

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

How The Refuge of the Mutineers of the "Bonny" Looks Today.

When the British ship Comliebank sailed from Portland last winter, bound for England, Capt. Smith carried with him a large quantity of clothing, books, hardware, &c., for the lonely Pitcairn Islanders. These were collected by Dr. R. B. Knight of this city from merchants and others who take an interest in the inhabitants of Pitcairn. The Comliebank reached England a short time ago, and Capt. Smith has written Dr. Knight an account of the passage, enclosing a letter from Mrs. Smith, who accompanied her husband on the voyage, describing the visit to the island, Mrs. Smith writes:

"In true jack tar fashion I climbed down the side of the Comliebank and landed without mishap in the islanders' boat, which leaked like a basket. There were ten men in the boat, and I enjoyed the row of two miles to the island. When we neared the shore the surf was very rough, washing on the rocks, and it looked to me a rather dangerous undertaking to try to take so frail a craft as their boat into waters so furious. But nothing happened to me worse than a little wetting, which I scarcely noticed at the time, and entirely forgot when one of the natives picked me up in his arms and carried me onto the beach, the boat not being close enough to allow me to step out of it on dry land.

"The islanders had been watching the boat returning, and, seeing a lady in it, sent a reception committee to bid me welcome. It consisted of one barefooted damsel, with a bunch of flowers, and several small children ranging in years from 2 to 6. They, too, presented flowers, which had been plucked by the wayside as they hastened to welcome me. As soon as the first greetings were over the girl took my arm and assisted me to climb a very steep hill up to the settlement.

"The air was heavy the perfume of beautiful flowers and orange blossoms. Cultivated flowers are in great profusion all over the island, and oranges, lemons, limes, coconut, guava, and bread fruit trees grow in one great mass, no attempt being made to keep them separate. The island is divided into avenues, which are beautifully clean, no leaves or twigs to be seen on them, which is quite noticeable to a stranger, seeing there is so much foliage. The head man Mr. McCoy, who keeps the lines of government in his own hands, and the islanders look up to him as their adviser and director, has the avenues swept every Friday, the work being done by the children.

"There are only 130 souls on the island at present, two-thirds of these being children. The islanders rise in the morning at 6 o'clock, when the labors of the day commence with the ringing of the church bell, and all hands assemble to ask the Supreme Ruler for a blessing on the labors of the day. They partake of their frugal meals and then labor until noon in building houses or whatever may be needed on the island. Then from labor to refreshment for one hour when all hands go to school—men, women, and children, until 4 P. M. Then two hours are devoted to cultivating their portion of land. They grow Irish potatoes, sweet ones, pumpkins, beans, arrow-root, onions, lettuce, &c. I also saw pineapples.

"I saw the graves of John Adams and his wife. John has a headstone, his wife none. She departed from all labors of an earthly nature some years ere John was called upon to go aloft, and, according to the dates on the stone, he has now been dead seventy-five years. A new school-house was in the course of erection at the time of my visit, and they were at a standstill for nails, so our arrival with the keg of assorted sizes was providential. I dined at the McCoy's house on chicken soup and stewed chicken, nicely cooked, with rice and tomatoes, bread fruit, sweet potatoes, lemonade, and oranges. I forgot to say they cultivate sugar cane, and I saw an old woman boiling a large caldron of syrup and at dinner had some of it.

"My three hours on the island came to an end all too soon. I would have lingered longer, and I left it with regret. The whole population escorted me to the boat. Many of them kissed me farewell and told me to soon return, and if I would only stay they would keep me for a year or until such time as the ship returned. Time being up for me to return. I was again carried into a boat and safely landed on board my floating home. And so ended a treat never to be forgotten so long as memory lasts. It is a paradise on earth without a doubt, and I envy them their perfect lives of harmony and the peaceful quiet that ever surrounds their isolated dwelling."—Oregon paper.

Why David got Mad.

An old Scotch lady, who has no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike to the singing of an anthem in her own church, one day, when a neighbor said: "Why, that is a very old anthem! David sang that anthem to Saul!" To this the old lady replied: "Weel, weel! I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

Nature dreads death, yet man by his disregard of the laws of health, courts its coming. A course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will speedily overcome the evil effects arising from an abuse of nature's laws.

A good travelling companion, Hawker's liver pills, they remove all the evil effects of over-eating or drinking, without discomfort.

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To relieve huskiness and dryness of the throat take a sip of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. It clears the throat instantly.

