

stolid messenger from the telegraph office, breathing through his nose, after the manner of natives. The man held out a telegram. "I could not find the room at first," he said. "Is there an answer?"

The telegram was from the station-master at Umballa, and said: "Englishman killed; up mail 42; slipped from platform. Dying. Haydon. Civilian. Inform government."

"There is no answer," said Hamerton; and the man went away. But the fluttering whisper at the door continued:

"Haydon! Haydon! Who relieves Haydon? He must not go till he is relieved. Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. For pity's sake, be quick!"

Hamerton thought for a minute of the pitifully short roster of men available, and answered, quietly, "Flint, of Degauri." Then, and not till then, did the hair begin to rise on his head; and Hamerton, secretary to government, neglecting the lamp and the papers, went out very quickly from the Foreign Office into the cool wet night. His ears were tingling with the sound of a dry death-rattle, and he was afraid to continue his work.

Now only the gods know by whose design and intention Haydon had slipped from the dimly lighted Umballa platform under the wheels of the mail that was to take him back to his district; but since they lifted the pestilence on his death, we may assume that they had proved their authority over the minds of men, and found one man in India who was afraid of present pain.

THE CITY'S BACK YARD.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

If you have never been to the corporation yard on the lower east side, it is best to go down Rivington Street until you come within sight of the tall masts of the freight schooners at the East River docks. Then inquire of the children. It would be impossible to inquire of one child; for no sooner do you stop in Rivington Street, and look about you inquiringly, than a score of youngsters will be about you. Rivington Street, and its sidewalks as well, are covered with dust, and a thick mist of dust hangs in the air. The children rise from this dust. They are of all ages, from those hardly able to rise to those that amuse themselves by dashing up and down and dragging their feet for the sake of the great white cloud they will leave in their wake.

These children will shout and point as soon as they grasp what you are seeking. They will also accompany you, for they like to visit the municipal yard, and do go there on the slightest pretext.

Just now the chief attraction is a great pile of sand left there by the sewer department. This sand is capable of being changed under the skilful fingers of the children into all sorts of interesting upheavals—mounds, walls, fortifications. It is also a great pleasure to grub around in it, as dogs grub in the earth after making a pretence of having smelled a rat. The children pretend that there is something grand buried deep down in the moist, yielding pile, and dig and burrow until they grow excited, and begin to believe that their pretence is a reality.

But with the flock of children about you, you will pass along a low old brick wall, round a corner, and come upon a gate thrown wide open all day long. There is a pretty good chance that, as you and your escort enter, a family of chickens will come forward to meet you. This family knows better than to venture beyond the gate; but it has no fear so long as it is inside. There is a game cock, with a waving tail and pretty good spurs, an impudent rooster, with a great terror of water-rats, which sneak about and march up and down outside the yard in great numbers. Then there is a fat light brown hen, with an amiable cluck and a lazy walk. Just now there are half a dozen fluffy youngsters. The juvenile contingent was originally much larger; but at first the family ventured beyond the gate into the ground patrolled by the water-rats. The result was great casualties. The game-cock fled at the first sign of danger, and the stout light brown mother clucked helplessly. She gathered the remnant of her brood about her and retreated, to venture forth no more.

This amiable family, having satisfied itself that you are all right, will lead the way with much dignity. Their confidence will give courage to the pigeons, and they will join the procession, and coo along in front of the hen and cock, while the tame swallows will fly about your head. And the foreman of the yard will be equally glad to see you, and equally interested in seeing that you are well taken care of. But the children will desert you, and fly to the sand pile to shout and laugh and throw sand at the pigeons.

The Rivington Street municipal back yard is one of the three back yards into which the city of New York tosses all that wreck and ruin which from time to time encumber its streets. The city has another back yard for wreck and ruins of another kind; and although the Potter's Field is not generally counted and catalogued with the three, it might well be. But the three generally counted are not for "human wariouss." Rivington Street is not for "human wariouss"; it nevertheless is for things that speak nearly as plainly as dead faces staring up from cheap wooden boxes.

Just to the right as you enter there is a tall white thing—the statue of a woman. She was the Goddess Justice once, and, with blindfold eyes and stern face, stood upon the top of the City Hall. But the rains descended, and the sun peeled off her white paint, and the wind blew away bit by bit her right hand and the scales that were in them; and at last she became a most disreputable-looking Justice, so full of cracks, so broken and crumbled, and she was taken down, and the present copper goddess, with eyes wide open, rules in her stead.

And this old wooden, seamed lady was pronounced an encumbrance, and was brought to this back yard of the city. She was put up at auction, and it is said that somebody bought her for firewood. But the somebody forgot all about her, and spared her the shame of being hewn to pieces with an axe.

