

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1893.

## GOOD BYE TO THE LAND.

HOW IT SEEMS WHEN ONE IS GOING ON AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

The Pathetic Side of Travel—A Ceremony of Leaving Port Brings the Mists to Landward Looking Eyes—Brutal Celerity of Spanish Military Vengeance.

LONDON, March 6.—There is always a deeply pathetic side to travel, free as one's heart may be from sighs and shadows. Many times as you may have witnessed it, there is a little drama always performed as the great ocean steamers leave the port of New York, which brings the mist to your landward looking eyes.

If you are a "first tripper" it will thrill you deeper still. You have perhaps wondered what that bronzed-faced man in citizen's clothing was doing up there among the bespangled officers upon the bridge. He seems the quietest fellow on board. His eyes are singling out the row of channel buoys, or, with a glass rapidly scanning the lower Jersey shores and the gleaming line of the Long Island sands, or again glancing at this point or that along the sea horizon. His is an anxious face. The lines in it unconsciously picture the human look that tells of something lost, or of great danger that there may be. I have seen men like him stand where he is with that same look, and the perspiration dropping from their faces in streams in the coldest of weather.

This man is not the ship's captain; but while he stands there, now and then giving a low-toned order, he is absolutely the commander of the ship. He is a New York pilot, detailed from the lower Wall street pilot office to take your ship to sea. In ordinary cases his fee would be based upon the ship's tonnage. With the larger ocean steamers a "lumped" price is paid. He must remain aboard until Sandy Hook is passed, and as much further out as the steamer captain desires.

If it be pleasant weather when you are abreast of Sandy Hook, you will notice a row-boat, yawl-built, manned by two men, putting out from the lightship anchored between your steamer and the Hook. This lightship is simply a New York harbor pilot-boat, by pilot regulations made to do her "turn" of a "month's stand" in this unsavory, though often exciting birth. Her crew are pilots' apprentices getting their first lessons and experience at their pilots' duties and hardships. The boat being rowed briskly towards your steamer in the channel is called a "pilot's punt;" and the two oarsmen are knotty-built "prentice lads of 18 or 20 years of age. At the same moment the punt heads for the steamer, the latter's engine's slow down. The punt and the steamer meet at the point of an exact right-angle. Lines are cast; the punt made fast to float alongside the ship's port side; and the rope-ladder is lowered.

Meantime the pilot has resigned his post on the bridge. The chief officer immediately takes his place. Stepping to the chart-room the pilot certifies in the log-book that the ship has duly cleared the port of New York; the ship's commander certifies to the pilot's fee, which pilotage is paid by the New York agents of the line; and in a moment more the pilot is "dropped" into the waiting punt. By the ship's rail stands the purser, or the mail-steward. A thousand addenda good-byes have been hastily written, sealed and stamped, and hundreds of telegrams indited, between the docks and the Hook. These, the last slender thread between land and home and the unalterable finality of your voyage, are let down by line to the pilot, who takes them as with unconscious tenderness in his arms.

In another instant the engines are again thundering. The pilot's punt shoots straight for the lightship. The officer on the bridge nods to the boatswain, whose shrill whistle "strikes the flags." The quartermasters bring down the ship's three flags—the "blue Peter" or sailing-day flag from the foremast, the owners' or "house" flag from the mainmast, and the ensign from the gaff—as a dead-shot hunter will bring some gay bird of passage from its flight quivering to his feet. A farewell cheer rings out over the port side after the departing pilot. Your voyage is now irrevocably begun.

"El desertar!" "El desertar!" were the low-toned ejaculations I heard all about me one April morning, in 1886, in the cabin of the ferry-boat, "Edouard Fesser," as it left the Regla side for the two-mile trip across Havana bay to the city. The cabin was well filled, and in a moment there came fussing and fuming through the narrow passage to the forward cabin a Spanish sergeant and a guard having in charge a man of most pitiable appearance. I made room quickly so that two seats were vacant near me in which the guard and his prisoner sat, the latter next me, while the sergeant, bearing a paper with a dangling seal, strode forward a bit, pompous with the importance of his mission and charge.

These ferries carry the gayest of crowds between Havana and the beautiful suburbs to the east, but the entrance of the party hushed the laughter and pleasant sallies of men and women instantly. All present

seemed painfully exerting themselves to ignore the presence of the little group, but every one from time to time stole secret glances at the deserter, and, well for humanity, not a hard look fell upon him. Some old priests near seemed to be moving their lips as if in prayer for him, and behind many a fan I could see the face of some beautiful senora or senorita in tears.

