

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893.

BRITISH FISHER FOLK.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE HARD AND PERILOUS LIVES.

Pictures of English, Scotch and Irish Toilers of the Sea—The Fisher Women—Strange Superstitions as to What Makes Good or Bad Luck.

LONDON, MARCH 20.—Strange, quiet, God-fearing souls are the fishermen of the Solway shores, whether they live on the Scottish side, where every stream and bray and vale has a reminder of the immortal poet of the lowly who rests within the sibilant of Solway's tide-thunderings, or on the English side, in rock-girt Cumberland in the brave old houses built from Roman walls. Giant frames have these folk, and wondrous height, wide fair brows, great blue or hazel eyes and leonine heads of flaxen hair. I always remember them with their apparent alertness of attention, an unconscious habit and attitude of listening. For it is said these folk can hear the on-coming sweeps of the great tide-bore from the Irish sea—which brings the harvest of fish and often terror and death—for twenty miles away!

Long before this, if you are standing on the cliff-edge above ancient Bowness, you will see the fishers, waist deep in water, hurrying on the tightening of their upright nets, which for ten miles below seem like tiny fences of rush; and away sea-ward with your glass you can see them scurrying up from the ebb-slime and sands towards safety and the shore. Then to your unpracticed ears come the faint reverberations of a hoarse roar; and soon, like a pillar of flame in the play of the sunlight, the great mist-banner of the advancing waters is flung from Scotland to England, almost from Criffel to Silloth, and moves toward you like a lurid cloud above a running battle. In a few moments more the brilliancy of the phenomenon is greatest.

Preceding the advancing cloud along the seething front of a wall of water five miles wide, glitter, foams and hisses a bank of spume and spray, zoned, rimmed and interlaced with tiny rainbows. The roaring of the bellowing water-hosts becomes deafening. For an instant you are enveloped by the cloud. That passed, while you thrill with the mystery and awful grandeur of the spectacle, the great tide-head is abreast of you, a true tide-bore, such as breaks majestically into Minas and other estuaries of the Bay of Fundy, cylindrical and straight as an arrow across the Firth, and from six to eight feet in height, which sweeps past with a bellow and shriek like that of an hundred thousand fog-horns howling in unison; while close in its wake is a hill-oaky, tempestuous mass of waves brilliantly gorgeous in fitfully-swept prismatic colors;—and the Solway tide is in.

This is the picture that comes to me from Ireland's craggy North. The eastern shore of wild Lough Swilly is a succession of ruins, dainty villages, like Buncrana and Fahan, and of pilgrim-haunted shrines. Over to the west are wilder shores, huts, round-towers, fishers' cabins; and here and there the patched sails of the herring-fishers' smacks lie white against the background of the headlands and hills. Here the sweetest herring known to man are taken. The brawny herring fishers of the north are here in greatest numbers. They are sodden, hopeless, hard. But they are brave and as strong as iron. They have tremendous frames; are brown as bronze; and form groupings of startling impressiveness. They are simple and peaceable, I am told. But were pirates wanted; were fleets to be fitted out with men for work giving one a shudder to contemplate; these sea-giants would furnish incomparable human, heartless flint. But if they are flint, their wives are steel.

Above six feet in height, broad and strong as their burly mates, with legs corded like a man's, and bare to the knees; with arms long, crooked, and fleshless as wood; with flat, hairy breasts often bared from the neck to the waist, and tanned by salt, sun and wind to the color of the mottled leaden bark; with wide jaws, half toothless mouths, sunken cheeks, eyes blue-black and flashing from deep, yellow sockets, and brows bushy and ragged with bristling hairs; with narrow, creased foreheads, and great, wide, saffron-colored ears, set straight out from behind like dirty "wing-and-wing" sails; and their square heads crowned by once black hair, faded into snuff-brown like an ill-kept animal's, which is matted and knotted upon the shoulders, and frequently to the waist;—and you have but the faintest picture of this half-animal who subsists upon kelp, dulse, black oat-cake, and half-raw fish that the buyers, who come to the beaches in their carts from Londonderry, refuse as even unworthy of sale to mendicant and crouching man-beast of the town.

