

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899.

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IN A LAND OF FREEDOM.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ARRIVAL OF RUSSIAN EXILES.

Monday at Sand Point and home of the Quakers who came from the city of brotherly love to meet the immigrants, said a few words of welcome which an interpreter repeated in their own tongue to those for whom they were intended.

Everybody pressed nearer to get a good look, and the travellers evidently appreciated the kindly interest they excited. Even the little children doffed their caps and bowed profoundly. When the gangway was put down the excitement began in earnest. The first persons to board the ship were the reporters from the daily papers, who from the Mephisto like were here, there and

everywhere, and had waited impatiently all day for their turn to come. They buttoned Prince Hilkeff and Sulerjitzky, before these gentlemen had time to look around, and one or two enterprising members of the profession even tackled a battle scarred old veteran, who was a conspicuous figure because of his majestic appearance, his flowing silvery hair and the dignified manner in which he stood "with his martial cloak around him" watching the busy scene that was being enacted. He didn't pay any attention to the newspaper men's advances, but when a man with a kodak came along and turned it straight on him, this hero of the Crimea took the shortest cut to safety, and the lower deck.

Mayor Sears didn't appear until late in the afternoon, but Alderman McArthur was there resplendent in a tall silk hat, and his efforts to atone for the Mayor's absence were no doubt appreciated by the Doukhobors. He went around scattering smiles,

intervention of friends that finally managed it for her.

A whole army of immigration officers and interpreters from Montreal and other points were on hand to look after the well being of the strangers, and they, and Prince Hilkeff, with whose history everybody who reads the papers is familiar, were the busiest men on the west side for awhile. The ladies were especially attentive to the prince and while he was charmed to acknowledge the kindly greetings and good wishes extended to him, and was most courteous to every one, he never for an instant lost sight of the fact that he had the interests of over two thousand people to look after. He wasn't there to pose, and



ARRIVAL OF THE DOUKHOBORS.

Mrs. Women and Children as They Appeared on the Deck of the Huron When Moored at Sand Point.

The arrival of two other ships during the early hours of the morning gave rise to the rumor that the Huron with her strange passengers had slipped into port, and with out waiting to learn the truth of the matter hundreds hastened to the West Side only to return in disgust from their wild goose chase. It made things pretty lively for the ferry people though, and it was decidedly the ticket sellers busy day. The Huron was due here at one o'clock but it was much later when word went forth that she had been signalled from the island.

The approach to the wharves was guarded by police officers who had instructions to admit only those who could show a pass. They admitted the bearers of passes and a few more people. That's neither here nor there though for as only fifty of the little white cards bearing the legend "Admit one gentleman" had been issued there was room for everybody, including members of the Women's Council. The interest of those on the inside was not any deeper than that of the multitude which lined the wharves and shores, every eye turned seaward for the first glimpse of the Huron, and the Doukhobors. There was much leveling of glasses and many false alarms before Mr. A. J. Heath assistant passenger agent of the C. P. R. excited envy and admiration by discovering the masts of the ship just over the "beacon." Of course every one else saw them right away, or thought they did which amounted to the same thing, but by and by when the masts were found to belong to an ordinary every day schooner Mr. Heath rapidly lost caste.

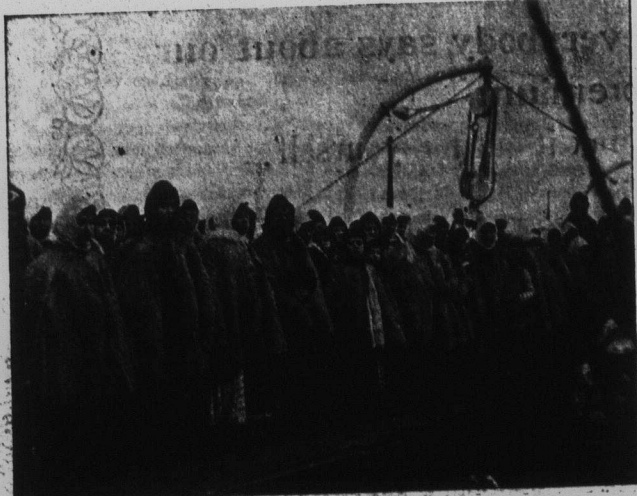
The Huron did come though, after awhile; the long voyage from Russia was over and the Doukhobors had reached their promised land. As the big ship came slowly to her place the scene was a most impressive one. Her deck was thronged with a strange people, and the curious glances of those on shore were answered by just as curious, eager and expectant looks from the people on the ship.

