

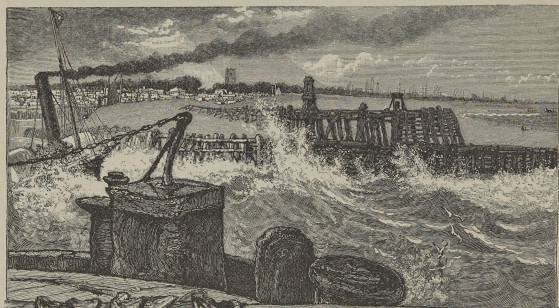


Delight in Disorder.



HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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QUAINT OLD YARMOUTH.

A FIRST view of Yarmouth, England, is not especially pleasing. It is reached through a Dutch landscape of watery green levels, with many windmills flinging their arms in the great opens, where the horizon is distant and the sky seems unusually high. These marshes are unable to hold their own against the sea, and the windmills are placed among them to pump the inundating water into dikes, which return the unwelcome floods to the great reservoir from which the tides bring them. The adjacent coast has no height within several miles. Its only defense against the water is in yellow-green dunes, and it seems more than half inclined to surrender to the sea, from which this part of it has been recovered within seven or eight hundred years. The recovery has not been speedy, and it is not complete; when the gales blow over the German Ocean and strike Norfolk, which juts into it, with Yarmouth on its farthest point, the pallid and low-lying sands threaten

tiring in my favor for a day or two, and then fancying he could resume his romance. "You have offended her," I said. "It may not be so easy as you imagine to put off and take on this engagement."

But "Heaven helps fools like me," he asserted, "and frustrates wise men like you, Endicott." And I'm inclined to think he was right.

When he had gone to see Sophia the next day, I occupied his absence with a carefully constructed theory of the impossible, to wit, her becoming a music teacher's wife. When he returned, my theory was nowhere.

"And is this the end," Mr. Morne lamentingly asked me one day, "for which I have spent all my life trying to keep a position in society?" But his asides to me and his complaints to his daughter were of no avail.

Finding opposition useless, he tried to induce his prospective son-in-law at least to stay in Boston.

"I don't want to stay in a city," declared Mac, "where, for all its delightfulness, I have the example of poor neglected Virgin before me, and where your best group

thinks it a favor to have 'treated Sophia well,' as Endicott says they have."

Knowing his irritable genius, I pardoned him, for my part. He went off with his bride to Cincinnati, and now Mac writes me that he makes a very good income.

I think Morne would like to follow too, but he can't leave his business, nor his place on the edge of society. Miss Yar-row and Jim Toringford, who had at several different times deigned to recognize Sophia, can not now endure even the mention of her name; and as for Mrs. Winterrowd, she reproaches me for ever having introduced Mac, who, she intimates, was almost an untutored savage.

One question still proves extremely puzzling to me: if I really loved Miss Morne, why did I abstain from testing my chances? But here the habit of a lifetime baffles me; I have been repressing my emotions so long, that I positively can't tell what particular one I repressed on that occasion.

Miss Stanlow and I still continue to look forward to dancing the Diagonal; but the satisfaction I take in that is divided with the pleasure I have in my pink rose-bud.

THE MEANING OF AN OPAL.

"SEE with what vivid and what varied flame
I love you, Aghe," said my love to me.
Always so tenderly he breathes my name,
The little name seems a caress to be.

Clasped in an end'less circlet of fair gold,
An opal—less a jewel than a fire—
Burned with bright hues whose symbols sweetly told
Of deathless love, of truth, and pure desire.

We studied this keen opal, he and I,
Check warm on cheek, hand safe in sheltering hand;
Here burned the blue of fair fidelity,
There shot the gold of wisdom and command;

Here vivid violet, in which red and blue
Blent cunningly to tell the truth of love;
And then all suddenly love's crimson hue
Triumphantly all colors spread above.

Next sprang to light the emerald's fairy sheen,
Whereat I looked to him; he, whisperingly:
"Of old, Hope's sacred symbol was this green;
Profaned it means, love's tender jealousy."

Then glowed an orange light, where red and gold
Met in an *oriflame*; and softly he
Spoke yet again: "This union, sweet, doth hold
Sign of eternal wedlock that shall be.

