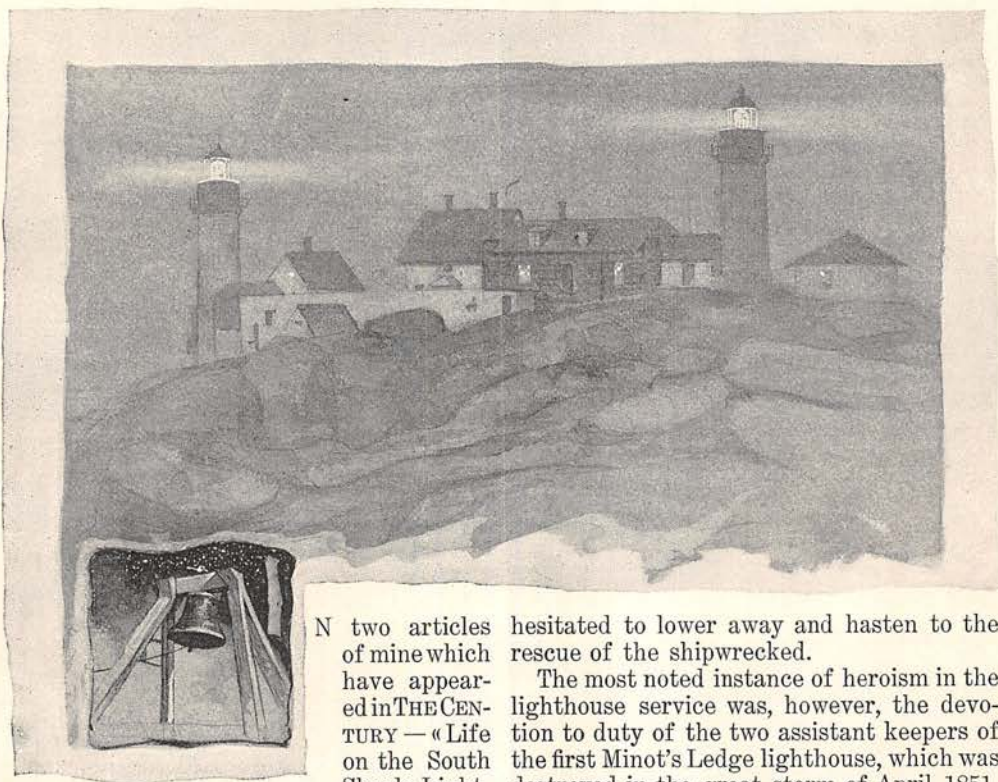


HEROISM IN THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ON MATINICUS ROCK.

WITH PICTURES BY W. TABER.



ship» and «Life on a Lighthouse (Minot's Ledge)»—I have given instances of heroism displayed in the United States lighthouse service. The Nantucket light-ship, as the South Shoals is now called, has been moored even farther out than when I was aboard her. Her crew displays that quality of heroism which appeals most forcibly to the heart and the imagination, the unconscious, every-day heroism of those who serve on the deep; for mere service on this light-station, the most exposed in the world, imposes a strain upon the mental, moral, and physical stamina of the men which even a long and dangerous voyage does not involve. But their heroism is not passive. Though not obliged,—in fact, though cautioned against running any risk to save life, for fear their own ship might be left short-handed in case of disaster to themselves,—they have never

IN two articles of mine which have appeared in THE CENTURY — «Life on the South Shoals Light-

hesitated to lower away and hasten to the rescue of the shipwrecked.

The most noted instance of heroism in the lighthouse service was, however, the devotion to duty of the two assistant keepers of the first Minot's Ledge lighthouse, which was destroyed in the great storm of April, 1851. These men—one a German, the other a «Portugee»—«kept a good light» until it was extinguished by the rising sea, in which they themselves soon after lost their lives.