And the children of these? They drag out the same horrible lives; help make the British navy; or turn traitor to the brood of half-pirates behind, becoming the most remorseless of coast-guard, or mountain pothen-hunting officers. And yet how the old blood occasionally blossoms through this limitless degradation. A

daughter of just such an one as I have pictured was the most perfect type of wild and simple human beauty I ever beheld. Bare-legged and bare-breasted as her mother; brown as a hazel nut; ignorantly innocent of fear; for four copper coins she rowed me across Lough Swilly to where her father's work lay mending the seines, like an Amazonian man-of-war's-man; while I sat speechless, contemplating her marvellous beauty and majestic proportions, hating myself because I was not altogether an artist.

Standing upon the huge headland above ancient St. Ives another remarkable picture is yours. It is one of the most interesting fishing ports in Europe. The bay itself faces the north. At your feet are purple heather and waving ferns parted from the crystalline water by glistening sands. To the right and east the green hillocks of the Eastern Shore. Then the broad yellow beach of Porth-cocking, or the Foresand. Dominating this is the great headland of Pednolva. Beyond, gleaming like a field of gold, are the magnificent sands of Porth-minster; and further still, the highland and rocky islet of Godrevy, with the latter's white lighthouse setting cameo-like between the purple of the sea-walls and the tremulous blue of the ocean.

Aside from these, and half a hundred more picturesque spots that cannot even be named, there are the sleepy hamlets and sand shores of orange from Blackpool to Whitehaven, along the Irish sea; the mites of villages specking the sides of the winsome sea-combes of Somerset and Devon; the quaint scenes among the fleets and homes of the fishermen of Penzance, Falmouth, Plymouth and Torquay; the countless fisher haunts in the seething chimes of the winsome Isle of Wight; the drearier reaches of the English east shore where the battle with the storms and tides are ever fierce and strong; the wild, wailing woeful coast from Yarmouth to Whitby, which has seemed fated to be the scene of the ocean's saddest tragedies; the red roofs, the breezy shores, the gleaming sands and the teasing spray of Coldingham and North Berwick, around to the south of the mouth of the Forth; the snug town and harbor, the quaint old streets, the luscious fish-dinners and the screaming fishwives of Newhaven; the almost somber silence ever brooding above the piers of Buck Haven; the rocky walls, the steely blue of the German Ocean, the awful storms and the great dingy, cheerless fishing-towns of the east coast, from Aberdeen to Thurso; the brown crags, the emerald sloping and the shadowy, moanful fissures of the Shetland and Orkney shores, with their Dutch and Norse color in faces and ways; and the drear, gray rocks and puffin-haunted crags of the misty Hebrides, where the brave, half-starved crofter-fisher battles all his life for mere existence.

The customs, folk-lore and superstitions which have been the natural outgrowth of their vocation have been practically unchanged for half a thousand years; and their portents and omens are countless.

In Skye it is a woman crosses the water where fishing is in progress, and among the Newhaven men it is the name of "Brounger"—that of an old Newhaven reprobate who was the impersonation of bad luck and once lived among them—be mentioned, fishing will be at once discontinued. Skye and Harris fishermen have been known to beat their wives dreadfully, not from any ill feeling but to propitiate and attract the fish.

All British fishermen note carefully the first person upon whom their eyes alight in the morning. Their luck for the day will depend on whether the person is well or ill favored. A clergyman, a pig or a cat are the most dreaded of all objects as fleets are sailing out of the harbor. The sight of either, or the discovery of the footprint of a flat-footed person in the sand bodes all manner of ill luck; and to utter the name of a clergyman or any four-footed beast on board a fishing-boat would render the offender subject to bodily peril, and at least destroy all hopes of success on that day.

All along the west coast of Cornwall, Scotland and Ireland, they make better use of the dreaded cat. They secure favoring winds by burying it alive in the sands of the seashore with its head opposite the desired course of the wind. Up in the Shetlands and Orkneys fishermen wear a lucky belt containing dried off of three different herrings; and a perfect child's caul, which wards off evil influences and brings good fortune, hanging in the cabin of a fishing boat, is worth from five to eight guineas in any prosperous fishing village.

