

THIS WAS 50 YEARS AGO.

AWFUL VOYAGE OF THE SHIP SIR HENRY POTTINGER.

Four Hundred Emigrants on a Pest-Stricken Ship Bound for Canada in the Year 1845—One Hundred and Eighteen Adults, Including Those of the Crew, Were Buried at Sea.

In the summer of 1845, the barque Sir Henry Pottinger, of 709 tons register, of Bristol, England, set sail from the Cove of Cork, now called Queenstown, with 370 adult emigrants, two children over a certain age counting as one adult, in all over 400 hundred human beings, bound for Quebec, writes H. J. Robertson, of Moresby Island, B. C. What the age of this vessel, or where she was built, I cannot remember now. That she was neither light nor strong is forcibly brought to my memory from the fact that we pumped our way out to St. Johns, N. B., a passage of 73 days, nearly fifty of which were expended beating about the Bay of Fundy. After loading a cargo of timber we pumped our way home again in the winter of 1844-45—the writer's first voyage to sea. The Sir Henry Pottinger was a timber-dragger, nothing more, built to carry rather than for speed. Howell & Sons, of Bristol, were the owners I believe. My memory fails me as to the captain's name, notwithstanding the fact that he impressed on my body most vigorously anything that came first to hand when the spirit moved him, which was far too often, at least that was the idea of the boys. Aside from this he was a most skilful seaman. Whether in narrow waters, in storm, in danger, in every emergency he always appeared to be master of the situation. Had other than such a man been in a charge of this vessel when the epidemic broke out the chances are that few if any would have been left to tell the tale. The Sir Henry Pottinger

WAS NOT A BEAUTY

by any means, but our captain made the most of his command, keeping her in apple order, and she was always kept clean and spruced up. Outside she would shine with the best English paint (coal tar). Inside she was also well cared for; her cabin a house on deck, and the top of this house was the captain's special pride. The clean and wholesome appearance of the vessel led to her being chartered to carry emigrants. The vessel was fitted out by the charterers' agents by contract on the cheapest possible scale. Between decks were laid with rough lumber, badly put down and badly caulked, which allowed much filth to drain into the hold destroying for drinking purposes some of our fresh water. Upon this deck was erected a double tier of sleeping berths of the poorest description, also built of rough lumber. These berths were built on both sides of the vessel, each of them to accommodate four adults. A board about one foot in height was the only division between these berths. No provision was made for privacy or for comfort. What the dietary scale was, I do not remember, further than it was not only poor, but insufficient. Certain medical stores and disinfectants were supplied, but no medical man to dispense them. The vessel was examined at the Cove of Cork, as to the number of boats, quantity of water, provisions, etc., and passed after the palms of the examiners had been greased by the charterers, and made fun of after they had left the vessel. This ordeal over, the emigrants were brought on board in batches, and in about a week we had on board all the vessel could find berths for. The provisions were all stowed away, and the evening before we left the water casks were all filled. On the day of departure there was much leave taking

CAUSING SOME DELAY.

The vessel was under way and sailing out with a light fair wind before the last good-byes were said, the last loving kiss given. How many parted that day for a summer passage across the Atlantic that through a few men's cursed greed for money were never to meet again! Some of those people were going out, to meet loved ones that had gone before, and in many cases had sent money to pay their passage, others going to provide a home for the loved ones left behind, all looking forward to a happy meeting at an early date, which alas with too many never took place. I remember the wind though fair was very light and that we had to be assisted by boats pulling to give us steege way. We made but little progress during the night, for the Head of Kinsall was in sight the next morning when our first death occurred; a middle aged woman going out with a grown up daughter to join her husband and sons in some part of Canada. The death and burial of this poor woman cast quite a gloom over the vessel. Having no doctor the cause of death was conjecture only. It was common talk amongst the sailors before leaving that crowding so many people in such a small place would certainly breed sickness. After this death they said quite openly that the captain should return, send some of the people on shore and get a doctor. Whether this came to the captain I know not, but when the epidemic broke out it was no secret that he thought a great mistake had been made in leaving port with such a large number of people without a medical man to attend to them. A nasty swell caused the vessel

