FROM VANCOUVER TO SYDNEY.

SYDNEY, March 4th, 1896.

Seventy hours after leaving Salt Lake City we reached the rather pleasant little city of Vancouver, B. C. On leaving the cars we found a cold, cutting, north ocean from Alaska awaiting us, which made our ears tingle and invested our somewhat lethargic limbs with considerable agility, with the result that we were very soon seated in front of a charming wood fire at the hotel, at which place we were made very comfortable during our stay of twenty-four hours. Next day about 3 p. m. we mustered aboard, were assigned our cabin and then proceeded to learn the ropes. After watching the loading operations, which was a very animated scene, we paced up and down in the cabin endeavor to get warm. To be sure, steam pipes were laid in our part of the ship, but it was so wonderfully cold, the steward said, that the pipes were frozen. A glance at the interior of the Warrimoo showed us that she was not built for cold weather. The floors of our and of the ship were all made of tiles, and in such weather as we experienced then, the coldest that Vancouver people remember to many years, with the sun above our heads and at our sides and tiles at our feet, it will be readily understood that we did not remain much when the steward crushed our hopes by telling us that the steam pipes we had been examining all the evening were frozen up. In sheer disgust we took ourselves to bed to get warm, and were only awakened by the sound of the winch on the deck overhead and the noise of the crew as they were casting loose from the wharf about 4 o'clock next morning.

The run down to Victoria, about eighty-five miles, occupied about six hours and would have been quite an ordinary everyday channel run but for the extreme cold. Sometimes we were almost within a stone's throw of shores, at others a mile away; but wherever we were, the scenery was much the same. Pines skirted the shore, which in some places was quite rocky, and pines covered the hill tops as far as the eye could reach. The snow which was to have been in patches on either side among the pines seemed to make everything look very cold and cheerless. Victoria was reached early in the afternoon and we went ashore to get up a circulation but passing through the streets we were soon warned by seeing the sign "no let" on every hand and made our way back to our refrigerator in time to hear the whistle sound for visitors to pass down the gangway and passengers to come on board.

In a very short time we were on our way towards the much talked of Race Rocks, with the breeze of the morning strengthened to a strong wind and a light snow falling. Indications pointed to a rough night, but it was somewhat reassuring to look on the bridge and see a stalwart figure whose face was almost hidden by a heavy muffler, whom we knew to be the pilot. The storm seemed to grow in intensity as darkness approached, and when we retired the wind was blowing a gale, and the snow was blinding. The noise of the monotonous foghorn, which was sounded at quick intervals to warn approaching vessels, and the slight anxiety as to whether we would run aground on Race Rocks, as the Warrimoo did a short time ago, kept us awake sometime.

It seemed as if we were only asleep a few minutes before I was awakened by an awful lurching coming over me. The wind was still howling through the ropes and the ship was pitching violently, which told us that we had safely passed the rocks and rounded the Cape and were fairly on our way across the mighty Pacific ocean. Every few minutes the waves would wash overboard, and every dip of the ship showed to that one of our ports was not screwed up tightly. Gallons of water rushed in on the lower part of my berth and ran on to my companion's, saturating our beds and almost causing our grips to float around in the cabin. At every dip we would hear the swish of the water as it ran from side to side across the floor, and every plunge of the boat caused the two huge anchors at her bows to strike the water with such terrible force that it seemed to us, lying as we were in such close proximity, that they would surely come through the side. Sometimes when the ship had dipped heavily, thousands tons of water on the fore poop, much of which would pass over the mean water down into the open deck below, it seemed to us she lurly staggered as a man might do who is drunk very hard. Once during that memorable night when a big wave broke off a heavy iron ventilator, several sleeping passengers were suddenly aroused to the downpour of several tons of water which broke down all the bunks in that section and flooded the cabins. For a while it seemed to me that something serious had happened because the ship went so smoothly afterwards. The fact was, as we learned later, that the engines were eased down to "dead slow" to enable her to ride the waves.

