

valley, glen; a land without forests, split and serrated by the ceaseless gnawings of the sea. Tremendous precipices rise everywhere. Lochs and tarns show without copse or verdure. Shadowy "bellymers" cut the sea-walls where the tide is even at ebb or flow. Here a fishing station; there a dreary hamlet. Yonder a gravelly beach, with fish-curers and their sodden toil; beyond, a weird glo with a herd of seals turning their shining sides to the low, red sun. Over all, a filmy, dreamy, tender presence; for in the brief days before the dark, long winter sets in, it is the fisherman's "peerie summer" in the Shetland Isles.

Strange, quiet, God-fearing souls are the fishermen of the Solway shores, whether they live on the Scottish side, where every stream and brae and vale has a reminder of the immortal poet of the lowly who rests within the sound of Solway's tide thunderings, or on the English side, in rock-girt Cumberland, in the brave old house built from Roman walls. Giant frames have these folk, and wondrous height, wide, fair brows, great blue or hazel eyes and and leonine heads of flaxen hair. I always remember them with their apparant alertness of attention, an unconscious habit and attitude of listening. For it is said these folk can hear the oncoming sweeps of the great tide-born from the Irish sea—which brings the harvest of fish and often terror and death—for twenty miles away!

Long before this, if you are standing on the cliff-edge above ancient Bowness, you will see the fishers, waist deep in water, hurrying on the tightening of their upright nets, which for ten miles below seem like tiny fences of rush; and away seaward with your glass you can see them scurrying up from the ebb-slime and sand towards safety and the shore. Then to your unpracticed ears come the faint reverberations of a hoarse roar; and soon, like a pillar of flame in the play of the sunlight, the great mist banner of the advancing waters is flung from Scotland to England, almost from Criffel to Sillioth, and moves toward you like a lurid cloud above a running battle. In a few moments more the brilliancy of the phenomenon is greatest.

Preceding the advancing cloud along the seething front of a wall of water five miles wide, glitter, foams and hisses a bank of spume and spray, zoned, rimmed and interlaced with tiny rain-bows. The roaring of the bellowing water-hosts becomes deafening. For an instant you are enveloped by the cloud. That passed, while you thrill with the mystery and awful grandeur of the spectacle, the great tide-head is abreast of you, a true tide-bore, such as breaks majestically into Minas and other estuaries of the Bay of Fundy, cylindrical and straight as an arrow across the Firth, and from six to eight feet in height, which sweeps past with a bellow and shriek like that of a hundred thousand coast fog-horns howling in unison; while close in its wake is a hillock, tempestuous mass of waves brilliantly gorgeous in fitfully-swept prismatic colors—and the Solway tide is in.

This is the picture that comes to me from Ireland's craggy north. The eastern shore of wild Lough Swilly is a succession of ruins, dainty villages, like Buncrana and Fahan, and of pilgrim-haunted shrines. Over to the west are wilder shores, huts round-towers, fishers' cabins; and here and there the

patched sails of the herring-fishers' smacks lie white against the background of the headlands and hills. Here the sweetest herring known to man are taken. The brawny herring fishers of the north are here in greatest numbers. They are sodden, hopeless, hard. But they are brave and strong as iron. They have tremendous frames, are brown as bronze, and form groupings of startling impressiveness. They are simple and peaceable, I am told. But were pirates wanted; were fleets to be fitted out with men for work giving one a shudder to contemplate, these sea-giants would furnish incomparable human heartless flint. But if they are flint, their wives are steel.

About six feet in height, broad and strong as their burly mates, with legs corded like a man's, and bare to the knees, with arms long, crooked, and fleshless as wood; with flat, hairy breasts often bared from neck to waist, and tanned by salt, sun and wind to the color of the mottled alder bark; with wide jaws, half toothless mouths, sunken cheeks, eyes blue-black and flashing from deep, yellow sockets, and brows bushy and ragged with bristling hairs; with narrow, creased foreheads, and great, wide saffron-colored ears set straight out from behind like dirty "wing-and-wing" sails, and their square heads crowned by one black hair, faded into snuff-brown like an illkept animal's, which is matted and knotted upon the shoulders, and frequently to the waist—and you have but the faintest picture of this half-animal who subsists upon kelp, dulse, black oat-cake, and half-raw fish that the buyers, who come to the beaches in their carts from Londonderry, refuse as even unworthy of salt to mendicant and crouching man-beast of the town.

