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THE TOMB OF BYRON.

If ever fame seemed lighter than the air,
A thing of naught, more empty than a dream,
A silver gloss on earthen vessels laid,
That fades away before the touch of death ;
'Tis surely here, where moulders 'neath my feet,
The hand that wrote "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."
Oh, what a Poet's corner this, to hide
The feet that press'd the highest mount of song,
The tongue that hymn'd the thronodies of Greece,
The arm that laid the muse's garland by
To wield the sword and strike for liberty !
St. Paul's proud dome, the Abbey's stately aisles,
So rich in stores of consecrated dust,
Half rob the "King of terrors of his gloom,
And keep the ashes of the great alive ;"
But desolation here reigns all supreme,
And fancy shrinks from dread mortality.
You dreary nave, that grim and ghastly tower
That peers so coldly o'er the village street,
Where rustic wit, to delicacy dead,
Has dubb'd the noisy 'public' "Byron's rest ;"
And seems to fix its melancholy gaze
On Nowstead, nestled in the vale below
Where—lord of all the hard's ancestral lands—
The stranger sits ; say, do they not proclaim
With stony lips a lesson to the world ?
'Tis Heaven's decree that honour, length of days,
Domestic bliss, the love that never dies,
Unfading wealth, that dignifies the man,
And makes him blessed, a blessing to his kind,
E'en in the tomb ; his heritage shall be,
Who cleaves to Christ, and walks in virtue's ways,
Who never stoops to prostitute his gifts
At passion's shrine, but honors God with all ?

M. S.

They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and horse under treatment, and a large number of men are searching the ruins for the groom. — *Ec.*

CONTRIBUTED.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for anything that may appear in this column.

To the Editors of the Wollestock Gazette.

DEAR SIRS :—I think it is a disgrace to St. John and the surrounding districts, that our Suspension Bridge is not lighted up at night. Just think of it, not a light anywhere near it, except one poor lamp at Mr. VanBuren's end, which, standing alone, is very little good, and only tends to draw attention to the surrounding gloom. Now if the bridge trustees would only put a couple of lights at each end, it would be of great benefit to travellers. The Lancaster side especially needs some sort of a light, as it, being fenceless on the left hand side, is quite dangerous to persons coming towards town on a dark night ; for if a person should once get off the road he would have an ugly fall down a very steep bank, and would probably get some limbs broken, if not killed.

Now thanking you for inserting this, I remain,

Yours truly,
AN OCCASIONAL PASSER.

THE UMGANI FALLS.

BY A GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY.

If a traveller happened to near the village of Howich, the first thing to attract his attention would be the river Umgani, which flows gently along between rich meadow land and weeping willow trees ; and he would hear a loud rumbling noise like thunder, which, upon enquiry, he would find to be the noise caused by the Umgani Falls.

The Umgani is here comparatively a small river compared to the proportions it assumes when it reaches D'Urban, otherwise Port Natal, being about a hundred feet broad, but very deep. It flows gently on until it reaches a quarter of a mile from the falls, when it flows much faster over the rocks that now forms its banks and sides.

We see, a little distance away, the Howich Hotel, and on the other side of the road is the Castle Hotel, with its romantic and tower-like form and its mantle of ivy and grape vine, with the grapes clinging to it. From these hotels the Falls can be clearly heard and the precipice over which it rushes be seen.

The Falls, though not very broad, are three hundred feet high, and are turned, in their leap, into a mass of foam. Just before the water takes the final leap it is divided by a rock, and this causes a small stream to run off sideways, which again reunites with the main water in its fall. All along the sides of the precipice rock rabbits and baboons wander, while in times gone by even leopards were shot.

One of the first impressions of the Umgani Falls is merely a confused vision of two narrow valleys converging into a deep ravine, the upper end of which is shut in by a vast crescent-shaped precipice of reddish brown rock, down which a cataract rushes with great velocity and beauty. Quite near the Falls is the road that leads to the Transvaal on the North and the Orange River Free State on the West.

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THE

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BOYS!!! WHAT DO YOU READ!!!

