WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Among the Waterside Folk of the North Sea.

Old Yarmouth and Her Storm-Beaten Harbors—Graphic Description of a Night on a Herring Smack—The Yarmouth Bloaters.

[Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION. Copyright, 1891.]

YARMOUTH, England, Feb. 19, 1891.

Pilgriming in many lands I have been much among their waterside folk—with the fishermen of Algiers, who are a conglomerate race of Greeks, Italians, Spaniards and Arabs; with the fishermen of Sicily, gloomy and voiceless as gypsy dogs; with those of Barcelona, the giants of the south of Spain; with Biscayan, Breton and Cornish fishermen, superstitious and sodden above all others; with the brave, kind men of Claddagh, at Galway, and those along the wondrous Kerry coast; with the lazy fishermen of the dreary Azores, who, transferred to our own coasts, prove the most valuable recruits to our east-shore fishing-fleets: with the cap and tasseled pescadores of Cuba, brigands all in looks and ways; with the squatty Eskimos of the Labrador coast, satisfied with any fruitage of the deep which will barely sustain life; with the crofter-fisher of the north-Scottish and Shetland coasts; and with our own brave Gloucester men who risk their lives upon the Grand Banks, and the 'Quoddy fishermen whose chief quarry is the herring, all along the grand Maine coast to the mist-wreathed crags of wild Manan—and I have been continually impressed with the almost indefinable and wholly indescribable sadness that seems to brood over and among all this class of people.

It is in their cabins and homely social life. It is in their voices and looks. In repose, it sets on their faces pitifully. Roused into some great activity, in storm, in taking fish, or in saving lives, they have grand, earnest faces, these fishermen. But in the quiet hours there is something hunted, wearied, worried, dreading and dreadful to be read in the lines of their faces, in the tremulousness of their voices, and in the light which shines from their eyes, that all their brave and hearty ways cannot hide or disguise. It is as if the sea, from which they live, had whispered in secret to each consciousness some savage threat of reprisal; as if over every little comfort, home joy, or well-earned content, hung the specter-hand of fate, coming closer to the inner vision every time the fisherman's heart grows glad. In whatever degree this is universal, it seems to me to be more marked among the fishermen of Yarmouth than I have ever found it elsewhere revealed. I believe Dickens saw and felt this here at this old fishing port when he created out of his great and tender heart the pathetic character of the Peggottys; simple, tender, true; scorning baseness; resolute in all manly attributes; majestic in suffering and forgiveness; and through and over all the pathetic thread of sadness, quivering like an endless plaint in a melodious though mournful song.

It is surely here among all these thousands of Yarmouth fishermen, wives and bairns. The upward, far look in their eyes, has come as a heritage of centuries of dolor and loss. The set, stern shutting of the jaws and lips tells better than history can of the endless fisher-fight against the elements and poverty. For that matter, all old Yarmouth folk have the resolute, half-defiant expression that tells as plainly as book can: "This is Yarmouth, as you see it, because we have battled with the sea a thousand years!"

And so they have. A desperate and unceasing struggle against the elements was necessary on the part of Yarmouth folk, past and present, to retain their very existence, as well as their trade in herrings. The history of the Dutch in their battles for the preservation of their dykes against the gnawing of the sea cannot surpass the record of Yarmouth folk in their struggles to preserve their port. For hundreds of years it was the ever-recurring victim of destructive tempests and shifting sands. Seven different harbors were excavated between the middle of the fourteenth century and the time of Elizabeth. While the storms and the sands were destroying one harbor after another, war, rebellion, pestilence and famine assailed the brave Yarmouth folk ashore. In the old books one can read how they sold their church plate, bells and vestments for funds to preserve the harbor. Again you can find where every inhabitant, save the shipwrights at work on her ring-boats, were compelled to labor three days of every week, on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, at the excavations. They worked first and worshiped afterwards, in East Anglias, in those rigorous old days. At another time, when the danger was imminent, the precious store of the town's gunpowder was sold for means with which to save the port. And again, when the sea had almost buried the wharves and town in sand, the entire inhabitants, divided into four bands, labored day and night for months, and Yarmouth was saved. The seventh harbor done, it has since stood the greatest monument to human pluck and invincibility that can be found in all Britain today.

One cannot help having an admiration and affection for men made out of this sort of stuff; and to know them in their humble homes, in their haunts and resorts of the quaint old town, and in their dangerous toil of gathering the harvests of the deep, is to possess a long-remembered pleasure and delight. Their methods of fishing vary little at the present time from those in vogue for the past hundreds of years, save that the little open boats formerly in use have been supplanted by fine-decked smacks; as is true with the fishermen of the entire British coasts, barring those of the west and northwest Irish Islands, where the ancient curragh, or skin-keeled canoe, is still in use. Though-long-line and deep-sea fishing is prosecuted by many the year round, and, during the winter months under the most perilous circumstances known to any fishermen on the globe, the paramount interest at Yarmouth, from the fisherman's standpoint, is centered in the herring fisheries of this coast. These made Yarmouth. They sustained the city and its citizens. At the present time it is reckoned that the city increases its population three-fold, and houses 60,000 souls during the "season," two-thirds of this number being drawn here solely by the herring industry. Again, this number is doubled by excursionists and seaside loiterers from the near manufacturing cities, and even from far-away London itself; so that from June until September, it is no uncommon thing for Yarmouth to hold from 100,000 to 120,000 people.