In the pleasing contrast with the crash and consternation among some of the passengers was the cheery "all's well!" ring out every half hour in clarion tones from the throat of some lusty sailor in a sheltered position on the "look's out." It was reassuring to us to know that experienced men were watching constantly for danger in spite of the severity of the weather, although as far as most of the passengers were concerned all was far from being well. For my own part, if so much performing might be excused, as soon as my eyes were opened in the small hours of that morning the feeling of seasickness was upon me. I do not, it was in a mild form, but it was there, urging me to sit up, then to lie down, and causing a general restlessness that my best to spite of all preventatives. A glance at my companion's bunk showed me that he was enjoying the sleep of the just. A look of peace and contentment was spread his placid features, and his regular breathing told me that it was my turn first. He might be also but not a wink he slept so peacefully as he appeared to be doing then. I lay awake looking for me but to lie back and await developments.

It was a weary wait, but it came, and the little cabin so lacking its conveniences that it made to launch on the rolling of the back was pressed into service. After exchanging my nightgown with the ship's uniform I lay back feeling sick and easier and wondering how soon the lusty weather would continue, when a lusty voice shouted my name from the bunk below, dodging out to stand down the "collection plate" in a hurry. Once started, the contributions flowed in, and the "plate" was passed up and down all night. Sometimes two heads might have been found together over it.

Nothing occurred to the motion of proceedings on Sunday night, even though we were thus good time, that a gale of great force had hit Sydney. The roaring and howling noises which required our ears when other parts of the ship informed us that we were not alone, but for the sweet influence of the rolling water was screaming past cabin to cabin, rolling in the holes of seasickness were sufficient workers. And once a person rolled upon that latter at the little cousins of the whole immediately. For at times we slept in beds that were saturated with sea water and treated to the music of water dropping from bunk to bunk. Even the wind of our shoes, and grips sliding round the floor as our cabin—but we were not in the least disturbed.

Next morning the steward looked in to know if we were ready for breakfast, to which we replied that we had been waiting very hard for the seven hours previous, so we did not eat at all hungry and a snake in the head was the reply. We said to us all that day and part of the great, but suddenly determined he thought it off. Consequently we took an hour to dress and staggered on deck, being pretty weak and sick.

It is somewhat amusing to watch a convalescent passenger on deck for the first time during stormy weather. It seems almost like going back to first principles. He cannot anticipate the ship's motion properly. When she dips he lifts his foot highly, and vice versa, and when you rolls he very often finds himself thrown against the bulkheads with no gentle bump. When the dinner bell rang on the second day, though we did not feel hungry, we took our place at the table. It is interesting to watch the convalescents getting to the table for the first time. They don't do it because they are hungry—O, dear, no! It is merely because they feel they ought to be getting around. Generally they come up in a kind of hesitating, awkward way and drop into their seats in an absent-minded manner. Some of them may then be seen to glance quickly around the dining room and move as if about to rise, but they do not always do so. Sometimes they will play with the table napkin in a nervous way, as if in doubt whether to take it from the ring, and seemingly a little uneasy as to whether they will need it. An expression of impatience may then be seen to overspread their less noble, which is only increased when something is placed on the table. Very often one taste is sufficient, and they hurl from the trenchers in their haste to get outside. Once there, they leave for awhile and then tell everybody else in a very pleased way that they have answered the dinner call. Sometimes it is several days before some passengers can sit a meal out, but it is well known that it is better to struggle against seasickness that to give way to it, which accounts for the sharp struggle that is made to answer the call.

For six days out the log would show nothing but heavy sea, high wind and small runs. Very often the ship was running full half a sail and waves were washing over the bows continually. It was a splendid sight sometimes to see the wind dip down into a big wave, when tons of water would pass over the decks and the spray would be thrown fully twenty feet high. At times there would be no water come over for an hour or more and then a gigantic wave would break over without any warning and wet every one who happened to be in exposed places. In one of those calms when the decks have become quite dry a passenger had the hard hood to go right up in the bows, where he leaned over meditating, perhaps on the beauty of the surrounding ocean, when a wave washed overboard, completely covering him. Had he not clung on tightly nothing would have saved him from going overboard. As it was, when the water had run off, he staggered back amid the laughter of his fellow passengers, a sorrier but a wiser man.