And the children of these?

They drag out the same horrible lives; help make the British navy; or turn traitor to the brood of half-pirates behind, becoming the most remorseless of coast-guard, or mountain potheen-hunting, officers. And yet how the old blood occasionally blossoms through this limitless degradation. A daughter of just such an one as I have pictured was the most perfect type of wild and simple human beauty I ever beheld. Bare-legged and bare-breasted as her mother; brown as a hazel nut; ignorantly innocent of fear; for four copper coins she rowed me across Lough Swilly to where her father's work lay mending the seines, like an Amazonian man of war's-man; while I sat speechless, contemplating her marvelous beauty and majestic proportions; hating myself because I was not altogether an artist, and wondering, in all reverence, why God, or God's nineteenth century civilization, could not wait upon the African missions for a little, and reach to and succor such as these.

Standing upon the huge headland above ancient St. Ives another remarkable picture is yours. It is one of the most interesting fishing-ports in Europe. The bay itself faces the north. At your feet are purple heather and waving ferns parted from the crystalline water by glistening sands. To the right and east the green hillocks of the Eastern Shore. Then the broad yellow beach of Porthcoking, or the Foresand Dominating this is the great headland of Pednolva. Beyond, gleaming like a field of gold, are the magnificent sands of Porthmins-

ter; and further still, the headland and rocky islet of Godrevy, with the latter's white lighthouse setting cameo-like between the purple of the sea-walls and the tremulous blue of the ocean.

Before you, the silent shimmering bay, with a few white-winged fishing craft scarcely moving, it seems, the distance is so great from the height where you stand; the ocean beyond, shining and blue and still; rhythmic reaches of incoming tide-waves, miles in length, advancing and retreating and breaking softly upon the shelving sands in tiny ridges of sparkling spume; and here, to the west, a great jumbled mass of gray—old St. Ives crouching in a little pocket of the rocks, like a mass of mossy stone in some shadowy glen, sleeping away the centuries, unconscious of the thunderous sea.

Aside from these, and half a hundred more picturesque spots that cannot even be named, there are the sleepy hamlets and sand-shores of orange from Blackpool to Whitehaven, along the Irish sea; the mites of villages specking the sides of the winsome sea-combs of Somerset and Devon; the quaint scenes among the fleets and homes of the fishermen of Penzance, Falmouth, Plymouth and Torquay; the countless fisher haunts in the seething chines of the winsome Isle of Wight; the drearier of the English east shore where the battles with the storms and tides are ever fierce and strong; the wild, wailing, woeful coast from Yermouth to Whitby, which has seemed fated to be the scene of the ocean's saddest tragedies; the red roofs, the breezy shores, the gleaming sands and the tossing spray of Coldingham and North Berwick, around to the south of the mouth of the Forth; the snug town and harbor, the quaint old streets, the luscious fish-dinners and the screaming fishwives of Newhaven; the almost somber silence ever brooding above the piers of Buck Haven; the rocky walls, the steely blue of the German Ocean, the awful storms and the great dingy, cheerless fishing-towns of the east coast, from Aberdeen to Thurso; the brown crags, the emerald slopings and the shadowy, moanful fissures of the Shetland and Orkney shores, with their Dutch and Norse color in faces and ways, and the drear, gray rocks and puffin-haunted crags of the misty Hebrides, where the brave, half-starved crofter-fisher battles all his life for mere existence.

The customs, folk-lore and superstitions which have been the natural outgrowth of their vocation have been practically changeless for half a thousand years; and their portents and omens are countless.

In Skye if a woman crosses the water where fishing is in progress, and among the Newhaven men if the name of "Brounger"—that of an old Newhaven reprobate who was the impersonation of bad luck and once lived among them—be mentioned, fishing will be at once discontinued. Skye and Harris fishermen have been known to beat their wives dreadfully, not from any ill feeling but to propitiate and attract the fish.

All British fishermen note carefully the first person upon whom their eyes alight in the morning. Their luck for the day will depend on whether the person is well or ill favored. A clergyman, a pig or a cat are the most dreaded of all objects as fleets are sailing out of the harbor. The sight of either, or the