Now as of old the merchants of Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Gorleston and other near ports, fit out large decked boats of from 50 to 80 tons burthen, the Yarmouth and near coast fleet numbering, perhaps, 1,500 of these vessels. Each one is manned with a master, mate, hawseman, waleman, net-rope man, net-stower and about half a dozen laborers or "capstern-men." All these engage to serve during the season, at stipulated wages, with an allowance of a certain sum in money, for every "last" of herrings taken, to the master, mate, hawseman and waleman; some vessels engaging with this allowance to each vessel, the allowance being divided by the entire crew, "share and share alike." A "last" of herring is the Yarmouth standard of reckoning. It comprises ten barrels of fish. Another method of computing the "last," where the fish are sold out of the boat, is to count out 13,200 herrings. The vessels are victualled by the owners, and are also provided with several tons of salts, for the herrings taken at Yarmouth are disposed of in an entirely different manner from those secured by the Scottish and Shetland fishers. The latter sell their "takes" immediately to "curers," who, at "stations" alongshore, "pickle" the herring according to the old Dutch method, in barrels, which, after receiving Government inspection and brand, are shipped to the continental market. All the herring taken along the aast of England coast are marketed at Yarmouth, and are either shipped fresh, in car-load lots, to the London fishmongers, or are transformed by salting and smoking into "Yarmouth bloaters," for shipment to all parts of the world in the little pine boxes, which from time immemorial have adorned grocery-store windows. Every boat is furnished with about 100 nets, each of which is 21 yards long, and about 25 feet deep. These are fastened in a length to a "war-rope" by cords which the men call "seasons," each of which is 18 feet in length. The nets are floated by corks, and the "war-ropes" by tubs, or buoys. The trade affords the principal means of subsistence to about 3,000 fishermen, 6,000 braiders, beetsters, towers, rivers, ferrymen, carpenters, caulkers, etc., besides the number of seamen employed in carrying the fish to foreign markets, and the commercial class engaged in conducting the gigantic industry, as well as partial support to fully 20,000 people from the "North Countrie," and near provincial districts, variously employed at odds and ends of labor connected with the herring fishing during the hight of its season.

A night with the Yarmouth herring fleet is replete with interest and often with excitement. On more than one occasion have I been rocked in the cradle of the North Sea in no gentle fashion aboard these herring smacks, but great storms during the herring season are rare exceptions. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the mass of smacks along the quays begin to swarm with men, and half the city folk, after an old custom, straggle up and down the quays to witness the daily departure of the fleet. You will find each crew particularly busy "laying on" the nets, that is, folding them in a great level pile in the hold. This is a work of the greatest nicety, so that when the nets are "shot," or cast into the sea, they do not become entangled. While being "laid on," the nets are jointed together by knotting the back-ropes of each net. The buoys are at the same time attached. While three men are engaged in this folding, one attaches the sinks, and another is busied folding the back-rope. This done, one by one the fleet, hundreds upon hundreds of these smacks, drift gently out of the Yare-mouth, and thence across the Yarmouth Roads, into the open sea. As the twilight falls the old city sinks from sight into its sand-dunes. What at first was a semi-circle of bright color from the thousands of pleasure-seekers along the beach, gradually merges into a line of rose above another of white; these blend into a ribbon of purple, and then the city lights show like faint, far stars lying across the horizon, beneath the darkening purples of the western sky, the Yarmouth beacon-light blazing brightly above, alongside St. Nichola's grim, square tower. To the north and south, from the east-shore ports, it seems as though a thousand other sail had met us there, all floating between the dark waters and the paler eastern horizon sky like a myriad sea-fowl resting gently upon a vast expanse of sea.

But all these thousand or more smacks are moving, each gently tacking here and there for a suitable fishing ground. Here and there sails are being furled, and masts lowered, denoting that the business of the night with the great fleet, manned by, perhaps, 8,000 men, has already begun. Soon it comes our turn. Net after net flies over the side as we float with the tide, trailing at least a mile behind us, like a majestic sea-serpent, the corks and buoys dancing on the waters farther than the eye can reach. Then the cook calls us below to the "den" for supper. A queer little place it is. One can hardly stand upright in it. On either side are the sleeping berths for a crew of eight. There is a good American stove, on which the supper has been cooked, and a tiny table, at which four of us can sit at one time and eat. And how we do eat! Never before have ham and eggs, potatoes fried in fish grease, pretty tough bread and black coffee, tasted so toothsome and sweet. Then an hour or so on deck, spinning yarns, watching the countless night-lights gleaming from the neighboring smacks, or tracing the train of smoke and phosphorescence behind the great steamers passing and repassing as if to run us down, and all but two or three of the crew "turn in" below.

