

while he stands there, now and then giving a low-toned order, he is absolutely commander of the ship. He is a New York pilot, detailed from the lower Wall-street pilot office to take your ship to sea. In ordinary cases his fee would be based upon the ship's tonnage. With the larger ocean steamships a "lumped" price is made. He must remain aboard until Sandy Hook is passed, and as much further out as the steamer captain desires.

If it be pleasant weather when you are abreast of Sandy Hook, you will notice a row-boat, yawlbuilt, manned by two men, putting out from the lightship anchored between your steamer and the Hook. This lightship is simply a New York harbor pilot-boat, by pilot regulations made to do her "turn" of a "month's stand" in this unsavory, though often exciting, birth. Her crew are pilots' prentices getting their first lessons and experience at pilots' duties and hardships. The boat being rowed briskly towards your steamer in the channel is called a "pilot's punt," and the two oarsmen are knottily-built prentice lads of eighteen or twenty years of age. At the same moment the punt heads for the steamer, the latter's engines slow down. The punt and the steamer meet at the point of an exact right-angle. Lines are cast; the punt made fast to float alongside the ship's port side; and the rope-ladder is lowered.

Meantime the pilot has resigned his post on the bridge. The chief officer immediately takes his place. Stepping to the chart-room the pilot certifies in the log-book that the ship has duly cleared the port of New York; the ship's commander certifies to the pilot's fee, which pilotage is paid by the New York agents of the line; and in a moment more the pilot is "dropped" into the waiting punt. By the ship's rail stands the purser, or the mail-steward. A thousand addenda good-byes have been hastily written, sealed and stamped, and hundreds of telegrams indited, between the docks and the Hook. These the last slender thread between land and home and the unalterable finality of your voyage, are let down by line to the pilot, who takes them as with unconsciousness tenderness in his arms.

In another instant the ship's engines are again thundering. The pilot's punt shoots straight for the lightship. The officer on the bridge nods to the boatswain, whose shrill whistle "strikes the flags." The quartermasters bring down the ship's three flags—the "blue Peter" or sailing-day flag from the foremast, the owners' or "house" flag from the mainmast, and the ensign from the gaff—as a dead-shot hunter will bring some gay bird of passage from its flight quivering to his feet. A farewell cheer rings out over the port side after the departing pilot. Your voyage is now irrevocable begun.

"El desertar!" "El desertar!" were the low-toned ejaculations I heard all about me one April morning, in 1886, in the cabin of the ferryboat, "Edouard Fesser," as it left the Regla side for the two-mile trip across Havana bay to the city. The cabin was well filled, and in a moment there came fussing and fuming through the narrow passage to the forward cabin a Spanish sergeant and a guard having in charge a man of most pitiable appearance. I made room quickly so that two seats were vacant

near me in which the guard and his prisoner sat, the latter next me, while the sergeant, bearing a paper with a dangling seal, strode forward a bit, pompous with the importance of his mission and charge.

These ferries carry the gayest of crowds between Havana and the beautiful suburbs to the east, but the entrance of the party hushed the laughter and pleasant sallies of men and women instantly. All present seemed painfully exerting themselves to ignore the presence of the little group, but every one from time to time stole secret glances at the deserter, and, well for humanity, not a hard look fell upon him. Some old priests near seemed to be moving their lips as if in prayer for him, and behind many a fan I could see the face of some beautiful senora or senorita in tears.

I knew well enough what it all meant, having once been a soldier. But I did not at once catch the full import of the brutal celerity of Spanish military revenge. Shortly the guard closed a flip-pant recital to a passenger near him, to the effect that the man had deserted from the forces at Moro castle some weeks before, after a tremendous flogging for some slight infraction of discipline, had got so far as the Jaruco mountains where he baffled pursuit for some time, but finally had been run down by blood-hounds.

"Ah, yes," he airily concluded, "he will really not even need breakfast again. The consejo de guerra (court-martial) is already awaiting his arrival!"

