

BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

SONGS WHICH COME FROM THE BILLOWY REALM OF WAVES.

One Whose Spirit Has Gone Abroad Over the Waves—Music That is as Bright and Breezy as the Ocean—Some Enchanted Places by the Shore.

This great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable.—Psalm 104.

Since the time of his song,—deep and strong as ocean, and full of its resonant melody,—who has made us familiar with the voyages of Ulysses, and sent us in thought to wander with the "repulsed" and "sacred sire," and listen to the shore's audible chime; or, since that of his, who lit up to the eye of our fancy the "laughter of innumerable waves,"—the many-twinkling smile of ocean,—this moving abode of things beautiful and terrible has been to the poets a love, and a never-failing source of inspiration; while with just as much of gusto as had the earlier bards, will Browning sing,—"Over the seas our galleys went;" and Tennyson, in the very spirit of the ancient Greek, put forth his proud of song:

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail; There gloom the dark, broad seas. The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks; The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends, 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world, Push off, and sitting well in order smite The sounding furrows; for the purpose holds To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths Of all the western stars, until I die.

I, too, love the sight and the sound of this "green-girdled mother;" and, coming near her, from my inland home, like the ancients on their approach. I, too, feel my heart leaping up within me, and am fain to cry,—"Thalassa! Thalassa! All hail to thee, thou eternal! all hail to thee, a thousand times from my jubilant heart I greet thee!" I have exulted again and again in the spirit of Byron's apostrophe, and the passion of the young Renfrew bard; for though I was born upon the shore, and have been confined there, yet has my spirit gone abroad over the waves, and my youth was reared to their musical speech. "Like the language of home, their accents whisper to me. Like the dreams of my childhood, I see the sun's glimmer over the billowy realm of waves, and they repeat to me anew olden memories." As I read Swinburne, I fancy him about to take a leap from some English headland into the yielding lap of the great mother of his invocation, crying, as her spray flies over him: "I will go down to thee, close with thee, kiss thee and mix thee with me." But this is the very wantonness of that passion which all her lovers have felt. My gentle John Reade, who has all the soul, and much of the art, of the poet, shares that rapture with the fraternity: In my ear is the moan of the pines—in my heart is the song of the sea.

And I feel his salt breath on my face as he showers his kisses on me; And I hear the wild scream of the gulls, as they answer the call of the tide, And I watch the fair sails as they glisten like gems on the breast of a bride.

That passion is in Didi's sailor songs; in Cunningham's—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea;" in Barry Cornwall's celebrated lyric of longing for the joyous freshness and freedom of the wayward world; but here is a ballad, as full of life and movement, and to the full as bright and breezy, as if the name of the gifted author had flown on all the wind that blow. I know her, and know that every nerve is a lute-string, and that the inmost soul of her sings:

WEIGHING ANCHOR.

Ho! boys, for the sea, Down, boys, to the sea; The wind is fair, the storm is o'er, And joy awakes our hearts once more, For naught can harm us, off the shore— Ha-ho! ha-ho! ho!

Ho! boys, for the sea, Down, boys, to the sea; Our pennants flash from shade to shine, As brave as gulls, as bright as wine Outpou'd by Circean hand divine— Ha-ho! ha-ho! ho!

Ho! boys, for the sea, Down, boys, to the sea; What bark can match our fearless own? Go seek ye well from zone to zone, Till all the world be overgone— Ha-ho! ha-ho! ho!

Ho! boys, for the sea, Down, boys, to the sea; Away, where space shall close us round, Where breezy sky and wave are found, Where danger and fierce life abound— Ha-ho! ha-ho! ho!

Ho! boys, for the sea, Down, boys, to the sea; Like lions bursting bar and chain, We, once released, new strength shall gain, And feel wild freedom fire the brain— Ha-ho! ha-ho! ho!