Among many fanciful superstitions and curious weather omens which I have found to be universal with British fishermen are the following: They never point with the finger to another smack. If the mistake occurs, both hands are instantly upraised and spread in the attitude of blessing. The idle strokes of a stick in the sand, making a figure resembling a coffin, portend death. It is unlucky to meet a barking dog in the morning. If porpoises tumble about in unusual numbers, or if seagulls leave the open sea and gather noisily along-shore, storms will surely come. Whistling at sea is the worst of all ill portents; and nothing is so much dreaded as a whistling woman ashore. If a mop or water-bucket is lost overboard from a smack, the unfortunate craft instantly sets sail for port. Dreaming of anchors is a good omen. A broken looking-glass on board will create a veritable panic. To count fishermen as they march to and from the boats puts them in deadly peril. If blood be drawn during a quarrel on the beach, all fish will leave the locality. Nothing is more unpropitious than the presence of women wherever fishing is in progress; and no fishermen will go to sea when the dead body of one of their number, or family, lies unburied.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

ROYALTY AND THE LIKE.

MUSINGS BY MIKE ON PHASES OF HUMAN NATURE.

The Idea of People in Regard to Kings and Queens and Their Appointments. An Anecdote Illustrative of the Way Some Folks View Matters.

The fictitious greatness of eminence is kept aloft on the ocean of life, by subterfuges more or less apparent to the ordinary observer, but the student who closely scans the book of human characteristics, finds that few persons play natural parts in the drama of existence; that accident or chance has somewhat to do with fixing the position or shaping the destiny of what is called greatness; and that there are few things more deceptive than men's outward actions, which like the bubbles on the surface of a stream, seldom or never reveal the true nature of the sediment at the bottom.

Crowned heads have for ages past been considered necessities, and are supposed to have monopolies of what are known as "divine rights." This does not prove that monarchs as a rule are overburdened with divine attributes, overwhelmed with sense, or surcharged with intellect, but it demonstrates that greatness is only comparatively so; that heads of one kind or another are requisite for the conduct of affairs of state, or baseball, or gift lottery enterprises; that any aggregation of humanity must be governed for the general weal; that numerous patriots are willing to be assessed, provided the rest of their fellow subjects are taxed for their personal benefit, and so crowned heads are maintained by general taxation, defended by great armies and navies, and advised by intriguing diplomats, who are supposed to furnish brains for said crowned craniums.

Some very worthy ladies and gentlemen do wear, and have worn crowns, but judging by the historic records at hand, crowns have graced the heads of persons who were no better than they should have been. Some crowned heads were responsible for "baptisms of fire," whatever they mean, and for rivers of human gore shed on that royal shambles, the battle field; their thrones and crowns seemed to have depended on slaughter and unless historical slander is rampant, some of them were eminently fitted to preside over realms of rascality, republics of robbery, or colonies of jobbery. To be sure this was in the unenlightened past, in the dim "lang syne." No such conditions could obtain, or would be tolerated for a single day in this era of advancement, culture, and political probity. Monarchs generally now let their cabinet ministers do the dirty work of the state, and well some of them do it.

We of this great Dominion while having little or no direct communication with royalty, are notwithstanding a people intensely loyal, and we meekly submit to the sway of a monarch in proxy, who to the carpers that still remain in the country, seems to be as useful for the guidance of public affairs, as a second tail would be to steer a cat. Our little king, against whom nothing unusually derogatory can be said, has a costly little court where the fashions, the frivolities, and the follies of the real article are followed as closely as the circumscribed limits of the colonial exchequer admit of. Strange to say, no native of this expansive territory can hope to reach the dignity of grasping our sceptre, the principal qualification demanding, that a potentate of foreign birth only is eligible to fill the position, which is used as a peg on which the secretary for the colonies at Downing street, can, so to say, hang a deserving follower, as the legend on notes of hand mentions, "for value received."

We are however permitted to furnish the salary, for which the carpers already alluded to are not truly grateful, because they know that there is an unlimited supply of domestic royalty in the raw available, having the requisite nerve, and the native ability to grapple with, and to perform the arduous duties incident to the office; because it is thought that the scope of our peerage is not broad enough to satisfy our reasonable aspirations for rank and titles, and that a scattering knightship, off and on, is not compensation sufficient for the excessive loyalty shown on divers occasions by Canada's gifted and ambitious sons; and because if a native occupied our throne, he would best know whom to recommend for honors, and we might fairly expect in a short time, that knights would be as useful, and as plentiful, as patriots who judge the "old flag" at election times, and justices of the peace ordinarily are, in these diggings.

