FATHER O'REILLY IN SPAIN.

VIGO, July 16.—Since my last letter I have visited the interior of this province and convinced myself by personal observation of its great natural resources, of the Alpine aspect of every part of it, of the garden-like culture which meets the eye at every turn in the labyrinth of valleys, of the laboriousness and industry of the population, of the intolerable load of taxation under which they groan, and the absence of all kind of encouragement to the agriculturist, the tradesman, or the merchant amid all this wealth of nature.

There is, however, one most welcome piece of intelligence which I am permitted to communicate to THE SUN, and which, I doubt not, will be of no little interest to your commercial community, as it forecasts for Vigo, for all Galicia, indeed for all Spain, a new, a near, and a brighter future. The illustrious Spanish engineer and publicist, Don Meliton Martin, is at this moment in Vigo, employed by the Government to make the surveys necessary for railways, piers, docks, and wharves, intended to transform this magnificent harbor and bay into the great mart for transatlantic traffic. Until now Barcelona has been the great cotton manufacturing centre; to her wharves the United States annually send a quantity of cotton inferiorly to that imported by Liverpool. But Barcelona is at the other extremity of the peninsula, and to get to it our ships have to go through the Straits of Gibraltar and all the way up to the Gulf of Lyons; whereas it is now contemplated to make Vigo the terminus of the trade with America, from which cotton will be sent by rail to Barcelona and other manufacturing centres in Spain.

Galicia is, more than any part of the Iberian peninsula—more, indeed, than any country in Europe—favorably situated for the manufacture of cotton. There is coal in abundance in her untouched mines; there is water power ready at hand in the numberless streams which fertilize her valleys and pour down from her intricate net of mountain ranges. But what is more precious still, the women of Galicia are the most laborious, the most patient, the most skilful in the face of the world. They are our daily admiration and that of all strangers in Vigo, these hard-working, uncomplaining, self-sacrificing daughters of the ancient Gael.

You must remember that Galicia is the most densely populated portion of Spain, there being nearly 100 souls to the square mile (93 to the square kilometre). Hence the necessity under which they are to migrate in large numbers to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, where they have formed a Spanish colony of upward of 120,000 persons. Hence, too, the saddening, degrading spectacle we have daily witness of four, five, or six girls and women dragging an earth cart to fill empty lots in the lower part of the city, or in levelling and filling up along the line of railway. These poor creatures are willing to do any kind of honest labor that may enable them to support themselves or help to maintain their aged parents.

Here, then, are just the kind of hands which would be invaluable to the cotton manufacturer.

Until now the line of railway connecting Vigo with Madrid, and the branch lines diverging from this main trunk, have remained uncompleted. All have been designed by Mr. Martin, and the existing portions constructed under his superintendence, as have indeed the most important railways in Spain. He is now urging the Spanish Government and Congress to complete the Galician roads, and thus place the great port of Vigo in communication with every part of the interior. He has just terminated his surveys of the old and new harbors here, and sketched out the plans for four or five miles of docks, wharves, and piers. There is an abundance of excellent granite, of which, indeed, the houses and public edifices both in Vigo and the neighboring towns are exclusively built; and that piers, wharves and docks will be solidly built.

In connection with this plan of the Government there has just appeared in the leading Spanish journal, *El Imparcial* of Madrid, a startling announcement that "a proposition has been conceived by the Spanish Government by a French society, in union with the most prominent Spanish companies, offering to execute within the shortest possible space of time, and in the name of the Treasury, all the public works now in project, provided that the Spanish pay back the capital at the end of 100 years."

I meet Mr. Martin daily, and from his conversation I gather much precious information. He it was who first drew the attention of the Government to the ruinous condition of the cathedral of Seville, and through his and Gayangos's present repairs have been begun under the direction of Señor Casanova. Mr. Martin speaks French and English perfectly. He reminds me singularly of the lamented Frederick Lyall, both in his conversation, his works, and the results he aims to achieve as the first of Spanish engineers and the foremost of Spanish writers on the labor question. He speaks highly of King Alfonso's ability and zeal for all the best interests of his people. He says that what King Alfonso at present lacks is experience, which a few years will give him. He is eager to obtain knowledge, and quick to master it.

This ancient country is so magnificently endowed by nature that Spaniards only need liberty and encouragement in making their native soil yield to the utmost to become one of the richest and most prosperous countries in Europe. It were useless, were it not also most unjust, to blame either the Spaniard's supineness or his religion for the backward state of agriculture, of industry, of commerce, and of education. The present backwardness in all these respects is by no means the result of causes for different from those alleged by religious or national prejudice, or imagined by the superficial observer. The fact is that labor here has a great portion of the national territory to conquer from the wilderness, and to force the whole of it to produce tenfold at least what it does at present. The entire surface of Spain measures 50,000,000 of hectares, or nearly 125,000,000 of acres.

