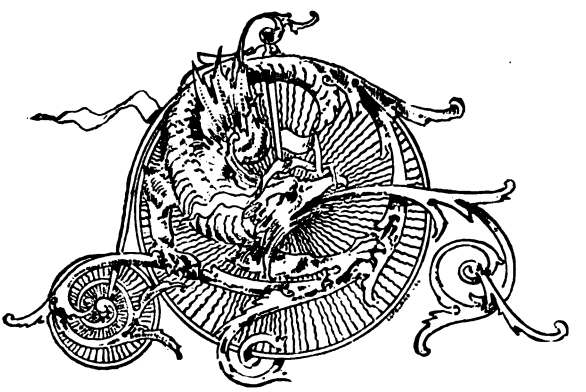
About an hour later, as we were returning, the line being considerably lengthened out, with Mr. Perker and his gun in the extreme rear, a boy, standing by the fence where the body of the murdered cat was hanging, halted the president, the captain, and Mr. High, and wanted pay for his cat. The president inquired how much money would pay the damage, and the boy said he must have a dollar. The boy's father appeared at this, and backed up the demand. He was a stalwart-looking man and evidently angry.

Mr. High suavely expressed our regret; said that it was unintentional, the cat being mistaken for a rabbit; but the dollar would no doubt be cheerfully paid; and he added that the man with the gun was coming at the rear of the line. Then we rode on.

Mr. Littleweed, near the rear, had observed our halt; and, as he passed the angry farmer, he jerked a thumb over his shoulder and remarked, "The gun man is the last one behind."

We all slowed up as we passed, until we saw the farmer and his boy halt Mr. Perker, who dismounted, and appeared to be engaged in an animated and interesting conversation, whereupon the captain blew the signal for the line to close up, and the club rapidly pedalled home, leaving Mr. Perker, when we last saw him as we turned a bend in the road, still engaged in what appeared to be a heated political or theological discussion with the rural populace. However, as Mr. Perker shook hands with the president the next day on the street, and made no allusion to his adventures, it was evident that he got home alive, and probably unwounded, excepting his feelings and his pocket.

President Bates.



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THE SHAYBACKS IN CAMP.

PART II.

ANY account of our camp life in Memphremagog would be meagrely incomplete which did not recognize the pride and glory of our navy, the little steamer "Nymph." It was the second year of the occupancy at Camp Merriman that the Shaybacks observed a little, graceful, noisy, industrious steam-launch puffing its way energetically towards Magog.

"How nice it would be to have a little steamboat!" said Mr. Shayback.

"Yes, it would," said Mr. Medfield.

The ladies were more cautious in expressing their opinion, but it was discovered that they thought such a boat would be delightful, provided the boiler could be kept from going up, or the hull could be kept from going down. Mental pictures of the delights of cruising on the clear waters of the lake were rapidly painted. The steamer was interviewed, and the description which the owner gave of its qualities was considered to be far within the limits of truth. The bargain was concluded. A check and a bill of sale changed hands, and the "Nymph" changed owners.

Biography has impartially recorded the proud elation of youthful Benjamin Franklin when he came into possession of a small whistle. But the Shaybacks' whistle was a large one; still more it was a *steam*-whistle; yet further, there was a steam-boat attached to it. The new craft was, to all intents and purposes, a high-pressure toy, but a very useful and enjoyable toy; and the Shaybacks never thought they paid too much for their whistle except on one or two occasions. Mr. Medfield, the jovial, and Mr. Shayback, were equal partners in this ownership, and for the sake of dignity, the association formed was called the International Memphremagog Steam Navigation Company. The steamer thus acquired was thirty feet long, six feet beam, and drew two feet of water. It had a four-horse-power engine, with an ample boiler three and a half feet in diameter, and five feet high; a capacious fire-box, capable of burning wood or coal; a siphon for bailing out the boat; a steam-pump, and the usual mechanical fixtures of a small yacht, except an injector. The hull was stanch and stiff; there was no cabin, but an awning on an iron framework covered the boat, and furnished protection against sun and rain. There were lockers for tools and provisions; boxes for coal and wood; a graceful flag-pole stood erect in the bow. The boiler was placed in the centre of the boat and the engine just abaft. By means of a rod connected with the rudder, the engineer could act as pilot when necessary. Rudder chains were also extended to the bow where the pilot usually stood. The boat and its machinery were built in Canada, and used originally on the St. Lawrence, and then transported to landlocked Memphremagog.

The Shaybacks thus came into possession of a foreign bottom, — a vessel born and brought up under the British flag; a vessel whose keel, on Memphremagog at least, had never crossed the American line. The only drawback to this new investment was that it was made at the close of one camping season, and the pilgrim could not immediately enjoy its fruition. But the fruition finally came. It was a moment of supreme exhilaration when the little "Nymph" steamed into the cove and dropped anchor, and Chambeau, the obliging engineer, formally delivered her to Mr. Shayback, representing the International Memphremagog Steam Navigation Company. A trial-trip was made without unnecessary delay, during which her keel was rudely scraped on the dangerous ledges which flanked the approach to our harbor. A Canadian coast survey was informally organized, and the channel was distinctly marked by buoys. A second trip was made to Magog, the Canadian terminus of the lake, ten miles away, to land the engineer on his native soil, and the steamboat was declared ready for use.

The vanguard of the camp at this time consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Shayback, and their daughter Pusskin, two twin women doctors, — who looked so much alike that their identity was interchangeable, and who constituted, with Mrs. Shayback, a trio of physicians, —and their nephew, Harry. The rest of the campers were to come two days later.

It was with mingled feelings of pride and responsibility that Mr. Shayback proposed to the ladies of the vanguard a trip on the "Nymph."

"We will make a run to Georgeville

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this afternoon," he said, "then steam across the lake to Gibraltar, and get back by sundown."

The ladies graciously accepted the invitation. The steamer was cleared for action, the fire lighted, the bins filled with wood, and in about three-quarters of an hour a demoniac shriek from the whistle announced to the responsive hills that the steamer was ready. The ladies were brought aboard in the tender, which was judiciously fastened behind.



INTERIOR DE LUXE.

Mr. Shayback forthwith proceeded to the bow to weigh anchor. On most steamers plying between the United States and foreign ports this office is performed by a windlass or a steam-engine. The superior muscle of the crew of the "Nymph" disdained all such mechanical expedients.

"It would be easy to weigh this anchor," said Mr. Shayback, "if it were not so heavy."

The anchor had taken a firm grip in the sand and refused to be parted. After considerable vain tugging the chain was slackened, a few turns of the propeller sent the boat ahead, the anchor was forced to loosen its grip, was drawn on board, and the "Nymph" sailed slowly out into the channel. Harry stood at the engine, Mr. Shayback at the tiller, and her head was pointed toward Georgeville.

"How delightful!" said Mr. Shayback; "how nicely she obeys her rudder!" The ladies were not strangers to the mysteries of steering, but exhibited more curiosity in regard to the engine and its operations. They also asked various questions about the boiler, some of which seemed to be dictated by a sense of self-interest. As this was the first trip, Mr. Shayback was anxious to overcome all unnecessary solicitude.

"Just think of being able to light a fire under a big tea-kettle, and then to move at this rate without exertion!"

"Yes, it is delightful, only it seems rather hot around the boiler. Do you have to keep poking wood into the furnace all the time?"

"It is necessary to keep up an even heat, and this wood is rather soft, and burns fast. But then it is not as hard to fire up as to row, you know. The gauge seems to interest you?"

"Yes, I was looking to see how many pounds of steam you have."

"About seventy now. She runs better at seventy. When we get her up to eighty she is apt to thump a good deal."

"How many pounds does the 'Lady' carry?"

"About twenty-seven."

"Mercy on us! You don't mean that

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we carry more than twice as many pounds as the 'Lady'?"

"Yes, but don't be afraid; the 'Lady' is a low-pressure steamer, and that is where she differs from the twin doctors, Mrs. Shayback and the 'Nymph,' who are always at high-pressure."

"What is that glass for?"

"Oh, that is the water-gauge; that tells how much water there is in the boiler."

"Let me see how much there is now. I mean to watch this glass every time I go out."

"Oh, there is enough! There is a little pump here that draws the water from the lake into the boiler."

"What is that water squirting from the side of the boat?

"Well, you see the boiler is full, so that we have turned this valve, and the pump is discharging into the lake."

Just then the rhythmic puffing which had been going on in the steam-stack suddenly ceased, and a loud noise of escaping steam came from under the stern of the boat.

"Dear, me! what is that?"

"Oh, that is simply the exhaust-steam from the engine. Harry has been blowing his fire in the smoke-stack, and now he has turned it off from the fire and let it discharge into the air. The steam as it strikes the water makes a somewhat unpleasant noise. The great art of running a steam-yacht," said Mr. Shayback, learnedly, "is to keep up an even rate of speed by preserving an even pressure of steam. When your fire is low then turn your exhaust into the steam-stack, which helps the draft. Observe also the effect of a little lubrication. This cup on the top of the cylinder is filled with melted tallow. A slight turn of this screw lets a spoonful of it into the cylinder."

"My, how she shoots ahead!"

"Yes, the prompt effect of lubrication is very suggestive for various other situations in life."

"I suppose you will be working it up into a sermon sometime."

By this time the "Nymph" was nearing Georgeville. Describing one of those graceful curves which the accomplished pilot, like the practised skater, takes pleasure in cutting with his boat-keel, the "Nymph" rounded beautifully towards the wharf. The whistle was sounded with dignity; her speed was slackened, and at what seemed an appropriate distance the engine was shut off, the determination of the captain and engineer being to treat the "Nymph" with as much dignity and circumspection as if she had been a big frigate. The pilot had been informed that it was not advisable to run the nose of the boat violently against the pier, as the vessel had not been constructed to serve as a steam-ram, and the condition of the wharf at Georgeville was so precarious that it needed to be treated with all possible consideration. Therefore Mr. Shayback deemed it advisable to reverse the engine.

"Back her, Harry, back her!"

There was a rush of steam, and one or two thumps of the crank.

"She won't back worth a cent," said Harry.

This was quite evident when the steamer, although Mr. Shayback's arms were put forth to avert the force of the blow, came with a somewhat rude shock against the wharf. No damage was evident, however. There was a prevalent opinion on shipboard that the steamer could stand it if the wharf could.

The vessel was artistically tied by bowlines and clove hitches. A half hour was spent in errands at the village, it being impossible to do even the smallest errand in Georgeville in a less space of time. Then the lines were cast off, and the helm was put about, and the "Nymph" was headed for Gibraltar.

It was about a mile across the lake to this bold cliff. Sailing under its shadow, we escaped the heat of the sun, and the yachtsman here is sure of a free keel.

"We can run very close to the shore," said Mr. Shayback; "there is plenty of water."

"Yes," said Harry, "there seems to be a plenty of water inside the boat, too; I think we could spare some of it."

He turned the valve in the steam-pipe and let on the syphon and blew a heavy stream of water into the lake.

"How nice that is!" observed one of the twin doctors, who was naturally interested in the anatomy of the boat and its venous circulation. "You can blow the water out without bailing it. But what makes so much water there?"

"Oh, you see there is always a little from the condensation of the steam! And then the hull is not *perfectly* tight."

We sailed along a few minutes more on the west side of the lake, enjoying the calm water and cool air and a sense of superior leisure, as we looked at the rowers in a little boat we passed who were laboriously making their way with an "ash breeze."

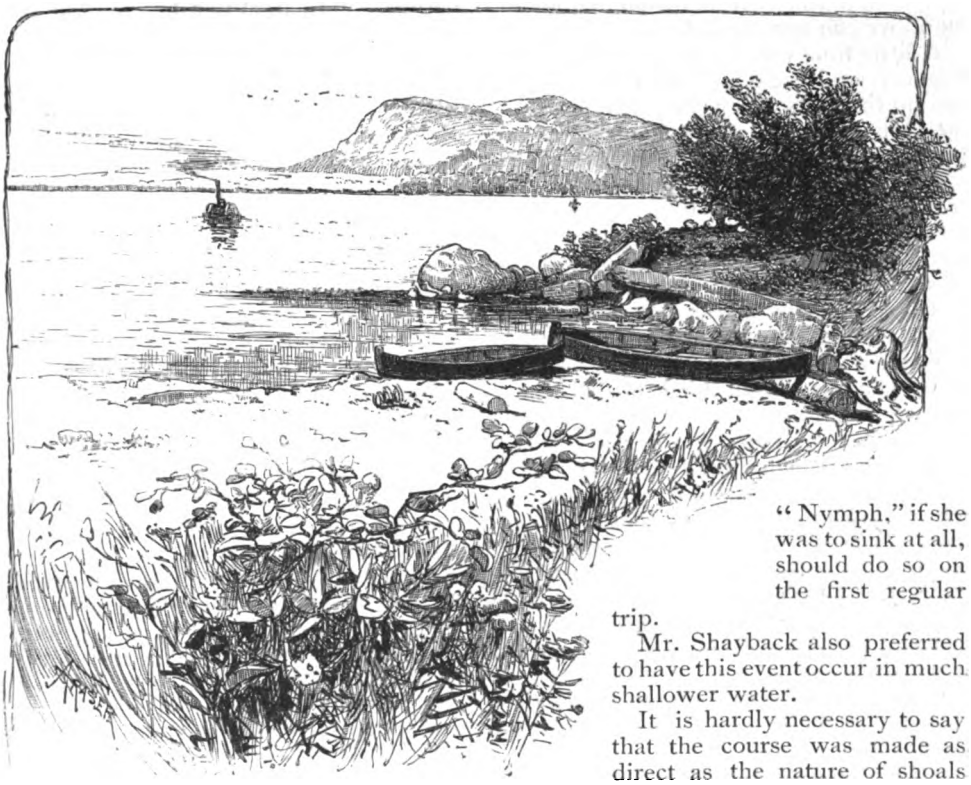
Mr. Shayback was in the stern holding

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the tiller. Harry was engaged about the engine, the ladies had settled down to the feminine occupation of reading and handiwork.

"Jimminy!" said Harry, with emphasis. Then turning to Mr. Shayback, he remarked in a confidential manner, "*She's leaking like blazes!*"

Mr. Shayback put his finger to his mouth, invoking secrecy, and noticed that the water was coming in in a small but very steady stream just behind the engine. He cast his eyes across the lake, and at once took his bearings for Camp Merriman, the tents of which formed little specks of white on the beautiful green background.



ON THE SHORE AT GEORGEVILLE.

"Are we going back to camp?" said one of the ladies.

"Yes, I think we had better," said Mr. Shayback. "I want to have a little time on shore before dark."

Mr. Shayback might have found an additional argument in the condition of the boat, if he had wished to urge it.

Harry turned the steam in the siphon at intervals of about five minutes, which sufficed to keep the water below the fire-box. But the effect of drawing so much steam from the engine was to lessen the speed of the boat. If there had been a short allowance of fuel the condition of the expedition would have been somewhat precarious.

Not that Mr. Shayback was greatly concerned for the safety of the passengers and crew, for, in the smooth water that prevailed, all of them, numbering six, might have crowded into the "Hippogrif," which was performing the responsible duty of tender. But it seemed a little ignominious that the "Nymph," if she was to sink at all, should do so on the first regular trip.

Mr. Shayback also preferred to have this event occur in much shallower water.

It is hardly necessary to say that the course was made as direct as the nature of shoals and reefs would permit. And when, finally, the "Nymph" entered the camp-cove, she anchored in a kind of funereal silence, without any unnecessary shrieking of the whistle.

And now, with a great sense of relief at having safely landed the ladies, the next question that presented itself was, what to do with the boat?

Mr. Shayback and Harry immediately set themselves to discover the source of the leak, and then spent a precious hour in uselessly trying to stop it. The leak was found to be in the bow. The slight blow on the bow at the Georgeville wharf had evidently started the stem-post. Oakum

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and putty were ineffectual. It is of no use to put putty on below the water-line unless it has a chance to dry.

The sun was gradually sinking behind the hill in the west, and there was an equal certainty that the "Nymph" would sink also if something were not immediately done for its relief. It would have been possible to beach the boat then and there. But the next day she was to make her first trip to the United States, and Mr. Shayback was not ready to abandon either the boat nor this expectation.

"Let us wood up again, Harry," he said, "and run her into Georgeville, and see if we can get any help."

A little time was consumed in filling the bunkers, and the sun had already gone behind the hills when the "Nymph," in melancholy, started forth again to seek a physician for her wounded nose and the somewhat wounded pride of her owner. It was not an agreeable thing to leave the three ladies and little Pusskin alone in the camp, with the darkness fast settling, nor was it especially agreeable to start forth at this time in a sinking steamer. But necessity is the mother of compulsion.

In fifteen or twenty minutes Georgeville was reached. There stood the dilapidated old wharf grimly showing its teeth, and challenging us to another encounter. Discretion was deemed the better part of valor. We glided in peaceably alongside the wharf, and amicably tied up to one of its logs. Leaving Harry to watch the fire under the boiler, and yet more vigilantly the water, which was striving to rise and put it out, Mr. Shayback jumped ashore, and ran, in double-quick time, to Bullock's store.

"Mr. Bullock, the 'Nymph' has sprung aleak. Is there a boat-builder in the village?"

"The best man for you is Moses Achilles."

Mr. Shayback had heard of Moses, and also of Achilles, but did not know then that Memphremagog had united and preserved in one personality both of these ancient heroes.

"But where does this archaic genius live?"

"He lives across the lake, — up Knowlton's Bay."

The point indicated was about three miles away. This was discouraging. Mr. Shayback's hopes somewhat resembled the condition of the vessel.

"Can you furnish me a guide?" he said.

Mr. Bullock thought a moment.

"Well, I can send up for Bill Burbank; he knows where Achilles lives."

A boy was immediately despatched to summon with haste this genius, already well known to the campers. Mr. Burbank was a loquacious, off-hand fellow, somewhat dilapidated himself, like the wharf which caused the trouble, and unable, by his personal habits, to sympathize at all with a boat which had acquired the vice of taking in too much water. But he was a good fellow to keep one's spirits up on the trip that we were about to undertake, and I trust that he has abandoned the habit of keeping up his own spirits in any artificial way.

By the time we were ready to start, a crowd of boys, comprising almost the entire portion of the youthful inhabitants of Georgeville, had gathered on the wharf. It does not take a group of boys long to know what is going on. Mr. Shayback was not surprised, therefore, to hear one of them say to the latest comer, in a confidential voice, "She's sinking, Johnny!"

Here was an opportunity to be generous. Mr. Shayback knew the passion boys have for riding on steam-boats.

"Boys, would not you like to take a trip across the lake?"

There was a dead silence. The irony of the invitation was detected. But a respectful solemnity befitting so funereal an occasion was politely observed.

"Well, cast her off, boys!"

The line was unfastened, the steamer was backed out, turned, and pointed across the lake. There was no moon, but the stars were shining brightly. Mr. Shayback took the helm. Harry served again as engineer, while Burbank called out "port" and "starboard" from the bow, as occasion required. It was 9 o'clock when we started on a voyage whose issue was wholly uncertain. It was a contest between fire and water, — the water rising from time to time almost to the grate-bars, while the fire furnished steam to expel it from the boat. We soon found that it was too wasteful of steam to rely wholly upon the siphon, and Burbank was stationed in front of the boiler with a pail, to bail out the water and keep the draft clear. He selected a bright particular star for Mr. Shayback to steer by, and diverted the flagging spirits of the company by copious sketches of his life and adventures.

