

thousand mackerel-fishers' boats gleamed along the western horizon. I turned with a sigh of relief from this tremendous and desolate terror of the deep, to welcoming land, as from some hideous phantom of unhappy dreams.

Valletta, the chief city of Malta, is never silent save in the early morning hours. Then it is like a city of the dead; but always sweet and cool and winsome. At that time if you are abroad alone, the silent churches the huge auberges, the tremendous ramparts, the vast archways, the dim porticoes and the shadowy balconies seem to whisper anew their tales of romance old, their mysteries of chivalrous and knightly days.

But soon from this patio, from that narrow thoroughfare, another silent archway, from huge barred doors that open and close with a startling click, come funeral forms, clad in somber black. They glide along with bowed heads. Their advent has been so sudden and their number is at once so great that you are filled with surprise and dismay. But these do not remain.

For a soft and delicate hand, as if by accident, with a swift motion changes the folds of the *faldetta*, and the pretty faces of half a thousand Maltese maids and matrons are one by one turned roguishly or kindly to yours. Then you realize that the faithful fair of Valetta are on their way to early mass, and you stand there, hat in hand, yourself a reverent worshiper, mentally blessing one and all for their piety and pretty gracious ways.

In the vast geography and panorama of travel certain places and objects take on special typification and significance. At least this is true in my own experience as a wanderer. I never see in any port a little, squat, high-pooped brig with its two, tiny, square-rigged masts, but my mind instantly reverts to Barcelona and the sunny harbors of the Riviera. A basket of eggs in a grocer's window no longer recalls the boyhood farm days but a certain barren ledge upon the western sea wall of Fittul Head, where beneath the deafening screams of sea-fowl I saw not thousands but millions of sea-fowl eggs. The faintest odor of sugar or syrup brings back the screeching of ships' wenchies as oceans of murky sweets are being stowed in holds in the harbor of Havana. An emigrant Russian Jew in his quaint, patriarchal habit, flashes back upon my mind the dumb suffering of these folk in Cracow. Any muffled Italian shivering over his charcoal stove and tray of chestnuts wafts to my imagination the odor of the steaming polenta or brings again to sight the fair chestnut groves of Lombardy and Tuscany; and so on through an infinite reach of suggestive seeming and association.

But the most dreamful, mystic, almost pathetic suggestiveness always comes with picture or sight of the palm tree. Cuba, Spain, Majorca, Malta, Morocco, Algeria always return with this emblem of dolorous isolation and inexpressible loneliness. It hints of the camel, the Bedouin, the desert. In art, in story, in fact, it ever suggest the endless hopelessness and impossibility of the barriers between the races that subsist upon an rest beneath it, and those who know and love the maple, beech and oak.

I wish to record a conclusion from ex-

tended observation in favor of the lowly women of Scotland. We have all read much in books, and in the prints where names are not often enough signed to sweeping generalizations regarding foreign peoples, to the effect that lowly women of Scotch towns and cities are all wofully addicted to drink. I do not believe it.

They drink, but neither do all nor even any important percentage indulge in liquor at all. Those who do, often get "cheery," and no doubt they would be better off without it. But I have never seen a Scotch woman, high or low, in or out of Scotland, even in the most wretched wynds and closes of Edinburgh or Glasgow, approaching that emphatic condition termed "fighting drunk."

So, too, I am inclined to believe that the drinking prowess of Scotchmen has been greatly exaggerated. Scotch literature, especially that portion giving expression to Scotch life and customs of a century ago, is certainly full of the humor and pathos of drunkenness. Perhaps Scotchmen were drinkers of valor then; but there is not a more moderate and well ordered people today. The old drinking-bouts of the clan chiefs, and, later, of the small nobility and country notables, are no more. From the great St. Andrew feasts down through the countless grades of social festival and cheer to the simple heart-lightenings of the fisher-folk, beside the wild sea-lochs, who were once almost savage in their thirst for strong drink, guzzling and drunkenness are almost unknown. "Tay"—and oceans of this—"the cup that cheer but not inebriates" has almost universally displaced the fry *usquebaugh* of old.