"Of this vast extent," says Mr. Martin, "30,000,000 of acres are covered with a vegetation which very little culture would make as beautiful as any to be found in northern countries. 12,000,000 are adapted for the growth of the orange, the olive, and the grape. 5,000,000 are fit for the culture of tobacco and the sugar cane, and about 43,000,000 can produce wheat of the most superior quality, with a system of improved cultivation."

Of this total extent of arable land fully one-seventh, or about 18,000,000 of acres, is at the present moment unproductive, while the remainder is very imperfectly cultivated. And yet, backward as it confessedly is, agriculture is the most advanced of the industries in Spain—by far the most developed of the immense resources of this favored land. The reader can judge for himself from this simple enumeration. Absolute poverty is almost unknown here save crops of grain of all kinds, the total yield being 200,000,000 of bushels yearly. This would be a yield of a little under seven bushels an acre. Now, in France the yield per acre is over forty-one bushels. This inferiority, with a soil and climate so much more favored, is due, the Spaniards themselves acknowledge it—to the wretched methods of cultivation in use.

Are the cultivators of the soil to be held responsible for this? Certainly not. When I tell the readers of THE SUN that, while the canal mining industries have been protected by the law and very lightly taxed, the farmers, on the contrary, have been made to support the greatest part of the burden of taxation and national expenses, I am stating a fact familiar to all Spaniards and to all outside of Spain who are competent to form an opinion on political economy. The load laid on the shoulders of the tiller of the soil was so outrageously, so iniquitously disproportionate that public opinion compelled the Legislature to lighten it. Still it is simply intolerable as compared with the taxes paid by other producers. The present law imposes on all that the farmer grows and raises a tax of twenty-one per cent. But, as Mr. Martin tells me, this is always so managed by the local assessors that it is almost invariably raised to thirty or thirty-five per cent, by those village tyrants who thus shift the burden of their own shoulders! Remember, too, that not only has the farmer to pay the Government, but he has also to share with the landowner, and then you can judge how little remains to him for his own support. And that this now is he who is held to be safest for it in a country where there are only a few trunk lines of railway, slow and enormously dear, no water courses or canals, no village or township roads fit for the worst kinds of vehicles?

Thus it happens that the Government at this moment have in their hands for public sale 173,000 freeholds of small farmers absolutely unable to pay their taxes! And yet the small freehold proprietors are the best class of the agricultural population. What, then, must be the condition of the tenantry? They are simply at the mercy of their landlords.

But who is principally to blame for the fact that so much valuable land remains unclaimed, and that so much soil, once amazingly productive, is now barren? The great landlords.

I was first struck with astonishment on entering Andalusia to see to what extent this portion—once the garden of Spain, and denominated the Earthly Paradise before the Christian era—is allowed to remain unproductive. When, after four months' stay in Seville as my headquarters, I left it in May for Galicia, the country was threatened with famine, and, what is worse, with a communistic uprising. I beg this assertion to be taken in its literal meaning. Questioning Mr. Martin here, I find that he not only agrees with me, but goes far beyond me in my opinion regarding the existence in Andalusia of numerous and widespread communistic organizations. These, wherever they have sprung up, have originated in the unequal distribution of property and the misery thence arising to the oppressed laboring population. In southern Spain the land is owned by a few—a very few—great proprietors, like the Duke of Medina Sidonia and the late Duke de Osuna, who do not reside on their estates, and leave the management of them in the hands of a resident agent. These estates, comprising tracts of the most fertile land in Europe or in the world, are not cultivated to one-tenth of their capacity. The broad valley of the Guadalquivir between the Sierra Morena to the north and west and the coast ranges to the east and south, is, from below Cordova to the Atlantic, a treeless expanse, shaded only by scanty patches of olive and orange trees. The foot hills themselves and the nearest slopes of the great mountain masses have been ruthlessly stripped of their once magnificent forests. Thus, in a land which knows no winter, and where the summer sun is as fierce as that which burns the Colorado desert, the springs of water are all dried up by man's blind and stupid improvidence. The ancient methods of irrigation used by Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Arabs, and Moors in their successive periods of rule, have been allowed to fall into ruin. So that, when the rain fails, the crops neither grow up nor ripen, the grass is withered on the parched plains, the wheat never comes to ear, or, when it does, the ear does not contain a single grain.

