

MEMORIES.

How often trifle remind us Of the old days long passed by; And how often we live them over In dreams dispelled with a sigh.

WRECKED IN A CAVE.

A True Story of Newfoundland. BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

HERE were six schooners at Petipas ready to put to sea. Petipas is the trading settlement at the head of navigation in the Bay of Islands on the west coast of Newfoundland.

It was already late in the season, and if those schooners delayed there much longer they would have to remain all winter, as there is no navigation there after the autumnal storms begin; the harbors are few and the entire coast is rocky, one great cliff, offering not shelter, but only destruction.

Yes, it was high time for those six schooners to start for home. The wind was at the north-east and fair for them, although the sky was overcast, and out in the gulf it was doubtless blowing hard. But if they could once get clear of the land before the wind shifted to the west, as it was sure to do, they could manage to work their way home. Anyway, this was their chance, and they had to risk it. He who goes to sea must be ready to take risks. No fair-weather sailor ever succeeded in his vocation.

These schooners started in a bunch, and the rapid current, with the fitful squalls, took them past the narrows into the middle of the Bay of Islands. Had the wind held they would have cleared the land long before night. But the tremendous cliffs which surrounded them often shut off the wind, which would again sweep out of the narrow gulches with the quickness and force of a cannon-ball. Under the vast cliffs of Blomidan the squalls and calms were exceedingly trying.

What made the matter worse the wind was gradually shifting to the south, which showed that it was working around to the west, the very thing the skippers of the little fleet most dreaded.

Late in the afternoon the schooners found themselves near Ouhal, or Guernsey Island, an inaccessible rock 1,300 feet high, which stands just in the entrance of the Bay of Islands. There is a passage on either side, although the southern channel is preferred. The question for each captain to decide now was which passage to take. From habit as much as any reason five of the schooners took the southern passage. The Sea Foam took the northern channel, and the schooners parted never to meet again. Every one of these five schooners were lost that night with all on board. Jack Fowler was on the Sea Foam. His father was captain and part owner of the stanch little clipper. He was as smart a man as ever sailed a schooner on the Gulf of Lawrence. It was the custom at the opening of the season to load up his vessel with "notions" and start on a trading cruise on the coast of Newfoundland. In the hold were barrels of flour, kerosene oil, rice, oatmeal, fishing nets and the like. The cabin was fitted with shelves like a country grocery store, and it was packed with gingham, sea boots, oil coats, woolen caps, hoods, thread and needles, looking glasses, combs and brushes, fish-hooks, cheap dolls, jewelry, accordeons, plug tobacco, three-for-a-cent cigars, and in fact, every sort of knick-knack likely to be needed by the simple folk of the coast. There was also good store of poor tea and ardent spirits. On dropping anchor in port Captain Fowler would hire the largest available room and give a dance that would be the sensation of the season in the settlement. Thus a pleasant understanding would come about and a brisk trade would follow; he took his pay chiefly in salt fish.

The trade that year had been good and the hold of the Sea Foam was well loaded. There was a good store of silver in the captain's chest as well, and he looked forward with lively satisfaction to a comfortable winter at home with his family. He had never stayed as late as this in Newfoundland, perhaps because he had a larger fleet than usual and more goods to dispose of. It was intensely dark when the Sea Foam finally cleared the vast, vague mass of the mighty swell rolling in from the west. A gale of wind was piping up from the south; the gloom was appalling; a spiteful dash of rain occasionally added to the wildness of the scene. The only ray of hope seemed to be in the northwest, where a streak of clear sky on the horizon, a mere seam under the brooding canopy of night and storm, promised fair weather. But to the experienced eye of Captain Fowler that streak of light was filled with inexplicable dread. At that season of the year following a northeaster meant to them that spot a tempest, a lee shore, and in all probability destruction.

The Sea Foam ought to have been under close reef. But a press of sail was carried on her with the hope of making an offing before a shift of the wind. She leaped from wave to wave like a mad steed, buried in a smother of foam that swept the decks fore and aft and shook every timber in the ship. Her lee rail was awash; every rope and timber and spar creaked and groaned under the pressure. Not an eye on board was closed. The westerly swell making a cross-sea with the southerly surge showed that a shift of the wind could not long be deferred. And when it came how many of them would see another dawn.

When the schooner had cleared the northern head of the Bay of Islands Captain Fowler eased her off a point or two to the north and to increase her headway. His aim was to place a safe distance between them and the land. If they could hold that course until after midnight they might then in case of an emergency be able to run for the Straits of Belle Isle. But we can never quite tell when the southwesterly will shift northwest and what will be the force of the latter.