If a fondness for liquor lingers in Scotland as a class peculiarity, it still holds among those "children of the mist," those impetuous, canny, though ever winsome Highlanders of the North. In my wanderings among them I have found one curious characteristic. They are born religious disputants. Warm up the cockles of their hearts with a drop of peat whiskey, and they are masters of polemics. It is then that they will stoutly assert that Adam spoke Gaelic and that the Bible was originally written in Gaelic. As a Highland clergyman of Strathglass once told me: "One glass makes them doctrinal enthusiasts; two sets them expounding every point upon 'Justification,' 'Adoption' and 'Sanctification' in an ecstasy of argumentative frenzy; and, I sometimes think, with another, they would stop on their way into heaven and hotly engage St. Peter himself!"

Many anecdotes are still related in the north of Scotland concerning the drinking habits of the Highlanders. One old shepherd of Glen Affric fell ill and was cut down by his physician to an allowance of two ounces of whiskey per day, on pain of death if this should be exceeded. Wholly ignorant of the exact quantity, yet ruminatively whimpering over his misfortune, he stealthily called his grandson to his bedside and asked:

"Bobby, d'ye ken yer tables, noo?"

"Ay, gran'fay'r, n' try me then?"

"Hoo mickle be twa ounces, noo?"

"Twa ounces?—twa ounces! Hoot! Sixteen drachms mak th' ounce; sax—"

"Twa times sixteen drams th' day!"

"houted the sick man uproariously. 'The Lord be praised for sic a ceevil dochter!'"

Another Highlander had been brought to his death-bed from exposure and hard drinking. His tearful family and the minister stood by his bedside praying for some token of repentance in his last moment. The minister noticing a strange light in his eyes bent over him and eagerly enquired:

"Sandy, Sandy, what is the greatest wish of your soul?"

"For a mighty Loch Lommond of whuskey!"

The minister was staggered, but almost pitifully continued his entreaty with, "But what is the second? Oh, mon, mon, remember eternity!"

"Oh, ay, guid meenister," gasped Sandy faintly; "for—another—Loch—Lommond—o'—whuskey!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

PRESIDENTS' CABINETS.

WASHINGTON, February 13, 1893.—Within two weeks President Cleveland will have a new cabinet, but who will compose it no one really knows. There are only one or two appointments which are certain, and the cabinet of 1893 will probably be as much of a surprise as was that of 1885. You can never bet on a cabinet until the names go into the Senate, and many of the slates that are made before the President gets to Washington are broken after his arrival. General Grant reorganized his list again and again before he sent in the list of names which were confirmed. James A. Garfield made some changes after he left Mentor, and there were a number of statesmen who had the right to expect to be in President Lincoln's cabinet who found themselves left out. President Harrison did not decide as to three of the members of his cabinet until he was on his way to his inauguration, and President Cleveland's last official family was a disappointment to three-fourths of his party at the time its members were selected.

JOHN SHERMAN TALKS OF LINCOLN'S CABINET.

The stories of how our cabinets have been made have never been published. The correspondence concerning them was private and personal, and such matter seldom creeps into the newspapers. During the past week I have called upon a number of ex-cabinet officers and others who had to do with cabinet appointments and have chatted with them as to how some of the Presidents have chosen their official families. I first called on Senator John Sherman, who was, you know, secretary of the treasury under President Hayes and who came very near being in the first cabinet of President Lincoln. This cabinet was not made up finally until the President arrived in Washington, and the slate was changed again and again during the time which elapsed between the election and the inauguration. Among the men talked of for secretary of the treasury was John Sherman, then chairman of the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives, and already prominent as an authority on financial questions. He had just been the candidate of his party for speaker of the House, and had held his forces together during the longest balloting for speaker that Congress had ever had, and he was the most prominent young man of his party. This was thirty-two years ago, and John Sherman