The pilot had little to do but to preserve a straight course. Under the circumstances

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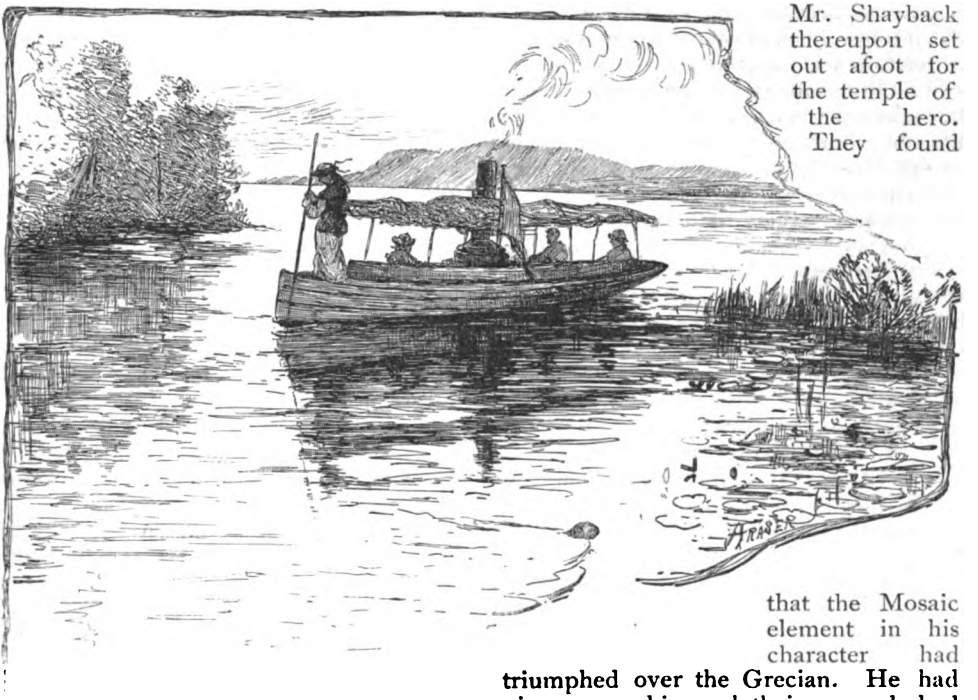
the vessel exhibited only that decorous rate of speed which we might expect of a steam-boat going to its own funeral. Burbank's tongue was the one thing that ran fast on board, and this vied with the engine in its rhythmic regularity. Finally the lake was crossed, and the steamer entered the broad mouth of the bay. The star of our hope still shone before us, but Burbank chose a nearer beacon more definitely indicating our destination.

"Do you see that light across the starboard bow? Well, keep her head towards that."

"Does Achilles live there?"

"No; but there is a beautiful cove this side of it; we will beach her there, and then go after him."

The fisherman knew every rock and snag along the shores of the bay, even in the dark. His brain, when not artificially irrigated, was as good as a coast survey map. I dare not say how many terrible disasters, according to his own account, we avoided before we reached the little cove, by following his sailing-directions.



FINDING A COURSE.

The light came nearer and nearer, and grew larger and larger, and finally the time came when we put her helm starboard, shut down the steam, and, after prospecting for a good place in the small boat, ran her up as far as we could upon the beach. Props were cut and driven into the sand on each side of the boat, to prevent its keeling over, in case a storm should spring up. Mr. Shayback, in company with Burbank, whose appearance was calculated to excite pity, stated the harrowing tale of their shipwreck at the house near by. It was found that the home of the Semitic Greek was about a mile away. Mr. Shayback desired to hire a horse and a buggy. Perhaps his appearance and that of his companion did not inspire confidence in the farmer, who probably saw no way in which a steam-yacht could be utilized for agricultural purposes, in case his horse was not returned. He made an effort to excuse this inhospitality, by pleading humanity to his already overworked beasts, which had done a hard day's ploughing.

Burbank and Mr. Shayback thereupon set out afoot for the temple of the hero. They found that the Mosaic element in his character had triumphed over the Grecian. He had given up his polytheism, and had just come from a Methodist meeting. He was a great strapping fellow, six feet plus, of heavy frame and heroic features. He received us even more graciously than the ancient Achilles received Ulysses and his friends when they came to pacify his wrath. He promised to repair the boat in the morning, but said he must have assist-

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ance, and gave us names of two people who were to be roused on our way back. One of them had already long retired for the night, and was only awakened after a vigorous banging at the door, and then appeared in his *robe de nuit*, in a state of sleepy and expectant curiosity. He had a job of haying to do next day, but promised to be early on hand to help with the boat.

Returning then to the "Nymph," we covered our engine with canvas, bade her a good night's sleep on the beach, undisturbed by winds or waves, and, taking the tender, pushed off from the shore. The contrast between sailing leisurely in the "Nymph," and earning our passage with a pair of heavy oars, such as the "Hippogrif" possessed, was made the subject of remark; but no little gratitude was expressed that the harbor we had found for the yacht was not at the bottom of the lake.

A direct course for camp would have shortened our trip by a mile and a half, but it was necessary to take both sides of the triangle instead of the hypothenuse, in order to leave Burbank at Georgeville.

The little village was wrapped in slumber when we landed. Not a soul was on the old wharf, and it seemed to grin at us as satirically as ever. Some seven hours had elapsed since we ran the nose of the "Nymph" into its timbers, and the wharf had not sunk yet. It was the same old wharf through which, on account of a rotten plank, Mr. Shayback had fallen a year before, and taken an involuntary bath in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. Next to the pleasure of seeing that wharf sink, nothing would have been so exhilarating as to see it go up through the elevating influence of a charge of dynamite; but it did not do either. It sat there in the water just as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened, and mocked us by its grim and silent complacency.

More than once our thoughts had turned to the three little women at camp, and, having landed Burbank, we pointed the prow of the "Hippogrif" towards the familiar cove a mile and a half away. After fifteen minutes of vigorous pulling we rounded the long point, and, looking over our shoulders, saw the light of a red lantern on the shore. A loud, cheerful war-whoop from Mr. Shayback, a vocal idiosyncrasy familiar to the campers, showed that the welcome signal had been recognized. A faint but reassuring response came from the shore. The three short-skirted graces of the camp were there, wrapped in the halo of kerosene lanterns. They had not been eaten up by the squirrels or carried off by the nighthawks. The prow of the "Hippogrif" ran upon the sand. It was past midnight.

"Well, the 'Nymph' is safe," said Mr. Shayback, "and you are safe, and we are safe, too. The joys of salvation are pretty well distributed," and he rapidly recited the tale of their adventures. "But weren't you afraid to stay alone in the woods until midnight?" he asked the ladies.

"No," was the response.

"Did you feel anxious about us?"

"Oh — no! we didn't worry much. We thought you could take care of the boat and take care of yourselves, too. But we are glad to see you back."

Neither Harry nor Mr. Shayback had had any supper. They had been too much concerned for the interior of the "Nymph" to think of their own internal emptiness. Historic truthfulness compels us to say that the hot chocolate which Mrs. Shayback had thoughtfully prepared was a delightful midnight sequel to the anxious adventures of the day, and that the slumber of the tired mariners was as deep and refreshing as that of Ulysses when, after his still more perilous misfortunes on his raft, he sank to rest on the Phæacian shore.

The next morning Mr. Shayback and Harry rowed over again to Knowlton's Bay. They found the faithful Achilles and his men at work on the yacht. After taking a swim in the bay, and collecting a boat-load of wood in their tender, they returned to the "Nymph," which was repaired and ready for use.

"I have patched her up, now," said the Canadian Greek; "but I advise you to put a new bow into her."

"You would not advise me, then, to run her nose into the Georgeville wharf again?"

"No," said the smiling Achilles.

"How much do I owe you?" said Mr. Shayback.

"Oh, about a dollar and a half!"

"Phew," said Mr. Shayback, overcome by the shocking moderateness of the demand.

"Well, you see," said Achilles, in an explanatory tone, "I must pay twenty-five cents apiece to these men for drawing her up."

Mr. Shayback paid the bill without further protest. The fire was lighted, the

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steamer was raised, the boat was shoved into deep water, and in about three-quarters of an hour was once more ploughing the smooth waters of the lake.

"Well, I think that we got out of that pretty well," said Mr. Shayback.

"Yes," said Harry.

Reaching the centre of the lake the white specks of the camp-tents could be seen in the distance.

"Let us show them she is afloat again," said Harry, and so he took the whistle-cord and gave a series of vigorous pulls. First a long screech, then a short screech, then a variety of staccato shrieks in six-eight time. The whistle seemed fairly intoxicated with elation, and screamed at the top of its voice, until every bird and squirrel on the shores must have thought the "Nymph" had gone crazy.

Quite a different effect had this steam-whistle jig at Georgeville. It was known in what condition the boat had left the night before. The people at the store were filled with alarm. Paul Young, one of the best oarsmen on the lake, rushed down to the water for his boat. All unconscious of the alarm they had created, Mr. Shayback and Harry, in high feather at their good fortune, were steaming proudly towards Georgeville.

"Harry, do you see that fellow in a boat leaving the wharf?"

"Yes."

"What a tremendous stroke he is pulling!"

"Jiniminy!" said Harry; "I think he is coming towards us. I wonder what's the matter?"

The man seemed pulling for dear life; in a few minutes he was along side.

"Do you want any help?" he cried.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Shayback.

"Well, I thought you were sinking, you made such a tooting with the whistle."

Mr. Shayback and Harry thanked him all the same, however, for saving their lives, and a week or two later they rewarded him by buying his boat at somewhat more than she was worth; and when, some weeks after, at the regatta at Magog, Paul Young came in ahead over all competitors, including some Montreal oarsmen, the penitential whistle of the "Nymph" and most of its passengers screamed themselves hoarse with congratulations.

During the course of the four weeks which constituted the camp season the "Nymph" ran six hundred and fifty miles. During that time she scraped her keel harshly on the reefs, ran her nose into the wharf, went aground on the flats, blew out her whistle pipe from the top of the boiler, "picked up" three buoys and affectionately twisted their ropes around the propeller; and also encountered several violent gales. But the stanch little steamer rode through all her adversities and sustained only the most superficial injuries. The most serious accident was occasioned by that same dilapidated Georgeville wharf and was due to a projecting log, which caught the awning frame and snapped off the whistle-pipe with a pressure of eighty pounds of steam in the boiler. A few weeks before Georgeville had thought the "Nymph" was going down; now the whole village thought she had blown up. But when the fire had been drawn and the boiler cooled, the superb genius of Mr. Medfield, supplemented by Mr. Shayback and a Stilson wrench, repaired the injury in half an hour, and the steamer sailed in triumph to Newport. None but the owner of a steam-yacht, who enjoys the privilege of running her himself and helping her out of all her distresses, can appreciate the exhilaration which such ownership imparts. The exigencies that arise give but a new zest to the enjoyment. A man who owns a yacht so large that he must have a trained engineer and a trained captain to manage it, is little more than a passenger on his own craft.

The possession of this steam-yacht had an important influence also upon the feminine education. For the whole of one season the duties of engineer devolved upon Mr. Shayback; and Mrs. Shayback developed remarkable skill as a pilot. Mr. Shayback recalls with peculiar pleasure various scenes in which feminine skill in navigation was beautifully displayed. He remembers conspicuously an incident, when the "Nymph" was making her first trip up the long and narrow arm of Memphremagog known as Fitch Bay. A shallow bar lies across its mouth. It was not easy to find the channel. Mr. Shayback could not leave his engine, but Mrs. Shayback took the tender, and, rowing ahead, prospected for the channel. Arline, standing in the bow of the steamer, sounded with a boat-hook, while Zerlina held the tiller in the stern and put it port or starboard (she always made it one or the other) as Mr. Shayback shouted. Thus piloted by feminine skill the "Nymph" passed the bar successfully and completed its voyage.

S. J. Barrows.

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MY CROPPERS.

FROM the earliest days of modern cycling there has been an impression abroad in the public mind that bicycling, at least, is a very dangerous pastime; but the verdict of riders is, that "with ordinary care" there is no safer method of locomotion. Nearly every rider can ascribe his most severe accidents to a reckless disregard of the care which he should have exercised; and just as the danger of horse-driving is not to be gauged fairly by the experiences of the reckless few who will drive their animals up hill *and down* at top speed, so is it unfair to say that cycling is a very dangerous pastime because a few of its followers meet with serious accidents, and a great many with trifling disasters, through the lack of reasonable precaution.

To the mind of one unaccustomed to the control of a cycle the need for watchfulness is probably vastly magnified; but when we compare the distances traversed on wheels with those covered by canoeists, for example, and contrast the very trifling watchfulness necessary on the road with the unceasing alertness requisite for the safety of the occupant of a canoe on river or sea, the cycle is tremendously the more favored of the two; and mile for mile the same holds good with respect to any other method of travelling, save that on railways or on shipboard, as every cycler accustomed to driving horses, ponies, or mules will testify.

With the hope of at once amusing my readers, and acquainting the public with the real dangers surrounding bicycling and tricycling (and perhaps at the same time pointing out how some dangers may be avoided), I propose to describe, as nearly as my memory will serve me, the whole of the accidents which I have met with during some seven years intimate acquaintance with "the wheel," only premising that my case must not be looked upon as an average one, but rather as one of the most exaggerated cases of misfortune that is to be found, I having, in all truth, long enjoyed a reputation as one of the unluckiest bicyclists amongst metropolitan wheelmen. Consequently my experiences in the direction of maiming myself may be looked upon as phenomenally severe, and the average rider need not dread any such plentiful share of the ills that cycling flesh is heir to.

I first mounted a two-wheeled velocipede in the giddy days of school-boyhood, when the newly imported toy gave occupation to the British hobbledehoy on a Sunday morning, and when the urchin of tender years would expend his pocket-money in the prodigal hiring of a wooden-wheeled combination of crookedness and noise then considered the marvel of mechanical ingenuity. Whether I ever rode more than three yards at a spell, on these fearsome implements, I cannot now positively state; but before thirteen summers had passed over my juvenile pate my scholastic experiences were summarily terminated by a severe illness, upon recovering from which my hearing was totally lost. Since then I have been literally "as deaf as a post;" so deaf, indeed, that even the bravest bugler in my club could never make me hear the sound of his instrument, even though he held it within a few inches of my ear. This, the reader will doubtless conclude, accounts for my unusual ill-luck in the shape of cycling accidents; but such a conclusion would be erroneous, the truth being that I have never once sustained the least accident which could be even remotely attributed to my lack of hearing. This is high praise for the safety of cycling, yet a little reflection will convince any one that it is not extraordinary, it being in the nature of wheel travel to require a quick eye and steady brain for the preservation of the rider's safety when amongst traffic, since he travels at a faster pace than other vehicles, and, consequently, needs not to hear the approach of horses behind him.

I think it was at the end of September, 1877, that I resumed cycling, and commenced my actual career as a wheelman of the deepest dye. The roller-skating fever had actuated me for some time with alarming severity, and I had become tolerably expert in the mysteries of the inside and outside edge, cross-roll, backward racing, figure-of-eight, Dutch roll, and even waltzing around the various rinks which abounded; but the monotony of circling, however gracefully, around the same eternal rectangular stretches of asphalt had given me

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a taste for the more lasting charms of cycling through ever-varying green lanes. So I resolved to become an expert wheelman, and after devouring the contents of all the hand-books I could lay hold of I started out one evening bent upon mastering the fiery, untamed bone-shaker. There were at that time few places where professional instruction was given in the art, and my residence was far from them; but I had sufficient confidence in my own powers to resolve to teach myself, by means of the theoretical knowledge gleaned from my hand-book. Therefore did I charter a massive bone-shaker, with wooden wheels some thirty inches in diameter, heavily tired with iron, and thereon did I essay to ride me home. It was in the gloaming, and the spot where I mounted, aided by the grasp of my younger brother, was on a rather sharp decline, so that I had no sooner taken my feet from the ground than the gradient drew me rapidly downward, and my inability to steer caused the front wheel to violently collide with the curb-stone of the sidewalk, the steering-head of the machine gently parting in two and letting me down softly on to my feet. After sundry pecuniary transactions of an unpleasant nature, another bone-shaker was hired, and with more caution I gradually intrusted myself to its perilous control for longer and longer spells, perseveringly assisted by the youth above mentioned; and after sundry minor tumblings about, to which my previous experiences when learning at the rink had thoroughly inured me, I one evening sustained my first cropper of any magnitude.

This little tumble was the first which detained me from business, but in a couple of days the bruise was healed, and I rapidly improved in skill, so that I could both mount and dismount unaided. Then I got a 50-inch spider-wheel bicycle, and, after being mounted by the man from whom I hired it, I was hugely delighted by the ease and comfort with which I rode it home; moreover, I actually dismounted it with perfect skill, and so deemed myself a fully-fledged wheelman. The next morning, then, saw me making my way on this vehicle, through the suburban streets, to business in the heart of the city of London. And now that many hundreds of journeys on bicycles and tricycles have familiarized me with the manifold dangers which beset the bicyclist in the densely crowded thoroughfares of our great city, I cannot but marvel at the immunity I enjoyed in my rash journeys through the thronged streets when I was, in very truth, not thoroughly master of the machine I rode. However, Providence watches over fools, which has been a very comforting reflection to me when surrounded by miles of "blocked" vehicles in the city. On one of these early rides, I recollect, the steering-screw of my bicycle worked loose; and the memory of the nonchalance with which I pulled a spanner out of my pocket and *screwed it up whilst riding along* between omnibuses, cabs, and carts, makes me shudder, at this distance of time. About this period I recollect going a bad cropper one morning, early, in the suburbs, by catching my trousers between the fork and hub of a hired bicycle. My lower lip was cut and swollen; but that did not concern me much; rinking had made me familiar with sore bones and bruised skin. Then, I also remember mounting one evening with an unnecessary degree of energy, so that the violence of my contact with the saddle made me overbalance, and I lay prone on my stomach, with the bicycle performing acrobatic feats on my back, until somebody came and lifted the machine off, and I contrived to bring back my breath.

But it was when I purchased a modern light roadster that I began to understand more fully the gentleness which was needful to successfully manage the bicycle. Ere riding my new C—— then recently introduced, and considered quite the machine of the times, with its hollow spokes, spoon-brake, *and ball-bearings to the front wheel*, — before riding this, I say, three miles, I put on the brake to slow-up for a dismount, and, instead of letting go of it before raising my weight from the saddle, I kept it hard on, with the result that the back wheel lifted immediately upon my weight quitting the saddle, and the backbone catching my toe as it came round to alight, tripped me up, and I went sprawling. Personally, this produced no damage, but the blow of the treadle on the hard ground caused the axle of my new machine to bend in the bearing.

Many similar little contretemps resulted in nothing more severe than an occasional bent handle-bar or treadle-pin; but, during the next few years, I sustained a fair share of typical tumbles.