During the past decade the publication of cheap books has increased enormously, yet, in spite of the grand library schemes of our day, the demand for literature of every kind has by no means become glutted. On this great American continent of ours nearly every man, woman and child not only can, but also do read. The good accomplished by the presenting of standard works to the American public at a merely nominal figure can hardly be estimated too highly; but yet the reduction of prices of heretofore expensive works has not been an unmixed good. For there have arisen firms from whose presses issue forth works which tend to do aught but edify the minds of the general reader.

It is unnecessary for me to here dilate on the extent of evil accomplished by unprincipled publishers. A casual reader of the reports of the "New York Society for the suppression of Vice," would almost begin to doubt that the good accomplished by the American press could at all counterbalance its evils. All honor to the noble men who constitute that mighty society! What a power for good they and their supporters have been in the United States in the past; and, thank God, their power is increasing.

But let us turn to that portion of the publications of the press which more especially interest the readers of this paper. Let us for a short time consider what style of works the youth of this continent chiefly read. It has been an increasingly important question, how is the flood of that form of pernicious literature which is read with such avidity by the youth of America to be checked and overcome by some form of reading which will attract the attention of, improve the taste of, and, generally speaking, increase the moral stamina of those who, when the present generation shall have passed away, will control the destinies of the two mighty nations holding sway in the North American continent.

It is not my intention, in a short article like the present, to offer a grand scheme for the revolution of the literature published for boys. I shall merely point out some of the efforts made to cope with this scourge. Let us give all the credit due to such publishers as the Harpers, who began, four or five years ago, the publication of their "Young People;" or the Scribners, whose "St. Nicholas" is so widely known. The success which both these journals have met with is most gratifying; it shows that the taste of the American youth is not itself depraved, and that there is a decided preference for good literature if it be furnished at prices to compete with those of the pernicious forms of cheap literature. I know well that the majority of my readers are acquainted with that prince of boys' papers, *i. e.* "The Boys Own Paper." The success of this paper has been simply marvellous, though it has not been before the public for quite five years; it nevertheless numbers its subscribers by the hundred thousand. This paper, three years ago, was hardly known on this side of the Atlantic; to-day thousands of boys in Canada are subscribers to it, and in the United States thousands of readers attest their appreciation of its merits.

Perhaps, as I have mentioned the "Boys Own Paper," I might, before I lay aside my pen, compare the literature offered to the youth of England with that read by the boys of America. All who have given any attention to the subject avow that England leads the Americans in this as well as in most forms of literature. Why, we have merely to compare

the British penny novel with the American half dime, to see the superiority of the former. I will mention one or two respects in which the English novelette surpasses the American half-dime series. In many of the American stories the hero is some mean little scamp who rejoices in nothing but playing tricks on all and sundry, and whose character is not redeemed by one particle of manliness. On the other hand, the British boy has always held up to him for admiration a hero distinguished by all the characteristics of true manliness. The American hero is usually, whatever position in society he may occupy, a user of slang in all its worst forms; but in the English tales a purer style is adopted, and the slang which is used is so introduced that the reader is but little tempted to add it to his own vocabulary. Again, the American boy reads of the Englishman as either a profound blockhead or a villain, while the English boy is taught by his reading to consider the American as his cousin, honorable and to be honored. From this it may be seen how much more refined is the style of English novels (boys) as compared with the same class of American literature. I shall not further dilate on this important subject, but I would request every boy who peruses this short article to consider what he should read, and to try if he cannot in some degree improve the standard of the American Boys' Literature.

EXCHANGES.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* for May is chiefly taken up with the prize lists, etc., for the last term.

The *University Monthly* for April is up to its usual interesting standard.

An historical essay on "Gregorian Music and plain Song," is the chief attraction in the *King's College Record* for April.

A writer in the *Argosy* for April discusses, and decides in the affirmative, the question, "Is government by party a necessity in Democratic countries?"

McGill University *Gazette* contains a well written article on Originality. The article is one of the best we have seen in a college paper.

The *Rouge et Noir* for May, in a well written editorial, reviews the history of College journalism, points out the difference between English and American college papers, and designates the proper sphere of such papers. It appears from this article that the English University papers are less inclined to criticize the powers that be than their American contemporaries are.

The *Astrum Alberti*, of which we have seen two numbers is an addition to the ranks of College journals. It is published in connection with Albert College, Belleville, Ont. The May number contains essays on "Hope," "The Study of Botany," and "Mohammed," which are all well written. The article called "The Age of Chivalry," certainly possesses the merit of originality of thought, for in it the writer advances the theory that the only difference between the age of chivalry and the present age is that men have transferred their admiration from a Robin Hood to a Jesse James.