TO ROLL CONSIDERABLY

which kept the people in their berths. This with the stuffy smell of so many huddled together created a quality feeling and the first breeze which was rather strong brought on sea-sickness. All those who have experienced mal de mer under the most favorable conditions with ready help, medical attendance and remedies at their command, can imagine what it was in the stuffy and vile smelling between decks of this vessel without side ports and the only ventilation through wind sails through partly opened hatches. Counting children there were over four hundred human beings

all more or less sea-sick, vomiting every where with no help save the little that was given by the sailors and boys now and again. The lurching and pitching of the vessel, the creaking of her masts and yards, noise of the wind and the rattle of their luggage that had not been properly secured, pots and pans scattering their contents in their berths and about the deck. It is an old saying—"what would make a sailor sea-sick would make a horse leave his oats," but the stench and vile smell of this vessel between decks none of our sailors could stand except for a short time. Can it be wondered at that an epidemic broke out? It would be a miracle if it had not. Let readers picture if they can! All these poor creatures nearly helpless in their misery. Those who could crawl upon deck did so. Those who were unable remained below, inhaling the noxious and deadly air. Before these poor creatures recovered from sea-sickness, grim death commenced her reign, and death after death

IN RAPID SUCCESSION

took place, young children, of whose death rarely any account was taken, and the weakly going first. Ship and typhus fever became epidemic. Captain and officers were fully cognizant of the situation, and the deadly peril that threatened all. They did not shirk their responsibilities. Day and night the fight to keep in check the ravages of the disease was going on. Nothing that could be done with the materials we had was left undone. Once a week at first, later on twice, all the passengers were brought up on deck with all their soiled cans, bed-clothes and linen. Some of the things were thrown overboard, the rest beaten and hung up in the wind. Officers, crew, and many of the male passengers set to work cleaning the between decks, which were scrubbed with sand, well washed down, then dried with swabs, then washed again with a strong mixture of chloride of lime. Vinggar, coffee, sulphur, and other things, were burnt on charcoal fires moved from place to place. Limewash was freely applied under the main deck on the sides of the between deck, and in the hold. In the afternoon after the between decks were dry the sick passengers were taken down again and made as comfortable as possible. An event happened on one of these wash days which was very sad indeed. A young married man sick with the disease and desponding made a sudden rush for the stern and jumped overboard. One of the sailors jumped over to save him, but he was never seen to come up. After the boat returned from picking up the sailor the wailing of the poor young wife was heart-rending. Wailing for the dead was going on constantly, therefore one more made but little difference. In less than two days the vile stench below was equally as bad as it was before the cleaning. It was attributed to the rough lumber which held fecal, and other matter, exudations of the sick and dying. No matter what we did this stench remained. The

GERMS OF THE DISEASE

were held in suspension in the confined space. Much of this foulness was washed down on the ballast through the bad caulking of the between deck. All our drinking water was more or less affected. When visiting this deck the shrieks of the delirious, the moaning of the sick, the wailing for the dead and the terror-stricken appearance of all the poor creatures, who in addition to all this were suffering from the lack of proper food, were sufficient to strike terror to the strongest heart. In those days foreign going vessels carried in addition to captain, chief, and 2nd mate, cook and steward, two men and one boy for each hundred tons. Our crew was made up of ten men, four petty officers, and seven boys. The writer, then turned eleven years of age, the youngest; the captain's son acting 3rd mate, the eldest. For about three weeks the watch on deck in the morning or when any death took place during the day went down, took the body out of the berth, sewing it up in some of the bed clothes, or falling them old canvas, carrying it to the main hatchway, hauling it up a plank on deck. A bag of stones always kept ready was tied to the feet and then the body was launched overboard. After the death of several of our crew the men refused to have anything more to do with the dead passengers. For a few days it looked as if we were to have a mutiny in addition to our other troubles. The men gained their point and would not touch the dead. So all this work devolved on the petty officers and the boys. During our passage of 42 days from the Cove of Cork, until we arrived at Grosse Isle quarantine station, one hundred and eighteen adults, including those of our crew,

WERE BURIED AT SEA.