So she has stood for a long time to the right of the entrance to the Rivington Street yard. Her left arm has disappeared, and her right foot is broken, and her flowing robes and stern features are in a sad plight. Now the swallows flutter about the hole where her arm once hung, pigeons perch upon her head and look out over the river. They have put up a little barbed wire fence about her, and the chickens thrust their heads between the wires, and peck at the decaying wood on which she stands. If you look closely at her face, you will notice that there is a bitter, scornful look in it. This may be only the effect of the weather. Again, she may be thinking over a caustic little joke about the difference between Justice blind and Justice that can and does see. But as the other Justice is copper, she wouldn't mind the joke any more than she does the rain, even if she could hear the sour old lady down in noisy, dusty Rivington Street.

Besides the birds and the children, the old statue has other visitors at times—distant relatives, as it were. It frequently happens that when the wagon of the Bureau of Encumbrances comes into the yard, it has perched high in front the sign of some unfortunate cigar dealer—an Indian chief, or girl with a package of cigars extended invitingly. But these visitors soon go, no matter how battered they are, leaving their distinguished relative to reflect upon the sorrows of greatness.

It is a wonderful jumble of stuff that these wagons bring in for the inspection of the birds and the children. It represents misfortune and suffering of all kinds, as well as mere trivialities.

That wooden awning was taken down because it was against the law, and with its down-taking a blot disappeared. But that street stand was where some unfortunate sold his goods, until his business left him, and the stand became an encumbrance. This truck was left overnight in the street, and the owner will claim it. But the truck next to it stood unclaimed for months in an alley, where the owner had left it at night, to return for it in the morning. He never did return, and it was his means of making a living. Perhaps he lies in the field for human encumbrances while his truck stands here. There is a boot-black's stand and chair which may tell a similar story.

Once in a while the wagon brings a lot of stuff which is thrown in a heap among the odds and ends, and which speaks of instant misery. It represents all the household goods and chattels of some family which has been dispossessed for not paying its rent. There will be a rickety old bed, a wretched mattress or so, a chair or two, a stove perhaps, a bit of cheap and now utterly worn carpet. This means that some family, now adrift and homeless, has gone down, down, selling all that pawnbroker or junk dealer would buy, sinking to poverty, to starvation almost, and at last driven from even the semblance of home. And this pitiful heap will not be redeemed. In one of these heaps there was a broken cradle, a hobby-horse with the tail and the mane and the legs off, a chromo of the Virgin with a hole knocked in it, a worked motto "God bless our Home."

These things were all piled up with the chromo against the cradle, where it could be seen best. The children who play in the yard went wild over the hobby-horse, and one of them made off with it when the foreman was not looking; but the motto and the chromo were not disturbed. The birds and the chickens regarded them afar off. A rat gnawed the frame of the motto, and one morning the foreman found the "God Bless" eaten out. So for a month or more "Our Home" surmounted the little heap of rags and ruins.

Four times a year the contents of the yard are catalogued and sold. Here are a few items from the list at the last sale: three loads scaffolding, truck, hog'shead and three barrels, log, abandoned furniture, swinging sign, three wooden shutters, tin awning, fruit stand, tar boiler, steam-drum, telegraph poles, beer sign, 1,714,000 feet of wire, two wooden horses and a door, large box, thirteen loads of brick, wheelbarrow, 14 barrels cement, load abandoned coal. Junk dealers attend these sales, and buy up a great bulk of stuff for a few dollars.

There is little of any value. All of it represents ruin or decay in some form. The yard is as democratic as a dump heap or an ash barrel. But it is an interesting place, with its great variety and suggestiveness, with the birds twittering, and the chickens clucking, and the children laughing, and the white blind goddess at the gate.

NOVA SCOTIA SHIP-BUILDING.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

FOR many years past, say for eighty-two at least, the seafaring man has been told that the time was soon coming when sailing ships would be no more. The shapely hull, the towering spars, the snowy canvas—worse yet, the picturesque old marline-spike sailor—were all to be driven from the sea by those ugly but serviceable black tramps, the cargo steam-ships. Few, if any, have been found to deny the assertion, and it followed as a matter of course that if the sailing ship should pass away, the day of the wooden ship was done as well, for, except in special trades, wooden steam-ships have already been superseded. And yet if any one will take a walk along the water-front of any of the Atlantic coast cities, and notably that of the metropolis, he will see more wooden sailing vessels than of any other kind, while could a man have counted the sloops and schooners afloat on the Hudson on the night of the 7th of August last, he would have found many more, I doubt not, than were there on the night of August 7, 1807, when Fulton's fiery monster sent so many wicked and superstitious sailors to their knees to implore the protection of a kind Father.