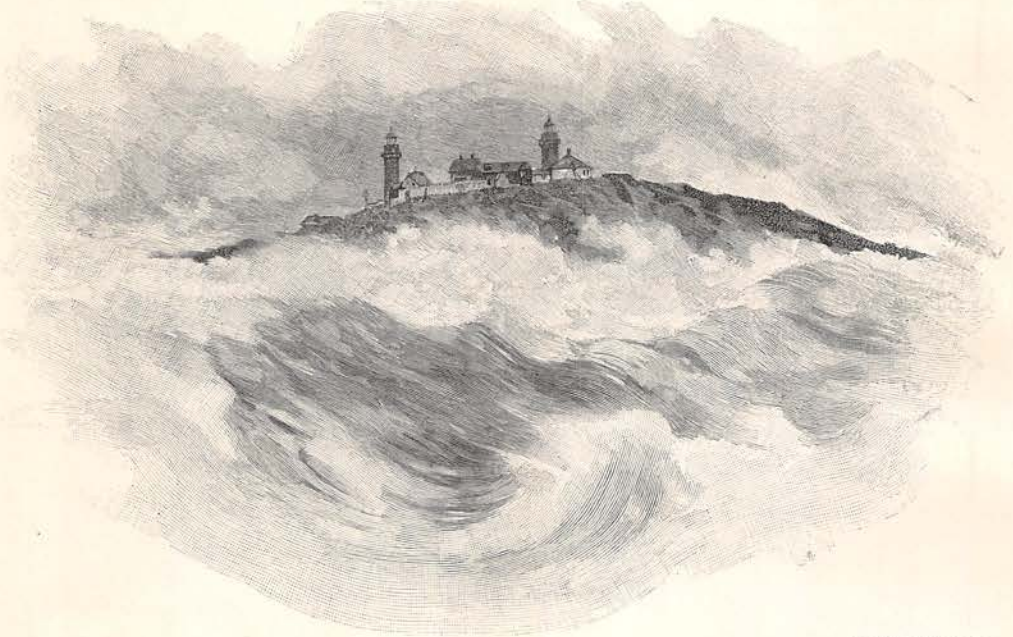
When the Sharp's Island light in Chesapeake Bay was carried away by ice, the keepers, though they could have abandoned it and made sure of their own safety, tended the light to the last, and clung to the structure, so that when they were rescued, after many hours of peril, they were able to report that they had saved a large portion of the valuable apparatus.

Some of the most picturesque light-stations in the United States lighthouse establishment are on the rocks and islands off the coast of Maine. The ever-surging ocean; the fissured granite, seaweed-stained and tide-marked; the overhanging pines, gnarled and wind-whipped into fantastic shapes, impart a

wild beauty to these sites. The towers which stand thereon are among our oldest coast lights, are built of granite the hard gray of which has been softly darkened by age, and are of the old-fashioned type which the lover of the sea always associates with the idea of

the school which she had been attending at Ragged Island. It was characteristic of the life these people lead—this girl's returning to the rock from school in midwinter, in an open boat across a long reach of ugly sea.

When the *Iris* lay to off the rock we cast



A SOUTHEAST GALE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

a lighthouse. Rising with an antique grace from among their picturesque environs, they seem peculiarly fitted to shed their light like a benediction upon the waves.

About a lighthouse which even among these is conspicuous for its beauty—that on Matinicus Rock—cluster a number of incidents which give it peculiar interest. Life there is, as it has been for many years, a constant struggle of human nature against the elements which seek to wear it out. When the lighthouse tender was off Matinicus Island, six miles north of the rock, we spied, about half-way across the reach, a dory laboring in the waves. Our mate, a typical old sea-dog who had braved danger in pretty nearly every part of the Western ocean, remarked, «That fellow has cheek, to be out here in a dory in such a sea!»

As we approached the dory we discovered that one of the assistant keepers of Matinicus Rock was at the oars, while in the bottom sat a girl, warmly wrapped, and utilizing one of the seats as a back-rest. Having taken the dory in tow, we learned that the keeper was bringing his daughter home to the rock from

loose the dory, and the assistant keeper, having safely landed his daughter, returned with Keeper Grant. There were now stowed in the little craft, besides myself, two of the keeper's nephews. They had passed their boyhood on the rock, and had made use of this chance to revisit their old home. There were thus five people in the dory, besides some baggage.