This does not include many children; how many it would be hard to say. There were a great many when we started and but few went on ashore at Grosse Isle. The poor parents would rarely tell of their children's death during the day, but bring them up in the night to some of us boys, who would tie some stones to their feet and drop the bodies overboard. Was this epidemic the act of God? No! It was the outcome of inhuman men, who to make a little more money sent over 400 human beings to sea in a vessel entirely unsuitable, with poor and insufficient provisions, and without a doctor. The result was inevitable. The remainder of the emigrants and all that remained of our crew except thirteen, whom the examining doctors passed, or rather allowed to stay on board to clean and purify the ship (the writer is one of these) were taken on shore. In all human probability many of these escaped, some of whom are no doubt alive now. During the time we were lying at Grosse Isle, an English ship called either Virginia or Virginian came in with emigrants in a similar condition to ours. My object in writing about this terrible passage is with the hope that it may meet the eye of some of those who came out in the Sir Henry Pottinger. Should any of the survivors see this it would give me extreme pleasure to correspond with them.

Where Money Talks.

Binkers—Look at that shabby millionaire. You can't judge a man by his dress. Winkers—No, but you can judge him by his wife's.

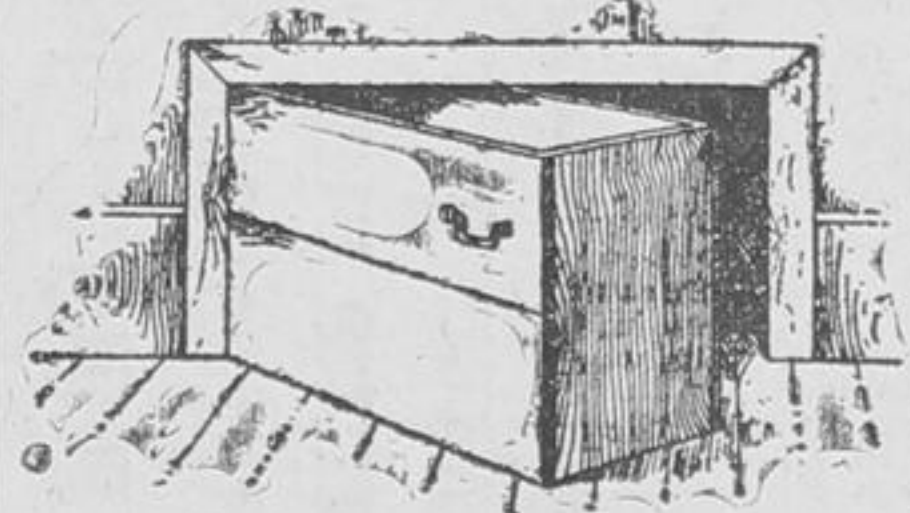
A Father to His Son.

My son, said a fond father, a man whose early, and late, education had been somewhat neglected, but whose great success qualified him to give advice. Take this for your motto in life: K. K.: Keep Kool.

THE HOME.

A Concealed Wood-box

The illustration shows a way in which the kitchen wood-box can often be arranged so that it need not be in the kitchen at all, except when wood is being taken from it, and wholly outside the kitchen when being filled. Where a shed, or laundry, adjoins the kitchen, an opening the exact size of front of the wood-box can be made at the base of the partition and the face of the box hinged at one end to the side of the opening, as shown in the illustration. The



box can then be filled from outside the partition, and when wood is needed in the kitchen stove it is an easy matter to pull one end of the box—which may have small castors at the swinging end—into the kitchen, pushing it back into place when the wood desired has been removed. To permit the box to fit snugly into the opening, the swinging end must of course have its end board form somewhat less than a right angle with the front of the box.

