

# EVENING TRANSCRIPT

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1881.

## OTHELLO.

[For the Transcript.]

This is the Moor who fearful haps defied  
By field and flood; who led the galleys on  
Fast the Ionian Isles; who frankly won  
Sweet sighs in Venice, and at Cyprus died;  
Whose mad blood leaped to love, but slower hied  
To vengeance; royally bronzed by the sun;  
Through whom to clear lives cursed wrong was  
done,  
Yet naught in hatred, all in honor tried.

O you that wore likewise the flower divine,  
Fatal though fair, and trampled it under-  
ground—  
For his sad sake I hold your hand in mine,  
Since pain unhoused you, since deceit dis-  
crowned—  
Salute you each with him in wine of wine,  
Brave hearts that break for love the world  
around!

LOUISE INOGEN GUINEY.

## GRAND MANAN.

[Correspondence of the Transcript.]

GRAND MANAN, Oct. 22.

Today there is a strong breeze blowing, but the air is so soft, and all through the past week the days have been so warm, it is hard to realize that this is really October.

Our party have started on their daily exploring expedition, with the exception of one unfortunate member, whose walking-shoes were rent in their owner's efforts to reach "Bishop's Head." At present the whole cobbler force of Grand Manan is at work repairing the damage. His name is Lausan, and he is a native of Copenhagen.

When this trip was suggested, words of discouragement poured in from every side. "Grand Manan in October—why, you will freeze!"

"There is no steamer this year across from Eastport, and it takes a sailboat anywhere from three hours to four days!"

"It's so foggy down there, you can't recognize your nearest friend!"

"Better be prepared for extreme cold!"

"Perhaps you'll kill a bear, and can wrap yourself in his skin—it's the only hope for you!"

Despite these dismal forebodings, when we left Eastport at midday the air was warm and summer-like. The regular packet was not to sail for several days, so we took passage in an open sailboat, with half a dozen weather-beaten sailors on board; but which were passengers and which crew we were never able to determine. A gentle breeze was blowing—alas, how gentle!—and our joyous skipper, in a patched green-flannel shirt—alas, how familiar that shirt became!—predicted that we could easily cross in three hours and a half.

The boat was a very good one, though not fitted for passengers. As we tacked slowly across the beautiful harbor, the water was so smooth and the day so smiling that we laughed to think of the contrast between the painted terrors of the voyage and the charming reality. We touched first at Campobello, where we were so delighted with the beauty of the coast and the picturesque "Owen" that we had waited there a good half-hour before we realized that the afternoon was slipping away—likewise the breeze. At length the small boat which was sent ashore—the skipper said "for supplies"—returned, bearing some suggestive-looking boxes and demi-johns, which our passenger crew stowed away in the cuddy with loving care.

The wind in the bay had now subsided entirely, and it took some time for the current to carry us outside, where the breeze was still blowing. After a while that also died down, and as the afternoon wore away we began to realize that our chances of approaching Grand Manan by daylight were small. The tide was carrying us at the rate of about a mile an hour, and Grand Manan thirteen miles away! Fortunately the night was warm and the ocean smooth, for we were becalmed just at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, where the roll of the sea has full sweep. Though our seats were a good deal cramped, we could n't make up our minds to enter the snuffy little cabin. It grew darker. A few drops of rain fell. The lighthouses looked dim through the fog, which began to drift in very fast, and we wished ourselves anywhere under the sun, if we could only get out of that dreadful boat.

"Jack," a kind-hearted fellow in a cardigan jacket, evidently judging from our silence that we needed cheering, favored us with some ballads of the land and sea, sung in a high-pitched voice very much out of tune. His favorite, for he began and ended with it, gave a minute description of the burning of the Brooklyn "the-a-ter" without omitting one of the horrors of that dreadful occasion. The refrain began, "O! I ne'er shall forget the two Orphans." The other songs of an equally depressing character concerned shipwrecks, the untrustworthiness of sailors, and the manifold dangers of the sea. But he meant well, and we were about as miserable as we could be before; so it did n't matter much. All the crew seemed very sorry for us, and asked at intervals, very short, if we felt sick, then advised us to think of something else. So we sucked lemons and diverted our minds, picturing the pleasures of a whole night spent sitting on a barrel.

