The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Lovers.

A little rose,
The color of love,
A shadow;
A summer day,
Some new moon by
A meadow.

A golden hour,
A moonless night,
And lovers;
We spend the day
In making boys—
Sweet boys.

Some fallow years,
Some happy tears,
But doubts...
A week of rain,
And then again
A meadow...

One quick shy look,
A tripping brook,
Some shadows,
A sky of gold,
The meadow,
A love.

A kiss, sweet musk,
A silent word—soft,
What is it?
Life—our life,
And our life
To come.

Years—love grows
And still love—we
Meet lovers.
We walk side by side
In love's meadows
Pleasant.

A meadow,
Among the side
Heart of
Have each heard
That the sweet Are
Forever.

Charles Dickens at Home.

Charles Dickens was the most delightful and genial of hosts, and had the power of putting the veriest people at ease with him at once. He had a charm in his manner peculiarly his own, and quite indescribable. The charm was always there, whether in his very funniest, or in his most serious and earnest, mood.

His punctuality was a remarkable characteristic, and visitors used to wonder how it was that everything was done to the very minute. It is a common saying now in the family of some dear friends, where punctuality is not quite so well observed, "What would Mr. Dickens have said to this?" or "Ah! my dear child, I wish you could have been at Gad's Hill to learn what punctuality means!" He was very fond of music, but not of "classical" music only. He loved national airs of old times, songs and ballads. He was easily moved by anything pathetic in a song or tune, and was never tired of hearing his particular favorites sung or played.

He liked to have music of an evening, and duets used to be played very often for Louis Jerrold, while he would rest or walk up and down the room.

There was a large meadow at the back of the garden in which, during the summer-time, many cricket matches were held. Although never playing himself, Charles Dickens delighted in the game, and would sit in his tent, keeping score for one side the whole day long. He never took to croquet, but had lawn-tennis been played in the Gad's Hill days, he would certainly have enjoyed this game. He liked "American games," a which he used constantly to play with his male guests. For one of his "improvements," he had turned a waste piece of land into a croquet-ground and bowling green.

In the meadow he used also to practise many of his "readings;" and any stranger passing down the lane, and seeing him gesticulating and hearing him talking, laughing, and sometimes it may be, weeping, most surely would have thought him out of his mind!

The getting-up of these "readings" gave him an immense amount of labor and fatigue, and the sorrowful parts tired him greatly.

For instance, in the reading of "Little Dombey," it was hard work for him so to steel his heart as to be able to read the death without breaking down, or displaying too much emotion. He often told how much he suffered over this story, and how it would have been impossible for him to have gone through with it had he not kept constantly before his eyes the picture of his own "Plorn," alive and strong and well.

His great neatness and tidiness have already been alluded to, as also his wonderful sense of order. The first thing he did every morning, before going to work, was to make a circuit of the garden, and then to go over the whole house, to see that everything was in its place, neat and orderly.

This was also the first thing he did upon his return home, after any absence. A more thoroughly *orderly* nature never existed. It must have been through this gift of order that he was enabled to make time, notwithstanding any amount of work, to give to the minutest household details.

Before a dinner-party, the *menu* was also submitted to him for approval, and he always made a neat little plan of the table, with the names of the guests marked in their respective places, and a list of who was to take who to dinner. He had constantly some "bright idea" or other as to the arrangement of the table or rooms.

He had a strange aversion to saying good-by, and would do anything he possibly could to avoid going through the ordeal. This feeling must have been natural to him, for as early as the "Old Curiosity Shop" he writes,—

"Why is it we can better bear to part in spirit than in body, and while we have the fortitude to act farewell, have not the nerve to say it? On the eve of long voyages, or an absence of many years, friends who are tenderly attached will separate with the usual look, the usual pressure of the hand, planning one final interview for the morrow, while each well knows that it is put a poor feint to save the pain of uttering that one word, and that the meeting will never be! Should possibilities be worse to bear than certainties?"

So all who love him, and who know the pointed delicacy he had to that words are thankful that he was spared the agony of that lost, long Farewell.

Almost the pleasantest times at Gad's Hill were the winter gatherings for Christmas and the New Year, when the house was more than full, and the bachelors of the party had to be "put up" in the village. At those times Charles Dickens was at his gayest and brightest, and the days passed cheerily and merrily away.

He was great at games, and many of the evenings were spent in playing at "Yes and No," Proverbs, Russian Scandal, Cranbo, Dumb Crambo in which he was most exquisitely funny and a game of Memory, which he particularly liked.

