

HER NAME WAS BEULAH.

THE SWEET LITTLE MAIDEN THAT
"PELHAM" FOUND

When on His Pilgrimage Through Duxbury Town—Where Miles Standish and Daniel Webster are Buried—The Swords of Standish.

Although I finished with Plymouth in my last "pilgrimage" I have not quite done with the Plymouth pilgrims. I spent a week's holidays about Plymouth, Duxbury, Marshfield and adjacent country. I footed it through the land. Took genuine "walks"—not such fictitious "tramps abroad" as I have sometimes noticed St. John newspaper men accused of taking. The town of Duxbury, it may be mentioned, received its name from Duxbury Hall, the seat of the Standish family in England. From Captain's Hill—so-called from having been the home of Captain Standish—a good view of the surrounding country was obtained, which will be much better from the top of the tall Standish monument, which crowns the summit of the hill, when means are supplied of getting up inside the tower. The Yankees have been tardy about erecting these monuments to the memory of the old Pilgrims. The people of St. John and of the province of New Brunswick appear equally negligent of the memory of the "loyalists." Perhaps some time they will wake up and a hundred years or so from now may see that tall monument to the loyalist forefathers crowning the top of Fort Howe hill. Even a plain shaft of New Brunswick red granite would be better than nothing. Such a shaft, standing clear-cut against the sky, upon the top of Fort Howe, would ever speak out to all comers in honor of the memory of the old founders, who gave up much for the sake of living under the British flag. Near Captain's Hill is the Standish grave. Here, with cannon to right of him, cannon to left of him, cannon at his head and cannon at his feet, lies buried the Puritan captain. That is, it is supposed he lies there. There is not, I believe, absolute certainty of this being his place of burial. Time casts shadows of doubt upon the identity of places and things. Did not seven different cities claim the honor of being the birthplace of Homer? Even the sword of Miles Standish is preserved, I believe in at least two places in Massachusetts, resembling, in this respect, that of General Wolfe. But may not such warriors have possessed two swords, even if they did not wear them both at once? There is record about the supposed grave of the Standishes, a wall of masonry, with mounted cannon and piles of cannon balls. It is a most formidable looking structure but decidedly inelegant and inappropriate. Good taste will, in time, probably provide something more fitting to mark the last resting place, to the Puritan leader. In seeking out these places I discovered a genuine little Puritan maiden. Lithe and graceful, she seemed like some tall beautiful flower, swayed in the breezes of Duxbury hills. Nature gave forth, in her most lovely face, the signs of health and purity. Her laughing, brown eyes expressed only candor and innocence. She was a picture, sweet to look upon, filling to the eyes of the heart and the mind, as she stood and openly, artlessly, smilingly talked with my friend and me as we sat resting on a grassy bank. She was surely one of the descendants of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins. She talked of her school (she still went to school) and of her life with her "Grandpa." Her name? It was "Beulah." How appropriate! My friend foolishly wanted to know what they called her "for short." She said that they sometimes called her "Sweet Beulah Land." So we chatted and parted and the last I saw of "Sweet Beulah Land" was her hand-wave to us as she disappeared over the brow of the hill. She was one of the sweetest things I have looked upon for many a day and the image of the little Puritan maiden, "Beulah," will hold a pleasant place in my memory of these "pilgrimages."

Leaving Duxbury and the Duxbury "flats" and crossing the long Duxbury bridge (which reminds one very much of the "Nerepis" bridge, but appears even longer, and is better built) I made my way up through the "town" of Marshfield. These Massachusetts "towns," be it known often cover large areas of country and correspond, I suppose, to the New Brunswick "parishes." This sea-board town of Marshfield is the country of Daniel Webster and things here take on largely the name of Webster and of Winslow. The Webster house is one of the summer hotels which are spotted all along these shores. The beaches are good here and almost equal the "Bay Shore." The house where Daniel Webster lived is still standing and in good repair. Here, on Cherry Hill, the great orator delivered his last public address on 24th July 1852, and here he lies buried. The inscription on his monument is "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," and, underneath, his own words expressing a sort of compelled belief in the Christian religion. In the same little burial-ground I noticed the monument of that sweet singer, Adelaide Phillips. Her home was here in this part of New England and her family still occupied the homestead. Here, in the old Winslow burial-place, are also to be found the remains of the very first child born to the Pilgrims—Peregrine White, born on the Mayflower; the first