The landing was sheltered by a rocky ledge which jutted out in such a manner that in order to get behind it the dory was obliged to turn broadside on to the sea. This morning the breakers were executing what was nothing less than a grand flank movement around the southwestern end of the rock, and rushing in upon a ledge a little to the left of the landing. We made the passage safely to the point where it was necessary to turn. For a while we lay stern to the breakers, riding them safely. Then, at what seemed a favorable moment, we turned the little craft. We had, however, pulled only a few strokes when we saw a series of huge breakers flanking the rock and rushing toward us. In vain we tried to slue the dory around to meet them head on. It was too heavily loaded

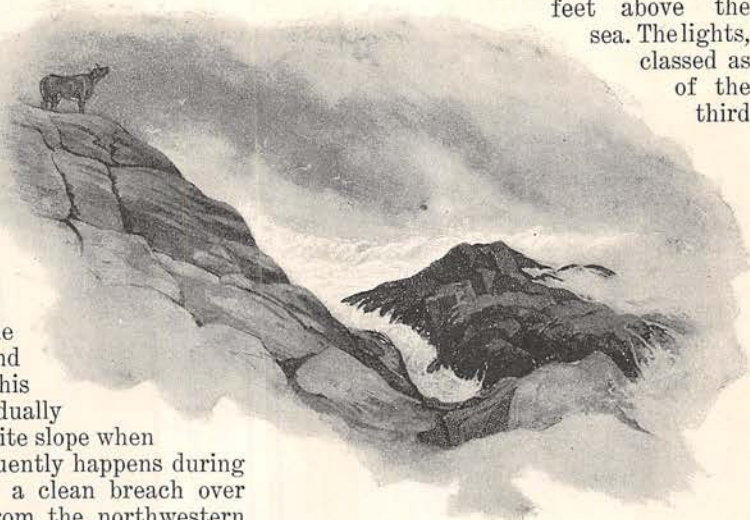
to respond quickly enough. We saw the crest of a breaker towering above us, there was the rush and roar of a deluge, and a moment later the dory was careening over on top of the ledge abreast of which we had been, and we were spilled into the icy water between it and the rock. Had the dory been hurled against the ledge instead of lifted on top of it, the consequences might have been most serious. In fact, it was one of those narrow escapes which are very pleasant to look back upon, but which one would rather not have repeated. As an actual experience of one of the dangers to which the dwellers upon Matinicus Rock are exposed, it was, however, a brilliant success. Keeper Grant's nephews said it made them feel at home again, it was so much like old times. The father of the boys had been an assistant keeper of these lights, while their grandfather on their father's side, and their great-grandfather on their mother's, had been keepers.

The Matinicus Rock light-station stands upon a huge granite rock off the southeastern entrance to Penobscot Bay, Maine, about twenty-two miles out at sea. The rock is some thirty-two acres in size, oblong-shaped, and presents its high southeastern front to the ocean, sloping away toward the northwest. Boulders, strewn in fantastic confusion over its surface, are believed to have been loosened from its front by the destructive force of the sea applied for countless centuries, then lifted during some frenzied outburst, and deposited on top of this cliff-wall, to be gradually moved down the opposite slope when the sea, as not infrequently happens during wintry storms, makes a clean breach over the rock. Not far from the northwestern end is a boulder, the weight of which has been calculated by a stone-cutter to be about a hundred tons, which has been moved twelve feet within the memory of the present keeper, and has been moved nearly a hundred feet if appearances can be trusted. Its pointed top rises high above the surrounding boulders, and after a snow-storm resembles a miniature snow-capped mountain-peak. Where the sea sweeps around the northeastern point

it has formed along the low edge a sea-wall of small, smooth-worn rocks.

The original Matinicus Rock light-station, erected in 1827, was a cobblestone dwelling with a wooden tower at each end. In 1847 these towers were removed, and a granite dwelling with semicircular towers was built. Since then it has developed into an establishment of considerable dimensions, requiring the services of a keeper and three assistants. The granite dwelling still stands, but the present station has two gray granite towers one hundred and eighty feet apart, and connected by a low covered passage; for in high winter storms it would be a hard scramble for the keepers to make their way from tower to tower in the open, not only on account of the wind, which often blows a hurricane, but also because of the heavy seas which break over the rock. Then there are the keepers' dwellings, a brick house with engines for operating two fog-whistles (one held in reserve, in case of accident to that in use), and, as a further precaution, a fog-bell swung from a wooden pyramidal skeleton stand, a brick storehouse for oil, and the boat-house with a timber-way slanting into the water, up which the boats are hoisted by a winch.