On New Year's Eve, there were generally other guests beside those staying in the house, and the New Year had to be welcomed with due honors. Just before twelve o'clock, everybody would assemble in the hall, and Charles Dickens would open the door, and stand in the entrance, watch in hand.

How many of his friends must remember him thus, and think lovingly of the picture as he waited, with a half-smile on his attentive face, for the bells to chime out the New Year!

Then his voice would break the silence with "A Happy New Year to us all!" and for many minutes there would be much embracing, hand-shaking and good-wishing, and the servants also would come up and get a hearty shake of the hand from the beloved "master."

Then sometimes there would be a country dance, in which the host delighted, and in which he insisted upon every one joining.

He never allowed the dancing—and real dancing it was, too—to flag for an instant, but kept it up, until even he was tired and out of breath, and had at last to clap his hands, and bring it to an end. His thorough enjoyment was most charming to witness, and seemed to infect every one present.

One New Year's day at breakfast, he proposed that we should act some charades, in dumb show, that evening. This proposal being met with enthusiasm, the idea was put into practice at once. The different parts were assigned, dresses were discussed, "properties" were collected, and rehearsing went on the whole day long.

As the home-visitors were all to take part in the charades, invitations had to be sent to the more intimate neighbors to make an audience, an impromptu supper had to be arranged for, and the day was one of continual bustle and excitement, and the rehearsals were the greatest fun imaginable.

A dear old friend volunteered to undertake the music, and he played delightfully all through the acting. These charades made one of the pleasantest and most successful of the New Year's evenings ever spent at Gad's Hill.

But there were not only grown-up guests invited to the pretty, cheerful home. In a letter to a friend Charles Dickens writes,—

"Another generation begins to peep above the table. I once used to think what a horrible thing it was to be a grandfather. Finding that the calamity falls upon me without my perceiving any other change in myself, I bear it like a man."

But as he so disliked the name of grandfather as applied to himself, these grandchildren were taught by him to call him "Venerables." And to this day some of them still speak of him by his self-invented name.

Now, there is another and younger family who never knew "Venerables," but who are taught to know his likeness, and taught to know his books through the pictures in them, as soon as they can be taught anything, and whose baby hands lay bright flowers upon the stone in Westminster Abbey, every 9th of June, and every Christmas Eve.

For, in remembrance of his love for all that is gay in color, none but the brightest flowers—and also some of the gorgeous American leaves, sent by a friend for the purpose—strewed upon the stone, making that one spot, in the midst of the vast and solemn building, bright and beautiful.

In a letter to "Plorn," before his departure for Australia, Charles Dickens writes: "I hope you will always be able to say in after life, that you had a kind father."

And to this hope, each one of his children can answer with a loving, grateful heart, Amen.

These reminiscences are written to show him, almost exclusively, in his relation of father, and to show him as he was in his own domestic circle and in his home-life.

In quoting my father's words, I have used the present tense—says an writes—because his words are before me, and are a living reality, because his words will be a living reality, to generations yet to come.

So that we cannot think of him as dead. His spirit has walked and does "walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide."

And his own words about death may be lovingly and reverently applied to himself, and we may say:

"Of the loved, revered, and honoured head thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy, and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the heart was open, generous and true; the heart brave, warm and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, shadow, strike! and see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal."—*Hitude Dickens in Youth's Companion.*

"The Shakemakers" of the Sierras.

Living just above the foothills and in the midst of the virgin pine forests of the Sierras are a class of industrious people little known to the world. They live an isolated, happy life far from the busy world, of which they know little and care less. These are the "shakemakers." They exist usually in couples, and make their home for the time being where the finest sugar pine grows, and whence the products of their labors can be conveniently hauled away. They are a jolly, happy lot, these "shakemakers" of the Sierras. They work at will, and by way of recreation divide their leisure time between deer and bear hunting and the nearest country store. The mode of making "shakes" or clapboards is simple. The tree felled is sawed into suitable lengths, and then is split into thin boards or "shakes" by means of a froe and a mallet. The shakes sell here in the mountains at $1 to $1.50 per 1,000, and are always in demand. A shakemakers' camp is one of the most picturesque scenes to be found on the coast, and the voluntary recluses who spend year after year in those mountain solitudes are the jollest lot of bachelors on earth. A majority of this almost unknown race of men are old miners and young men from the foot-hill farms. Wild, brave, uneducated and kind-hearted, they include within their numbers hundreds of the best frontiersmen and the noblest types of manhood.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Taking the Hat Round.

