



HOME OF GOVERNOR HICKS.

cuit-riders. The Episcopal parishes of Maryland are the subject of a volume. A queer genius, George Lynn-Lachlin Davis, has made a contribution to Maryland genealogy, and Edward D. Neill, in *Terra Mariana*, has drawn together in dignified form much that bears reference to the Eastern Shore. Maryland, in my judgment, is a State of fine literary temperaments. Baltimore could be the Boston of the South, if the local prejudices gave way to encourage a

broader intellectual life, but we must wait for the uncompensating animosities of the war to expire. There was a poet, so-called, in Delaware, writing under the name of "The Milford Bard;" he had voluminousness and ardor—little more. For annals of a proximate reference to the subjects of this sketch, none, in our neighborhood collections, excel the History of Delaware County, Pennsylvania. For devotion and labors not always appreciated near home, no man in letters is worthier of respect than Bayard Taylor, whose pictures of Southeastern Pennsylvania life are also true of Northern Delaware. The Eastern Shore is a land to love by one reared in it; loving it, I need not, for its sake, exalt the expectations of strangers unduly about it; they can never take up the clod which gave us sap, and see the juices there we see. It is a land of serenity and dignity, but its confines are too narrow for youthful enterprises: it must ever be a nook. It has no imperial possibilities.

 THE SKIPPER-HERMIT.

For thirty year, come herrin'-time,
 Through many kind o' weather,
 The Wren an' me have come an' gone,
 An' held our own together.
 Do' know as she is good as new,
 Do' know as I am, nuther;
 But she is truer'n kit' an' kin,
 Or any but a mother.

But arter all is said an' done,
 There's somethin' sort o' human
 About a boat that takes at last
 The place o' child an' woman;
 An' yet when I have seen some things—
 Their mothers let me toss 'em—
 My boat, she seemed a barnacle
 'Longside a bran-new blossom.



They're at me now to stay ashore;
 But while we've hand an' tiller,
 She'll stick to me an' I to her:
 To leave the Wren would kill her.
 My feet have worn the deck; ye see
 How watches leave their traces,
 An' write on oak an' pine as plain
 As winters on our faces!

Sometimes to me the breeze off-shore
 Comes out upon the water,
 As if it left the grave of her—
 No wife to me nor daughter.
 Lor! if I knowed where green or no
 The turf is sweet above her,
 I'd buy a bit o' ground there,—wide
 As a gull's wings would cover.

We know the tricks of wind an' tide
 That mean an' make disaster,
 An' balk 'em, too—the Wren an' me—
 Off on the Ol' Man's Pastur'.
 Day out an' in the blackfish there
 Go wabblin' out an' under,
 An' nights we watch the coasters creep
 From light to light in yonder.

The weather-cocks—no two agree—
 Like men, they arg' an' differ,
 While in the cuddy-way I set
 An' take my pipe, an' whiff her.

My pipe—eh! p'ison? mighty s-l-o-w
 It makes my dreamin' clearer,
 Though what I fill it with now-days
 Is growin' dearer 'n' dearer.



An' then ag'in we lay an' lay
 Off Wonson's Cove or Oakses—
 None go by our compass-light,
 Nor we by other folkses.
 Ashore the ball-room winders shine
 Till weary feet air warmin',
 But here an' there's a sick-room light
 That winks away till mornin'.

An' Sundays we go nigher in,
 To hear the bells a-ringin';—
 I ain't no hand for sermons, you,
 But singin's allers singin';

I takes my comfort when it comes,
 Then no lee-lurch can spill it,
 An' if my net is empty, Lor'!
 Why, how can growlin' fill it?

An' so we jog the hours away,
 The gulls they coo an' tattle,
 Till on the hill the sundown red
 Starts up the drowsin' cattle.
 The seiners row their jiggers by;
 I pull the slide half over,
 An' s'het the shore out an' the smell
 Of seaweed sweeter 'n' clover.

