

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1893.

CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE IN THE WARM AND SUNNY ISLE.

Lovers Who Give Serenades in Havana—A Man Who was Polite Under Exceptional Circumstances—Ocean Travel and its Effect on Various Classes.

LONDON, March 13.—Save for its matchless tropical beauty and the languorous beauty of its women, Cuba remains plaintively in the memory; altogether sadder in tone and color. From many visits to the beautiful island I can recall no more than three situations where the foreign spectator might be beguiled into mirthful emotions; and these possessed the quality of ridiculousness rather than humor.

One of these I witnessed repeatedly late at night. It is the outgrowth of surveillance of parents over daughters. It is the solitary midnight serenade. Time after time, on returning to my hotel from divers wanderings at night in the Cuban capital, have I passed these love-stricken youths, stationed opposite the homes of their innamorata in all manner of agonized attitudes, strumming dew-muffled notes upon ancient guitars, and lifting their voices in passionate though doleful petitions to the night, the moon, the stars, and all the saints to aid them in reaching the ears and hearts of their adoradas.

Nobody pays any attention to those who thus pour out their souls upon the night. The parents who are used to it, simply turn in their beds with thanks to the saints that their doors are massive and the windows are of iron bars. Belated male passers cast sympathetic glances at the lone troubadours, remembering their own dismal efforts in the past. Even the neighbors keep silence; and not a rock or handy household implement is shot, as from some shadowy catapult, on disturbing mission through the bosky midnight air. For hours of this sort of lugubrious vigil no reward is sought or expected. But if the flutter of a dainty hand, or the shimmer of delicate laces, is for an instance caught at the balcony of the fair one's alcoba, then is the minstrel lover in an ecstasy of delight.

On one occasion I came upon two of these amorous Romeos, singing and playing in a sort of desperate rivalry beneath one balcony. It was truly a dilemma both for the adorador and her lovers. The latter were both singing "La Luna," one in a frenzied falsetto, the other in a barytone, hoarse from jealous passion. A polite guardia civil finally relieved the dramatic tension of the situation by carrying away one at a time to a near bodega, thus preventing a tragedy, securing his own fill of wine, and in a kind of relay giving each smitten troubadour a fair and equitable chance at the moon.

Another situation, illustrating Cuban sociological peculiarities, was found in a railway trip across the island. One of the passengers, an old senora sneezed. Instantly, and reverently, a score of passengers responded: "Dios te guarde ia!" ("God guard thee!") She sneezed again. This time the concerted ejaculation was: "Maria!" She sneezed the third time. This was followed by a chorus of voices with "Jose!" It is a universal Cuban custom, and in its motive reminds forcibly of the quite as universal German custom, when one sneezes, to express kindly concern by responding with the unctious and expressive, "Gesundheit!"

Again, a young fellow, passing a mother and radiantly beautiful daughter on his way out of the car, doffed his hat, stood straight and tall before the couple he had never before seen, and with the dignity of a veritable Don Quixote said in Spanish: "Old woman, keep that daughter of heavenly beauty for the unworthy one before you!" Then he strode away and nobody assailed him. The aged senora responded pleasantly, "I will faithfully keep her!" Possibly the fair senora's fan moved a little more rapidly at the compliment. But nobody thought amiss of the episode, or for that matter anything at all about it, save myself.

At one time myself and friends were travelling on horseback the almost impassable country roads of the southern coast, in the vicinity of Trinidad. Along in the afternoon we suddenly heard a great rustling, galloping and hallooing some distance in advance. Our wise ponies instantly grew restive, and showed alarm. We halted for a moment; the yeomen listened; and directly cried out excitedly:

"Here comes a wild bull!" The words were not out of his mouth before his feet struck the ground. Whipping out his machete he cut with incredible speed a way through the hedge. It was not a moment too soon. Thundering around a sharp corner in the road came a wild bull, his pursuing rider yelling, "Look out for the bull!" The brute catching sight of our group charged madly upon us, and it would have surprised your anise-seed fox hunters to have seen the vaulting through and over that hedge as the gleaming horns whisked by our ponies twinkling heels; while, true

under all circumstances to the universal principle of Cuban politeness, the vanishing vanquero turned in his saddle, removed his hat, and with the bow of a courtier sang out after our flying squad: "Your pardon, my friends; but I am having a devil of a time with this bull!"