I knew well enough what it all meant, having once been a soldier. But I did not at once catch the full import of the brutal celerity of Spanish military revenge. Shortly the guard closed a flippant recital to a passenger near him, to the effect that the man had deserted from the forces at Moro castle some weeks before, after a tremendous flogging for some slight infraction of discipline, had got so far as the Jaruco mountains where he baffled pursuit for some time, but finally had been run down by blood-hounds.

"Ah, yes," he airily concluded, "he will really not even need breakfast again. The consejo de guerra (court-martial) is already awaiting his arrival!"

The deserter was but a boy. He had a fair face, too, round, almost boyish, even through the haunted look that had made him an old man in terror and desperate effort during those few weeks in the chaparral. His clothing was in rags, and his bare flesh, scarred and bloody, showed through. His feet were partly bound with rags and bark and thongs of the ribbon-tree. He was bare-headed, his hair tangled and knotty, and in one place a saber-cut was still open and bleeding. But he sat there with his hands clenched and his face like a piece of marble begrimed with mud.

Through the windows of the ferry the spars, rigging, and flags of a thousand ships upon the peaceful bay gleamed and glowed as we passed. The sun that lighted the whole earth with such splendor kissed the mountain and made old Moro castle even beautiful. The deserter looked at Moro as with an awful fascination. Then, as if beyond it and what he knew was waiting for him there, the poor fellow's eyes seemed strained to some point far, far away. Ah, his frantic soul vaulted the hated walls to old castle, mayhap to his own peasant home, to the mother the sisters, to a peasant-girl's thatched-roof home by the vineyards, and brave as he was trying to be, his whole frame writhed, his breast heaved and surged, and though he clinched his hands tighter and looked old Moro squarely in the face, his blue eyes filled and filled again with tears that scalded their way through the chaparral filth on his face like torrents. A dozen schemes for rescue shot through my brain. The sights and thoughts sickened me. I could scarcely remain in that cabin for the pity this man roused in me.

Having recently suddenly graduated from the editorship of a high-grade literary periodical of "Middle America," my sole helpful possessions in Cuba at that moment were a small piece of plug tobacco and a \$2 Bank of Havana bill. I quickly had these made in a compact wad. I got my knee against his leg. He started and looked me full in the face. My hand was on the low iron division-rail between the seats, and it touched his. God knows a soldier's human sympathy to a soldier in some subtle way swept from my heart to his in that touch. His clinched hand relaxed and turned. The palm was next mine. Our hands clasped, and there was a quick pressure. We were born thousands of miles apart, and had never met until that instant, would never meet again unless in eternity, but we knew more of each other in that one moment than many lifetime acquaintances.

Soon the ferryboat had bumped against the Havana wharves.

Through the clatter and clamor and crowds, the deserter was shoved and sabered-prodded to the Plaza de la San Carlos; hurried into a victoria, alongside which were two mounted guards, and driven rapidly away. I could not work that day, and wandered along the walls of La Punta, restless, heartsick, and with the white face of that desperate life ever before me. At four o'clock just across the narrow harbor entrance were heard some ominous drum beats.

On the little plaza just over the sea on the heights at Moro there were movements of small squads of soldiery. We could see all this plainly from La Punta. I feared what it meant, could not bear it, and hurried away. Just as I reached the old Boquete walls there was a sound of musketry at Moro. I looked across the channel and saw the smoke from their pieces well nigh enfolding them all. But I saw through and through that cloud one face sealed in eternal rest, when some old fish-wives on the Boquete walls near, crossing themselves as if it were an old habit and for like occasions, lazily muttered: "El desertar!" "El desertar!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Money in Cancelled Stamps. There are firms which buy cancelled postage stamps; we've forgot ten their addresses and the prices they pay; we think the average price is about \$50 a million stamps, though it may be more.—N. Y. Sun.

## XAVIER ON HIS TRAVELS.

HE STARTS OUT WITH THE IDEA OF GOING TO WINNIPEG.

The Journey Terminates Before He Gets There—An Experience of Railway Riding in Company With a Hot Stove and Some Bad Odors.

I loose my farm with Pat, so I tot I would himmigray to de Nor-Wesse. I here de government do something for dose who himmigray, and Pat having took every ting from me I tot to git de government to help me. I saw de the Nor-Wesse books of de C. P. R. company dat free, she is marked in big lettarse everywhere. So I come to de conclusion to take de C. P. R. at Edmondston for himmigray, and git all I could for no pay, dat suit my circumstance best. So I go to Missse Borpee and axe for a tiquette free for de Nor-Wesse like is marked on dose books. He says de tiquette is not free.

"What for you gave dose books marked free?" says me.

"Dat's de farms dat's free," says Missse Borpee.

"How much you want for your tiquette?" I axe.

"One hondrede dollarse," he says.