However much of sentiment there may be in the question of ships as discussed by the artist, the story-teller, or the legislator, ships will be built in this port or that, of this form or that, of one material or another, solely as the needle whose loadstone is cash profit points to this or that, the one or the other. It would, I think, have taken but a brief sojourn about the waters of the Bay of Fundy during the season of 1890 to convince any one that, no matter how serviceable cargo steamers may be, very many ship merchants still find the profit they seek in the wooden walls and bellying sails of the old-fashioned cargo carriers. It was the busiest season known in that locality for perhaps ten years. As illustrating what is there called a busy season, it may be said that between the villages of Parrsborough and Apple River no less than eighteen vessels were on the stocks, their sizes varying from the 80-ton coaster to the mammoth square-rigged deep-water ship capable of carrying from 2500 to 3000 tons dead weight.

The building of a wooden ship is not a very difficult problem in mechanics. As done in Nova Scotia it is really a simple matter, for in many yards the primitive methods employed at Boston and Gloucester and other New England ports two hundred years ago still prevail. The broadaxe, the handsaw, the adze, the auger, and the maul are still about the only tools used in shaping tree trunks into substantial ship hulls, although few, if any, fail to take advantage of the steam saw-mill in cutting out such parts as the planks and ceiling.

How the ship-owner makes a model representing the half of the hull of the proposed ship; how lines are drawn on this model representing each frame of the ship; how these lines are transferred to paper; and how the lines on paper are transferred to the smoothly planed floor of the second story of the storehouse in the ship-yard, and there enlarged to the full size of the frames to be used in the ship—need not be told, for the art is fully described in many works on naval architecture, but that work is the first done in building a ship in Nova Scotia, as elsewhere.

While a tidy draughtsman is thus engaged, the owner of the ship-yard will very likely be tramping over the Cobequid Mountains on snow-shoes; for while ships are built at all seasons, more are laid down in winter than at any other time. He carries an axe on his shoulder, and is accompanied by his boss woodsman, a man who usually knows every tree within twenty miles roundabout as an ordinary man knows the faces of his friends. The stories of how these men, while marking trees for use in the future ship, see traces of moose and bear and mink and marten—see the animals themselves—and even the "lucifer devil," would fill a sportsman at once with delight and unrest. Tiresome as snow-shoe tramping is as work for the uninterested, as recreation for one who loves the woods, few outings equal a walk through the forest with a boss woodsman in his search for "natural crooks" and other pieces of timber that will fit the form of a new ship.

Following the boss came the men with axes and ox teams to fell and trim the trees and drag the logs to the mill or the yard, according as they are to be shaped by the hand or the steam saw. At first acquaintance little or nothing would be noticed about these men to distinguish them from lumbermen in the Adirondacks or Michigan. But after a while the experienced sojourner among them would only have to shut his eyes to imagine himself at sea, with the watch at the pump, for they will be found dragging the crosscut-saw to and fro or swaying on a rope or chain to the rhythm of some old shanty chorus like "Hooray, Sante Anna," or "Away, Rio." Scarce a man of them all but has made a deep-water voyage, and many can pass a weather earring or steer a ship as skilfully as they swing an axe or guide a yoke of oxen.

In some yards—at Eatonville is an instance—many timbers are driven down mountain brooks by the aid of picturesque splash dams—dams in which, when water and logs enough are accumulated, a gate may be opened to let the logs float out with a roaring flood. Some,

too, are hauled to the yard on tramways, which, as they wind about among the black thickets or cross the blacker waters of a brook, are scarcely less picturesque than the splash dams. Queer places, as it seems to the unaccustomed, are chosen for ship-yards. Down at Brookville a great schooner was built where her port-side frames had to be poked up among the trees, that grew almost to the water's edge, in the narrow little plateau between two hills where her keel was laid. At Canningville another was built on the barren beach, with not even a house in sight. At Advocate, two years ago, one was launched right across the public highway. At Eatonville a bark and a schooner were launched from a sand-bar between two forest-covered mountains, where the nearest dwelling was two and a half miles away up the valley of a mountain brook, and the nearest settlement where a store could be found was at Advocate, ten and a half miles away over the mountains.

The location, however, is of little consequence to the builder so long as he has room for the frames, and space in which to swing a maul besides. He does not always insist on having even enough water to float his ship when she is launched, for two vessels have been sent flying down the ways at Advocate to land at last in the mud.

A straight path, however, he must have, and in it he places a row of blocks, most carefully lined, with their upper surfaces at such an angle with the water that when the ways are put under the ship, she will slide down them of her own weight. It is on these blocks that the lowest piece of wood in a ship—the shoe—is placed; the shoe being a line of thick planks bolted to the bottom of the keel, which, when the shoe is in place, is at once stretched along on top. The shoe adds little to the strength of a ship, but often saves her by its frailty, for should she settle on a rock with an ebbing tide, the shoe would very likely carry away, and let the ship slide off into deep water.