For the most part those who came to watch the arrival of the immigrants were actuated only by idle curiosity—a desire to see what they were like. The majority did not trouble themselves whether the new people would make desirable settlers for the great west, or how they were equipped for the new life upon which they were entering. Those were of course secondary considerations. There was more than mere passing interest in the scene which the Doukhobors sent back. It was a solemn experience for them, this landing in a strange country with no knowledge of its language, its people and customs, and the close observer could read various emotions and thoughts depicted in the intent, earnest faces turned shoreward. What they saw evidently satisfied them for soon caps were doffed and smiling greetings waved back in response to the welcomes from the shore. People thought instinctively of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and everybody who knew a line of the beautiful poem with which a great poet has commemorated the event quoted it.

A few moments later there was borne to the ears of the waiting hundreds on shore a wondrous melody, rising and falling on the winter air, with a plaintiveness that was most impressive. The chanting of the psalms of praise ended, the Doukhobors

he worked as hard as a paid laborer, taking no rest or sleep until his charges were all comfortably settled in the cars that carried them to their western homes.

Another interesting figure, and tireless worker, was a Russian nobleman by the name of Leopold Sulerjitzky. There may be a letter or two out of place in this name, but pronounce it as its spelt here and you'll be all right. At 40 at Mr. White of the Department of the Interior, called it Sulerjitzky and nobly ventured to dispute his word. This blue blooded Russian was the object of a great deal of interest as he vibrated constantly between the sheds and the ship, but he seemed to be wholly unconscious of the fact that he was being pointed out as the special friend of Count Tolstoi, and the man who wouldn't be a soldier. He is a small rather delicate looking man but he has lots of energy, and worked systematically. A blast from a little whistle he were called



A SCENE ON THE LAKE HURON.

Showing a Group of Doukhobors Intently Regarding the Preparations for Their Landing at Sand Point.

and five couples, among the little Doukhobors, reckless, that as the west side John Callaghan McCarty would put it, "grand to be seen."

Christ Clark was there too, minus his military cap, and appeared duly impressed with the importance of the occasion. He and his men had the crowd on the outside well in hand and kept order in an admirable manner, though one of the officers on duty is said exposed himself to danger by refusing to admit a well known society lady who had no pass to show and who evidently thought her name would secure for her the privilege of admittance; but it didn't. It was only the

HALF A LOAF WELCOME.

THE LOTTERY TICKET SYNDICATE GET THEIR MONEY.

Or at least that portion of the fifteen thousand that remained after all the expenses of the "lottery"—John Mackay has regained his freedom.

The story of the famous Honduras Lottery ticket is ended. Mr Mackay is out of jail and the value of the lucky bit of paper has been paid. The courts did not settle the matter after all, but Mr Mackay came to the conclusion that he had been long enough from the society in which he had been accustomed to circulate and it seems that he opened negotiations for a settlement of the business.

It is said that he owned up to exchanging the ticket in Mr. Bonnell's place of business and that after he did so he gave a certain firm in this city a lien on the same for something like \$5,000. This was supposed to secure them for an amount already due them but it was in reality for another purpose which will be explained later.

Having secured himself as he thought for this amount anyway, Mackay went to Boston and gave the ticket to the Market National bank for collection, receiving a receipt for the same. This receipt was sent to Merritt Bros. & Co. of this city in whose employ Mackay had been as security for some money advanced to him and also as security for the \$5,000 spoken of above which was to be part of his stock in the Fochow Tea Company which was about to be organized.

But as has been stated in previous articles the facts of the case were wired to New Orleans by the syndicate here and payment was stopped. Then proceedings were begun in Boston and Mackay was lodged in jail, the court holding that as soon as the lottery was drawn the ticket became a draft and was a negotiable piece of paper.

There were several lawyers in the case, Mr. W. B. Wallace acting for the Bonnell syndicate here and Mr. Sweeney in Boston. Then Merritt Bros., retained Mr. A. P. Barnhill here and another lawyer to look after their interest in Boston. Besides that Mr. Mackay had a lawyer and it is to be presumed that the bank and the people interested in the lottery business had somebody to watch their end of the case.

Mackay however was obdurate and would not give in for months. He wanted the whole \$15,000 or nothing and his chances of success seemed to be pretty fair at one time. In this connection an interesting anecdote of mistaken identity is told. It appears that Mackay must have been expecting a visit from Mr. Barnhill one day when Mr. Wallace went to see him he greeted him heartily as Mr. Barnhill and began to talk rapidly about the case. Before Mr. Wallace could comprehend the mistake that had been made Mr. Mackay had made several interesting statements but they were not made use of. It would seem that Mackay did not know either Mr. Wallace or Mr. Barnhill!