About midnight we who remain on watch "try" the nets. A half dozen or more are hauled in. Perhaps not a single herring is found. The nets are cast out again. Then it is drift, drift, drift, until 3 o'clock in the morning, more than 1,000 silent smacks in company, trailing 1,000 miles of nets. At this hour all is commotion throughout the entire fleet. The daily drawing of the sea-lottery is at hand. On each smack's stern is a machine called the "Iron Man," worked by one man, which hauls in the back-rope over three pulleys, and is equal to about two and one-half men's strength. The remainder of the crew are hauling in the middle and foot of the nets, shaking the wriggling, silvery, squeaking fish from the meshes into the hold as the nets come over the gunwale; the "scummer-boy" with his "scummer," like a salmon-landing net, eagerly scooping up every herring which, by mischance, drops back into the sea, from which service his entire wages are secured. If few fish have been taken, it is a wearisome task hauling in more than a half mile's length of dripping nets. If three, or four, or half a dozen "lasts" are secured, as is often done, the men work under the greatest excitement and good feeling. Finally, as perhaps the dawn is just breaking, the entire fleet is heading towards Yarmouth before a spanking breeze, the light-laden, unlucky craft out-speeding those deep-sunk with their precious freights, rendering easy and cheery the onerousness of lagging behind.

Half a thousand crafts may already be berthed at the quays and discharging their fish when your own smack arrives. If so, you will find half a hundred thousand Yarmouth folk and sight-seers swelling the motley throngs to greet you. The herrings are disposed of in a jiffy by auction, carted to the fish-houses, covered with salt for twenty-four hours, and are then washed in vats by the curers, called "towers." Then they are spitted through the head upon spits, about four feet long, by women, glib of tongue and dexterous of fingers, locally known as "rivers." From their hands they are conveyed to the huge "smoke-houses," where they are hung in tiers in narrow passages from forty to fifty feet high, and in these the process of smoking goes on in gentle smudgings, with frequent intermissions, several weeks. They have then become the rich, juicy, toothsome "Yarmouth bloaters" of commerce. It is among the many legends of old Yarmouth town, and is set dawn as authentic history by its ancient chronicles, that the Yarmouth mode of curing herring by salting and smoking, which has resulted in the greatest industry in the preparation for use of a single fish at a single port in the world, was the result of accident, a fisherman having hung some herrings up in his cabin, where, "what with his fiering and smoking, or smokie-fiering, in that his narrow lobby, his herrings, which were as white as a whalebone when he hung them up, now lookt as red as a lobster!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Great Eaters.

The Russians eat, on an average, says a contemporary, once in every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodki and tea. Vodki is the Russian whisky and made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless and flavored with some extract like vanilla or orange. It is drunk from small cups that hold, perhaps, half a gill. Vodki and tea are inseparable accompaniments of friendly as well as of business intercourse in the country of the Czar. Drunken men are rare. Russia and Sweden are the only two countries in which the double dinner is the rule. When you go to the house of a Russian, be he friend or a stranger, you are at once invited to a side table, where salted meat, pickled eel, salted cucumbers and many other spicy and appetizing viands are urged upon you with an impressiveness that knows no refusal. This repast is washed down with frequent cups of vodki. That over, and when the visitor feels as if he had eaten enough for twenty-four hours, the host says: "And now for dinner."

BERCHAM'S Pills cure sick headache.

CLEVER WOMEN OF AMERICA,

From the East, West, North and South.

Mrs. Langford of Brooklyn, Miss Lawson of New York, Mrs. Sewall of Indianapolis, Mrs. Robert P. Porter of Washington.

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NEW YORK, March 9, 1891.

Brooklyn and New York have each a brilliant coterie of newspaper, musical and artistic women who were born in the Southern States.

These fair daughters of the "Sunny South," with their mellow voices and liquid accents, are found at every gathering of society and literary people here.

A gentleman at the home of a well-known literary woman the other evening asked me why so many Southern women take to literature and journalism. "The silver lining" in the great war cloud which once overshadowed this nation is this array of bright women who so bravely undertook to retrieve the family fortunes with their pens. Imaginative, susceptible, by nature sympathetic and persevering, it is no wonder so many of them succeeded. While the Southern women writers, as a whole, have neither the originality nor breadth of style of their Northern sisters or English women, their delineations of character strongly appeal to and hold the sympathies of their readers. In Brooklyn no Southern woman is better known or more highly esteemed than Mrs. Laura Halloway-Langford, the President of the Seidl Society. Her petite and graceful figure is a familiar one at musical and literary gatherings. No one who sees this "clever" and vivacious little woman will believe that she has been writing for eighteen years. She doesn't look a day over 35. Indeed, few women of 35 possess her buoyancy and sparkling wit. As an after-dinner speaker no woman has surpassed and few have equaled her. The prosperity of the Seidl Society is largely due to the life and enthusiasm which she infuses into it. Her most successful book, "The Ladies of the White House," has had the phenomenal sale of over one hundred thousand copies.