The towers are ninety-five feet above the sea. The lights, classed as of the third



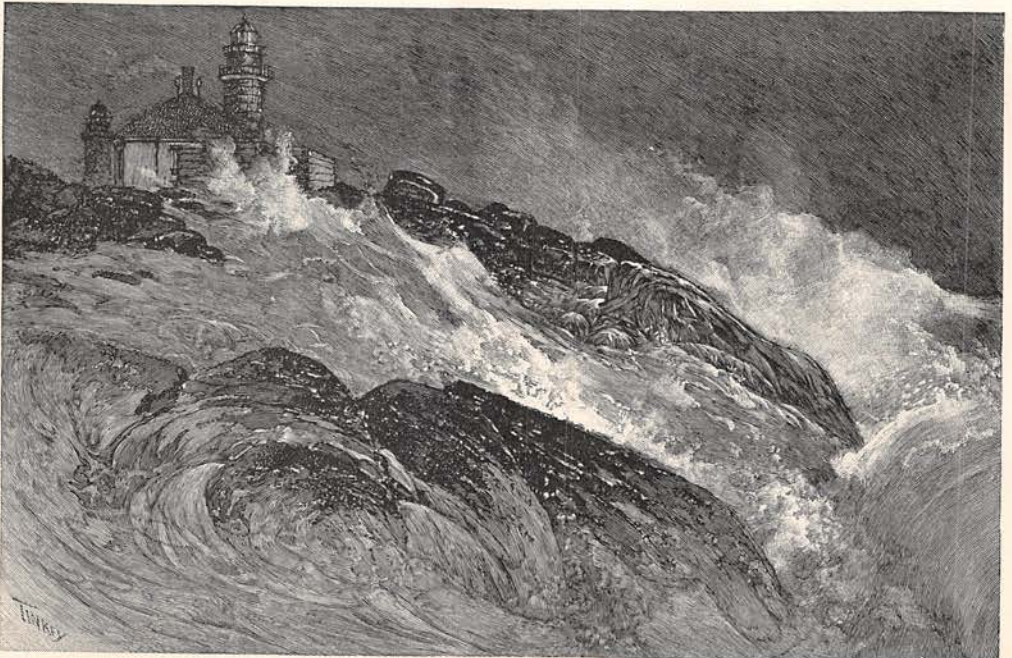
A BIT OF THE SHORE.

order, are seen fifteen miles away. The rock where the towers stand is fifty feet above the sea, and presents what seems a precipitous front to the ocean. Yet the waves have beaten a sluiceway out of the granite, up which the seas rush, bursting among the boulders, and hurling tons of spray in all directions, or making a clean breach over

the rock, the water pouring like a cataract down the northwestern slope, now losing itself among the rocks that are strewn in all directions, now striking one of them, and spouting high into the air, now streaming through some granite trough toward the reach of breakers. The sea has indulged in some curious pranks during these larks. The occupants of a room in the second story of one of the dwellings were awakened one night by a crash of window-glass and a flood of icy water pouring in upon them, and were obliged to flee for safety. The windows had been broken by spray from a wave that had burst among the boulders. A favorite amusement of the ocean was to bowl down the whistle-house, as if intent upon diminishing in some way the efficiency of the station. The old whistle-house stood a little farther forward from the eastern tower than the present structure. That little was just too much. Two buildings on that spot were lifted off their foundations and strewn among the rocks, the boiler being rolled more than a hundred feet. The old foundations, considerably strengthened by a breakwater, now form a guard for the new whistle-house.

Several of the violent storms that have whirled over Matinicus Rock have tried the fortitude of the little band of faithful watchers upon it. One of these watchers, Abby Burgess, has become famous in our light-

house annals, not only for long service, but also for bravery displayed on various occasions. Her father was keeper of the rock from 1853 to 1861. In January, 1856, when she was seventeen years old, he left her in charge of the lights while he crossed to Matinicus Island. His wife was an invalid, his son was away on a cruise, and his other four children were little girls. The following day it began to «breeze up»; the wind increased to a gale, and soon developed into a storm almost as furious as that which carried away the tower on Minot's Ledge in 1851. Before long the seas were sweeping over the rock. Down among the boulders was a chicken-coop which Abby feared might be carried away. On a lonely ocean outpost like Matinicus Rock a chicken is regarded with affectionate interest, and Abby, solicitous for the safety of the inmates of the little coop, waited her chance, and when the seas fell off a little rushed knee-deep through the swirling water, and rescued all but one of the chickens. She had hardly closed the door of the dwelling behind her when a sea, breaking over the rock, brought down the old cobblestone house with a crash. While the storm was at its height the waves threatened the granite dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the towers for safety; and here they remained, with no sound to greet them from without but the roaring of the



THE BREAKWATER.

ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.



ABBY SAVES THE CHICKENS.

ENGRAVED BY ALBERT GLOSSE.

wind around the lanterns, and no sight but the sea sheeting over the rock. Yet through it all the lamps were trimmed and lighted. Even after the storm abated, the reach between the rock and Matinicus Island was so rough that Captain Burgess could not return until four weeks later.

During a subsequent winter there was so long a spell of rough weather that provisions ran low, and Captain Burgess was obliged to utilize the first chance of putting off for Matinicus Island, although there was no telling how soon the sea might roughen up again. In point of fact, a heavy storm broke over the coast before he could return,

and before long there was danger of famine on the rock. In this strait Captain Burgess's son, who happened to be at home, decided to brave the storm in a skiff rigged with a spritsail. A small group of anxious watchers followed the little sail with straining eyes until the storm-scud hid it from sight. Twenty-one days passed before he and his father returned—days of hope alternating with fear, and the hardship of meager fare through all, the daily allowance dwindling to an egg and a cup of corn-meal each, with danger of that short ration giving out if the storm did not abate. During all this time Abby was obliged not only to care for the

lights, but also to tend an invalid mother and cheer up the little family in its desolate state.

In 1861 Captain Burgess retired from Ma-

Grant proved a very apt pupil—so apt that he was soon able not only to take care of the lights, but also to persuade his instructress to let him take care of her. She became

his wife and his helpmate in a double sense, for not long after their marriage she was appointed an assistant keeper. When she was married she had lived on the rock eight years, and she remained there until 1875, when her husband was appointed keeper, and she assistant keeper, of the light on White Head, an island separated from Spruce Head only by a narrow channel. Matinicus Rock, twenty-two miles out at sea, with the grand sweep of the ocean, the rough shores of Ragged Island and Matinicus Island on the west, the dim outlines of Vinal Haven to the north, and in the background the dark, towering forms of the Camden Mountains—this rock, with its wilderness of boulders, its wind, snow, and fog, its shrieking whistle and clanging bell, its loneliness and perils, had been her home for twenty-two years. There



A JIG IN THE KEEPER'S PARLOR.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

she had performed the triple duties of wife, mother, and lighthouse-keeper. The transfer to White Head brought some change from the old accustomed surroundings; but the duties, requiring such faithful performance, were the same. The Grants remained fifteen years in charge of White Head. In May, 1890, they removed to Middleborough in Plymouth

tinicus, Captain Grant and his family succeeding him. And now the grim old wave-rent rock became the scene of as pretty a romance as could be devised. A son of Captain Grant had been appointed assistant to his father, and Captain Burgess had left Abby on the rock to instruct the newcomers in the care of the lights. Young

County, Massachusetts, expecting to pass the remainder of their lives out of hearing of the turmoil of the sea. Yet life away from it seemed strange and unattractive, and two years later found them again on the coast of Maine, this time at Portland, where the husband had reëntered the lighthouse establishment, working in the Engineers' Department of the First Lighthouse District. With them lives Captain Grant, who in the fall of 1890, at the age of eighty-five, retired from the position of keeper of Matinicus Rock, which he had held for twenty-nine years.

Shortly before leaving White Head Mrs. Grant wrote to a friend:

Sometimes I think the time is not far distant when I shall climb these lighthouse stairs no more. It has almost seemed to me that the light was a part of myself. When we had care of the old lard-oil lamps on Matinicus Rock, they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are, and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather when the oil got cool. Then, some nights, I could not sleep a wink all night, though I knew the keeper himself was watching. And many nights I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking nervously what might happen should the light fail.

In all these years I always put the lamps in order in the morning and I lit them at sunset. Those old lamps—as they were when my father lived on Matinicus Rock—are so thoroughly impressed on my memory that even now I often dream of them. There were fourteen lamps and fourteen reflectors. When I dream of them it always seems to me that I have been away a long while, and I am trying to get back in time to light the lamps. Then I am half-way between Matinicus and White Head, and hurrying toward the rock to light the lamps there before sunset. Sometimes I walk on the water, sometimes I am in a boat, and sometimes I seem going in the air—I must always see the lights burning in both places before I wake. I always go through the same scenes in cleaning the lamps and lighting them, and I feel a great deal more worried in my dreams than when I am awake.