mother,—Susanna Winslow; the first bride; and also the first native governor, Josiah, son of Edward Winslow. Major-General Winslow, commemorated by Longfellow, in connection with the expulsion of the Acadians, was the grandson of this Governor Winslow.

While speaking of the burial places I must here insert a brief but striking epitaph from a stone in the Duxbury cemetery. It is as follows: Asenath Soule. The chisel can't help her any.

There is more truth than poetry in this, though the chisel does not attempt to say whether the character of Asenath was good, bad, or indifferent. Trusting that she was too good to stand in need of any posthumous praise I must leave her and leave

ENCOURAGE PHYSICAL TRAINING. It is a Means of Elevating the Morals of a Nation.

The best foot-ball teams that Yale has ever had, have been composed of the most moral men. This portion of physical training gives opportunity for development of certain qualities of mind not provided for in the college curriculum, and we can readily see how each member of the team would learn his moral lessons. The diet table would teach him self-restraint, the nature of the game self-control, courage, unselfishness, resolution, and perseverance, and he would learn discipline from the necessity of obeying captain and coach. Men who seem to require some outlet for superabundant animal life, find the exercise

structor is present conducting the exercises, the liability to accidents is small.

What then shall we say concerning physical training? Shall we not look favorably on it as a means to elevating the morals of the nation? Surely there are arguments against it, but are they not in the abuse instead of the use of this valuable education? A man of fine physique does not live for the observance of physical training but observes physical training as a necessary means to proper and wise living. President Garfield said, "There is no way in which you can get so much out of a man as by training; not by pieces, but the whole of him; and the trained men, other things being equal, are to be the masters of the world." We can then see

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 5.

It was September in San Francisco, and one of the warmest days of the season, although it is never at any time uncomfortably hot in the glorious climate of California, but to use an Irish bull they have their summer there in the autumn, and to me the memorable 20th of September 1894 was at least a faint reminder of the glowing discomfort of a July or August, day in the Empire City that I had left behind a few short weeks before over three thousand miles away. However I knew I would soon cool down a bit and if I was not aware

state of preservation in which he found St. Paul's, whose ruins his prophetic soul has not as yet been able to sketch from the busy whirl and life of London Bridge.

Everything comes to him who waits, and the mails brought by the Overland Flyer came rumbling down the pier at last. The plank which separated husband from wife, father from son, sweetheart from sweetheart, was pushed on shore; the heavy ropes were cast off, the big engine commenced its slow but sure propelling powers, and we swung from the moorings amid a flutter of handkerchiefs, mingled sighs and tears, fond farewells and sweet adieus with the prow of our gallant ship turning the famed Golden Gate, where the fresh evening breeze came to meet us with its refreshing and cooling breath. A deep purple haze seemed to cling to the bronzed and parched looking hill-sides, the declining beauties of the glorious orb of day were dancing sweet and pretty minuets upon spire and housetop and sloping hill and bubbling waters as we saw the Cliff House and the seals slumbering in their foam-washed, rocky abiding places in the fast fading distance. In the gloaming and long lingering twilight we pass beneath the dim shadows of the Fanalone Islands, with their flashing light crowning one of their jagged peaks, guiding the brave toilers of the sea to the portals of the Golden Gate, lying thirty miles away—or out upon the vast and boundless beauties of a great and majestic ocean. This lonely looking spot, the first and last land we saw for many weary days, is a refuge for a few people who dwell in their little white cottages beneath the deep shadows of the barren hills that rise abruptly out of the lonely ocean and for millions of sea gulls and other birds of the air, which find a resting place and a shelter upon and around its flinty boulders, and even that little oasis in the watery desert through which we were ploughing was soon lost to sight as we sped on in the darkness over the billowy waves of the great Pacific, which seemed to grow angry and boisterous and anything but pacific as we ventured further on and on over its foamy waves.