The day after Hants was married he remarked: "It was youst so easy as a needle could walk out mid a camel's eye as to get der behind vord mit a voman's." — *Ec.*

FROM HAMBURG TO GOTTENBURG BY SEA.

(Continued.)

In the middle of the 13th century the country round Hamburg and the river Elbe was infested with robbers and pirates, and the trade of the city was seriously damaged by the levies exacted by these free-booters. The citizens then in common with the inhabitants of a large number of other towns in North Germany formed a bond for mutual protection called the Hanseatic League, which in time attained a high political importance and gave rise to that commercial policy which has since become ultimately connected with all political relations. In course of time the outlaws were swept away and security to person and property assured, it was then resolved to dissolve the League and the last Diet was accordingly held at Lubeck in 1630, after having accomplished its object and permanently benefited the north of Europe.

Having got a pretty fair idea of Hamburg and its amusements, and the ship being discharged and ballast taken in, we left this interesting place on the 3rd November and towed down to Glückstadt, where the wind being fair we made sail.

Towards nightfall we came to the mouth of the river, the weather in the meanwhile beginning to be unsettled, with a falling barometer and light mist, which made it very difficult to clearly distinguish the lights on shore, or objects at a distance. But as we had a North Sea Pilot on board we felt tolerably safe, and all went well till just after four bells in the first watch; the wheel and look-out had only just been relieved, when a heavy shock was felt, throwing down those who were standing round the decks. The cry arose that the ship was ashore and all was confusion for a short time; the watch below turned out in rather a hurry, not taking time to make very extensive toilets, but tumbling over one another in the fore-castle door, and expecting every minute to get a cold bath. Order was at last restored, though not without some trouble, as is usual under these circumstances.

As soon as the ship struck, she swung broadside to the shore, and every sea lifted her and dashed her against the rocks, which fortunately were not of a very sharp nature, and resembled small boulders covered with sand and sea weed, nearly to their tops. Consequently they did not at first make any holes in the bottom, but small pieces of wood kept floating from under the ship as each sea rolled in, showing the injury that was being done without being visible from above.

The pumps were sounded and no water of any consequence being found in the hold, all hands were set to work to clew up and furl the sails, which were forcing her further up the beach the wind being towards the shore.

All this time the ship was lying on her side, or as sailors say "on her beam ends," the decks being towards the land and owing to the slanting position and violent bumping it was extremely difficult to go about the vessel, or in fact do anything but hold on, and as the night was dark and foggy nothing was done to get her off till morning. When daylight broke we discovered that we were stranded on the Island of Heligoland, which is situated off the mouth of the Elbe, twenty-seven miles from shore; it is about nine miles in circumference and is about equally divided into high and low land; on the high land a large light house is situated, but owing to the mist that prevailed it was impossible to see the

light at the time we struck. As soon as we were seen from the village, which is the only settlement on the island, the inhabitants, consisting principally of fishermen, came down to see the wreck and assist in getting the ship off if possible, but asking exorbitant figures for their services. For instance, one of them who had his boat alongside was asked what he would charge to run a kedge out, for the purpose of heaving the vessel off, he replied that he would do it for £300 or \$1,500; the Captain offered him £30, or \$150 which he refused, and none of the rest showing any disposition to accept the offer, the crew were ordered to get the long boat over and run the kedge themselves. The operation of getting the boat over the side was very laborious, as it was the largest boat we had, and owing to the awkward position of the ship very difficult to accomplish. This being done, and the kedge carried out, all hands manned the windlass and put a heavy strain on the hawser. The wind meanwhile shifted to the north-west and blew quite fresh, which circumstance was greatly in our favor, and we accordingly set the sails again and waited till high water before putting the final test on the kedge.

(To be continued.)

The editors have much pleasure in announcing that at the end of the year, dating from the issue of our first number, they will give to the person who has been most successful in discovering the answers to the Historical Questions a handsomely bound copy of "Haunay's History of Acadia." The answers to be legibly written and sent, together with post-office address of solver, to W. G., P. O. Box 578, St. John, N. B.