Suddenly, at about nine o'clock, a strong south wind sprang up, and before we knew it we were cutting through the water at tremendous speed, with the boat tipped nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees.

As we carried no light, it was necessary to keep a very sharp lookout for passing vessels. The chief danger was from a St. John boat sailing at right angles to our course. The fog had become dense, and in case of a collision we were well aware that our small boat would go to the bottom. It was a great relief when the skipper suggested our landing at Whale Cove and walking across the island, instead of trying to round Swallow Tail headland. The prospect of standing once more on terra firma was so inspiring that we gladly would have walked much farther than the three-quarters of a mile necessary to reach the Marble Ridge House. As the little boat in which we were put ashore scraped on the pebbly beach, we felt as if we had been delivered from a shipwreck.

Crossing the beach we kept constantly slipping on what, in the darkness, we supposed to be seaweed, but which proved by the light of day to be hake, spread out to dry; a rather unappetizing discovery. We arrived at the Marble Ridge at midnight. Captain Pettes was roused up without much difficulty. He seemed to consider our arrival at that hour nothing unusual, and was not surprised that we were a trifle hungry. An hour later we realized that one must spend half the night in an open boat to fully appreciate the comfort of a good bed.

Manan is a corruption of the old Indian name for the island, Manthane. It has been inhabited by white people for about one hundred years. The settlements are all on the east coast, at the various harbors. A fine, broad road runs the whole length of the island. The soil must be peculiarly adapted for roadbeds; this one is as hard and smooth as if macadamized. Though the houses are not particularly pretty or picturesque, they look comfortable, and every front yard is now filled with most beautiful great dahlias, in all the shades of red and yellow. Hard by these autumn flowers grow dandelions, buttercups and ox-eyed daisies on the roadside, and on top of one of the cliffs we found a lovely wild rose.

The island is at present overrun with "Free

Christian Baptists," who have come from New Brunswick for a conference. They had a very rough passage from St. John, and on their arrival formed a pathetic procession up the wharf, to the end where the islanders were waiting for them in vehicles of the most varied description. Crowded meetings are held every day and evening, and an air of religious dissipation pervades the whole island.

Our cobbler proves to be a man with a history. Twenty-four years ago he sailed from Liverpool, with twenty-eight others, in the Sir Henry Ashburton, bound for St. John. They missed their course, and one bitterly cold day in January were driven in a blinding snowstorm on to the rocks near Bishop's Head. Lausan swam ashore to the little beach at the foot of the cliff, from which he was rescued with the seven other survivors. The wreck was discovered by a man who carried the news at once to the district school in session near by. The schoolmaster immediately dismissed the children, who, going to their different homes, spread the tidings like wildfire over the island. Not much could be done for the survivors, who were badly frozen and some of them maimed for life. Lausan was sent to a hospital at St. John. After his recovery he taught himself the trade of a shoemaker, and, strangely enough, chose to spend the rest of his days at Grand Manan. His eye glistened when he talked of Copenhagen with one of our party who had been there; but his English wife has a not unnatural fear of the sea, and he is unwilling to cross it without her.

