

NOTES AND REVIEWS OF THE LATEST PUBLICATIONS

POEMS OF THE KIPLING FAMILY.

A Volume of Verses by the Mother and Sister of Rudyard Kipling, Dainty and Exquisite in Their Simplicity.

"HAND IN HAND" is the title of a modest volume whose sub-title is "Verses by a Mother and Daughter." It is an open secret, however, that the poems are the work of Mrs. John Lockwood Kipling and Beatrice Kipling, mother and sister of the Anglo-Indian novelist. John Lockwood Kipling has contributed a title page from his relief, in the same manner as the illustrations of the "Outward Bound" edition of his son's works, and it is quaint and graceful enough to call attention to the book all by itself.

It may not be amiss, in this connection, to recall a little of the Kipling family history. Mrs. John Lockwood Kipling was a Miss Macdonald, and a sister of hers married Burne-Jones. It is said by friends of the family that Mrs. Kipling is one of the wisest and most brilliant women in India, and that the novelist gets most of his genius from her. The Celtic Macdonald blood is undoubtedly responsible for the intuition, the mysticism and the poetry of Kipling's work, and also for its strange touches of fatalism and melancholy and its bubbling gaiety.

Kipling's Horse Sense.
The stubborn strength and horse sense also conspicuous in some of his work he probably owes to the Saxon strain. Miss Beatrice Kipling wrote one novel, "The Heart of a Maid," which appeared not long after her brother's name became famous, and which recalled in its character drawing the cynical realism of some of his Anglo-Indian stories. At one time during Kipling's apprenticeship on the *Laborer* daily, in whose office he did hack work for some six or seven years, the joint efforts of the family produced, purely for their own amusement, and that of their friends, a little periodical full of verse and fiction.

In Devonshire, who allowed him the run of a library full of literature, ancient and modern, including quaint old editions of forgotten poets. This is doubtless the reason of the erudite flavor of much of his work, which contains allusions to things of which the average reader has not heard. Something of the same element appears in the verses of the women of the Kipling household. They appear to have been a reading family.

An Inevitable Comparison.
It is inevitable, of course, that these verses should be compared with those of the son and brother whose name is known all over the world; but though they share some of the qualities which mark his work, they are individual enough to have won recognition on their own merits. The work of mother and daughter is alike simple, straightforward, dainty. There is nothing which suggests a striving for effect. The simplicity of this little lyric, among the poems of the daughter, is nothing less than exquisite.

The Flower of Pain.
"Where Mary set her bonny foot
Throughout the North Country
No English roses e'er took root,
No foreign fleur-de-lys.

"Round palace tower and prison wall
(This vain to cut them down)
The Scottish thistles cluster tall,
The thorns of Mary's crown.

"Where'er she lived Scotch thistle grows,
Her Flower of Pain is seen,
More loyal than the Southern rose,
Its purple mourns the Queen."

A Reminiscence.
"Love's Derelict" is curiously reminiscent of that poem in "The Seven Seas" entitled "The Derelict," and suggests that they may have been written at the same time. But where the latter poem is stern, bitter, despairing, this is merely pathetic. It is as follows:

"I, who was once full freighted for the sea,
Strong timbered, with my ivory canvas gleaming,
Now drift a battered hulk, all aimless,
Sun-shrivelled, waveworn, useless
tackle streaming.

"The water washes, like dull sobs in dreaming,
Across soaked planks that were the deck of me;
I keep an oar, who steered so faithfully,
And bear no cargo, who had riches teeming.

"Love's Derelict am I, Love's Derelict,
Wrecked by his hand, by him flung
to disaster;
Drifting alone, through merciless edict,
Alone, cast out, forgotten of my master.

"Strong prows of purpose, pity as ye see,
Love's Derelict—Love's Derelict, alas!"
Daintly and Ethereal.

One of the daintiest and most ethereal of Mrs. Kipling's poems is this:
WIND MUSIC AND THE CHILD.

"A tune that keeps no earthly time or measure,
Rising and falling at the wind's wild pleasure;
Now quick in haste, now slow in languid leisure.

"But always very musically sweet
And always sad. No little childish feet
To its soft cadence dance along the street;

"No little childish voice breaks into singing
By a glad impulse, like a wild bird flinging
An echo to the sound the wind is bringing.