54. Give an account of the first trial for murder that took place in Saint John.

55. What authority can you give for Wollestock or Wollestock having been the Indian name of the River St. John?

56. When was steam navigation between St. John and Digby commenced, and what was the name of the steamer?

57. Give an account of the second visitation of the Asiatic cholera to St. John.

58. When was gas first turned on in the St. John gas works?

59. How was the receipt of news of the battle of Trafalgar celebrated in St. John?

Some years ago a young man, who then kept store on the Canadian side of the Sault Ste. Marie, allowed several workmen to get some distance into his books. As they had no property he could not seize anything to sell, and they left the Canadian for the Michigan side of the river, bidding him to do his worst. He was not disposed to let them off so easily, however, and followed them to an inland village in Michigan, where he applied to a magistrate for assistance in the collection of his debt. The "judge" heard his story, thought the matter over carefully, and then decided that such flagrant offenders against commercial morality ought not to be allowed to go unpunished. He had the absconding debtors arrested, and questioned as to their liability, which, to do them justice, they never thought of repudiating, being disposed to flout the "judge" as they had formerly done the creditor. The former, however, was a man of resources, and he ordered them to be sent to gaol until the debt they had acknowledged was paid. Seeing that he meant business, the defaulters actually did pay up rather than be put in prison, and by this summary process the Canadian merchant came to his own again. When he went to thank the "judge" and take his leave, the latter remarked:—"Young man, don't you make any mistake about this 'ere business. That air justice, but that ain't the law of Michigan." Whether the defaulters ever appealed against such a decision does not appear.—*Ed.*

ART FORNER.

The youngest artist, whose pictures have been admitted at the Salon during this century, is William L. Marcey, seventeen years old, and grandson of the late Hon. William L. Marcey, of New York.

It is said that the name of Handel was assumed by the composer of the Messiah when he became a naturalized British subject.

Lamartino's barber, M. Ysopy, saved all the hair cut from the poet's head for twenty years, and the locks are to be distributed among subscribers to the proposed statue of the poet.

The Princess Louise, while in the Bermudas, composed the "Calabash Polka," which is to be produced by the Orchestra of the Hamilton Foot Guards at the next state ball.

The only Italian operas which are well patronized in Italy, are of the olden schools, Donizetti's and Verdi's earlier works, says the Viennese critic, D. E. Housliek.

President Eliot, of Harvard, does not believe that young men and women between the age of fifteen and twenty are best educated together. President Robinson, of Brown, is not ready to favor the introduction of young women into that college. President Caldwell, of Vassar, would be glad to see the experiment of co-education tried anywhere but at Vassar. President Seelye, of Amherst, thinks it is not desirable; while President Bassom, of the University of Wisconsin, says that an experience of ten years in large college classes, convinces him that co-education is pre-eminently the fitting method of training our youth.

The public examination of the Grammar School will be held on the 29th of the present month. In former years the examination was generally held in July. The holidays, however, will not commence until about July 31d. The Corporation Gold, the Parker Silver, and some Bronze Medals will be competed for in the examination beginning June 18th. The competitors for Mr. I. Allan Jack's prize are to hand in their essays before the 25th June. The subject is "The Loyalists."

One of the most circumstantially described earthquakes on record is that which happened in Calabria on the 5th of Feb. 1783—I should say, began then, for it may be said to have lasted four years. In the year 1783, for instance, 949 shocks took place, of which 501 were great ones, and in 1784 151 shocks were felt, 98 of which were violent. The centre of action seemed to be under the towns of Monteleone and Oppido. In a circle of 22 miles in radius round Oppido every town and village was destroyed within two minutes by the first shock, and within one of seventy miles radius all were seriously shaken, and much damage done. The whole of Calabria was affected, and even across the sea Messina was shaken, and a great part of Sicily.