One afternoon, when starting for a club-run with the Canonbury B.C., I was the victim of the playful attentions bestowed upon us by the driver of a tradesman's van, who deliberately drove into our ranks, and

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my machine was badly upset and run over. In this case I escaped personal damage by means of dismounting over the handles, — an accomplishment which I had just learned, — and it was with supreme satisfaction that I subsequently recovered full damages and costs from the van-owner for the injury done to my bicycle; this being, in fact, one of the very earliest cases in which the right of wheelmen to fair treatment on the road was established.

About this time I was very busily employed, and most of my riding was done after dark. The hub-lamp had only recently been invented, and its imperfect construction once brought me to grief by the then common, but now, happily, rare, accident of the lamp breaking away from its fastenings, dropping into the wedge-shaped aperture formed by the spokes, catching its edges against the fork, and so whirling me to the ground; but no injury ensued, beyond a little gravel-rash on the palms of my ungloved hands.

In going to and from the city sometimes my wheel would slide from under me on the treacherously greasy granite; but I never sustained any discomfort from this cause beyond badly smeared raiment.

Once only I did collide with the rear step of an omnibus that stopped very suddenly in front of me, in Cheapside; but I had practised rapid dismounting, and was off in an instant, without damage to self or machine. Indeed, such proficiency did I attain in threading the tortuous streets of our crowded city, that one day I rode from my home in the suburbs to my place of business in Fleet street without once touching my handles; steering my way and balancing myself by the feet alone. Of course, had any absolute danger arisen I could have seized my handles in a moment, but no such emergency was sufficient to bring my hands out of my breeches-pockets, so I accomplished the feat much to my own conceit.

At a Hampton Court meet, one year, a large retriever dog rushed into the ranks just as my club was passing through the Lion gates; two riders in front of me were brought to earth, but I was just in the act of steering clear of them when the man next to me was bowled over by the quadruped, and, in his fall, brought me down violently. A severely bruised hip and a bent treadle-pin were the results; but I was able to ride my seventy miles the following day.

On another occasion a cow upset me when descending a hill. A drove of these peaceful and lacteal quadrupeds was lazily passing down a hill, and I silenced my bell in the expectation of spinning past unnoticed, but, just at the precisely wrong moment, one animal elected to turn round broadside to the path, barring the narrow passage through which I was about to pass, and over her broad back I went sailing, luckily alighting on my feet unhurt.

It was when riding at night in the company of several others that I experienced most discomfort. When alone I had not a trace of nervousness, however dark the night, or stony the way; but, when surrounded by lamps I suffered the excruciating tortures of timidity, and was in constant dread of colliding with those in front of me. If the pace was reduced — as in ascending a hill — I wobbled about in a ridiculous fashion, and frequently ran into the banks at the roadside; but none of these minor mishaps ever occasioned anything beyond mental affliction. Curiously enough, in the densest of fogs — and the vicinity of London is notorious for these — I never seemed at all nervous; and, although I have regularly ridden throughout the winter and summer alike, yet so long as there were no other wheelmen to collide with, or to anxiously avoid colliding with, I never sustained injury in the dark.

Riding home from Southend-on-Sea one fine afternoon, on a 56-inch semi-racer, I overtook a club which had started some time before me, and a sharp spin ensued for supremacy; this dare-devil spirit led me to fly down a very rough hill at rather an indiscreet pace, and, ere reaching the bottom, some unusual flexibility about the handle-bar led me to look down at my forks, and I discovered that one leg of the front fork was detached from its bearing. By dint of one of my favorite lightning dismounts I saved my skin; but it was a near thing, the pace being about twenty-three miles an hour and the hill stony.

Only on one occasion did I ever fall when descending a hill. This is the more remarkable since I rode a 56-incher, with no rake to speak of, and with the saddle close up to the head; I never walked down a hill, except after dark, unless it was unridably stoned. The solitary occasion mentioned was when riding to Brighton with two deaf and dumb bicyclists. Having got some distance ahead of them, in mounting a hill, I was slowly descending in advance; and, whilst my head was

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turned round to see if they were in sight behind, my wheel caught in a sandy hole and upset me. Here, again, no damage ensued, as I was travelling so slowly that the tumble was insignificant.

It was when racing, or practising for races, that my most serious mishaps occurred. Living, at one time, close to the Alexandra Palace, I became very fond of practising around the gravel-track at that place, and regularly every year, at the end of July or commencement of August, I had the misfortune to go a terrific cropper, just, too, when a long course of training had brought me into the pink of condition for some contest for which I never would otherwise enter. Thus, although I was the scratch-man of my club, accidents invariably prevented my winning the "club championship" which I had set my heart upon. These falls were in every case the result of over-balancing forward, too frantic attempts at going faster and yet faster leading me into the fatal error of "trying to go faster than the bicycle." Deep cuts and excoriations of my arms were the result of these falls, and my right arm was always the worst sufferer, so that to this day its surface bears the indelible scars of many a wound, and there is a legend amongst the old habitués of the A. P. track to the effect that the path "consists of gravel and Faed's gore."

So infatuated did I become with path-riding that I would frequently "scorch" twenty-five miles round the track in the evening for mere pleasure, when not training for any particular race. Road-riding was utterly neglected; and when I took my autumnal vacation the novelty of touring made me unsafe to myself. For, happening to be riding from Weymouth to Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, at the same time as a friend was going by train, I laid myself out to race the railway, aided by the necessity of a change at a junction; and, as it turned out, I should actually have got to Sherborne before the train — so fast was my pace over the grand roads — but that my racing-track habit of "grasshoppering" brought me to disaster, a small stone sufficing to upset me about five miles short of my destination, with such violence that I was found insensible by a cotter. This laid me up for a week at Sherborne, my face being badly scratched, and my right arm (of course) torn; and to this day I bear the marks of that cropper on the previously fair outline of my nasal organ, adown the silky surface of which a fearsome ravine winds its sinuous course.

On the racing-path, again, I was once thrown badly by two duffers colliding when attempting to pass me; in their fall one of their handle-bars caught in my spokes, and over we went all in a heap. In this case, as before, flesh-wounds on the arm resulted.

Finally, my last bicycling accident was again the fault of my careless, racing-path action. It happened after I had taken to tricycling, in 1882. On an evening run with the South London Tricycle Club, I rode with a lady on my "sociable," and lent my old "56" to a friend. Near Merton, we exchanged mounts for a short distance, and, on reaching a good piece of road, my racing instincts led me to "go for" some riders in advance; whilst rapidly mowing them down, the inevitable small stone got in the way of my driving-wheel, and the check over-balanced the procession; so that I got a bruised lip, and a few loose teeth. Then I sold that "56," and have never owned a bicycle since, although I occasionally take a turn on those of my friends, always, however, avoiding the grasshopper style.

I have ridden about fifteen thousand miles on tricycles, and, until this last month, never sustained any injury. In the course of my tricycling experiences I have enjoyed many a fast ride on the road, by night and day, on racing tricycles without brake, bell, or lamp; but never, on the road, have I had "an accident." Once, on an old-fashioned, rear-steering tricycle, my hat blew off when I was descending a hill, and in groping about for its guard, I let go my hold of the steering. The result was a sudden swerve, and a collision with the curb; but I was shot out unhurt. On my "sociable," too, I had a narrow escape once, by a driving-wheel buckling badly, but I leaped out clear of the machine. Many tricycles I have ridden; imperfect machines, loosely put together for experimental purposes, have broken under me, but I never got a scratch. Stay, though! One evening in Brighton I was riding a Humber tricycle, with a basket on the luggage-carrier, in front. This basket had only been secured with string, and the vibration must have frayed the string, for, just as I was passing the Aquarium clock, the basket dropped off, caught under the treadle, and so gently tilted the machine forward, and I measured my length on the ground. Having no gloves on, I got a few scratches on the palms of my hands, but nothing to prevent riding on the same evening. I have

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done very little tricycle racing, but this last Whitsuntide I had got into improved "form," and meant winning something. So, on the evening of May 30th, I was doing a few one-lap spurts, trying a friend's tricycle. Going round a corner at 2.50 speed, a sudden lurch shot me out with frightful violence on to the gravel; and as I went ploughing along on my right side, the machine turned a hand-spring over my occiput. These evolutions, it appeared, were occasioned by two-thirds of the tire of one of the driving-wheels coming off. Had I not tried my friend's machine, he would have started on it in that condition in the races the following day, and the result would have inevitably been his sustaining the fall. Seeing that I had what was justly *his* cropper, I put it to him, that he in turn ought at least to give me a half share of his Whitsuntide prizes. But he did not see it in this light. Some men are such chuckle-headed individuals! I left several square yards of the epidermis, properly belonging to my right leg, behind me on the track, and I believe the men rolled it in the following morning, and found it excellent for making the surface bind. Besides, I got some nasty cuts on my hip, knee, and ankle, and the inevitable chunk of meat was gouged out of my right arm. But, by dint of keeping the wounds moist, I warded off stiffness, and contrived to win the sociable-race the following day, in the best time on record. I guess my companion did a pretty good lot of the work. Then, on the Monday, I rode second in the tandem-race. There were two starters. Satisfied with this, I called in the doctor, and have been in-doors ever since. I think this is the first time since I became a cyclist that I have spent three consecu- days in-doors. And it shall be the last, *Deo volente*.

"How not to do it." The moral taught by my experiences inculcates several very simple maxims for wheelmen who would study safety. First, don't be reckless; pluck and recklessness are not synonymous. Secondly, if you are a racing man, don't try to go faster than your machine. Third, on the road, *sit up*, to prevent pebbles tipping you forward. Fourth, fasten your luggage *securely*. Lastly, whether you ride bicycle or tricycle, *look to your rubbers*. It was to my own carelessness in riding a strange machine, without taking the precaution of testing the adhesiveness of its rubbers, that I owe my present imprisonment. Go thou, therefore, and do not likewise.

A. J. Wilson.

EYES DIVINELY BLUE.

SING, O Muse! of the shining wheel,
The bounding ball and the bass-wood bat,
The cows and the cream, and the rod and the reel,
The cut-away coats and the old slouch hat,
The tennis-racket, the glistening oar,
The birch-bark sides of the swift canoe;
But, sweetest of all the joys galore,
Sing of the eyes divinely blue.

Sing of the woodland, dale, and dell,
Rippling brooks and the hill-side spring,
Rustling trees, where the song-birds dwell,
And the grand old mountain summits sing!
Sunrise golden and twilight gray,
Whippoorwill's songs and the sparkling dew;
But, sing as you will, O Muse! I pray,
Sing of the eyes divinely blue.

James Clarence Harvey.

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MY NEW HOBBY.

THEY had moved in on the first of May; that was all Tompkins had told me.

As I was taking my cigar on the front veranda of my own snug villa opposite, on the first morning in June, having come up from New York the night before for the summer, after my fashion for many years, I noticed that the house was open and had an air of being alive. I did not object to that particularly, though when a house has stood vacant for several years right under one's very eyelids, he somehow gets to having a feeling of semi-ownership, as if he ought to be consulted about any new occupant who should interfere with his prerogative. Then that house had many trees about it, and there is an intimate fellowship between myself and trees that I am not always ready to share with a stranger. As Willis, that true lover of trees, says, "I like to be bowed to as the trees bow, and have no need to bow back or smile. If I am sad, my trees forego my notice without offence. If I am merry or whimsical they do not suspect my good sense or sanity." So, having adopted the trees of the vacant house opposite for my own, I could not help a little feeling of jealousy at their appropriation by another. However, I saw that the new-comer had taken out a dead limb here and there, that had sometimes given a spectral turn to our communings in the past summers, had trimmed off a straggling branch now and then to perfect the symmetry of outline, and had let out a pretty view of trim lawn and brilliant parterre that added to the picturesqueness of the place, and went far to make me forgive his intrusion.

Further than that my new neighbor did not interest me. A sedate and somewhat cynical bachelor in the nearabouts of forty, I pride myself on my lack of curiosity and of sentiment. Tompkins, my trusty serving-man, with the genius of a servitor to the manor born, so accommodates himself to my standard as to have no curiosity or sentiment either. Both of us being, then, in this admirable state of moral equilibrium, any little investigation we may feel inclined to make into the affairs of our neighbors has naturally less significance than it would have in coming from any other quarter.

There is a great deal more than one would suppose in fixing firmly in your own mind your moral status as regards some of the smaller vices, and impressing the same upon your fellow-mortals by frequent announcements from time to time, always with a becoming humility, as knowing there may be many virtues you *do* lack, but not this particular one. When a man repeatedly affirms to me that, whatever his other faults may be, he is at least honest or truthful, prone to forgiveness, not liable to take offence easily, or some such thing, I uniformly agree with him, and accept his statements at his own estimate of their par value, even if compelled to discount them liberally afterwards.

So, expecting a like liberality from my friends, I think it a good thing to take a stand and announce that I have no curiosity and no sentiment. That circumstances do not always bear me out in this announcement is mainly the fault of circumstances. But to go back to my new neighbor.

When I discovered, on that first morning, what a pretty picture he had made of the old house opposite, and what enchanting views one could catch now and then through green archways, amidst varying effects of sunshine and shadow, I immediately decided that his garden was just the place in which to ride my new hobby.

Last year, my hobby was landscape gardening and I practised upon my premises until, — well, until there seemed to be plenty of landscape; the same as usual, in fact; but truth compels the statement that there was very little effective gardening. The right plants seldom grew in the right places, and the wrong bugs promptly ate up anything that showed the least tendency to flourish. Shrubs that should have branched out sideways invariably shot up heavenwards; hedges always turned the wrong way; vines that should have drooped persistently climbed. The effort was not a success.

The year before it had been running water, than which no sound is sweeter to ears wearied with the din of crowds, and the ceaseless roar of cities. My dream was of the merry ripple of a shallow stream skimming over shining pebbles; the lulling wish-wash of cooling waters against fern-covered banks which blue forget-me-nots starred over. As an actual result, a

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forlorn ditch, sun-baked and yellow, meandered about my premises; rocks that should have been moss-covered and lichen-fringed, stood out in unblushing ugliness; the cool streamlet from yonder hill declined to forsake its native haunts and flow in my seductive channel, and I soon decided that the ceaseless babbling of brooks would be a weariness to the ear, I now take positive pleasure in the thought that my stream will never overspread its banks and flood the lawns when every March shall set the springs to flowing.

This year my hobby is photography: every man his own photographer, and all the world in which to hunt for subjects.

Naturally enough, then, I was very glad when my artistic eye — amateur photographers always have an artistic eye — discovered several picturesque and effective subjects lying ready for the camera in the premises of my opposite neighbor. I conceived a plan, on the spur of the moment, by which I could entrap a friendly publisher, and the public as well, into buying a lot of views from pretty country homes in the vicinity of New York. I would take a fine lawn here; a noble group of trees there; a vine-covered porch, or a graceful fountain; anything catching to an art-loving eye. I would mount them on the heaviest and creamiest of boards, and tie together with the softest of deep-hued ribbons, and the merry holiday season should find them reposing, as welcome gifts, upon plush-covered tables, amidst delicate china and hideous *bric-à-brac*, in the artistic boudoirs of the most artistic New York houses. I was fired with enthusiasm.

"Hurry up, Tompkins!" said I to my faithful servitor, on the second morning of my arrival, "the effect of light and shade is exactly right now for taking that arched gateway over opposite."

It is always well to speak respectfully of both the light and shade when intending to take a picture, especially if you do not know much about it, as one never can tell just what either may do at the wrong moment.

"Party opposite has no objections, sir, I suppose?" queried Tompkins.

"Party opposite is of not the slightest consequence to me," said I, loftily; "I do not even know his name."

I was shoving the instrument about just then behind the vines that screened my piazza, without glancing across the way. A moment later I put my eye up to the tube to see that everything was right.

Zounds! The sight nearly took my breath away. Right under that rustic gate, whose vine-wreathed archway served as a lovely frame for a lovely picture, stood the most beautiful creature my bachelor eyes had ever seen. An exquisite figure, of perfect, but fairy-like, proportions, robed in some soft, clinging, white stuff, that showed off well against the dark-green background seen through the gateway. She was tilting her head up, and shading her eyes with a tiny white hand, as she looked back up the carriage-way, and I caught a glimpse of a baby chin and pouting lips, a rounded cheek, and waves of golden hair that rippled low down over a fair forehead. A broad-brimmed hat, with a kind of velvety lining, rested on the back of her head, and served to set off hair and face. A thrill of admiration ran over me and knocked loudly at the place where elderly bachelors keep their remnants of hearts, and I was conscious of two simultaneous thoughts, — one, that landscapes with figures are decidedly superior to landscapes without; the other, a profound feeling of gratitude that my instrument was the "Universal Portrait, Landscape, and Copying Camera," and that, if fortune favored me with many such opportunities, I would make a special collection for my own private enjoyment.

With nervous speed I went on with my preparations, focusing the lovely picture, — I am particularly fond of these scientific terms, — and blessing my stars that she did not move away, when, just as I was ready to expose the plate, there, right by the side of this perfect creature, stood a miserable little specimen of a man, thin and dark, dressed in a business suit of snuffy-brown yellow, made as snug and tight as possible, without an artistic curve or line about it. His coming had been like magic, a veritable now-you-don't-see-him and now-you-do performance; and small wonder, for by his side, leaning against him, or holding him up, — I never can tell which, — stood a huge bicycle, towering quite above the small brown cap, which he wore jauntily, after the manner of men who drive the festive wheel. I notice that small men usually have large bicycles. Queer taste! I do not like bicycles myself; that I cannot ride them is not the *motif* for my dislike, of course; but the giddy, whirling, skimming, humming, tipping, toppling, pitching, slipping, sliding, darting things make me dizzy, and unbalance my mind and judgment. At least, that is what I

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think they unbalance, — perhaps it is something else. On the whole, I do not like men who ride them, either; that is, if they ride them well. It gives the fellows such an air of comfortable assurance and audacity, together with an overpowering sense of superiority to their fellow-creatures, most aggravating to a mere trudger along the highway. Such being my sentiments in general towards this most favored class of beings and their uncanny and mysterious steeds, my feelings on this particular occasion can be easily imagined. A man of any kind was a most inopportune and unwelcome addition to the scene, and the glittering piece of mechanism by his side only made me more keenly conscious that by no other ordinary means of locomotion could such a being have so quickly obtruded himself into the very foreground of my proposed view. Common politeness, of which I trust I have a slight endowment, together with my lack of all curiosity, would naturally suggest the inexpediency of prolonging my investigations across the way under these peculiar conditions. The man had an air of feeling himself thoroughly at home, — another surprising thing to me in a wheelman: they arrive from nowhere so speedily, and they have the ability to depart into space so swiftly, that I wonder they ever stay long enough in a place to become wonted to their surroundings. This one, considering how very inharmonious he was, as viewed from my artistic standpoint, showed a most unnatural persistency in remaining; it was not until, in sheer despair, I had turned my instrument quite away, towards a distant and most unattractive point of my own grounds, that he made ready for that one, two, three, skip and away you go, which puts the expert wheelman in his saddle. It was not pleasant, as viewed with the eye of a photographer, to see him, before mounting, put his arm about the beautiful creature at his side in that provokingly comfortable, long-married kind of way some men have. She lifted her face lovingly to his for a farewell kiss, and then turned away, while he came skimming down the road, giving a stony kind of glare at my instrument, that would have put it quite out of countenance if its face had not been covered and turned the other way.

