

No more that step, which climbed life's tottering stair
Where the worn and weary are at rest;
That eye, whose gaze the guilty soul would shun,
That heart whose genial current ne'er grew cold,
That noble life whose days on earth are done;
Shall we of Time's frail tenement behold."

AMASA ALDRICH.

ON AN ATLANTIC STEAMER.

S. S. Anchoria, Atlantic Ocean, Oct. 11th, 1897.—Your correspondent is at present about 700 miles from Ireland westward bound, on the Anchor liner Anchoria. The sun is shining beautifully, the south wind is playing on the watery hills that rise and fall around us and a few sea gulls circle around the vessel as if to cheer us up and to show us how easy it is after all to cross the Atlantic. Happy birds! They can rest even on the restless waves of the ocean.

The Anchoria is a vessel about 4,000 tons. She is not a racer, her average speed being about thirteen knots, but she is well adapted for passenger traffic. She has splendid first-class accommodations—large state rooms, dining room, drawing room, etc., and what is so essential to the comfort of travelers—officers and servants seem to take pleasure in making the sojourn on board a pleasure as far as possible. The second cabin is somewhat less comfortable than some others I have seen, but I presume the charge is in proportion. There are at present about 160 passengers in the second cabin, many of whom are bound for Utah and other western states. In the first cabin we are forty souls. There are also 90 steerage passengers, many of whom look like Russian Jews.

Life on board an ocean steamer is necessarily monotonous. The great events of the day are the meal hours, when the passengers meet on intimate terms, as it were, and entertain one another with remarks about the weather, the speed or the course of the vessel, or with the wonders of foreign regions they may have visited. The most trivial observations are intently listened to, as if they were specimens of Plato's philosophy; the most common yarns are received with polite attention. Between meals the sea is scanned eagerly, and if a vessel is sighted, or a school of porpoises seen playing in the water, the news is spread from one to another and all are eager to see the sight. A common tramp steamer is an object of admiration when seen out in mid-ocean. All this, however, presupposes good weather and a calm sea. As everybody knows, there are moments when you want to be alone, on the ocean more so than on land, and then neither meals, nor fish, nor the yarns, nor the ships that pass have any attraction. The tables are deserted and life is not considered worth living.

There has been a good deal of sickness on board. On leaving Ireland and passing through what the sailors, I believe, call the "Devil's Hole," we encountered a fresh gale with rough sea, and the majority of the passengers were prostrated from the outset. Today is the first fine day, and the sick are appearing on deck, pale but probably not much injured by their late experience.

The Anchor line is one of the old, reliable transatlantic lines. It was established in 1852 and has now seven vessels plying between Glasgow and New York. One of these, City of Rome, is a ship of over 8,000 tons, while the others are smaller. Besides the regular service to New York, the com-

pany has steamships carrying passengers and freight between Liverpool and Bombay, London and Calcutta, via Genoa and Alexandria, and also from Glasgow to Mediterranean ports. They have no less than 33 ships constantly plowing the deep, and agents in all the principal sea ports of the world. One feature of the Anchor line service is the side tours arranged for the accommodation of American tourists. These embrace all the principal cities and places of interest in England, Scotland and Ireland, and also the continent, and tickets can be secured through the offices of the Anchor line.

In looking over what literature there happens to be on board I came across, the other day, a little bit of history concerning the Stars and Stripes. It may be of general interest. It seems that near Althorp Park, a station on the London and Northwestern road, is the parish church of Brington. In the aisle of this church is a "brass" bearing an inscription that conveys the information that Robert Washington, of Sulgrave in the county of Northampton, and Elizabeth Washington, his wife, were buried in the church in the year 1622. In the neighboring village of Sulgrave there are more "brasses" and one is devoted to the memory of Laurence Washington, twice mayor of Northampton—first in 1532 and then in 1545. Another "brass" shows the arms of the Washingtons to have been stars and stripes, a device still to be seen above the porch of the ancient manor house where once the Mayor Washington resided. A description in Herald's College of the Washington arms is as follows:

Arms, argent: two bars gules, in chief, three mullets of the second, crest, a raven with wings indorsed, proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet or.