The going to and coming from Europe on the great ocean liners provide an endless variety of ludicrous incidents; because on every steamer passengers to a large proportion are new to the peculiar and irrevocable situation; formality can by no means be uninterruptedly sustained; individuals, character and station are brought into close, sharp and most striking contrasts; and all social distinctions are liable at any moment to total obliteration in the common and often grotesque misery of sea-sickness.

Two or three meals at farthest sponged the banquet airs from the cabin tables. The ship's commander, bland as a bartender in port, has hidden himself from view. The purser's window is shut as if hermetically sealed. The ship's doctor has retired behind the strictest interpretation of hours and rules. The chief and assistant stewards, to whom your great fee has already gone for a choice seat at the table, refuse to recognize you. Your room-steward eyes you with a look of sharp suspicion and close analysis. Will you give him much trouble, and will you fee generously? comprise his uttermost interest. But he will permit no early familiarity. The stewardess flaunts her white-capped head, plainly saying, "There are characters 'h'on this 'ere vessel aside my 'h'own to sustain, sir!" The boatswains, whose frizzled, fatherly faces on the first day gave promise of sea-yarous and ocean-lore revelations, are as stolid as bronzes or brass.

The sergeants-at-arms and deck-stewards walk around you, look you up and down, over and around, fore and aft, starboard and port, as if to remind you that deck rules are deck law, sir. The bell-boys, those little dried up old commodores of the passages, library and lavatories, regard you from beneath beetling brows as with savage advance protests against possible requests for favors. Wander where you may on your steamer's decks or within her splendid cabins, you find but savagery, selfish pre-occupation and despair.

And how it levels the proud and great! Look at them sprawling in their chairs, hundreds of them, under the lee-awnings, hope, pride, scorn, hauteur, all flown, like the flush of the shriveled flowers below. That pompous old fellow who can draw his check for a cool million, and who, on shore, reckons himself a boy of forty, you know, is stretched there like a drunkard, holding his two sets of false teeth in his nerveless hand with the most familiar abandon. He reckons not those who see; he sees not those who reckon. Here is a grand dame, as easy a subject of study. Her wig is displaced; the powder and color have been sponged from one side of her face by some attentive stewardess; her laces, flounces and silks are disheveled; she is snoring, diversified by snorts and palatal staccatos.

See this erst peerless New York belle! Paint, powder and bilgewater are blended in a dirty French gray upon her leathery countenance. The fog has deposited a clammy rime upon this. Strands of her now waveless hair are fluttering stickily within her open mouth. Her eyes seem to have gone back into her head about an inch and are closed beneath dirty yellow lids. Amid this wreck of beauty there is one bit of color. It is in her pinky, pointed nose. It would have paralyzed her to have worn a 25-cent bathing-hat at sea. So from under the edge of her \$25 hat her sea-blistered nose rises rare and red like some hectic beacon-light looming above drear, dank, dolorous isles. In a few days more the long-abused cuticle will peel from this little nose in tenacious swirls and curls, and as she steps upon the staging at Liverpool the rude customs inspectors will pronounce her an "H'American 'h'objeck."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Red-Haired Men.

"Red-haired men ought to be very proud," said Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, a few days ago. "According to O'Curry, Sir William Wilde and other great antiquaries," he continued, "the red-haired element in Celtic, and even in Scandinavian races, represents what is left of the great Tuatha-da-Danaan people. The Tuatha-da-Danaan were a civilized nation before Homer sang or Confucius taught. Their learning and scientific attainments caused Gael, Cymry, Saxon and Dane to look upon and describe them as magicians. They invented the chessboard, the bow and what is known as the Celtic alphabet. I presume that they were a branch of the Phenicians. The Tuatha-da-Danaan were never destroyed; but they assimilated with other races, and bequeathed their ruddy hair to posterity. For one, I am really proud of the legacy; and I hold with the old Irish proverb that 'there never was a red head but there was something in it.'"