"Shall we try the gate, sir?" said Tompkins.

I shook my head. What beauty in a mere gate, even from a photographic point of view, when deprived of the lovely presence that had graced it a few minutes before! "What is the name of the — ah! — family opposite, Tompkins?"

"Artell, sir."

"How many in the family?"

"Six, sir. Hin-door man, hout-door man, cook, 'ousemaid, Mr. Artell, and the lady. Gentleman a lawyer, sir; business in the city; came up 'ere for the lady's 'ealth; doctor prescribes hout-door air; lady's mostly in the garden, sir, at all 'ours."

Tompkins is invaluable to me. Entirely without curiosity, it is a wonder how he obtains such an amount of useful information, while his powers of condensation would make his fortune in a journalistic way. I find his last statement to be a perfectly correct one, and somehow manage to make it convenient to feel the necessity for much out-door air in my own case. I realize, also, that like opportunities for cultivating one's appreciation of the beautiful are rarely given, and devotion to my new hobby leads me to make the most of this golden season. Sometimes it chances that my artistic fervor causes me to think, "If, now, it were not for that ugly small man in snuffy-brown clothes," — but, pshaw! what has an elderly bachelor, devoted to photography, to do with such vain imaginings? I lose all inclination, however, to take my beloved instrument and tramp about the pretty hillside village, obtaining views for my publisher. My great plan slowly fades from sight; but my hopes are ripe for a rare private collection, and I feel myself a very moderate and harmless brigand, making off with stolen treasures unaware. I spend my time in watching and planning for combined effects of landscape and figure; but, unfortunately, there is always too much combination. Situations most provoking to an art lover are constantly coming up.

One day the light falls with exquisite beauty upon a corner porch, which twinning rose-vines enwreath, and tuneful birds in gilded cages make sweet with music all the day. A little at one side a picturesque lounging-chair, soft and roomy, and gay with some bright Turkish covering, invites one to comfort in its arms. Of course it oddly happens that I and my camera are favorably located for a good view of the place, and the fates, I fondly hope, for once, are kindly. The beautiful Mrs. Artell — I always make a point of keeping her name and title well in mind —

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is standing, with one arm uplifted, pulling great clusters of pink-hued buds from the vines above. Her pose is perfect; the head is thrown back, and from the upraised arm a long, loose sleeve droops in folds graceful enough to thrill a sculptor's soul. I am all ready.

"Beg pardon, sir," breaks in Tompkins, — Tompkins is always round with me. "Do you wish to take the gentleman, sir?" Tompkins is not wanting in ideas of the peculiar fitness of things in art and elsewhere himself, but I find his interruption very trying just here. A glinting, glimmering something darts across my vision; a yellowish-brown something else, of the nature of a jumping-jack, dexterously slides off it, and, with one leap over the piazza railing, lands itself in the inviting easy-chair. "Confound that man!" I say. "And take yourself off, Tompkins!" I do hate to be stared at when I am out of humor. My mild profanity has no possible effect on the fellow over opposite, which is not remarkable under the favorable circumstances in which he finds himself, and considering that he cannot hear me. If conjugal felicity had any charms for me, which I can affirm it has not, — as viewed under the present condition of affairs, — I might take at least a negative pleasure in obtaining a view of the scene before me, under its new aspect. Mrs. Artell flies from her flowery corner and perches, like a bird, on the arm of the chair that, saving her own radiant presence, is no longer a thing of beauty, serving as it does for a resting-place for that exceedingly plain man, her husband. He sits relieved this afternoon in all his ugliness, and I find myself making caustic allusions to Beauty and the Beast, and wondering how it happens that these very homely men almost invariably have beautiful wives, and, at the same time, appear so unconscious of their own failings and general lack of harmony. This man, for instance, makes himself so unnecessarily prominent on all occasions, when a proper idea of the simple fitness of things would suggest a little retirement into the background. If he had the soul of an artist or photographer, — the terms are synonymous with me, — added to his ability to move about so swiftly on that gleaming whirligig of his, that glints at me now most audaciously from its resting-place beside the railing, it would be an easy matter for him, at any time, to put himself at the vanishing point in the twinkling of an eye, leaving the foreground to be occupied by more fitting objects. I flatter myself that, were he a good-looking fellow, a fit mate for his beautiful wife, I should have no objection to his presence; for, as I have said, I have no sentiment; but when I recall the many beautiful pictures I might have taken but for his untimely appearances, aided by his flying wheel, I grow savage. While I meditate on the disappointments and barriers that block the way of the true lover of art, a fiendish idea comes to me.

Why should I longer deprive myself of the artistic pleasure and improvement I might receive from views I might take of this rarely beautiful woman, surrounded as she is by all that is lovely in nature? I am becoming possessed with a passion for obtaining representations of her in some of her many beautiful and picturesque attitudes; walking, standing, sitting, she is always exquisitely lovely, divinely graceful. Since it pleases her husband to be always with her, — I am not sure I can blame him for that, — and since it pleases him to be so homely, — because he could make himself better-looking if he chose, or, as I have said, much less prominent, — my faithful little apparatus shall portray him, or a part of him, in all his native ugliness. Comparisons shall be odious and prominent.

This purpose I earnestly pursue. I haunt those people with the eye of a photographer; they are coaxed, unawares, into my dark chamber, and, presto! I have them. In finishing off the negatives I take positive delight in mutilating that fellow over opposite. I have not studied photography in vain. Sometimes he has but a leg left to stand on; sometimes only a hand gropes vaguely out at the side, or his two boot-soles rest well in view upon a garden-bench, where he had elevated them, while his fond wife stood by his side. The most successful view was an instantaneous one, taken just as he was in the act of mounting for his morning spin to the station. The fellow was, as a rule, most aggravatingly dexterous; but this performance was a two-act one: —

ACT I.

A jump, a skip, a tumble!
My opportunity.

ACT II.

Mild profanity, and a speedy dash down the road.

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My opportunity again, as his fond wife stood motionless, while she watched him fast disappearing in the distance.

I always left her figure intact in all its natural grace and loveliness. Sometimes that man's countenance would assume a strangely familiar air, and once or twice I thought I detected a peculiar smile on his face; but men are far from being interesting objects of study to me, and I have neither time nor inclination to devote to this particular specimen. He is merely a most unwelcome accessory.

The beautiful pictures of his wife, which I alone possess, daily become more fascinating to me. If one were not a confirmed bachelor, devoid of sentiment and curiosity, one might be alarmed at so absorbing a mania for gazing at the portrait of a lovely woman. I lay it all to zeal in my new art; but I never knew before that photographers were exposed to such dangers in the pursuit of their lawful occupation. I lose sight of the fact that the profession is generally solicited to take impressions, which certainly has not been done in my case. Nevertheless, I have an impression, — several of them, — and I begin to have an immense sympathy for my brothers in the art.

One evening, a dark and rainy one, closing in upon a sunny day, in which I had had two opportunities for adding to my favorite collection, — one, when the lady of my —, the wife of the gentleman opposite, — stopped to caress my dog down by the gate; the other, when she came to meet her inevitable husband on his way home, — I had taken out all the views I possessed, and spread them over my library table, upon which I could turn a strong light. So absorbed was I in the contemplation of my treasures that I took no notice when Tompkins' well-trained English voice sounded behind me, and, as I frequently pay no attention to him when wishing to be undisturbed, thought nothing when I heard him quietly close the door again and go down the hall.

"That's a very pretty and instructive show you have there, old fellow, is it not?" said a voice right in my ear, while a hearty slap came down upon my shoulder. "So that is what you have been about these two weeks, with your impertinent, little black-legged box, when you could not afford the time to come over and say a civil word to an old friend. Nice, neighborly sort of fellow you are for an old classmate!" I started up and faced about, to find that small, dark man from across the way, laughing at me (I am somewhat of a giant myself) with the familiar, smiling face of Ben Hartwell, one of the best men in the old class of '67. For a moment I forgot that he was the fortunate possessor of the divinity over opposite, and was cordially glad to see him. Then I suddenly remembered that it is not a usual thing to be found staring at the pictures of another man's wife, and turned uneasily towards the table.

"Upon my word, sir, this is a good thing you have been doing, stealing into a man's house and home in this way! Pretty fair pictures, on the whole, Will; but what an odd sort of grudge you seem to have against your old comrade! What have you cut me up in this way for? I am not so large that a man need envy me my small space of earth and atmosphere. Ha! ha! Look at that; and that, now!" seeing some of the most horrible mutilations. "Would not Floss be amused? She is used to having fuss enough made over her, but this surpasses anything yet."

I begin to feel savage.

"Bring them over sometime," he went on. "Hope, now I have broken the ice, you will be neighborly. My sister will be most happy to see you; we have often wondered why you did all your ogling at such a distance."

"Your what, old man! Sister, did you say? Here! where's that fellow Tompkins?" and I pull frantically at the bell-rope, wishing the end were around his neck. Mrs. Artell, indeed! "I'll go right over now, Ben; never was so glad to see one of the old boys in my life. Yes, it is my hat I want, Tompkins."

Strange as it may appear, there is but one other person whom I now enjoy seeing on the porch over opposite more than that small, homely man in snuffy-brown clothes. With the utmost tact he seems now to endeavor to make himself less conspicuous, though I cannot positively assert it to be solely in the interests of photography. I have suddenly acquired a great fondness, myself, for his favorite mode of locomotion, and speak most enthusiastically of the noble pastime, so health-giving and soul-stirring in its effects, so broadening and elevating to a man's nature. Formerly, although I have a taste for rhyming myself, I used to sneer at poetical wheelmen who rang the everlasting changes on "wheel" and "steel," on "speed" and "steed"; but now I often catch myself indulging in a

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ringing chorus on the virtues of the "Glittering Bi," especially when I see my friend starting off for one of those long spins, in which he now indulges. They take him up and down the pretty country roads, and bring him in contact with nature in her loveliest moods, and, I sometimes fancy, may awaken in him a latent artistic taste that may afford him much pleasure in the future. I have even asked him to keep a lookout in the surrounding villages upon the river's bank for any views suitable for my proposed photographic collection, and, with delicate forethought, have urged him to take his own time in the selection.

The success of my own experiments in that fascinating pursuit this season only proves to me the great advantage of possessing a keen, artistic eye.

Yet, though no "negative" has disappointed my ardent anticipations, I am perfectly convinced that photography will not be the subject of prime interest to me when next June shall set the roses blushing again on the porch across the way. Possibly it may be wheeling; it might not be a bad idea to look up those double-seated affairs about which I have heard.

A. N. Everett.

AT THE DRUMMING LOG.

WAYS of his own has the ruffled grouse,
When the season calls him to wooing,
When robins do trill of keeping house,
And doves at their cotes are a-cooing.
Deep in the grove, on a fallen oak,
Ruffled about in his kingly glory,
He drums, with wings like a royal cloak,
To his viewless auditory.
Then echo runs with his message round,
To each fern hollow and moss-grown mound,
Till the princess waiting her prince is found,
Who listens the new old story:

"A kiss — for my gills are ruby red
With the wine of love in my being;
The sun and violets, lo! are wed,
And I envious am with seeing.
What are these decorate aisles to me,
With arches of victory over,
If they lead no fond divinity
To her all-enraptured lover?
So, hearken, unknown, be swift thy feet,
White lambs in the daisied meadows bleat,
May warmth in thy heart should make it beat
Like mine, in thy secret cover."

A timid step on the velvet leaves, —
Who is this with no suite to guard her?
The proud bird into his music weaves
Even more of his bosom's ardor.
See, with what pretty, unconscious mien
Her exhibit of grace she carries!
Curvets to pluck from their bed of green
Reflection of scarlet berries.
Heart shapes bespangle her red-brown tire,
Shining response to her lord's desire,
To his ravished breast and eye of fire,
The while she daintily tarries.

Lavinia S. Goodwin.

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The Niagara-Boston Tour.

A MARKED event of the year in cycling circles is the tour from Niagara to Boston, made in the latter part of July, under the auspices of the Chicago Club. Last season the journey was taken on the wheel from Detroit to Buffalo, and by travelling by rail to Niagara this season, and starting on the road from there, the tourists have completed the full distance of about seven hundred miles. The arrangements were skilfully made and systematically carried out, and although the general management was in the hands of the Chicago Club, to whom great credit is due, the tour was a representative one, wheelmen from all parts of the country sharing in its pleasures. One delegate even came from as distant a point as Leadville, Colorado. Socially, as well as from a cycling point of view, the tour was a great success. We believe such trips will do a great deal, not only towards strengthening the fraternity, but also towards elevating cycling and cyclists in the respect and interest of outsiders.

American Athletics.

IT is rather significant of the growth and importance of athletic life in America that her representatives, who have been contesting this summer with the best specimens of physical culture to be found in England, — the mother-country of out-door life, — should have made a record not only much better than was expected, but one which is also a surprise to our friends over the ocean, and to meet which they were put on their mettle. The American Lacrosse team is undoubtedly the best collection of individual players that could be got together in this country. It was, perhaps, to be expected that their record of victories would be a good one, for lacrosse is essentially an American game, and American men would naturally be supposed to have imbibed the facility and alertness which the native Indians display in its graceful and yet vigorous and exciting manœuvres. It was somewhat different with the Philadelphia cricketers; but in their case results have been very satisfactory. America is not a cricketing country, and it is not likely that there will ever be developed much national enthusiasm here for a game which takes a superabundance of leisure, on the part of spectators and players for the completion of each game. It is not often that Americans can devote two days to an out-door contest of this kind. Englishmen, however, have the time, the means, and the inclination to make cricket a finished and skilful sport. At this writing the Philadelphians have not only beaten amateur clubs of the same relative standing in England that they hold here themselves, but have also vanquished and played creditable games with some of the more famous and powerful county elevens. Some of our runners and walkers, too, who have been trying their feet on English soil at the largest of English athletic games, have covered themselves with athletic glory, more than once breaking the records.

All this points in the direction of a state of things which we are most glad to see. Every one knows that English out-door life has done great things for that nation. It has made its men manly and robust, and its women healthy and physically capable. It is just as well-known that too many American men are flat-chested, and too many American women are chronic invalids. We want to see the time come when our out-door life shall be as genuine and as wholesome as that in the British isles. The work that these Americans have been doing this summer cannot fail to help us towards that time. It will create an interest, will spur on those who have already begun, and will help us to see how gentlemen, without neglecting the serious duties of social, intellectual, and business life, may at the same time do their duty by their physiques, — a duty which is really just as serious and necessary as that of any other phase of life, although we have been very slow in coming to believe it.

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Touring in the Saddle.

THE horse affords an opportunity for a particular phase of out-door life which has been little developed in this country. It is true there is probably no country where there is more use made of the saddle for practical purposes than in America. Western life is full of it. A large part of the work on cattle-ranches and wheat-farms and in mining districts is done on horseback. But, as a pastime for men and women, young and old, it is still in its infancy. We have neither leisure nor perhaps the national traits to make riding as popular and widespread with us as with the English. We cannot ride across country, unless we do it in the ridiculous imitative fashion that some of the social extremists have tried in the vicinity of New York.

Whereas, for cycling, one needs the best of roads in riding, the wilder and woodier and more natural the route the more enjoyable is the journey on horseback. We have known a small party of ladies and gentlemen to start off together on their horses, in one of the most attractive mountain regions of the Hudson. Such baggage as was necessary was carried in a wagon which accompanied them. For scenery, for incident, for studies of men and women, for exercise, and for pure, healthy enjoyment, such an excursion as this cannot be surpassed; and it can be managed in such a way as to be not extravagant in expense. Riding of this sort is as far superior to the stiff and fashionable horsemanship of Central Park as the woods and grasses of the Berkshire hills are superior to the rectangular Italian garden of a smart, pretentious summer villa.

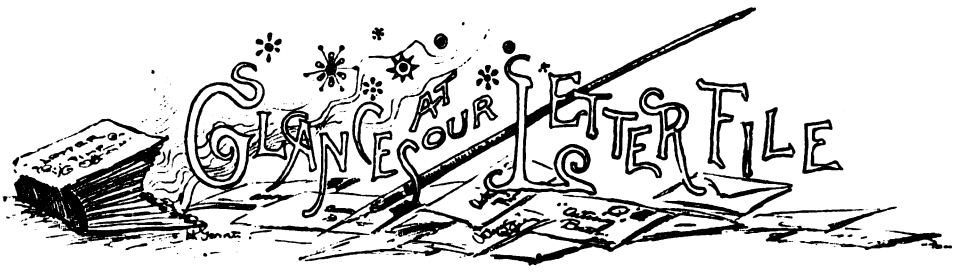
A Lady-like Pastime.

TRICYCLING has now become a recognized recreation for ladies in England. The various objections made against its adoption for ladies' use, by ladies themselves, as well as others, have been completely overcome; but in this country the use of the tricycle for women is struggling against the same prejudice and obstacles that it has passed through successfully on the other side of the water. It seems to us strange, but it is a fact, that a frequent objection advanced against tricycling for ladies is the supposed awkwardness, to use no stronger word, in which the rider finds herself involved. In frequent conversations we have often met this argument: but as often as we have persuaded a prejudiced American to try the machine just so often have her fears and scruples passed away like a sea-fog under a dispelling summer sun. It is too bad that for some of this prejudice American men, of fancied niceness of taste, are to blame. The reason for this state of things is a lack of experience. We have not been accustomed to see ladies on tricycles, and we therefore think they cannot ride them. The truth is, that a lady can be as graceful on the saddle of a tricycle as she can be on a horse, in a row-boat, or in the most approved chair of a fashionable hotel piazza. Those lady riders who, instead of theorizing, have tried the experiment, agree that unless the action of the body in walking, riding, tennis, and the like, is unlady-like, tricycling is unwarrantably condemned by those who express surprise that one who values her elegance of bearing and manner should think of travelling on a three-wheeled piece of mechanism. Of course, like every other pastime, tricycling needs some special preparation of dress. English women have experimented, and the results of their experimenting are detailed by a correspondent on another page. We certainly hope that the criticisms of affected fashionists and prejudiced prudes will not deter any sensible American woman from giving this invigorating recreation a trial.

Cruising Canoes.

PROBABLY no other question, not excepting those involved in the discussion of rigs, has given rise to more differences of opinions in canoeing circles than that as to the best model for cruising. It would be ordinarily supposed, reasoning from probabilities, that the larger the boat the better it is for rough and open waters. This theory, however, is opposed by some of our best cruising canoeists. A well-known wielder of the paddle in Massachusetts, who spends his summers on the north shore, does all his canoeing in a Stella Maris 14 × 27. He probably has *sailed* more miles on the ocean in all sorts of weather, between Boston and Mount Desert, than any other member of the A.C.A. His belief is, that with a small boat one can find places of safety, can land in dangerous spots, and can paddle with lack of wind, to better advantage than with the larger models. Whatever the merits of the controversy are, it seems clear to us that there is great danger of canoeists running to extremes in building large and unwieldy affairs, and calling them canoes when they are nothing less than single-handed cruisers.

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Bicycling in the Far West.

A Leaf from the Diary of Thomas Stevens, who is making the Journey from San Francisco, California, to Constantinople, Turkey, on his Bicycle.