As we neared Honolulu the water grew calmer and flying fish were seen very often. Everybody began to look more cheerful and to be quite talkative. The ship's run was talked of incessantly and much mental power was exhausted in prominent conclusions to find out whether we would get in at the next port early or late in the day. We sighted land early in the morning but it was noon before Diamond Head appeared in sight. After a run of about four hours we found ourselves in the bay waiting to take up the pilot and in twenty minutes more we had safely passed down the narrow channel and were alongside the wharf. The inevitable boys who dive for coins were waiting the ship's arrival, and many of them went away with a mouthful of coins. As soon as possible we made our way to the mission house and met Brothers Jolley and Thompson, with whom we walked around awhile and looked at the city, which to me appeared prettier than ever. We had the pleasure of witnessing two native baptisms and got back to our ship a little before the started, after investing in two bunches of bananas, some pineapples, hoes, etc.

After a run of seven hours we were soon cutting through the water at the rate of fourteen knots an hour on our way to Suva. The water was very rough all the way. The usual heat of the tropics was moderated by refreshing showers every morning and cool breezes all the time. The very pleasant weather allowed us to read and to think of everything in ourselves. And it was at this part of our journey that we were asked to show our views of Utah, which were very much admired. Many questions were asked but many of them were in the race to Strathbond and the minerals, etc. Some interest seemed to be taken in the mines and agricultural resources of Utah, and a few seemed really desirous of hearing something about the religious bond of the people, who comprise the majority of the population.

Several strange beautiful green spots were passed twice we got to Suva. The island seemed to be quite extensive. The hills towered away up into the clouds, which hung over it in dense pall, and were covered with green forest growth to the top. The white corrugated iron of which all the roofs and many of the houses of Suva are built, gleamed in the sun, and stood out in strong contrast with the masses of dark foliage with which some of them were surrounded. As we were drawing along side the wharf, which, by the way, we were compelled to do on account of the terrible water we were using from Honolulu out, so that the cooks might be enabled to bake bread, we were treated to some thing in the shape of a long sea serpent the shadow of a long sea cloud. It was amusing to see the half dozen natives on the wharf who, as soon as they had tied a rope, would run for the shade for fear that was to be found on the wharf to escape the burning heat of the sun. Tom Made, in which six or seven natives were sometimes seen standing, was thrown from a from rest about twelve feet high and six in one through.

We walked ashore and looked around for an hour or so and then strolled back we were persuasive and very much bored. There is a lack of bars and a few stores, but not much to draw one compared with what it once was. The Bazaar there, which was once carried on with Sydney, is to site a thing of the past, as Sydney people find it cheaper to get their business from Queensland. A good deal of rain and some pretty stiffs were hawked around by natives and many of the passengers invested a shilling in a bucket of some coral. After taking on several passengers we started on our journey again towards the sunny south. Leaving Round Washington on our lee we steamed as through calm seas for three days, when we encountered a big swell which increased as we went farther south until the day before we got to Sydney that we had quite long, lazy, we had the wind with us which made it a ride along very easy.

We sighted the South Head lighthouse at the entrance to Sydney about midnight, and after hanging around for awhile until morning we dropped in and anchored in Watson's bay for the health officer to pass on, which done we steamed on down the harbor and into the Circular wharf, and our journey was ended.

With the exception of the first six days our trip was very pleasant. The officers are very good men and are attentive to the wants of the passengers. Our food was very good and the sleeping accommodations were not to be complained of. The only ground for complaint is the deck room. The ship is not made for second-class passengers on a long trip like that across the Pacific. The deck room for the saloon passengers takes up nearly all the ship and what is left for the second-class passengers is barely enough to swing the proverbial cat around in. Add to this the fact that what deck there is, is shared by firemen and crew, who use it for a smoke room, and quite a motley array it gets and pays and clothes may be seen spread out every meal time, it becomes quite apparent to everyone, as it was to all of us, that the company should make an adjustment in this matter, which is quite easy to do.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Buffalo in Yellowstone Park.

