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LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with a weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip
Of a fair-freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down.
But one had wilder woe
For a fair face long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were some who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free;
"Sad losses have I met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea;
But however it came to thee—
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."
—*London Athenæum.*

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY MARK TWAIN.

IV.—The "Cub" Pilot's Education Nearly Completed.

Whosoever has done me the courtesy to read my chapters which have preceded this may possibly wonder that I deal so minutely with piloting as a science. It was the prime purpose of these articles; and I am not quite done yet. I wish to show, in the most patient and painstaking way, what a wonderful science it is. Ship channels are buoyed and lighted, and therefore it is a comparatively easy undertaking to learn to run them; clear water rivers, with gravel bottoms, change their channels very gradually, and therefore one needs to learn them but once; but piloting becomes another matter when you apply it to vast streams like the Mississippi and the Missouri, whose alluvial banks cave and change constantly, whose snags are always hunting up new quarters, whose sandbars are never at rest, whose channels are forever dodging and shirking, and whose obstructions must be confronted in all nights and all weathers without the aid of a single lighthouse or a single buoy; for there is neither light nor buoy to be found anywhere in all this 3000 or 4000 miles of villainous river. I feel justified in enlarging upon this great science for the reason that I feel sure no one has ever yet written a paragraph about it who had piloted a steamboat himself, and so had a practical knowledge of the subject. If the theme were hackneyed, I should be obliged to deal gently with the reader; but since it is wholly new, I have felt at liberty to take up a considerable degree of room with it.

When I had learned the name and position of every visible feature of the river; when I had so mastered its shape that I could shut my eyes and trace it from St. Louis to New Orleans; when I had learned to read the face of the water as one would cull the news from the morning paper; and finally, when I had trained my dull memory to treasure up an endless array of soundings and crossing marks, and keep fast hold of them, I judged that my education was complete; so I got to tilting my cap to the side of my head, and wearing a toothpick in my mouth at the wheel. Mr. B—— had his eye on these airs. One day he said:

"What is the height of that bank yonder, at Burgess'?"

"How can I tell, sir? It is three-quarters of a mile away."

"Very poor eye—very poor. Take the glass."

I took the glass, and presently said:

"I can't tell. I suppose that that bank is about a foot and a half high."

"Foot and a half! That's a six-foot bank. How high was the bank along here last trip?"

"I don't know; I never noticed."

"You didn't? Well, you must always do it hereafter."

"Why?"

"Because you'll have to know a good many things that it tells you. For one thing, it tells you the stage of the river—tells you whether there's more water or less in the river along here than there was last trip."

"The leads tell me that." I rather thought I had the advantage of him there.

"Yes, but suppose the leads lie? The bank would tell you so, and then you'd stir those leadsmen up a bit. There was a ten-foot bank here last trip, and there is only a six-foot bank now. What does that signify?"

"That the river is four feet higher than it was last trip."

"Very good. Is the river rising or falling?"

"Rising."

"No it ain't.

"I guess I am right, sir. Yonder is some drift wood floating down the stream."

"A rise *starts* the drift wood, but then it keeps on floating a while after the river is done rising. Now the bank will tell you about this. Wait till you come to a place where it shelves a little. Now here; do you see this narrow belt of fine sediment? That was deposited while the water was higher. You see the drift wood begins to strand, too. The bank helps in other ways. Do you see that stump on the false point?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Well, the water is just up to the roots of it. You must make a note of that."

"Why?"

"Because that means that there's seven feet in the chute of One Hundred and Three."

"But One Hundred and Three is a long way up the river yet."

"That's where the benefit of the bank comes in. There is water enough in One Hundred and Three now, yet there may not be by the time we get there; but the bank will keep us posted all along. You don't run close chutes on a falling river, up stream, and there are precious few of them that you are allowed to run at all down stream. There's a law of the United States against it. The river may be rising by the time we get to One Hundred and Three, and in that case we'll run it. We are drawing—how much?"

"Six feet aft—six and a half forward."

"Well, you do seem to know something."

"But what I particularly want to know is, if I have got to keep up an everlasting measuring of the banks of this river, 1200 miles, month in and month out?"

"Of course!"

My emotions were too deep for words for a while. Presently I said:

"And how about these chutes? Are there many of them?"

"I should say so. I fancy we shan't run any of the river this trip as you've ever seen it run before—so to speak. If the river begins to rise again, we'll go up behind bars that you've always seen standing out of the river, high and dry like the roof of a house; we'll cut across low places that you've never noticed at all, right through the middle of bars that cover fifty acres of river; we'll creep through cracks where you've always thought was solid land; we'll dart through the woods and leave twenty-five miles of river off to one side; we'll see the hind side of every island between New Orleans and Cairo."