Mrs. Langford is the daughter of the Hon. Samuel Jefferson Carter, of Virginia, a descendant, so the traditions say, of "Old King Carter." A contemporary pays her this just tribute: "Exceptionally fortunate in that her career commenced with a strong friendly influence, Laura C. Halloway has abundantly proved her right to do, by her faithfulness, industry, sweet temper, devotion and generosity to women, justice to men and desire to think well of human beings, and the courage to uphold her opinions in the face of all opposition. She has a gentle personality, a vivid intelligence, a lovable soul, an indomitable spirit which challenges affection, respect and golden opinions of all—a woman for whose life all womanhood is better and richer."

Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune), a resident of this city, is also a native of Virginia. Mrs. Burton Harrision, the author of "The Anglomaniacs," was a Miss Cary, of Virginia. Miss Frances Williams, of the *Herald*, is a Georgia girl. Mary K. Bryan, one of the very best paid literary women in New York, used to edit the *Sunny South*. She, too, claims Georgia as her native State. And "Bab," she of the caustic and "free lance" pen, is a Baltimorean. The Bisland sisters are natives of New Orleans. Elizabeth is in Europe at present, where she is writing industriously for the *Cosmopolitan* and other periodicals. Mary conducts the woman's department of the *Illustrated American*. Emma Moffit Tyng's excellent articles in the *Housewife* prove that all the good housekeepers were not born this side of Mason and Dixon's line.

MISS LOUISE LAWSON.

A woman who will come in for a share of the country's praise this summer is Miss Louise Lawson, the sculptor. She is a worthy successor of Vinnie Ream Hoxie and Harriet Hosmer.

Miss Lawson has just completed the letter-carrier's statue of the late Samuel Sullivan Cox. Those who were most intimately acquainted with Mr. Cox are warmest in their praises of Miss Lawson's work.

The statue is nine feet high. The pedestal is to be twelve feet high. The unveiling will take place next Fourth of July. A site in Central Park has been chosen for it.

Miss Lawson, outside of her profession, is a young woman of marked individuality. Almost anyone would pick her out of a group of women as a woman who would some day do something out of the ordinary.

Like so many of her sisters in the literary profession in New York, she is a Southern girl. Her parents came from Virginia, and she was born in Cincinnati. Her conversation and ideas of art are most entertaining, and, to Americans, very encouraging. Although she studied in Rome three years and in Paris a year, she says she received her best training in this country. Her teachers on the other side told her that she had been well taught. The young lady's first master was Thomas S. Noble, of the Cincinnati Art School. Noble was a pupil of Couture, in Paris. After leaving Ohio, Miss Lawson studied some years in the Boston Art Museum. Grundemann was her teacher there.

Ward of New York also was her master for some time. This gifted woman reads and writes and converses in German, French and Italian. With all these gifts she is as simple and lovable as a little child. It was her lovely manners to the letter-carrier in her district which caused her to be selected to model this statue of Mr. Cox. When you consider the important position which her subject held in the hearts of the people, and that the statue will cost in the neighborhood of $15,000, you must conclude that the honor conferred upon her as the sculptor is by no means trivial. The carrier who brought her letters would often stop to admire the models in her studio, and when she found he was interested in art she took pains to show him anything new that she chanced to have around.

After Mr. Cox died and the letter-carriers decided to raise money to build this memorial, it so happened that the young man who brought Miss Lawson's letters was put on the committee. When the money began to flow in he advised her to write to the Chairman. The rest of the story needs no telling.

MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

As you look South for your women writers and to New England for women mathematicians, you must travel West for women of executive ability. There were some silly and inflammatory speeches made at the Woman's Council last month; there were also some wise and able ones delivered. One of the ablest was by May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis. The council redeemed some of its mistakes by electing her President at the close. Mrs. Sewall, although born in Milwaukee, had a good fortune to receive that priceless thing in a girl's life, a good education. She graduated with honor from the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill. Three years after graduation the degree of A. M. was conferred on her. As this was in 1870, about the only thing that a girl with a good education could get to do was a position as teacher. For some years she was the Principal of the High School of Plainwell, Mich. She came to Indianapolis as a teacher of German in the Indianapolis High School in 1874.

In 1880 she became the wife of Theodore L. Sewall, and the two a few years later opened a classical school for girls. At this time her pen became active. For years she edited a weekly column in the Indiana *Times*.

In 1889 she was sent as a delegate of the National Council of Women to the Exposition Universelle at Paris.