From her infancy, her's have been the traditions of sailor's and shore's men's lives; she has watched the ships "spreading their sails of snow;" and to her have come, with the slap of waves along the wharves, and the smells of brine and tangle, "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." So she can paint the morning sowing its seeds of color "along the ridges of the deep," and make us see—

The gulls that soar and down-ward sweep, With dauntless eye and steady wing, To breast the breakers that upfling Their foam-jets that to music leap.

Casco Bay has enchanted summer spaces for the boatman, and many green detectable islands for retreat; it may compare for praise of beauty with the Thousand Isles

* Heine. † Robert Pollok. ‡ Mary Ellen Blanchard.

of the St. Lawrence,—to both of which resorts of river and ocean I have pleasant bidding. Is not Gananoque all the better that it can have a poetess to sing of it, and to say,—"I wish I could give you any idea of the exceeding beauty of my surroundings here, this lovely last day of June? Blue river sparkling with sun, through feathery foliage, brightly-gleaming flowers, vistas of green isles, waving tree-shadows on the grass, birds singing about in joyous tunes, and the breezes fragrant with wild brier and garden heliotrope—with a waft of roses—make up an almost ideal beauty!" So, is not Casco the fairer, to the generous eye, because that poets have its—

"Long, blue reaches, Silver coves and pebbled beaches, And green isles?"

One there is, whose lyric spirit, homing in the leafy city that overlooks its waves and islands,—goes out to the sea, with rapture, and weaves a measure to which, if the boat man may not lift and let fall his oar, he may set his sail, and skim his way over the breezy harbor:

BARCAROLLE. Away! away! The snowy spray Beside our boat is glancing; She knows her home is on the foam, Where wave with wave is dancing, Bird-like and free, she skims the sea, As if in native ether, While bright and blue, as sapphire hue, The wild waves heave beneath her.

Away! away! our hearts are gay As if earth knew no sorrow, And we will laugh, though we may quaff The cup of grief tomorrow, And our light song shall peal along Above the rolling azure, And every gale that swells our sail Shall echo back its measure.

She loves the streets that were trodden by Neal and Willis and McLellan, and the "black wharves" from which Longfellow learned—

The beauty and mystery of the ships And the magic of the sea.

But, now and then, a poet-here it is that is alien from the sea, and thinks of it as mournfully monotonous. One calls to me from his summer mountain home in prospect of Winnepeaukee, and bids me seek and prefer the cheer of summit breezes, and the healing solitude of his hills. Thus he sings:

You go to seek the summer sea, And I to seek the mountains; For you the wash of waves; for me The play and splash of fountains.

For you the long and sandy beach, The sail at distance slanted; For me the hills that calmly reach, And valleys shadow-haunted.

I find no charm the sea beside; A pain is in its sameness, When underneath an azure wide Its vastness has a tameness.

There may be here and there a bluff To break the shining levels; But one or two are not enough; The eye on nothing reverts.

Give me the strong and rugged lines Of summits rising starkly, And maples in green belts, and pines About them growing darkly!

I know the rise and set of sun Will change the face of ocean, And now and then will o'er it run The hint of new emotion.

But oh! it seems a mask to me To that which ever changes, Which twice alike we may not see— The face of mountain ranges.

For you the dull, monotonous sound Of waves forever swinging; For me, from many a wood around, The thrush's sweetest singing.

The tinkle of some winding bell That comes within the hearing, It may be from some bosky dell, Or from some grassy clearing.

But, my friend, both have a charm for me, nor would I exalt one at the expense of the other; and yet it seems that sea and shore have to me a dearer charm—and the remoteness and strangeness is with the hills. It seems to me that the mountains and the sea are in sympathy and akin.

Listen alone beside the sea, Those voices of twin solitudes Shall have one sound alike to thee: Hark where the murmurs of thronged men Surge and sink back and surge again,— Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach And listen at its lips: they sigh The same desire and mystery, The echo of the whole sea's speech. At all mankind is thus at heart Not anything but what thou art: And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

So, Great Being! Sing the song of eternity! Smite thy cymbal-waves afar, and shout thy raptures, or sing thy dirges! Interpreter of our hearts; murmurer of love and of sorrow; winding sheet of our dead; beautiful reflector of the heavens; our eyes shall grow dim, and our ears dull; but the world shall hear thy mighty waters rolling evermore!" Evermore? Evermore? Nay, for thou, majestic and mysterious thing! art transient; and, at the bidding of Him who did summon thy flowing tides from eternity, thou shalt retire and uncover thy abysses: puffed away by the breath of universal flame thou shalt be but as vapor, and "there shall be no more sea!" PASTOR FELIX.