How large the logs of which the keel and other frames are made must be is determined by certain rules developed by long experience, but nothing further need be said here about that save that when a ship is built for sale on speculation the timbers are always large enough to secure the approval of the inspector appointed by the insurance companies, while the vessel that is built to the order of an owner who expects to keep her—when "she is built to wear out"—the timbers are commonly larger than the rules demand.

The reader has doubtless heard it said many times that the frames of a ship are fitted to the keel like the ribs of a fish to its backbone. That is a very good simile as far as it goes, and if fish only swam with the backbone down instead of up, one could hardly find its equal. But if one would see just how the frames, including that most important one, the stem, are really fitted to the keel, he can learn by looking at the accompanying engraving, which shows the starboard-bow frames of a schooner built at Eatonville. The ordinary frames are simply placed on top of the keel, and then, after shores are set to hold them upright, metal bolts are driven through frames and keel. It is a curious and interesting fact that not a single frame, with all its bolting to the keel, would stand upright in place if left alone. No frame is capable of supporting its own weight; in other words, the popular idea to the contrary notwithstanding, the strength of a ship lies chiefly in her planking, flooring, and ceiling—in the horizontal pieces of wood, and not in the vertical.

Just how a ship, and a big one at that, looks with all her frames in place, but without the skin or planking, can be seen by an inspection of the illustration of the great square-rigged vessel built at Spencer's Island. The picture shows as well how a scaffolding must be erected for the men to work on as the frames are raised. It shows, too, a shed at the left, where the men who are fashioning the timbers may work when the rain falls—on "a dull day," as they say there—or when the sun "burns the fog away, and comes out scorching hot, ye know." Further than that, it shows a tall spar used as a derrick in lifting up the timbers into place. If one would get a good idea of how large a great ship is, the picture will help in the matter, for the lower edge of the shed roof was high enough for a tall man with a silk hat on to walk erect under it. The derrick was as tall as the loftiest telegraph pole in New York, and the hull itself would have filled Broadway for a block from curb to curb could it have been placed there, while the highest timbers would have been up about the fourth-story windows of the ordinary business houses.

The work of shaping the timbers for the frame of a ship is done with the saw, the axe, and the adze. It is not fine work in the sense that cabinet-work is fine, but any one who looks at the joints between timbers—the scarfs, as they are called—must be impressed with the skill of the man who can wield such large tools in a way to make the two pieces fit so closely together. The scarf in the schooner's stem as shown made a scarcely noticeable line in a good photograph taken under favorable circumstances.

But when the planks and ceiling are to be put on, something else than the use of the tools mentioned is needed. Crooked logs can be found and shaped for crooked or

rounding frames, but where the planks and ceiling must be fitted over rounded frame surfaces they are bent until they fit into place. In a well-built ship that will carry 1000 or 1200 tons of cargo the planks are five inches thick and six or eight wide—pretty good timbers rather than plank, a house carpenter would say. But even these can be bent to fit a very sharp curve if they are properly steamed, and a steaming box is therefore to be found in every ship-yard.

Its name is almost sufficiently descriptive, for it is a box long enough to hold the largest plank, and is connected with a great pot having a wooden cover by means of a tin or iron pipe to convey the steam from the boiling pot to the box. The rule is to steam the plank an hour for every inch of thickness. "But they don't always get it," as a builder said to me, "because you can generally scream 'em into place, ye know." One who has heard a partly steamed plank protest as it was forced to its place will say that the word "scream" is graphically descriptive.

Perhaps no part of the work of building a wooden ship is more likely to strike the attention of a stranger ("strike" is a particularly good word, because the novice is usually a little shocked by what he sees) than that of fastening the plank and ceiling to the frames. He sees the men carry the plank, perhaps steaming hot, to the frames, lift it to its place, and then with screw clamps hold it there. Then comes a man with an augur, who bores two holes in the plank to every frame, the holes piercing the frame as well as the plank. There is nothing shocking about that; but when one notices that the augur holes are, say, only an inch and an eighth in diameter, and that nothing but wooden pegs are driven in to hold the plank to the frames, that that whole vast frame-work of the ship is apparently held together by such frail fastenings as wooden pegs, he begins to wonder how it happens that the ship does not fall apart before she is launched. However, the fact is not so bad as it appears to be to a novice. To begin with, the frame-work of a ship is secured together by iron bolts, while the ends of plank and ceiling are fastened by iron or brass (composition) bolts that have a head on one end and are riveted off over rings at the other. The fastening may seem frail, but there are good wooden ships afloat that are thirty, forty, and even fifty years old. It will be noted by the novice as a curious fact that in building a 1000-ton ship two and sometimes three sets of augurs will be worn out by their friction with even the soft woods.