Furnishing the Sitting-room

The best and cheapest covering for the walls is paper of a graceful pattern. This is preferable to plain white walls, which look cold and cheerless, and show every soiled spot so plainly. In these days, we have so many exquisite designs even in the cheapest paper, that there is no excuse for one that is not pretty. If you wish a cool, restful room, select some of the delicate grays, with tendrils or other small designs all over it. If your sitting-room is on the north side of the house, select warm, bright colors for it. Suit your own taste in this matter, but be sure that all the furniture is in accord with the paper.

It is usually desirable in winter to cover the entire floor with carpet, and remember to have the pattern, which in nine cases out of ten should be small, correct and pleasing. Have a book-case with a great many books in it, a newspaper holder provided with the best literature of the day, a table that will keep steady while you work or write at it, and large enough for four or five persons to sit around it; several good substantial chairs, with or without rockers, and a lounge or couch that you can sit or lie upon. Do not cover the head rests or sofa pillows with a material that is too fine for the tired head to rest upon.

There should be a large work basket, well furnished with needles, thread, thimble, scissors and other tools required for the sewing or mending, and a cupboard with drawers, in which the unfinished work may be kept free from dust. You will want a few pictures on the wall; not simply something to fill up gaps, but real work of art, such as will inspire a love for the beautiful in the hearts of your children. Choose cheery, glad pictures for this room, where so much of your life is spent. Little bits of landscape, touches of sunshine, and beautiful head pieces are better than sad and gloomy ones.

If there is no mantle in the room, put up a long shelf to hold the clock and one or two vases of flowers. A cabinet of shelves to hold small articles, will add to the good appearance of the room, and hold the treasures more safely than when they are pinned or otherwise fastened in odd spaces about the room.

Then if any of the family are musical, there should be an organ or piano, with a rack for holding music. Provide everything possible to make the long winter evenings pass pleasantly and profitably to each member of the family.

Have nothing in this room that you do not know to be useful. Do not fill it with pretty trifles, which are too dainty to handle, and answer no other purpose than to catch the dust. It should be neat, cheerful and home-like; a place for the tired husband to find rest and solid comfort—a room to which the children's thoughts will turn lovingly in after years, when they are tired in their conflict with the world, and long for the peace and the pleasant associations of home.

Caution to Housekeepers.

Here is a bit of information that should prove of value to housekeepers.

The State entomologist of Massachusetts, who has been studying the habits of the buffalo carpet-beetle and pitchy carpet beetle, a similar pest, cautions housewives to look for the beetles of the first-mentioned nuisance as early in the year as the months of February and March. At that time watch for them on the windows and window sills, look over all the woollen clothing not in frequent use, and examine every day any pieces of red carpeting on your floors. As is well known, later in the year the beetles are sometimes brought into the house in flowers, and have a special liking for the blossoms of spiraea.

In order to prevent the larvae from attacking carpets from the under side, saturate the cracks with benzine, and cover them completely with carpet-paper and newspapers. The exposed edges of carpets are protected by washing them with a solution of corrosive sublimate and alcohol. Sixty grains of the sublimate to a pint of alcohol is the portion to use. This remedy, which is a poison, cannot be safely used where there are little children that play upon the floor.

Useful Recipes.

Italian Soup without Meat.—Put a tablespoonful of drippings and one-quarter of a pound of salt pork chopped fine into a kettle, when hot add half a small cabbage, one carrot, some small pieces of celery and half a cupful each of string beans and green peas if you like them; now add half a can of tomatoes and about a cupful of any meat or poultry gravy you may have, and suffi-

cient water to make about three pints of soup. Boil gently one hour, then add one potato, cut into small pieces and half a cupful of rice. Cook half an hour, season with salt and pepper and serve.

Salmon Timbales.—Put half a cupful of cream or milk into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, add salt, cayenne, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a few drops of onion juice; when hot add one and one-half cupfuls of cold boiled salmon or canned salmon, mashed very fine; when boiling add the beaten yolks of three eggs; take from the fire and stir in carefully the whites of the eggs well beaten, fill greased timbale cups two thirds full, set the cups in a pan of hot water and bake twenty minutes. Turn out on hot plates and serve at once with Hollandaise sauce.