"Fire-like, this trembling and most vivid light
Speaks deepest passion—hear you me, my life?
Yet purely above flame reigns virgin white,
So dares this opal speak of you, my wife!"



PYXIDANTHERA BARBULATA.

IN THE PINES.

IT seems almost like a miracle that in the very heart of civilization, in one of the most healthful regions in the Union, great tracts of fertile land still remain Nature's gardens, where she nourishes the sweet wild flowers in her own mysterious way, refusing to give her secret to her most ardent devotees. Here she has planted flowers not to be met with in any other part of the world.

First among her treasures is the delicate pyxie (*Pyxidantha barbulate*), a little prostrate trailing evergreen, forming dense tufts or masses, and among its small dark green and reddish leaves are thickly scattered the rose-pink buds and white blossoms. It is strictly a pine-barren plant, and its locality is confined to New Jersey and the Carolinas, yet we may travel over large sections of these States without meeting it; but when we find its haunts, it is often in such profusion that the ground is thickly carpeted with its delicate sprays.

The trailing arbutus frequently blends its clusters of pink blossoms and exhales its delicious fragrance with the flowering sprays of pyxie. Nothing can be more

charming than Nature's blending of these two lovely plants. The arbutus blossoms from a month to six weeks earlier in the pines of New Jersey than in New England, where it takes the name of May-flower. It is not unusual to find it in the pines in full bloom by the middle of March. And by this time, or even earlier, we are sure to find the little shrub *Cassandra calyculata*, with its one-sided racemes of closely set bell-shaped flowers.

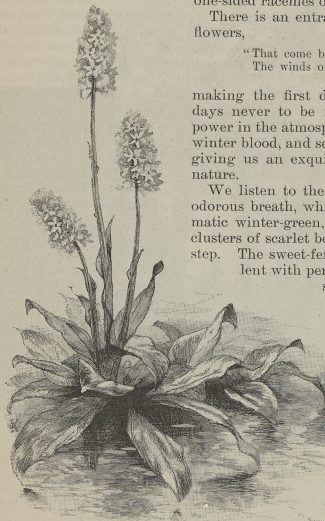
There is an entrancing influence about these early flowers,

"That come before the swallow dares, and tint
The winds of March with beauty,"

making the first days of early spring in the pines days never to be forgotten. And there is a subtle power in the atmosphere which stimulates the sluggish winter blood, and sends it coursing through the veins, giving us an exquisite realization of the delights in nature.

We listen to the whispering pines and catch their odoriferous breath, while beneath our feet the spicy aromatic winter-green, with its dark shining leaves and clusters of scarlet berries, yields its fragrance at every step. The sweet-fern, with its plummy catkins, is redolent with perfume, and the wax-myrtle adds its share of grateful aroma.

The wax-myrtle, with its crowded clusters of greenish-white waxy berries,



HELONIAS BULLATA.

takes us back to the early settlers, who, Kalm informs us, used these berries to make candles, and also an agreeable-smelling soap. And Thoreau says that in Beverley's *History of Virginia*, published in 1705, mention is made of the myrtle, and how the early settlers made a hard brittle wax from the berries.

"Of this they make candles, which are never greasy to the touch, nor melt with lying in the hottest weather; neither does the snuff of them ever offend the smell like that of a tallow candle, but instead of being disagreeable, if an accident puts a candle out, it yields a pleasant fragraney to all that are in the room, insomuch that nice people often put them out on purpose to have the incense of the expiring snuff."

So our poet-naturalist tries to emulate the early settlers, and turn chandler himself, and gives us his process of making tallow in the following paragraph:

"I have since made some tallow myself. Holding a basket beneath the bare twigs in April, I rubbed them together between my hands, and thus gathered a quart in twenty minutes, to which were added enough to make three pints, and I might have gathered them much faster with a suitable rake and a shallow basket. They have little prominences like those of an orange, all creased in tallow, which also