This is what we witnessed all around Seville in the middle of last May. Sailing down the Guadaiquivir to Cadiz, I saw with pity the herds of cattle, as nearly resembling walking skeletons as "the lean kine" of Pharaoh, wandering over the vast meadows, where not one blade of green grass could be discerned, or lying down to die near the margin of the brackish river; the flocks of sheep roaming in vain through meadow and over hillside to find something wholesome to nibble. The whole country seemed blasted as if by the fiery heat from the mouth of a furnace. Looking, as we approached the two great islands formed by the branches of the river at the flat, treeless surfaces stretching away on each side, you saw the air for some thirty feet above the ground quivering and dancing as one sees it above the mouth of a blazing limekiln or above the crater of Vesuvius when the molten lava fills it to the brim. In the fields around the farmsteads we passed, the corn was about eighteen inches high, and in ear, but with my glasses I could see the ear was empty and the stalk sapless and white. In the new channel opened to shorten the distance to the sea, some 200 workmen and their families and families were employed by Government to deepen and widen the waterway. They were housed in miserable huts of mud, covered with long grass. They had been starving in their own villages, and ready in their desperation for any violence or mischief, when the Government thus gave them momentary employment, with enough to keep body and soul together. But the alluvial soil, exhaustless in its fertility, stretching away for miles and miles, and now a pestilential, fever-haunted waste, had been a garden of delight in former ages, because it was covered with trees and gardens and fields of waving corn; because God's dew from heaven falls by night and the fertilizing rains by day wherever the land is shaded and kept cool by trees and dew and rain are allowed to replenish the springs of living water. Now all this land belongs to great proprietors who never visit it, who let out its arid expanse for the purpose of pasturing. Their herds and flocks roam attended by men as wild as themselves, without a fold to shelter them by night, or a shade tree to protect them by day from the fierce rays of the Andalusian sun.

The improvidence, the social tyranny, which has turned into a desert these once productive and populous tracts has cared no better for the towns and hamlets that still cling to their upper margin, like sickly parasites to the trunk of a dead tree. These poor people lost all their crops last year by inundations and an excessive rainfall, and they have lost them this year by persistent drought. But the intelligent readers of THE SUN will understand that in a country so blessed, naturally speaking, as Andalusia, both the inundation and the drought can be traced to the same cause, namely, the improvident greed of present gain which cut down the forest on the mountain sides and left the plain treeless and unsheltered. There is not one of these towns and hamlets which is not a focus of discontent, of heart burning, of hatred toward these great proprietors, who have a care only to get from the land they own the last farthing of what it can yield, but who care not in the least either to improve it or to provide for the comfort of the wretched men and women who till it. And so if you hear of communistic risings in Seville and elsewhere in Andalusia, you have only to remember that in such men as the dukes I have mentioned own, each, throughout Spain many princely estates, which they never see, and lordly palaces which they never inhabit, while their dependents are periodically exposed to starvation.

Another cause of the backward state of agricultural industry here, and, indeed, of all industry, is in the want of education. The peasant population, one of the noblest races in the world, is thus unacquainted with all the modern improvements which place at the farmers' disposal so many never-failing hands in the machines which plough his soil, plant the seed in his furrow and cover it over, reap his harvests, bind his sheaves, thresh, winnow, and grind his grain.

Is it because the peasants are opposed to education? Far from it. Here in Galicia, where I am pursuing my study of this country, the people and their children manifest the greatest eagerness to obtain instruction. But schools are few and ill supported. Education is a State monopoly, ever since the suppression of the teaching orders. No one can open a school without the permission of the Minister, or teach without a license. The masters and mistresses, even when well qualified, are miserably paid, and where there is a village school it is ten to one that it is left bare of furniture and unprovided with school books.

In a locality not far from this, two adjoining parishes are, and have been for a long time, without a schoolhouse. They have the advantage, however, of possessing a zealous schoolmaster who makes of his work an apostleship. Every morning he gathers the boys and children of both parishes together under shelter of a high stone wall on the boundary line between them, and there teaches them at all seasons. Thither daily, my illustrious informant says, the children have flocked for years in the summer's heat and through the winter's cold, in the rain, the snow, the keen frost—teacher and pupils joyously bearing with every hardship—the former in order to impart, and the latter to obtain, a little of that knowledge which is more precious than gold and silver.

I doubt, indeed, some your Irish readers would go back to the times of persecution and the reign of the hedge schools in Ireland, if a more touching story can be told of any people, illustrating their sincere love of instruction. And yet this is only one instance among many.

Of the other causes which make the laborer the slave of the soil, and of other most important matters pertaining to this same labor question, I promise to treat in my next letter, what is said here being only a preliminary.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

NOVEL CURE FOR NEURALGIA.

A Tennessee Physician's Experience with Ether Spray.

Dr. McGoignan in the Southern Practitioner.