A few days ago, however, everybody in the business came to the conclusion that it was best to settle the matter. So the receipt went forward from Messrs Merritt Bros. The lawyers in Boston and from St. John got together and the money was paid over. It was stated that Mackay signed off his claims for one dollar but another statement is to the effect that he got \$2,000. The expenses in connection with the whole business must have amounted to considerable for while the original share of four persons in the syndicate would have been \$3,000 each and two others \$1,500, less the expenses of collection, it is stated that the amount received by the four was \$14,433 each and the two others half of that amount. Another statement is that the large amounts received were \$2,100 each. Either amount is a comfortable return for the capital invested.

The Fochow Tea company however will probably not be formed. The time may not be as opportune now as it was then and more than that the gentlemen what were ready to go into it then may have changed their minds.

Mr. Mackay's better half—to whom he swore he was married—has been trying to please the audiences in Austin & Stone's of late.

Took it as a Matter of Course. The first emigrant train containing the Doukhobors that went over the Canadian Pacific railway had an experience that might have excited even the phlegmatic

Russians. The engine ran off the track right near Brownville and all of the cars followed their leader. Their are a lot of tracks leading into the big yard and it was a sight the different routes these cars took. One car couldn't find a track to get on and took to tearing up the sleepers, another paid particular attention to the switches and placed them in a useless condition. Others kept the track or were only partially off. The jolting and the confusion and the noise must have been something terrible to the emigrants who perhaps never were on a train before that day. But they were cooler than the trainmen. Not a complaint was heard from them. The cars were placed in such a manner that the straggling crew could not get an engine to the rear of the emigrant train to haul the cars on again and so one had to go from McAdams, a distance of 100 miles or more. When that arrived the track was cleared in short order. But during all these hours the Russian peasants took things as easy as they are reported to have done on board the Huron. Perhaps they thought it was part of the programme.

HOW THEY BURY THEIR DEAD.

The First Funeral Service of a Doukhobor in Canada.

The burial service held over the young Doukhobor girl who died in the hospital Wednesday was as touching as it was simple. No persons were present except those friends of the deceased who remained behind to attend her and the other sick on board the Huron but after the body had been placed in the coffin two ladies representing the Women's Council, Mrs. Thos. Walker and Miss Murray went into the room with some beautiful flowers.

As this is the first funeral of a Doukhobor in Canada some interest was naturally attached to their custom of burying their dead. Much care was taken in the preparation of the body for burial. The clothes worn were all of colored material handsomely figured and cap, of maroon shade completed a grave costume that was rather unique compared with that of this country.

Before the body was placed in the coffin an old woman, the grandmother of the deceased, advanced to the head of the slab on which she lay while one of the older Doukhobor men stood at the foot. Then for a few moments the woman chanted what was apparently a psalm in a low voice. This was followed by a short and solemn address from the man. After which the two of them placed the corpse in the coffin. Then Mrs. Walker and Miss Murray and some others went into the room and another short service was held by the Doukhobors and the interpreter before the coffin was closed.

The hospital authorities intended that the young girl should be buried in the ground assigned for that purpose but by request of Miss Murray she was interred in Dr. Botford's lot. The service at the grave was as simple and affecting as it was in the hospital.

The Salvage Corps, Demanded.

It seems that the firm of No. 3 and the Salvage corps do not always agree. At least that is what some aldermen said at the council meeting when the letter of the corps was read asking for separate rooms or a new building or something which they thought they were entitled to. The tone of the letter did not please Ald. Christie and his remarks were slightly caustic. He went back to the time when they asked for their present rooms which the council granted, with the idea that they would be satisfied; but if the report about the dissatisfaction of the corps and its differences with the firm were correct why the sooner there was a change the better. But the change he favored was not new rooms or a new building.

Well Known to the Trade.

Mr. J. H. Cranston of printing press fame is in the city representing Messrs R. Hos & Co., the well known press manufacturers. Nearly ten years ago Mr. Cranston was in St. John and sold Progress its first press. Now he is here again and it may be he will set up a press for a Prince William street firm before he returns. Mr. Cranston's friends had customers always have a cordial greeting for him. He is a gentleman whom it is a pleasure to know and to deal with. While here he will be at the Dufferin Hotel.

Taken by W. H. Kelly.

The photographs of the Doukhobors larding engraved for Progress to day were taken by W. H. Kelly and their excellence speaks for the ability of the amateur photographer, who was fortunate indeed in being able to secure such timely and interesting views.

son of Mr. and Mrs. White, widow of the infant of George the Hon. Hamilton, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.