Some time ago there was in London for the season a lady who is very well known in the French fashionable world. One day she happened to see in the streets a monkey begging pennies, in the prettiest manner possible, from the public for the benefit of his master, an organ grinder. The Marquise took a fancy to it, bought it, dressed it in the gaudiest of raiment and made it a pet.

The lady the other day had in Paris a fashionable reception for the benefit of a charity, and of course her pet was the wonder of the room. In the course of the evening a young lady sat down at the piano, and, accompanying herself, sang with exquisite taste a little drawing-room song. As soon as the lady had finished, the monkey, who, though now partially civilized, had not forgotten his former duties, seized his hat, and, holding it before each guest, according to his custom, commenced a collection.

The vocalist laughed, the Marquise looked vexed; but to the amusement of everybody the monkey went the rounds, and collected a large sum. His task ended, he jumped upon the singer's shoulder amidst shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of the hat in her lap, the collection, of course, being devoted to charity.

STAMPS BY THE MILLION.

Talk with a Dealer in Old Postage Stamps.

An Old Lady's Collection of a Million Stamps—One $500.

"United States postage stamps, $50 a million," reads an announcement conspicuously displayed in the window of a New York stamp dealer. Beneath the placard is a mold of postage stamps at least two feet in height, extending clear across the show window. They are tied up in little packages about three inches long and arranged in symmetrical order, like the earthworks of a military fortification, several small toy cannon being ranged at the port holes along the ridge of the miniature battery to complete the resemblance.

"We do not deal in stamps of this kind ordinarily," said the proprietor of the store to a *Mail and Express* reporter, "as they are only of the commonest varieties, one, two and three cent stamps of the present issue. We purchased the whole lot only a few days ago from an old lady who had a mania for collecting them and simply as a curiosity. She sent them to us in a big trunk and told us there was a million in all. Most of them were tied up as you see in little bundles containing five hundred stamps each, but a large proportion were loose in the trunk. She began collecting them nearly ten years ago, she told me, when some one advertised for a million stamps and promised to pay $500 to the first person who collected that number. She started her collection with many others who saw the advertisement, and so far as known is the only one succeeding in getting the required number. Of course, the advertisement was a ruse, and whoever inserted it never expected to see any one persevere in collecting the million stamps. Our customer, however, was not discouraged, and finally became so interested in completing the collection that she interested all her friends and acquaintances in the cause, and people used to send her stamps from all parts of the country. We paid $250 for the lot, simply as a curiosity.

"Here are foreign stamps that we sell for $100 a million," continued the dealer as he opened several wide, deep drawers filled to the top with used postage stamps of foreign countries. "These comprise about fifty varieties of the commonest stamps in use, principally English, French, German and Italian. They are not worth any more than ordinary two and three cent United States stamps in our business, and we can afford to sell them cheap. They are sent to us by—we buy of the agents and collectors—whom we have in all foreign countries, and we simply take them as they come. The rarer varieties are sorted out and placed in catalogues, but the mass are dumped into these drawers and sold by the bulk."

"Do many persons purchase in this way?"

"Yes, especially those who are starting collections, and do not care to buy perfect specimens. They can get a thousand for ten cents and take their chances of getting a good variety. I suppose there are a million stamp collectors in the United States and Canada, and the number is increasing every year. Every boy at some period of his life has the stamp collecting mania, but after collecting a thousand or thereabout, the majority gives it up, or loses interest in the work. Others go on and make fair collections. All the way from $50,000 to $200,000 have been spent by wealthy gentlemen in making the most perfect collections, in the very valuable collections nearly all the stamps are unused and in many instances the collector will pay high prices for specimens of the first presses taken from the die. A very good collection of used stamps, including all the stamps issued, except the very rarest, can be made for $200. Sometimes $500 will be paid for a rare stamp when only a very limited number are known to be in existence. But this does not occur often. The number of postage stamps which have been issued by all countries since 1840, when they first came into fashion with the penny post in England, is something over 5,000. There are hundreds of stamp dealers in this country and the number of stamps sold annually, to collectors, is up among the millions."

A Peck of Gold.

"Some people," said Mrs. Sharpnale, "measure love by gold. I measure it by its quality." "I measure it by quantity," said meek little Mr. Sharpnale, in feeble tones. "I measure it by the peck." "By the peck, you lunatic, what do you mean by that?" "By the heapeck," he gurgled hoarsely, and then all the rest of the night he wished he hadn't said it.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A little kindness goes a good ways.

God pities where mortals only blame.

It is foolish to be obstinate over trifles.

Faith is the medium between despair and presumption.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

We should never wed an opinion for better or for worse; what we take upon good ground we should lay down upon better.

