

Wonderful Sulphur Springs

Wellington I engaged a berth on the New Zealand line of steamers to pass on the east coast of North Island. I landed at Napier, a city peering out from stormy waters of Hawke's Bay. At the wharves I mounted a Colonial mail coach for a tour to the New Zealand Hot Springs.

A journey of 40 miles took us to Lake Taupo. A further ride of 30 leagues through the Zealandian forests brought us among scalding ponds and steaming streams. The highway was arched with the branches of trees and the woods were gay with ferns. Their delicate fronds dappled on the breeze in every hedge and under every tree. The air was of good condition. The roads are surveyed and laid out with easy grades.

Descending a sloping hill, we saw from the coach windows, down in a valley among the mountains, the jets of vapor rising from the springs and fountains of steam issuing from boiling pools. At the hotel our stage drew up and the passengers dismounted, registered their names, and were assigned to rooms. The parlors were full of sightseers from the old country and tourists from the Australian colonies.

Travelers from all corners of wide observation and varied experience, were collected. They had become social, and were exchanging their observations in different lands and praising the beauties of the different springs and fountains on the earth. Some had tried the famous springs in Europe; others had drunk from the National fountains in America, and were full of praise for the sulphur draughts of New Zealand.

But the sparkling soda and the effervescent magnesia that gushes from the stone caverns in the snowy ranges, the Rotorua Mountains took the palm over the sulphur waters. One enthusiast on water insisted that no other collection of springs enriched the world like those which abound in the mountains of the Peak in Colorado. Another stout Englishman—who had failed to discover any superior virtues in any of the products of his Yankee cousins—refused to inhale the steam from his nostrils; he disputed the latter's statements, and proceeded to mention the claims of waters elsewhere. Everyone, however, had favorite springs, and agreed to disagree on their qualities.

An erratic surgeon in the Government service had become infatuated with the figure and grace of a Maori Chief's daughter, and raised an altercation on inter-race matrimonial grounds. He was trying to make out a case in his own favor—to fit present conditions. A spinster maiden, in the roaring forties, who had herself become interested in the official, engaged in an argument on his theories, and undertook to expose the incongruity of his philosophies, and changed his views. As I was not concerned in the conflicting dogmas of matrimonial aspirants, I went to examine the springs. A walk of a few hundred yards through the reeds brought me to the sulphur fountains. The springs are cut in square cavities in the ground, and inclosed with boxes. Where the water formerly issued from the level earth, pits have been dug and walled, and the waters collected in pools. From the surface of the warm waters are rising vapors, and the aroma of sulphur was strongly discerned.

GEN. JOHN E. WOOL

A Hero of Three Wars—Extraordinary Powers of Endurance—Ever Vigilant and Faithful.

By C. D. BRIGHAM, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN E. WOOL, a Major-General in the Regular Army, was beyond the age that under the present law would have retired him from the service when the war of the rebellion began. Instead of retiring, however, he became more active than ever. He was at the time commander of the 1st Cavalry of the United States; and at the critical moment when Washington was being defended from the terrors of the rebellion, rendered important and most timely service in connection with the Committee of Safety in New York, which was organized to repair it. It was a condition of painful uncertainty in the North. Wool did not hesitate to use all the power lodged in his hands. He saved the St. Louis Arsenal, perhaps the most important of the Government's arsenals, from the hands of British troops so as to make sure of that important establishment and the supply of arms it contained. Wool was a bookseller's clerk in New York, and was sent to Britain in 1812. He won distinction and rank at Queenstown and Plattsburg; went into the Regular Army, and rose to be a full Brigadier-General. As such he was with Taylor at Buena Vista, in Mexico. After that he was commander of the Department of the Pacific, and was in operations elsewhere. He succeeded to the command of the 1st Cavalry in 1857, and occupied Norfolk.

Wool was sent to Norfolk when the question of age was referred to. "Young man, I have not seen as many years as you," he said, "but I was born on the 25th day of February, 1794, at Fort Monroe. He took pride in letting it be known that he mounted his horse—always a spirited one—from the ground. A wary, but he led many a prize-winning horse, and weighing over 150 pounds, he could do things that many a much younger one could not do, and his power of endurance was extraordinary. He was a great disciplinarian and never flinched, and could make veterans of recruits in the shortest time. He knew the service through and through, and was ever alert. He commanded at Fort Monroe before and at the time of the Merrimack naval battle, and in vain tried to lead better preparations on our side. It was his nephew, John A. Griswold, who was mainly instrumental in having the Monitor built and prepared for the battle. Wool was in the fight at the critical moment; Griswold and his associates taking their chances for getting their money back from the Government. Wool was at Fort Monroe, and was a commander of the 1st Cavalry, and was in the fight at the critical moment; Griswold and his associates taking their chances for getting their money back from the Government.