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The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

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It improves the Digestion, Purifies the Blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that Weariness, Languid and Worn out feeling.

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Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM CLARK

BURNS WAS NOT POOR.

An Admirer of Scotland's Poet Corrects the Common Impression.

Robert Burns never knew anything of such poverty as ignorant people seem to think he suffered from, writes a Scotchman in New York. He had plenty of good porridge with milk, plenty of pease bannocks, and a good share of barley broth in the first half of his life, and in his latter years, when he had won popularity, he got everything that heart could wish, and sat at the tables of the learned gentry of Edinburgh. He had a plain home from the time he was born, and he was as proud of his corduroy breeks and fustian jacket as you are of your shoddy clothes.

"Burns was an Ayrshire ploughman, and a more independent kind of man you could not find on the face of the earth. In my boyhood in Scotland, over sixty years ago, when I lived in Ayrshire, I knew plenty of ploughmen who were born before Bobbie Burns died, and you never knew healthier stock in all your days. They came out in the morning with the lark, whistled as they went to the field, took hold of the plough with a Scotchman's grip, and were happier at their work than any men I have known in America. Their wages, not very big, were enough to live on. Every man of them had gone to school in his time, and all of them read books, sang songs, and knew about the wars. They criticised the minister's sermon every Sunday, knew half the Bible by heart, and had family prayer every night of the week. Though they were not as rich as American millionaires, they had a far better time than your millionaires have. They wore broadcloths on Sunday. They did not fear the face of a man, though they feared the witches. That is the kind of a character Bobbie Burns was, and he dearly loved the lassies, too, both when he sat by the ingle nook in winter, and when the rushes grew green.

"When Bobby began to grow famous and to see the airs which the aristocracy took on, he twaddled sometimes about his poverty, meaning that he was not rich enough to drive a coach and four, live in a castle and give feasts to his friends. From several of his songs you might infer that he was not much better off than a beggar or an American tramp, or the wretches who huddle in the tenements of New York. That is mere nonsense. He was a living man, every inch of him. He was dissatisfied with the inequalities of fortune. He heard the news of the French revolution. He did not possess the rights which, as he believed, belonged to him. He had aspirations. He wanted to leave his native country. Bobbie was a poet who could sigh or mourn as well as carol or warble, and sometimes he sighed in his sentimental hours more than there was any need for.

Read his poems and you will see the mood he was in when he wrote each one of them. Does any one suppose that a man who, if we are to believe Ambassador Bayard, 'lived and died in narrowest poverty,' feeling ever the author of those martial strains, those pastoral lays, those jovial songs, those tender ballads which Bobbie wrote year after year? Do such things come out of the slums of New York? Could such a spirit exist in your east side tenements, or in your factories, or among your Pennsylvania coal miners? or among your farm hands, or among the man servants in the houses of your nabobs? It would be impossible in such places, where the conditions under which alone it exists cannot be found. Why, Burns's poems, from beginning to end, from 'Scots wha hae, to 'Auld Lang Syne' or the 'Jolly Beggars,' from 'Tom o' Shanter' to 'John Anderson, My Jo,' from the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' to 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' from 'Comin' Through the Rye' to the 'Bannocks o' Barley,' from the 'Address to the Deil' to the 'Address to the Wood Lark,' I say that all of them, from the first to the last, are in contradiction to the fictions about his poverty which have always been told in America.

"I hold that Burns himself is partly responsible for these fictions. He should never have babbled about his poverty in a way that would lead people, long after he was dead, to think like that which we see in New York, or that which I have seen in Chicago and other places. It was not a thing of the kind at any time of the thirty-six years of his short life.

In the various employments of his life, from his youth when he followed the plough to the year when, under the age of 30, he got £500 for his poems, he had not often much reason to complain. With that £500 in Scotland he could buy more than he would now be able to buy with \$5,000 in America, and after that time he got good pay as an exciseman while he worked his farm, and was a friend of the philosophers, to his own misfortune. He saw the dawn of his glory years before his death, and enjoyed the love of a wife whose praise he has sung in lines that are immortal. You need not shed any tears over glorious Robbie Burns. I have lived twice as long as he lived, and I only wish that my life had been as free as his was."

King Solomon, according to a Hebrew tradition could repeat all the proverbs in his collection.

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THE CAVES OF JAPAN.

Where the Clear Crystal Never Thaws from One Summer to Another.