After the hull is well along, come the spar-makers and riggers. The blacksmith has been on hand all the time to make bolts, if for no other purpose; but when the spar-maker comes, his work increases rapidly, for in these days iron is used wherever possible in even a wooden ship. There is seemingly no end to the collars, the hooks, the eyes, the slings, what not, that he must make; and at the last, when a 1000-ton ship is nearing completion, from six to nine men will be employed about the forges. Here, too, is a case where the skill of the mechanic shows itself in the use of heavy tools to make fine work, for the fitting done by some of these Nova Scotia blacksmiths looks marvellous in the eyes of the novice. It is all the more noticeable in Nova Scotia from the fact that it is all hand-work, few if any such aids to human muscle as steam trip-hammers, bolt-machines, etc., which are common in Maine ship-yards, can be found there.

The logs on which the spar-maker sets to work are for the most part cut in the woods where the rest of the ship's wood came from. Now and then the lower masts of a ship are made of Oregon pine, and iron masts are not unknown. The *Argenta*, a bark built at Eatonville last summer, had an iron bowsprit and jib-boom in one. It was imported from England, was the first of its kind used in Nova Scotia, and was the talk of the maritime provinces. But most of the spars of a Nova Scotia ship are made of Nova Scotia spruce, and, according to Nova Scotia ship-builders, Nova Scotia spruce is unique. Whether it is the fog, or the prevailing winds, or the soil that makes it they do not know, but Nova Scotia spruce, they say, is the toughest on earth, and in that dictum many New York ship merchants join, for many New York merchants own Nova Scotia ships.

The modern use of wire in the rigging of a ship is enough to make the old-fashioned sailor of the clipper-ship era gasp. That shrouds and stays should be made of wire-ropes is not much of a subject for wonder, but with the perfection of steel wire is coming the abandoning of manilla and chains in many places where the one or the other must run around a pretty small sheave. A combination of chain and manilla has been used time out of mind in the gear for hoisting sails, in the sheets or tackle for stretching the lower corners of square sails to the yards, and in the braces which sway or point the yards this way and that. But now the flexible steel-ropes, tough, enduring, and low-priced, is coming into universal use. To the marline-spike, knife, and serving mallet, the chief tools of the rigger in old days, must now be added the nippers.

Last of all come the caulkers, who drive the seams full of oakum, the joiners or house carpenters, who build the cabin and fore-castle, and the painters "to hide the defects"; and so it happens that one of the busiest-

looking places in the world is a ship-yard as the vessel is near completion. With the bolt-driver setting home the last of the fastenings with his maul, the dubber "squaring down" the sides with his adze, the caulker driving in the oakum, the spar-maker chopping away at spare yards and topmast, the rigger whirling his serving mallet or swaying aloft some of her top-hammer, the carpenter nailing up bunks for the crew, the painter spreading the color, and the general-utility man carrying stores on board, there is a clatter and swing and movement that will stir the blood of the most blasé.

Nor will a study of the people themselves prove less interesting than the work they are doing. Let one instance serve to illustrate this. I sat one afternoon in the tent on the beach where the master-mechanic at Eatonville lived. His wife, a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced matron, was showing the photographs in her album—photographs of relatives or close friends and neighbors in all cases. As she turned the leaves she told the name of each, and then added, so often that it made my heart ache, such comment as this: "He was on the schooner *Belle*; she was lost with all hands on the coast of Maine." "He was on the deck of the *Queen*, when a wave washed him away, and he was lost." "He was mate of a ship sailing from New York, and in a quarrel with one of the men was stabbed to death." "He and his wife were caught in the ice, and with all hands perished." "His ship sailed from St. John one day in spring, and was never heard from again."

To those who live on the shores of the Bay of Fundy the sea is at once a harvest field and a grave. The great men of the country are the captains and owners of ships; the rising young men are second and first mates; the prudent are those who have invested early savings in ship shares; the desolate are those whose hope and comfort in life have sailed away, never to return.

At last, though time is never laggard in a ship-yard, launching day is at hand. Not that the ship is completed; "most generally a fortnight's work oughter be done first"; but the owner is tired of waiting for her, and the builder is willing to see her go. And so the most of the carpenters and laborers are set to work getting the ways in place and building a cradle under her, laying a railway of heavy timbers, down which the ship may slide, and building a frame-work to hold her as she goes. Where the water shoals gradually the ways may be laid on the ground for the entire distance, but in most places about the Bay of Fundy the shores are steep, and the water end of this railway must be a substantial trestle, well braced and spiked together, and held down at high tide by barrels of gravel from the beach—something that always looks very funny to the novice.