SOME TYPES OF GIRLS.

LOVEABLE CREATURES WITH JUST THIS OR THAT FAULT.

Maidens Who Look Like Rosebuds, but Shoot Slang Phrases—What Men Like and Dislike in Women—Ideals as to Big and Little Wives.

I don't believe there is anything in this world sweeter than a really nice girl! An unaffected, warm hearted lassie, with enough common sense to keep her from excessive giggling when she is talking to a man; enough honesty to say what she means, and mean what she says, and enough refinement to prevent her from mistaking pertness for wit, and "loudness of manner" for brilliancy and fascination. This type will bear duplicating to an almost indefinite extent, and even then we shall ask for more. There cannot possibly be too many of her, because she is just the best gift a beneficent Providence ever bestowed upon this poor old earth of ours, and the more of her we can get, the better.

There are so many different types of girl, that to attempt to classify half of them would be like going into a wilderness of flowers, and endeavouring to assign to each its correct place in the botanical world after one hasty glance around. In fact they are all so loveable that I find it much easier to name those who are not to be admired than those who are; and I think the one who stands out most prominently from the former class, is the loud girl, the girl who is heard on all occasions "above the din of battle, and the ocean tempest's wrath." Who is always shouting at the top of her voice, and attracting the attention of the surrounding multitude, whether it be in church, at the theatre, or on the street. I have seen such pretty girls, such well-born girls, and girls who should have been so charming, utterly ruined, by this one distinguishing characteristic which must surely have been acquired, seeing that they, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

I have heard a demure little maiden who looked like a June rosebud, shout across the street to one man, to "come off the roof," and tell another almost in the same breath, to "go to grass." I have heard girls who had the advantage of the birth and education of ladies tell young men whom they had known only for a short time, to "climb off," "get out," "mind your business," and "put your head in soak." I have heard a girl who was supposed to be a lady tell a man to his face that he looked like a fool; and deep in the recesses of my own mind I have wondered if that poor little girl had the least suspicion of what the man really thought of her. I did not waste my time in any speculations as to his opinion. I knew what it was too well, but I did wish the poor little butterfly who was condemning herself so airily and unconsciously in that man's estimation could have one look into his mind and read the disgust she would find there; because I know that we all value the good opinion of the other sex however some of us may deny it, and I felt certain that a little knowledge of the contempt most men feel for loudness and vulgarity displayed by any girl would be a salutary lesson for the offender.

I don't believe there is anything a gentleman dislikes so much as attracting attention, and it is simply torture to a man of any refinement to go about with a girl who is continually making herself—and him—conspicuous by her loud talking and laughter, or her boyish ways. He may be attracted by her pretty face at first, but the glamour soon fades when he discovers that it is her only charm, and he soon leaves her for some girl who is less pretty and more refined. No man, since the world first began spinning through space, ever really admired a rough or masculine woman. True, there are many women of this class married, but their husbands are almost invariably as effeminate as the wives are masculine, so I suppose these exceptions are either a provision of nature to equalize matters, or else striking illustrations of the attraction possessed for us by our opposites; though my own theory has always been that the bustling masculine Mrs. Poyser's of the world simply captured their meek spouses by sheer force of will and married them before they had time to realize their peril.

All men love a womanly woman, and the rougher the man the more he prizes refinement and gentleness in our sex. Men like to idealize the girl they are in love with, to imagine her something above and beyond all the rest of the world, a sort of combination of angel and goddess merged into something much more delightful than either, and how in the world is a man, even though his imagination be as vivid as that of our only Ruddyard himself, going to idealize a girl who requests him to "climb off his perch?" I put it to you girls, as between woman and woman, how can you expect such a mental effort on his part? And so the object of this little homily, my dear girls, is to induce you to spare him the exertion, and give him as much reason as possible for feeling sure that if you are not quite an angel you are so nearly one that he will never find out the difference.