Many of the light laughing mortals who had come on board a few hours before were speedily transformed into sad visaged, thoughtful, tear-bedewed specimens of the "genus homo." We had on board the usual quota of other wise good people who were beginning to feel in their profound, badly constructed stomachs the swaying, disagreeable motion of the Mariposa, as she kept bounding away over the troubled waters unwilling subjects of dear old Neptune who was covered with the yeasty foam of the sad sea waves, and whose haughty trident sparkled with the dripping bubbles of a mighty ocean as he sat in gleeful torturing triumph upon his aqueous throne to which his mistaken followers with hearts bowed down were paying their unwilling tribute.

The Ships that Pass in the Night were not seen even in the daylight nor at any time, so we kept steadily on for the first three days, when the white crested beauties of the mighty deep seemed to flatten out and gently subside into a glorious calm, only rippled by the mild breath of the shining sea and the glistening sunshine of the brave over hanging firmament that was replaced when the sun had made a golden set and buried his shining splendor in the silver sea by the twinkling stars shining brightly in the heavens above our heads, and reproducing themselves in glistening splendor in the glorious waters through which the steamer was now gliding so peacefully on and on.

IRISH CHILDREN.

How They Perpetrate some Amusing "Bulls."

Frances Power Cobbe, while living with her father in Ireland—he was the owner of a large estate and the landlord of many tenants—used to teach two or three hours a week in a village school not far from her home. In her "Life" she tells two stories illustrative of the ingenuity with which, when they came to a difficult word in reading, they substituted another that they could pronounce.

One boy read that John the Baptist had a leather "griddle" about his loins. A young man with a deep, manly voice once startled his teacher, while reading in the New Testament, by announcing, "He casteth out devils through—through—through Blaz's, the chief of the devils."