Meantime the builder has gone or sent away to the nearest printing-office to have some posters printed announcing the coming event, for launching day is the chiefest of Nova Scotia's holidays. Colored paper—green, red, or yellow—and bold type are in high favor for such occasions. Here is the wording of such a bill:

MARRIAGE
OF
ANOTHER BIG SHIP TO OLD OCEAN
AT
SPENCER'S ISLAND

ON
SATURDAY, AUG. 20, AT ABOUT 1.30 O'CLOCK.
Cumberland County's Largest Ship will be
LAUNCHED,
FULL RIGGED AND EQUIPPED FOR SEA.

Such an invitation will draw hundreds of spectators. At the launching of the bark *Argenta* at Eatonville in August, when I was present, I saw people who had driven more than thirty miles in order to see the launching. They all came in holiday attire, old and young, parents and children, lovers and sweethearts—all very gay, and all very much interested in any peculiarities or unique features about the ship, and all watching for signs that will indicate what her luck is to be.

With hundreds of critical and no end of mischievous eyes upon them, the men do the last strokes of work about the ways and the ship with a will and a care that, exercised all along, would have made a better ship in half the time. The spectators swarm everywhere. They stand and sit on the debris alongshore; they gather in the shade of tool-house and shed; they clamber up the staging, and get in the way of the men at work; a few of the young people in couples commonly stray off to out-of-the-way places in the yard in a manner that indicates a greater interest in something other than ship-building. The foreman frets and fumes about on all sides; the builder, silent but anxious, watches the doings with his hands in his pockets; the owner, bland and smiling, receives the ladies on the quarter-deck, and compliments them on their charms, while they praise the new ship, and admire the bunting with which she is always decorated.

Finally the time comes when the tiny waves of the flood-tide break over the tops of the barrels of gravel that hold down the outer ways. The water will rise no higher, and a gang of sturdy young fellows with mauls and wedges crawl under the stern end of the

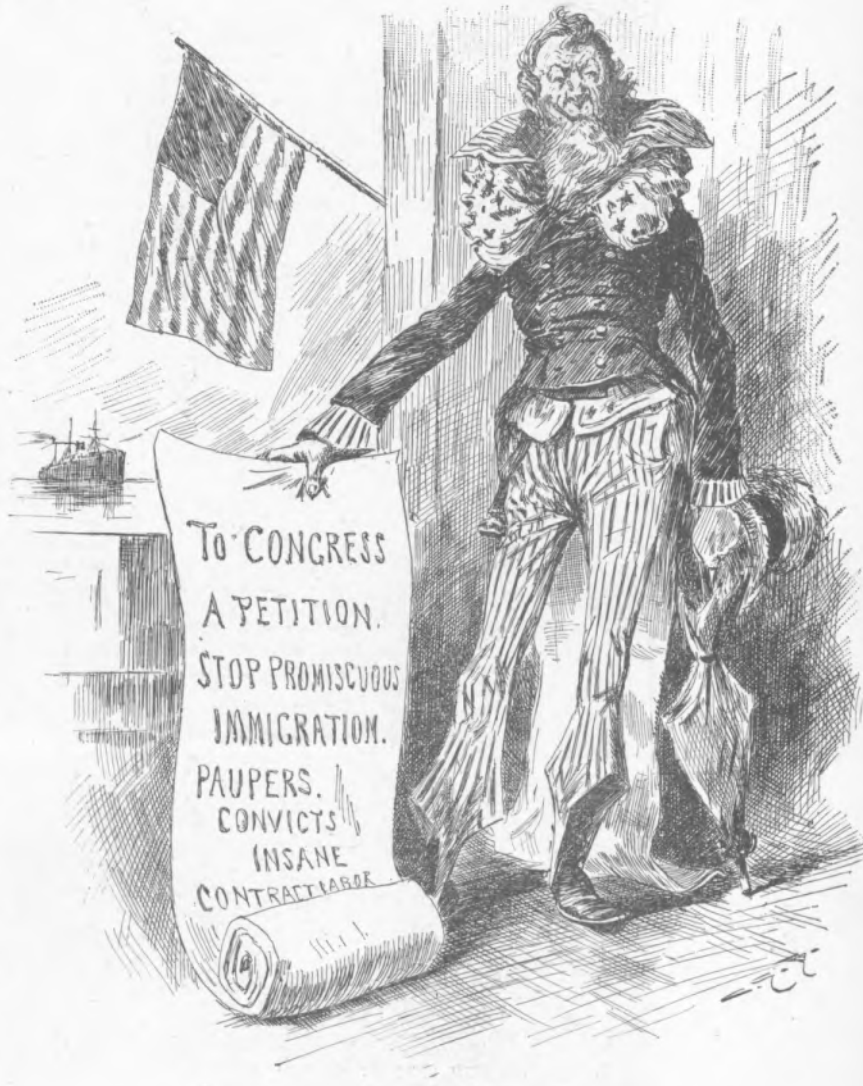
ship's cradle, and begin to split out the blocks on which the weight of the ship rests. There has been no end of chopping and pounding and clatter all along, but the click of maul and wedge is different, and the sound hushes the busy tongues, even stills the wail of the tired baby, for it is a signal that announces the quick departure of the new ship, never to return. Silent, but nervously shifting about in their places, the spectators gaze at the motionless hulk, while the "click, click" from under the cradle grows muffled as the men go further in, and louder again as they near the end, until at last the tops of the tall spars are seen to tremble faintly, and then, with slow but quickening speed, she glides away. Sweeping over the bend of the beach, she cuts a shining curl of foam from the crest of the wave that rises to meet her, tips lightly from the end of the cradle, and floats away, bowing in gentle courtesy to the throngs upon the shore.

