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THE DREAMLAND SEA.

What matter though my pilgrim feet  
May never press the stranger's land,  
Or wander lone where wild waves beat  
With ceaseless moan on ocean's strand?  
For me expands a lovelier deep,  
Whose isles in visioned beauty sleep,  
And never ocean waves can dream  
So bright as this, fair Dreamland Sea.

My castle crowns the boldest steep,  
By warring winds and waters scarred,  
That seaward leans, and o'er the deep  
Keeps evermore increasing ward.  
Full-fledged, with their wings of snow,  
The white ships come, the white ships go,  
While in the shade of cliffs and towers,  
I dream away the gliding hours.

With mazes foam-flecked and tossing free,  
The waves, wild couriers of the sea,  
Race swiftly to the level strand,  
And struggling sparkle on the sand.  
The shells that dived upon my feet  
Strange tales of wind and wave repeat,  
The weird romance, the mystery  
Of the dark caverns of the sea.

My fairy fleet that long has lain  
Close moored in some enchanted bay,  
Borne by fair gales across the main,  
Sails swiftly on its homeward way.  
My ships, my stately ships I see!  
Full many a royal argosy,  
Like white-winged birds they speeding come,  
And bring their gathered treasures home.

Pearls from the mermaid's watery cell,  
Pure gold from sunny orient lands,  
With many a rose-chambered shell  
And jewel wrought by elfin hands:  
Crowns and anaulets of price,  
Of sandal wood and sacred palm,  
Embossed with many a fair device,  
And odorous with tropic balm.

A Blockade Story.

In the early part of the war there were frequent accounts of dashing affairs, in which the Harriet Lane took the lion's share. The papers were all the time giving spirited descriptions of some of her brilliant adventures. Some of these accounts were mere grape-vine stories, but she had a full share in all the operations that were going on up to the bombardment of the forts on the Hatteras cape—she was in the revenue service up to that time, but in going in to receive the surrender of the forts she got aground in the channels, and received such damage that she was turned over to the Navy Department, and was eventually captured by the confederates in Galveston bay.

At the time, and before the bombardment of Sumter, I was a seaman, in this vessel. She was commanded by a well-known New Yorker, Captain Fauveux, who had a fancy of having none but old man-of-war men make up his crew. The crew were well treated, had abundant food, regular leave of absence on shore, and good wages. Their duties were light, and the discipline of the navy was carried out in every detail.

A few days before the attack on Fort Sumter the steamer Baltic received a full load of troops from the different fortresses in the bay, and the Harriet Lane was detailed to convoy them South. It soon became known that the destination of the troops was Charleston harbor, and by the time the Harriet Lane was ready to trip her anchor the battery was crowded with people, who gave her cheer after cheer as she swung around and got under way.

The passage down to Charleston was rather rough, but the two ships arrived off that place in the early hours of a Friday morning, and the confederates opened fire on Fort Sumter at daybreak. For awhile the cannonading was fast and furious, but in the course of a few hours it had settled down to regular hammering. The Fort replied rather deliberately, and it never entered into the imagination of the sailors in the harbor that the banner that floated so gallantly over it would be hauled down so soon. During the day the Pawnee and the Pocahontas, both new gunboats, arrived, so that there was quite a respectable little force to look on, and, if required, to lend a hand in any occasion that might turn up. During the day the flag on Fort Sumter was run up and down for a considerable time, carrying the impression to those on the bar that Anderson, the major commanding wanted to communicate. There was no code of signals at that time for both arms of the service, and so those on the bar could not make out the meaning of the signals beyond that he wanted to attract attention. Toward night arrangements were made to communicate with the fort and agree on the best way to throw the reinforcements that were in the Baltic into the boat service, and the boats were prepared to slip in after dark. The night, however, proved very stormy, and the attempt was put off until the next night, but before the next night came the fort had been surrendered, and the following Sunday morning witnessed the evacuation of the fort and the transfer of its garrison to the Baltic. The ceremony of receiving the garrison, and then the hoisting of theattered flag to the foremast-head of the Baltic being ended, the little squadron steamed north to tell the sad, sad story.

Thus you see, the Harriet Lane was present when the first gun of the "new order of affairs" thundered defiance to the government, and from that time until her desperate struggle with a "cutting-out party" in Galveston, she was a constant theme for the papers.