If Grand Manan becomes a popular summer resort, it will be on account of the magnificent cliffs which line its whole western coast. They rise as high as 400 feet at "Bishop's Head," but those above the "Southern Cross," beetling over the water, struck us as being more impressive, even though they number a hundred feet less. The cliffs are best seen from the water; standing beneath them one does n't realize their height. This truth was impressed upon our minds by hard experience the day we went to see the "Bishop." The last half-mile of the way led over a narrow beach covered with large cobble stones heaped upon each other. They rolled and tilted about, making such bad footing that we decided to try to ascend the cliff, where soft earth and tufts of grass among the rocks appeared to offer a rest for the sole of the foot. Far above us a flock of sheep nibbled the scanty grass. Occasionally they dislodged fragments of rock, but we dodged these and struggled on. That path of ease and pleasure which fancy painted, we never trod—it always appeared just above. Finally, when we decided we must be at least half-way to the summit, the ascent became so precipitous that it was impossible to climb higher, and the loose rocks and earth slipped from under our feet every time we attempted a retrograde movement. To look down at the sea below made us dizzy; so there we hung, clinging for dear life to the cliff-side which seemed crumbling from under. At this crisis our strong and agile companions appeared round a projecting crag, and quickly rescued us from a situation which was rapidly becoming perilous. We afterwards found we had climbed only about a hundred feet. M. G. D.

## THE NEW WEST.

[Correspondence of the Transcript.]

PUEBLO, COL., Oct. 22, 1881.

Previous to the day of John Brown, the great discussion of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and the consequent admission of these two free States, little was known of that portion of our country lying between central Kansas, or about the one-hundredth meridian on the east, and the eastern boundary of California on the west, extending from Mexico on the south to the British line on the north. In fact all the country west of the Missouri River, before the Mexican war or the discovery of gold in 1849 in California, was comparatively unknown and unsettled by the white people.

A few posts for trading in fur had been established: some Spanish settlements were scattered along the Pacific coast and in New Mexico, and a few pioneer settlers had ventured beyond the Missouri. Still, at this time this great section was only occupied by Indian tribes, the bear and other wild beasts of the mountains, and the vast herds of buffalo and antelopes on the plains.

General Fremont, in his march of exploration and conquest to the Spanish settlements of California, passed up the Arkansas Valley, and on his way camped at this very point. He then pronounced these dry elevated plains and the apparently worthless mountains over which he passed as a half-barren country, unsuitable for the use and occupation of civilized man, and only fit for a great highway to the Pacific slope.

Twenty-five years ago "going West" meant somewhere from the Ohio to the Missouri, the country beyond being little known and less thought of. California seemed beyond the West and almost in another country, for we had to cross wide oceans and a foreign land to reach it, except by the long and dangerous overland route.

Today, to the Missouri is hardly West. From the Atlantic to the Missouri the tide of emigration is rapidly advancing into this new region. Comparatively speaking, this section is properly called the *new West*; therefore the new West is the watershed between the Mississippi and the Pacific, including most of the Rocky Mountain range and the elevated plains and valleys on either side. The new West comprises the western portion of Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota; New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming; Montana, Idaho and Utah; Nevada and Arizona.

The natural features and climate of a country have much to do in determining the status of man's existence. Three marked features of the new West must decidedly influence its industries and settlement, viz., elevation, dryness and the inexhaustible mineral wealth of the mountains. The new West can be no more like the old West—the States of the Mississippi and the lakes—than those States can be like New England, or New England like Old England. Man dominates over nature, and by his educated mind, skilled hand and persistent will uses the seas, rivers, fields and mountains to add to his comfort, increase his happiness and elevate the condition of his race. Yet how simply and plainly Nature unmistakably dictates to him the pursuit of his life. The new West offers to its immigrants mining and stock raising as the chief and profitable industries.

The climate of this whole section is characterized by a clear sky, much pleasant weather, little rain and a rare and dry atmosphere. It is not fitted for agriculture. Grain, vegetables and fruit cannot be raised with any degree of success without irrigation, except in some portions of Dakota and Montana along the upper Missouri and in Idaho near the Columbia, and in some of the mountain valleys where melted snows or early spring showers give the necessary moisture. Generally speaking there is no rain from about the first of September to the next June, and often not much till July. July and August are the rainy months, and during this time it is liable to a long rainstorm, but tempests and often heavy showers, usually in the afternoon. This short rainy season, and the melting snows in winter and spring, do not furnish moisture sufficient for much vegetation, except the grama and buffalo grasses, cover-

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