THE PRESIDENTIAL
PROGRESS.

THERE is doubtless much to be said in favor of the modern American tendency to strip all institutions of effete and high-sounding titles, and to call even the ivory-handled, silver-plated instrument with which some celebrity cuts the first sod of a railway a simple "spade"; but even the wisest reforms may be carried to excess, and it is not without a shudder that we see the present enterprise of the President described in the papers as a "trip," a "tour," or a "journey," as if its distinguished undertaker were a mere drummer on his spring rounds. To be sure, there are some cynical worldlings who would shamelessly assert that the parallel holds exceedingly good, and that the performance reminds them mightily of the customary procession of elephants and dromedaries, gilded cars and extra brazen bands, with which the arriving circus draws attention to its attractions, but this is mere carping, unworthy of serious consideration. The President, we are assured, has gone to carry the congratulations and good-will of the North to the South and West; and when the chief of a government which controls the largest and most advanced civilized community in the world sets out upon travels so extensive with so excellent a purpose, it is surely fitting that an appropriate title, already sanctioned by long use, should be applied to the solemn ceremony. Such an advance on the part of prince or potentate from loyal town to town, through an enthusiastic and contented populace, was always called a progress, and it seems hard that President Harrison should be robbed of his privilege in this respect. A progress, then, let it henceforth be, though such a one as would have stupendously astonished "good Queen Bess," who was so passionately attached to similar entertainments three hundred years ago. To that worthy sovereign, had it been possible, it would certainly have appeared neither desirable nor dignified to career over such a

