

## THE RUSTIC STILE.

**I** KNOW a wood far, far away—  
 There was a rustic stile,  
 By which I've stayed at close of day  
 To rest and think awhile.  
 From there I've watched the setting sun  
 Trail down the western sky,  
 Or heard the breeze when night begun  
 Among the branches sigh.

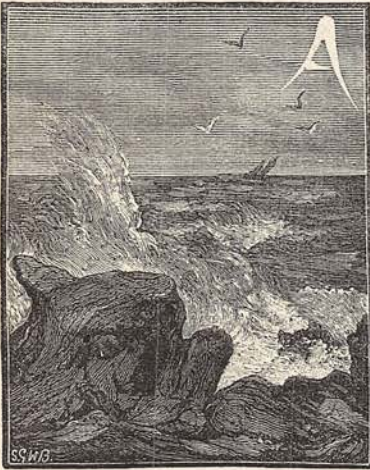
And many stayed beside that stile  
 Who did not care for trees,  
 Nor yet the passing time to while  
 With setting sun or breeze.

Yet though perhaps they have forgot  
 Its every sight and sound,  
 They'll call it still the dearest spot  
 In all the world around.

The shady trees are cut away,  
 And all the leaves are brown,  
 The lovers have grown old and grey,  
 The stile has tumbled down.  
 To many a heart the days long flown  
 Have made the place a shrine,  
 And thought of happy days I've known  
 Has made it one to mine.

REA.

## A NEW ENGLAND SEASIDE RESORT.



"STERN and rock-bound coast" undoubtedly—but it has its softer side as well, this blazing hot summer's day. There is a tropical sense about it, although it is on the coast of Massachusetts and is only available as a health-resort for some three

months in the year. During the other nine the bleak shore is left to the undisputed occupancy of its natives. The sparse plantations of under-sized trees bear witness to the chilling influence of the winter winds. These trees all stretch their boughs in one direction—to landward.

Pigeon Cove is at the extreme point of Cape Ann, Mass., and forms one side of a wide bay only to be seen across on very clear days. The southern shore of the bay is hilly and picturesque, but the country behind the cape is level, and the granite foundations everywhere pierce its scanty soil.

The nucleus of Pigeon Cove, out of which it has risen to the dignity of a watering-place, consists of a few cottages inhabited by fishermen, whose craft lie in a little cove made secure from the ever-rolling surf by a rough stone breakwater. For many years the wild charm of the place was known only to a few enthusiastic lovers of nature; but a land company has bought the entire place, and is converting the bleak headland into a fashionable resort. They have

cut avenues and paths through its oak woods, and they invite private enterprise to build where they have prepared the way. So there is the pleasing anomaly of well-graded and lighted streets running here and there through native forest where pine-trees wave, and where wild scarlet lilies, and Indian pipe, and sweet bayberry, and wild roses, and a hundred other New England flowers and shrubs grow in wild profusion, while the air is filled with the thunderous roar of the Atlantic against the granite shore.

So far private enterprise has erected three large "Houses"—*Anglicé*, hotels—of wood, each of which will accommodate some fifty or sixty "guests," as the good old English that still prevails in some parts of New England styles the visitors. To these may be added some score or more of the most charming tiny wooden *châlets* imaginable, perched on the rocks close to the steep shore. These cottages are a distinctly American institution, flourishing all along the Atlantic shore of the Northern States.

It is the height of the summer season, and how delightfully suggestive, as I have said, of a tropical land it is, even with the stunted trees and protruding rocks! Seated on the piazza of the Pigeon Cove House, one could not imagine a better place for indulging in utter laziness; the *dolce far niente* is complete. This house is a little distant from the verge of the sea, and is surrounded with trees. The thermometer marks 90° in the shade, but it is a dry heat, not at all uncomfortable—to do nothing in. The sound of the surf is just loud enough to be soothing to the ear. There is a droning lazy insect life in the trees, and humming-birds flash from flower to flower. The arm-chair is very comfortable; you can put your feet on a level with your head against the verandah railing (for are you not in the land of freedom?) and with half-shut eyes survey the scene. Through the trees on the opposite side of the road one catches sight of another verandah, and in it swings a hammock,

and in the hammock swings a young girl. How delightful is indolence, how fitting to the place, the air! Can this spot be only usually habitable for three or four months of the year? Does not everything suggest eternal summer, instead of three parts storm and winter?