Jack was on deck clinging with a firm grip on the companion ways. He did his share at steering and handling the sails, but just then there was nothing to be done but watch and wait. He was somewhat anxious, but not half as anxious as his father, for he was too young as yet fully to realize the power and the terror of the seas.

There came a stronger blast than usual, and a smart shower. The change of wind was at hand. The schooner lay over almost on her beam ends. "Luff," cried the captain; then rang out the order to shorten sail instantly. The bonnet was taken off the jib, the fore and main sails were close reefed. It was a hard job and done none too soon. For hardly had everything been made snug when there came a very heavy shower, followed by a lull. For a moment there was a dead calm. The little vessel wallowed helplessly, and nothing was heard but the dreary wash of the sea. But the light streak in the west was broadening rapidly. The lower edge of the rising mass of clouds was fringed with a thin, ragged mist and smoke, indicating a violent agitation of the elements.

Captain Fowler sprang to the helm himself and cried, "Ease off your main-sheet; flap your weather jib sheet from a cold puff from the west shuddered through the west sails. "Let go the foresail; lively there, boys, lively!" Hardly were the words out of his mouth when a roar was heard approaching the ship like a thunder of a cataract. The men sprang to the ropes, and as the foresail came down a terrific blast struck the schooner and laid her side under to the sea. She all but went over. As she righted away Captain Fowler eased her by slowly parting down the helm as she leaped away with the fury of a fiend.

The wind and sea arose. It became impossible to carry anything but try-sails. But even with those there was no hope; and when the mainmast parted near the partners the game was indeed up. The plaything of the storm, swept by every sea, the schooner drifted swiftly toward the land. The deadly boom of the surf roaring down above the howling wind soon announced the vicinity of the implacable cliffs. In a few moments the fated men on the schooner expected to be beaten to death on the rocks. There came a tremendous breaker. It lifted the doomed ship on its mighty shoulders and rushed with it toward the land. The cliffs literally towered overhead. But when the crew gave themselves up for lost the surge suddenly retired and the ship settled down on a ledge above the rest of the shore within a vast cavity in the face of the precipice. To their amazement when day broke the crew found their vessel comparatively unharmed. The waves came into the cove, but rarely with their full force. The first sensation of all on board was one of relief and gratitude. They were all safe but two who had been washed overboard and lost. But when they were able to examine their situation more calmly despair took the place of hope. They were surrounded with inaccessible cliffs. Far as they could see north and south the land stretched away like a stupendous wall.

There was no access by the shore, for there was no beach to speak of, and their boats had both been lost. Ships were wrecked before them was the only prospect before them was to exist in that horrible situation until spring. What fearful sufferings were before them with all the rigors of cold and starvation! Would any of them live to see another spring?

And yet to think that only a few miles away, perhaps only a few rods on the cliff above them human beings were living who might devise some way to save them if they knew! So in our very cities men and women die of suffering and want which might be relieved by those living in the next street if they but knew!

The only thing to be done was to take account of all the provisions on the schooner and proceed at once to arrange matters for a long, hard winter. The vessel was victualled for only a few days, and they had expected to get across to Nova Scotia in that time, and what provisions they had were damaged by the sea. Some of the codfish in the hold remained unsoaked by the sea, some biscuit, a little salt beef and pork and half a barrel of flour. There was some tea, but this was little use without water, and of that the supply was scanty. There was a small stock of spirits, which was reserved as a last resort. What gave them perhaps the most apprehension was the question of fuel, of which there was very little left. How long would the spars and ship timbers hold out against the severity of winter?

Captain Fowler made a careful calculation of everything. Each article was measured off into daily rations. This distribution all agreed to abide by. Jack was also appointed to keep the log and each day to make note of what passed, even if only to set down the date.

There was a Bible and a prayer-book on board, which had not been often read. But the solemnity of the occasion caused them to reflect as they had never done before, and every morning and evening a chapter was read with prayers. The supply of candles and oil was so short that most of the long evenings they sat and talked in the dark around the stove. The fuel gave out in December and they began to break up the spars and fore part of the ship for wood.

Christmas and New Year's were anything but festive days. This life of lonely men did their best to be cheerful. On Christmas the last of the flour was made into a plum duff that was conspicuous for the absence of plums. They drank in whiskey to the health of the folks at home, but on the whole they were glad when the day was done. Early in January the mate, made desperate by these terrible hardships, thought he would try to reach some accessible spot where he might climb the cliff by walking on the ice. He was never seen again. Another of the men soon yielded to a chronic disease. This left only three survivors. The supply of water gave out early, but as long as they were able to keep up a fire they could melt the snow which drifted into the cave and robed the vessel in a mantle of ermine. But for this resource they would all have perished before Christmas, and perhaps it would have been better for them if it had been so.