I wonder if the care of the lighthouse will follow my soul after it has left this worn-out body! If I ever have a gravestone, I would like it to be in the form of a lighthouse or beacon.

Before Captain Grant retired from the rock three of his sons had served under him as assistants, and one of them succeeded him as keeper. But the old rock still has such attractions for the old keeper that he visits it at intervals. The summer he was eighty-seven years old he went mackerel-fishing from the rock, and returned with the largest individual catch to his credit.

His grandchildren, the nephews of the present keeper, who went out with me on the *Iris*, loved every inch of the rock. «Few children who are brought up on the mainland,» said one of them, «have such good times as we had.»

Along the edge of their rocky home, and among the boulders, these boys had roamed so often that what to a casual observer would seem nothing more than reaches of fissured granite and a confused heap of jagged rock had assumed for them that variety of form and feature which we would look for in a highly diversified landscape. Every little indentation became a cove, every little pool among the rocks a pond, and for these miniature topographical features they had names like Spear Point, Western Guzzle, Devil's Gulch, Fort George, Canoe Pond; while a mass of boulders became the Rocky Mountains of this thirty-two acres of granite.

On Canoe Pond they built a miniature fishing-village, with all its accessories. Besides the dwelling they erected four little wharves, «flakes» (the long tables on which fish are cleaned and split), and fish-houses—all, of course, on a Lilliputian scale. On the pond they had various typical little craft—the dories so characteristic of the New England coast, smacks, lobster-sloops with club-sails, and even a steamer that had clockwork for an engine, and transported fish from the village to a port at the opposite end of Canoe Pond. On a point at the entrance to the village harbor they erected a miniature lighthouse; the shallows in the harbor were buoyed, and on one ledge they set a cage-spindle as a day-mark. The lobster-boats had the regulation lobster-pots, and there were reels for drying the nets, for which latter mosquito-netting was utilized. The boys split and salted minnows at the flakes, packed them in little barrels, and shipped them by steamer to the trading-port across Canoe Pond. Trade was facilitated by money from the Matinicus Rock mint, which issued copper for gold and tin for silver, while cigar-box stamps served as greenbacks. The fame of this fishing-village spread all over Penobscot Bay, fishermen often putting in at Matinicus Rock for a look at it.

Gulls and ducks by the thousands circle about the rock. The gulls make their nests among the broken rocks at the northern end, and the boys found no end of amusement hunting for eggs. They constructed two gunning-stands on the sea-wall, building two sides of loose stones, and roofing them with driftwood, and thus had many a shot at the



A FUNERAL.

ducks as they swam in to feed on the muskels that had been washed up on the ledges. Often the ducks were so numerous that the sportsmen desisted, because gunning would simply have been slaughter.

The little family was not without its sorrow. A sister who had been born on the rock died there, and was buried in a fissure of the granite, the open end of which was walled up with brick. This little soul had never been off the rock. The thirty-two acres of granite about which the sea was ever beating formed her world, and there she now lies at rest.

Some of the crevices near the southern

end of the rock are filled with a soil so rich that it has been sent for from Matinicus Island, and even from the mainland, for flower-potting. The elder Grant had an old sailor's love of flowers, and he scraped together enough soil from the crevices to make a little patch of ground, and there he planted a flower-garden the beauty of which was noted far and near. The steamers which ply between Boston and St. John, New Brunswick, pass the rock several times a week, but in the night, on their regular trips. Extra trips, however, may bring a steamer of this line to the rock during the day. Of course there is a bond of sympathy between the seafarer and the lighthouse-keeper; and in summer, when it was possible on these extra trips to do so, the captain of the steamer would lay her to

abreast of the rock long enough for Captain Grant to put off in a dory with a large bouquet from his garden, and the captain of the steamer would reciprocate with a bundle of newspapers.

When I was on Matinicus Rock it had eight inhabitants: the keeper, who is a bachelor; his housekeeper; and the three assistant keepers, one of whom had a family of three girls living on the rock. It was the eldest of these that we met in the dory half-way across from Ragged Island, on her return from school. The second girl had charge of the chickens, but she had not yet been obliged

to imperil her life in rescuing them, as Abby Burgess once did. The coop stands picturesquely among the rocks on the southwestern end, a stony path winding in and out among the boulders descending to it. The wind howls about the coop, and the chickens, as they wander over the rocks, can see the spray dashing over the ledges. These chickens are a thoughtful-looking lot. Though well fed, they seem moved to melancholy by the constant surging of the sea about their little world. Even the rooster, who need fear no rival from a neighboring barn-yard, does not strut about with the pride of a bespurred cavalier, and his crowing is saddened by a pathetic overtone.