There was one affair, however, that has never been told, and it will certainly be worth while to give it to your readers, as

it is a true story of one of the most exciting races that occurred on the blockade. After the surrender of Sumter and the call for troops, the Harriet Lane was tendered to the government, and her service was at once accepted and she was detailed to proceed south and watch the shores of South Carolina, and capture all vessels entering into any of the ports on that coast. She proceeded down to Charleston and made it a point to watch that place especially. At that time the blockade was a mere paper one, and the Harriet Lane was the only vessel of war at that point.

One morning, after a rough and disagreeable night spent in beating about the entrance to Charleston bay, a large, full-rigged ship was seen to the southward, beating up, and clear in shore. The Harriet Lane being hid in a thick bank of fog, the ship did not see her until the Lane had steamed out of the fog and was distant about three miles, and then she at once wore ship and began to pack on the main.

It was beautiful to see how promptly the fellow in command of the ship got before the wind and began to "crack on." The wind was blowing fresh from the northwest—just enough to carry a main-top-gallant sail; but, while we were looking we saw his three royals drop, and before they had time to flutter, they were sheeted home and hoisted.

"Hook her on," shouted the commander of the Harriet Lane; "that fellow is full of war material, and he must be a fast one that gets away from Harriet. Come, Harriet, old gal, do your level best this morning, for I do want to range along side of that ship ahead."

"Oh, we can leave him to pretty soon, with the long thirty-two pounder forward. Shall I clear it away and send him our compliments?" put in the executive, who had just made his appearance. "Yes, sir; but you need not hit him. Just let him know that we want him to shorten sail."

The executive went forward to superintend the operation of sighting and firing the big gun on the fore-castle.

At that time our navy did not carry the effective and accurate Parrott guns that afterward became noted for their long range and fighting qualities. Eight and eleven-inch Dahlgren guns were then the most formidable weapons on our ships of war. They were clumsy things, and on a light vessel like the Harriet Lane were unserviceable. She carried at that time a battery of four thirty-two forward and abaft her wheel-house, a long thirty-two on her fore-castle, and two brass twelve-pounders on her quarter-deck, working on carrousel slides. It was called a heavy battery in those days, and it was, as far as weight went; but a vessel with a thirty-pound Parrott gun could keep out of her range and sink her with ease.

Meanwhile the chase hoisted the Spanish flag and ran out fore and main-top mast studding sails. With the glass we could see her crew swaying at the halliards and checking the yard. The enormous pressure on her masts canted them over her bows, and in the smooth water close in shore she was going through the water faster than an average steamer.

Presently the long thirty-two blazed away and the round shot went humming away towards the ship. Rising higher and higher, it last reached its highest speed and then began to descend in a graceful curve. It was a good line shot, but it fell short, taking the water half a mile from the chase. The chase lowered his Spanish ensign and in its place the "meteor flag" was run up and "dipped" three times as an acknowledgment for the honor, but he did not mean to stop, by the way, for presently we saw something white go fluttering aloft, and in a twinkling a tiny top-gallant studding sail was set. A round shot or two was not going to scare this British seaman with the nimble legs, and so a blue cartridge was slipped into the fore-castle gun and a round shot, carefully grummetted, was rammed on top of it. Then the gun was elevated a trifle, carefully trained, and the clock-string pulled. The gun recoiled the whole length of the slide, and the shot went roaring up in the air, and presently took the water a little to the right of the ship and a considerable distance beyond her. Again the meteor flag acknowledged "honors easy," but declined to "heave to."

Both ships were now passing North Edisto Inlet, and the Harriet Lane, a little to seaward, was slowly gaining. Every sail that could pull was set, and down below the firemen were working like beavers to keep a steady pressure of steam up. Every little while the long thirty-two roared out to stop, and though the shots fell all about him he seemed to be one of the lucky chaps that never are hit.

As the morning wore along Stony Inlet was passed, the chase still bowing along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour and the two vessels about two miles apart. She could not very well get outside the Harriet Lane, because that vessel was outside of her, but she hugged the shore pretty close and seemed to know the bottom better than those on the cruiser.