OMAHA, NEB., June 18, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — There are two separate trails between Piedmont and Carter stations, in western Wyoming Territory, and the distance by either is about the same, — twenty-four miles. One route follows alongside the Union Pacific Railroad track, and the other goes by way of Fort Bridger. It has rained more or less every day since I left Ogden, and for a great part of the way I have been compelled to trundle my wheel along the railroad track. I am getting tired of this, and determine to risk the Fort Bridger route, being also desirous of paying the fort a visit. It is 10 o'clock A.M. when I leave Piedmont, and I take a lunch with me, well knowing that if I don't do this I shall get no dinner. The first thing to be done is to undress and ford a stream of melted snow, which comes from the neighboring snow-capped Uintah range of mountains, and spreads itself over the creek-bottom for about a hundred yards in width. Shouldering my steel-horse and clothes I wade in. The icy water cuts like a knife and penetrates to the very marrow; but I have long since got used to this sort of thing, and after getting across and dressing I feel rather benefited than otherwise by the chilly bath. Now comes a tough, hard climb up the rough mountain trail over which I have to cross on my way to the fort. It has been threatening rain for some time, and scarcely have I reached the brow of the mountains when the usual afternoon *matinée* begins. Three separate and distinct thunder-storms are brewing at as many different points of the compass, — thundering sullen defiance and shooting vivid flashes of lightning athwart the intervening space, as if inviting each other to the conflict. The top of the mountains gained, I seat myself on a bunch of sage-brush to devour my lunch, for this sort of work makes a fellow ravenously hungry. At the same time it begins to rain, and I eat my lunch in a cold, uncomfortable drizzle. I am too high up to get much of the rain, however, and the body of the storm follows around by way of the creek I have lately crossed and the railroad, for which I am truly thankful. The road is nothing more than the marks made across the barren wilderness by a wagon going along perhaps once a month, on an average; but the surface is hard and gravelly, so that I am able to take a ride of a few hundred yards here and there; but, by and by, I get down into the valley on the other side of the divide, and the hard, gravelly soil changes to soft, loose, adobe land, through which it is hard enough to trundle, and altogether impossible to ride. Now I come to a small stream, scarcely wide enough to justify stripping, but still too wide to step across. I have, however, long since learned how to cross such streams as this, by simply utilizing my bicycle as a vaulting-pole. Setting my wheel out in the stream as far as is necessary I place one hand on the handle and the other on the saddle, and vault across, carrying the upper part of the bicycle with me, and, retaining my hold as I land on the opposite shore, all I have to do is to pull the wheel out after me, and the thing is done. In this way I have crossed scores of small streams in the far western territories, which could otherwise only have been crossed by partially or wholly disrobing. As I trudge along towards the fort, I notice a noble pair of elks standing on the brow of a bald mountain near by. Directly beneath them is a huge bank of snow, white and glistening in the sunshine. They remain motionless, as if intently gazing at some object far away; their shapely profile and broad branching antlers stand out clear-cut and distinct against the deep-blue sky beyond. What a study for a Landseer! I have seen many fine Landseers, but no picture on canvas can equal this. At last the white-painted buildings of Fort Bridger, and the stars and stripes proudly floating in the breeze from the tall flag-staff, come in sight, and ere long my road leads through a stream of cold, clear water, that rushes and rumbles along over its pebbly bed at a furious rate. This stream is not very deep, however, and I have little trouble in fording it. It proves to be a branch of Smith's Fork, in the horseshoe bend of which

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Fort Bridger snugly nestles. I have to ford three of these branches before finally coming to the main stream, which is, no doubt, easily enough forded later in the season, but now the rapidly melting snow and the unusual rains have filled its banks to overflowing. Selecting the widest place I manage, with the greatest difficulty, to ford and carry my wheel to a bar in the middle of the stream; but the remaining channel looks deep and dangerous. Leaving my clothes and bicycle on the bar I wade in and try the depth. I never know how deep it is, for, ere I reach the deepest part, the rushing current of ice-cold water sweeps me clear off my feet and carries me fifty yards down stream before I manage to get back again on to the bar. Here's a go! Nothing for it but to retrace my steps, and wade back again through all these chilly streams. I am chilled clear through, and my skin looks like the skin of a newly plucked goose. After all my efforts to reach the fort it seems that I am to be beaten at last. Moreover, it is some twelve miles to Carter station; the sun is sinking fast, and Heaven only knows what a fellow is going to run into in crossing twelve miles of this country.

After reaching the spot where I stood nearly two hours ago, I take a look around, and perceive a line of telegraph-poles stretching away over the bluffs and across the sage-brush plain from the fort, and conclude that it leads to the railroad. By picking my way through the sage-brush for about three miles I can reach these telegraph-poles, and follow them into the station. I reach the telegraph-line at a point some two miles from the fort, and find that there is a government freight-road leading from Carter station to the fort, and a good bridge across the stream, through which I have lately been trying to ford.

It is now too late to think of going back to the fort, as I am desirous of reaching Carter station for the night, and, although the sun is nearly down, and it is nine miles to Carter, the road is reasonably dry, and I can walk and wheel my machine along, and get in soon after dark. I trudge along quite briskly for about two miles, when, to my chagrin, I find myself in the tightest kind of a place. The heavy thunder-storm that missed me on the mountain has poured its burden of water out on this plain, and turned the six inches of loose, dry, adobe soil, into six inches of the stickiest mud that mortal man ever moulded into squares, and laid in the sun to dry, and build adobe houses with. To wheel through it is not to be thought of; one single revolution of the wheel picks up at least fifty pounds of the stuff. Hoping that the wet area will not prove very wide I shoulder the bicycle and laboriously proceed on my way, half-a-dozen pounds of the tenacious mud clinging to each foot. For two miles or more I forge ahead, when it gets dark, and the road gets worse instead of better.

Often on this journey I have been surprised at my own powers of endurance; but there is a limit to human endurance, after all, and, thoroughly exhausted, I throw the bicycle into the sage-brush, and start to walk into Carter, intending to come back for the bicycle in the morning. About a mile and a half from where I leave the bicycle I come to a train of freight-wagons, which have been abandoned on the road from the station to the fort on account of the impassable state of the road. The wagons are loaded with sacks of Utah flour, and, hungry and exhausted, I crawl supperless into one of the wagons, and stretch my weary frame across the sacks of flour, and seek "Nature's sweet restorer." A hungry stomach is a clamorous tyrant, however, and it seems nearly morning ere I fitfully doze off, and pretty soon after I get to sleep the excited yelping of a pack of coyotes near by announces the first gray streaks of early dawn. These four-footed "roosters of the Rockies" announce the approach of day fully as faithfully as the watchful, wide-awake, barn-yard chanticleer, and in noisiness of greeting out-crow the roosters two to one. Getting up and making my way back to the bicycle, it takes me at least four hours of the hardest work man ever did to lug the machine into Carter station. It is now nearly twenty-four hours since I have had a bite to eat, and a feverish thirst parches my throat, so that I hail with joy the sight of a small, muddy stream, half a mile this side of the station. The water is thick with mud, but I take a couple of swallows of it. My abused and long-suffering stomach, however, refuses to be thus imposed upon, and indignantly spurns the proffered draught. It is now but half a mile to the station, and in a short time, plastered with mud from head to foot, I stagger, rather than walk, up to the small hotel kept by Col. Carter, — after whom the station is named, — shaking, from sheer exhaustion, in every limb as though with the ague; I swallow a cup of tea and some breakfast, and then to bed.

Thomas Stevens.

English Ladies' Tricycling Dress.

MR. EDITOR: — The English ladies, who have taken so kindly to tricycling, wear a dress which seems to be thoroughly practical in its character. The ordinary dress confines the action of the

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limbs far too much for comfort in riding, yet, restricted as we are to the conventional mode of feminine attire, it is a task of some little difficulty to combine with a thoroughly becoming and decorous costume such freedom for the body as will not impede the action of the rider, or materially interfere with the effective application of her power. A skirt fitting too closely would seem incompatible with the latter condition, while a superabundance of flounces and drapery is to be avoided as an element of danger, by reason of its liability to get caught in the mechanism. The new English dress appears to have kept all these considerations in view.

The skirt is plain, but can, of course, be invested with any artistic merit the taste of the wearer suggests. It is box-plaited down the back and at either side. Across each of these plaits, on the inside, elastic bands are attached. By their expansion these bands yield to every movement of the limbs, that would otherwise tend to drag upon the dress; and their restitution causes the dress to revert to its original shape directly the strain is withdrawn. Drapery is carried down to within ten inches of the ground, at the back, to give the dress a good appearance in walking, and to cover the plaits; satin is used for lining the skirt over the knees, to prevent any dragging or clinging. The costume comprises knickerbocker trousers, which buckle on the hip, and are provided with an opening at the knee, under which they are buttoned, and continuations to the ankle. Here they are fastened with an elastic strap passing under the instep, to prevent their working up. Either a Norfolk jacket or a close-fitting bodice is worn, the former being most comfortable, as it is provided with box-plaits. Thin Scotch tweed is used. This is strong and fitted to stand hard wear. The whole costume is made in tailor style, and seems admirably adapted to the purpose of tricycling.

F. M. S.

A Glimpse at English Horses.

A PERSONAL letter from a young American, a skilful horsewoman, to a friend in this country who is also fond of the side-saddle, recently fell into the editor's hands. The following paragraph, surreptitiously copied from it, will probably act like a corkscrew on the vials,—nay, demijohns — of wrath, which are the just desert of any editor who steals private correspondence for his letter-file. He pleads, however, in extenuation of his offence, the interest which the extract has for those who find themselves turning to the invigorating allurements of riding and driving in the cool months of autumn: —

LONDON, ENG., June 29, 1884.

DEAR E.: — Yesterday there was a meet of one of the coaching clubs, — twenty-two this one numbered, — and all the world turned out to see it. If I should tell you half of what we saw I should cover a ream of paper. We came away fairly dizzy with the sight of so much glory and glitter. The drives were thronged with carriages of every description, and with liveries of every hue and shade, displayed by varied wearers, from the pompous, red-faced coachman with curled wig or powdered hair, down to the dearest of "buttons" with light breeches and top-boots. The walk swarmed with elegant ladies, in exquisite Parisian morning toilets. "The Row," — well, I don't think you can even imagine so many people on horseback: we saw hundreds; for every one rides here, — fathers, grandfathers, mothers, babies, and all. Hyde Park is the paradise of horses, and A— and I, after a few moments, became speechless from admiration and longing, and could only gasp as some new beauty flashed by. There was one horse — a black Bess, Romeo, and Dom Pedro melted into one — that took my heart with him when he disappeared. But, do you know, we are surprised at the amount of poor riding we see among the ladies. We saw dozens yesterday in faultless habit and elegantly mounted, who really rode atrociously, — sitting sideways in their saddles, flapping their elbows, and carrying a general air of disconnection with their animals. Of course there are many fine riders, but it is not so universal as I had expected in this country of beautiful horses. Even cab-horses have a well-groomed and well-fed aspect; and, speaking of cabs, there is nothing I enjoy more here than dashing about in a fine hansom. It is like unfolding a never-ending and ever-changing panorama.

We saw such a funny sight the other day! We were riding in High Holborne, in the busiest part of the morning, amid a mass of carts, stages, carriages, and donkey-wagons, when we saw coming along, in the thickest of this struggling throng, a double tricycle, or sociable. It was propelled by a man and woman respectably dressed, whom we judged to be English, and behind them, on a tiny seat adjusted for the purpose, sat a little boy about four years old, while underneath hung a large, well-stuffed, black bag. Our minds were filled with wonder as to what this solemn trio could be doing in the press of a London thoroughfare.

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A day or two ago we were admitted to the Prince's stables. We have a pass to the Royal Mews, which, as yet, we have not had time to visit. At the Prince of Wales' stables we saw fifty horses, and more carriages than one could count, — a carriage for the princess when she goes to the park in the morning; another, when she goes in the afternoon; carriages for the evening, for this place and that, — for rain and sun and fog; and carriages innumerable, for which no name is invented; the grand state carriages, ablaze with scarlet and gold, and horses of all shapes and colors, and sizes for every particular carriage. We saw two rows of saddle-horses, who live upstairs, hunters, cobs, thoroughbreds, and ponies, to be ridden by the big, the little, and the middle-sized, "and they'd face anything, the little princesses, they've got such a nerve." *V.*

"Walking in Belgium."

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, July 4, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: — After reading the article "Walking in Belgium," in your estimable journal, I cannot resist the desire of suggesting to your readers, through your pages, the best manner of crossing and visiting Belgium in cycling tours. I beg the author of the article to pardon me for the remark that, although Belgium is not, as far as routes are concerned, the wheelman's paradise, yet there is a part of that little country which is all that can be desired by the most exacting cyclist. Unhappily your tourist narrator has travelled over only a small part of our country, and that, too, which is the worst for cyclists. I am sorry that the author, in beginning his tour, did not apply to the president of one of the clubs in our large towns, as, for instance, Brussels, Antwerp, Mons, Namur, Louvain, etc., of whom he could have obtained information as to the best routes to select.

It would take too long, and would be, I fear, too much of an abuse of your space, to give here a list of the best routes for wheelmen; but I venture to say that those who inform themselves properly, and make their tours accordingly, will have quite another opinion than that derived from your article, "Walking in Belgium."

If some of your readers in democratic America should do us the honor of visiting our land, I am entirely at their disposal for information in detail as to good roads, and shall consider it a pleasure to be their *cicerone* during a part of their tour.

L. Claus,
Président de l'Union, Vélocipédique de Bruxelles.

The Tool-Bench.

MR. EDITOR: — It is an excellent thing to have a boy's interests centre upon his home. We don't believe in apron-string babies, who are too nice to play out-doors with common boys. They are apt to be mean and snobbish, without the hearty manliness that comes from free association with other boys. The rough-and-tumble freedom of play with their mates does more to foster manly simplicity, and take the nonsense out of a boy than any other training can. Still home ought to have some means of amusing and occupying a lad, and one of the best of these is a tool-bench. It is not a very expensive affair if you go to work right. In the first place you must carefully avoid buying one of those tool-boxes that look so tempting, — for their contents are almost always useless, worse than useless, for they disgust a boy with the whole business. The first thing to do is to have a solid plank put up at the right height for a bench, in some attic where shavings will do no harm, and the boy will be comfortable in stormy weather, and it ought to have a wooden vise to hold boards that are being worked. Then gather there the floating stock of hammers, screw-drivers, gimlets, files, pinchers, etc., that are floating about in every family, and buy a good light saw, a couple of chisels, a punch, and small plane, and some pine wood. If the boy takes hold and works with these, let him buy a few other things, one at a time, as he needs them. This will interest him a great deal more than if he has them presented to him all at once, and he is quite as likely to make a good selection.

An industrious boy will do a great deal with such an outfit, and, perhaps, will earn enough to buy himself a jig-saw, or even a turning-lathe, or a forge. These expensive things are only useful, however, to boys who have shown a real taste for such work, and a patient industry at it. The simpler equipment is generally all that is necessary, and it need not cost more than ten or twenty dollars, a large part of which will be saved by the odd jobs of repairing which the little carpenter will enjoy doing at the right time. Many a family has got real good from such a tool-bench. *Amateur Mechanic.*

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Gone to Texas.[1]

FOR three reasons, "G. T. T.," which, as the editor explains, means Gone to Texas in English popular parlance, is of special interest: first, there is attached to it the name of Thomas Hughes as editor, who is recognized as a special pleader for manliness; second, it is a collection of natural, free-and-easy letters, and letters are, under any circumstances, usually attractive; and, third, it gives a clear and striking picture of ranch-life in Texas, to which the attention of so many American young men is now turning. The book does not pretend to be one of literary merit; but it will be found to do, in an admirable way, just what it does pretend to; namely, to show what sort of a life must be led by young men who go to our great West and South-west for the purpose of roughing it and "growing up with the country."

The editor explains that, in consequence of serious financial losses in 1875, his brother had been compelled to give up his home and retire modestly to London, with three sons and a daughter. The boys were forced to give up their collegiate education, and the elder one formed the plan of going to Western America to seek his fortune. He went, began ranch-life, and was eventually joined by his two younger brothers. The letters of the three, together with an account of their sister's visit to her brothers, written by herself, constitute the book. The first young emigrant, in order to make his journey conform to the life he expected to lead, took the voyage from England to New York in the steerage. He gives a striking glimpse of steerage-life in his first letter, of which the following is an extract: —

> I was hardly sick at all, and enjoyed the voyage immensely; especially the awfully barbaric manner in which we were fed. Very few had plates; they used the table (or boards with high edges which rejoiced in that name), and as for spoons — they never heard of them. Were not hands good enough? Half the steerage were Irish; the rest all sorts of nations. Some of the Irish *could* eat! A quart of soup, a quart and a half of potatoes, about four pounds of meat, and a gallon of "plum duff" (or pudding) was what some of them seemed to stow, and at tea it was very interesting to watch them. I made a special study of one last night. He was the happy possessor of a soup-plate and a large cup, both of which he filled to overflowing with tea, and then divided his butter into two (they give you about half a pound), and put one lot in the cup, the other in the plate, and then divided his bread between them, and mopped it up with a spoon.

It is needless to say that, with the pluck, energy and courage which they doubtless inherited from their famous uncle, the young colonists have stuck to Texas, and are making a success.

The important lesson to be drawn from this unique book is as worthy the attention of American young men as of the young Britons, whom Mr. Thomas Hughes addresses in his preface in these words: "The hopeful and cheery spirit which runs through them (these letters) may, to some extent, divert the attention of some persons from the hard facts. These, however, are there plainly enough; and foremost amongst them this one stands out, that the life must be one of very severe physical labor for years, amidst surroundings which will try their mettle to the utmost. To those who will accept these surroundings, and face them in the same hopeful and cheery spirit, one may say without fear, Follow their lead. But if any one has reason to doubt himself on this point, — if he has yearnings after the flesh-pots in the midst of which he has grown up, and is only induced to leave them because he sees no hope at home of getting an adequate supply, — let him by all means stop where he is."

[1] Gone to Texas; letters from our boys. Edited by Thomas Hughes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Camping and Cruising in Florida.[1]

To quote from the author, this book is an account of personal adventure during two winters spent in Southern Florida, as "viewed from the stand-point of an angler, a yachtsman, a naturalist, and a physician." The first part of the book describes a cruise of six men, four or five of them partial invalids, in the cat-boat "Blue-wing," on the rivers and lakes, and some of the coastwise waters of the State. The second part is devoted

[1] Camping and Cruising in Florida. By James Henshall, M.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

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to a like description of a trip in the schooner-yacht "Rambler" around the coast of Florida. Both parts are well filled with incident, as well as descriptions of Floridian scenery and nature: and for the reader to whom the scientific phase of such journeys is attractive, there is added in the appendix a list of those fishes and birds, with their scientific and popular nomenclature, which are found throughout the State. Dr. Henshall is a sportsman of the right sort, and his book is a creditable contribution to out-door literature.