In February they had the good luck to kill a pair of seals which ventured too near the ship on the ice. This supply of fresh meat kept them alive awhile longer. But their hardships told fearfully on the three who remained, and in March the cook died. Jack and his father alone remained. Jack had an iron constitution and an inexhaustible hope. But for him his father might have died earlier. He lived for his son. The open season was now approaching, and although near the last gasp, he might have weathered these cruel sufferings if he had not been struck down by a piece of rock falling from overhead. This was, as it were, the last straw. He lingered in his berth, tenderly nursed by his heroic boy. April had come and if he could only live a few days, a few hours more, help would come to them. But it was of no avail to care about him; his strength was ended.

"Jack," said he, calling the boy to his side and feebly grasping his hand, "Jack, my boy, you will live to see them at home again; tell them I thought of them to the last. Be good to your mother. God bless you. "Oh, father, not yet, not yet; you will be all right again; I know you will. I am sure you shall be saved yet," sobbed Jack, with streaming eyes. But while he spoke a slight spasm shook his father's frame, and he passed away with a deep, gasping sigh. For the first time Jack gave up all hope. Who would not, situated as he was? It was appalling. Without strength, without food, without fire, alone with the dead. The second day along with the dead. Jack lay on the cabin floor wrapped in a blanket, his emaciated hand clenched over his last biscuit, and his teeth set in the last agony. A noise was heard and an old man and a boy stepped into the cabin. They started back in amazement and horror.

They recovering themselves they approached and found Jack still breathing. The old man pulled out a flask and poured a few drops down Jack's throat. They also chided Jack's hands and feet. The boy then went out and in a few minutes brought back some warm tea and a little porridge from the cuddy in their fishing boat. It is enough to add that Jack was brought back to life just at the moment when his soul was fluttering on the bounds of the spirit world. The spring had returned indeed, but after what a winter.

The Old Santa Fe Trail. Thirty-five years after Columbus discovered this continent Alva Nunez Cabeza de Vaca sailed from Spain and landed in Florida, or in the region now called by that name. From there he made a wonderful overland journey to the City of Mexico. On that journey a party of wayfarers traversed a route which ever since has found great favor with travelers to New Mexico. Just think of it! There is a road 800 miles long, rising so imperceptibly for over 600 miles of the distance as to seem absolutely level, and without a single bridge from end to end! What wonderful tales that road could tell of the bearded followers of de Vaca, thin and worn by privation and the fatigues of their long journey through a wilderness until then pathless—the after settlement of the neighborhood by the Spaniards—of the coming of the hardy American pioneer, traders, soldiers, settlers and last, but not most important of all, the railroad engineers, and Indian warrior has that ancient trail witnessed. Phil Kearney knew it well, for had he not fought over nearly its entire length? Kit Carson achieved much of his fame in its vicinity, and in the early fifties F. X. Aubrey, a young man, made a famous ride along it over the same route, from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Elephant's Memory. The elephant has an excellent memory. It recollects friends well and it rarely forgets an injury. It is recorded of one that it smashed a cocoanut upon its driver's head, and smashed the man's head at the same time because the lazy, thoughtless fellow had broken a cocoanut on its skull the day before. A quartermaster engaged in superintending the removal of baggage in the camp by means of a creature, became angry at the creature's refusing to carry more than a certain weight, and foolishly flung a tent peg at its head. Some days afterward the elephant overtook the quartermaster as he was going through the camp, seized him with its trunk and neatly placed him among the branches of a tamarind tree, leaving him to reach the ground again in the best way he could.

Got His Discharge. A most remarkable incident has occurred at the City Hospital. It is the custom there every afternoon at 2 o'clock for one of the clerks to visit the various wards and tell the patients who are able to go home that they are discharged. Several days ago the clerk entered M ward, and, walking to the side of Henry Jueg's cot, said: "You can go out to-day. Your name is on the discharge list." Jueg, who was suffering from heart disease, leaped upon his elbow, and turning to Dr. Wolf, who was standing near by, asked in an anxious tone: "Doctor, am I discharged?" "Why, no," was the answer, "you are not well enough." Before the physician could utter another word the patient dropped back—dead.—Cincinnati Enquirer

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OLD ISSUES DEAD. A Time for New Parties of the People and for the People.