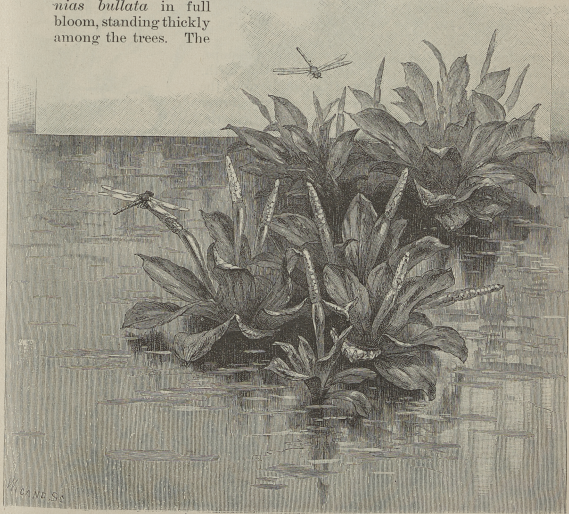
fills the interstices down to the stone. The oily part rose to the top, making it look like a savory black broth, which smelled much like balm or other herb tea. You let it cool, then skim off the tallow from the surface, melt this again and strain it. I got about a quarter of a pound weight from my three pints, and more yet remained within the berries."

What use he made of his tallow is lost to the world, and we are left to infer that the experiment was simply to test the truth of the record, which gives us another instance of his accepting nothing upon trust.

How many lives have come and gone since the children of the pioneers gathered the berries to light their cabins, and what a change in the lives of their descendants! while extensive tracts of pine-barrens are to this day unchanged—precisely the same as the early settlers found them two centuries ago. But within a few years past it has been found that the pine-barrens of Southern New Jersey are quite fertile, and at no distant day they are destined to become the greatest fruit gardens in the Union. And then farewell to the rare floral treasures which no art can save.

Looming in the distance is a long sinuous line of dense cedars, forming a dark background to the more open pine-barrens, toward which I direct my steps. I peer among the thickly set trees standing like sentinels, dark and forbidding—the place for ghouls. Darker and darker it grows as I cautiously advance, with an oppressive dread of something which I can not define. But the spirit of adventure overcomes the fear, and I am wholly occupied in finding secure spots to stand upon.

Ample compensation comes at last. Here, hidden among the underbrush, is the rare and local *Helonias bullata* in full bloom, standing thickly among the trees. The



GOLDEN-CLUB (ORONTIUM AQUATICUM).

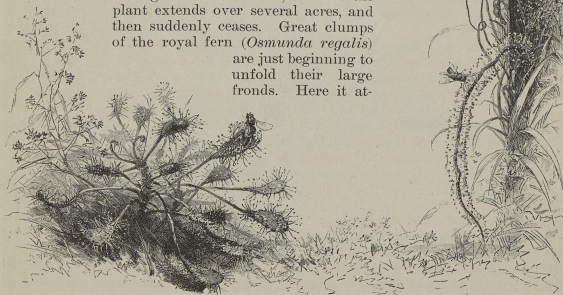
flower-stalk of this fine plant arises from a mass of large glossy evergreen leaves to the height of a foot or two, with a dense raceme of reddish-purple flowers at the summit. And here too is the golden-club (*Orontium aquaticum*), with its large dark velvety leaves and elongated scape of yellow flowers standing above the water.

It must not be inferred that the Helonias can be found anywhere in the cedars. At this point the plant extends over two or three acres, when it wholly disappears. And now we follow the winding course of the swamp, lured on by many attractive plants near its borders, halting now and then to gather the interesting sun-dews, especially the rare thread-leaved sundew (*Drosera filiformis*), which is just beginning to unfold its singular fly-catching leaves. On, on we go, through patches of the delicate little wind-flower (*Anemone nemorosa*), interspersed with the pretty trailing vines of the partridge-berry (*Mitchella repens*), and violets innumerable.

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Some of the shrubs of the Heath family are also coming into bloom. These lovely plants seem to have inspired the early botanists with poetic fancy. We find a genus dedicated to Cassiope, and another to her daughter Andromeda. Cassiope, however, belongs wholly to the mountains of the North, but Andromeda and Cassandra and Leucothoe skirt the cedars in profusion. The bright showy pinxter-flower (*Azalea nudiflora*) also helps to make up the coterie. And now, parting a thick clump of Ilex, we find the beautiful orchid *Arethusa*, hid away in the gloom as if guarded by this nymph of night.

Still we wander on. Ten miles are passed before we come to another locality of Helonias. Again penetrating the dense forest, we find the plant extends over several acres, and then suddenly ceases. Great clumps of the royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*) are just beginning to unfold their large fronds. Here it at-



DROSERA FILIFORMIS.

tains almost gigantic proportions, the magnificent fronds towering above our heads—six to seven feet in height.