"Then I've got to go to work and learn just as much more river as I already know."

"Just about twice as much more, as near as you can come at it."

"Well, one lives to find out. I think I was a fool when I went into this business."

"Yes, that is true. And you are yet. But you'll not be when you've learned it."

"Ah, I never can learn it."

"I will see that you do."

By and by I ventured again:

"Have I got to learn all this thing just as I know the rest of the river—shapes and all—and so I can run it at night?"

"Yes. And you've got to have good fair marks from one end of the river to the other, that will help the bank tell you when there is water enough in each of these countless places—like that stump, you know. When the river first begins to rise, you can run half a dozen of the deepest of them; when it rises a foot more you can run another dozen; the next foot will add a couple of dozen, and so on; so you see you have to know your banks and marks to a dead moral certainty, and never get them mixed; for when you start through one of those cracks, there's no backing out again, as there is in the big river; you've got to go through, or stay there six months if you get caught on a falling river. There are about fifty of these cracks which you can't run at all except when the river is brim full and over the banks."

"This new lesson is a cheerful prospect."

"Cheerful enough. And mind what I've just told you; when you start into one of those places you've got to go through. They are too narrow to turn around in, too crooked to back out of, and the shoal water is always up at the head; never elsewhere. And the head of them is always likely to be filling up, little by little, so that the marks you reckon their depth by, this season, may not answer for next."

"Learn a new set, then, every year?"

"Exactly. Cramp her up to the bar! What are you standing up through the middle of the river for?"

The next few months showed me strange things. On the same day that we held the conversation above narrated, we met a great rise coming down the river. The whole vast face of the stream was black with drifting dead logs, broken boughs, and great trees that had caved in and been washed away. It required the nicest steering to pick one's way through this rushing raft, even in the day time, when crossing from point to point; and at night the difficulty was mightily increased; every now and then a huge log, lying deep in the water, would suddenly appear right under our bows, coming head-on; no use trying to avoid it then; we could only stop the engines, and one wheel would walk over that log from one end to the other, keeping up a thundering racket and careening the boat in a way that was very uncomfortable to passengers. Now and then we would hit one of these sunken logs a rattling bang, dead in the centre, with a full head of steam, and it would stun the boat as if she had hit a continent. Sometimes this log would lodge and stay right across our nose, and back the Mississippi up before it; we would have to do a little craw-fishing, then, to get away from the obstruction. We often hit white logs, in the dark, for we could not see them till we were right on them; but a black log is a pretty distinct object at night. A white snag is an ugly customer when the daylight is gone.

Of course, on the great rise, down came a swarm of prodigious timber rafts from the head waters of the Mississippi, coal barges from Pittsburg, little trading scows from everywhere, and broadhorns from "Posey county," Indiana, freighted with "fruit and furniture"—the usual term for describing it, though in plain English the freight thus aggrandized was hoop-poles and pumpkins. Pilots bore a mortal hatred to these craft; and it was returned with usury. The law required all such helpless traders to keep a light burning, but it was a law that was often broken. All of a sudden, on a murky night, a light would hop up, right under our bows, almost, and an agonized voice, with the backwoods "whang" to it, would wail out:

"Whar 'n the —— you goin' to! Cain't you see nothin,' you dash-dashed aig-suckin,' sheep-stealin,' one-eyed son of a stuffed monkey!"

Then for an instant, as we whistled by, the red glare from our furnaces would reveal the scow and the form of the gesticulating orator as if under a lightning flash, and in that instant our firemen and deck hands would send and receive a tempest of missiles and profanity, one of our wheels would walk off with the crashing fragments of a steering oar, and down the dead blackness would shut again. And that flatboatman would be sure to go into New Orleans and sue our boat, swearing stoutly that he had a light burning all the time, when in truth his gang had the lantern down below to sing and lie and drink and gamble by, and no watch on deck. Once, at night, in one of those forest bordered crevices (behind an island) which steamboatmen intensely describe with the phrase "as dark as the inside of a cow," we should have eaten up a Posey county family, fruit, furniture and all, but that they happened to be fiddling down below and we just caught the sound of the music in time to sheer off, doing no serious damage, unfortunately, but coming so near it that we had good hopes for a moment. These people brought up their lantern then, of course; and as we backed and filled to get away, the precious family stood in the light of it—both sexes and various ages—and cursed us till everything turned blue. Once a coal-boatman sent a bullet through our pilot-house when we borrowed a steering-oar of him, in a very narrow place.