Towards noon the chase was a mile and a half ahead, and we could hear the voice of the seamen in her chains calling the depth of water. The wind had freshened, and it gave an advantage to the chase, who was keen enough to know it. Every little while we could see her

crew make the rounds of the sheets and halliards, and when they had nothing else to do they would cluster aft and watch us. There was no regular dinner in the Harriet Lane, but the men drew on the scuttle butt to keep calm. Already some of them were building castles on the prize-money they were going to have, and those not directly engaged either at the wheel or the "long-Tom," were discussing the gameness of the chase and the cool daring he displayed.

After two bells the low sandy shores of Hilton Head became visible on the star-board bow, and the long reach of coast that trends a little easterly to the bay into which the Savannah river empties began to appear. Here was a chance to head him off and shorten the pursuit. He would scarcely run into Port Royal because that would end in his capture, and his only hope of escape would be to keep on until night, that is if he could keep out of our reach until the shades of night should hide him.

Accordingly the same course was kept, well to seaward until just off Port Royal, when to our astonishment the chase hauled her light sails and braced up to run up the bay.

"By gracious! The fool! Now we have him!" and such like expressions were freely vented by those on the Harriet Lane, but her head swung around promptly after the stranger and away the two vessels went booming up the bay.

The two vessels at this time were hardly 1,200 yards apart, and the captain of the cutter had given orders to cease firing, as he was afraid it would injure his prize. Besides to most people it was hardly ship-shape to train a shotted gun on a man who could not retaliate. It looked cowardly, and so ever since noon the chase had quite a peaceable time. Now, however, when it seemed plain that he was sailing into a trap, and at best could not go any further than the head of the bay, every one began to feel that in a few moments the stranger would let go sheets and halliards and "come to."

Presently a light whiff of smoke shot out of a ridge of sand on Hilton Head and a shot singing in a high key fell between us and the chase. The chase clewed up his top-gallant sails and boldly stood in towards the head, then another whiff of smoke and a ten-inch round shot came screaming over us and struck the water three hundred yards beyond us.

"The devil! Stop her!" roared the captain, and each face on board the Harriet Lane became visibly sad. The "Confederates" had already fortified Port Royal, and while astonishment had complete possession of us the rattling of the chain cable on board the chase told us he had come to anchor. Then the Harriet Lane was turned around and made her way back to Charleston, which place was reached the next day.

A few days after we overhauled a small schooner trying to get out, and learned that while the Harriet Lane was chasing the ship half a dozen steamers had run in with valuable cargoes; that the ship was a mere decoy, and flying light to draw us away so that the steamers could run in. The schooner people also said that the ship belonged to Savannah, and was worked through Scull creek to Port Royal, and that a man named Tataloff sailed her. At all events, Tataloff got the credit for it whether it was he or some other body.

"Next!" shouted a barber, who had just finished a customer.

Two persons at once sprang from their seats, where they had been patiently waiting, and approached the knight of the lather, and both looking ferociously and inquiringly at the other.

One of them was an elderly personage, evidently from the country; the other a young sprig of city bred, whose down had just begun to indicate the slow and uncertain approach of beard.

"Which of you is next?" asked the barber.

"I am," said the young man.

"No, you are not. We be both came in at the same time; and as I am the oldest, I claim the first chance. Besides, I am in a great hurry."

"Ah, old party, I see you are from the country, and of course do not know the rules of city society governing such cases as this," said the youth.

"What is the rule?"

"Simply this: Beauty goes before age—so I will take the chair. See?"

"Oh, well, that's right, Mr. Barber, shave him first. He has got the best of me by that rule of his; and come to think of it, he is right according to the rate where I came from."

"Indeed! What is the rule where you come from, old party?" asked the young fellow, as he fixed himself comfortably in the barber's chair.

"Well, young man, the rule up my way is that we always keep the boys ahead of us. So you can go ahead, Barber, it's all right," said he, taking up a paper and sitting down to read.

"You'll never marry again, Susie, you grieve so after Zic. Was it twice? you faded, or three times, at the grave?"

"Bless you, son, Sary, it was free times I fainted, an' de last time I nebbler like to come to." "Oh, Susie, you'll nebbler marry again, will yer?" "Bless you, son, Frank Dunn ax't me 'bout dis before my husband died, an' I promised him if he died I'd hab him, an' I 'blongs to do church, an' I won't tell a lie."

