

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

ON A BRITISH WARSHIP.

FROM THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN TO THE TARS IN THE FORECASTLE.

Wardroom and Guardroom Amenities—How Warrant and Petty Officers are Housed—Sailors' Occupations When off Duty—Spick and Span Orders.

As in a town, we have here men of all sorts and professions, we find all manner of human interests cropping up here in times of leisure, and yet the whole company have one feeling one interest in common, their ship and through her their navy.

First of all, of course, comes the captain who, in spite of the dignity and grandeur of his position, must at times feel very lonely. He lives in awful state, a sentry (of marine) continually guarding his door and although he does unbend at stated times as far as inviting a few officers to dine with him, or accepting the officers' invitation to dine in the wardroom, this relaxation must not come too often. The Commander, who is the chief executive officer, is in a far better position as regards comfort. He comes between the Captain and actual direction of affairs, he has a spacious cabin to himself but he takes his meals at the wardroom table among all the officers above the rank of Sub-Lieutenant, and shares their merriment the only subtle distinction made between him and everybody else at such times being in the little word 'Sir,' which is dropped adroitly in when he is being addressed. For the rest naval nous is keen that amidst the wildest fun when off duty no officer can feel that his dignity is tampered with, and they pass from sociability to cast iron discipline and back again with an ease amazing to a landman.

The wardroom of a battleship is a pleasant place. It is a spacious apartment, taking in the whole width of the ship, handsomely decorated, and lit by electricity. There is usually a piano, a good library, and some handsome plate for the table. It is available not only for meals, but as a drawing room, a common meeting ground for Lieutenants, marine officers, surgeons, chaplains, and senior engineers, where they may unbend and exchange views, as well as enjoy one another's society free from the grip of the collar. A little lower down in the scale of authority, as well as actually in the hull of the ship, comes the gunroom, the affix being a survival, and having no actual significance now. In this respect both wardroom and gun-room have the advantage over the Captain's cabin, in which there are a couple of quick firing guns, causing those sacred precincts to be invaded by a small host of men at 'general quarters,' who manipulate those guns as if they were on deck.

The gun-room is the ward-room over again, once more so—that is, more wildly hilarious, more given to outbursts of melody and rough play. Here meet the Sub-Lieutenants, the assistant engineers and other junior officers, and the midshipmen. With these latter Admirals in embryo we find a state of things existing that is of the highest service to them in after life. Taking their meals as gentlemen, with a senior at the head of the table, at other times for social enjoyment, once they are outside of the gun room door they have no more privacy than the humblest bluejacket. They sleep and dress and bathe—live, in fact—cram pulso, which is one of the healthiest things when you come to think of it, for a youngster of any class. Although they are now officers in H. M. navy, they are still schoolboys, and their education goes steadily on at stated hours in a well appointed school room, keeping place with that sterner training they are receiving on deck. The most grizzled old seaman on board must 'sit' them, but there are plenty of correctives all around to hinder the growth in them of any false pride.

On the same deck is to be found the common room of the warrant officers, such as boatswain, carpenter, gunner: those sages who have worked their difficult way up from the bottom of the sailor's ladder through all the grades, and are, with the petty officers, the mainstay of the service. Each of them has a cabin of his own, as is only fitting; but here they meet as do their superiors overhead, and air their opinions freely. But, like the ward room officers, they mostly talk 'shop,' for they have only one great object in life, the efficiency of their charge, and it leaves them little room for any other topics. Around this, the after part of the ship, cluster another little body of men and lads, the domestics, as they are termed, who do their duty of at-

tendance upon officers and waiting at table under all circumstances with that neatness and celerity that is inseparable from all work performed in a ship-of-war. Bodyservants of officers are usually marines, but the domestics are a class apart, strictly non-combatant, yet under naval law and discipline.

Going forward, the chief petty officers will be found to make some attempt at shutting themselves apart from the general by arrangements of curtains, &c., all liable and ready to be flung into oblivion at the first note of a bugle. For the rest, their lives are absolutely public. No one has a corner that he may call his own, unless perhaps it is his 'dirty box,' that little case of needles, thread and other ceteras that he needs so often, and is therefore allowed to keep on a shelf near the spot where he eats. Each man's clothes are kept in a bag, which has its allotted place in a rack, far away from the spot where his hammock and bed are spirited off to every morning at 5 o'clock, to lie concealed until the pipe 'down hammocks' at night. And yet by the arrangement of 'messes' each man has, in common with a few others, a settled spot where they meet at a common table, even though it be not shut in, and is liable to sudden disappearance during an evolution. So that a man's mess becomes his rallying point; it is there that the young bluejacket or marine learns worldly wisdom, and many other things. The practice of keeping all bedding on the move as it were, having no permanent sleeping places, requires getting used to, but it is a most healthy one, and even if it were not it is difficult to see how, within the limited space of a warship, any other arrangement would be possible. Order among belongings is kept by a carefully graded system of fines payable in soap—my article found astray by the ever watchful naval police being immediately impounded and held to ransom. And as every man's kit is subject to a periodical overhaul by officers, any act of inefficiency cannot escape notice.