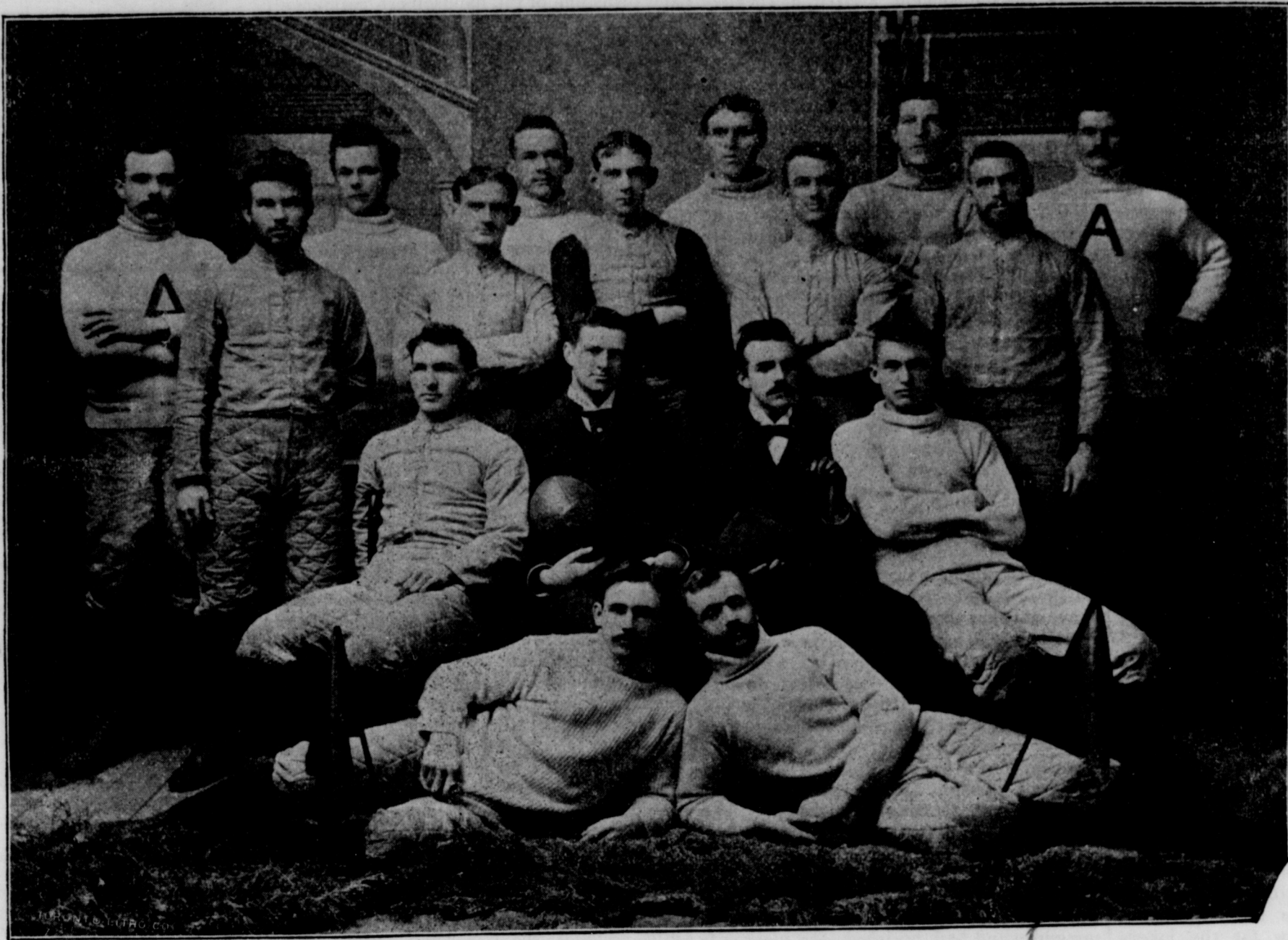
Not infrequently a child, carefully instructed by a painstaking teacher, would so fail on examination as to be diverting. "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" asked the teacher of a child. "Ating camels, my lady," promptly replied the child.

On paying a visit to her old home, after an absence of ten years, Miss Cobbe found that the impressions made by her teaching were far from durable. She asked her crack scholar, promoted to the position of second gardener on her brother's estate: "Well, Andrew, how much do you remember of all my lessons?"

"Ah, ma'am, never a word."

"Oh, Andrew, Andrew! And have you forgotten all about the sun, the moon and stars, the day and the night, and the seasons?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! I do remember now, and you set them on the schoolroom table, and Mars was a red gooseberry, and I ate him!"



THE ACADIA FOOTBALL TEAM.

the Plymouth Pilgrims for the present. I hope next to "pilgrimage" to interesting old Salem and an account of this pilgrimage shall be duly forthcoming.

PELHAM.

CANTON'S EXECUTION GROUND. The Heads are Put in Large Jars Against The Wall.

We arrived at a place where a lot of rough, unbaked pippins covered the ground. It was a narrow strip of land twenty or twenty-five feet wide and seventy or eighty long, the only patch of ground not built upon in the neighborhood. "This is the place," said the guide; "It is one of the sights."

It was not much of a sight, I thought, after a hurried glance, and I did not feel inclined for deeper investigation. Hitherto it had seemed as if nothing could upset me, but that afternoon I was doubtful. Near the middle, where the pippins were not so close together, the ground was discolored. "What is that?" said I. "Some men were beheaded there a day or two ago," he answered. "Would you like to see their heads? They are in those large jars standing near the wall." But I declined.

Donning a Veil.