In the spring of 1869 we had the most severe attack of facial neuralgia which it has been our lot to witness in more than eighteen years of practice for two weeks we had to confine ourselves to a darkened chamber, and the lightest footfall on the floor caused us the most excruciating agony. All the remedies, local, general, regular, and irregular, were tried without any abatement of the trouble. One side of our face became terribly swollen, so much so that it was impossible to extract a decayed molar, to which we charged all our suffering, and it seemed as if we were destined to shuffle off this mortal coil by exhaustion from pain and want of sleep. We finally concluded to unclench the jaw, thinking there was an abscess about the roots of the decayed tooth, and as the parts were so extremely sensitive, and, moreover, having a vague dread of chloroform, we thought we would try local anæsthesia by evaporating ether on the surface until the part was frozen, a sufficient amount complied with our instruction, and the spray was turned on. The first sensation was one of cutting pain, gradually subsiding until when congelation took place we felt perfectly easy, and ordered the cutting operation deferred. Then for fifteen hours we slept the sleep of the righteous, and when we awoke found the *odor di femina, colore, lima dolore* entirely vanished, and we arose and went about our business; and to this good day, although we carry a perfect cabinet of curious teeth in our mouth, have never had a neuralgic twinge or touch of that "hell o' a disease," a toothache. Well, to be honest about it, we did not at the time give the freezing process any credit for the cure; we thought the attack had about spent its force, and was going to act well anyway, and we paid but little attention to the matter for a year or more, when a relative, Capt. Harris, was visiting us, and took a spell of neuralgia, which he had for over a year been periodically afflicted with, rarely passing a month without an attack. To give him pleasure we consented to try it, not think of any permanent benefit, we tried the spray all along the track of the affected nerve, and until it turned the skin white. The relief was immediate, and, he has since informed me, permanent.

Since then we have used it in fifteen or twenty cases with uniform success, never having to make more than two applications, and it came to be a stock remedy, and we thought that in all probability was so with most physicians; for we remember that when Richardson first introduced it (like all new things in medicine, it was vaunted for everything), and would probably have still thought so if a gentleman hadn't called on us some time ago to know if we hadn't a new treatment for neuralgia, and stated that a couple of years ago he was on a steamboat and was suffering with that disease when Capt. Harris informed him that he was cured by some sort of a freezing process, and advised him to try it. When the boat reached Louisville he called on two or three dentists and three of the most distinguished surgeons of the city, and they told him they knew of no such remedy for neuralgia, and advised him not to waste anything of the kind done. On hearing his story we looked over old medical journals and found not a single allusion to local anæsthesia as remedy for neuralgia.

Now we must confess that all this sounds very much like the story of the superannuated clergyman who accidentally, while in the West Indies, discovered a cure for consumption, only we don't want any one to send a stamp for particulars. Any physician can purchase a hand-ball atomizer for $1.50, and try it. They may use either rhigolene or other, and it will only be necessary to let the spray play upon the part until the skin turns white. We promised to offer no theory for its action, but we will venture this opinion: That the intense cold, by the revulsive effect, causes a complete change in the nutrition of the nerve; what this change is we will not at present venture to assert, only hoping that others who have better opportunities will give the matter a trial and fully test it.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Love Songs.

I.

I love my love when roses bud,
I love her when they bloom;
I love her when they fade, and find
A snow-encrusted tomb.

In seasons all I love my love;
And greatly do deplore
That other seasons there are not
In which to love her more.

II.

"Good night, my little love," I said,
Yet fondly lingered at the door;
"Good night!"—and then I kissed her thrice—
And softly said good night once more.

Good night! and as I homeward walked,
Bathed in the dreamy, pale moonlight,
I thought of the delicious time
I would not have to say good night.

Home Again.

Home again, home again, never to part,
Take her, green Erin, into thy heart;
Rivers of Wicklow murmur her name,
Mountains and valleys echo her fame,
While, under all, there's a moan and a sigh
That hearts so loyal and loving must die.

Home again, home again, all her dreams over,
Lay her to rest 'neath the sweet Irish clover;
Tears, always tears from the land of our love,
Are they recorded in Heaven above?
Out of the clouds will the sun break some day.
This is our faith—so we wait, and we pray.

Home again, home again, over the water,
Hear ye her tenderly, Ireland's daughter!
All her work ended in life's fairest years,
Erin, receive her with pride and with tears.
Thus it hath ever been, thus it shall be,
Love may not alter the Father's decree.

Home again, home again, silent and cold,
Never a greeting for scenes loved of old,
Sad the returning—earth unto earth,
Never a smile for the land of her birth.
Loyal and tender the heart death has stilled,
Labor unfinished and dreams unfulfilled.

Home again, home again, lovingly now,
Lay we a wreath on the fair sleeper's brow;
Take her away to the hills green and fair,
The breath of the shamrocks will reach her heart there.
Home again, home again, all her dreams over,
Lay her to rest 'neath the sweet Irish clover.

S. A. P.

Atlantis.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

The green grocer lives in a Queen Anne house,
The soap man has just gone abroad;
"It's a pity he can't meet the great Corinthian style,"
Sighed the wood sawyer as he sawed.

Your dressmaker's daughter before her club
An erudite paper has read,
It's not to be wondered at, for only one spring gown
Was—"a little deferred," she said.