The afternoon hours pass away. You don't wish to move. The fine opportunities for boating, bathing, and fishing set forth in the advertisements pass unheeded. You have all you want, and to enjoy it no exertion is needed. Besides, it is best to wish for nothing more, for wishing would make you warm, and it would be difficult to get cool again before evening!

A rumbling of wheels and a cloud of dust at last rouse your attention, and perhaps too the slanting sun has found out your corner and made it a little too warm. The "stage" is coming in from the railway "depôt" three miles away, bringing fresh arrivals. Huge Saratoga trunks are handed from the top of the vehicle, and the dusty travellers alight, glad to have accomplished the hot journey. As the hour for tea approaches, the piazza fills with guests fresh from their afternoon *siesta*. And very charming guests many of them are; guests of from fifteen to twenty-five summers, fair and graceful, Anglo-Saxons unmistakably, and yet un-English-looking. Their drapery is suggestive of Paris, and their figures too have something of French grace. And their complexions! How they keep the white and red of the Anglo-Saxon under such a sun it is hard to tell, but keep it they do. Here is a "rare pale Margaret" walking around the piazza with a rosy buxom lass, who in complexion might pass for a farmer's daughter from Devonshire, and in dress for a fair denizen of the Rue St. Honoré. There again, leaning over the piazza railing, is a little brunette, whose eyes and hair are black as those of a Spanish donna, but whose complexion is without swartness, as pale as marble and as rich as cream. Are these Americans? Are these the Americans we see making the round of the sights of London, tanned and weatherbeaten? Well, it must be the voyage. Or is it because we are in New England, the natural heir of many old English qualities we are apt to think belong to us alone and cannot be transplanted? In any case, fair ladies, you agreeably dispel one more false notion from the mind of the obtuse "Britisher." Seeing you, he can no longer believe that, born with no complexion in particular, you acquire through unlimited consumption of pastry and iced water that sallowness which it is now evident must be the fault of the ocean, for, seen on your native soil, no roses ever bloomed more fresh and fair.

The forty or more visitors at Pigeon Cove House breakfasted, dined, and took tea together. A huge and discordant gong rang through the house at eight o'clock for breakfast. The breakfast consisted of fish, meats, hot bread of many and unaccustomed varieties to English tastes—hot brown breads, hot white breads, hot biscuits, *Anglicé* scones, hot hominy cakes, &c. &c.—tea, coffee, milk, and the inevitable

iced water, of which each guest appeared to drink copiously, and which, taken in conjunction with the hot breads, must have required all the other aids of the "health-resort" to counteract.

The dreadful gong sounded again at one o'clock to summon the guests to dinner. This meal consisted of the usual array of soups, freshly-caught fish, joints, poultry, and sweets, while the choice of drinks lay between milk and iced water. Nothing of an intoxicating nature was to be had in the house. Not one of the two-score guests seemed to have brought any for their own private use. Indeed, intoxicating liquor of any kind was not sold at Pigeon Cove—no, not even lager beer.

At six o'clock the gong sounds forth its unearthly groans for the last time, to summon all the world to the social tea-table. Tea in New England much resembles the old-fashioned English meal, especially of the northern part of the island. It is a "meat-tea." Fish, cold ham or tongue and fowl, hot breads, cake, fruit preserves, and fresh fruits make up a substantial repast just such as one would find laid out in a Yorkshire or Cumberland farm-house. Indeed, in New England one cannot but notice that old English ways and habits, which are rapidly dying out at home, are still in full vigour—witness this old-fashioned and universal way of dividing the day with regard to meals, and the generally home-made and wholesome nature of the comestibles.