During this big rise these small fry craft were an intolerable nuisance. We were running chute a chute—a new world to me—and if there was a particularly cramped place in a chute, we would be pretty sure to meet a broadhorn there; and if he failed to be there, we would find him in a still worse locality, namely, the head of the chute, on the shoal water. And then there would be no end of profane cordialities expressed.

Sometimes, in the big river, when we would be feeling our way cautiously along through a fog, the deep hush would be suddenly broken by yells and a clamor of tin pans, and all in an instant a log raft would appear vaguely through the webby veil close upon us; and then we did not wait to swap knives, but snatched our engine bells out by the roots and piled on all the steam we had, to scramble out of the way! One doesn't hit a rock or a solid log raft with a steamboat when he can get excused.

You will hardly believe it, but many steamboat clerks always carried a large assortment of religious tracts with them in those old departed steamboating days. Indeed they did. Twenty times a day we would be cramping up around a bar, while a string of these small fry rascals were drifting down into the head of the bend away above and beyond us a couple of miles. Now a skiff would dart away from one of them and come fighting its laborious way across the desert of water. It would "ease all," in the shadow of our forecastle, and the panting oarsmen would shout, "Gimme a pa-a-per!" as the skiff drifted swiftly astern. The clerk would throw over a file of New Orleans journals. If these were picked up *without comment*, you might notice that now a dozen other skiffs had been drifting down upon us without saying anything. You understand, they had been waiting to see how No. 1 was going to fare. No. 1 making no comment, all the rest would bend to their oars and come on, now; and as fast as they came the clerk would heave over neat bundles of religious tracts tied to shingles. The amount of hard swearing which twelve packages of religious literature will command when impartially divided up among twelve raftsmen's crews, who have pulled a heavy skiff two miles on a hot day to get them is simply incredible.

As I have said, the big rise brought a new world under my vision. By the time the river was over its banks we had forsaken our old paths and were hourly climbing over bars that had stood ten feet out of water before; we were shaving stumpy shores, like that at the foot of Madrid Bend, which I had always seen avoided before; we were clattering through chutes like that of Eighty-two, where the opening at the foot was an unbroken wall of timber till our nose was almost at the very spot. Some of these chutes were utter solitudes. The dense untouched forest overhung both banks of the crooked little crack, and one could believe that human creatures had never intruded there before. The swinging grape vines, the grassy nooks and vistas glimpsed as we swept by, the flowering creepers waving their red blossoms from the tops of dead drunks, and all the spendthrift richness of the forest foliage were wasted and thrown away there. The chutes were lovely places to steer in; they were deep, except at the head; the current was gentle; under the "points" the water was absolutely dead, and the invisible banks so bluff that where the tender willow thickets projected you could bury your boat's broadside in them as you tore along, and then you seemed to fairly fly.

Behind other islands we found wretched little farms, and wretcheder little log cabins; there were crazy rail fences sticking a foot or two above the water, with one or two jean clad, chills racked, yellow faced male miserables roosting on the top rail, elbows on knees, jaws in hands, grinding tobacco and discharging the result at floating chips through crevices left by lost milk teeth; while the rest of the family and the few farm animals were huddled together in an empty wood flat riding at her moorings close at hand. In this flatboat the family would have to cook and eat and sleep for a lesser or greater number of days (or possibly weeks), until the river should fall two or three feet and let them get back to their log cabin and their chills again—chills being a merciful provision of an all-wise Providence to enable them to take exercise without exertion. And this sort of watery camping out was a thing which these people were rather liable to be treated to a couple of times a year—by the December rise out of the Ohio and the June rise out of the Mississippi. And yet these were kindly dispensations, for they at least enabled the poor things to rise from the dead now and then and look upon life when a steamboat went by. They appreciated the blessing, too, for they spread their mouths and eyes wide open and made the most of these occasions. Now what could these banished creatures find to do to keep from dying of the blues during the low water season?

Once, in one of these lovely island chutes, we found our course completely bridged by a great fallen tree. This will serve to show how narrow some of the chutes were. The passengers had an hour's recreation in a virgin wilderness, while the boat hands chopped the bridge away; for there was no such thing as turning back, you comprehend.