"Rather the child, although scarce knowing why,
Hearing this music, passes slowly by,
And breathes its fear and wonder in a sigh."

Among the poems by the daughter are a number of eight-line stanzas which she calls "Pieces of Eight." This is one of them:

A PASSING THOUGHT.
"Just that man in the street
With his commonplace face;
But could one woman meet
Just that man in the street,
All her life would grow sweet,
Full of glory and grace—
Just that man in the street,
With his commonplace face."

The reader will be likely to conclude, after perusing this book, that there is a way to account for the genius of Kipling. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

A LAST PRAYER.

By JOHN MASEFIELD.

When the last sea is sailed and the last shadow charted,
When the last fire is reaped and the last harvest stored,
When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,
Grant the last prayer that I shall pray:
Be good to me, O Lord!

And let me pass in a night at sea—
A night of storm and thunder;
In the loud crying of the wind thro' rope and sail and spar
Send me a ninth great peaceful wave
To whelm and roll me under
To the cold tunnyfishes' home,
Where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place,
Far out of sight and hearing,
Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thrash of the sea-foam.

About the fine keep bows of the stately clippers steering
Toward the bright northern star
And the fair ports of home.

MAX MULLER'S PLAIN SPEAKING.

A LETTER from the late Max Muller to Sir William Russell indicates that the German philosopher not only had the Teutonic train of plain speaking, but thought very little of Bismarck's biographer. He said:
"If you wish to be disgusted, read Busch on Bismarck. I knew Busch, and he was not the most exalted character; but Busch! One feels ashamed to be a German. I always knew that Bismarck was a brute—but a great work of a man who does a great work. And now they are going to erect a monument to B. in the Cathedral of Berlin. Oh! the desolation of abomination! Let him who readeth understand!"

THE BEGINNING OF AN AUTHOR.

MARGARET HORTON POTTER, author of four novels, among them, "The House of De Malilly," and "Istar of Babylon," is not yet twenty-three years old; but she began writing early. At the private school which she attended in Chicago the girls published by the mimeograph process a little paper called "The X-Ray," and to this periodical Miss Potter, at the age of thirteen, contributed stories and poems of quite unusual merit. She also started in the school a fashion of writing all notes in rhyme, and one shrinks from fancying what the results must have been in some cases. However, it was good practice for a budding author.

SOME WAR TIME EXPERIENCES.

A Lively Yet Simple Story of the Real Life of a Confederate Officer's Wife in the Civil War.

"A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE CIVIL WAR" is the title of an attractive little volume edited by Myrtle Lockett Avery. The name of the author is not given.

The attraction of the book lies not in the illustrations, for there are none; nor in the cover design, which consists simply of the title on a blue-gray ground; it is to be found in the lively yet simple style of the writer and the indubitable interest of the experiences which she has to relate. There are on every page laughable, tragic or pathetic incidents, and vivid sketches of the conditions attending war in Virginia.

The heroine was the wife of a Confederate officer. Married at seventeen, separated from her husband by the breaking out of the war while yet a bride, following him from city to camp whenever such a thing was possible, and often when it seemed impossible, and nearly widowed more than once, the story of this little girl-wife is certainly worth the slight trouble of preservation in this form. It is one of those human documents which must of necessity grow rarer as the years pass, and there are few so daintily written and so full of sparkling humor.

Nobility in Virginia.

The writer of these reminiscences was a Norfolk girl of good social position, and the opening chapters describe her experience as a girl, when she and her sister were among the gayest of the young people of that charming old Southern town, and among their admirers counted, as she states with innocent pride, many foreign officers who have since risen to high positions in the service of their country. Among these were Count von Goltz and Count von Monts, afterward admirals in the German navy, Count Ito and Count Inouye, the organizers of the Japanese navy, also visited Norfolk at that time.

The story of the heroine's courtship and marriage is one of the merry interludes of the book, and it is capably told. Soon after her marriage her husband's regiment became a part of Lee's army, and she began a series of adventures largely due to her determination to follow him wherever he might go. Among her experiences were counted the siege of Petersburg, the siege of Richmond, the crossing of the Pamunkey River in

flood on a lighter full of troopers and troop horses, blockade running to Baltimore, whence she had determined to fetch material for a new uniform for her husband, and acquaintance with many people of note, among them General Lee, General Stuart, and Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy, of whom a remarkably clear character-sketch is given.