The origin of Linnaeus's name, *Osmunda*, seems doubtful. Possibly he intended to dedicate it to the deity which presided over the mischievous spirits of the elements,



MAGNOLIA.

Osmunder being the Saxon name of Thor. But what there is about this grand regal fern to have suggested the idea to dedicate it to the god of thunder is veiled in obscurity.

In the gloom and death-like stillness which surround me a mysterious awe steals over my senses, and I am transported back through the ages, and become one with the ancients, when nymphs peopled the woods and presided over the trees, and had the power to reward or punish those who prolonged or shortened the life of the trees in which they lived. But as I emerge in the broad sunlight the fancy is dissipated, and I bow to the higher wisdom of to-day, which gives only to a Supreme Being the power to rule over mortals, to reward or punish.

Lest the reader should accuse me of losing my subject in the cedars, I hasten to say that these great swamps are simply the banks of the rivers and streams which run through the pine-barrens; so I have a legitimate right to wander on. The banks sometimes extend a mile or two beyond the edge of the stream, and are not very picturesque nor generally attractive. But when it is asserted that there is nothing of interest connected with them, it only shows how little some people can manage to see. The streams themselves are not devoid of interest. Their red waters



XEROPHYLLUM SETIFOLIUM.

are constantly undermining the trees, causing them to fall, when they do not decay, and the falling trees are slowly and continuously changing the bed of the streams. How far below the surface they extend I do not know, but they are found to a considerable depth in an excellent state of preservation. They are often extricated, and made into shingles and other useful things, which are said to be much more durable than when made from trees which have been cut for such purposes.

If the geologist did not tell us that the structure of the State of New Jersey forbids the possibility of ever finding coal mines within its borders, we might be disposed to think that we had not wholly emerged from the carboniferous era, and that ages hence coal would be found where these cedars now stand. The coal might even have the imprint of the great ferns which grow among the cedars, and earth's inhabitants might ponder over the impress of these strange ferns. This thought was suggested on seeing a log which had been extricated from beneath the black mud and left to dry. The rains had washed off the surplus mud, and I saw a large, well-preserved fern closely adhering to its surface.

But lest I get beyond my depth in the red waters, I will once more return to the glorious sunlight in the open pines. While I have been wandering amid the dark cedars and lost in speculation, the pines have come out in May-day attire—full gala dress. Brilliant clusters of pink and white laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) as far as the eye can reach, and graceful drooping panicles of the pure white blossoms of the

fringe-tree, add their charms to light up this enchanted garden. The heavy odor of the magnolia tells us of its close proximity. And now we come to another of Nature's plants which she has restricted to these gardens, the stately *Xerophyllum setifolium*. The flowering stem arises from a thick mass of long grass-like leaves to the height of three or four feet, and is surmounted with a large globular head of showy white flowers.

Until recently this fine plant has stood with Nuttall's name (*X. asphodeloides*), but in the *Revision of the North American Silveceæ*, by Professor Watson, of Harvard, we find he has restored Michaux's name of *setifolium*. Of the smaller shrubs now in bloom we find the sand-myrtle, with its terminal umbel-like clusters of small pinkish flowers. And gaylussacia (named in honor of the distinguished chemist Gay-Lussac), with its lovely racemes of open bell-shaped white and pink flowers. The pitcher-plant and golden-winged iris also add their charms to this May-day attire.

As summer advances we find a constant succession of beautiful shrubs and herbaceous plants, the fragrant clematis, and azaleas and lovely orchids too numerous to mention. But we can not bid adieu to the pines without mention of the very local little fern *Schizaea pusilla*. This is one of Nature's rarest treasures, to which she has given but one lone spot on earth—in damp grounds amid the pines, where it extends a mile or two, and then is seen no more.

This little fern I have transported with the greatest care to similar-looking spots, miles away, and given it to the care of Nature, but she refuses to recognize any right to the change, and allows the poor plants to languish and die.

Southern New Jersey has ever had an irresistible fascination to the botanist, unequalled by any other section in the Union. Picturesque New England, with her charming flowers, can not equal it, nor the great plains of the West. And even Florida—the land of flowers—must yield the palm to the pines of New Jersey.



HIS.



ORCHID.