AS WE LIKE IT.

Play Written for the Coming Celebration by Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch of Hanover, N. H.

ACT I. SCENE I. OUTSIDE THE TOWN.

A moonlight night. Enter three pilgrims.

First pilgrim. Hail, all hail, pretty gentleman. Farest thee far this day?

Second pilgrim. I' faith 'tis never far where one doth want to go, and 'tis ever far, deem we the time spent a loss in going far, yet though the joy at the end doth well repay the pilgrim for his footsore.

Third pilgrim. Go you to Saint's Rest? So call I Saint John's where so many pilgrims meet the morrow.

First Pilgrim. Marry I go there. All roads lead to Johns'. The tide of travel hath set toward that noble town where doth dwell the salt of all the earth, most noble stranger.

First pilgrim. Ay, but much of that salt hath lost its flavor, I do hear 'tis said.

Third pilgrim. 'Tis said with malice then. Salt is for the world. 'Twere wrong to keep it all in Johns. So, knowing this, many have fared forth from Saints' Rest with all their savor 'bout them, like down about a thistle.

Second pilgrim. Ay, marry, come up, down about a thistle, say you, leaving the thistle home.

Third pilgrim. Nay, I said not so. Fared forth from Johns, to sow broadcast such crops of noble deeds that them they left behind show poor compare, mayhap. The world would burst were all the like of these that fare forth from Johns'. Some have gone to teach in halls of learning, some to preach in heathen lands, some forsooth to inform the world about her laws, the which a harder task was never set for heathen folk to learn. Marry, friends, thou an' we are nowhere, is't not so?

First pilgrim. Speak for thyself, fair stranger, or speak in better part. Nowhere is not a mile near Saints' Rest. But I do disagree with you. These that stop at home be the better half, say I.

Second pilgrim. So? Well 'tis ever the part of the better half to bide at home and spend their graces 'side the hearth, I ween. An' enow I think me on't, tis indeed the better half that bide. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that we fare abroad can but little do such kindness to requite as greets us on the morrow.

First pilgrim. There be them that on the morrow day will sound forth praise in verse and song and speech.

Third Pilgrim. Ay, but not half enow. Where find we, thou and me, such noble folk, such fair and valliant men, such maids and matrons?

First pilgrim. Nowhere, an' speak you truly.

Third pilgrim. Where find you such green and fragrant hillsides, such noble trees and sward, such clear and sparkling water?

First pilgrim. Too much is said of flaws and too less of virtues, be they of earth or heaven, fair. Where wast I, pilgrim, when thy speech took my thoughts on that carping sword of thine, thy tongue?

Second pilgrim, I' the water.

Third pilgrim. Nay 'twas thou took to the water. 'Twas the ladies that I spake of last. 'Twas them I left.

Second pilgrim. Last, first and always. Nay, I know thee. 'Twas they left you, not you left them, I 'member.

Second pilgrim. I 'member naught but that I loved them all. Here's to the fair, may we and them fare well as we fare forth and fare them well at parting. Long life and sweetest cares to them.

Second pilgrim. Long life! 'Tis the same to them as many years. Who e'er did know a woman to desire many years? Not I. Were it so why fare they on so slow and halt before twice twenty till another twenty slips them by?

Third pilgrim. Wilt thy carping never cease? Are they not fair? are they not learned, these noble maids and matrons?

First pilgrim. Fairer and nobler e'en than Portia. Hundreds of them to read the Iliad; hundreds more to cipher Euclid, and as for poesy, the lore of law, and all right good knowing, I grant you there is not their match a thousand miles around. This very year the stocking blue has come to be the fashion, 'twas so set to be by Saints Rest ladies.

Third pilgrim. Nay 'tis true. I doubt it not. I oft have mused on the reason for't, but found none.

Third pilgrim. Why 'tis plain as 'tis thy face is plain. Stay I mean not that. I did but mean to say plain on the face of it.

Second pilgrim, Well, what is't so plain this reason, yet halt thou so in giving?

Third pilgrim. Nay I halt not. The reason is they cannot help it here in Johns. The air they breathe from early childhood makes for learning; 'tis the ozone of wisdom and of all useful knowledge. They can breathe no other air, for no other air there be to breathe. Breathe it or die.

Second pilgrim. Some early fared them forth to 'scape it, this deadly ozone, as did thou, my friend.

Third pilgrim. Heed him not we two. Is't good reason, I have give?