Why the air of the American continent has not thus far in its history proved wholesome to resident royalty, is not a question that can be answered off hand; but perhaps it is, that many of the inhabitants are imbued with the idea that they are fully qualified to rule; that some of them are "kranky" on the subject of equality, and the dignity of manhood; that more are tarnished with contempt for divine rights, or tainted with the philosophy of the Milesian simpleton whose portrait is feebly portrayed in the following sketch:

The Record Beaten!

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S

Immense Spring Stock, 5,052 Packages,

Being an increase of nearly One Thousand Packages on any previous season.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.

521 Bales Gray Cottons,
178 Cases Bleached Cottons and Sheetings,
198 " Checked Shirtings and Gunghams,
435 " Flannelettes, etc.,
32 " Shaker Flannels,
18 " Salisbury Flannels,
218 " Printed Cottons,
23 " Printed Challies,
51 Pkgs. Tickings and Drillings,
58 " Cottonades and Denims,
50 Bales White and Colored Ducks,
33 Cases Silesias, Pocketings, etc.,
40 " Sateens Jeans,
39 " Linings and Foulards,
13 " Turkey Reds and Patch Cottons,
4 " Cheese Cloth and Scrim,
16 " Cotton Towels,
86 Bales Cotton Warps,
63 " Seamless and Jute Bags,
286 " Cotton Batting and Wadding.

2391 (Brought over)
20 Bales Cotton Wrapping Twine,
6 Cases Knitting Cotton,
43 Bales Mens' Overalls,
54 Cases Shirts and Drawers,
140 " Dress Shirts, Collars and Braces,
13 " Boys' Clothing,
32 " Corsets,
23 " Cotton Hosiery,
18 " Wool Blankets and Blanketing,
16 " Sewing Silks and Twists,
133 " Assorted Smallwares and Notions
120 " Straw Hats,
93 " Canadian Tweeds and Homespuns,
233 Bales Wool and Union Carpets,
370 " Floor Oil Cloths,
28 Cases Table Oil Cloths,
16 Bales Mats, Matting and Rugs.
3750, Total manufactured in Canada.

FROM UNITED STATES.

151 Cases Smallwares and Notions,
118 " Upholstery Goods,
156 " Straw Hats.

425, Total from United States.

Imports from Great Britain, Ireland and the continent of Europe, previously enumerated—877 packages.

GRAND TOTAL:

From Canada, - - - 3,750 Pkgs.
" Great Britain, - - - 877 "
" United States, - - - 425 "
5,052 Pkgs.

WHOLESALE BUYERS

Will find the above one of the Largest and Best Assorted Stocks of Dry Goods in the Dominion of Canada. New Goods constantly coming forward.

OUR MOTTO: **Small Profits and Small Losses.**

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

The first store clothes; he wears—Kilt suits. One button, loose, sack jacket, vest front, plaited skirt,—in fancy tweeds.

Just like New York—buying Ties of us. Our New York Ties now in—finest we can find; wide bows for turndown Collars—the latest.

And bear in mind we have everything you want and of the right sort too.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., Cor. King and Germain Streets.

ONE
BIG
STORE.
OAK HALL.

Among the residents of the beautiful city of Cork, who did not contribute large sums to the civic exchequer, was a "natural" who answered to the expressive title, "Paudeen Gow." His wardrobe was not so extensive as that of some of our local dudes, nor was his name as important a factor among the book debts of any merchant tailor, as some of theirs are said to be. His costume usually consisted of an apology for a "caubeen;" a checked shirt; an undefinable waistcoat; stockings made of the same material as the shanks of the full dressed Highlander; and nature supplied his sole leather.

He wore besides what once might have been a pair of courderoy trousers, having a slit in each side, where, in the full freshness of the garment's youth, pockets probably held tenure. Said courderoys, as seen by the naked eye, seemed to be a lot of holes stitched together, and were, like the pockets, finish, and gloss of the cloth, memorials of departed usefulness, beauty and style.

On that important occasion when His Majesty George IV visited Ireland, the loyal people of rebel Cork were preparing to dress their city in holiday attire, and a number of merchants who did business on "Patrick's street" joined in the erection of a grand triumphal arch as their contribution toward the general decorations.

Two gentlemen, who had charge of the work, were making a final examination early on the morning of the celebration, and they found "Mr. Gow" with his hands in the slits of his unmentionables where the pockets once did duty, and his head thrown back critically surveying the imposing structure.

One of the gentlemen accosted our distinguished friend saying, "Paudeen, I'll give you a shilling if you can tell me what height that arch is."