A Spicy Paragraph.

In the description of the crossing of the Pamunkey River is a spicy paragraph which is a good example of the style in which the book is written. The "little madam," as many of the officers called her, says: "The thing on which we were to cross was moored to the bank by a great chain. It was a lighter crowded with men and horses. There were soldiers at the ends and sides holding long sticks which they used as poles to direct and govern the craft. Our ambulance and mules were driven on along with other teams, and we walked into the midst of rearing and plunging horses, that threatened every minute to back off the lighter into the river and drag us with them, while our craft was making its slow way to the opposite bank. * * *

"As one of the men was trying his best to keep the horse he was holding from plunging and kicking itself into the river, or plunging and kicking itself on me, he caught my eye in the middle of an oath, and interrupted himself to begin an apology. The horse took advantage of this to make more vigorous demonstrations.
"Oh, oh!" I cried, in terror, "finish—finish what you were saying to the horse! He's going to jump on me, and I'll have to say it myself if you don't!"

War Time Glimpses.

"I didn't realize what I was saying until I heard a chuckle from the men within hearing distance. They knew that I was beside myself with terror and did their best to smother their laughter. But I was past caring for public opinion. I was in an agony of terror. There was no other place for me to stand, horses—kicking, plunging, rearing horses—were crowded everywhere. A lighter is the rudest excuse for a boat. Ours was made of planks crossed and nailed together, and between their wide spaces, just under my feet I saw the swollen waters, upon which we seemed to be tossed, and careened and whipped about

without the counsel or guidance of those on board."

A great part of the interest of the book consists in the glimpses which are given of daily life during the war south of Mason and Dixon's line. A little instance of the bombardment of Petersburg illustrates the half-judicious, half-patetic predicament of women who had never known what work was until thus thrown upon their own resources. Seven ladies, wives and relatives of the Confederate officers, had taken refuge in a house a little outside the town, and this was one of their experiences:

"We had but few clothes with us, and when these got soiled there was no washman to be had, so when Sue Williams said she was going to wash her clothes herself we all got up our wash-tubs, and went down into the back yard with her. We found some tub and drew our water and made up some fire under a pot, as we had seen the negroes do. I can see Sue now, drawing water and lifting buckets back and forth from the well. We tied some clothes up in a sheet and put them into the pot to boil; then we put some other clothes in a tub and began to wash; meanwhile we had to keep up the fire under the pot. It was dinner hour by the time we got thus far. The weather was very hot, and we were dreadfully tired, and we hadn't got any clothes on the line yet.

The Beleguered City.

"We stopped to swallow our dinner and went at it again. The sun was going down when we had a pile of clothes washed, rinsed, and wrung ready for the line. We didn't know what to do about it. There didn't seem to be any precedent that we had ever known for hanging clothes out at sundown. On the other hand, if we didn't spread them out they would mildew—we had heard of such things. If they had to be spread out, certainly there was no better place to spread them than on the line. So at sunset we hung out our clothes to dry. These were handkerchiefs on the line and a petticoat above. The rest of the clothes were in the pot and the tub, and they are there now for aught I know to the contrary."

Some of the stories of the siege of Richmond contain an equally remarkable mixture of the pathetic and the laughable. The explosion which blew a whole regiment into the air outside Petersburg, and left that hole in the earth called the crater, the taking of Richmond, and a narrow escape from death by drowning, are among the tragic incidents described in the book. It will be of interest to North and South alike. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

Reviews of the Latest Novels.

NOTES OF SPRING PUBLICATIONS.

Books That Readers Are Buying.

AN aggrieved correspondent wishes to know why there is not a regulation of the titles of books compelling the devisers to give the public some idea of the contents of the volume. He says that he found in the catalogue of a library the title of a book, apparently a work on archaeology, which seemed to be precisely what he wanted for reference. On sending for the book he found to his disgust that it was a moral tale for girls, whereupon he understood the feelings of the farmer who bought a copy of Ruskin's "Sheep-Fold" expecting to find it useful in his business.