§ Agnes Marie Machar (Fidelis). ¶ Cavatine Dana Howe. * Ralph H. Shaw, to the Heart of Ossipee," New Hampshire.

Pride. Little Boston Girl (to recent arrival)—You jus' come from Heaven, Brudder? Brudder vouchsafes no reply. Little Boston Girl—Heaven peoples ain't as smart as Boston peoples. We can talk.—N. Y. Sun.

ITS GLORY IS THE SHAD.

HOW HOPEWELL CAPE APPEARS TO "BILDAD'S" EYES.

The Many Things for which It is Noted—What Evolution Has Done for the Place—A Frenzy of Hope, Joy and Fear When the Shad Strikes In.

Have you ever been to Hopewell Cape, gentle reader? Albert County has many charming spots but few with the spotless charms of the Cape.

It was called Hopewell Cape because of the singular fact that there is no Cape there.

If there had been a cape it would have been called Cow Bay or Turtle Creek.

The Cape is noted among others for several things. This is creditable, for the Cape has certainly not made any organized effort within recent years to be noted for anything.

It is noted for being the shiretown of the county, having been selected as such for the accommodation of the Dorchester lawyer many years ago, and continued as such ever since.

It has a bald-headed young atheist, who knows all about the plan of creation and charges you nothing for the information. He has a turn for inventing locks which he cannot unlock himself, and for being nominated for elections which he does not intend to run. He runs a law office too, and like Necessity, knows no law.

And the Cape is noted for its tides which twice every day sweep up the bay and paint the town a rich alluvial red.

The chief exports of Albert County are hay, wood, and lime. It imports its rum from the West Indies, its law from Westmorland, and its representatives to Parliament from Dorchester and Halifax.

The churches of the Cape are numerous. One of the finest sheep-pastures in the world may be found there. The building at the upper end where the sheep find shade and shelter is admirably adapted for the purpose. It also serves the purpose of a County Court-house.

It is also a great watering place. Among the great men who have been there are Joseph Jefferson, Benjamin F. Butler, General Burnside, Collingwood Schriber, Charles Ananias Peck, and Joseph Howe Dickson. One of the best and most successful years in the life of the Reverend George Simpson was spent here. The gospel and the horse business were blended by him in a happy manner. But in justice to Simpson it should be said that he never employed the Cape in the capacity of a watering place.

The Cape has neither theatre nor opera; but it has a scrutiny show which is running night and day. It is called the Grand Oriental Emmerson-Powell-Turner-Lewis and McLellan Comedy Company. With a few changes of role this show has been running continuously for the past 40 years. The main difference between a scrutiny and other comedy shows is that the audience grows bald-headed less quickly than the actors do.

Evolution has done some queer work at the Cape. The town is situated on a side hill, and the result is that a breed of cow known as the side-hill cow has been developed. Those who know say that a cow that is milked on a side-hill will give more milk. In like manner, the practice of hanging pants out to dry upon a rail fence has produced a breed of men at the Cape who wear their pants bow-legged.

But the chief industry of the Cape is its shad fishery. It is pursued by land as well as by sea. First of all, the shad are taken at sea by the Frenchmen from upriver; then they are taken from the Frenchmen by the people at the Cape.

A shad is considered a thing of priceless value at the Cape—a dish fit for the gods and the judge of the county court. I asked a Cape citizen why he had such a yearning for shad. "Well," he said, "we have to live, you know. You'll excuse us for living."