By the way—speaking of ideals reminds

The Record Beaten!

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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 Gingham, 435 " Flanneltes, 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, 53 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 Homespins, 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:

Table with 2 columns: From Canada, From United States, Grand Total. Values: 3,750 Pkgs., 425, 5,052 Pkgs.

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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.

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.

LENT AND HOLYDAYS.

Further Remarks on Them by a Man Who Does Not Believe in Them.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Thanking you cordially for inserting a previous letter, my only excuse for writing was to remind society correspondents that they were not to relax their efforts during Lent. Many of them were wont to commence a letter by saying society is dull, nothing occurring during the Lenten period, when in nine cases out of ten this was not a fact. I have no doubt many do as you remarked in your note, get all the news they can, at least most of them do, but some do not. I have religious convictions which prevent me from keeping Lent. I desire to apply the rules laid down for the proper keeping of those forty days to the whole three hundred and sixty-five of the year. I believe in neither fasts nor festivals, but a steady and persevering service of the Lord all the year round.

Mr. McDougall in his answer to my modest epistle, calls me Annus Mundi. Well what is a name? It is opinions and truths we want, not personalities or names. For instance, we would naturally suppose that a person bearing the historic Scotch name of McDougall would know all about the second protestant reformation, (the state of the church both before and after that period.) He does not seem to remember those facts which have passed into history. The church as founded on Christ Jesus, and set in order by Paul and the other apostles makes no mention of Lent or any special seasons of penitence. The only dangerous statement in Mr. McDougall's letter is that "but for the church we could not have had a New Testament at all." I hope he will not go on to say that the church alone can interpret the New Testament that would be to strike a blow at one of the fundamental principles of any true church, viz.: The right of private judgment, the right of independent study of and research in the word of God.

I am willing to call the Lord's day Sunday if the word brings to our minds the Sun of Righteousness, not if it suggests heathen sun worshippers. Sabbath means rest, and has a sort of good sound about it. Either will do. The Book of Common Prayer calls it Sunday; almanacs and

calenders do likewise. Both are useful as sources of information. We are willing to learn from even a little patent medicine almanac all it can tell us about Shrove Tuesday, Whitsunday or pancake Monday, but as rules of faith or practice that's another story. I believe in one whole day in seven well kept. Sunday is not well kept on the continent of Europe, simply for the reason the people get tired keeping Lent and the numerous holidays and do not read the Bible enough to know what is right or good for them. Easter Sunday may be in winter, depends on what part of the globe you live in; to some it would come in the rainy season.

The only objects over which I have any control that keep Lent are my books they keep Lent too well. This no doubt accounts for much of the dense ignorance which Mr. McDougall finds in my letter. I eat fish on all possible occasions, that is the nearest approach to Lent keeping displayed in any of my habits. I make an intelligent protest against Lent and all fasts and festivals believing they have no part nor lot in the christian church; also believing them to be the traditions of men, other than the commands of God and I am ready at all times to give a reason for the hope that is in me, yes and for the belief too, come on MacDuff.

The Order of the Garter.

The distribution of the garter, which formed part of the ceremonial of the marriage of the Princess Margaret with Prince Frederick of Hesse, is an old traditional custom on the occasion of weddings at the Prussian Court. In former times the actual garter of the bride, immediately after her retirement to the bridal chamber at the conclusion of the torch dance, was brought out by the Mistress of the Robes, and cut up into small pieces, which were distributed among the gentlemen of the Court. Nowadays garters of satin or silk are specially prepared for the ceremony, and are cut into short lengths, each of which shows the initials of the bride and a crown either embroidered or woven in. The archives of the Royal House contain quite a collection of such fragments of garters belonging to Princesses of the Royal Blood who were married in Berlin.—German Paper.