First pilgrim. 'Twill stand for better. I could thought of better an' I tried as hard.

Third pilgrim. I give thee time. Try thy wits whilst I attend.

First pilgrim. 'Tis the men.

Second pilgrim. The men, say you. 'Tis the converse of all that hath been said. The garden snake did say long time agone in Eden, 'Tis the woman. Now say you, 'tis the man.

First pilgrim. The men do like their women to be learned. I have it from the best of them. They like their women so to match themselves.

Second pilgrim. Poor fools! Is't possible?

First pilgrim. 'Tis lonely in the winter tides; they sit full long about the hearth, and so their wives and daughters are set to charm them erudition.

Second pilgrim. Poor fools, say I again.

First pilgrim. Nay not fools but wise with the world's best wisdom. These proud masters like their women so; they do like them to be able to cap their climaxes, to sharpen their wits, to put an edge on all their keener pleasures.

Third pilgrim. The men should not so. I like not things of strength, nor things of sharpness. Softness, that I like in women.

Second pilgrim. Nay, that they love in thee, if they love thee at all. Wast paid to harp on the virtues of Johns folk?

Third pilgrim. No more than thou wast paid to be deaths' head at the feast, I trow. Perchance thou wast paid. Wast so?

(Enter chorus. They sing.)

No deaths' head our feast shall grace;
No sad tides be wafted near.
Welcome smiles and welcome cheer;
Joy and gladness shall have place
Smiles and cheer; come they near;
Nearer, near.
Woe we bid thee wait aclear;
We need thee not.

Third pilgrim. It seems they need naught but what they are like to get.

First pilgrim. Ay, an' mistake not we need naught but what we are like to get a welcome, an' 'twill be as we like it. But stay here's a horseman bold.

Horseman. Canst tell me the way to Johns?

First pilgrim. Ay, follow thy horse's tail. He will lead thee there if thou do but turn him about till he squares the compass. 'Tis north 'stead of east, fair sir.

Horseman. I started north, good stranger.

Second pilgrim. But 'tis turn about, 'tis like the moral law of good finding but full hard to find, this Saints' Rest you seek.

Horseman. Of good finding but hard to find, the moral law. My friend I keep it with me all the time; 'Tis my dearest treasure, and I store it in three places, in my heart, my head, my pocket.

First pilgrim. Hast sunk to the pocket 'tis fallen low indeed. Stay I know not. The pocket oft is hardest far to reach. Thy hand. They pull a long purse who spread the feast the morrow.

Second pilgrim. Heaven send, they pull not a long face when they pay the piper.

First pilgrim. Wouldst have the piper pipe without he's paid for piping?

Third pilgrim. Ay, marry would I. He should pipe his best for love of piping; the singer should sing his best for love of singing; the speaker should speak his best for the same reason; so, likewise, the preacher should preach for love of preaching.

Horseman. And the man who practices for the love of practicing.

Second pilgrim Nay to that. 'Tis so far apart from him who preaches that 'tis not worth a mention. 'Tis not meet to practice what is preached in the same generation. We practice what our fathers preached, they, that which was preached before their time. Such the reason why the world moves on so slow. Wouldst have a man, far less a generation, choke himself with trying to swallow that which i' the next may have come to suit the constitution better? The system gets prepared in time to stand the dose, so 'twill not kill. We swallowed emancipation when 'twould a killed our fathers.

Horseman. It did kill many, and now they rest all a cold, God save them and us.

Second pilgrim. And now we have our turn at making kings in foreign lands. Pray Heaven, they stand the dose and live, poor heathen!

Third pilgrim. Some of our fairest men have gone to see that they be treated fair. But 'tis late. I strike thy hands in parting. Fare thee well till we fare forth tomorrow.

All. Good night, good rest attend us all.

EXEUNT.

THE PASSING OF THE HABITANT.

Changed Appearance of the Country Along the Lower St. Lawrence.

Among Canada's 1,500,000 of French-speaking people, there is still a fair percentage left to represent the old habitant type. But here, as elsewhere, "the old order changeth," and one of the most interesting and picturesque races of the Western continent will soon belong to the things of the past. The leaven of modernization is already at work. The river and lake steamers have supplanted the voyageur, and a railway could not be run in eastern Canada which would not bisect a few thousand habitant farms.