There are no buffalo in Yellowstone park, and their presence is a constant irritation to sightseers. Of course these tourists know that they are under but a few miles of the herd of buffalo in the people's pleasure ground, but those who have been successful in and none easily broken by some more than the laws for saving the lives and shielding the rights of the animals. There is not a great deal of glory in killing a buffalo as there is killing the lion, and the tiger, and the grizzly, but he is large, and people find a great comfort in saying like fall riddled with their bullets, his blood building the ground. There have killed the sole of Alaska, leaving thousands of them going to perish of starvation. They have killed the birds that used to sing and the about our gardens killed them to sell them, so that our eaves are threatened by insect pests, and we may never sing the figures herself by wearing a dead bird in her hat. Of all cruel creatures man is the most cruel.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Pardoned Convict Sues the State.

In 1879 Rufus Phillips of Marion, Ills., was sentenced to imprisonment for life at hard labor. In 1892 he was pardoned by the governor. Now he has brought suit against the state for $5,000. The claim is based on the ground that the sentence of the court was not carried out. He was not long after this that, by reason of the expiration of his term of enlistment, he was honorably discharged. His employer and a long set, however, for he was offered re-enlisted, to serve for the remainder of the war. The motherless urging to had been called to the prisoner's stripes, and as rank second in Company A, Forty-first Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, under Col. Charles F. Walcott. During the term of his re-enlistment Sergeant Sears got, upon a detail as one of the helio sergeants of the war. Many a gray-haired veteran to-day recalls the season of Hatcher's Run, the fall of Petersburg and the battle of Sailor's Creek.

After his honorable discharge, June 4, 1865, Mr. Sears returned to Ithaca and settled down once again to his business and social interests. He has resided in the city ever since. It would seem that now, of all times, his peace and happiness would have been uninterrupted. Such was not to be the case, for four years ago, while engaged in experimenting for relaxing of the lacerated muscularis of the Albany Electric power house, the lever of a powerful electric lamp gave a heavy blow across the back. The effect of the blow was not at first apparent, for a long time he bore his hurt as he had done, for the want was to follow, for without warning he was seized with acute rheumatism in all its virulence. I could agony followed.

Said Mr. Sears, "I could not sleep for the pain. No one will know the torture the excruciating pain was. I don't know how I lived during those days. I became little more than a skeleton bones, and it seemed like life. I have anything but suffering in it. Cures! I tried every so-called rheumatic cure that was ever invented. I gave all of them a good trial before I stopped taking medicine. My friends and neighbors recommended remedy after remedy that they heard of, but my thoroughfare went on just the same. Well, after I had almost had the life bottomed out of me, I came across a newspaper account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought I might as well add another name to the list in list, as I entered some of my struggle.

"I tell you, I was glad in those days to hear of anything that could give me any hope at all. Yes, I gave them, and before I had taken two boxes the pain began to leave me. What I couldn't understand I couldn't imagine was the effect of the pills. But before I had taken a half dozen of those boxes I was cured. The suffering which had made me life almost unbearable for so long had disappeared. I was a new man.

"I begin to get strong. I picked up in flesh, and I went back to my business with all the vigor of a young man. I don't think everyone who knows me will tell you what it did for me. Pink Pills is the grandest medicine ever discovered, and if my experience will do it any good I want you to use it. I hope others will hear of it and be benefited as I have been. Everyone should know of it. I know of no other medicine." Mr. Sears continued enthusiastically in conclusion.

This is but one of the many cases in which Pink Pills have taken such a tremendous part in the history of humanity.

Mr. Sears is now enjoying the fruits of an unusually large business, conducted solely by himself, and covering almost the entire eastern portion of the State. Mr. Sears is also an inventor of marked ability, which he follows solely for his own pleasure. Many little trinkets, carved by the light of the campfire, attest the skill in this direction.