It was only a short time before the coming out of the Merrimack that a rough-looking man applied for admission to the fort, saying he had an important communication to make to Gen. Wool. He said he had come from Norfolk—precisely how he would not say—and the General, if he only knew what he had to relate, would be glad to see him. Capt. Clinton, the General's secretary, was with much difficulty by saying the General was taking his afternoon nap, and no one was ever permitted to disturb him on such occasions. But so persistent was the man, that he would not give up until he had seen the General. Clinton ventured to awaken him, and the result proved the man was correct. On being ushered into Wool's presence he proceeded to produce from his undergarments a note from the Merrimack, in which he had worked as ship carpenter for months, and he declared he was familiar with every part of the ship. The information was so important that Wool, who had been painting and penciling on cloth and paper that there could be no doubting the story's entire accuracy. Wool was convinced, and in his mind there was left no kind of doubt of the importance of the information. He immediately made arrangements for dealing with the visitor whenever he should make his appearance, the date of which the man fixed, as it appeared afterwards, with surprising accuracy. The same night Wool sent with a member of his staff to Washington, having rewarded him with a considerable sum of money for the patriotic and valuable service he had rendered. Still, the authorities at Washington acted tardily, and seemingly with unwillingness. When the Merrimack did come, the arrangements for dealing with her, though honorable, were insufficient to prevent her action, with so much information on hand as the Government possessed, would not have found the historic frigate Cumberland in a position to receive her, and she would have been a real and lasting victim. A single stroke from the Merrimack sent her to the bottom, with scores of brave men. The frigate Congress also fell in a very neat and easy way, and the new reconstruction, as to the character of which the Washington authorities would not believe the reports with which they were furnished.

No account that I have seen has given an accurate idea of the part at Fort Monroe when it became known that the Merrimack was not only loose, but had already destroyed the Cumberland with heavy loss, but had made no attempt to enter the harbor. It was not until she was in the harbor did the panic prevail. Very little time was given to the authorities to prevent her falling into rebel hands. The execution of that purpose was prevented by the energy of Capt. James M. Hunt, Capt. Talmadge's harbor Master, a man who had sailed in all seas and seen almost everything of sea life. It is true that his promise to float the frigate at high tide was not realized, so "hard on" was she, but time was obtained and the fate for which the great Merrimack had been "stripped" was prevented, and she had years of usefulness afterward.

The turning-point was when the Monitor, untried, entered the harbor—herself ignorant of the true state of things that existed—her way into the Roads having been lighted by the burning Congress, fragments of that ship being sent skyward by the explosion of her magazine at the very moment Capt. Worden dropped the Monitor's anchor. The strange scene told him at once of not only unusual but monstrous occurrences. There was neither flag nor flag officer to whom he could report, so complete was the confusion; and so the Monitor, which was to be the sole reliance on the morrow, attracted no more attention by her presence than had the fisherman's boat. Worden sought the fort, where in Capt. Talmadge's casement he was first made acquainted with the events of the day. He then conferred with the other officers of the fleet in the harbor—and others were at the moment in a conference at Fort Mifflin. He was not thought of his coming. It was undoubtedly a Providence. About that time Worden himself was in the harbor, and he was to be the Monitor, but whether she would be able to cope with the Merrimack, or what he would be able to do on the morrow, he was quite in the dark. About her guns he was thinking, when he saw the Merrimack, and he was not doubting that it would be the Merrimack's object to deal with her as the Cumberland had been dealt with only a few hours before. By using her ram, without firing a single shot, it was felt that the Merrimack would fall an easy victim, should the Monitor's shots not prove equal to the task of protecting her from such a fate. On the way to the Monitor's position, the Monitor's commander, when he obtained all the information possible, and he listened to such suggestions as those who went on the tug with him had to offer, some of which were of unalloyed value. It was in position to do what he would do with a man of nerve. He obviously realized that it was his opportunity. I feel confident that he felt no little confidence that he would at least worry the rebel monster, and that the Merrimack would be something now had been born into the marine world besides herself. Worden was serious. There are moments when opportunities and duties of a lifetime come to men, when all their life is in their hands. The Monitor's commander did but little, and seemed to realize all this. He inquired searching after everything that was known, and he seemed to realize all this. He inquired searching after everything that was known, and he seemed to realize all this.

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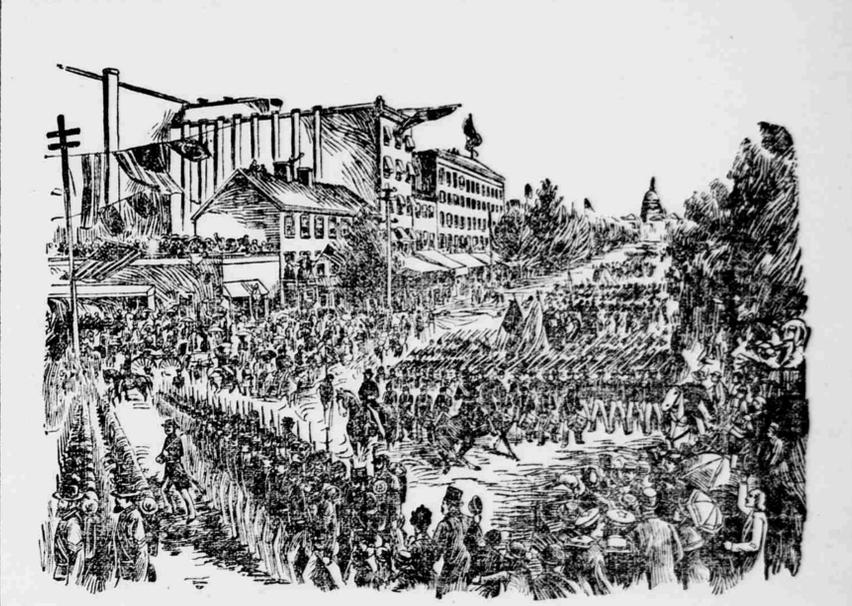
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1865—THE GRAND REVIEW—1892.