There is no end of the capricious and out of the way accidents and movements recorded in this Calabrian earthquake. The ground undulated like a ship at sea. People became actually seasick, and to give an idea of the undulation (just as it happens at sea,) the scud of the clouds before the wind seemed to be fitfully arrested during the pitching movement when it took place in the same direction, and to double its speed in the reverse movement. At Oppido many houses were swallowed up bodily. Loose objects were tossed up

several yards into the air. The flagstones in some places were found, after a severe shock, all turned bottom upwards. Great fissures opened in the earth, and at Terra Nova a mass of rock, 200 feet high and 100 in diameter, travelled four miles down a ravine. All landmarks were removed, and the land itself, in some instances, with trees and hedges growing on it, carried bodily away and set down in another place. Altogether about 40,000 people perished by the earthquakes, and some 20,000 more of the epidemic diseases produced by want and the effluvia of the dead bodies.—*Sir John Herschel.*

A FIVE MONTHS TRIP TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

(CONTINUED.)

The dolphin, kingfish, Spanish mackerel, bonita, barrout, and rockfish are the larger species, weighing from fifty to one hundred pounds. The jew-fish takes the place of our Northern halibut, it is cut into steaks and fried in a similar manner. At certain seasons this fish lies dormant at the bottom, and refuses to take the hook. Under these circumstances the fishermen dive down and place the hook in his mouth. I have never seen this feat performed, but a gentleman who was staying at the hotel told me that he saw a man jump overboard with the hook in his hand, and in a few minutes the order was given to haul in and the fish was brought on board. This may appear to be a very heavy fish story, but it is nevertheless true, as it can be vouched for by many people in Nassau. At Long Caye a man had his hand taken off while performing this feat. The hound fish is shaped very much like an eel, for which it is a very good substitute; it is semi-transparent, with bones resembling light blue glass thread. Its snout or bill is often eight or ten inches long, slim and sharp, with a row of teeth running the entire length on each side. The angel-fish, turbot and rainbow fish are most beautifully colored, having all the tints of the rainbow. The murray and stingray are a species of eel. The whipray has a body shaped like a flounder, with a tail often ten feet long, tapering from about one inch in diameter at the butt, to one eighth of an inch at the small end. When dried it resembles whalebone, and makes a very nice coach whip. The bonefish are very similar in flavor and appearance to the Northern shad. The lobster and crab are also to be had. I have several times myself when walking on the beach caught small crabs. One specimen that I saw, I think it was a land crab, had legs measuring thirteen inches. Turtle are caught in great abundance, chiefly by spearing, and sometimes, when possible, by hooking them underneath so as not to injure the shell, which is almost, excepting the sponges, the only article of sufficient value found in those islands to charge duty upon. They weigh from about five pounds to six hundred, and prices range from four to six cents per pound. Fish are equally as cheap. The conch said to be a very nutritious shell fish, containing large quantities of iodine, is a very good substitute for oysters, and is very plentiful. Conch fritters was one of the items on the bill of fare at the Victoria Hotel nearly every day, but as I am not partial to oysters I did not try them.

The beaches near Nassau furnish a great variety of beautifully colored and highly polished marine shells. They are a very considerable article of export, and find a ready market in England and France. The shell-work made at Nassau by the natives is not surpassed, if equalled, in any part of the world. They are formed into baskets, bridal-wreaths, sprays, crosses, necklaces, earrings, pins and bracelets.

Nearly all species of coral are found in the vicinity of Nassau. The coral reef forms one of the principal points of interest near Nassau. A party of us from the hotel visited it in the yacht "Ida" on the 9th of April. After a sail of about two hours we came to anchor just off a small island. My first question was "where is the coral-reef?" "Why, underneath you," said one of the knowing ones that had been there before. I looked over the edge of the boat and could see nothing but an indistinct white mass on the bottom; but on getting into a small row-boat and looking through a water-glass, sure enough there it was, all kinds—hair cone, honeycomb, branch, elkhorn and finger coral. Some specimens of the branch or tree coral are very beautiful, bearing an exact resemblance to a tree.

The drives around Nassau are not to be surpassed in any country. The principal one extends a distance of about 16 miles, and follows the sea beach the entire distance. There are but two hills in the whole distance, and neither of them over fifty feet elevation. Another very pleasant one is to the south beach, a distance of about ten miles. This road takes you through the suburbs and through a number of small villages and negro settlements, and terminates at Southwest Bay, where large vessels go for safety in heavy weather, when unable to cross the bar at the entrance to the harbor. The roads are always in condition and as smooth as the asphalt pavement.