A cheerful way of talking will soon chase away gloomy feelings in our own minds, and we all know how inspiring to us are such words from another.

Don't forget three little words—"If you please." Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

It is not so difficult to know oneself, as it is endless the knowledge.

Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world.

The sense, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world.

No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see, and speak of the faults of others.

Fully to understand a great and beautiful thought, requires perhaps as much time as to conceive it.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say anything that any one present can wish unsaid.

Fish Walking on Dry Land.

In some foreign lands walking fish are common enough. We have a fish found in the seas around Ceylon of so grotesque an appearance that it looks more like a wild dream of an artist than a representation of a living object. This singular creature is one of a group in which the carpets form arms that support the pectoral fins and thus enable the fish to walk along the ground almost like a quadruped. On the rocks of Ceylon, washed by the surf, there are other little walking fish which run up the wet stones with the utmost ease and rapidity. By the aid of the pectoral and ventral fins and gill covers, they move over the damp sand, ascend the roots of the mangroves and climb up the smooth face of the rocks in search of flies. Many of the fresh water fish of the same island possess the power of leaving their native element and returning to it again after long pilgrimages on dry land. When the pools they inhabit get low in the summer season they start off, and, led by an as yet unexplained instinct, to the nearest considerable body of water. The fish most often seen on shore excursions is a species of perch. It grows to about six inches in length. Aided by an admirable apparatus carried by nature to its head, the little creature leaves boldly from its native haunts and proceeds on a hideous march to its new habitation. The expedition is made at night or early in the morning, while the grass is wet with dew. In its distress, however, it is sometimes compelled to move by day.—*Masters.*

A Cultured Canine.

Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, continues his curious experiments with his dog, and he hopes in time to make the creature as accomplished as the average biped. It is about eighteen months since he began the education of this wonderful poodle "Van." His idea was that the dog, if he wanted anything, should ask for it, and, as his bark might not be intelligible, a series of cards were arranged by which he might make known his desires. Thus a card labelled "Food" is laid within his reach, and when he is hungry he takes it up in his mouth and brings it to his master. In the same way, if he wants to go out, he picks up a card with the word "Out" upon it, and brings that up. Another and very favorite card with him is labelled "Bone," for its presentation is followed by the bestowal of a toothsome morsel. The pieces of cardboard are about ten inches long and three inches wide. Having succeeded in teaching the animal so far Sir John has been lately trying experiments in order, if possible, to teach it to distinguish color. But this has hitherto, he says, proved a failure. One circumstance, however, militates against the success of the education movement—Sir John's recent marriage to a young and beautiful woman. Before that event Van used to sleep in his master's room and many opportunities for giving lessons were found. New Van is banished to his own mat and has grown sulky. At all events, the color experiment has failed.

ABOUT ARTEMUS WARD.

[illegible]

"Speaking of Civil Service reform, reminds me of Artemus Ward, upon whom I was introduced by the New York *Graphic*. We were all introduced to each other, and immediately became fast friends, for there has been no more inventive and humorous writer than he. I almost feel like saying a word for the latter that I almost feel like to say a word for Lucy, he put down among the Islanders. Especially an Englishman by the name of Hingst, in treating to his imagination for the facts, and having been the travelling agent of Artemus for a while, gives a book, in which the main points of the great humorist's life were omitted, while other parts were purely imaginary to fill in. The real story of Artemus' debut into prominence is this: There was in that country a paper published in this city by two brothers, Stephens, called *Vanity Fair*, which flourished up brilliantly for a while under literary and artistic genius, but finally darkened and was likely to expire. The editorship was offered to me but I saw plainly I could do nothing with it. I said: 'There are only two men in this country that can do you any good. One is John G. Saxe, and the other Artemus Ward.' At that time I believed this to be his real name. Since you don't know, it is about as much to the point as Vortigern, or Lord Dollar and Mr. Ward is specially as poor as one.'

My advice was heeded, and I was asked if I would write to Artemus and learn his views. I did so, or looked up and made him the strangest offer of coming to New York on a salary of $30 per week, and an interest in the success of the paper. He was prompt, arriving in New York almost as soon as his letter of acceptance. He afterward told me that he was getting but $18 per week on *Vanity Fair*, and assumed the editorship of *Vanity Fair*, but said could not save the paper, notwithstanding the extreme merit. The American reader does not want refined wit, though, since that time they have been partially educated up to it, they want broad humor and personal allusion. Comic never did sell in this country, and if we want anything out of a daily paper it must be cheap and a great deal of it. We paid our weekly literary paper, eight large pages, containing seventeen and sixteen, for $2.