THE SECOND GRAND REVIEW.

By F. W. OSBORNE, BROOKTON, MASS.

Where the waves of the Potomac catch the whispering of the sea,
Within the Nation's Capital, that city of the free,
With solemn and grand procession, a mighty army comes,
Amid the blare of bugles and the stirring roll of drums;
From New England's rugged hillsides, from the
And bears aloft a thousand flags against the loyal breeze,
Why has this army gathered here, from miles and miles away,
Why are the hosts advancing? Are laurels to be won,
Why rings the cry from sea to sea of "On to Washington!"
Send the message everywhere!
Let the lofty hills awake
As the echoes o'er them break.
A voice from the broad Potomac, murmuring on
Toward the sea,
Blends with the martial music, and seems to answer
March on and on, O army! thy deathless music floats
In the stirring drums, loud rattle and the bugles' thrilling tones,
"Rich Mountain," "Athens," "Corinth," "Atlanta"
The awful fight at Gettysburg, where laurels covered the
The battle of "South Mountain," where gallant
Reno fell,
The heroic deeds of "Chantilly," where shrieked
The ride of brave "Phil" Sheridan thro' Shenandoah's
And Grant at Appomattox, where Lee laid down
Turn back the leaves of history, lit by the battles' glare,
In flowers and awful brilliance, to glow forever there,
And thus the old-time veterans come, and slowly
In the lines of the grandest phalanx that is marching
On to-day,
Then fly, you countless banners! dear symbols of the brave!
Long may the air career thy folds above the free-man's grave,
For thee the hosts are marching thro' the city of the free,
While echoes of the past arise, like ghosts, to answer
Grant and "Sis" Dent.

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

The Olympian Peninsula an Excellent Land for Settlers.

The Evergreen State is a huge block of land. It is as large as New England and Delaware, as Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It contains 69,994 square miles. It is 300 miles wide and 1,000 miles long. It is the most populous of the new States, and its inhabitants are the most energetic and enterprising. It is the only State in the Union that has a coast on both the Pacific and the Atlantic. It is the only State in the Union that has a coast on both the Pacific and the Atlantic. It is the only State in the Union that has a coast on both the Pacific and the Atlantic.

The Main Point With Maric.

"Do I not always try my best to gratify your reasonable tastes and ambitions, my daughter?"

"There was no reply, and the mother resumed, "If I were wealthy, Maric, I would spare no expense to provide you with all that heart could wish. But there is a limit to my power to do so. I can only exercise my best taste and judgment in the selection of such things as you may require for your present needs. Maric, that there are treasures of mind and heart that you may be yours if you seek for them with earnest purpose, and they far outweigh the ephemeral trifes of one's outward adornment."

Interrupted Celebration.

Little Boy (weakly)—Mamma, am I most well?
Mamma—Yes, my pet; the doctor has got all the powder out of your face, and my bed up can save your eyesight.
Little Boy—Then please move my head up to the window.
Mamma—What for, my churl?
Little Boy—I want to shoot off the rest of those fire-crackers.

Death-Masks.

Although there is no mention of death-masks in the works of Homer, or in any of the later classics, recent explorers have satisfied themselves that in the early burials of all Nations it was the custom to cover the heads and bodies of the dead with sheets of gold so pliable that they took the impress of the form; and not infrequently, when in the course of centuries the bodies were discovered, the gold was found to have retained the exact cast of the features. Schliemann found a number of bodies covered with large masks of gold-plate in reposed position, several of which were reproduced by means of engraving in his *Mycenae*, and he asserts that there can be no doubt whatever that each one of these represents the likeness of the deceased person whose face it covered.

The Male Bass Hatches the Young.

A small-moored black bass, the variety sought by anglers and the only kind caught about the islands in Lake Erie, attains a weight of about one pound in two years, at which time it also arrives at maturity in a protective sense. It then fans off a clean piece of gravel, deposits its eggs, which are impregnated by the male member of the family, when, contrary to the general rule laid down by nature, the female goes off to some favorable watering place, while the old man attends strictly to household duties, and by the most constant care fans with his tail all the sediment off the eggs and drives off all intruders, even to a 10-pound up-turtle. He brings forth his little family of several thousand individual fishlets as large each as the end of a broom split and about a quarter of an inch long, to become as long as a broom handle and weigh all the way up to 10 pounds, according to the conscience and eyes of the one who for the first time pulls him permanently out of the aqua parva. He seldom attains a weight of over four pounds, although those weighing six pounds have been caught.