THE CRUISE OF THE BALBOA.

A STORY OF THE PACIFIC SEAS.

It was a memorable day. For me, at least, it was memorable, though there was nothing in my thought, nor in the sky, nor in the familiar scenery of Callao Bay to suggest anything of the dreadful incidents of the voyage then begun. It was on the 1st of June, 1867. We, that is to say, my brother Rob and myself, owned a coffee plantation at Baranchy, two days' sail up the coast, and had chartered the good bark *Balboa* to take thither a lot of Coolies and our annual stock of provisions. Our plantation was seven miles from the embarcadero, and adjoining it was that of Santa Rita, owned by a Peruvian firm, for whom we had a quantity of stores on board. So, for the two ranchos we had about two thousand mats of rice and fifty barrels of salt pork. Those Chinese rascals do eat rice enormously; and though rice is cheap in Peruvian ports, our hands made way with a great deal of it. And Coolie labor is not so very economical, after all, if you consider the cost of feeding, clothing, and dosing them, for the Chinese have an aggravating way of taking sick, and even dying, right in the height of the crop season, when every man is wanted.

But all this is superfluous; and I must say that when I saw the poor yellow wretches, sixty-nine of them in all, come tumbling over the ship's side, just before sailing, I felt sorry for them. They had just come over from Macao, China, on the Portuguese ship *Providenza*, and had been, I make no doubt, dreadfully abused on the voyage. I do not say a word against the system of Coolie labor; how could I, when Rob and I had availed ourselves of it for years? But it does seem a good deal like slavery; and Rob had to stay at home and look after those on the plantation, while I brought up a fresh supply.

On the *Providenza*, where the old-fashioned notion of African slavery prevailed, they had been a little too hard on the poor creatures. They had been kept closely confined below the hatches, only a few being ordered up at a time to exercise in squads; and this imprisonment of four hundred and twenty-five men, cooking their own food, sleeping like cattle in their stalls, and with only a small ration of water, had created such a state of things that the den was a floating hell, sure enough. The stench which came up through the gratings was, as the second mate said, "so thick you might almost cut it with a

knife." No wonder they died like sheep. However, the *Providenza* came in with three hundred and fifty-one left, which was a pretty good cargo, after all, at four hundred and fifty dollars a head, though the lot was landed in rather bad order.

But my fellows had been picked out early, and so we got a choice parcel. They were strong, muscular men from the interior provinces, mostly from one locality, a fact which I did not like, as they all jabbered the same jargon, which is always to be avoided on a plantation where you have many Coolies, and must guard against combinations. They get to understand each other after a while, to be sure; but by that time they are wonted to their owners—masters, I mean—and are not so likely to make trouble. These men had had a hard time of it, what with sea-sickness, home-sickness, and one thing and another. And now, to be transferred from the Coolie ship to ours, with the idea of going off on another long voyage, pretty much discouraged them. They didn't know, of course, that their voyage was only to be of two days, but the ignorant creatures fancied, I suppose, that they were going on another three months' trip—for the *Providenza* was a dull sailer, and had been almost one hundred days getting across from Macao to Callao.

As we went out of the harbor with the ebb tide, I noticed several of the yellow rascals looking wistfully over to the westward across the Pacific; they knew that China lay where the sun was setting, and, after all that is said and done, a Chinese Coolie, probably, has some dim notions about home and wife and children, and especially a father and mother—for they set great store by their old parents. A few licks with a rope's end, however, set them all right, and they went about preparing their supper from the rations dealt out to them by my servant Su Hu Yok, one of the most faithful Coolies a man ever had. He had been with me six years; and though he was more like a valet to me, he turned his hand deftly to anything required of him. He took good care that the Coolies got no more than belonged to them in the matter of rations.

The wind was light, and came round to the northeast as we cleared Fronton Island, going out by the Boqueron Passage, and we had to stand out pretty well to the westward