THE first novel from the pen of Miss Sara Orne Jewett,[1] whose short stories have won for her a national reputation, is singularly happy in its portrayal of New England country life, and tells in felicitous language the story of development which makes of a hoydenish young girl a thoroughly educated, self-contained, and lady-like physician. But the book is too long for its plot. The incidents are too few, and the interludes too numerous for sustained interest. Miss Jewett has given us a good story, but not a thrilling or absorbing one. She will write a stronger novel than "A Country Doctor" some time.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK, whose collection of short stories, under the title of "In the Tennessee Mountains,"[2] has just been published, has studied the poor whites of that mountain region to some purpose. He pictures vividly a sort of people and of life which is as innocent of the refinements and knowledge of civilization as is that in Patagonia. But there is humanity in the mountains, and self-forgetting love, as real as can be found anywhere, and some of the characters are all the more pathetic from their uncouth language and dense ignorance. The writer is full of quiet humor, and his stories are extremely interesting as studies of life.

THE San Rosario Ranch[3] is a novel that will be finished with absorbed interest by one who begins it. Its location is one of the great ranches within easy railroad distance of San Francisco, which is occupied by a family, possessing both wealth and refinement, who have made for themselves a charming home, and exercise a generous hospitality throughout the region. The heroine is a beautiful girl, half-sister of the owner of the ranch, who comes from Venice to the new and strange life of the far West. Her dawning love for a strong and brilliant artist who had located his studio in a deserted tower on the ranch, and was a welcome guest at the mansion, is sympathetically portrayed. The artist, at first loving strongly and winning her heart, discovers that he loves his work better, and insists on breaking the engagement, using as a pretext the accidental discovery of an unhappy experience of her early life. The incidents of the story are graphically told, and the individuality of the characters is strongly marked.

"PHŒBE"[1] is a strong and rather remarkable story. The opening pages, by their simplicity and attractiveness of description, lead the reader to suppose that he has before him a quiet story of happy domestic life. He is rather shocked and disappointed when he discovers the circumstance upon which the whole story turns: the marriage of the hero, a cultivated young man of means and social position, and the heroine, a beautiful but uncultivated country girl of poverty and common parentage, forced upon them by their mutual social sin. This corner-stone is, however, so carefully and honestly handled that the structure built upon it commands the admiration of the reader to the very close. The action is genuine, and the actors are human, and admirably depicted. We must suggest, however, that Phœbe possesses a keenness of intellect rather abnormal, if she understands and takes practical hold of, and comfort in, the theological metaphors and theories laid down in Chapter IX.

A DANGER that threatens almost every inexperienced novelist is that of making a story too profuse. Miss Sparhawk has succumbed to this danger in her recent novel,[2] and although the characters whom she describes are fairly well sketched, and the plot, incidents, and involutions of the story are of sufficient interest to give the casual reader a desire to turn to the final pages, even if he does not carefully read the book, for the purpose of learning the result, yet there are a good many evidences of the novice about the construction of the story. It seems decidedly improbable that the heroine should be so long threatened with an accusation of an attempted murder without knowing it, and that so weak and silly a woman as Mrs. Mason should carry out so malevolent a scheme as is ascribed to her. We have found in the book no better reason for its title than that it is the work of a lazy man to read it.

[1] A Country Doctor. By Sara Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

[2] In the Tennessee Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

[3] The San Rosario Ranch. By Maud Howe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[1] Phœbe. By the author of Rutledge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

[2] A Lazy Man's Work. By Frances C. Sparkawk. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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BOTH the editor and the publishers of the recently published volume[1] of Thoreau's writings are to be thanked for bringing it to the public. It is entirely gratuitous to say anything of Thoreau here. Those who are familiar with his writings will be glad to see in this book, in connection with the volume on Spring already published, an indication that his own idea of a work devoted to the seasons is to be carried out; and, though completed by others, it will yet be his own handiwork. Those who are not familiar with his writings will find, in this collection of his best thoughts on one topic, a most admirable medium of acquaintance with the work of his mind and pen.

"SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE"[2] is a most happy title for the collection of four of Mr. Harris's Southern stories, and the author is so well known as an authority in the literature of Southern life among the blacks and the poor whites, and one of the sketches in question was so universally read and enjoyed, when it appeared in a recent magazine, that it is scarcely necessary to do anything more than to let our readers know in this way of the publication of the book. The longest, and to us the strongest of the four, is "At Teague Poteet's." It inspires one with more honor for the human race to find such characters as we meet at Teague Poteet's in those dreary and dismal mountains. And the story is so graphic that we cannot help believing that these characters actually exist.

WE take it for granted, as this is the third edition of the book, that many of our readers already know of Mr. Stevens' account of Maine fly-fishing.[3] In a sketchy and facetious way it gives a description of the Maine lakes and various incidents happening to a camping and fishing party among them. It will be appreciated best by those who have been over the ground it touches upon, and if it starts those who have not fished in the Maine lakes to visit that region it will have accomplished a good result, for we know of no woods or waters where so much outdoor beauty, enjoyment, and health may be gained in a space of time so short as that which can be profitably devoted to a visit into Maine. Some of the illustrations in the book are the work of an amateur who would have done himself and the publishers much more credit, if he had let his artistic attempts remain sheltered from the public gaze in their portfolio.

AMATEUR Photography has grown to be so wide-spread a means of recreation, that we have at last a hand-book[1] published, which is not at the same time an advertising medium. Amateurs will find in it various practical questions answered, and many valuable suggestions. We must say, however, if the illustrations were all that the outsider had from which to gain his opinion of the artistic value of amateur photography, it would be a sorry thing for the manufacturers of cameras.

MR. M. F. SWEETSER, the editor of Osgood's American hand-books, has made a fifth edition of a well-known White Mountain guide,[2] worthy of rank with the best books of its kind. It is complete and exhaustive, its information is exact, and its maps are voluminous. It is not only a good thing for a travelling-satchel, but deserves a place in the library.

VOLUME IV. of the Stories by American Authors,[3] enrolls the names of Constance Fenimore Woolson, H. C. Bunner, N. P. Willis, Mary Hallock Foote, J. W. DeForest, and Noah Brooks. Although all the stories of this series have appeared in print before, we are glad to see them collected in this form. The experience of editors and readers is, that good short stories are very rare; and it is agreeable therefore to have a collection of good short stories to which one can instantly turn. Mr. Bunner's "Love in Old Cloathes" is the *pièce de résistance* of the volume.

[1] Summer, from the Journal of Henry P. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

[2] Mingo, and other Sketches in Black and White. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

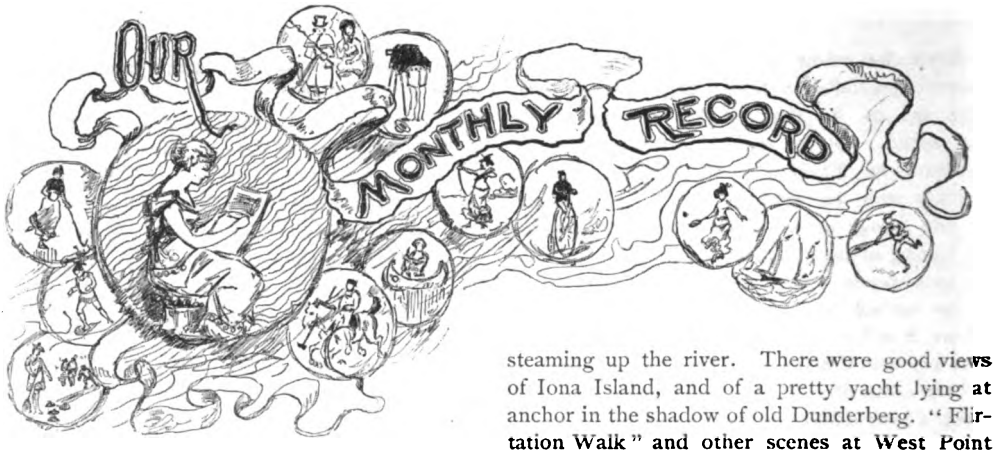
[3] Fly-Fishing in Maine Lakes. By Charles W. Stevens. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co.

[1] Amateur Photography. By D. J. Tapley. New York: S. W. Green's Sons.

[2] The White Mountains, a Hand-book for Travellers. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[3] Stories by American Authors, Vol. iv. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

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Amateur Photography.

A SUMMER SCHOOL of Amateur Photography was held at Mountain Lake Park from August 1st to August 15th, under the direction of Professor Charles F. Himes, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

THE first "Outing" of the Chicago Amateur Photographers' Club took place on Saturday, June 28th. A party of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen made an excursion from Chicago to a point near Batavia, Ill., by a special car on the Chicago & North-western Railway. The scenery and views at that place are attractive and pretty, and the day was spent largely in taking negatives, although the usual social enjoyments of an excursion of that sort were indulged in. The consumption of dry-plates was very large. 4 × 5 was the popular size, but there were used 5 × 7, 5 × 8, and 5 × 10 outfits. Some exposures were made from the car-windows on the return. The day was a success in every way.

ALTHOUGH the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York is only a few months old, several of its members made an excursion recently on the Hudson river, from Peekskill to West Point, on a steam yacht, with their outfits. A New York paper says of the trip: "Up the river the artists sailed, popping away with their cameras at every yacht, row-boat or steamer that they met or passed, and obtaining by the process of instantaneous photography scores of beautiful pictures of river scenes, with the grand hills and palisades for a background. One of the best of the photographs was a view of Dunderberg Mountain, opposite Peekskill. Mr. Beach had a scene from a Peekskill church-yard, with the old church where George Washington is alleged to have worshipped, and a few tombstones in the foreground. Several of the artists caught views of the "C. Vibbard," with a load of passengers, steaming up the river. There were good views of Iona Island, and of a pretty yacht lying at anchor in the shadow of old Dunderberg. "Flirtation Walk" and other scenes at West Point were exhibited, and 94 photographs in all were taken. Afterward some practical experiments in the development of gelatine plates were made. The society contemplates another trip up the Hudson very soon.

THE Philadelphia (Pa.) Amateur Photographic Club, has now in working order, thoroughly equipped, a dark-room for the development of negatives, a printing-room, an emulsion-room, a reading, and a club room. They invite members of all non-resident amateur photographic clubs to visit and make use of their rooms, while in Philadelphia.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to form a National Association of Amateur Photographers. Mr. F. C. Beach, President of the New York Society of Amateur Photographers, says of the plan: "Under the auspices of such an association, yearly conventions of local organizations could be held; interchange of specimens of work promoted; the best formulæ discovered by each organization exchanged, and improved styles of apparatus exhibited, which, coming from amateurs all over the country, would no doubt prove attractive and valuable."

Athletics.

THE first annual Caledonian Games of the "Scottish Society of Rochester," were held at Annins' Grove, Caledonia, N.Y., on Thursday, June 19, 1884. The attendance was very large, a great many appearing in Scottish dress, and the music of bagpipes enlivened the occasion.

THE annual intercollegiate regatta was contested by four-oared crews from Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, and Bowdoin, on Saratoga Lake, July 7th. The race had been twice postponed owing to rough water. The course was a mile and a half straight away, and the Pennsylvanians won in 8m. 39½s.

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At the foot races held in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, on July 6th, an American, M. T. Potter, of Philadelphia, won the 1,000-metre race, also the Prix de Nice medal for the 100-metre dash, although handicapped. He wore a striking costume of stars and stripes.

THE Olympic Athletic Club, of San Francisco, is putting up a club-house in that city. Its plans promise a complete and handsome structure.

ONE Frank Barron skated on rollers 107⅞ miles in ten hours, at St. Paul, Minn., on June 25th, last. This is the best performance on record.

L. E. MYERS, the American champion runner, won the 440 yards'-race at the joint meeting of the South London Harriers and the Manhattan Athletic Club, in London, on July 5th. His time was 49⅗s., which excels any English record. Frank Murray, at the same meeting, won the four-mile walk. At a meeting on the Aston Lower Grounds, on July 7th, Myers lowered the half-mile record by running it in 1m. 55⅖s.

THE Park Commissioners of Philadelphia have passed measures regulating the dress of oarsmen on the Schuylkill. While in the boat the arms, knees, and feet may be bare, but immediately on leaving the boat, the body and legs must be entirely covered, and a long cloak must be donned.

THE annual Harvard-Yale eight-oared shell-race was rowed at New London, Conn., over the usual Thames course of four miles, on June 26th. Although Harvard was a strong favorite, Yale won easily in 20m. 31s., the best time yet made in these contests.

THE Newton, Mass., boat-club held its annual regatta, on June 28th, on the Charles river. A feature of the regatta was a race for pleasure-boats, pulled each by a lady and gentleman. There were four starters, and the winners made the three-quarters of a mile in 9m. 35sec.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE Buckeye Club, of Columbus, Ohio, opened their attractive new club-house on July 3d, with a reception and banquet, to the pleasures of which the society of several lady guests contributed.

THE Springfield Bicycle Club is building a new half-mile track, of red marl containing some iron, which is claimed to be a better material than cinders. A six-inch wooden curb marks the pole.

BICYCLE races were held at various places on the 4th of July At Boston, public races were contested on the Common, a track being made for the occasion, under the auspices of the city government. Although the track was not adapted to the requirements of a first-class race meet, the events passed off successfully, and were enjoyed by a huge crowd. —— At Philadelphia rain interfered with spectators and track at Jumbo Park. The special event was a five-mile race between the pony Wildfire, and a bicycle. The pony won in 21m. 40s. —— At Lynn, Mass., there were a series of races, open to all Essex County wheelmen. —— At Narragansett Park, Providence, 2,000 people gathered to witness the races. Miss Elsa Von Blumen raced against three trotters, who were to make a mile and a half to her mile, beating two of them, and being beaten by one She also beat the running horse "Rival," who failed to make a mile to her half-mile. —— At the races in Blossburgh, Pa., Higham beat W. M. Woodside in a ten-mile race in 34m. 55s. —— At Columbus, Ind., W. G. Irwin won the championship of Kentucky and Indiana. —— At Columbus, Ga., Capt. T. L. Ingram, of the club in that city, won the first prize of $50 in gold and the State championship, in a five-mile race; time, 21m. 26s., on a very heavy track. —— At Scranton, Pa., a fine parade and race meeting was held, under the auspices of the local club. Over sixty riders were present from clubs of other cities. In the half-mile race for boys under fifteen years of age, J. Rice, of the Wilkesbarre Club, won in 2m. 17s. —— The second annual run of the New Hampshire Division L.A.W. was enjoyed by over seventy riders, Chief Consul Philbrick, commander. The party paraded through the streets of Portsmouth. —— At Salt Lake City, Utah, the club of that place held a successful race-meeting. Gold and silver medals and a silver goblet were awarded as prizes. —— At Montrose, Pa., races and fancy riding. —— At Sycamore, Ill., the first club-race of the Kishwaukee Bicycle Club. —— At Fremont, Ohio, bicycle races in connection with other sports.

THE Massachusetts Division L.A.W. is in a prosperous and influential condition. Its new hand-book does it much credit, and is of great value to cyclists throughout the State.

THERE are over five hundred cyclists now in New York City, the majority of whom are unattached.

THE New York State Division L.A.W. is said to be without a constitution, rules, or anything else belonging to a well-organized body. It has never held a meet or a meeting.

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THE Ramblers' Club, of Boston, is considering the question of building a club-house

THE season has been marked by the production of several detachable handle-bars, the aim of which is to prevent "headers." The mechanics of the header have not been carefully studied by the inventors or they would see that these contrivances do not reach the primal cause of head falls.

THE New Jersey Division of the L.A.W. held its annual meet at Red Bank, in that State, on July 5th. The membership and finances of the division were shown to be in a satisfactory condition.

A FIVE-MILE race took place on July 19, at Wakefield, Mass., between C. J. Young on a bicycle, and E. L. Maddock on roller-skates, the latter won in 22m. 55 3/4s.

WE cannot resist putting the following on record, either as a marvellous incident or a marvellous act of journalistic imagination: —

A gentleman, who is now a well-known wheelman, while playing base-ball a few years since, was struck in the face with the ball, breaking the bone of his nose, which, when it healed up, had a decided resemblance to a hook. Some months ago he took a header from his bicycle and landed chiefly on his nose, so that the dislocated bone was forced back into its proper place by the fall, and now the happy cyclist has as good an appearing nose as any one need desire. — *Boston daily paper.*

THREE wheelmen of Pittsfield, Mass., left that place on July 19 for a White Mountain tour. They intend to attempt to coast Mt. Washington, using double lever brakes.

THE Meriden Wheel Club held a race-meeting on July 1st, the feature of which was Hendee's attempt to lower the mile championship record. A heavy track and a strong wind kept the records down, and Hendee's time was 3m. 6 2/5s.

THE "Elizabeth Wheelmen" of Elizabeth, N.J., hold regular weekly runs, starting from head-quarters at 1 P.M., each Wednesday. The club is making a strong record as a road-riding club, and will, before long perhaps, have an auxiliary club of ladies, who are taking great interest in the tricycle.

THE Michigan Division of the L.A.W., held its second annual meet and tournament at Marshall, Mich., on June 26th. The Coldwater Club won the prize bugle for having the largest number of men in line. The races were as follows: One-mile championship of Michigan, won by W. C. Marvin, of Ovid, in 3.37; half-mile, three heats, W. C. Marvin, best heat, 1.41; half-mile dash, open to those who had never taken a prize, D. M. Marsh, Coldwater, 1.44 3/4; half-mile dash, without hands, W. C. Marvin, 1.58 3/4: five-mile dash, championship for 1884 of Michigan, L. D. T. Munger, 19.45; one-mile dash, W. C. Marvin, 3.38 1/4; half-mile, for Michigan's 1884 championship, W. C. Marvin, 1.38 1/2. There was also single and fancy riding, and a banquet.

G. E. CHANDLER, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, has the credit of being the first Boston wheelman this season to cover 100 miles in one day. He rode to Newburyport by way of Peabody and Danvers, and returned over the same route, covering a distance of about 112 miles. His riding time was eleven hours, and he feels confident that he could have made even better time than that had he been accompanied by any one.

THE statement made to the effect that Woodside was the first cyclist to break a record on a sixty-inch wheel, is corrected by the bicycle editor of the *Boston Globe*, who correctly says: "H. L. Cortis, amateur champion of the world for four years, won all his races on a sixty or sixty-two-inch wheel."

THE Pennsylvania and West Shore & Buffalo railroads both carry bicycles free.

ON June 24th last, at the bicycle races held at the Rochester Driving Park, the best quarter-mile record was lowered by James M. Harper, of the Genessee Bicycle Club, in a five-mile race with Chas. A. Smith, of the Rochester Bicycle Club, for a $50 trophy and the championship of Rochester. His whole time was 17m. 14s., the time for a splendid spurt on the last quarter being 41s The race was an important one, as the merits of the two men had long been a matter of serious local discussion.

ON July 12th, L. H. Johnson, of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club, Orange, N. J., rode 127 miles on a seventy-two pound tricycle in 17h. 5m.

A FIVE-MILE bicycle race for the amateur championship of Oregon, was won by Mr. Hatch, in 18m. 45s., at Portland, Ore., on June 22d. At the same time, Merrill, champion of the coast, attempted to ride 6 miles on his bicycle while four men, each skating a mile, made four miles on roller-skates. Merrill lost by half a lap, in 21m.