When America was called she delivered an address in the French language, which was highly praised by Jules Simon, the Chairman of the meeting. A writer in the Indianapolis *Press* says:

"May Wright Sewall is a woman alive at all points, and has a keen eye for intellectual advancement of every kind and degree. Much of the culture for which Indianapolis women are becoming justly noted is directly or indirectly traceable to Mrs. Sewall's influence and indefatigability.

"Mrs. Sewall's platform manner is gracious and easy. She has tact in abundance, and her talent as a manager has bridged over many rough places in Indiana suffrage conventions.

"Probably no other woman in the State associations has more irons in the fire, or handles them with greater ability.

"She is preceptress of a fine school for girls, oversees the affairs of the boarding establishment connected with the school, is an art patron, prominent in the largest and oldest woman's club in the city, entertains liberally and is socially present everywhere."

From this complete description from one of Mrs. Sewall's near neighbors, it will be seen that her activities are not one-sided. Like Mme. De Stael, she could make her living, if necessary, in at least a dozen different callings.

MRS. ROBERT P. PORTER.

Mrs. Robert P. Porter, the wife of the Superintendent of the Census, is one of the best newspaper women in this country. Circumstances, however, have asked her to "step up higher," for, instead of writing editorials and sketches of men and women, her life is devoted to her husband and four little ones. The home of the Porters is an ideally happy one, as a home is apt to be when a woman is her husband's equal intellectually. When Mr. Porter was editor of the *Press* he frequently telephoned up to Mrs. Porter to lay aside her sewing and write an editorial on some subject with which she was familiar. He was too busy to do it, so he called on his wife. Lucky man! Mrs. Porter's newspaper career began in Chicago. Previous to her marriage she did excellent work for the *Sun* and *Tribune*. She helped to start the *Press*, and much of the popularity which that paper at once achieved was due to her. Much of the "stuff," as men call the work done by women and by men on women, printed in the *Press*, was quickly recognized as the productions of Mrs. Porter's pen.

EMMA TRAPPER.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

John Russell Young declined the proffered mission to China for purely domestic reasons.

Lady Helen Vincent, an English lady, has received from the Sultan of Turkey the highest order ever bestowed on a woman.

Mrs. Burnett is still too much prostrated by the death of her son to take up the pen. "Not yet," she wrote recently. "Wait a bit."

Townsend, the Georgia brakeman who blacked John L. Sullivan's eyes, has already received tempting offers from the museum managers.

Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist, declares in a letter to a Texas friend that his health has failed, and he is on the verge of physical collapse.

Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), now 60 years of age, is a great pedestrian, and is said to have walked thirty-six miles in one day recently.

James Russell Lowell has completely suspended work until next autumn at least, so that he may stand a better chance of entirely regaining his health.

The Marquis of Lorne's new book, "From Shadow to Sunlight," is said to have for its heroine a young American girl whom he once met and greatly admired.

The youngest school marm in the world is Clara Greenawald, of Bernville, Pa. She has forty public school scholars, began work five months ago and is only 13 years of age.

Mme. Von Teuffel, nee Blanche Willis Howard, is still living in Stuttgart, writing busily, in the hope of producing some work that will second the famous little "One Summer."

John Currie, the Scotch evangelist, who has been on the Pacific Coast for two years past, is in Salt Lake City, where he will remain for about a month the guest of General Secretary Murphy of the Y. M. C. A.

Rider Haggard has written to a New York friend that he finds America "simply delightful, full of material for the novelists, and fuller still of that clear ozone which makes a man feel as if he wants to write."

Edward Bellamy's best friends seem to think he has made a great mistake in starting a weekly, and that only financial disaster will come from it. As yet the new paper has certainly made but little noise in the literary world.

Secretary Blaine is out for a "constitutional" every fine afternoon. His favorite walk is one of the many roadways intersecting the reservation back of the White House, and frequently the walk is extended around the monument.

Professor H. H. Boyesen is writing a novel which deals with American political life. The author has given it the title of "The Mammon of Unrighteousness," and he has aimed to make it strictly truthful, realistic and free from partisan bias.

This remark is imputed to Governor Jones, of Alabama, when he heard that the people of Athens, in that State, had hung him in effigy: "They should have notified me that they intended to hang me, and I would have issued a pardon to myself."

Stuart Robson, the actor, will be married in April. His bride will be Miss May Waldron, his leading lady. This information comes from an intimate friend of the bride's family, and may be relied upon. Robson's first wife died about a year ago.

Emma Albani Gye, the famous songstress, has written an article in which she describes how her Majesty Queen Victoria takes tea with her three times a year and how she acts at dinner. This knocks all the romance off Ward McAllister's "Dining with her Majesty's chef."

Mrs. Potter Palmer and the rest of the lady managers of the World's Fair have requested that the Isabella building be a woman's building architecturally, artistically and in every other sense. The women architects, designers and decorators all over the country have been invited to send in plans.