Far from being exhausted by the severe exercise which he takes with a load of misery from his life, he has gratitude his source for it is centered and unremitting. And from his own experience one may easily see that when he does come to sing its virtues, it will be to answer the last mourning in.

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A WAR REMINISCENCE

Scenes at Hatcher's Creek and Petersburg Recalled.

John B. Sease Speaks to a Reporter of Stirring Scenes—Escaped with a Slight Wound, but, Like Other Veterans, Has Suffered Since—A Story that Reads Like a Page from History.

From the Albany, N. Y., Journal.

When one encounters a person in the line of some great crisis, he is apt to be in a state of excitation and sympathy in the certain much. Accustomed things we are wont to treasure and nothing is everyday life, there is nothing sufficiently attractive about them all we recall, serving, as they do, as a sacred passport to the heart of every true American. Thousands found their way on the field of carnage to the hospital, but their memories, with the struggle was over and the excitement of the battle had broken, and begin anew the battle of life.

John B. Sease, the widely known undertaker and building owner of Albany, N. Y., has had an experience of a very serious character, and when seen by a reporter recently at his home, No. 15 Bradford Street, out of his usual retirement, he was seated in his easy chair, while a crutch lay under the old flag in the late war. Although having endured all the hardships and privations of life in the ranks, Mr. Sease bears no more evidence of a history of pain with him than a slight stop and a lean stand, taking no active interest in private and public affairs.

While still a young man he had left his home in Albany, his birthplace, for Philadelphia, Mass., and there he was enlisted. He mastered the carpenter's trade, became a member of Berkshire Lodge, No. 1, F. and A. M., and was serving upon a successful business life when some one call from Washington for men. All were then in the land and spirit, and enlistment was high. All the old stirring patriotism that had made Massachusetts famous in Revolutionary days was fired to its utmost. Every town and village sent out its quota of company.

The company in which Mr. Sease enlisted is Company A, Forty-ninth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Under the strongest impression that the war would be one of long duration, the men were enlisted for nine months only. Scarcely were they uniformed and armed before they were ordered to the front. The regiment, which at the time was under the command of Col. W. F. Bartlett, served in the First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Corps, and participated in some of the hottest battles of the great rebellion.

Mr. Sease, at the time, was but twenty-two years of age, and he thought it will write what a beating heart he first felt in the. His regiment was ordered South, directly through the enemy's country, with Baton Rouge as the objective point. It was a long, hard, weary marches, during which Company A passed through several large encampments with the rebels, and had to keep sharp watch of the flocks and ever the capital of Louisiana was reached. An evacuation followed. Citizens and the rebel military stationed in the city fled from the Stars and Stripes, leaving with those who could they could carry and using torch to the rest. The beautiful capital was left in ashes. The regiment then proceeded to Port Hudson, and here occurred into a war prison, had also been fired, and the boys to Sias encamped in just in time to see their captive comrades from prison, and to see the Stars, Mr. Sease, who had been, while on guard, promoted to corporal, was in the sickness of the media, and therefore the boys in a prayer meeting. Although the city had fallen almost without a blow given or received, a fight was not far off, for word was received that a large force of the enemy was on his approaching.

A bloody battle ensued at Fight Stars, a few days march out of the capital, in which Company A was severely wounded. A minnie ball struck his left thigh and, grazing the bone, narrowly missed the great artery. He was carried to the camp at Baton Rouge, has experienced no dignity that he enjoyed, now after, again his active service. The battles of Port Hudson and Donaldsonville followed, in which Company A participated.

It was not long after this that, by reason of the expiration of his term of enlistment, he was honorably discharged. His employer and a long set, however, for he was offered re-enlisted, to serve for the remainder of the war. The motherless urging to had been called to the prisoner's stripes, and as rank second in Company A, Forty-first Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, under Col. Charles F. Walcott. During the term of his re-enlistment Sergeant Sears got, upon a detail as one of the helio sergeants of the war. Many a gray-haired veteran to-day recalls the season of Hatcher's Run, the fall of Petersburg and the battle of Sailor's Creek.

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