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REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is a thorough and practical believer in manly physical culture. He has recently bought a tricycle which he uses on the country roads about his summer home in Peekskill, N.Y.

THE Canadian one-mile record was broken on July 3d, at Toronto, in races held under the auspices of the Lacrosse Club of that city, by C. F. Lavender, who made the mile in 3m. 6s. The three-mile race, won by F. J. Campbell, in 10m. 9s. formed another Canadian record.

THE messengers of the Long Branch District Messenger Company use bicycles in performing their duties.

H. D. COREY, of the Massachusetts Club performed the feat of climbing Corey Hill, on a thirty-one pound racing bicycle, June 28th last. Corey Hill is well known in Massachusetts as a test-climb.

THE following new cycling clubs have been recently organized: A club at Rock Hill, S. C. Interest in cycling is increasing in South Carolina. — At Savannah, Ga., a club with twenty-one members. Wheelmen report that the shell roads in the vicinity of Savannah are admirable for riding. — A club at El Dorado, Dakota. — The Somerville (Mass.) Cycle Club with twenty-five members. President, H. E. Foot; captain, E. A. Bickford; secretary and treasurer, M. Steel. — The Memphis (Tenn.) Bicycle Club organized in June, with fifteen members and the following officers: captain, S. S. Mallelieu; president, A. B. Pickett; secretary and treasurer, H. M. Smith. — At Fairbault, Minn.: president, Kendall Green; secretary and treasurer, G. W. Barnum; captain, E. H. Loyhed. — At New Bedford, a club of nineteen. President, W. M. Butler; secretary and treasurer, A. L. Blackmer; captain, W. H. Dewhurst. — New clubs have been formed at Eau Claire (Wis.) and Holly Springs (Miss.)

THE long-talked-of tour from Niagara Falls to Boston, known as the "Chicago Tour," was successfully finished on Saturday evening, July 26th. On July 16th the party, consisting of four divisions, Eastern, Western, Middle, and Canadian, and numbering over sixty wheelmen, left Niagara. Toronto was the first stopping-place, where the tourists were entertained by the Toronto Club. A parade of over one hundred wheelmen was a feature of the evening. The following night was spent at Newcastle, where they were received by the local club with a band. The following day carried them to Brighton, and the day after to Nepanee. From Kingston, which was reached at noon of the fifth day, the tourists went by steamer to Round Island, where the night was passed, after a sail to Alexandria Bay, the Thousand Islands, etc. The sixth day saw them shooting the St. Lawrence rapids by steamer, and that evening found them at Montreal. The following two days they were making the journey to Plattsburg, and sight-seeing in that picturesque region. Day nine displayed to them the beauties of Lake Champlain and Lake George, and the tenth evening was spent in Clinton. Mass., after a brief call at Saratoga. At Clinton the tourists were met by the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, who escorted them to Wellesley, and, after a dinner at the Hotel Wellesley, the party rode to the Chestnut Hill reservoir. Here welcoming wheelmen swelled the party to over a hundred, and the ride to Boston assumed the appearance of a parade. At all points along the route from Niagara, the tourists were welcomed by ovations and receptions. Although an ambulance for disabled wheels and riders was always in the rear, the accidents of the tour were very few.

THE Bijou Bicycle Club, of South Framingham, recently made a three days' run of one hundred and twenty-five miles, visiting Waltham, Malden, Lynn, Salem, and Gloucester.

FRANK J. ASHTON, a sixteen year old cyclist, is attempting a cycle ride from Illinois to San Francisco. On July 12 he had reached Kenney City, Nebraska, successfully.

THE C. W. A. MEET.

The second annual meet of the Canadian Wheelman's Association was held in Toronto, Ontario, on Tuesday, July 1st (Dominion day). The success which had attended the meet held in London last year, when the Association was less than ten months old, together with the extraordinary growth of bicycling in popular favor throughout Canada during the past year, had raised high the anticipations of wheelmen with regard to the meet of 1884, and it was eagerly looked forward to as likely to mark an era in the history of wheeling in the Dominion.

It did so. The success of the meet was complete. As luck would have it, Toronto celebrated the semi-centennial of its incorporation as a city upon the first week in July, and the Canadian Wheelmen's Association were specially favored by having set apart for the purposes of this parade and races the afternoon of Dominion Day.

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This was the principal day of the jubilee, and on it Toronto was filled by tens of thousands of strangers to the great majority of whom the wheelmen's display was a revelation of the extent to which a mere pastime had taken hold upon the men of the country.

The annual business meeting of the association was held in the rooms of the Toronto Bicycle Club, on Tuesday morning, about one hundred members being present. Mr. R. H. McBride, president, occupied the chair. His report, and that of the secretary-treasurer, Mr. H. B. Donly, were read, and considered highly satisfactory. Mr. Donly's report stated that the association, which was organized in September, 1882, now contains 30 clubs, and 706 members. On July 1, 1883, it contained 14 clubs, with a membership of 350. The finances were in a healthy condition, there being a surplus of about $150 on hand. An expensive guide-book had been issued during the year.

Mr. Horace S. Tibbs, president of the Montreal Bicycle Club, was elected president of the association, and Mr. James S. Brierley, of St. Thomas, vice-president. At a subsequent meeting of the executive board, Mr. H. B. Donly, of Simcoe, to whose unselfish devotion to the work of the association its great success is due, was unanimously reëlected secretary-treasurer.

A scheme for the establishment of an official organ was submitted and adopted, Mr. Kingsley Evans, of London, being appointed editor; Messrs. Tibbs, of Montreal, and Eakins, of Toronto, associate editors. Mr. H. B. Donly, association editor, and Mr. James S. Brierley, secretary-treasurer. A new district of the association was formed,—Manitoba and the northwest territories being constituted No. 6 District, with Mr. W. H. Nourse, chief consul, and Mr. W. A. Capon, Winnipeg, representative.

At two o'clock the parade started from Clarence square, under the leadership of Captain Webster, of the Toronto Bicycle Club, and traversed about four miles of the city's block-pavements, the sidewalks all along the route being thickly lined with spectators. There were 330 wheelmen in the parade, the following clubs being represented: — Forest City, London, 14; St. Thomas, 22; Simcoe, 10; Brantford, 14; Woodstock, 18; St. Mary's, 3; Royal City, Guelph, 12; Hamilton, 20; Montreal, 25; Ariels, London, 21; St. Catharines, 12; Seaforth, 6; Belleville, 20; Toronto, 82; Wanderers, Toronto, 35; Buffalo, 6; Rochester, 2; unattached, 8. The Toronto Bicycle Club's parade of 82 uniformed men is said to be the largest number ever paraded by one club on the continent.

Upon the arrival of the parade at Rosedale grounds, machines were stacked, and the races were at once commenced. The track, a cinder one, was in very fair condition, the entries were numerous, the races hotly contested, and a large crowd of over 5,000 spectators in most enthusiastic spirits. The first race, one mile, green, was won by R. S. Wilson, Toronto, in 3m. 30s.; Jas. Eagan, Woodstock, 2d. Three mile; F. J. Campbell, Toronto, 1st, in 10m. 27s.; P. E. Doolittle, Toronto, 2d. One mile, for the championship of Canada, was won by C. F. Lavender, Toronto, in 3m. 9½s.; W. G. Ross, Montreal, 2d, by a yard. Half-mile, without hands, P. E. Doolittle, Toronto, 1st, in 1m. 56½s.; L. Buckingham, Hamilton, 2d. Two miles, open to all amateurs, was won by G. S. Low, Montreal, in 6m. 57⅕s.; F. J. Campbell, 2d. (In this race, Smith, of Rochester, on a Star machine, led until the last lap.) One-mile tricycle, G. A. Mothersill, Ottawa, 1st; A. J. Lane, Montreal, 2d. Two-mile, for road bicycles, R.W. Hamlin, Oshawa, 1st, in 6m. 54½s.; M. F. Johnson, Toronto, 2d. The principal event of the day, the five-mile race for the championship of Canada, was won in splendid style by W. G. Ross, of Montreal, last year's champion, in 17m. 14⅕s., defeating C. F. Lavender, J. H. Low, F. J. Campbell, and Jas. Lamb. The obstacle race was taken by P. E. Doolittle.

A majority of the Canadian records were broken in the above races, but it might be mentioned that in a race held on July 3d, on the same grounds, Lavender lowered the one-mile record to 3.06.

The numerical strength of the C.W.A., the large proportion of members who attended the annual meet, the *esprit de corps* which pervades the organization, are all gratifying evidences of the popularity which wheeling has attained in Canada, and are likewise guaranties for the future success of the association. It is now generally felt and conceded by Canadian wheelmen that wisdom was displayed in organizing a Dominion association, distinct and independent, as a healthy spirit of friendly rivalry, or rather of emulation, of the L.A.W. is spreading throughout the Dominion. Year by year the number of L.A.W. tourists in Canada will increase, and they will always find as hearty a welcome from members of the C.W.A. as they possibly could from their own brethren.

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IN a recent issue of *Cassell's Magazine*, Mr. J. Eaton Fearn makes the following argument in behalf of the tricycle: —

That the tricycle will eventually supersede the bicycle there cannot be the least doubt, owing to the former being far safer, more comfortable, less fatiguing on a tour, and possessing, as it does, greater luggage-carrying capability than the latter.

Ladies have almost come to look upon the bicycle as one of their greatest enemies. Not only are they unable to ride "the horrid things" themselves, but, on bright summer moonlight evenings, when of all the times in the whole year they long to see their gentlemen friends, they are deprived, on account of the superior attractions of their nickel-plated rivals, of the society of the finest, handsomest, and most attractive young men of their acquaintance. The lame, the indigent, and the lazy alone remain to comfort them in their loneliness. This brings the natural result of the popularization of the wheel, and one cannot blame them for allowing themselves to be consumed with jealousy, and for swearing upon the altar of their hearts eternal hatred to the cruel and barbarous machine. A better day, however, is dawning, and the very cream of cycling is yet to be enjoyed. The "sociable tricycle," which is fast being introduced into this country, after a successful trial in England, is the mechanical Moses that is to lead the enslaved race into the promised land of cyclic equality. The machine is so constructed that two can share the labors and enjoy the pleasures of a ride while seated on the contiguous seats of the same vehicles, and, at the same time feel, though going at the rate of many miles an hour, the same sense of security as when riding in the bottom of an ox-cart. The "sociable tricycle," though as yet but little known in this country, is destined to become very popular, and will in time supersede many of the bicycles and ordinary tricycles that are now in use. The patent convertible tricycle that can at will be made to carry one or two riders, has many advantages, and, on account of its economy, will probably be in greater demand than the other styles. The day is not far distant when these sociable tricycles, carrying their various loads along, consisting, perhaps, of a man and his wife, a fellow and his girl, two ladies, or a man and his mother-in-law, will be as familiar sights along our New England roads as have been for ages horses and buggies and the old one-horse shays.

FOREIGN.

ONE of the best recorded tricycle performances, is that of Mr. R. A. Hutchinson, of the Alpine Touring Club, who recently made the entire circuit of Lake Geneva, in one day, on a tricycle, covering a distance of 112 miles, in 11 hours. This was accomplished in the teeth of a strong head wind.

ON July 3d, at the Crystal Palace ground, G. Hillier broke the record for a flying quarter mile by one second. Although the trial was made in private, it was timed by P. Coleman, official handicapper and time-keeper to the N.C.U., and was done in 35 2/5s.

H. W. CORSELLIS made a mile in 3m. 3 2/5 s., in the one-mile tricycle handicap race of the Pickwick Bi. Club, at London, Eng., on June 21st, thus breaking the record.

AT the annual bicycle races between representatives of Cambridge and Oxford Universities, England, which were held at Lillie Bridge grounds, London, on July 2d, every event was won by Cambridge; from which it appears that Oxford's riders are of very ordinary merit, or that Cambridge possesses riders of extraordinary merit.

ON July 5th, the fourth contest for the fifty-miles professional championship came off at Leicester, and the records were broken for 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, and 50 miles. F. Wood was the winner, with Battensby second, and F. Lees third. The following records were made: — 25 miles, Wood, 1h. 17m. 25s.; 30 miles, Lees, 1h. 33m. 20s.; 35 miles, Lees, 1h. 50m. 24s.; 40 miles, Battensby, 2h. 10m. 14s.; 45 miles, Battensby, 2h. 28m. 58s.; 50 miles, Wood, 2h. 47m. 20s.

THE sixth annual meet of Scottish Wheelmen was held at Edinburgh on June 14. There were five hundred and ninety riders present, — over three hundred more than attended the first meet in 1879.

THE Cyclists' Touring Club of England now numbers 13,744 members, of whom ten belong to the nobility, 342 are ladies, 1,047 are professional men, 7,357 belong to trades, and the remainder are not described.

A CORPORATION has recently been formed in England which insures the cyclist's steed against accidents as well as the rider himself.

THE funeral of Ernest Metcalf, a prominent member of the Enfield Bicycle Club, of Liverpool, England, was attended by about fifty members of his club, who followed the hearse mounted on their bicycles. One of the members on foot wheeled the bicycle of the deceased in the cortege. — *Bicycling World.*

ABOUT six hundred persons were in attendance at the Lillie Bridge grounds, London, Eng., June 21, when were decided the first instalment of this year's amateur championship races, under the auspices of the National Cyclists' Union. The one-mile bicycle event, run in heats, was won by H. A. Speechley in 3m. 30 4/5s.; C. E. Liles second, by six inches; H. W. Gaskell third, by a yard. The twenty-five-miles tricycle race was the main event, and was made noteworthy by the slaughtering of records. P. G. Hebblethwaite, except for one or two brief intervals, was in front until twelve miles had been covered, when a spurt by S. Lee scattered the field. The last-named kept his position for a mile, and then

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fell back, leaving the issue to C. E. Liles and H. J. Webb. At 16 miles the first-named went away, and, never afterwards being approached, won by 200 yards, Webb finishing over a quarter of a mile in front of Lee. From 12 miles upward the time for every mile was the fastest on record, as follows: Hebblethwaite, 12, 42m. 35s.; Lee, 13, 46m. 5s.; Liles, 14, 49m. 21 s.; 15, 52m. 5s.; Webb, 16, 56m. 29s.; Liles, 17, 1h. 7s.; 18, 1h. 3m. 30s.; 19, 1h. 7m. 5s.; 20, 1h. 10m. 50s.; 21, 1h. 14m. 33s.; 22, 1h. 18m. 3s.; 23, 1h. 21m. 43s.; 24, 1h. 25m. 21s.; 25, 1h. 28m. 53s.

BICYCLING is growing to be prominent in Australia. They have an association of clubs called the Australian Cyclists' Union, a bi-weekly organ which bears the title of the *Australian Cycling News*, and several creditable racing records.

THE record recently made by Mr. J. H. Adams in riding from Land's-End to John o' Groat's, in 6 days 23¾ hours, on a Facile has been beaten. James Lennox has since ridden the 930 miles over the same route in 6 days 19 hours, on a crank machine.

Canoeing.

THE Royal Canoe Club, London, Eng., recently held a novel race, worth imitation by canoes of the paddleable-sailing type. The starters sailed down the course with the wind and paddled back three times around.

PITTSBURGH has three well organized and thoroughly-equipped canoe clubs, and canoeing interest is at a high-water mark.

A UNIQUE and picturesque canoe parade was one of the events of July 4th at Peterboro'. Nearly fifty canoes of the P.B.C. took part, each canoe brilliantly decorated by one or more ladies and several Chinese lanterns.

A SPECIAL freight-car, fitted with racks, carrying six canoes of the Hartford Canoe Club, and six canoes of the Springfield Club to the A.C.A. Meet, left Springfield on August 26th.

THE Pittsburgh Canoe Club started on June 22d on their annual cruise. The route was through Lake Chautauqua and down the Allegheny river, and proved most successful. The club warmly suggest Lake Chautauqua as a fine spot for a meet.

THE Pelican C. C. (Boston), birch bark, in June made a paddling trip of Lake Winnipiseogee, N.H.

THE Bayonne (N.J.) Canoe Club held successful races on July 4th, on Newark Bay

THE Mohicans, of Albany, are still well at the front among the canoe clubs of the country. Capt. R. W. Gibson has offered a prize champion badge to the club, designed by himself, and made by Burgess, of Albany. Sail is limited to 75 ft. and ballast to 75 lbs. The course is about 3 miles, triangular, to windward, two hours or no race. The first race was won June 28, by the "Lasca," G. H. Thacher, skipper. He is a new member, surprises his club, and promises to make a formidable racer.

THE first annual regatta of the Rochester Canoe Club was held at Irondequoit Bay, Thursday, June 19, it being also the occasion of the formal opening of their new boat-house. The club, which is one of the pioneer organizations of the country, has erected a beautiful little house on the shore of the bay, near its outlet into Lake Ontario, and on this day they entertained their guests right royally. They have a membership of twenty-five, and are officered as follows: captain, F. F. Andrews; mate, E. M. Gilmore; purser, J. Matt Angle. The sport began with a canoe parade, twenty boats being in line.

ON July 4th the Rondout (N.Y.) Canoe Club held a race-meeting at their camp on Esopus Island. Canoeists from other clubs were present, and about a hundred ladies and gentlemen from Rondout spent the day at the camps as guests of the club."

Pleasure Travel.

A TRIP up the Hudson, through the famous Highlands of that river, is one of the most delightful short excursions for the summer tourist. West Point, renowned for the social life which it attracts in the summer, as the seat of the National Military Acadamy, is just in the centre of mountainous beauty. A sunset in the Highlands, viewed from the deck of the "Mary Powell," cannot be described or equalled.

THE region which Longfellow immortalized in Evangeline is now easily accessible from Mt. Desert, by a staunch and commodious steamer. It connects with express trains from Boston, and also with Canadian railways, thus enabling tourists to visit in comfort the "Garden" of Nova Scotia.

SARATOGA is as gay, attractive, and fashionable as ever this season. It is crowded with visitors. The Bostonian who visits this famous resort has a particularly convenient route by which to reach

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it in the Fitchburg line. This well-managed road is the only one in New England running through Pullman cars to Saratoga. In addition to the comfort of the Fitchburg Railroad, are the attractions of the picturesque region through which it passes.

PEAK'S Island, Portland (Me.) Harbor, is a favorite summer resort of growing popularity. The harbor in which it lies is not only a sheltered one for shipping, but is said to be one of the most picturesque on the Atlantic coast. The beautiful little propeller "Cadet," which for three or four years was a favorite excursion-boat in the Hudson Highlands to and from West Point, plies between the city and the island.

Shooting and Fishing.

GAME is abundant in Oregon this season, and the shooting promises to be finer than for many years. Grouse, geese, and duck are found in large numbers.

HEAVY rains almost destroyed the summer woodcock shooting in Pennsylvania, and injured the prospects for those sportsmen who had their shooting eye on the "Bob White."

A NOVEL idea of the proprietor of the Lake View House, Elk Rapids, Mich., is to print on his bill of fare a record of the fish caught in the vicinity. Up to June 22d the catch for the season was 778 trout and 166 bass. The net was used for some, but most of them were caught with hook and line.

A LAW in Massachusetts forbids the catching or sale of a lobster less than ten inches long in body, imposing a penalty of five dollars for every violation. Notwithstanding, the law has been so generally broken that the lobster trade itself is now alarmed at the wholesale destruction, and steps are being taken towards a strict enforcement of the law.