When I asked Artemus to sit down Artemus was very disappointed. What should he do? Open his mouth and lie down in it and die, forsooth, why don't you know? Why the idea was absurd. He could write, but he could not talk to a audient audience for ten lines on any subject. I soon talked him out of that by telling him that he could read his lecture or some part of it to memory. That point settled, now what should he lecture on? At the time the subject of the Twenty-seventh street ghost was in full blast, and I suggested whether it was advisable knowing that whatever he wrote he would make it funny, and before we parted it was agreed that he should write what he could on this subject, and on the next evening come down to Hall's, the noted Bohemian resort on Broadway above Bleecker street, and read it to the party that assembled there every night.

This programme was carried out, and Artemus duly appeared with what he called "A Lecture About Ghosts" and read it and operations appeared, the main point of which was that there was not a word in it about ghosts, and it was settled on all sides that it must be brought before the public. But how? There was an active and occasional manager at that time playing general utility at Wallack's theater, the elder of the name, on Broadway near Broome street, whose name was De Walden. I went to De Walden, whom I knew, and talked Artemus to him. He saw it and an introduction followed. De Walden worked assiduously, and the entire press helped him. Every body was the friend of Artemus, for a more genial, jovial, liberal man did not live. Alas! for himself, De Walden took Niblo's saloon, now the dining room of the Metropolitan, for one night, with the privilege of six. They ran the six nights, crammed to the door, and I doubt if ever audience laughed before or since as they laughed that week. The financial result to Artemus was $1,200 and Artemus was jubilant. From that hour his course was one of uninterrupted success, and lecture after lecture followed, each one greater than the preceding, and fortune flowed into the pockets of Artemus.

An inch announcement in this paper is worth two miles of letters on a board fence.

COFFEE.

[illegible]

BUMMERS.

"The cat's harmonic song, over the garden wall."

Before we sight, there's no such word as fall. It is mentioned into a signment.

"Hy, hy, you ragged little boy, where will you go?" asked the sunday school teacher of the new pupil. "The heaven, mam," was the reply. "And if you are bad where will you be sent to?" "To Hell, mam."

The following dialogue, entirely in [illegible] and [illegible] paid [illegible] for a whole quarter of an hour the young man stood thoughtfully in the flame of the extinguished candle.

"Don't you date, Mr. B.?" "No, I am only looking on." She tried to shake. "You'll enjoy it when you are down." "Oh, I take [illegible] at home, I pull down the [illegible] start every day."

"Can you tell me, sir," asked a young lady at a book shop, "in what order Thackeray wrote his books?" "Yes, lady," replied the gentlemanly salesman, "that, don't you know, I guess it was in order to make money."

The hotel keepers of New York are greatly troubled over the steadily growing fashion among their guests of blowing out the gas upon retiring for the night. Let each guest have a plate of chopped sing his mouth, and the nuisance is abated at once.

Oysters.

The oyster industry is rapidly passing from the hands of the fishermen into those of the oyster cultivators, and the cultures are an exchange. The oyster is sometimes, except for a few days in the earliest stage of its existence, is easily exterminated in any given locality, since, although it may not be possible for the fishermen to raise up from the bottom every individual, which, under the old system, seem really in covering up or otherwise destroying the oyster beds, or beds, as the communities of oysters are technically termed. The main difference between the oyster industry of America and Europe is on the fact that in Europe the native beds have long since been practically destroyed, perhaps not more than one 7 per cent. of the oysters of Europe passing from the native beds directly into the hands of the consumer. It is probable that from 50 to 75 per cent. are reared from the seed in artificial parks, the remainder having been laid down for a time to increase in size and flavor in the shoal waters along the coasts.

In the United States, on the other hand, from 40 to 50 per cent. of all the oysters consumed are carried from their native beds directly to market. The oyster fishery is everywhere carried on in the most reckless manner, and in all directions oyster grounds are becoming deteriorated, and in some cases have been entirely destroyed. It remains to be seen whether the governments of the states will regulate the oyster fisheries before it is too late, or will permit the destruction of these vast reservoirs of food. At present the oyster is one of the cheapest articles of diet in the United States, while in England, as has been well said, an oyster is usually worth as much as or more than a new laid egg. It can hardly be expected that the price of American oysters will always remain so low as at present; but, taking into consideration the great wealth of the natural beds along the entire Atlantic coast, it seems probable that a moderate amount of protection will keep the price of seed oysters far below the present European rates, and that the immense stretches of submerged land along our coasts especially suited for oyster planting may be utilized and may be made to produce an abundant harvest at a much less cost than that which accompanies the complicated system of culture in France and Holland.