The deserter was but a boy. He had a fair face, too, round, almost boyish, even though the hunted look that had made him an old man in terror and desperate effort during those few weeks in the chaparral. His clothing was in rags, and his bare flesh, scarred and bloody, showed through. His feet were partly bound with rags and bark and thongs of the ribbon-tree. He was bare-headed, his hair tangled and knotty, and in one place a saber-cut was still open and bleeding. But he sat there with his hands clenched and his face like a piece of marble begrimed with mud.

Through the windows of the ferry the spars, rigging, and flags of a thousand ships upon the peaceful bay gleamed and glowed as we passed. The sun that lighted the whole earth with such splendor kissed the mountain and made old Moro castle even beautiful. The deserter looked at Moro as with an awful fascination. Then, as if beyond it and what he knew was waiting for him there, the poor fellow's eyes seemed strained to some point far, far away. Ah, his frantic soul vaulted the hated walls to old Castile, mayhap to his own peasant home, to the mother, the sisters, to a peasant girl's thatched-roof home by the vineyards, and brave as he was trying to be, his whole frame writhed, his breast heaved and surged, and, though he clinched his hands tighter and looked old Moro squarely in the face, his blue eyes filled and filled again with tears that scalded their way through the chaparral filth on his face like torrents. A dozen schemes for rescue shot through my brain. The sights and thoughts sickened me. I could scarcely remain in that cabin for the pity this man roused in me.

Having recently suddenly graduated from the editorship of a high-grade literary periodical of "Middle America," my sole helpful possessions in Cuba at

that moment were a small piece of plug tobacco and a \$2 Bank of Havana bill. I quickly had these made in a compact wad. I got my knee against his leg. He started and looked me full in the face. My hand was on the low iron division-rail between the seats, and it touched his. God knows a soldier's human sympathy to a soldier in some subtle way swept from my heart to his in that touch. His clinched hand relaxed and turned. The palm was next mine. Our hands clasped, and there was a quick pressure. We were born thousands of miles apart, had never met until that instant, would never again meet unless in eternity, but we knew more of each other in that one moment than many lifetime acquaintances.

Soon the ferry-boat bumped against the Havana wharves.

Through the clatter and clamor and crowds, the deserter was shoved and saber-prodded to the Plaza de la San Carlos, hurried into a victoria, alongside which were two mounted guards, and driven rapidly away. I could not work that day, and wandering along the walls of La Punta, restless, heartsick, and with the white face of that desperate life ever before me. At 4 o'clock just across the narrow harbor entrance were heard some ominous drum beats.

On the little plaza just over the sea on the heights at Moro there were movements of small squads of soldiery. We could see all this plainly from La Punta. I feared what it meant, could not bear it, and hurried away. Just as I reached the old Bouquete walls there was a sound of musketry at Moro. I looked across the channel and saw the smoke from their pieces well nigh enfolding them all. But I saw through and through that cloud one face sealed in eternal rest when some old fish-wives on the Bouquete walls near, crossing themselves as if it were an old habit and for like occasions, lazily muttered: "El desertar!" "El desertar!"

At every little station in Ireland, from Galway or Tralee, eastward; from Dublin or Wexford, westward; and along the lines converging at or towards Mallow, and thence to Cork, sad-eyed "conveying" parties may be seen waiting for the last embrace, hand-pressure or glimpse, or the departing emigrant for America; and if you were in Ireland and would ride in the "third-class" carriages as I do, and could see each little compartment packed with from twenty to thirty of these emigrants on their way to Cork or Queenstown, you would for the first time in your life realize the woe of those who go, to an extent that you would have more compassion for those who come.

And then, at Halfway, at Blackpool, at Blarney, on scramble the beggar crew who eke a livelihood from the hysterical, tender-hearted and simple folk who are found on every one of these trains departing. Legless pipers pipe most patriotic airs; blind fiddlers set all the breasts heaving and eyes weeping from their tender Irish melodies; while blind minstrels roar, "The harp and the Shamrock of Ould Ireland." Pennies rain into their cups and hats like "drop-ripe" wheat shaken by the wind. Through this lugubrious misery all are straining their tear-dimmed sight for a last look at the warm vales and nestling homes of Ireland's tender south.

Suddenly the din of the heroic minstrel music is almost drowned in the