An enterprising literary friend recently sent Mr. Gladstone an offer of $15,000 for the American rights to a novel from his pen. A reply from the English statesman, through the hand of his Secretary, assured his friend that Mr. Gladstone was content to read fiction, and willing to let the writings be done by other pens.

Susan Helen Holman, of New York, is learning to be a locksmith. She amuses herself picking the locks of her neighbors' front doors, trunks and chests. She wears a suit of brown homespun copiously pocketed for the reception of her tools, and from an old Dutch girdle of wrought iron studded with green stones hangs a chatelain and keys of all sizes.

Miss Virginia Reid was the mother of American newspaper women. In 1772 she purchased and edited a weekly called the *Virginia Gazette*, a paper devoted to the colonial cause. In 1774 Mrs. H. Boyle established a rival journal, which she called the *Royal News*, and the two ladies pulled hair, threw stones and called each other names in the most approved style of continental journalism.

The millionaire, John H. Starin, of New York, was a poor boy. The first pair of boots he ever owned he wore only in the village, carrying them on his shoulders while going to and fro, so as not to wear them out. He now owns a fine estate of 1,400 acres in Montgomery County, N. Y., near his birthplace. "I bought that place," he writes, "because of the fine flavor of the apples that grew in a certain orchard where I used to hook them, when I was a bareheaded, barefooted boy in a pair of cut-down trousers held on by one suspender strap. I used to say that if ever I got rich I'd own that orchard, and now I do own it."

Daggett—"I should think you'd be ashamed to talk to a minister that way! Don't you respect his cloth?" Wyde Pladd (the tailor)—"Well, I ought to. It cost me $45, and now he comes to tell me he ain't likely to have a call before next winter."—*American Grocer.*

AFFAIRS IN CHILE.

Serious Disturbances in the Little Republic.

A Grave Political Complication—Some of the Causes that Led to it—President Jose Manuel Balmaceda and His Family.

[Special Correspondence of SUNDAY UNION.]

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, Feb.. 1891.

In view of the present serious disturbances, this obstreperous little republic, which considers herself fully capable of whipping the whole world, is neither a safe nor pleasant place for foreigners to visit just now, but, journalistically speaking, is a "seat of war" by no means to be ignored. However, it makes little difference in what part of South America the scribe may pitch his moving tent, for in every one of these miscalled republics political troubles are brewing always, and liable at any time to bubble up in armed rebellion. Chile has boasted much of being the most peaceable of them all, as well as the most prosperous and law abiding.

We made a hasty trip down here from Peru during last July (the midwinter season on this side of the equator), in the midst of the excitement, then at fever heat, which was really the beginning of present complications, on purpose to study both sides of the questions at issue. It is impossible to arrive at a fair understanding of them at a distance, because South American newspapers, mostly printed in the Spanish language, are few, inefficient and universally "bought up" by one faction or the other; while the telegraph wires, when not seized or torn down by insurgents, are owned and controlled by the Government. Indeed, it is easier for you at the distant North to receive reliable, though tardy, information concerning events occurring on the Southern Continent, through private messages sent by foreigners engaged in business here, to their houses in London, France or New York, via Buenos Ayres, than for people living in different divisions of the same country, who must depend entirely upon local facilities.

On that first visit to Chile, we came over to the capital on purpose to have an interview with the President (which was easily accomplished), and to attend some of the exciting sessions of Congress; and it chanced, by rare good fortune, that we left Valparaiso the very day before that dreadful 21st of July, when for some hours the old seaport was in the hands of a howling mob and its streets were bathed in blood. Even then prominent Chileans assured me that the trouble was only a temporary strike, which might occur anywhere, and that there was not the remotest danger of revolution, because the people were altogether too patriotic to bring discredit on their beloved country.

It seems to be the fashion, especially abroad—among those whose knowledge of Chile's affairs must be, to say the least, somewhat superficial—to attribute all the blame of the muddle to President Balmaceda, and to characterize him as a tyrant and would-be dictator. The truth is that if the Executive had not been too pliant and anxious to please in the first place, he would have crushed the rebellion in its infancy, before its ugly hydra-heads had grown too strong for him. The fault is principally with a determined and unscrupulous political faction which unfortunately happens to have a majority in the legislative chamber, and whose primary object is to control the approaching presidential election, which can only be done by breaking the power of the present incumbent.