This is an old grievance of unsophisticated readers, and even the experienced are sometimes taken in. M. Pierre Loti, for example, once wrote a book whose title was calculated to deceive the very elect. It was "The Book of Pity and of Death," and anyone would have been justified in drawing the conclusion that it was a tragic novel. It was mainly occupied with the biographies of three pet pussy cats, and as all persons do not share M. Loti's fondness for these ingratiating animals, it is probable that the book was not as widely popular as it might have been had it indicated in its name the fact that it was a work for cat-lovers, and not for devotees of blood and thunder fiction.

CHILD BOOKS.

SOME vigorous language, entirely justified, is used by the "Outlook" on the subject of modern juvenile fiction. It is this:

In nearly 200 children's books of the present season we have not found enough giants and goblins to furnish two really bouncing tales. There is an abundance of stories of the Boer War, stories of garishly modern boys' and girls' schools, stories with an avowedly accurate historical basis, and of books in which contemporary actualities are so described or satirized as to drag the little reader prematurely out of fairy-land into the sophisticated life which is bound to enter on all too soon. But while such works as these could hardly be reckoned on a centipede's toes, the out and out fairy books can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

OF INTEREST TO COLLECTORS.

SOME interesting relics, drawings, and letters of Thackeray were recently sold in London. The drawings include "King Charles Taking Leave of Bishop Juxon," with the word "Remember" written beneath; a small full-length pencil drawing of himself lecturing; Miss Perry as a shepherdess, mounted; small humorous pen and ink sketches of clothes "Hung on the Line,"

and others. Among the autographs are "The Lord's Prayer" in Thackeray's handwriting on a small piece of paper the size of a threepenny piece, and another by Porson on paper the size of a sixpence; Miss Kate Perry's album, containing letters, drawings, etc., by Thackeray, with an original unpublished poem, "The Pen and the Album," a curious letter in minute characters forming the word JOB signed by initials "W. M. T.," etc.; autograph lines sending a small gold brooch enamelled in colors with the head of Miss Perry's skye terrier—
I am Miss Perry's faithful Phil,
And my picture thus I send her, etc.

In the same sale was a copy of Charles Lamb's "Beauty and the Beast," with eight engravings and woodcut on the wrapper, inclosed in a paper pull-off on which is printed the title page, and on the reverse side the advertisement of this work and "Prince Dorus." It is believed to be a form in which the book has never before occurred for sale.

Another interesting sale in England was that of the library of the late R. C. Naylor, of Kelmars Hall, Northampton. The most important item was Bridges' "History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire," 1791, extra illustrated with portraits and drawings and extended from two volumes to six. This brought £215.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

A LONDON writer has been giving the public a pen picture of Mrs. Humphry Ward, which is in part as follows:

"A tall, graceful figure, steady, smiling eyes, dark hair (touched with gray) waving down each side of an intellectual attractive face—and yet there is something austere about Mary Ward."
The writer adds that she is of "the type of womanhood which accepts the responsibilities of life, which sees both the nobility of motherhood and the nobility of knowledge."

A QUERY FOR LOTI.

A SHARP-EYED critic has discovered a puzzle in Loti's latest book, "The Last Days of Pekin," which has recently appeared in an excellent English translation. In the description of the international occupation of the fort at Ning-Hia occurs this statement:
"The flags of the seven allied nations float there together, arranged in alphabetical order, at the end of long poles guarded by pickets—Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Russia."
The critic triumphantly points out that this passage was written in French, and

that in "alphabetical order" the flag of Germany would come first. He then proceeds to speculate on the possibility that France would allow this ascendancy, and inquires whether the "alphabetical arrangement" was in French, German, English, Japanese, or what not. This seems one of the questions destined to remain unanswered, since the feline Loti will certainly never take the trouble to do it.

A LITERARY DISCOVERY.

M. R. ANDREW LANG coyly confesses to having been the discoverer of George Douglas Brown. He says of his first reading of "The House With the Green Shutters":
"The reviewer takes up each new novel by an unknown author listlessly enough; they are so numerous, and resemble each other so much. In a careless temper I opened Mr. Brown's book, and then, looking at my watch after what seemed a short interval, I found it long past bedtime. In the interest aroused by these dreadful dwellers in Barbic, every one of them mean and malignant in a distinct and special manner, one 'forgot all time,' like the poet at cat's-cradle with a beloved object."