Hollandaise Sauce.—Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream, add the yolks of three eggs one by one, juice of a half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Put this in a double boiler and beat with an egg beater until the sauce begins to thicken, then add gradually half a cupful of boiling water, beating constantly; when it is like soft custard, serve.

PAPER CANNONS.

They Are Elastic and Light and Have Great Strength.

It was discovered some time ago that efficient heavy guns could be made out of a composition composed largely of leather. Now it has been discovered that a good paper can be used for the same purpose.

The body of the gun is made of paper pulp. The core is of metal, and made very much like the cores of ordinary cannon. The exterior of the cannon is wound with wire. About five layers of copper, brass or steel wire are firmly wound on, thus binding the cannon. Outside of the covering of wire are various bands of brass. These bands are set with uprights, through which rods extend parallel with the gun. There are lock nuts on each side of the uprights, and these hold the rods in place.

The process of making the gun is as follows: A special grade of paper pulp, in which the fiber is long, is selected and well agitated. The usual hardening and toughening ingredients, consisting of litharge, wax, tallow, white lead and blue, are introduced. The pulp is then run into molds and cast of the proper shape. The steel core is put in; wire is bound around the exterior; brass or steel bands are securely set about the whole, and the parallel rods are applied. The rods, being of steel, possess a degree of spring, and as they are fastened to the bands, the result is a gun which will give way slightly at each discharge, yet cannot burst.

A person may make his muscles rigid and fall to the ground, in which case he is likely to receive a broken bone; but if the muscles are relaxed the bones will give way somewhat and will not break. The same principle is applied in the paper cannon. The pulp, although exceedingly durable, will give way enough to prevent a break. The layers of wire, the binding of steel bands and the parallel rods add strength. In war times it is easy to latter down a brick wall or a stone foundation; but a protection of bales of hay, bags of sand or similar substance is not affected, as the shot is simply imbedded in it. The chief points of the pulp gun are elasticity and lightness. Being lighter, it follows that transportation will be easier. It is said that the leather pulp guns, which, if made of metal, would require a derrick to move, are readily transported on light wagons. Paper pulp is no heavier than leather pulp

A BRAVE QUEEN.

Marie Amelie of Portugal inoculated with Diphtheria Serum.

A despatch from Lisbon says:—With the object of removing the prejudice that exists among the people here against the newly discovered serum of diphtheria, a malady that commits terrible ravages in Portugal, young Queen Marie Amelie has just submitted to inoculation, being the first crowned head or royal personage to undergo the treatment. As a further proof



QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

of her anxiety to achieve good in this connection, she has placed the riding school of the royal stables at the disposal of the medical authorities of the city for use as a laboratory and furnished thirty-five of her own horses for producing anti-toxine, she assuming all expense in connection with the matter.

The Cry of Alarm.

Sergeant—Meier, just imagine yourself to be standing sentry at the outposts one evening. Suddenly a figure approaches you from behind, and you feel yourself clasped by a pair of powerful arms. What call will you give?

Soldier—Come, Marie, let me loose!

Life's Weary Round.

Mother—You don't look very happy. Married Daughter—Love in a cottage, with bread and cheese and kisses, isn't what it's cracked up to be. Just as I told you. You are tired of bread and cheese already. No-e, not tired of the bread and cheese—tired of the kisses.

RAILROADING IN A STORM.

TRIALS AND PRIVATIONS OF THE RAILWAY MEN.

Where Life is in Danger—A Brakeman's Thrilling Tale—With the Snow-Plow—Tackling a Drift With All Steam On—These Storms Cost the Company a Heap of Money.

Railroading in a great storm is an undertaking that few of the people who live in sheltered cities or seldom venture outside of cosy farm houses have any idea of. Trainers suffer much more in such times than do even the nags attached to a street car.