So I says "You tink I am freight! You axe as much for your tiquette as Pat she come along. I go away to see Charlie, de conduqueur. He's a good fallow, she'll give me a drive for de Nor-Wesse. De carse was starting so I jump on an sit down, and bimeby Charlie she come along. Charlie she laughs when she saws me, and I laughs too. O, good fallow dat, she'll give me a drive. "Tiquette," says Charlie.

"Now, Charlie, give me a drive for de Nor-Wesse, will you? I got no monay, Pat's got it on a more-gauge," says me.

"Can't do it," says Charlie.

Why, says me, you got lots of room and your horse is strong. Take me a little peisse, and you wont be sorry. De government, she gonto help me because I himmigray and you do like de government." "I got to put you offe de train," says Charlie.

So I began to tink de C. P. R. is a very poor company and I got suspishuns dat I gonto hard times wid dem; but Mister Ponde, de boomman, for which I worked hard a long time was listening to me and took pitie, and he gave me ten dollabill. "Tank you, Mister Ponde, says me, I pray for your boom never to broke." Den I paid Charlie an he go away. Mean fallow, dat Charlie!

Dere were two small ronde stoves on dat car, and Bob de brakeman she put in cole all de time, so bimeby she got too hot on dat car; one wimen he's took sick, and he lost his dinner he paid twenty-five cents for to Felix. I try to open de window, but dey don't open. Den Bob, she come in, and she make more fire on dat stove. I say, "its too hot here," and Bob she says, "I am celd, and it you had to stop out doorse like me, you don't find it too warm here," and Bob she goes out, and another wimen, he was sick too; dey slap on his back but could not help him, so he faint.

So Bob she come in again, and she tot dis wimen was frozen, so she put on more fire on dot stoves, and she look mad at me, and she go out. So bimeby she smell bad on dat car, and I look aroude, and I saw a cupboord on de end of dat car, and de bad smell, she came from dat door. So I tink to myself, dose dat don't faint because she's too hot, dey will be pizenid if dey eat anything oute dat cupboorde; and de wimen, de childs and every one complaind she's too hot, and smell bad, and axe for me to see de conduqueur. I don't like Charlie anymore, but for the sake of de wimen I go. Charlie she's come wid me, and I tote him all about de affair, and Charlie she's got mad, and scold Bob like fury, and she open de doorse and de holes in de roof of dat car, and de pore water on de wimen, Bob tot was frozen; den I am sorry dat I did not go by de Timsquata Raleroide, for de Boss, Mr. Croquette is a clean man, and his carse too, and I tote Charlie, but Charlie was mad at me, and say I am a fool, and she go away.

So I spoke to de wimen, and I say, my sympathies to him. "Dirty company, dis?" But de poor wimen he's so sick dat she no answer me.

Gosh it was cold, Bob was mad and he make no more fire, and de wimen and everybody dey was coffing and sneezing, and rubbing dere fingers to keep warmse. Bimeby Bob she come in and shoute "Aroostook Junction, everybody get out." Dis is where you took de carse to go to de Yankees. Where dose go up, took anodder carse, where dose go down took anodder carse, where dose go anywhere took anodder carse, and where sometime you took de wrong carse too. Dat's why dey call dis place Aroostook, because everybody "took" a carse and not stop dere.

So I goes back and took anodder carse again and I hope dat Pat she take a more-gauge on dat place and bill of sales on de Edmondston carse and charge big interesse for I never wante to see one or de odder any more.

## NEW SPRING GOODS.

### Novelty Cloths

for Ladies' and Children's Garment.

Camels' Hair Sicuna,

Fancy Harris Tweeds,

Bedford Bord, (all wool)

Box Cloths and Serges,

Novelty Worsted Cheviots,

(with reversible back)

Amazon Cloth, in all the new shades.

### Children's

Fancy Cloth Jackets in pretty styles and colors. Also Navy Blue. Sizes from 4 years up.

### Girls'

Blazer and Reefer Jackets in Black, Navy and Fancy Cloths. Sizes for ages 8 to 12 years.

### Misses'

Fancy Blazer Reefer and Russian Jackets. Plaited styles in Novelty Cloths at various prices. Sizes for 14 to 18 years.

### "Heptonette" Cloaks.

Guaranteed Rain-proof.

Over 300 of these stylish and serviceable cloaks just received in new shapes and surprising value. The prices are:

\$5.00,

\$7.25,

\$9.50,

\$11.50,

\$16.00.

BLACK, NAVY and FANCY DESIGNS.

### LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS.

Late fashionable designs in Black, Navy, Fawn and Tans. Reefer front with 3 seam back; Blazer front with 3 seam back; Reefer front with Watteau back embroidered, a very stylish Jacket in Black, Navy and Fawn, at \$8.90.