AN inter-State rifle-match was contested at Creedmoor on June 24, by teams of 12 men each from the New York 69th Regiment and the New Haven, Conn , Rifle Club. The distances were 200 and 500 yards, and the New York team were winners by a total of 620 to 587. Two sighting and seven scoring shots were allowed each man at each range.

A SHOOTING tournament was recently held at Meridian (Miss.), under the auspices of the Meridian Gun Club. Representatives were present from Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, North Carolina and Louisiana. The average shooting was good, and the affair a success.

TROUT are plenty in Maine this season, the credit for which state of things is due to the Maine Fish Commission, who have performed their duties well.

Tennis.

THE Orange (N. J.) Lawn-Tennis Club held an open tournament on June 27. Mr. R. F. Conover won the gentlemen's singles, Messrs. Thorn and Knapp, of the Yale College T. C., the gentlemen's doubles; and Miss Miller and Mr. Conover, of the Newark, T. C., the ladies' and gentlemen's doubles.

THE Ladies' Club for Out-door Sports of New Brighton, Staten Island, is playing a tennis tournament, to last through the summer, for a costly tennis-belt with a heavily wrought silver buckle. Matches are played every Friday, and the person winning it three successive times becomes possessor of the trophy.

C. SAUNDERS recently defeated Pettitt, the American professional lawn-tennis champion, at Prince's Club, London, Eng., by 3 sets to love. Pettitt gave his opponent half 15.

AT Wimbledon, England, July 18, W. and E. Renshaw defeated R. D. Sears and Dr. Dwight, of Boston, by 6-0, 6-1, 6-2, in a match game of lawn-tennis.

Yachting.

THE following from the "Saturday Review," London, Eng., is worth putting on record at this time of hot contest over the English cutter: —

> A system which encourages the production of racing-machines, and confines a sport not merely to rich men, but to exceptionally rich men; must be either put a stop to, or it will effectually put a stop to yacht-racing. How the evils complained of can best be done away with we do not now propose to consider; but assuredly they can be done away with if an earnest effort is made. The general adoption of the length and sail area rule of the Y.R.A. may have good results. At all events, the experiment may well be tried; and to getting it tried the pundits of the Association, who have been rather lethargic of late, may usefully apply themseves. Otherwise they may find that they are relieved from all necessity for future effort, and that their occupation is gone. There is a goodly muster of vessels for the great opening match, as there has been in previous years; but in all probability lead will assert its irresistible supremacy before the season is far spent, and there will be dull racing, such as has already caused so much discontent. No sport can long endure which has become monotonous and slightly ridiculous; and, unless lead keels are checked, yacht-racing must needs become monotonous and somewhat absurd.

NEARLY a hundred yachts of all sizes participated in the races held on July 4th in Boston harbor under the auspices of the city government.

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THERE have been several capsizes this season in the vicinity of New York, of open sand-baggers under racing-sails. No lives were lost, but the accidents forcibly indicate the lack of wisdom displayed by yachtsmen, who sacrifice safety to speed.

THE first steam-yacht to make the voyage from Europe to America under French colors, arrived ih New York on July 5th. She is "La Nubienne," and measures 179.7 feet water-line, 27.1 feet beam, and 13.7 feet depth. She is an English-built iron boat, and is a fine specimen of an ocean cruiser.

THE Pacific Yacht Club, which has usually confined itself to bay cruises, on July 5th tried the excitement and hard work of an ocean race. It was successful as far as the last two elements are concerned.

THE eighty-fourth regatta of the Beverly Yacht Club was held off Monument Beach on July 4th. It was notable because a sweepstakes for open cat-boats. Such races are commendable as showing and developing good seamanship in small boats.

ON the ladies'-day sail of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, recently, a novel and doubtless popular "kink" was introduced. The crew of each yacht was partly composed of ladies, and there was presented to each lady of a winning yacht a souvenir in the shape of a dime, enamelled with the club colors and bearing the club monogram.

THE Fall River (Mass.) Yacht Club was organized on June 24, with George Hendle, as president, G. B. Pierce, corresponding secretary.

GEN. BUTLER'S famous yacht, "America," is out of commission this season. Her owner is so immersed in politics that he has no time for yachting.

THE Hull Yacht Club is one of the prominent practical clubs in the country, and its annual cruise, which was sailed during the week of July 5–11th, is a marked yachting event of the vicinity of Boston. There were nineteen starters on the morning of July 5th, from Boston harbor, including some comparatively small boats. Marblehead was the first port made, where the fleet came to anchor for the night. The following day the fleet ran to Portsmouth, although by this time some of the smaller boats had returned to Boston. Monday, Portland harbor was reached, which was the virtual goal, as the fleet, with the exception of the schooner "Tempest," and the yawl "White Cap," returned from that beautiful harbor to Boston. The "White Cap," with a jolly party aboard, kept on to Boothbay, and, after a night spent in that lovely island region, returned home by the way of the Isles of Shoals. The social side of the cruise was as delightful as the practical yachting was successful. Courtesies were interchanged, and visits made from yacht to yacht every evening in harbor; and the well-known Temple Quartette, of Boston, who were guests on the flag-ship "Brenda," and the jolly "Pagoda Quartette," improvised by the guests of Rear Commodore Rice, on the "White Cap," furnished pleasant music, and much entertainment for the fleet. The ocean cruising of the Hull Club is to be much commended, as it begets the manly yachtsmen that are the true type.

A NEW English-built cutter, the "Daisy," has been imported from Southampton by M. Van Rennsellaer of the Sewanhaka Yacht Club, of New York. She arrived by steamer in Boston, during July. Her measurements are, 25 ft. water-line, 8 ft. 10 in. beam, 5 ft. 8 in. draught. Her sailing-master is an Englishman.

THE Pacific Yacht Club, of San Francisco, held a regatta at Santa Cruz, July 5th. The "Lurline" won, the "Fleur-de-Lis" was second, the "Nellie" third.

THE eighty-first regatta of the Dorchester Yacht Club (Boston) was sailed on July 14. The course for the first class was 9½ miles, won by the "Seabird," in 1h. 18m. 29s.; the second class, 7½ mile-course, was won by the "Scamp," in 1h. 17s.; the third class, course same as for second class, was won by the "Mirage," in 1h. 3m. 3s.

THE Eastern Yacht Club held its annual regatta, off Marblehead, Mass., on June 27th. The course sailed was 18¾ miles at sea; and fine weather and a strong, steady wind made the race a success. The "Fortuna" won the prize for first-class schooners, being the only entry in that class. Of the five second-class schooners, the "Clio" beat the "Harbinger," for first prize, and the "Bedouin" won the first prize for first-class sloops, from the "Wenonah," "Huron," "Ileen," and "Hesper." The best corrected time of the regatta was made by the cutter "Bedouin," which is making a most successful record this season.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN has purchased the steam-yacht "Viking" at a reported price of $40,000.

THE festivities of the annual ladies' day of the Hull Yacht Club came off Saturday, July 19th. More than 200 ladies and many gentlemen enjoyed the sail on the various yachts to Minot's light. The day concluded with a supper and dancing in the club-house.

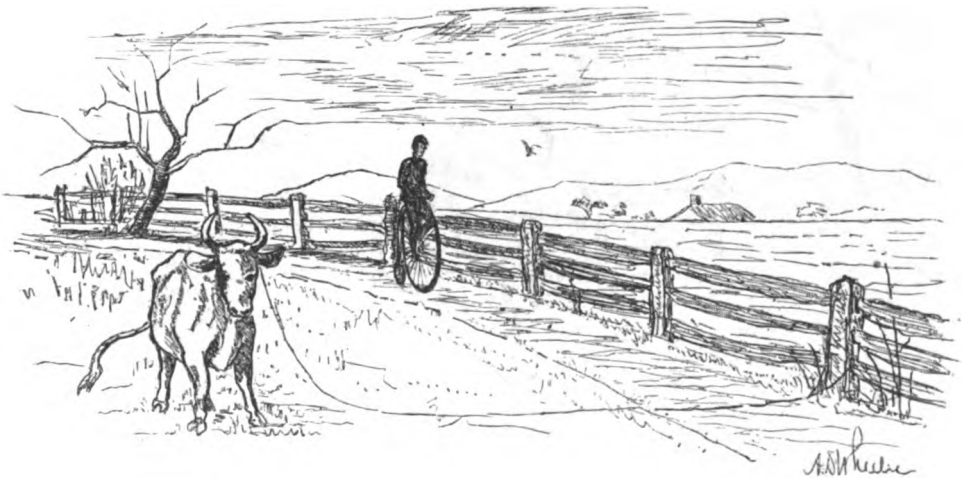
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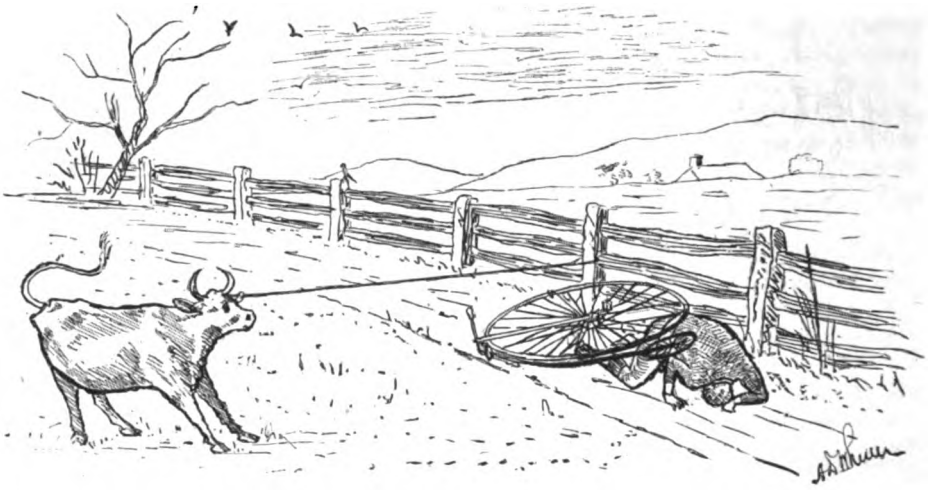
To an Incognita.

AN IDYL OF THE "LIMITED EXPRESS."

IMPATIENTLY lounging along this detested,
Tyrannical, dawdling, octopus-like line,
(In which I wish I had some funds invested,
For things would seem so different were it mine,)
With vacant eyes I watch the gliding landscape;
In helpless ease I weave my waking dream;
They surely know not how to rail who can gape
And jeer at romance of our age of steam.
Within the pale of my fair modern Eden
There comes a perfect angel, nothing less;
I'm sure, when Eve chose apple-sauce to feed on,
She had a cunning eye to power of dress;
And thou! exquisite all too lovely stranger, —
Oh, sweeter morsel ne'er had neater shell! —
How can they bill this road as free from danger
When such collisions hurl one into — well,
The realm of Nature's beauty holds no sorrow;
Why, why shouldst thou possess a loveliness,
So, if thou come to-day and go to-morrow,
All men that saw thee feel a loneliness?
What though mine eyes shall plunder on thy beauty!
Alas! alas! that will not serve my turn,
For all the world may crowd as close unto thee,
And drink from out the same exhaustless urn.
Oh, may it be as *'twould* be in a novel,
That I, the silent partner of thy ride,



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May, from the train wreck to a neighb'ring hovel
Convey thee, senseless! *Finis:* Call thee — bride.
The lady with the white locks calls thee "Kitty."
Look on thy grandma, Kitty, and be wise.
Not always wilt thou be superbly pretty,
And all men thrill at lifting of thine eyes.
Ah, me! alas! This is a world of bubbles,
My angel shuts up, dear J. J. Rousseau,
And ditto me and all my still-born troubles
With "Grandma, *think*, we're buying *my* trousseau?"

C. E. S. Wood.



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Points to be Remembered.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is Two Dollars a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Subscribers in any other country embraced in the Postal Union will receive the magazine for $2.50 a year, postage prepaid.

REMITTANCES may be made by mail with perfect safety, if in the form of Bank Drafts on Boston or New York, or Postal Money Orders. Bills or Postal Notes may be sent with equal safety in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. In directing the change of an address be particular to give the *present* address as well as the new one. Otherwise it is impossible for us to comply with your desire.

BACK NUMBERS of either OUTING or THE WHEELMAN will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Booksellers postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

THE ADVERTISING RATES of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be forwarded on application, together with sample copies of the magazine, and testimonials from those who have used its pages to their own profit and satisfaction. The special character of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN makes it of great value to all who seek for the patronage of the best people. Orders for advertising forwarded by mail will receive careful attention, and proofs will be submitted if desired. Special care will be given to the printing of good cuts.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

THIS is a good time to begin a year's subscription to OUTING. The fourth volume opens with the October issue, and its six numbers will be the best and strongest that have yet appeared. A bright serial, in six chapters, by Charles Richards Dodge, entitled "A Quaint Little Maid," will be one of the leading attractions of the volume.

ANY subscriber to OUTING, who, in renewing his own subscription, will send also the name of one new subscriber, with a remittance of four dollars to cover the two subscriptions, will receive. as a premium, post-paid, any bound volume of OUTING, or THE WHEELMAN, or OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, which he may select, *provided* the subscriptions are sent before October 1, 1884.

A COPY of Foster's Wheel Songs, accompanied by a receipted bill for a year's subscription to OUTING, makes a particularly appropriate birthday gift for a cycling friend. We will furnish both for $3.35, — sending the book securely wrapped, and with the corners protected.

VOLUME four of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN — handsomely bound in brown cloth, with gilt side stamp, uniform with the preceding volumes — will be ready for delivery about September 1st. Price, $1.50, postage prepaid. It is a book of 480 pages, profusely illustrated, and containing a large number of articles of permanent value to all who are interested in recreative topics. A copy of the volume should be in the club-house of every out-door club in the country.

ONE of the most effective summer-resort maps that has been issued this season, appears in a tasteful folder issued by General Passenger Agent D. M. Kendrick, of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. It is a bird's-eye view of the resorts of Eastern New York, including The Adirondacks, Saratoga, Lake George, The Thousand Islands, Ausable Chasm, Richfield Springs, Howe's Cave, etc. It makes prominent the leading points of interest, and shows, as an ordinary map cannot do, their relative positions. All railroad and steamboat lines are given equal prominence on this map, contrary to the usual custom of railway folders.

A RECENT letter from the English novelist, William Black, alluding to Mr. Marsh's recent article on a "Tricycle Trip over the Alps," published in OUTING, says: "Certain passages in it give the ordinary reader a very creepy-crawley sensation. But I suppose the experienced cyclist knows what he is about. I could give you, in confidence, the initials of a person I know who would not care to undertake anything of the kind."

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ONE year's subscription to OUTING, and a copy of volume four, handsomely bound, will be sent to any *new* subscriber, post-paid, for only three dollars.

"THE Catskill Mountain Guide for 1884," published by Walter Van Loan of Catskill, is on our table. It contains a large amount of information concerning that interesting region.

"ON the Lancaster Pike," a vivid and picturesque description of one of the famous roads leading out of Philadelphia, handsomely illustrated, will be a leading attraction of the October issue of OUTING. It is of interest to all wheelmen, and of almost equal interest to everybody else.

A CHARMING paper, entitled "A Scamper in the North-west," by J. A. Fraser, richly illustrated, will appear in an early issue of OUTING. It describes a region little known by tourists, and is full of life and interest.

A VERY convenient wheelman's road record, "designed as a complete record of distance travelled and time consumed each day," has been published by the John Wilkinson company of Chicago. It is bound nicely in imitation Russia, and is made to fit the vest-pocket. It is prepared for about one hundred and fifty riding days, and contains a page for a recapitulation of the year's work. It is ruled off and printed in blank for noting the starting-point; the stopping-place; the distance in miles; and the time in hours, minutes, and seconds, with a blank-line or so for remarks. For a small record, riders will find it very convenient. The price is 50 cents.

AMERICAN readers who have never "gone a cropper" must understand that the expression to go a cropper signifies in England what the phrase "to take a header" expresses in America. The article on "Croppers," in this number, is by Mr. A. J. Wilson, vice-president of the North London Tricycling Club, London, England. His *nom de plume*, "Faed," is well-known to wheelmen on both sides of the Atlantic.

MR. A. J. MICHENER, proprietor of Watkins' Glen, will be glad to send to any applicant a copy of his recently issued "Guide to Watkins' Glen and its Romantic Surroundings." This popular resort is full of interest, and Mr. Michener, himself a wheelman, will welcome with special cordiality any bicycling tourist who may visit him.

NUMEROUS pleasant calls from wheelmen, which OUTING has recently enjoyed, prompt us to renew cordially the invitation, already extended to our readers, to call at room 32, 175 Tremont street, whenever they are in Boston. A good elevator will save the pedalling muscles for fresh and lively effort on some of Boston's beautiful riding-roads, which we are always happy to point out. Any reader of OUTING, whether he handles a racket, a paddle, a gun-stock, a bicycle-brake, or whether he is simply a lover of out-doors without being an active recreationist, is always welcomed. OUTING is "at home" to callers on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.

AN anecdotal tricycling article, profusely illustrated by Joseph Pennell, will appear in the September *Century*. The journey from Coventry to Chester included Izaak Walton's country, with its quaint old-fashioned runs, sequestered villages where the curfew still rings at sunset, the tricycle races at Derby, etc. Mr. Pennell is well known to readers of OUTING, not only as an enthusiastic wheelman, but also as one of the most popular illustrators of this magazine. His dozen or more tricycling pictures illustrating this article, will be of special interest to wheelmen.

THE *Literary World*, of Boston, is the only successful journal in the United States devoted solely to literary criticism. It is recognized as an authority in matters demanding a competent and impartial literary judgment. We are particularly glad, therefore, to call attention to the following paragraph which recently appeared in its columns: —

OUTING, the illustrated magazine of out-door recreation, is getting to be as handsome as it is good. It grows both in wisdom and stature. When one thinks of boating, base-ball, bicycling, tricycling, lacrosse, and lawn-tennis, to say nothing of a score of other out-door sports, it is evident that this monthly has a field. The typography of OUTING is already first-class, its engravings are numerous, creditable, and sometimes excellent, and its reading matter is bright and breezy. The August number, for example, takes us by tricycle around Tokio in Japan, by yacht around Cape Cod, and with the Shayback family into camp at Memphremagog, with other glimpses of nature and life in the summer mood. OUTING is a pleasant acquaintance.

SEND a postal-card application for our handsome premium list. A little work will secure for you some very desirable articles.

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OUTING and THE WHEELMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF RECREATION

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1884 NO. 6.



THE WHEELMAN CO.
175 TREMONT ST. MASS.
BOSTON

London: Iliffe & Son, 98 Fleet Street, E. C.

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OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN

$2.00 a year; 20 cents a number.

Incorporated Nov. 7, 1883.
The Wheelman Company.
Charles E. Pratt, President.
William B. Howland, Treasurer.

Office, 175 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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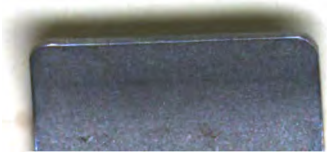
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