The brakemen on the hundreds of freight trains that move up and down the country every day probably have the greatest difficulties to contend with. Their troubles carry with them a fearful risk of life. To say that they often carry their lives in the nails of their heavy boots is to tell the truth. The man who can walk on the narrow ice-covered plankway on top of a long line of standing freight cars and not slip and fall to the ground is an expert, or else has spikes in his boots. And

THE RISK THEY TAKE

is increased immeasurably when, as the train is hurrying through the country at a rate of 30 or 40 miles, a snow bank is sighted ahead, and the locomotive whistle summons the brakeman from their comfortable quarters in the caboose to scale the tops of the cars and make a hasty application of the brakes. Added to the wind which the speed of the train raises is the gale and storm. Snow beats in blinding fashion into the brakeman's face, and his lantern scarce suffices to light his plankway—one step from which would mean a horrible death. He is almost forced to go slowly, yet he must hurry on, for the train is not slackening its speed perceptibly, and the threatened obstruction is being closely approached.

THE FROSTY BRAKE WHEELS

clinging to his leather mitts, and add to the difficulties. Perhaps there are a few flat or coal cars in the train, and they must be carefully clambered over, and yet no time be lost. And so it goes.

The wonder is that brakemen often live to tell the tale. Yet accidents are comparatively very few. The brakemen are a sturdy, sure-footed lot of young men.

A G. T. R. brakeman told the writer of an experience of his in the late big blow and bluster. With a comrade in his caboose he took a train west to the St. Clair Tunnel. The cars were covered with snow and ice, and the calls made were so numerous that two men were almost continually out on duty. The hurricanes that swept over the broad stretches of country threatened to hurl them from the car tops, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they kept from falling.

THE COLD WAS INTENSE

and every available moment was put in beside the red-hot stove in the caboose.

"We were bowling along at a pretty good hickory," the brakeman said, "and were just coming out of a cut into the open. I was returning to the caboose anticipating a longer stay than usual. I guess I got a bit careless, for just as we came out of the cut the wind gave me a broadside that I didn't expect. I tottered, but tried hard to balance myself. It wasn't any use, though, and over I went. Like a flash my past life came before me, with visions of the grand wind-up I was going to have right away. But in some unaccountable manner I got a firm hold of the gang plank and hung on. I was so cold I had an awful job pulling myself back, but I got there. I found myself so nervous I had to creep back along the cars to the caboose. Billy —, my mate, came up to look for me, and gave me the laugh. I didn't say anything, but I couldn't walk back to that caboose if the whole town was lookin' at me."

WITH A SNOW PLOW.

Running the snow-plow is another difficult task that the heavy storms impose on engineers and firemen. The old-fashioned snow-plow is still on deck. New kinds have been invented and tried here, but none have proved so efficient as the heavy old wooden affair that clears the tracks of snow by reason of the sheer force of the locomotive behind it. It is an imposing scene to see one of these plows strike a big drift. When one is sighted the throttle of the engine is opened, and with all speed on the plow and locomotive plunge headlong into banked white stuff. A cloud of snow instantly whirles plow, engine and all, and then, if the "rush" has been successful, they appear in a moment in safety on the other side, and with steam of a trifle.

THE HUNT FOR MORE DRIFTS

is continued. But it not infrequently happens that the first plunge into the bank is unsuccessful. Especially in long cuts is there danger of this. Should the plow become wedged in, the locomotive backs up if it can and makes another rush. If it can't pull the plow out the men in the auxiliary car behind get to work with shovels. They do surprisingly quick work. There is no fear of a collision by their delay, however, for the plow on duty has the right of way.

The shock sustained by a locomotive thus suddenly stopped by a snow bank is severe. The engineer and firemen have to carefully brace themselves for the onslaught. And at times they have sustained serious injury by being thrown forward.

It is found safer to keep the plows out during storms as much as possible, as great drifts are thus prevented from forming. The supply of plows is limited, however, and a good deal of heavy work has to be encountered.

Avoided the Subject

Winks—Did McKick have much to say on the subject of railroad monopoly while you were there?

Minks—Well, no. You see, just after I called, a cartman drove up with a box for him. The railroad freight on it for a hundred miles was a quarter; the cartman's charge for hauling it six blocks was fifty cents.