—Before the last meeting of the New York Neurological Society, Dr. E. C. Seguin, presiding, Dr. William A. Hammond read a paper on "Cerebro-Hyperemia." This, he said, was quite a common disease and was brought on generally by over-intellectual exertion.

The symptoms are vertigo, noises in the ears, dark spots before the eyes, a staggering in the walk, numbness in the limbs, and twitchings or spasms in the face. There is a mental disturbance which is shown by hallucinations, and principally by sleeplessness. The digestion is impaired. These are the symptoms in violent cases.

In general, the patient is deprived almost wholly of sleep, or has unpleasant dreams. He finds it impossible to fix his attention on any subject, and is attacked by a pain in the head if he makes a mental effort. An accurate accountant who was attacked by this disease could not add up a column of figures, making mistakes which in his normal condition he would consider ridiculous.

In one case reported a gentleman attempted to commit suicide because he could not solve a simple sum. The patient is forgetful of names and faces, and makes mistakes in using words. There is, to a great deal of indecision manifested in simple matters.

"I knew a patient," Dr. Hammond said "to carry several thousands of dollars every day for a month to Wall street, intending to make a certain speculation, but every day he put it off without any reason whatever. There is a morbid apprehension of impending evil, and the patient is afraid that he will himself commit some dreadful act."

"I have known of a man who dreaded to go on a ferryboat because he feared that he would throw himself off; of another who would not go near a train for fear he would throw himself in front of it; of a husband who made his wife keep his razor locked up; of a man who would not take a warm bath in the fear that he would not turn off the hot water. The subject, however, never yields to these impulses.

The emotional system is deranged. The patient becomes suspicious and annoyed on the slightest grounds. A patient once was liable to be attacked by vertigo at any time, so that frequently, and in the street he would have to support himself by a lamp-post, or to sit on a stoop until the attack was over.

The vertigo is generally increased by the mental effort, and disappears more or less when the patient is about to go to sleep. The ocular muscles are easily tired so that the patient cannot read. Sometimes the sense of hearing is very acute and at other times very dull.

The disease is generally accompanied by congestion of the tympanum, and the symptoms are intensified by sulphate of quinine and other medicines which are sometimes given to patients who are suffering from this disease. The muscular strength is impaired so that the patient sometimes is unable to lift his arm or his foot. The causes of cerebro-hyperemia are mental.

A young lady was once attacked by it in consequence of an intellectual effort she put forth to solve a mathematical problem. The disease is more apt to attack those in middle life than the young or old. To be cured the patient should abstain from severe mental work, should exercise in the open air, indulge in moderate gymnastics and a plain but nutritious diet.—*N. Y. World.*

—Remember the parable of the talents—one had ten, another five, another two, and another one. So it is among men to-day. Our "talents" may be compared with money, with education, acquired art, natural gifts, or with an opportunity to do good. If we use our one, two or five talents to the best of our ability, we shall be accepted, and earn the approval of Him who judges righteously. Are we so living to-day that we can ask or hope God's blessing on the course we are pursuing? This is our right, our privileges, and our duty. We may count our passing moments as unimportant, as they may appear to be uneventful. But "time flies," and we must fly to keep up, or be left behind each second, like the tick of a clock, makes its record. We do not realize this until we come into middle life or old age, when if our time has been frittered away, we are punished in a "hell" of regrets for "lost time and lost opportunity."

—When at Knoxville a portion of the presidential party went one evening to the mansion of Mr. P. Dickinson to tea. Several ladies were present, with their children, and Mrs. Hayes, who appears to be exceedingly appreciative of the little people, took one of the wee women upon her lap. The mother introduced the child by telling her that she was sitting on the lap of the President's wife, when the small-sized feminine curiosity turned to Mrs. Hayes and innocently inquired, "And where is Mr. Tilden?" Evidently the youthful questioner had not been drilled to conceal the proclivities of her father's household toward Democratic candidates, and took it for granted that the President's wife ought to be Mrs. Tilden, to say the least of it. Some might regard it as a rather "searching" interrogation, too—considering that Mr. Tilden is not now exactly where they think he had the best right to be—viz., in the Presidential chair.