The people should fear the great of to-day, so-called, writes Harry Hinton in the National Economist. No grinding laws of oppression and tyranny ever emanated from any class except the great, so called. All the tyrannous class legislation of the United States emanated from the great. As a rule the greater they become the more dangerous they become. It would be a good-lead to the republic if the old party regimes, with their old war-horses and champions could be at once eliminated from American politics, and new methods, new ideas and new men on one fell swoop be installed at the capital. The old parties have lived long enough. They have become cankered and dusty with age and crime. They have performed their mission. The country needs them no longer. Their continued useless existence is at variance with the continued existence of a free people. They have brought calamities enough, corruption enough, oppression and injustice enough. Why should they live? Why should they be a menace to the Republic? Can not the people form new parties just as good, and let all the old memories and prejudices, vermin and venality fly away? Is it a culmination devoutly to be wished? Who will deny it? Every patriot from the gulf to the lakes answers Amen! With these solid reasons we appeal to every man to at once repudiate these two old useless hags and segregate on new lines. It matters not what your platform may be. This government belongs to the people, and what they may do is their own business and no one else's. We fear not the people. The powerful party leaders are the dangerous characters and the coadjutors the platocratic public. The one poisons the body politic so the other can oppress and enslave.

The two old parties are tyrants. Their ways are the ways of tyranny. Let no man support tyranny in any shape. The difference between them is small, mainly about the tariff. Cleveland was elected on a tariff plank that Republicans might adopt. These two old parties can unite and will unite if necessary, without a jar. All that gives them life and existence is their convenient organization for grinding out place and plunder. Let every reader of this once repudiate these machines and commence to work to form two new parties. One has already started called the People's party. Let those who differ with the People's party commence to organize a national party. Let there be two ones die. Let these two parties be of the people and for the people. Discard the old venal horde which has sat like an incubus in this nation so long. We welcome any party which is of the people and for the people. It matters not what its platform may be. Now is the time to commence, so as to be ready by '92. Why will you stand idly while your house is burning? If you can not agree with the People's party, form one you like better. Are you going to deny the facts I have stated, that the two old parties and their leaders are dangerous to the Republic? If you deny these facts and believe they are all pure and right, stay and be enslaved. Otherwise flee from these political Sodoms and Gomorrah.

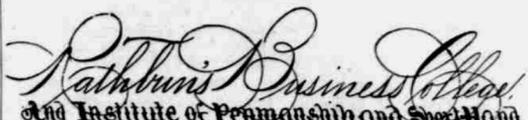
Moreover we will ask the people, how do you know you are the governing power in this nation? You have done nothing to prove it. But if you will down a party or build up a party you will furnish some evidence you have a power in this government. As the case now stands, there is not one jot of evidence to prove that the government has not already passed from the control of the people, and that they are not the mental slaves of prejudiced and hatreds and party bosses. You can not prove your manhood and that you have a people's government without you prove your ability to build up and tear down parties. When you prove to the world your ability to do that you will have made one of the grandest strides in popular freedom that has ever been made in the annals of time. You will have sloughed off the old skin of plutocracy and all the old ways of political sin, and will stand forth in new garments of truth and integrity. Let the township meet and make its political platform. Let all the townships in the county meet with their separate platforms and reserve what they can unite upon. Let the counties meet in state convention and compare notes, holding fast to that which is good. Let the states meet in national convention, compare platforms in the same manner, and launch forth the National party fresh from the people and for the people. Then we will have two parties made and built up by the people, so that we can discard the two old plutocratic parties and all their rubbish. We wish to be understood that we advocate the platform of the People's party. We wish further to be understood that we are not afraid of any party springing up among the masses. We frankly admit that we see nothing in either old party but treachery and danger to republican liberty.

Atelison Champion: "It is a remarkable fact that a large proportion of the masters of the money question have accumulated but little money." How about the Wall street lights, who last fall after denouncing our western demand for more money, concluded it was necessary for the treasury to issue more money for the benefit of Wall street? To be sure just before they reached that conclusion they had not been accumulating very much money either.

Won't do in a Free Country. A celebrated English preacher addressing the late religious convention at Chicago talked business in the sinners and gave them "straight goods." He said: "To bring the Pharisee to the positive side of sin is easily done nowadays in Chicago and other large cities. 'I give tithes to the poor. I fast twice a week,' says the Pharisee. That man would rob widows' houses and grind the faces of the poor, and do all that is devilish in the abomination of business, and business and devilment seem to be getting to be one and the same thing on both sides of the water." Tut! tut! man, we don't allow any priest to talk so to us in this free country. We boycott such and cut off their base of supplies.

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