Every man's time is at the disposal of the service whenever it is wanted, but in practice much leisure is allowed for rest, recreation and mental improvement. Physical development is fully looked after by the rules of the service, but all are encouraged to make the best of themselves, and no efforts on the part of any man to better his position is made in vain. Nowhere perhaps, is vice punished or virtue rewarded with greater promptitude, and since all punishments and rewards are fully public, the lessons they convey are never lost. But apart from the service routine, the civil life of this little world is a curious and most interesting study. The industrious man who, having bought a sewing machine, earns substantial addition to his pay by making every item of his less energetic messmates' clothes (except boots) for a consideration, the far seeing man who makes his leisure fit him for the time when he shall have left the navy, the active temperance man who seeks to bring one after the other of his shipmates into line with the ever growing body of teetotalers that are fast altering completely the moral condition of our sailors, the religious man who gets permission to hold his prayer meeting in some torpedo flat or casemate surrounded by weapons—all these go to make up the multifarious life of a big battleship.

DRIVEN OUT BY SMUGGLERS.

Customs Collector of St. Pierre Accused of Being a Canadian Spy.

The little French crown colony of St. Pierre, Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland, has a Dreyfus case of its own. Advice received from that place give details of the riotous proceedings there, some days ago, briefly reported at the time by telegraph, in which an attempt was made to lynch the resident Collector of Customs, who was accused of being a spy in the employ of the Canadian Government.

For many years past St. Pierre has been the centre of extensive smuggling operations into Canada. Rum from the West Indies, corn whiskey from the Western States, and French wines and brandies are exported illicitly to points in the Lower St. Lawrence and in the Maritime Provinces of Canada in enormous quantities. The large vessels which leave the islands with these cargoes are met in the gulf by smaller smuggling craft, to which they distribute the contraband goods. These smaller schooners contrive to land their cargoes on Canadian soil despite the vigilance of the Dominion officials and of the revenue cutters employed by them. At long intervals one of these smugglers is captured and confiscated together with her cargo, but the profit of this illicit commerce is so large, owing to the enormous duty upon spirituous liquors, that those in the trade could well afford to have one vessel out of three seized and forfeited to the Crown.

The government has found itself seriously

handicapped in this matter by the persistent refusal of the French government to permit the British authorities to be represented by a resident consul at St. Pierre. No reason is given for this refusal except that the treaty ceding the island to France does not provide for what the British ask, and none can be imagined except a desire to protect the industry in which the French smugglers are engaged. In the absence of a resident British or Canadian agent, who might keep the Ottawa authorities posted in regard to all cargoes leaving the island, the Dominion government has been compelled to look to others for the information. That somebody has been keeping them pretty well posted is evident from the successful manner in which the usual smuggling in the St. Lawrence has been kept down during the present season. The suspicions of the islanders that J. Ferry, Collector of Customs in the employ of the French government, was the traitor, were heightened by the fact that he received \$1500 in gold quite recently and deposited it in a local bank. On being requested by the authorities to account for the money, he explained that it was a remittance from a member of his family. Inquiry did not, in the opinion of the authorities, bear out Ferry's statements, and he was finally charged with being a spy in the employ of the Canadian government.

The recent visit to St. Pierre of the chief Canadian customs preventive officer aggravated the difficulty, and finally on the day that the news of the re-conviction of Dreyfus reached the island the anger of the people was aroused and a mob started out to lynch the accused. Ferry was compelled to flee for his life. After he had escaped by steamship to Sydney he was twice herged in flight and the most insulting epithets were hurled at him. Comparing Ferry to Dreyfus, and containing such inscriptions as 'a bas les traîtres,' 'conspuez Ferry,' 'Dreyfus Ferry' &c. Ferry has gone to Montreal to endeavor to have M. Kieckewski, the Consul General, afford him protection in the execution of the duties of his office. Unless he can do so the minds of the St. Pierre people of the idea there concerning him, it is believed that it will be quite impossible for him to attempt to live upon the island again. Hitherto he has moved in the best society of the place. So far the Canadian Government has not uttered a word in Mr. Ferry's favor.