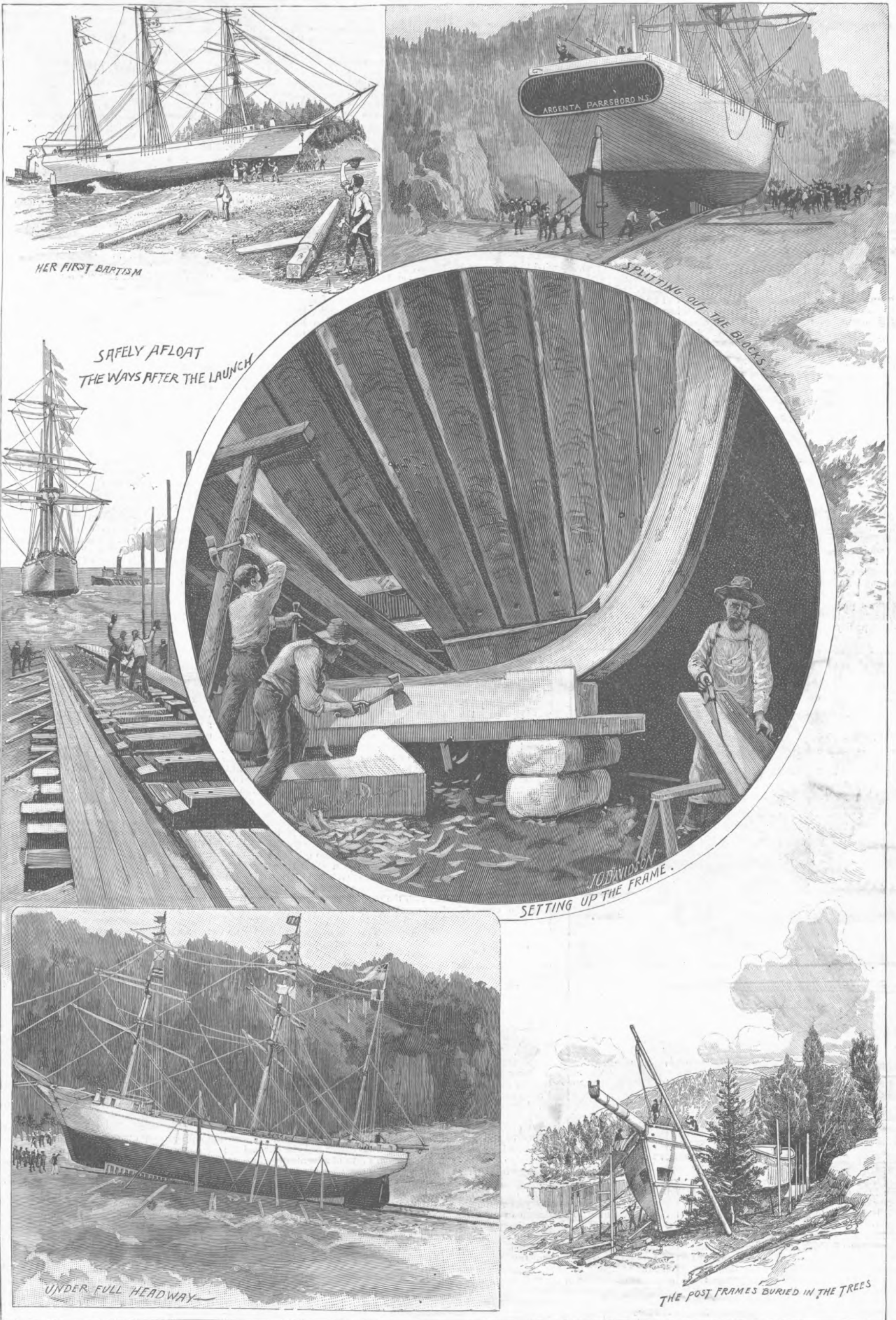
vast circuit in so brief a space of time, and the lady, who ungrudgingly spent an entire day in proceeding from Warwick to Kenilworth, would certainly have opened her royal eyes wide with horror if it had been proposed to her that she should fleet from Washington, through Chattanooga and Atlanta, to Galveston, Tucson, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, and back thence by Portland, Salt Lake City, Omaha, and Pittsburgh—more miles, possibly, than the stately dame covered during a long life—in the swift waxing and waning of a single moon. This characteristic velocity excepted, there are many things in the present progress that would have delighted her. She, we are instructed by historians, invariably travelled with a great and splendid train, but it is scarcely credible that Leicester and Sussex, with all the other worthy nobles, their squires and dependents, arrayed in their bravest finery, can have formed so magnificent or expensive a train as that which whirls the President Westward ho! It is, indeed, safe to assert that not one of the lordly owners upon whom she bestowed the costly honor of a visit at his country-seat could provide her with accommodation as gorgeous and luxurious as the peripatetic palace now occupied by the President. Greenwich itself could not show the equal of the "Azlan, the Presidential special," with its olive plush upholstery, its softly cushioned chairs and sofas, its writing-desks and scrupulously unpolitical library; or of the "Coronado" dining-car, with its green plush and silver fittings; or of the "New Zealand," radiant in blue and white and terra-cotta; or of the "Ideal" and "Vacuna." Alas! the mention of this last triumph of itinerant ease recalls the painful fact that even Presidents are mortal, and that as black care sits behind the swiftest horseman, and "as in the sweetest bud the eating canker dwells," so there lurks a thorn among the roses of the progress. Attached to that last car we find a covered platform, open at the sides, floored with rubber, "and fenced in with brass and bronze"—a sort of glorified prize-ring, into which at every wayside station the hapless recipient of so much hospitality must step, and strive to "knock out" something new to say to the expectant multitude. Nor truly can it add to the delight of life to be closely followed for ten miles by a locomotive cannon, obstreperously thundering welcome every third minute, or to be received by the strident screams of thousands of steam-whistles, and by an additional explosion, so injudiciously adjacent as to splinter three solid plate-glass windows and overthrow a colored waiter. The President happily escaped unscathed from this over-zealous greeting, but it must have served to convince him that, easy as it may be to travel now from Chattanooga to Atlanta as compared with his last experience during the war, it is not yet without its "special" perils, and to make him look forward not without anxiety to the time when his progress shall be fortunately ended, and the constant drain of speeches mitigated.

MALCOLM BELL.



SOUND ADVICE TO THE NEXT CONGRESS.

UNCLE SAM. "Stop wranglin' 'bout yer tariff an' yer silver, gents, an' tackle this fust."



HER FIRST BAPTISM

SPITTING OUT THE BLOCKS

SAFELY AFLOAT THE WAYS AFTER THE LAUNCH

J. O. DAVIDSON
SETTING UP THE FRAME.

UNDER FULL HEADWAY

THE POST FRAMES BURIED IN THE TREES

SHIP-BUILDING IN NOVA SCOTIA.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 302.]