This, by the way, is not by any means new business for Mr. Lang. He was also the discoverer of Kipling.

REMINISCENCES OF RUSKIN.

E. T. COOK writes thus appreciatively of Ruskin in a current magazine: "Ruskin was a good walker, but no athlete. He and Mr. Allen were out one day upon the mountainside. They passed a group of men engaged in rough work with pickaxes. 'How I wish,' said Ruskin, 'I could do what those men are doing!' I was never allowed to do any work which would have strengthened my back. I wasn't allowed to ride, for fear of being thrown off; nor to box, for fear of being drowned; nor to box, because it was vulgar; I was allowed to fence, because it was genteel." But Mr. Allen cannot remember ever seeing Ruskin with the fells. Sometimes when he was living with his parents at Denmark Hill he would enjoy a surreptitious row on the river. 'I used to be told,' says Mr. Allen, 'not to let his parents know where he was gone.' Ruskin at this time was in the forties."

THE HELPER.

A strong man stooped one day
Beside the way
And lent a hand
To help another stand.
The fallen one had not
Gone down because of lack
Of worth or will. He rose and sought
To win his honors back.
But he that helped stood by
Awaiting gratitude. I doubt
If in the sky
A radiant angel took
Her pen up then or opened a book
To write the fair deed out.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

ing and interesting of his life. "Ruskin's great work," he says, "was to teach people to see. He had an eye for everything—clouds and stones, hills and flowers, all interested him in the same intense way. And what he saw and felt he communicated in inimitable and inevitable eloquence to others. I seem to hear him now breaking forth into a rhapsody of delight as we came unexpectedly, on a walk up the Brezon, upon a sloping bank of the star gentian. He was full, too, of sympathy with the life of the people. I can see him now kneeling down, as he knelt on Easter Sunday, 1863, and praying with a peasant woman at a wayside chapel. "When I first reach the Alps," he said to me once, "I always pray." Mr. Ruskin's printed passages of adoration in presence of the sublimity of nature were the expression of his inmost feelings and in accord with his own practice."

A NEW SCOTT ANECDOTE.

A NEW anecdote of Scott comes from the "London Morning Post."

It was first told by a Scotchman, now long dead.
When a boy he was one day watching some brilliant operations, probably near Abbotsford, when a lame man, bareheaded and with a pen behind his ear, came up. Taking hold of a pall, the lame man turned it over quickly and asked the workmen what he was doing with it. "Whamblin it over," one of them replied. "Thank you, thank you, my man; that's the very word I've been trying to get all the morning!" cried Sir Walter, gratefully, and straightway returned to his desk. "It was the teller of this story," says the "London Morning Post," "who, when some years younger, saw in a shop window as he was going to school the new romance of 'Waverley' lying open at the first page. The schoolboy stopped to read it through the glass, and his eager absorption so took the fancy of the bookseller that each day as he passed the pages were turned for him in the

shop, and he was thus enabled to read the whole story without touching a leaf of the book."

A CLEVER BIT OF VERSE.

ELIZABETH G. JORDAN, editor of "Harper's Bazar," and herself the author of two or three clever books, was the person who introduced E. Nesbit to American readers. The popularity of those delicious pictures of human nature, "The Wouldbegoods" and "The Red House," has justified Miss Jordan's astuteness of judgment, and she recently received a poem from the English author which indicates that appreciation is not dead in the world. It is an acrostic on the name of the recipient, and is as follows:
"Eden, they say, was very fair and dear;
Let others imagine all the beauty there;
I, for my part, am confident the mere
Zone that encircled it made it dear and
Fair!
All that the primal world could show of
price
By that straight zone was gathered
safe and close—
Each friend could read deep in the other's
eyes
The look where all the prettiest lyrics
are!
Had we an Eden now, where sure and small
Germs of true friendship might in time
grow strong,
Joy would plant flowers, and some bright
rose of song
On this your page might from her rose-
tree fall.
Receive, instead, this pale December
rose,
Dear Lady, for the world is very wick,
And you are hidden on the other side—
Never forgotten—but so far, so far."

THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.