Long before the shad strike in, the Cape is awaiting their arrival with feverish impatience. The faintest rumor of a shad being caught through the cape into a state of delicious excitement. "Who caught it?" is roared from a hundred weather-beaten throats, followed by three cheers and a tiger when the hero's name is known. Then the Cape rallies itself to inquire: "How much does he ask for it?" Somebody says "twenty cents," whereupon the Cape hauls itself into its hole by the slack of its raiment and then throws the hole away.

When the shad really have struck in they can be got for ten cents. It is carnival week at the Cape. The people are then in a frenzy of hope, and joy and fear. When a boat comes in with half a dozen shad on board fair women faint and strong men weep with emotion. She is boarded with a wild Italian "hurroo" and the precious booty seized by a score of nervous hands.

It is very unsafe for a man to venture abroad after nightfall at the Cape with a shad in his hand. It would be simply a case of "your shad or your life." Should a man be robbed of his shad under such circumstances the Cape jury would return a verdict of "justifiable larceny." Let a man drive along the road with a basket of

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shad which he has purchased and he will be stopped at every pair of bars. He is an object of consuming envy to those who have no shad.

Nobody ever prays at the Cape without praying for shad, and it is no use trying to save souls while shad are scarce. The revised version of the Lord's prayer is the one most in vogue at the Cape. It reads: "Give us this day our daily shad."

Old Martin's Wish. Old Martin was a pious man, He knew a thing or two Of forty-fives and poker, Old shad and loo.

An angel came to Martin once And said: "The world has much To charm the eye, the ear, And taste and touch;

If thou wert asked to make a choice Of all things rich and rare, What would'st thou name as unto thee Beyond compare?"

Said Martin: "I would think a wife Would be a useful thing, But for the tendency to boss That she would bring.

A fortune I would make my choice, But fortunes wax and fall, As I have seen exemplified In brother Cale.

If life were only forty-fives, I'd like a chance to whack The board with ace of hearts And five and jack.

In poker now, to hold a full Or flush would not be bad— But, on the whole, please angel dear, I'd like a shad."

BILDAD.

PLAYFULLY FAMILIAR.

The Genial and Affable Ways of a Rare Specimen of a Handmaiden.

She was a recently caught specimen of the genus servant girl from way-back, and she was so very underdone that she might, without exaggeration, be termed "raw," but she was a cheerful soul, and withal, so thoroughly convinced of her own perfect equality, with not to say superiority to her employers, that it was an even question whether she kept the house, and they lived with her, or whether they kept the house, and she was an honored guest. Remonstrance was useless, and reprofs rolled off the surface of her matchless self-esteem, even as the lucious ice cream disappears before the onslaught of the all-conquering, all-devouring, summer girl.

She was convinced that she could render invaluable assistance in the entertainment of visitors, and valiant were her efforts to carry her theory into practice. It was far harder for her hapless mistress to keep her drawing room clear of Alameda—her name was Alameda—than it was to keep that same apartment clear of flies. Only the method of treatment for the two nuisances differed, the flies could be driven out or killed, whereas strategy was necessary to dislodge Alameda.

One very warm afternoon, Mrs. Smith was taking a well-earned rest on the drawing room sofa. She had been pursuing her household treasure all day, and like Mariana in the "Shoated Grange," she was weary. Unfortunately she had neglected to inform that damsel of her intention, and no sooner was she missed, than the faithful soul started out to look for her, and a smile of satisfaction illuminated her features when she discovered her prey in the cool, shadowy parlor. "Takin' a rest are ye," she said, affably, edging as she spoke towards the sofa. "Well, as you're a layin' down, I guess I'll couch it too," and she suited the action to the words. Curtain, to the tune of "Come rise up William Riley and go along with me."

[FOR PROGRESS.] THE TOLLERS.

The West reveals the sun's declining ray, Homeward, the weary toilers, take their way, In God they trust, whose mercies never cease, And lay them down in humble cot, in peace, He looks upon them, from His throne above, To rich and poor, alike, "the God of love" Who wills that all, shall ever safely dwell, Within one fold; "He doeth all things well," Guarding His people, in their every need, When him they serve in thought, by word and deed, No poor and meek escape His watchful care, Whose kind and generous thought is, how to spare, He'll judge the rich and poor, the proud and great, And scan their work, according to their state, Dealing to all the measure of his love, As they are found in Him, and faithful prove.