Nassau is a very pleasant place to spend the winter, and if there was only a cable to the island nothing more could be desired. We left Nassau on the 14th of April. The weather for the last two days had been excessively warm—the thermometer was about 87°—and we were not sorry to get to a little cooler climate. The steamer sailed at half-past two, and it seemed as if all the darkies on the island had come down to see us off. "Oh, massa, let me carry that bundle for you." "Massa, I waited on you when you first came here." "It was me as took you to the Sea Gardens, Massa." "Don't you remember Toney, massa?" They were not allowed on board the steamer, however, so, telling two of them to bring the luggage on board, we soon got rid of the rest of them. The steamer stopped just outside the bar to put the pilot into his boat, and here the last of our friends who had come to see us off had to leave us. They all got into the boat, and still we waited. "What's up now?" I asked the purser. "Oh, we're only looking for stowaways. We waited about fifteen minutes, and then there was a yell down in the hold. Pretty soon the third officer appeared, with half a dozen men, dragging, kicking, shoving and hammering a poor, wretched negro. He was got up in great style, white collar and cuffs, with a rose in his buttonhole, all withered now and drooping. He clung on to a post as a last hope, but it was no use. "Go down into that boat," yelled the officer. "Oh, massa, please let me go," pleaded the poor devil. "Go down into that boat, and be smart about it, or we'll throw you overboard." "Please let me have my trunk, massa?" "It's too late to talk about your trunk now; you ought to have thought of that before." On enquiring about him, I was told that he wanted to go as waiter or something of that kind. As all the vacancies were full, they offered to let him go as ordinary seaman, but that was not good enough for him, and he preferred to try what luck he would have as a stowaway.

On Saturday it rained nearly all the day, but about five

o'clock it cleared up enough for some of us to sit out on deck. There was an awning up on the after-deck, which kept off any little sprinkle of rain. The night was very dark and there was not a star to be seen. About 8 o'clock one of the gentlemen who were sitting near the edge of the steamer noticed a curious light on the water. At first we thought it was a reflection of the light on the water from one of the cabin windows, but one of the officers told us that it was the phosphorescent light. It was very curious; different from anything I have ever seen. The top of a wave when it broke looked as if it was made of fire. The shape of the dolphins could be distinctly seen in the water at quite a distance from the steamer, and their track could be seen for a hundred yards behind them. The track of the steamer looked like a sea of burning phosphorus. As the wind was southerly the evening was very warm, and most of the passengers sat out on deck until a late hour watching this curious phenomenon.

We reached the mouth of the St Mary's river about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, April 16th. The rain had all cleared away, and the sun was shining brightly. After waiting about an hour the pilot made his appearance, and we crossed the bar; had he been half an hour later we would have been obliged to anchor until the next high tide. No one was expecting us, as the "Western Texas" is one of the slowest steamers on that line, but we had the Gulf Stream with us and a southerly wind all the way. When we came in sight of the wharf we found a large three-masted schooner in possession. The captain swore, the agent swore, and some of the passengers swore, but as it was Sunday night the sailors were all ashore, and there was no mooring her that night, so the captain was obliged to lay the steamer alongside, lay some planks across her deck, put a gangway from the steamer to the schooner, and another from the schooner to the wharf. Of course all these operations took some little time; as soon as the steamer had run alongside I managed to get on her deck without the aid of the gangway, and getting ashore by means of the schooner's plank, I was quietly walking up the wharf with a small valise in my hand when I heard a voice from the end of the wharf.

"Hulla, I say dere where in de h—l is you going to wid dat valise?"

"I am going up to the hotel. What business is it of yours anyway?"

"No baggage allowed ashore to-night."

"Who says so?"

As he came under the light of the lamp I noticed the blue coat with brass buttons, so without saying another word I quietly put down my valise, and opened the catch, and laid a quarter on the top. This may seem a very small bait, but the man was a darkey, and he could not resist.

"Lem'me see, yes, I b'lieve I will 'samine de small baggago to-night. Any gin, rum, snuff, tobacco, cigars, silk, coral, or polished shells of any kind in dat valise?"

"No."

"Dats all right, sir; good night."

"Good night!"

I did not consider it my duty to inform him that I had something else as good as gin in it however.

I found on reaching the hotel that I was the first arrival from the steamer, and as there were very few staying there, as it was late in the season, I managed to get good rooms.

(To be continued.)

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