The "natural" thrust his arms to the elbows into the void of his nether garment; cast a glance upward and said with a grin, "faith, Mr. Whelpley, that arch is just the height of—blessed nonsense."

The gentleman paid over the shilling, his companion supplemented the coin with another; Paudeen became locally famous, for before mid-day the story had spread all over the town; but whether or no it ever got into print till now, deponent knoweth not.

THE INTELLECTUAL FLIRT.

She is the Least Common but One of the Worst of All.

In one of "Bab's" letters to the N. Y. Press, after disposing of the common, everyday flirt, the writer proceeds to deal with another type. She says: One morning you wake and you realize the only side of you that this woman has pleased is the physical one; that she is as greedy as a parrot and about as senseless; that she knows how charming are the curves of her figure, and she knows perfectly well how to display them to you. You swear a little bit at yourself and then you say "goodby." But you are not much hurt. That sort of a woman has made scratches, not heart wounds, and for that reason one ought to be thankful that her number is many.

Then you meet the other woman—the intellectual flirt. You lunch one day with an awfully pretty woman, and she has with her a pleasant faced girl who is her dearest friend. You enjoy eating the luncheon and looking at the pretty woman. In a vague way you remember the other girl as a pleasant one; but, of course, you know such a lot of pleasant women. The next day the pretty woman tells you that after you went away her friend said: "I can't tell why that man attracts me, but I am sure he is a man who thinks." And you think you do. Poor moth! You make up your mind that's a sensible girl and you want to meet her again. You do, and you find, curiously enough, that she thoroughly understands you; that she appreciates your great cleverness; understands your ambitions and comprehends just what you ought to be. In a word she is absolutely sympathetic. She has your history at the tips of her fingers, and she understands your weaknesses as a doctor does the diseases of his patients, and she caters to each one of them.

After you have known her for awhile you really begin to think. She says something that makes you conclude that you are making a clever woman of her, for it never dawned on you that she was that before she met you. Then you find out that she is a woman of whom you never tire, and suddenly, and horribly, it dawns upon you that there are other men who think the same. Then you long to be the only one. If she concludes the game is worth the candle she gives you that position; if not, you are only one among the many. If she does she will probably make you happy; she will never bring any discredit upon your name, but you will never be the only one, for there will always be men around her—men with whom she has a certain intellectual sympathy. If she does not become your wife she will take something out of your life which is never replaced. The physical flirt

can never do this, but the intellectual one can. If you have offended her she can make you feel your own littleness until you wish you might disappear, and even if she refuses your love with kindness, there is a sore spot in your heart and an everlasting longing for the woman of whom your sister says: "I wonder what men see in her; she is always well dressed, but she is really nothing but a thoroughly pleasant woman!" And you look at your sister and wonder if she knows what a power that is. These are black and white types of flirts, but there are innumerable shades in between.

He Was His Own Grandfather.

Of all genealogical curiosities the one set forth below is probably the oddest—a singular piece of reasoning to prove that a man may be his own grandfather! Here it is: There was a widow (Anne) and her daughter (Jane) and a man (George) and his son (Henry). This widow married (in-law) to her husband's father and grandfather to her own husband. By this husband she had a son (David) to whom she was, of course, great-grandmother. Now, the son of a great-grandmother must be grandfather or granduncle to the person to whom his mother was or is great-grandmother; but, in this instance, Anne was great-grandmother to him (David), therefore David could be no other than his own grandfather.

Both Operative and Speculative.

The Masonic home in Utica, N. Y., which was dedicated last fall and is now ready for occupancy, in addition to being an asylum for decrepit Masons and widows, is also to be a school for the orphan children of Masons, where they may be taught to earn their living. This feature is not a new one among the Masonic fraternity, for in England the masons have had two such schools for half a century, one for boys and the other for girls. In this country Kentucky Masons have had a home and school in Louisville for many years and the brethren take great delight in visiting it annually. It is largely supported by voluntary contributions. Several similar establishments are springing up in the various States of the Union, and Masonic schools will soon be among the recognized institutions of the Western world.

The Emperor of Russia possesses forty-four uniforms, one of which he has never worn, viz., that of a Russian Field-Marshal. Although he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army, His Majesty has vowed never to wear the insignia of a Field-Marshal until this grade shall have been conferred upon him by his brother Field-Marshal after a victorious war.

* Anglice; Paddy Smith.