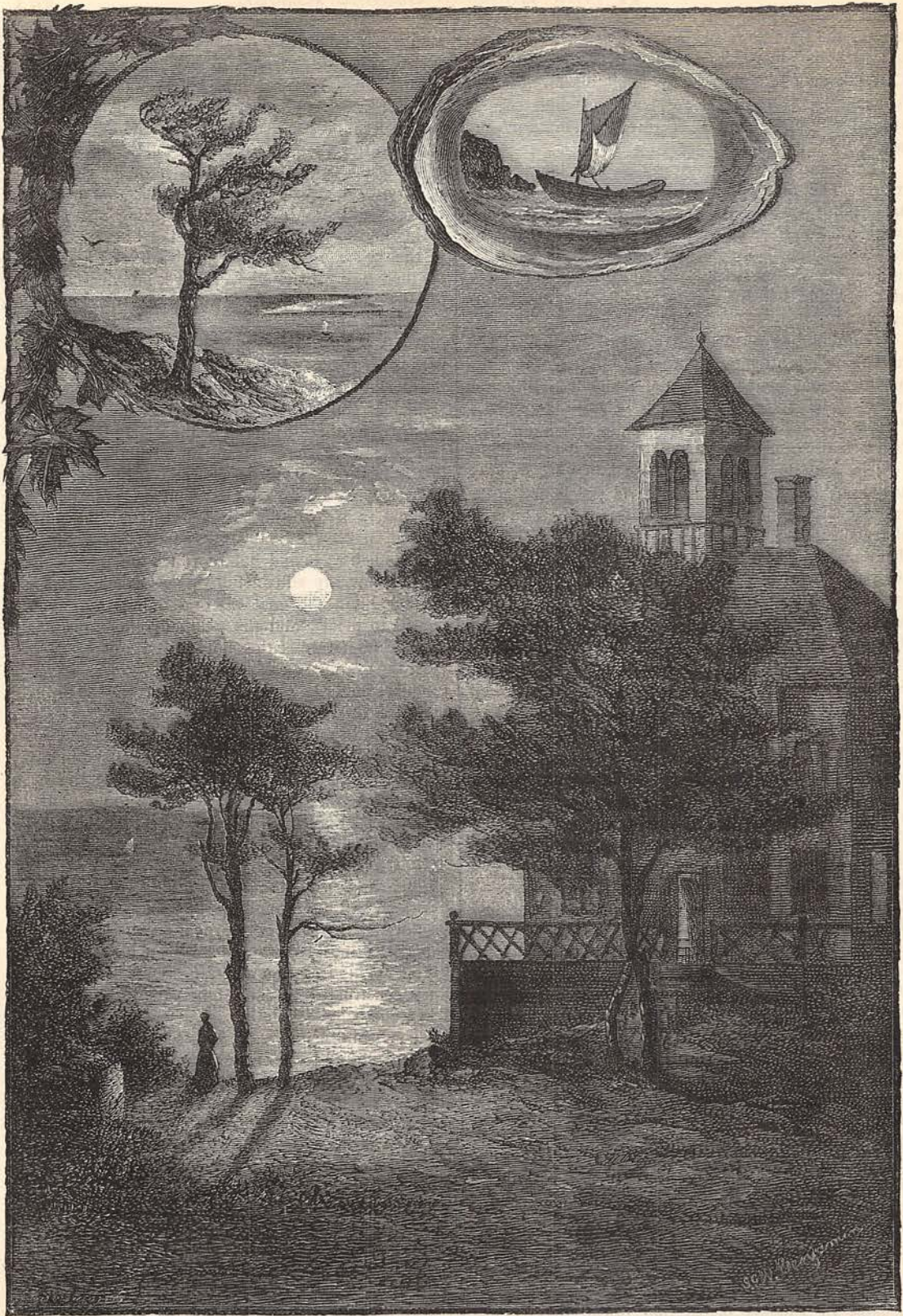
At the evening meal, iced tea and coffee served in tumblers made an agreeable change from the ordinary mode of drinking those beverages. Have you ever tried them in this way? If not, you may find them a pleasant addition to five o'clock tea on a summer day. But they must be thoroughly iced, or else the effect will be cold tea, and cold tea is quite a different article from the iced variety.

The principal amusements at Pigeon Cove, apart from the best of all—doing nothing—were fishing, sailing, and driving. The sailing was done in "dories," and the driving in "buggies." The English for dory is an open-decked yacht; and for buggy, gig is perhaps most appropriate, with a hood to protect the occupants from sun and rain. Some of the buggies were constructed to carry four persons, having two seats, one behind the other.

The fishing contingent of visitors were like the fishermen of all parts of the world—silent men, intent men, sitting solitary and motionless for hours on the rocks, as if they had petrified and become a part of the rocky shore. Curious that geologists have never come across a petrified fisherman in the lower strata!

The bathing at Pigeon Cove was not all that could be desired. There was neither shingle nor sands. No pleasant wading or coquetting with the waves was possible. It was deep water, or dry land, or slippery rock, with the chance of being carried off at any moment by the strong rollers which rarely ceased to come in even on the calmest days.