The ducks—there is a flock of tame ones on the rock—are more in their element. But in winter they, like the chickens, are often storm-bound in their coop several days at a time; and as conversation under such circumstances is apt to flag, they, no doubt, fall to meditating, which probably accounts for their serious air and their disinclination to quack except at infrequent intervals. Perhaps while out of the coop in fair weather they are making mental notes for debate during the next blizzard. The surroundings of their coop are such as to cause even a very dull duck to reflect. It stands with its back to an old boat-house, and is fenced in with lobster-pots and half of an old wherry.

It is said that in desolate stations like that on the rock keepers will sometimes pass days without exchanging a word, not because of any ill will between them, but because they are talked out. I am sure, however, that this never happens on Matinicus Rock. The keeper is one of those kindly souls who always have a pleasant word, and his assistants have caught his spirit. He is a well-read man. Like many of the more intelligent keepers in the service, he manages to make time that would otherwise hang heavy on his hands pass pleasantly by utilizing the little library which the Lighthouse Board supplies, the library being changed from time to time. He has been for some years a subscriber to *THE CENTURY*, having been first attracted to it by the Lincoln biography and the Siberian articles; and about the time it is due he endeavors, no matter what the weather, to pull across to Matinicus Island for the mail. He performs his duties in a cheerful spirit, and he loves Matinicus Rock. Before coming there he sailed with his father. During the war the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee* approached the rock. The Grants thought she would shell the towers, but they remained at their posts. They saw her destroy a number of small fishing-vessels, and this so incensed the younger Grant that he forthwith transferred his services to the United States navy. After the war he sailed on the lakes, but he



FLOWERS FOR THE STEAMBOAT.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.



WATCHING THE «TALLAHASSEE» DESTROYING FISHING-BOATS.

missed the smell of salt, and returned to the rock. Like every intelligent seafarer, he appreciates the grandeur of the ocean. «Sometimes after a storm,» he told me, «when I watch the waves bursting over the ledges, I just have to shout to express my feelings.» Another time he said: «I should think the sea would get worn out beating against this old rock.» We were then standing at the northeastern end of the rock, and looking along its high face, with its deep rents and jagged points, and its rough black ledges thrown out like a vanguard to meet the first onslaught of the sea. As the great waves rushed in they burst over these ledges, and sent their spray, now in one huge white mass that, falling back into the fissures, was shattered into myriads of glistening particles, to be blown in nebulous showers before the wind, now whipped into fantastic shapes, now taking the ledges at a leap and landing high upon the rock. Over all blew a fine spray that half veiled the gray towers at the extreme end of the vista. Not far behind us

was the huge boulder which the sea had moved from its original point of rest. We could not see it as we looked at the ocean; but we felt its nearness, so that coupled with the grand scene before us was the sense of the vast power vested in the ocean when it vents its wrath.

The keeper owns the only quadruped on the rock—a cow. This valuable beast is named Daisy. Like the chickens and ducks, Daisy is sensibly affected by her environment. The very method of her landing upon the rocks was enough to cause her to lose faith in human nature during the rest of her existence. She was brought over from Matinicus Island in a small boat, and when within a short distance of the rock the boat was tipped over so far to one side that Daisy lost her balance and fell into the water, where she was left to swim ashore. Although she is an object of affectionate regard to the little community on Matinicus Rock, she does not seem to have forgotten her involuntary plunge. Often I have seen her standing upon that mass of

barren granite, the only living thing in view, the wind furrowing up her hide. She would gaze out upon the wild waste of waters with a driven, lonely look, the pathos of which was almost human. The patches of soil on the rock yield about grass enough to last her during the summer. In winter the sear aspect of these patches adds to the desolate appearance of this treeless, shrubless ocean home. Often the cow looks across the reach in the direction of Matinicus Island, and moos pathetically, as if longing to wander over the distant pastures. She formerly found some companionship in a rabbit, with which she was accustomed to play at dusk; but the rabbit died. The cow's existence was again brightened by the birth of a calf. It became necessary, however, to kill the little cow baby, and the mother's grief over the taking off of her offspring was so intense that she refused food for three days.