From this description it is argued that it is easy to perceive the affinity of both the Star Spangled Banner and the Spread Eagle of the United States with the Washington arms. The first President of America was a direct descendant of Laurence Washington of Sulgrave, whose great-grandson John was knighted in 1657, and it is supposed the United States adopted the Washington arms as the national emblem as one mark of gratitude to the "father of his country."

Here is a story about Bismarck that has circulated in European papers:

Maurus Jokai, the celebrated Hungarian writer, gives in an Australian journal the following disclosures concerning Bismarck's shirt of mail.

In the beginning of 1866, when the feeling between Austria and Prussia had become a very bitter one, a young Hungarian magnate desired an audience of Bismarck. This same young man, a baron, was known in his native country as a very eccentric personage. He had not paid a single farthing of taxes during the long reign of absolutism; his lands had been left uncultivated to save his being obliged to pay any.

On being admitted to Bismarck's presence, he stepped up to the latter and informed him he had invented a shirt of mail, not only bullet-proof, but also not unpleasant to wear. The chancellor smiled, upon which the baron observed that he wore such a shirt and requested the other to test its powers of resistance. Bismarck is not a man to be trifled with; and, seeing that he had not a fool before him, he seized his revolver and fired five shots successively at his visitor. The latter remained unharmed and immovable, while the bullets struck him and fell to the ground.

Hereupon he showed the chancellor his invention. It was a shirt of many folds sewn together. The elasticity and denseness of the stuff produced its power of resistance. The Hungarian

nobleman now advised the chancellor to accept his invention, and, when the latter inquired what was to be the price of it, he said: "Beat the Austrians."

"We shall do that in any case," replied Bismarck.

Some days after this occurrence an attempt was made on Bismarck's life, the would-be assassin firing five shots at the latter at a distance of two or three paces only. The newspapers stated that the chancellor appeared quiet, cool and even smiled whilst being shot at. Not one of the bullets had hurt him. A month later Bismarck had kept his promise—the Austrians were beaten.

J. M. S.

THE GREAT HAWAIIAN VOLCANO.

What a contrast! What a wonder was suddenly opened to our gaze. Mr. Thurston spoke truly when he called this country the "Paradise of the Pacific and the Inferno of the world."

The house sat securely on the cliff. Flowers bloomed and the trees grew about it, yet from every crack and seam in the earth there issued sulphurous vapor and hissing steam from those subterranean fires. One is timid about approaching the great crater at first sight, but after a night's rest in the volcano house, and assurances from the guide that there was no danger, he ventures to follow him in the path that goes winding, wandering down from the beetling crags to the scorched and chasm-riven crater floor.

Here the tourist finds himself in a vast valley, circular in form and twenty-five miles in circumference. Across the hard, blistered lava, which crunches and grinds beneath the iron shoes of the horses, our party started toward the great column of smoke and flame in the distance.

From every crack and seam of the crater's floor there issued steam, sometimes so hot as to forbid a near approach. When within a fourth of a mile of Kilauea's eternal fires, we halted at a paddock of lava chunks, left our horses and proceeded on foot up the slight ascent to this wonder of the world.

In my hand I carried a green algarobastick which I held for a moment over one of the seams from which tips of fire could be seen, and in a moment it was in a blaze. We lit our cigars at Pele's fires, and, proceeding up the slight ascent, stood on the brink of that lake of fire and brimstone.

"Oh, what wonder!" Some gave utterance to sharp cries of alarm and shrank back, but the remainder stood, silenced by the sublime awe which the wonderful inspires. Below, like a vast caldron, the boiling, hissing, and roaring fires of molten lava seemed an ocean in a storm. It was a sea of flame—an awful lake whose fires are never quenched. Bubbling, hissing, boiling, and tossing, it only needed the writhing figures to be an incarnation of Dante's wonderful dream. Jets and fountains of flame played fretfully over the surface of the boiling mass. Frequently a crust gathered over the surface, and through it the glow of those eternal fires dimly shone; then some wild eternal upheaval would shatter this crust into fragments and plunge it below to be again melted by the deluge of fire.—From "Four Months in Paradise," in Godey's Magazine for November.

While trying to escape arrest Sunday evening James Roach, a San Francisco machinist, jumped over a banister in a Folsom street lodging house to the floor below and sustained compound fractures of both bones of the left leg. It is believed he will be crippled for life.