It is twenty-five years since my last visit to Quebec. Unless I am obliged to come, I hope it may be twenty-five more before I come again. Such a statement may puzzle some of those thousands of tourists who mark their days in Quebec with large red letters. For myself, I should change the name of the city to Ichabod, for surely its glory is gone. It has been modernized to death. I visited the city with delightful memories of its attractiveness. Today, the place might be almost anywhere. Its antiquity is hidden by a forest of poles and supports and for a tangle of overhead wires for all the different purposes to which electrical wires are now applied. The old gates are gone, though one or two have been replaced by new structures whose bridges are effectively and harmoniously decorated with the omnipresent wires, and crowned with poles and are lamps. Breakneck stairs, and their kindred, have given place to modern stairways, and an elevator runs from the lower city, near the market, up the face of the cliff to the terrace above. I prefer the memory of Quebec as it was when I last saw it. The caleche is still here, but it is too distinctively the vehicle of the tourist, whose trade alone has insured its continuance up to the present time. It is even now out of harmony with its surroundings.

The appearance of the country throughout the eastern townships, as the southern shore of the lower St. Lawrence River country is called, is not materially altered. The change there is rather with the people. There are the same endless miles of rail fences bordering farms whose length is measured in miles, and whose width is counted by feet. Until one realizes the origin of and the reason for the remarkable shape of these tracts, they are both ridiculous and puzzling. But there is ample cause and reason for the arrangement.

In the old days of French possession and control of this vast area, crown grants were issued to favored subjects. At that time the great river was the principal, almost the only highway. The northern shore is wild and mountainous, the land of the Laurentian hills. The southern shore, being far more favorable for occupation and cultivation, was the customary site of these grants. The grantees subdivided their tracts for rent, and later for sale, to their tenants, so that each might have an ample area of arable land pasture, and forest land, and, in addition, fishing rights in the river. In the early days, these subdivisions were wont to be made of about 786 feet frontage by 7,680 feet in depth, running inland. Further division has followed, in later days, usually by halving or quartering the farm along the line of its length inland. Thus, many farms of today have a river frontage of some 200 feet, and an inland run of about one and one third miles.

Later on, an alleged highway, following the general course of the river, opened the country to the southward, and the same system was followed along its route. This may be given as the original cause of the long and narrow farm of the habitant. The reason of it lies in the fact that, in a country of long winters and deep snows, it is far easier to keep open one long straight street than it is to break roads in all directions to farmhouses scattered over an immense area. It is also far more conducive to general sociability. The result is that from Quebec, almost from Montreal, eastward along the river and the road, the landscape shows almost continuous dotted lines, the dots being the little houses of the habitants bordering on road and river.

The voyageur and the carter have gone the way of the old American stage driver. The young people of the region have gone, by thousands, to find employment in the mills of New England. Others are employed by the transportation lines and the industries which have followed those lines into the country of the habitant. The maintenance of the picturesque life of these historic people depended upon their isolation, and the isolation exists no longer. The old feudal system, with its established rights and customs, was superseded in 1854. With the religious life of the region, the laws of the land have had less to do, and change in that important department of habitant life is less noticeable than in other lines. Except that, in the main, a ready and willing allegiance is rendered to their spiritual leaders, one might say that they were priest-ridden as badly as ever were the Filipinos. But the priesthood is generally respected and loved, and many of its members are from among the people themselves. Churches are built by a tax levied upon the real estate of all Roman Catholics in its vicinity, and these taxes are collected by law, like the taxes of the government. Wayside shrines are numerous, and a system which would find much of keen opposition in most lands meets little here save support and approval.

The notable change in the life of these people follows the line of the inevitable influence of closer contact with a larger and more energetic world. The old life was that of all isolated pastoral people who went out as pioneers, carrying with them more of good race stock than of worldly goods. The shriek of the locomotive whistle sounds the death warrant of all such life. The end may come by gradual decay through modification of old customs and the adoption of new, but, with the advent of the railroad and the telegraph, the end is only a question of time. The old well sweep of the habitant is giving way to the pump, and in time the pump will be the gravity of the pressure and the faucet. There is much of beauty in the simplicity of the old habitant life, but the world of today has no use for ornaments of that kind. The forests are good for timber, and pulpwood and matches. The fields are wanted for hay and oats, and for butter and cheese. But the richest contribution which the Canadian habitant brings to the new world into which he must now come is his wealth of story and legend, of history and narrative. In that line, he has no rival on this side of the Atlantic.—[Albert G. Robinsan in the New York Evening Post.

MUSSEY'S PARDON.

A Washington Correspondent Defends the President's Course.