And now it is the early bed-hour at Pigeon Cove. One more quiet, half-hour on the seaward side of the verandah. The moon, the "American moon,"



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is nearly at the full, and the sky is cloudless and darkly blue. The ocean is silvered with its light, except where its bright waters are crossed by a distant breakwater. There is a soft breeze off the sea, but the temperature still remains very near the do-nothing point. It is the time for a little quiet chat, in low-toned voices that suit the night.

about the lights far out at sea in passing ships, of idle speculation of whence they come and whither they are bound; of what may be passing in busy, turbulent, seething Europe; of the great ocean before us with its thousands of miles of trackless solitude. And then speech ceases altogether and the time of dreams comes.

H. W.



### A FEW WORDS ABOUT COLOUR-BLINDNESS.



N the year 1790, Mr. John Dalton, the principal of a well-known school at Kendal, then about twenty-seven years of age, an acute and vigorous observer and thinker, walked into his garden and gathered a bunch of geraniums and roses, with which he set off into the town. On his way, a party of young ladies complimented him on the beauty and brilliancy of his flowers, but were rather facetious as to their arrangement.

"You have got," they said, "all the reds and greens so curiously mixed; and you a botanist, too."

"For my part," said Mr. Dalton, "the whole bunch appears to be pretty much of one colour; though some of the leaves which you call *light green* seem to me rather more like white; while the dark ones would match with a stick of red sealing-wax."

Mr. Dalton was suffering from Colour-blindness, then an unknown word, but now beginning to be talked about as something more than a curious and rare infirmity of vision. It is hard to understand the possibility of a boy's climbing into a cherry-tree laden with ripe fruit, and seeing no difference between the colour of the cherries and the green leaves that hide them. Yet Dalton not only did this, but when grown to manhood actually walked down "The High" at Oxford in the red gown of a D.C.L., totally unconscious of his flaming appearance in the eyes of all who passed him.

Recent statistics prove that nearly sixteen in every thousand sighted persons may actually do what Dalton did, as a boy in the cherry-orchard, or as an illustrious doctor at Oxford. Taking the population of Great Britain as about 30,000,000, this will give about 480,000 who are colour-blind; any one of whom may innocently put a patch of crimson on a garment of sable, or choose a plume of *red* ostrich feathers for the hearse of his departed spouse. If a gallant captain in "the Queen's Navee," he may select scarlet nomenclatures to match his uniform of blue; if a clerk in the City, he may unconsciously write half his letter in red ink and the rest in black; if an artist, clothe his green trees in glowing red, and his azure sky in pink; or if a cook, compound a salad without detecting a shade of difference between ruddy lobster and cucumber of green.

Such mischances may seem trivial, but when one remembers that a similar infirmity may befall the engine-driver of the "Flying Dutchman," or the pilot of a "homeward-bound" up Channel, the matter is a very different one. "Red" (*danger*), says the signal—"Green" (*safety*), says the driver. "Starboard," says the red light—"Aye, aye, *larboard* it is," says the man at the helm, with a thousand souls on board! One pilot in every twenty-five may be colour-blind.

All such contingencies, however, were undreamed of in the days of Dalton, although before then it had been reported to the Royal Society that one Harris, of Maryport, Cumberland, having picked up a scarlet stocking, could see no reason for calling it red, any more than calling unripe cherries green. But as years went by, Mr. J. Dalton, by this time famous as a scientific chemist, thinking more deeply of the tricks his eyes played him, laid before the Manchester Philosophical Society (1794) a paper on extraordinary facts relating to vision of colours, in which he wondered how such amazing differences of vision as his own and Harris's could have so long existed without notice. Whatever the Manchester philosophers thought of this, after a few years the subject happily fell under the ken of Sir J. Herschel. The problem of semi-blindness at once attracted him. He sent to Mr. Dalton a variety of different-coloured skeins of silk, not naming any, but asking him to match such as seemed alike, and note all points of dissimilarity. This was exactly what Dalton wanted, and on the data thus furnished Herschel founded that theory now generally accepted, of which we will try to give a brief summary.

Dalton, looking at the solar spectrum, saw in it only two varieties of colour, yellow and blue, as he called them; red seeming to him only as a shade, or defect of light—a strange peculiarity which Herschel regarded not as a question of defective vision, but of pure sensation.

People possessed of normal sight have, it seems, "three" primary sensations as to colour, whereas the colour-blind have but "two." To these "three," red, yellow, and blue, we sighted people refer all colours; the others being but various mixtures of the three primary tints. To the eyes of the colour-blind all the other tints seem referable to but "two" primaries, "which," says Herschel to Dalton, "I shall call A and B; the equilibrium of which two produce your white,