It is an accomplishment worth acquiring in these days when American women go about almost universally veiled as the beauties of the Orient, to put one's veil on successfully, that is so as the hair is held securely in position. The veil itself does not droop below the hat brim at any point, and neither hangs loose nor draws across the face, rendering a wink inconvenient and the nose a martyr to the tickling sensation with every wearer of a veil knows. Half the beauty of the veil, or more strictly, the enhancement of beauty which the veil gives, is due to the way it is put on. Worse than no veil at all is the veil put on before the bonnet is assumed, as one fashion writer recommends. The filing masses, pressed closely against the face and hair, leave no room for the charming illusory effect which is the veil's chief "excuse for being." The first requirement in a veil is that it shall be of unstained size, double width, unless it is to be worn with a very small bonnet, and a yard long, so that it may be gathered up in generous folds over the hat brim and pinned—a veil should never be tied—well up at the back of the hat. A better fit and a prettier effect is given by a little cluster of gathers directly in the middle of the front. It is to be hoped that women will sometime learn that veils figured with sprigs, or, indeed anything but unobtrusive dots, are never becoming and make them look, as a man was heard to remark the other day, "as if their faces were covered with flies."

ment of the game replaces that which was formerly obtained by fighting and midnight marauding. Mr. Ed Chedwick the distinguished English sanitarian, said he could build a city, so as to have any death rate from five to fifty per thousand annually, according to the sanitary condition; and so I think a race could, to a great measure, be cultivated to have any degree of morality, according to the physical training received.

But not everything on this question is in its favor. There are arguments of considerable weight, which are frequently raised to show that physical training has a degrading moral effect; and perhaps we could well examine a few of them. Making excellency in attainment the primary object in physical training cannot but have an immoral tendency. The object in physical training is not to discover who can accomplish the most difficult feat, but to educate and develop the body that it may better obey the commands of the will. As soon as we have the wrong object in view, we lose the substance in the shadow, we create selfishness and indulgence, and in all probability ruin our bodies in endeavoring to excel our fellow athletes. We then make the training an end instead of a means to an end. We worship the body instead of worshipping through the body and cause our bodies to rule our wills instead of being in subjection to them. By this also professionalism is encouraged, which has ever proved itself to be a moral degradation. Persons who will sell their bodies to the highest bidder, in order to obtain an easy living, are liable to be immoral men, and consequently exert an evil influence on those associating with them in training, who perhaps have a good object in view.

Waste of time and of money has been an objection of some. They claim that work of different kinds will give the required exercise without spending money or time, that physical training is a misuse of means and leisure hours. Probably there is some truth in the statement that, it work with the exercise that each and every muscle requires, and bringing in some revenue could be acquired, it would tend to a more definite and moral aim.

Brutality in field games such as foot-ball and lacrosse, is a cause of much antagonistic criticism, and no doubt there are grounds for some reproach. Many accidents occur in out-door sports that could without doubt be avoided. We have read of many bones being fractured, many eyes lost, many persons being disfigured for life, that would never have been recorded but for the existence of certain field games. I do not say that these objections would not be a thing of the past, if certain rules of the games were changed and others added that would bring the risk of an accident to a minimum. We hear of accidents in gymnasiums, but not as a usual thing in well conducted ones. If a competent in-

structor is present conducting the exercises, the liability to accidents is small. What then shall we say concerning physical training? Shall we not look favorably on it as a means to elevating the morals of the nation? Surely there are arguments against it, but are they not in the abuse instead of the use of this valuable education? A man of fine physique does not live for the observance of physical training but observes physical training as a necessary means to proper and wise living. President Garfield said, "There is no way in which you can get so much out of a man as by training; not by pieces, but the whole of him; and the trained men, other things being equal, are to be the masters of the world." We can then see

A PRETTY TALL YARN.

A Cunning Crow's Stratagem to Get Footed at a Hunters' Camp.

"A crow is the slickest bird flying when it wants to be," said Lige Thomer as he sat on the edge of a soapbox at William's store at Long Hill Centre, "and to prove it I will tell a circumstance that occurred when a party of us were camping at Canaan Mountain Pond last fall."