The CALEDONIAN intends to be fair in all matters and to all men and we publish herewith a letter from the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, which recently appeared in that journal. In doing so we do not by any means endorse the pardon, but give the article because it presents the other side of the case. The CALEDONIAN'S opinion on the pardon is already well-known.

Mussey, who is now somewhat more than fifty years of age, was cashier of the Merchants' National bank of Rutland, Vt., from the date of its organization in 1865. He had always borne an excellent reputation among his fellow-townsmen, and his family was in the best local standing. His one serious fault seems to have been a good-natured weakness in dealing with persons in whom he had confidence. He was approached one day with a request to discount the note of one Marvin A. McClure, a man of some consequence in the community, a personal friend, and supposed to be in sound business condition. The committee having charge of the loans declined to make the discount, and McClure pleaded with Mussey to let him have the money anyway, promising to make the note good on or before the day of maturity and assuring him that the matter should never reach the ears of the directors. The request was granted, and the one false step proved Mussey's ruin; for McClure not only did not redeem his promise, but came for another loan, making further pledges. Having once started down the hill in this way, Mussey was led on from bad to worse, till McClure had obtained more than $100,000, and wrecked the bank utterly. It was proved on trial that Mussey never received a cent of this money; that he had pleaded with McClure to cease drawing, and that McClure had held the threat of exposure over his head in reinforcing demands for more. Mussey not only made a full confession, but helped the government all he could in proving his own offence upon himself and convicting McClure, and made over, in partial restitution, all the savings he had been able to accumulate from his modest salary of $1,500 a year. McClure admitted Mussey's innocence of any share in the profits.

For the six years before exposure came, Mussey's health had been failing, as his crime haunted him by day through all his waking hours, and turned his dreams at night into horrors. In prison he continued to break down, losing fifty pounds of flesh in a year and becoming a nervous wreck. When he suffered a third attack of acute appendicitis, the warden and the attending physician grew very much alarmed, and a consultation of physicians decided that he must undergo an operation. He was put upon special diet, plied with tonics, and removed to the city hospital, so as to be strengthened physically enough to undergo the operation. It was then that the application for his pardon was started.

The superintendent of the House of Correction testified to his good behavior, his nervous retrogression, etc. The attending physician, Dr. Edgar I. Hall, a practitioner of fifty years' standing in Rutland, wrote: "His chances of recovery are diminished on account of his poor physical and nervous condition." Dr. Edmund M. Pond, a practitioner of twelve years' standing in Rutland, wrote: "If Mr. Mussey should survive an operation and afterwards be sent back to prison, I believe his term of confinement would leave him more of a physical and nervous wreck than I find him today." Dr. Charles A. Gale who had practiced in Rutland for twenty years and been for eighteen years Mussey's family physician, wrote: "In my opinion his chance of surviving an operation is not by any means as good as that of a person of ordinary strength. And I believe, should he survive an operation and be sent back to prison, that, unless there should be some very decided favorable change in his condition as compared with what it has been heretofore since his confinement, he would not be able to live out his term of imprisonment"—it had still five years to run—"and if he should survive such term of imprisonment, I have no doubt that it would leave him a complete physical and nervous wreck. Should he survive the pending operation and be released from imprisonment now, he has a fair chance of recovering and being restored to health."

Here were no representations that a man was on his deathbed. All these physicians ventured to say was that he might not survive the operation, owing to his impaired condition; and that if he did he might never recover his health in prison. The action of the President was therefore not based upon the familiar sentimental consideration of letting the prisoner "go home to die."

Equally temperate was the letter of Mussey's pastor, the Rev. George W. Phillips of the Congregational church of Rutland, who has been assailed viciously for his share in urging a pardon. All Mr. Phillips did was to certify to the high standing and large practice of the three physicians concerned, and to say that he had visited Mussey in prison and had "noticed nothing inconsistent with the bearing of a sincerely penitent man in his situation. His physical condition is apparently feeble," continued the clergyman, "and his emaciation extreme. Without going further into particulars, trusting entirely to your sense of what the ends of such punishment as his may require, permit me to subscribe myself," etc.

Finally, District Attorney James L. Martin, who conducted the prosecution, wrote: "As a sentence is not only to punish the offender, but to deter others by example, just what should be done becomes a serious question." Nevertheless, when Judge H. H. Wheeler, who presided at the trial, said: "Mr. Mussey profited nothing, made full disclosure, assisted the government all he could, and in the condition of his health I think the ends of justice will have been satisfied if he should be pardoned now," Mr. Martin added a line saying that he concurred in this opinion.