LYING ABOUT JAMAICA.

Persistent Misrepresentation of the Island in Some American Newspapers.

The authorities of Jamaica have been greatly disturbed by alleged news, printed in this country, which the Kingston Gleaner says is probably the work of the Associated Press agent here. Some of these items have reported that a severe draught had caused widespread distress; that the coffee, orange and corn crops have been destroyed and famine impends; that the starving country people are fleeing into the towns; that the use of putrid water has caused an outbreak of typhoid malarial fever, and so on. These statements were very inaccurate and some of them entirely false, and were calculated to injure the island by producing a most unfavorable impression in regard to its condition.

Colonial Secretary Evans, therefore, wrote to Vice Consul Springer calling attention to these erroneous statements and asked him if he could assist the Jamaican Government to put a stop to such continued misrepresentations or at least to counteract their injurious influence. He said they were already doing much mischief to the colony.

The Vice Consul accordingly sent specimens of these falsehoods, together with the letter which Mr. Evans had written him, to our State Department and they have just appeared in our consular reports. Somebody seems to be interested in libeling Jamaica, and has found a medium in this country for the promulgation of his falsehoods.

'Dry Goods.'

Bishop Watterson of Nebraska was once mistaken for a travelling salesman by a commercial traveller who met him in a railway train.

'Do you represent a big house?' asked the traveller of the Bishop.
'Biggest on earth,' replied the bishop.
'What's the name of the firm?'
'Church and Co.'
'Hum! 'Church and Co.' Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?'
'Branch houses all over the world.'
'That's queer. Never heard of 'em. Is it boots and shoes?'
'No.'
'Oh, dry goods, I suppose?' said the traveller, referring to the drapery business.
'Yes,' assented the good-natured bishop, 'they call my sermons that sometimes.'

WEATHER AND NERVES.

EFFECT OF SUN, TEMPERATURE AND WIND ON MANKIND.

New Field Opening to the Meteorologist—Future Weather Predictions may Include Warlike as to Human Conduct—Some Observations Already Made.

'At no very distant day,' said the Weather Bureau man, 'the daily weather prediction will possess much greater significance than at present. We shall then scan the bulletin not only to find out whether to postpone a picnic or to carry an umbrella, but also to gain a clue to the probable conduct of our fellow beings, whose behavior, according to modern theory, varies with variations in temperature, humidity and the velocity of the wind. To the physician certain weather indications will prove a warning of danger to patients hovering between life and death; to the teacher, that her pupils will be unruly or stupid; to the chief of police they will indicate a day of assaults, murders and suicides; to the keeper of a penitentiary or insane asylum, a time of extra watchfulness over his wards to avert fractious outbreaks; to the banker, a change in the weather may bring anxiety lest serious errors creep into his accounts or effect financial calculations; and to the ordinary citizen the prevalence of certain weather conditions will indicate that mental or physical operations should be curtailed or that a decision as to some momentous affair of business should be postponed to a season when the intellect shall be clearer and the judgment less clouded.'

'That climate and weather influence feeling and conduct is universally admitted. The fact is recognized in popular tradition and in general literature, and the principal theories concerning it are familiar to the public. Everybody understands climatic effects upon character. The difference between tropical races and those living in the temperate zones, the depressing influence of a damp, rainy day and the stimulating effect of bright, sunny weather, are large facts in meteorology that are common knowledge. That spring causes a revival of human energy, that more suicides occur in summer than in winter, that extremes of heat and cold kill off human beings like a pestilence—these are some of the scientific conclusions as to meteorological influence that seem to be generally accepted.'

'But we are on the eve of a refinement of the science that will extend its scope very materially. Past investigations have been concerned with the larger effects of seasons in which certain weather conditions were prevalent. Recent investigations have been concerned with the effect upon the conduct of human beings of daily variations in temperature, humidity and the velocity of the wind. The Weather Bureau has a small fund at its disposal for making investigations of this character, but has done little more than outline some of the elemental features of the complicated problems involved. In making these investigations the meteorologist goes on the theory that the human body is a machine capable of developing only a certain amount of energy per individual, which output must suffice to maintain his bodily functions and in addition to provide a reserve fund out of which must come the energy, physical or mental, expended in daily labor or other exercise. Now it is obvious that weather conditions that can effect an increase or reduction in this fund of surplus energy will have more or less influence on conduct. The weather is, however, always a secondary cause. It serves to create or help to create the conditions under which certain acts can or will be done or under which we lose the power to exhibit them. Weather also has influence over emotional states of mind, and these too are factors in determining conduct.'