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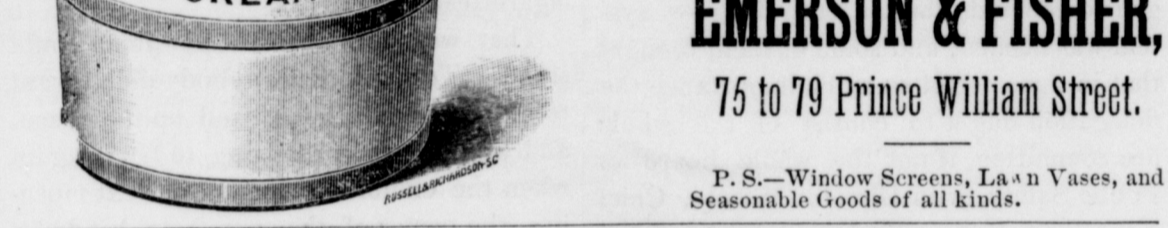
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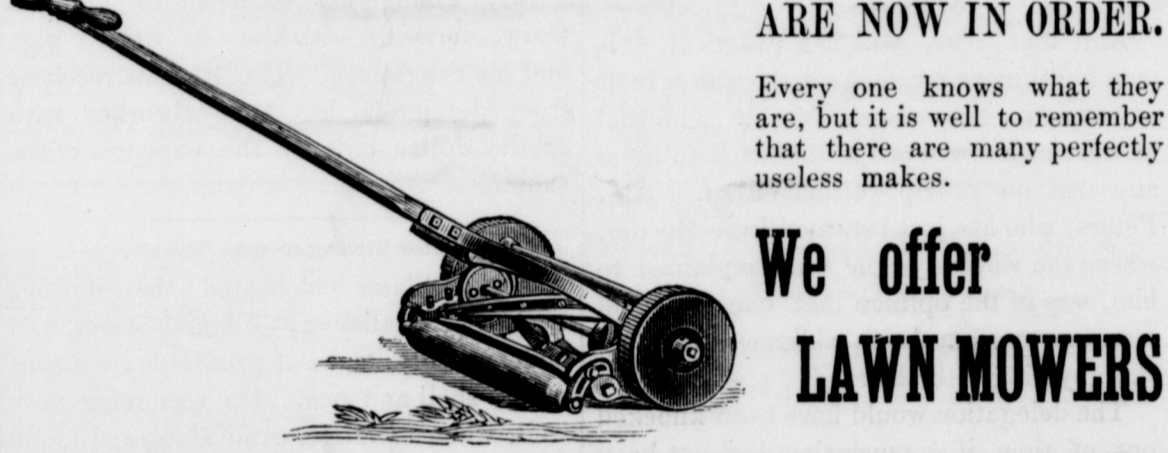
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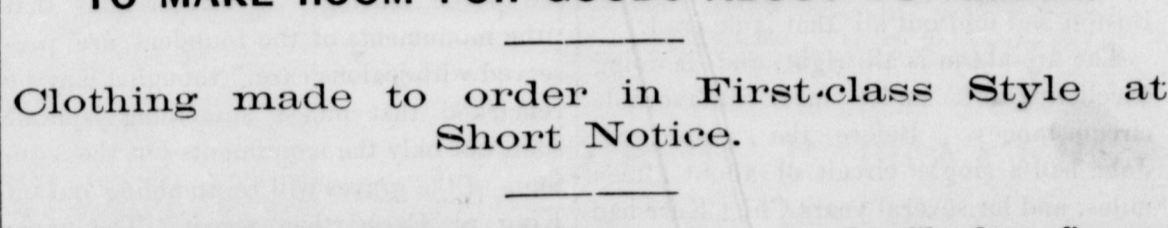
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