The tin peddler thinks that the Concord school
Is just the vacation he needs;
The cowboy believes Dr. Newman Smyth
"Will take the wire edge off" the creeds.

The laundress "begrutches that Audubon"
The pleasure he had with his birds;
The waiter discusses on protoplasm
In sesquipedalian words.

On Emerson, Dante (e), and Mr. Goethe
Your milkman converses with ease;
The plumber serenely sharpens his point
With a story of Socrates.

O fortunate isle! O Elysian fields!
Where fresh breezes of culture blow,
Your streams of philosophy sweetly glide,
And where every one wants to know.

The Quarrel of the Wheels.

From Mr. Bonner's New York Ledger.

I sat within my wagon on a heated summer day,
And watched my horse's flinging feet devour the dusty way;
When suddenly a voice below shrieked out, it seemed to me—
"You're bigger, but you cannot go one-half so fast as I."

I looked around, but no one there my straining vision caught;
We were alone upon the road; I must have dreamed, I thought;
Then almost as my feet I heard, distinct, a voice's sound—
"You'll never overtake us, though you twice go o'er the ground."

It puzzled me at first, but soon the fact upon me broke:
The tire-rims of the wagon had thus to the hind-wheels spoke,
I listened for the answer, and it came in accents low:
"You're no further now before us than you were an hour ago."

I waited the rejoinder, but no further answer came;
The fore-wheels were too busy, and the hind-wheels were the same;
And though I strained my hearing much, depressing well my heart,
By fore-wheels or by hind-wheels not another word was said.

The matter set me thinking how in life one often knows
Of bitter controversies with the world around as those;
How many claim as merit what is after all but fate,
With success that others make for them exultingly elate.

Your wife and mighty statesman just before his fellow set
Strives as fore-wheel in the wagon, further from the hind to get;
Rolls along in his complacence, as he thinks, to name and fame,
To find, the journey ended, his position just the same.

The patiest toiler struggles, but no inch beyond is gained;
And its grumbles that, despite him, one position is maintained;
Not reflecting that the Owner, who can everything control,
Bade him ever as the hindmost for a fitting purpose roll.

Still speeds along the wagon o'er the steady road-way drawn,
Till comes the weary journey, and the light of day has gone,
And all the centuries of men, the quiet thinker feels,
Are idle as the square in of the fore and hinder wheels.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the ganneys and the clackin' of the geese,
We know the time's a-fleetin' a-fleetin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracious rest.

As he leaves the house barefooted, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They're somepin kinds' hearty, like about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to move,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the laughed leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furrus, kinds' lonesome like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the meldor and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead;—
O it makes a boy feel good kind o' like that kind of a way,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

BENJ. F. JOHNSON.

The Sweet Country Cousins.

From the Boston Transcript.

How dear to the heart are the sweet country cousins,
When dog days of summer begin to draw near,
When bricks have grown hot and when sunstrokes by dozens
Fill body with anguish and bosom with fear!
The green waving fields and the sweet-smelling breezes,
The evening from turmoil to quiet and calm,
The rich, creamy milk which the city has seen in dreams,
And win the brown cousins who live on the farm;
The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
The sweet country cousins who live on the farm.

The sweet country cousins! oh, aren't they a treasure?
How lavish they have at the seaside time!
And paying one's board is a too costly pleasure,
When all can be had without spending a dime.
How pleasant to have an ice cream and pipe lettuce,
Fresh, golden-hued butter and flakes light and warm,
Free use of the horses, the carts, and the wherries
Of sweet country cousins who live on the farm!
The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
The sweet country cousins who live on the farm!

How dear are the sweet country cousins in summer!
How fragrant the meadow, romantic the down!
But straight way your faces begin to grow glummer
At thoughts of their visit next winter to town.
The theatre, the concert, the lecture, the money
Expended in tickets! the thought gives a qualm,
The sequel of summer is not quite so funny—
Why don't the sweet cousins remain on their farm?
The brown visaged cousins, the great awkward cousins,
The clodhopper cousins should stay on their farm.

That Night.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

You and I, and that night, with its perfume and glory,
The scent of the locusts, the light of the moon;
And the violin weaving the waltzers a story,
Enmeshing their feet in the web of the tune,
Till the floor, as we whirled, became certain
Resled round on the curtain,
While under the trellis we drank in the June.

Soaked through with the midnight the cedars were sleeping,
Their shadowy tresses outlined in the bright
Crystal moon smitten mists, where the fountain's heart, leaping
Forever, forever burst, full with delight;
And its lap on my spirit
Fell faint as that near it,
Whose love like a lily bloomed out in the night.

O your glove was an odorous sachet of illness!
That breath of your fan was a breeze from Cathay!
And the roses at your throat were nest of spilled kisses!
And the music, in fancy I hear it to-day,
As I sit here, confessing
Our secret, and blessing
My rival who found us, and waltzed you away.