Thus the case was made up for the Attorney General. If there was any political pressure any, indeed, which dealt with aught except the merits—it does not appear from the papers. The simple fact is, that pity for a man who had first yielded to a friend's importunities, and then committed one fault after another to hide something which had gone before; who had never made, or expected to make, a dollar from any of the transactions; who had done his best at the last to make restitution; who had found his life turned into a hell for several years through the burden of guilty conscience; and whose formal punishment in prison had been made as great as that of the villain who tempted him and enjoyed the fruits of his crime, moved Attorney General Knox more than any consideration of the convict's peril through ill-health or the surgeon's knife. It is doubted here whether a man who had been through an operation for appendicitis as lately as the 3d of July, is yet in any condition to go on much of a "hunting trip" to the Adirondacks or anywhere else. The greater probability is that his trip to the mountains is a part of the regimen prescribed by his physicians for bringing him out of his physical trouble.

In short, the whole question involved in the case is whether, under all the circumstances attending the crime, confession, and punishment of Charles W. Mussey, the attorney general was justified in recommending, and the President in granting, a pardon after somewhat more than a year of the six he would have had to serve with the usual allowance for good behavior. That is a question for moralists, with which the subsequent Adirondack trip and all the rest of the incidentals have nothing to do.

The Belgian pigeon which won the fireat race from Burgos, in Spain, to Brussels, did the 700 miles in fourteen hours—as a rate of fifty miles an hour, that is.

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that means a lot—for in suiting you it has got to please and gratify your senses and to agree with your system—it will *do* it all right and the worse you feel the more it will suit you. When the hot weather and attending discomforts make you feel out of sorts, that's the time that you'll say, "My! but that just touches the spot"—there's a good reason for it as **Williams' Extract** is made only from the same choice roots and herbs that the old folks used—it not only pleases your palate but gratifies and tones up your stomach and soothes the nerves. Science can't vie with nature and no drink on earth can equal the 5 gallons made from a bottle of **Williams' Extract.** Sold by dealers everywhere—

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The Gigantic Wheat Industry of Kansas.

The wheat industry of Kansas is the shbject of an interesteng asticle by William R. Draper, in the August "Success." Referring to the crop of 1901, Mr. Draper says: In Kansas, this year, five million acres are covered with wheat, which will probably yield one hundred million bushels. This means at least ten dollars per acre to the farmers, an income of fifty million dollars. The crop would, if put into cars, make a train long enough to reach from Wichita to New York, with ten tons in each car. The money would take three years to count if placed in silver dollars. It has been used, of late, in paying debts, building farm houses, purchasing diamonds and rubber-tired rigs and other luxuries of the rich. Kansas farmers have made enough money, in three years, to plaster almost a square mile with dollar bills, and most of it has been made from wheat.

The crop of 1899 brought $22,016,969. That of 1900 realized $41,624,096, from 76,595,433 bushels. The 1901 estimates are one hundred millions, which, if sold for fifty cents a bushel, will bring fifty million dollars. This makes three enormous crops, bringing over one hundred million into the state, three times as much as any other product or enterprise.

The yield per acre now averages twenty bushels. In some places, where the land is exceedingly rich, the yield mounts up to fifty bushels per acre, while in Sumner county, it was sixty bushels on a general average. Sumner county produced five million bushels of wheat last year, or more than that of several of the eastern states together. It is the banner wheat crop of the state. The farmers of that county are worth, on an average, nine thousand, five hundred and forty dollars each. They have formed a society called the "Ten-Thousand-Dollar Club," and nearly all are members.

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Sixty-nine towns have already voted to participate in the "Exposition of German Cities" which is to be held in Dresden in 1903.

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"I deem it my duty to express my heartfelt gratitude for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health," writes Mrs. B. H. Munn, of Springhill, Leon Co., Fla. "For nearly two years I suffered from female weakness so I could not stand on my feet any length of time; could scarcely walk at all. Appetite was much impaired; I had bearing-down sensations; can't express how badly I *did* feel. Had tried several kinds of medicine which did me little or no good. At last decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I had not taken all of two bottles before I saw it was benefiting me, so I continued to take it until I had taken seven bottles, when I felt entirely cured. Did not feel a touch of my old complaint. It has been over a year since I took your medicine, and I can truthfully say that my health has been better for the last year than it had been for four years previously.

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