The trouble began in this way: Ever since Chile has claimed to be a Republic, her Constitution has permitted every President to nominate his own successor—and to practically elect him, with the co-operation of his Ministers, an unwise and foolish custom we of the north may think, but, having been firmly established by law and precedent, there is no reason why Don Balmaceda should not exercise his constitutional prerogative in the matter, the same as his predecessors have done. If the system is now at variance with popular feeling, a peaceable change might have been effected in the Constitution without all the loss of life and property. The disaffected Congressmen, having cause to fear that the President would name as his successor a certain Cabinet officer who is obnoxious to them, deliberately instigated revolts by obstinately refusing to pass any *presupuestas*, as the appropriations are called, until Balmaceda should come to their terms; the first demand being that he dismiss his Ministers, one and all (in order to get rid of the obnoxious one), and then appoint others more to their liking. This the President declined to do, on the ground that the Chilean Government, like that of every other republic, gives the executive the right to select his own immediate officers and to retain them unless they become guilty of grave offense; that he had already changed his Cabinet twice within little more than two years in the vain effort to satisfy them, and to do so a third time, for no fault of the Ministers, would not only be extremely unjust to these gentlemen and render himself ridiculous in the eyes of the world as a party puppet with no "backbone," but would establish a dangerous precedent for his successors in all time to come.

The revolts of seven months ago were the direct result of this refusal, or rather of the means employed by Congress to make the President change his mind. Even then, had he adhered to his first decision, or, better still, had he made and abided by it when the first change of officers was demanded, all might now be well with the country; and if milder means for enforcing his rightful authority had not availed, it would have been far better for the country had he caused the arrest and detention of the agitators as so many traitors to the Government. All the world admires a brave man, and prompt, decided measures of that sort would have won more respect for Senor Balmaceda than he can now hope to enjoy. To be sure, such extreme measures are contrary to the spirit of republicanism—but so is armed rebellion, the bombardment of unoffending cities and the murder of hundreds of helpless women and children, huddled together for safety, as lately took place at Iquique by a posse of irresponsible cut-throats, whose crimes were the result of the rebellious attitude assumed by the legislators. Of course it is but just to add that at first Congress probably had no idea that the dangerous ball it set rolling would gather such deadly proportions—and so might one argue in favor of the incendiary who deliberately fires a powder magazine, without considering what lives and property he may destroy. They refused to pass the *presupuestas* for the purpose of crippling the Executive, knowing that at the same time they were ruining business of every kind and inciting the worst classes in the country to desperate deeds.

No taxes, duties or other contributions to the treasury could be collected; even deeds or other legal documents could not be recorded. For a long time one could not buy a postage stamp in all Chile, and sometimes for days together the Post-offices would be closed. Merchants could not get their goods out of the Custom-houses, and quantities of perishable goods spoiled in the keeping. The army and navy could not be paid, nor any other employes of the Government, however their families might suffer. Business of every description (except the pawnbrokers') was completely paralyzed, and exchange sank lower and lower, until for every dollar of the United States one received $3 27 in Chilean currency. Failures occurred on every hand, and there were people actually starving. Delegation after delegation of citizens waited upon the President, and to all of them he explained the situation, assuring them that the fault was not with himself, that he would be glad to make any personal sacrifice to ameliorate their condition, or do anything in reason to satisfy the demands of Congress; but that he would not make himself and the country a laughing-stock for the world by again changing his Cabinet; and further, that if he acceded to that unjust requirement, there was no knowing what the next demand might be, and he might just as well let go the reins of Government at once.

Congress was importuned by numerous petitions, but doggedly maintained its attitude, judging rightly that Balmaceda would finally yield to their terms, rather than ruin the country—though one day a hungry rabble collected around the Chamber and gave some of the Deputies as they emerged a well-deserved beating. Then strikes and incipient revolutions sprang up all over the country, mostly carried on by workmen whose families suffered most from the non-passage of the appropriation. The roustabouts, launch-men, freight-haulers, seamen and other irresponsible men who had nothing to lose, paraded the streets of Valparaiso and other ports in drunken bands, singing and howling like demons, throwing stones at unshuttered windows, firing shots right and left without any particular target, occasionally gutting a shop or store and threatening to pillage every house and burn it over the heads of the terrified people. Valparaiso is mostly a wooden city, with long, narrow streets, occupying a cramped space between the hills and the sea, and would burn like tinder, and nothing but the prompt arrival of Government troops prevented it from being served in the riots of last July as Iquique was six months later. At last, to save further bloodshed, the President yielded the point and changed his Cabinet a third time.

But, as he had foreseen, the opposition party were not satisfied, and became more pronounced in their hostility toward the Government, until at length, hoping to better their condition, a portion of the unpaid army and navy went over to their side, with the disastrous results of which the telegraphs have told you. In the late purposeless but sanguinary conflicts several thousand men have been killed, a host of children orphaned, and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed; there have been business failures innumerable, and Chile has lost more than she can regain in fifty years of prosperity—all for no good reason except that the spirit of revolution is in the Spanish blood, and, like murder, "will out."