'To illustrate, it has been found that the best work of pupils in the public schools is done on days which are cold, calm or clear, and their worst work on hot or muggy days. Their deportment, as evidenced by the larger number of demerits entered, is worse on cloudy days. The suicide, strangely enough, in a majority of cases, chooses a fair day for self-destruction. The errors made by bank clerks are most common in the months of July and August, and more are made on the days of highest temperature than on any other. Bodily assaults are most frequent in spring and summer, and the susceptibility of the female sex to weather influences is shown in the larger proportion of assaults com-

mitted by women in July and August. It is found that the unseasonably hot days of spring and autumn are more productive of pugnacity than other hot days, even though the heat be much less than in summer. As a general rule, it appears that warm weather and sunny days are productive of human energy, whether for good or evil, and that very cold or very hot or windy or humid days are depressing in their effect, and while they may be irritating to the temper, are not conducive to accurate or energetic action. In the one case the favorable meteorological conditions seem to release a quantity of human energy which in the other would be drawn upon to counteract unfavorable conditions. To what extent the human machine is responsive to daily variations in weather is unknown, but that it is responsive, just as a modern steam engine is responsive to varying loads, is the conclusion to which all recent inquiries lead.

'The wind,' continued the weather man, 'exercises a meteorological influence of importance. In many countries there are winds to which are popularly and correctly ascribed certain physiological and mental effects. The debilitating influence of the famous east wind of the English coast is well known. A more remarkable example is found in the moist north wind which blows over Buenos Ayres. 'This damp wind of La Plata,' says an observer, 'seems to affect the temper and disposition of the inhabitants. The irritability and ill humor it excites in them amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing for men among the better class to shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance and lay aside all business until it has passed; while among the lower classes it is always remarked that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. Even murderers are said to lay to it the blame of their foul deeds. No sooner, however, does the southwest wind blowing from the dry and snowy summits of the Andes set in than health and comfort and peace are restored.'

The dry winds of Colorado appear to induce an electrical state that works havoc with the emotions. This suggests the large part which electrical conditions in the atmosphere may play in affecting human actions. As to this phrase of the subject little is known. It has been observed that the electricity produced by the dry winds of Colorado has various effects upon the people of the State. It shows itself, according to one authority, in mild insomnia or occasional irritability of disposition. Even horses feel the influence especially when brought from lower altitudes, and their trainers are always anxious about their ability to control the animals in the excitement of a race. In the human this electrical atmosphere induces an astonishing degree of energy. A man is enabled to turn out a large amount of work at high pressure, but this cannot be long maintained without collapse. As a consequence professional men are compelled to take frequent vacations and in general to shorten their working time. For the same reason the school year has been considerably shortened. If such effects are observed in Colorado it is altogether likely that electricity is exercising its subtle influences elsewhere in many ways. There is here a wide field for investigation which has been as yet barely touched. The future undoubtedly holds in store an expansion of the science of meteorology that will be one of the marvels of the twentieth century.'

Different Views.

In a lovely suburban district there dwell a couple of elderly maiden ladies, of whom it is rumored that compulsion rather than choice has to account for their state of single-blessedness.

One evening, some time since, whilst sitting in their cosy little drawing room, one of them heard a sound which to her seemed to be the stealthy footstep of a man in the room overhead.

'Jane!' she whispered to her sister, who, being occupied with a book, had not heard the mysterious sound, 'there's a man in the house!'

'Nonsense!' retorted the other, as, laying aside her book, she gazed across at her sister, whilst the pair listened intently for a recurrence of the noise.

After a few minutes passed in listening, Mary, the one who claimed to have heard the footsteps, said in a dramatic whisper, 'What are we going to do, Jane?'

'Do, Mary!' echoed the other. 'Yes, what are we going to do, to get him out of the house?'

'How funny!' was the only reply she received.

'I don't see anything funny in it,' retorted Mary sharply. 'No, no, of course you don't dear; you weren't following my thoughts; it seemed funny to me that whilst you were puzzling your brain how to get him out of the house I was puzzling mine as to how best to induce him to stay!'