From Cairo to Baton Rouge, when the river is over its banks, you have no particular trouble in the night, for the thousand mile wall of dense forest that guards the two banks all the way is only gapped with a farm or wood yard opening at intervals, and so you can't "get out of the river" much easier than you could get out of a fenced lane; but from Baton Rouge to New Orleans it is a different matter. The river is more than a mile wide, and very deep—as much as 200 feet, in places. Both banks, for a good deal over 100 miles, are shorn of their timber and bordered by continuous sugar plantations, with only here and there a scattering sapling or row of ornamental China trees. The timber is shorn off clear to the rear of the plantations, from two to four miles. When the first frost threatens to come, the planters snatch off their crops in a hurry. When they have finished grinding the cane, they form the refuse of the stalks (which they call *bagasse*) into great piles and set fire to them, though in other sugar countries the bagasse is used for fuel in the furnaces of the sugar mills. Now the piles of damp bagasse burn slowly and smoke like Satan's own kitchen.

An embankment ten or fifteen feet high guards both banks of the Mississippi all the way down that lower end of the river, and this embankment is set back from the edge of the shore from ten to perhaps a hundred feet, according to circumstances; say thirty or forty feet, as a general thing. Fill that whole region with an impenetrable gloom of smoke from a hundred miles of burning bagasse piles, when the river is over the banks, and turn a steamboat loose along there at midnight and see how she will feel. And see how you will feel, too! You find yourself away out in the midst of a vague dim sea that is shoreless, that fades out and loses itself in the murky distances; for you can not discern the thin rib of embankment, and you are always imagining you see a straggling tree when you don't. The plantations themselves are transformed by the smoke and look like a part of the sea. All through your watch you are tortured with the exquisite misery of uncertainty. You hope you are keeping in the river, but you do not know. All that you are sure about is that you are likely to be within six feet of the bank *and* destruction, when you think you are a good half mile from shore. And you are sure, also, that if you chance suddenly to fetch up against the embankment and topple your chimneys overboard, you will have the small comfort of knowing that it is about what you were expecting to do. One of the great Vicksburg packets darted out into a sugar plantation one night, at such a time, and had to stay there a week. But there was no novelty about it; it had often been done before.

I thought I had finished this number, but I wish to add a curious thing, while it is in my mind. It is only relevant in that it is connected with piloting. There used to be an excellent pilot on the river, a Mr. X., who was a somnambulist. It was said that if his mind was troubled about a bad piece of river, he was pretty sure to get up and walk in his sleep and do strange things. He was once fellow-pilot for a trip or two with George E——, on a great New Orleans passenger packet. During a considerable part of the first trip George was uneasy, but got over it by and by, as X. seemed content to stay in his bed when asleep. Late one night the boat was approaching Helena, Arkansas; the water was low, and the crossing above the town in a very blind and tangled condition. X. had seen the crossing since E—— had, and as the night was particularly drizzly, sullen and dark, E—— was considering whether he had not better have X. called to assist in running the place, when the door opened and X. walked in. Now on very dark nights, light is a deadly enemy to piloting; you are aware that if you stand in a lighted room, on such a night, you can not see things in the street to any purpose; but if you put out the lights and stand in the gloom you can make out objects in the street pretty well. So on very dark nights pilots do not smoke; they allow no fire in the pilothouse stove if there is a crack which can allow the least ray to escape; they order the furnaces to be curtained with huge tarpaulins and the sky-lights to be closely blinded. Then no light whatever issues from the boat. The undefinable shape that now entered the pilothouse had Mr. X.'s voice. This said:

"Let me take her, Mr. E——; I've seen this place since you have, and it is *so* crooked that I reckon I can run it myself easier than I could tell you how to do it."

"It is kind of you, and I swear I am willing. I haven't got another drop of perspiration left in me. I have been spinning around and around the wheel like a squirrel. It is so dark I can't tell which way she is swinging till she is coming around like a whirligig."

So E—— took a seat on the bench, panting and breathless. The black phantom assumed the wheel without saying anything, steadied the waltzing steamer with a turn or two, and then stood at ease, coaxing her a little to this side and then to that, as gently and sweetly as if the time had been noonday. When E—— observed this marvel of steering, he wished he had not confessed. He stared, and wondered, and finally said:

'Well, I thought I knew how to steer a steamboat, but that was another mistake of mine."

X. said nothing, but went serenely on with his work. He rang for the leads; he rank to slow down the steam; he worked the boat carefully and neatly into invisible marks, then stood at the centre of the wheel and peered blandly out into the blackness, fore and aft, to verify his position; as the leads shoaled more and more, he stopped the engines entirely, and the dead silence and suspense of "drifting" followed, when the shoalest water was struck, he cracked on the steam, carried her handsomely over, and then began to work her warily into the next system of shoal marks; the same patient, heedful use of leads and engines followed, the boat slipped through without touching bottom, and entered upon the third and last intricacy of the crossing; imperceptibly she moved through the gloom, crept by inches into her marks, drifted tediously till the shoalest water was cried, and then, under a tremendous head of steam, went swinging over the reef and away into deep water and safety!