President Jose Manuel Balmaceda was inaugurated on September 18, 1886, for the constitutional term of five years, and consequently his time has nearly expired. Previous to the election he had not figured much in politics, but was a quiet, well-to-do citizen of the wealthiest and most aristocratic capital of Spanish America. The questionable "greatness" was not particularly of his own seeking, but was in a measure "thrust upon him." His private fortune has been completely wrecked in this disastrous five years, and he will retire from office a poor man, with fewer friends than when he went into it. Chile boasts that within her patriotic borders there are no peculations in high places, and loves to point to the case of a former President who was immensely wealthy in private life, but through some unfortunate speculation lost all his fortune while in office, and being too honest to help himself from the public funds—as he might easily have done in a hundred ways undetected—gave up his splendid *casa* and horses and carriages, and at the close of the term retired to a cheap little rented house in the suburbs, where he still lives.

President Balmaceda is not yet 40 years old—a tall, handsome, well-educated man, who has traveled a good deal and speaks some English, but not enough to carry on an easy conversation. His family consists of a wife and several pretty children, among the latter being three nearly grown daughters, who had already begun to pose as belles before their flight. It is not known to a certainty where they are gone; some say to Europe, and others assert with equal confidence that they were sent over the mountains to the Argentine Republic. At any rate, the President has succeeded in spiriting them away to some place of greater security, while he remains to face the storm, in hourly danger of threatened assassination. What a sad parting that must have been between the harassed father and his gentle wife and daughters! Mrs. Balmaceda is spoken of by all as the most womanly of women, a devoted mother and a model housekeeper.

Meanwhile, life in Santiago is a queer mixture of anxiety and social pleasure. Nobody knows what terrible things may happen at any moment, yet notwithstanding rumors of war and harrowing accounts of atrocities perpetrated in nearby places, the majority of these proverbially light-hearted, happy-go-lucky Spanish-Americans disport themselves in the same old ways. The theaters are all well attended, and as usual the boxes are filled with bare-headed, bare-armed, bejeweled ladies, dressed in the hight of Parisian fashion. On New Year's Eve, according to long established custom, there was a magnificent open-air concert in the *Quinta Normal*—a spacious and beautiful garden in the suburbs of the city—assisted by several fine military bands. The entire space, with its splendid lawns and beds of flowers, was hung with Chinese lanterns and ablaze with electric lights, while its commodious restaurant building (a second Delmonico's), and numerous dancing pavilions, were crowded with happy people. The sweet Spanish "Dolores," and the French "Je t'aime," sung by a hundred voices, was charming, but more welcome to the ears of exiled *Gringos* (as all Anglo-Saxons are called hereabouts), were strains of "God Save the Queen," sung at the English Club, where the young fellows made a night of it in memory of far-away friends, and even the occasional shaky voice of some ever-loyal, though inebriated Yankee, shouting "Hail Columbia," on his winding way through the streets.

On the 4th of January, as an expression of popular sentiment against Balmaceda, all the Cabinet Ministers were expelled from the Union Club, the most swell organization of its kind in the city, by a vote of nine to one. On the 5th a decree was issued forbidding coaches and street cars to ply after midnight, an order which has highly incensed the society people, because nothing begins here until nearly the time of going home in the North. Santiago is like Washington, a city of "magnificent distances," and the bare-headed belles will be compelled to remain at home, or walk many a mile in their satin slippers. Policemen, mounted and on foot, patrol at all hours, and no gathering of any kind is permitted on the streets. So vigorously is the order enforced that if three or four well-known citizens chance to stop in a group for conversation, as is daily done in every community, up steps a policeman and orders them to disperse. In view of existing circumstances these extraordinary precautions may be necessary, but are nevertheless extremely irksome to well-disposed people.

"Who has seen to-morrow?" is a favorite Spanish proverb, particularly applicable at the present time, for any hour may bring shot and shell and carnage into this proud old capital.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Vesuvius and Etna.

It is very rare that the eruptions of these two great volcanoes are contemporaneous, and the fact is all the more remarkable from the existence between the two of Stromboli, a volcano which, from the earliest history, has never been inactive. Vesuvius and Etna are about 200 miles apart in an almost direct line north and south with Stromboli. As a rule, when Etna is active, Vesuvius is quiescent, and vice versa. The principal eruptions of Vesuvius were in the years A. D. 79, 303, 472, 512, 685, 993, 1049, 1138, 1306, after which the volcano was quiet until the great eruption of 1631, and from that time to the great outbreak of 1779 small eruptions were frequent. Over seventy eruptions of Etna are recorded before the present century, but in no case were they contemporaneous with those of Vesuvius. The most important eruptions of the two mountains during the last few years have alternated. In 1847 Vesuvius was active and Etna quiescent; the reverse was the case during the Etna eruption of 1852; then came the turn of Vesuvius in 1858, followed by a long period of rest, while a violent outbreak of Etna took place in 1868, followed by quiet and the great Vesuvian eruption of 1872. Geologists have conjectured that both are fed from the same subterranean fires, which find a vent alternately to the north and south.—*Globe-Democrat.*

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

How the People of New York Are Being Entertained.

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A. P. Dunlop