J. W. RILEY.

FISHES THAT GROAN AND CRY.

Remarkable Statements from a Fisherman, Backed by Historical Records.

ISLES OF SHOALS, July 27.—"Speakin' of whalin'," said an old fisherman who looked, as he sat on his upturned bailer gauging trawl hooks, as if he might be a near relative of Davy Jones, "it wasn't so long ago that ye could get 'em right off shore here; and blackfish!"—raising up and looking the reporter hard in the eyes—"why, all we hed to do was to lay out on to the rocks and whistle, and the blackfish would come right in shore. So; ain't it, Aleck?" said the expounder of truth in the oilskin, referring to a co-laborer, who replied, "Sartin, sartin," without looking up.

"It's real sport, I can tell ye," continued the first speaker, "when the blackfish sets in. Pays, too; oil's jest as good as whale oil, only less of it. It was four years ago the blackfish set in here at a master rate. Ye see, I was up about 3 o'clock in the morning, and out to Born Island settin' trawls, when I see 'em coming down from the eastard—millions of 'em—and, sez I, 'reckon I'll go down home with yo,' I didn't think, mind ye, what was a-goin' to happen, but clapped sail on to the dory, and, havin' about 500 pounds of haddock aboard, I followed right along lively. Well, the blackfish was so consarned thick, a-rollin' about this way and that under the dory, that at last I took hold of a lobster hook, and when one riz I jest kind o' gave him a jab with it. Wall, the first thing I knew the dory was half full of water, and was rushin' off dead to windward at about twenty mile an hour. Ye see, I'd lashed the hook to the moorin', to use when I put out the trawl; so when I hit the fish it happened to stick, and off we went a-towin' behind. There was a good sea on, and for the first ten minutes it was tuck and go. She was a-taxin' everything as it came, and a-carryin' a wave ahead of her, I declare, five feet high, and her head so low that I didn't dare to go forard, so I jest sat in the stern, jest the same as if I was a-behin' run away with by a horse.

"The other fish seemed to want to keep up, and on we went in towards the Nubble, and in half an hour we dashed by Cape Neddick, headed for the beach. Up the beach we went, and it wasn't long afore the boys along shore saw what was up and come out, and in a few minutes more my fish was aground on the beach. I tumbled out and soon finished him, and I'm blessed if my hook wasn't caught right in the blow hole. The whole place was crazy by this time. The boys and dories got around about a hundred fish, and the yellin' and screamin' would a waked up the dead, let alone scarin' the fish to death; but scare them it did, so that they jest dashed on to the beach, and the boys waited about pillin' 'em with oars and hooks, haulin' 'em up higher, until the beach for a quarter of a mile looked covered with one. There must have been over a hundred, and when things got a-quieted down, and the boys was a-selectin' out their fish, jest as one havin' marked the fish he'd killed, I sung out, 'Hold, hold on ere! the hull haul belongs to me. I drawed 'em in from Boon Island!' But the cmary cussed claimed the hull lot, and stuck to it. I came in against my will.

"Yes," he continued, in reply to a question, "we often see finback whales up here, and there's one curious thing about 'em, and that is their talkin'. So—aint it, Aleck?"

"Sartin, sartin," came from the corner.

"I know that some fishes make noises, whether they talk or not," the writer replied; "but that sort of noises do whales make?"

"Well, ye can't exactly call it talkin', you've heard the noise a hen makes on a hot day when she's fed up and got a nest started on the sly. It haint a cluck nor a cackle, but it's a kind o' consolence-free song. Wall, a whale makes that same kind of a noise when she's got her kittens only it's much louder. Now, blackfish, when they're a-rollin' make a noise that sounds jest like a groun, and you'll see the dam a-runnin' about the calves and tryin' to care for 'em jest like a cow, all the time a-makin' groans, and the young ones a-squeakin' jest the same as a young pig.

"Being pressed for his opinion as to whether fish talk or not, the writer, who had made a study of natural history, was able to gratify the old fisherman with the statement that he was correct as to their making a noise. As early as Aristotle's time the sound of the fish had been recorded as an existing fact, and the chorus, common in the River Chior, was famous for its vocal sounds. Sir Emerson Tennent was so fortunate as to hear the sounds made by fish directly from the water. It was during a visit to Bridge Island, on the eastern coast of Ceylon. Drifting upon the lake one calm evening, he heard curious musical trills and notes, varying in tone and intensity, coming up from the bottom. Some appeared like the sounds obtained by rubbing the rim of a wine-glass, while others resembled the chirp, coming in quick succession and ending in a prolonged note. The noise made by the great reddish hogfish of the Gulf has often been heard by the writer. They make a curious rearing or grunting sound. According to some who claim to have heard it, the most curious and the most musical sound of all fishes. It makes a single intonation, often repeated, which has a decided metallic resonance. The Emperor Augustus firmly believed that eels or murrays could talk and pretended to understand their language. Probably the loudest sounds are made by the drum, pig fish of the Jersey coast. When being hauled in they make such a noise that it can be heard quite a distance, and easily controlled into appeals and lamentations by an expert whistler. The sound made by has been investigated by Prof. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute, and he is of the opinion that the sounds come from the belly of the fish. The maigre—a European fish—makes a remarkable young noise, accompanied by a croak or grunt. The toadfish, found in Chesapeake, was a fish characteristic found in Southern waters, with a yellow and mottled fellow, with mild, intelligent eyes and large mouth, and on one occasion when one was hauled up it immediately began such a series of groans and grunts, and finally ended in a sigh, that the writer, sympathetic soft-hearted, put it back into the water.