Some eight or nine miles from Shoji, in the woods, is the entrance to the great ice cave we had come so far to see, a natural circular depression or basin in the ground in the middle of the forest, some thirty yards across and about forty feet deep. At the foot of one of the sides is a dark opening in the lava, a few feet down which may be seen the top of a wooden ladder. This is about twenty feet long, and at the foot of it are a heap of blocks of lava, down which we scrambled for some thirty or forty feet more, till a floor of solid ice, more or less flat, was reached. Very careful progress along this had to be made to avoid slipping down and extinguishing the torches. For the first fifty yards frequent blocks of lava rise through the ice of the floor, while further on there is nothing but ice. The lava roof is sometimes thirty or forty feet above one's head, sometimes only four or five feet from the floor. The light of the torches glanced continually on circles many feet long pendant from the roof. Presently we passed some large stalagmites, from two to five feet in height, rose from the floor close to a lava wall forming apparently the end of the cave, to meet icicles hanging from the roof from which water at this time of the year continually drips on to them. The tops of these stalagmites form hollow bell-shaped cylinders giving out a faint note like a gong when struck; they are partly filled with the water which drips on to them from the icicles above. Soon by the side of them, on the left, a low arch in the lava on the level of the floor about three feet high may be seen. Down this is a strong current of air, there is a rapid descent for some thirty-five feet, and thence the course of the cave has been followed for another 200 yards or so, but owing to the strong current of air which constantly extinguishes the torches, and the smallness of the passage, which slopes down rapidly from the entrance, no detailed description of it can be given; but undoubtedly the cave runs on for some distance, perhaps to another outlet, for the current of air is very strong as the extreme point to which any one has yet penetrated.

The ice has probably remained frozen in the cave from the winter months, the action of the higher summer temperature being insufficient to do more than affect the surface of the ice floor, form a few pools of water, and melt part of the ice stalactites and stalagmites. The temperature of the cave in summer seldom exceeds 35° Fahr., and that in the declivity or basin in the ground at the entrance some 10° or 12° higher; on going up from the latter to the level of the ground in the wood, a rise of some 20° on a warm day is at once experienced.

Here we stayed the night at the town of Kajika-zawa, and next day made the exciting descent of the rapids of the Kujikawa, which need no description here, as an excellent one is given by Messrs. Chamberlain and Mason in their guide, referred to above. At Iwabuchi, forty-five miles from Kajika-zawa reached in a little over six hours, I entered the train for Kioto in which I spent a most wretched night, in company with a number of mosquitoes, whose powers of penetration I believe are unequalled elsewhere, clothes forming no protection whatever—a somewhat unpleasant termination to an enjoyable trip.—London Field.

Utilizing the Opposition's Witnesses.

"My first case," said a well-known attorney, "was the defence of a negro preacher in Missouri, who had been arrested for stealing wood from a railroad company. A great deal of fuel had been lost from time to time, so when the culprit was arrested the company was so anxious to make an example of him that it employed special counsel and prosecuted the case vigorously. The evidence against the old man was convincing. He had been seen sneaking around the woodpile and was arrested while carrying off a load.

"I had subpoenaed about twenty well-known business men to testify to the previous good character of the defendant. When the prosecution's case was closed I put one on the stand and asked:

"Do you know the defendant's reputation for honesty and integrity?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"What is it—good or bad?"

"Bad. He will steal anything he can get his hands on."

"A titter ran through the court room. It wasn't the answer I had expected, but it was too late, so I put on a bold front and called another. He testified as the other witness had, and the prosecuting attorney rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Before I got through with my witnesses I proved that my client was a most notorious thief, who had never known to neglect an opportunity to steal something, no matter how trifling it might be. Then I called a couple of physicians, proved the existence of a mental disorder known as kleptomania, read some authorities to show that it was a god defence if proven, and submitted my case. The old preacher was acquitted, and thereafter stole with impunity, for he considered his acquittal in the face of facts equivalent to a license to steal."—San Francisco Call.

A Memorable Occasion.

The Shah of Persia—Let's see, when did I last visit Queen Victoria? Chief Secretary (reproachfully)—I shouldn't think you would forget that, sir. The Shah—Why not? Secretary—It was at that time Your Majesty was forced to take a bath.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR



Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A. Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

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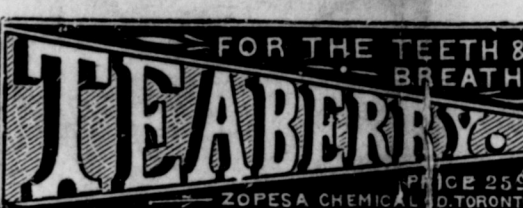
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