There are usually several dogs on the rock that are trained to retrieve ducks. At present, however, the cow is the only pet. The keeper once captured a young seal which had been washed up among the ledges, and succeeded in taming it to such a degree that it would drag itself along after him, and whinny when it could not follow him. Attached to the boat-house is a bird-cote, where for several seasons a family of martins has made its home.

One Sunday we had what the keeper called "a regular old grayback of a snow-storm." During the morning the keeper told me that

Captain Grant had usually conducted a short service while keeper of the lights, and had done so again during his visits to the rock. I offered to read aloud from the Bible and lead in singing a few hymns for as many as would care to join. He was delighted with the suggestion, and in the evening every member of the little community was in the keeper's dwelling, and we had some Bible-reading, chiefly from the Psalms, with the Sermon on the Mount as a substitute for a discourse, interspersed with hymns like "Pull for the Shore," which, because of the nautical surroundings, I judged would most appeal to the congregation on Matinicus Rock. I do not know that anything has touched me more than the simple earnestness of these worshipers as they lifted their voices above the roaring of the wind and the detonation of the breakers. Life on Matinicus Rock may have its hours of loneliness, but it does not deaden the finer emotions. The ever-surg-ing, ever-sounding sea allows no dweller upon its shores to become a dullard.

The spirit which pervades the personnel of our lighthouse service is well illustrated by an experience of Keeper Grant. The wherry which now forms part of the duck-coop was not always put to such base use. It has known the touch of the sea. Keeper Grant, while an assistant to his father, started in it from the rock one stormy winter day to row over to Matinicus Island. Out in the reach the storm increased, and finally a sea filled the wherry. Its occupant's only safety lay in



AN UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION.

ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.



FROM A TINTYPE.

FREDERICK T. HATCH, THE ONLY RECIPIENT
OF THE GOLD BAR FOR HEROISM.

overturning it and climbing upon the bottom. He had saved an oar, and might easily have made a signal of distress; but he reflected that if his father came off after him, as he would undoubtedly do, and any accident happened to him, only one man, and he elderly, would be left in charge of the lights. Therefore, he simply clung to the bottom of the boat, though he was in peril of being blown out to sea or perishing through exposure in the wintry storm. By a lucky chance the wherry was blown upon Wooden Ball Island, which lies between the rock and Vinal Haven, and he found shelter in the solitary house there.

Keepers in the lighthouse service have, however, done more than display heroism within the duties required of them. A number of them hold life-saving medals from the United States government for feats of heroism performed under the impulse of a higher duty. Keeper Grant's brother, Isaac H. Grant, who married Abby Burgess, holds a sil-

ver medal for rescuing two men from drowning while he was keeper at White Head; and Keeper Marcus A. Hanna, of the Cape Elizabeth light-station, Maine, received the gold medal for the daring rescue of two sailors from a wreck during a severe winter storm.

When the recipient of the gold medal again distinguishes himself by an act of heroism, he is awarded a gold bar, the highest honor the government can bestow. It has been awarded only once, and to a lighthouse-keeper, Frederick T. Hatch, keeper of the Cleveland Breakwater light-station, Cleveland, Ohio. The medal Mr. Hatch received for services performed while a member of the life-saving crew at Cleveland, which rescued twenty-nine persons from two vessels on two successive days during a terrific gale. The gold bar was awarded in February, 1891. A wreck occurred just outside the breakwater at night during a heavy gale and sea. The eight people aboard the wreck, among them the captain's wife, succeeded in reaching the breakwater pier; but the heavy seas swept several of them back, one of them losing his life.

Pulling to the pier in a small boat, Keeper Hatch succeeded in taking off the captain's wife; but she was hardly in the boat before it was swamped and capsized. At the risk of his life, Hatch now seized her. She was utterly exhausted and almost a dead weight; but though nearly overcome himself, he maintained his hold upon her until he could reach a line thrown from the light-station, with which he and his helpless burden were drawn to the lighthouse steps.

Ida Lewis Wilson, whose name is almost as familiar as Grace Darling's, is keeper of the Lime Rock lighthouse in Newport harbor. She received the gold medal for the rescue of two soldiers who had broken through the ice near Lime Rock. In making the award, the government also considered the fact that she had previously rescued at least thirteen persons from drowning.

Gustav Kobbé.



A GRAVE.

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.