"The maigre in South America makes a noise resembling a bell. Sir John Richardson, while off the coast of South Carolina, was one night prevented from sleeping by the noise made by drumfish. Lieut. Jedin White also states that on his voyage to China, when his ship was anchored at the mouth of the Camboya River the sailors were much astonished by the curious sounds that issued from the water, resembling the base of an organ mingled with the tolling of a bell, the croaking of an enormous frog, and the twang of immense harp strings. These sounds swelled into a gentle chorus on both sides of the ship, and were attributed to a species of fish. A similar occurrence in the South Sea was described by Barrow in 1801. The sailors were greatly terrified that one evening by an extraordinary noise in the air, like the beating of tambourines, followed by sounds which seemed to come from the ship, and appeared to be the effect of air from rolling liquid. Later these sounds ceased, which if we had proceeded from a species of cetaceous bodies, ceased.

"Over fifty varieties of fish are known to produce sounds, each made or less different. Many fishermen are familiar with the curious note of the gizzard shad, known among them as the 'Lorcoma;' the sound being vibratory and agreeable. The mullet so common in southern Florida, and which often attains a large size, makes a strange sound quite prolonged, and during its utterance bubbles of water rise and burst on the surface above it. The catfish makes a humming sound, above the sea horses utters, not a whining or neigh but a series of single sharp notes. In many cases the sound is produced by the pneumatic duct and swimming bladder; while other fishes make the sounds by the teeth or the pharyngeal or intermaxillary bones. Some fishes trigla and zous there is a diaphragm with muscles for opening and closing the swimming bladder, and by its action the sounds are guided and qualified. The voice of the catfish and eel is produced entirely by forcing air from the swimming bladder in the throat and gus, and the sea horse makes its noise by the use of certain vibratory voluntary muscles, and to all intents and purposes the sounds are comparable with those made in other animals expressing, perhaps, the emotions felt. Their air bladders are homologous to lungs, and the pneumatic duct is analogous to the trachea of the higher vertebrates.

Unfortunate Fishers and Bathers.

At Covington, Ky., a lad named Wilson was drowned by getting entangled in a fish line while bathing.

Scott Roberts, a farmer, was drowned in the Ohio canal at Cooper's, having lost his bamboo in sedge.

Two farm hands of Allen Scrawling of Onondaga, N. Y., while overheated sprang into the water, got cramps, and sank.

Mary Freeman, a beautiful girl of 12 years, lost her life at Kewaskum, Wis., in trying to save a companion with whom she was bathing.

While bathing with other convicts in the Tallapoosa river, Alabama, Jack Pickens pushed the stake of his further services by getting drowned.

While trying to rescue a pet kitten that had fallen overboard, Francis Conner of 17 per Sandusky, eight years of age, both his sisters, Ella and Ada, was drowned.

Harry Brown, 13 years of age, of Dedham, Ohio, lost his life in trying to rescue his little brother, who had got beyond his depth. He handed the boy to friends, but got a cramp and sank.

Santa Cruz Gazette says that the lives of Russell Pollard, 8 years of age, of Fawtucket; Leon Mercier, while swimming in the Merrimac, Octave Fountaine, aged 27, of Worcester, and Charles Elliott, aged 20, of Manchester.

While attempting to fill a pail with water from the St. Lawrence River, the little sons of Richharlemagne of Clayton, N. Y., was drowned. His brother stripped off his coat and vest and plunged in after him, and he too lost his life.

The hat of Max Dagenkobie, 4 years of age, of Adams, Mass., blew into the stream while he and his sister Hattie, aged 10, were crossing a bridge. While watching the hat the little fellow lost his balance and fell in. Hattie, with remarkable courage and presence of mind, clambered down the steep bank below the bridge and grabbed the boy; but the river, swollen by the recent rains, drew her in, and both were whirled along among the rocks. When found the bodies were more than a quarter of a mile from where they fell in, the boy's arms clasping the neck of the little girl. The boy's neck was broken, probably from contact with the rocks, and both bodies were covered with bruises.

A TOUGH FIGHT WITH A LYNX.