"There were an almighty lot of crows around the but we occupied and one day I brought out my gun and shot into a flock. All escaped my shot except one which was lying on the ground wounded. I went to the place and picked the wounded bird up and found that its left leg had been broken by the shot. Taking the crow to the but I amputated the leg and taking a hot coal from the fire I burned the stump so that it would not bleed. The bird was then allowed to go at liberty, but instead of leaving the vicinity of the camp it hung around and the boys would feed it with crumbs from the table, and it became quite tame. It would come clumping in to camp just like a veteran to her pension."

"At about mid time the crow could be expected at first, but at last its visits became more frequent. One of the boys hinted that the bird was feeling it was not the victim of my gun shot and investigating this theory we found out what a great deceiver the crow is. Up the ally leading to the spot where the bird had been in the habit of receiving its food, there hopped one day a fine black crow. There was nothing about the bird to show that it was not the same one that had been the object of our bounty so long. It had only one leg so far as we could see."

"I'll bet that ain't our crow," said Charley.

"Yes it is, too," I say; "It has only one leg."

"You wait and see," says Charley, and away he hurried and returned with his gun. Raising it and taking careful aim he fired and the bird stretched over on the ground dead. We made an examination and sure enough the bird had two legs as good and sound as any bird had come into our camp. It had hitched the other up under its wing so as to deceive us and secure food. It must have watched us feeding the wounded bird and saw an opportunity of securing food by imitating that one. All crows are so near alike there is no identifying one, and the only way we knew ours was by the one leg. When such a clever imitator attacked us we were badly fooled. I do not know what became of the real wounded bird. It never showed up after the other was killed. I don't know but that we had been feeding the bogus bird for our real one for weeks before we found out our mistake as it was."

It is always the same. Even in the matter of a matrimonial engagement, a man must take the initiative, that a woman may indulge in her prerogative of having the last word.

of the fact that I had no intention to jump overboard I knew that at least I was going to jump off the great American continent for the first time—that far reaching wide spreading domain over which I had wandered so much for a new and strange land with brighter skies and more glorious sunshine in southern seas.

There are in America today a lively host of what we may truthfully call uncrowned monarchs, holding a gilded sway over many varied industries. There are cattle kings and lumber kings and silver kings and oil kings and railway kings and other monetary magnates in different fields of human thought and enterprises of great pith and moment in the person of Claus Spreckels, who came, it is true, originally from Germany and then drifted down to the Sandwich Islands where he nursed and cultivated the sugar cane with pleasure and profit and to such a good advantage that it soon enabled him to set up a sweet smelling sacharine throne alongside the other magnates of Uncle Sam's wide spreading acres.

He is the ambitious and enterprising owner of the steamship line between America and Australia, and to the loving embrace of his good ship Mariposa, and the care and watchful eye of her brave and gentlemanly Commander Hayward, and the other polite and courteous officers we consigned ourselves when she was at rest alongside of Folsom street wharf preparatory to her start on her lengthy trip to the islands of the southern seas and the Antipodes. It was the old, old familiar scene of friends and relatives bidding each other a fond and sad farewell, and I fear my hard and flinty old heart was paying but little attention to it all. I had some friends, of course, and in my case perhaps parting, after all, was not such a sweet sorrow as the poet tries to make us believe it really is. I had no open book just then to pore over, but I imagine one's fellow man is quite an interesting volume to study at all times and in all places and even under any circumstances, so I began to look around me and glance quietly at some of my fellow travelers. The Anglomaniac was not so much in evidence as was the real genuine article itself, for there I found the irrepressible wanderer from the white cliffs of "Merrie England," with his trousers rolled up at the bottom in a land of sunshine and flowers when it had not rained for months just the same as if he was forging along the strand on Regent street with the misty air of mighty London dripping from his clothes or bubbling out of his well trimmed whiskers. The accent was also there in all its sonorous beauty, for many of these people both male and female had journeyed all the way over many thousands of miles of dust and foam in order to reach their bright new homes in the great world of waters upon which we were about to launch ourselves. Perhaps Macaulay's New Zealanders was among the throng returning to his Island home distinguished with the remarkable