AMONG the numerous experiences of George Francis Train of which he writes in his recently published autobiography, one of the most remarkable was the terrible yellow fever epidemic. Of this he gives a weird description, which is in part as follows:
There were no hearse to be had. Physicians and undertakers had gone to the grave with their patients and patrons. The city could not afford to bury decently so many of its dead inhabitants. And the fear of the plague had so shaken the human soul that men stood afar off, aghast, and did only what they had to do in a coarse, brutal, swift burial of the dead.
There were no coffins to be had, and no one could have got them if there had been enough of them. Corpses were buried, all alike, in coarse pine boxes, hastily put together in the homes—and often by the very hands—of the relatives of the dead.

We could hear the "dead wagon" as it approached. We knew it by the dolorous cry of the driver. It drew nearer and nearer to our home. It all seemed so terrible, and yet I could not understand it. I heard the wagon stop under our window. Now the scene all comes back to me, and it recalls the rumble and rattle of those tumbrils of the French Reign of Terror; only it was the fever, instead of the guillotine, that demanded its victims. The driver would not enter the pest-stricken houses. He remained in his cart, and shouted out, in a heart-tearing cry, to the inmates to bring their dead to him. As he drove up to our window he placed his hands around his mouth, as a hunter does in making a halloo, and cried: "Bring out—bring out your dead!"

The long-winded dolorous cry filled the streets, emptied of their frequenters: "Bring out—bring out your dead!" Again at our home the cry was heard; and I saw my father and others lift up the coarse pine box, with the body of my little sister shut inside, carry it to the window and toss it into the "dead wagon." And then the wagon rattled away down the street, and again, as it stopped under the window of the next house, over the doomed city rang the weird cry: "Bring out—bring out your dead!"

ANCIENT GAMES.

IN a recent magazine article Stewart Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, points out many striking resemblances between the games of chance played by early American Indians and those now in use in India, Korea, and China. Among these the Hindu game of "Fachisi" is almost identical with "Patoli," as played by the Aztecs in Old Mexico. Incidentally, the game of parchisi, with which all American children are familiar, is a development from the Pachisi which Mr. Culin and others regard as one of the important links in the evidence identifying Eastern with Western civilization.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

THE lynch-eyed newspaper man has often been accused of having no regard for the personal feelings of the public, or the right of privacy, but it appears from revelations in connection with a recently published novel that the novelist has rushed in, at least once, where journalists have not seen fit to tread. This is the story of that story:
For five years the story of a certain broken engagement has been whispered in Boston society, and has been matter

of familiar knowledge in the offices of the wicked, merciless daily papers, which, as is well known, spare nobody, and are much condemned by virtuous magazine editors who have no temptation to tell the truth. But they have never published this tale, although it is a good story, apart from its local interest. Now comes Mrs. Katharine Bingham's "The Philadelphiaans," reprinted from a magazine making profession of blameless gentleness and tenderness, and lo! the tale is told. In truth the affianced girl, whom a series of accidents had compelled to pass the night quite alone in her father's country house, awoke at early dawn to see her lover standing by her dressing table fingering the jewels which she had worn the previous evening. He and a party of her friends had escorted her home from a dance and searched the house for possible burglars; she had locked the door behind them and lain down without a fear. He, having left a window bolt unfastened, had sought his own home, swiftly slipped into morning clothes, mounted his bicycle and returned for the booty with which he intended to pay certain heavy debts. Her father and brother waited upon him the next morning, the jewels were recovered, and the engagement broken. In "The Philadelphiaans" the lady is married, and uses her knowledge of the man's crime to end his flirtation with her married sister-in-law, but the source of the story seems indubitable.

AN EFFECTIVE CURE.

CHARLES EDWARD RICH, author of "The New Boy at Dale," just published, and dedicated, by the way, to Henri Pene Du Bois, has theories on the training of boys. One at least is based on experience. At the age of sixteen he had a violent attack of sea-fever, and his father astutely sent him to sea. Mr. Rich's account of it is this:

"We sailed out of port in the teeth of a roaring gale, and we did not lose it during the entire forty-three days that it took the rather antiquated bark I had been shipped on to bear her way across the Western ocean. The captain was a young man with a record for carrying sail. He lived up to his record. Every old sail on the tub was carried away during the first week, and new canvas was bent in the face of the howling gale. When he reached Belfast, Ireland, our port of destination, I was convalescent; but when, some time later, I set my foot on my native shore, I felt the dry land was quite sufficient for all my future purposes. And it has been,"