The Lively Reminiscences of an Old Guide on Rangeley Lake.

RANGELEY LAKE, Aug. 3.—"I won't forgit that limb over yonder," said our guide, resting on his oars and motioning with his head to a dead pine that hung out like a giant skeleton over Umbagog Lake. "No, not ef I live to be a hundred. Why? Well, I'll tell ye. Ye see, I was ris a-sound here, an' when I was a younker it was wild enough. Many's the time I've seen moose and deer swimmin' the lake here, and in the woods it warn't safe to travel without a shootin' iron o' some kind. We used to come up here hunting, and one time that tree kind o' got impressed on my memory. I was bound up the lake, jest as we are to-night, and pullin' along sorter free-and-easy like, enjoyin' the moon and the sight; them 'ere Hampshire Hills behind us and Mt. Washington way off to the south and west, and the Half Moons, Azisco hos, and all the rest dead ahead. I tell ye it was beautiful, and I was takin' it all in, when I heard a most onearthly yell. I knowed it in a minute—a lucivee—and in I puts. Well, some folks calls 'em lynxes, but lucivee's the name they used to go by here. Well, as I was sayin', I pulled in kind o' softly like, until I got under that very tree. Then there warn't no dam, and the water warn't so high, so all around was dark. The canoe slipped in, and jest as she touched the shore I heard kind o' a scratch overhead, and cast my eye up just in time to see a pair of eyes like balls of fire comin' for me. I drapped, and by the time I got back out of the bottom of the canoe that 'ere lucivee was in, too. I thought we'd both go right through the bottom, but the sheck sent the boat off into the stream, and then commenced the fun. The tarnal critter had evidently took me for a buck and sailed for me from that limb. There wasn't no use tryin' to use my rifle, so I grabbed a big wooden bailer I hed and let out as soon as I got a chance. The cat had me by the shoulder, scratchin' and yellin', but I got hold of her hind legs and gave her a twist over the side, and I felt my skin give all the way down, just as if it was a-comin' off. I got her half over and fetched her a clip with the bailer, and was jest goin' to give her another, when she got a hold on the canoe with her hind legs, and over we went in the water, me on top this time to be sure, but it wasn't long afore she grappled me. I never made up my mind so quick afore, gents, but I saw only one chance, so I grabbed the brute and tried to drown her, and the way she raked me down, fore and aft, was a caution. I was jest peeled of clothes, skin, and nigh on to my scalp in less than three minutes; but I stuck to her, gentlemen, and thar on my arm is some of the tokens of the fight. But the critter didn't give up a mite too soon. I bled so much it made me weak. I got ashore and tied myself up, then bailed out the canoe, chucked the lucivee in, and got home. I didn't leave my bed for two weeks. Some of my folks said I looked like a zebry.

"Did I keep her? To be sure. She was nearly four feet long, about two high, and weighed nigh on to 200 pounds. In them times they was this commonest critter in the woods, and as many as 9,000 pelts has been shipped to Europe by an agent of the Hudson Bay Company in one year. It's thetr eye that breaks up a good many green hands. Why, I've seen a man that's faced man and beast in battle, and been everywhere, get regularly paralyzed when he got eyes on one. Ye see, their eyes is big, round, and yeller, and they have a way o' starin' at you steady like, and in the night it looks like two burnin' balls of fire, onpleasant, to be sure. I reckon you've had the buck fever? Yes? I suppose so. Well, it's akin to that, only a tarnal sight wuss. They're a pretty creetur; the fur is long and soft, and in summer is kind o' reddish-gray, and in winter a rich stone-gray, with dark spots. Her belly's mottled, checker board like, and the short tail and ears tipped with black give 'em a savage look. That's their habits—to lie on the limb of a tree and spring on to deer when they go past, and they rarely miss 'em. Sometimes they go after game on the level, but it's enough to make you laugh to see 'em a-comin'. When they run they kind o' gallop like, striking all their feet to once. In the water they make about as good time as a canoe, and often take to the lake after deer. There used to be a prize on 'em, and I've shot as many as fifty in a season, but it don't pay nuow. Sometimes we trap 'em.

"Up in Magalloway, some years ago, there was a Mr. Durkee who had a fight with one in his own woodshed, and at last got away with it with his nob. Mr. Durkee, from Boston, I reckon, was the best hand at 'em for a stranger, and I wouldn't want to say haow many he'd tackled hand-to-hand, and whipped 'em, too. Then there was another—Mr. Torrey, from Cambridgeport. He was a great lucivee hunter. Ketched a hundred 'em in his jaunts and go-as-ye-please. One night him and his party turned into an old barn between Lake Molly-chunkamunk and Moosetookmaguntic, and i the middle of the night Torrey heard a soft step around in among 'em. He started up, and, though prepared for 'em, but they were so packed in that they were afeerd to shoot or out for fear of hittin' each