JACKETS with Bishop Sleeve,

JACKETS with Leg O'Mutton Sleeve,

JACKETS at all prices from \$3.25 to \$15.00.

Sizes 32 to 40 inches, Bust Measure.

## MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

Pants for that boy—the \$1.25 to \$1.40 kind are the best. Lots of bigger boys' pants now—long;—those for \$1.60 and some others better.

Those Sailor Suits for \$1.00 and caps for 35 cts.—that'll fit your boy—other kinds of caps for boys too.

The Envelope-Back Shirt—what is it? So arranged in the back, that it won't tear putting on or taking off.

Nice Ties for Easter—remember that

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

We travel a longue time and I eat 'de pluge my wife put on my valise, bimeby I fall asleep, and a longue time more and de carse she stop, and I axe the conduqueur if dis was Winnipeg, but she says it was New Burgue, and he say I don't git to Winnipeg biffore tree days, so I was discourage, but somebody tole de conduqueur she was tole a lie, and dat at Micmacdam junction dere was a vestedbull train dats goes very faste by de short line. So many people she git out at New Burgue and George Murchay was dere and she say

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GEO. H. McKAY.

to me "Xavier," come wid me and I give you supper. "Good fellow, dat George Murchay, he's come to our church in Edmondston, and she eat fish on Friday." So Merci Mister Murchay, and I go in de station. Dere was nice table, and Mister Campbell she keep dat table full of torkey, beefstake and all kinds of meat an no fish, but dis was Friday and I cannot eat dat meate. Mister Campbell she wants to make protestants like Chiniquy and I gonto write dat to Mercier and I gonto axe Mercier to hire Felix to keep dat table. I onlay eat bread and butter dere, and Mister Campbell charge fifty cents for dat. Dats just like de freight of the C. P. R. and Pat's interesse.

So about midnight I arrive at Micmacdam Junction. Dere's lots of rocks dere, and I tot the conduqueur tole me a lie, for the Rocky Montens must be near dose rocks. We have to wait at dat place two hours for de vestedbull carse, so I walk ronde to see de place, but she's awful dark, for I see no roads dere. I go in de station and walk, but my boots she cries very loud and all the people laughs, so I tot dere all poor people dere, dey don't know what new boots is. So I axe de boss of de station how much he axe for de tiquette for de Nor Wesse, but she's no more cheap dan Miss Borpee, so I tot I have not far to go from all dose rocks, so I leave dat Micmacdam place, and de C. P. R. too, and I go out and travel where she is not too hot, nor froze, nor smell bad, nor wait all night after dat vestedbull train.

XAVIER.

Strange But True Fish Story.

A curious mode of catching turtle is practised in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker-fish known as the Remora. The live fish is then thrown overboard, and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged at the top of his head. Once attached to the turtle, so firm is his grip that the fisherman on drawing the line brings home both turtle and the sucker.

A recent advertisement in an English paper reads: "For sale—A bull terrier dog, two years old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office."

### WHEN HIS LUCK TURNED.

How an Englishman's Presence of Mind Saved a Frenchman.

At Monte Carlo a few days ago I was witness of the following incident, says a recent writer: I was seated at a table on the cafe of a Paris hotel, which adjoins the Casino, with a group of tourists when a haggard and disheveled Frenchman entered hurriedly, called for a glass of absinthe, and, seating himself, proceeded to write vigorously on a sheet of note paper in front of him. My attention was attracted by his appearance and evident nervousness, and my interest deepened when I saw him take from his pocket a gold plated revolver. He examined the weapon very carefully, as though he contemplated using it, and wanted to see that it was in proper order, then hastily put it back into his pocket and resumed his writing.

By this time the attention of the whole group had been attracted to the man, especially as they saw him remove the revolver from his pocket and toy with it nervously. A stout, florid Englishman sat near me. He leaned over and whispered to me: "My deah fellah, the chap means to do away with himself, I take it." Then, before I could reply, he quickly turned to the Frenchman and said: "You wish to sell that weapon, sir?"

The Frenchman drew back in astonishment. He gazed in amazement at the Englishman and hesitated as if he had been insulted. Then there apparently ensued a revulsion of feeling, for a smile overspread his haggard face as he exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders, "If you wish, sir."

He placed the revolver mechanically upon the table and picked up the gold pieces laid down by the Englishman. Then he drank his absinthe with seeming satisfaction. He brightened up. His entire manner underwent a change. A few minutes later he walked leisurely out of the cafe and we saw him again enter the Casino.

The Englishman and myself concluded to follow him. We were surprised to find on entering that luck was evidently with him, for a small pile of gold and silver lay before him on the roulette table. We learned later from one of the attendants that he had won 1,200 francs.