—Happening to visit a lady who was in blissful possession of her first baby, she begged me to tell her where she could find a corset for the infant, or even a pattern to make one. She remembered that her own baby brothers and sisters were enclosed in such an article, but she remembered its peculiarities of form only in that vague way which ladies who are born to idleness are likely to recollect.

"Did you wear a corset when you were a baby?" we inquired. "Certainly, Don't you see how slight I am?" We have observed it. Indeed, we have often perplexed our brains about this lady's figure. She was six feet and one inch in height, and as slight and graceful as a willow and just about as frail. The corset explained it. Doubtless there was so much material to dispose of somehow, and it was forced to be oblong as the corset refused to give it room to spread itself. Now this idea may not be scientific, but facts are facts. My friend, who was remarkably beautiful, very lovely in all her womanly ways, and as accomplished and cultivated as the best masters and close and continuous corsets permitted, did not live to see the birth of her second baby. Her chest was too narrow, and she died, as many people do, speedily and almost painlessly, of decayed lungs. Could she have found the infant's corset pattern, her baby would have followed her very soon. Of course, a baby must wear a smooth, unbleached flannel bandage above its abdomen for a month, but after that we should trust to its muscles. Dress it in soft, white flannel, next to its person, keep it in warm loose clothing, but do not permit the room to be overheated, or the air to be changed less than three times a day, and yet never permit it to be exposed to a draft. Never remove it from the nursery without lifting the window, so that pure oxygen may await its return. Clothe its feet and legs with warm, long stockings, but do not retain the long dresses an hour after its feet become active, and the child indicates its desire for exercise. The misshapen legs that are so frequently seen upon boys, and the ungraceful carriage of many girls and women, may be traced to that vanity of the mothers which kept a long, unrumpled white dress upon the baby, until it was eight or ten months old. Of course, all the life that an infant possesses is manifested by motion and appetite, and one of its vital importance as the other. Many mothers never permit a scream to issue from the baby's mouth, even a cry for air, in its lungs, but they pass more food into its stomach to invite colic, which does not, as a general thing, refuse the invitation. A wise mother who knows that a babe cannot generate warmth as rapidly as an older person, and she dresses it accordingly. A tender mother is likely to furnish too much animal warmth, by over-much caressing, and, if she is not healthy, she is likely to vitiate the atmosphere that it breathes. No one should sleep with a babe. It is not wholesome for either party, and the rest of the child is broken by the nervous stir of the mother, or else she remains so quiet that she fails of proper rest, and the nourishment given to the babe, is not likely to agree with its sensitive digestive organs. A baby should always sleep in a crib by its mother's side.—*The Metropolitan.*

—Astronomer Royal Smyth, of the Royal Observatory, Scotland, says that the coming winter is going to be exceedingly cold. From the observations of earth thermometers over a period of thirty-nine years, he finds that between 1837 and 1876 three great heat waves from without struck Great Britain, namely, the first in 1840-5, the second in 1858-9, and the third in 1865-7. The next one will probably come in 1879-5, within limits of half a year each way. The periods of minimum temperature, of greatest cold, are not in the middle time between the crests of these three heat waves, but are comparatively close up to them, on each side, at a distance of about a year and a half. Hence the next cold wave is due at the end of the present year, and very frigid weather may be looked for.

—German sailors and consular officials have been getting into trouble in Central and South American ports. In the port of Santos, in Brazil, there was a serious affray recently between the local police and men from a German corvette, in which one policeman was killed and several were badly wounded. A mob then assaulted a German club house in the town, threatened the lives of several of the crew of the corvette, and nearly killed one of its officers. The German Government has taken the matter in hand, and will enforce reparation with greater promptitude than Secretary Fish displayed in dealing with Spain. The German Government has also got Nicaragua in a corner about ill treatment of a Teutonic Consul.

—Several correspondents write to announce the complete extermination of rats and mice from their cow stalls and piggeries since the adoption of this simple plan: "A mixture of two parts of well bruised common squills, and three parts of finely-chopped bacon it made into a stiff mass, with as much meat as may be required, and then baked into small cakes which are put down for the rats to eat.

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