E—— let his long pent breath pour out in a great, relieving sigh, and said:

"That's the sweetest piece of piloting that was ever done on the Mississippi river! I wouldn't believe it could be done if I hadn't seen it."

There was no reply, and he added:

"Just hold her five minutes longer, partner, and let me run down and get a cup of coffee."

A minute later E—— was biting into a pie, down into the "texas," and comforting himself with coffee. Just then the night watchman happened in, and was about to happen out again when he noticed E—— and exclaimed:

"Who is at the wheel, sir?"

"X."

"Dart for the pilot-house, quicker than lightning!"

The next moment both men were flying up the pilot-house companion way, three steps at a jump! Nobody there! The great steamer was whistling down the middle of the river at her own sweet will! The watchman shot out of the place again; E—— seized the wheel, set an engine back with power, and held his breath while the boat reluctantly swung away from a "tow-head" which she was about to knock into the middle of the Gulf of Mexico!

By and by the watchman came back and said:

"Didn't that lunatic tell you he was asleep when he first came up here?"

"No."

"Well, he was. I found him walking along on top of the railings, just as unconcerned as another man would walk a pavement, and I put him to bed; now just this minute there he was again, away astern, going through that sort of tight-rope deviltry the same as before."

"Well, I think I'll stay by next time he has one of those fits. But I hope he'll have them often. You just ought to have seen him take this boat through Helena crossing. *I* never saw anything so gaudy before. And if he can do such gold-leaf, kid-glove, diamond-breastpin piloting when he is sound asleep, what *couldn't* he do if he was dead.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

An Interesting Masonic Incident.

A Hudson, Michigan, correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* furnishes the following interesting narration to that paper:

Last week the Rev. Mr. Shanafelt was summoned to Philadelphia to attend the funeral of his brother, at the time of his death pastor of a Baptist church of that city. The announcement of his death recalls an incident of the recent monetary panic. In the year 1873 Mr. Shanafelt, of Philadelphia, visited Europe with a party of Knights Templar. After visiting the places of greatest interest the party broke up, but Mr. Shanafelt continued his journey, with a few others, to the Holy Land. At Jerusalem he expressed a desire to cross the Jordan and proceed through the forests and over the mountains of Lebanon to Beyrout. None of the party would accompany him on such a perilous journey, but he determined to make the trip with a native guide as his companion. The journey was attended with many difficulties. It was necessarily tedious, and for the last few days they were on short rations. They came in sight of Beyrout in the early part of the day, and as their eyes rested on the city they promised themselves a good dinner that day, to make amends for the enforced abstemiousness of the preceding days. As they entered they saw a ship riding at anchor in the harbor, and Mr. Shanafelt was pleased to find the means at hand for his speedy departure for Paris, where the greater part of his effects had been left, and where he expected to find letters from home. At the hotel, when dinner was announced, Mr. Shenafelt found himself seated at a table, with an English gentleman opposite. The Englishman remarked:

"You are an American."

"Yes," replied Mr. Shanafelt, "I have been in Palestine and the wilderness for several weeks, and only arrived at Beyrout this morning, and do not know what has been going on in the outside world for a considerable time."

"You have not heard then of the panic in your country," said the Englishman.

"No, I have not; pray what about it."

"Why," resumed the Englishman, "a great banker has failed and carried down many business houses with him; there is a general suspension of business, and bread riots have occurred in all the great cities."

"What is the banker's name?" asked Mr. Shanafelt.

The Englishman could not remember, but after thinking a while said: "It is the banker who negotiated the government bonds."

"Not Jay Cooke!" exclaimed Mr. Shanafelt.

"I believe that is the name," said the Englishman.

Although Mr. Shanafelt had gone to the table with a ravenous appetite and had not tasted a morsel of food, his appetite was sudcenly gone; his letters of credit were signed by Jay Cooke & Co.; he was more than 4000 miles from home, with only two dollars' worth of the small coin of that country in his pockets. He arose from the table, and wandering down a principal street, came to a banking house. He stepped in and handed his letters of credit to the clerk in charge. The man looked at them a moment and then shook his head. Neither could understand the language of the other, but that ominous shake of the head and the accompanying look of commiseration told Mr. Shanafelt that he was a destitute stranger in a foreign land. He applied to the American consul, told his story, obtained sympathy, but no money or other material aid. He recollected that there was an American mission and college in the city, and that he had made the acquaintance of one of the missionary professors in Palestine. Thither he went, but they too could give only pity; they had no money to spare. He returned to his hotel, and made his situation a special subject of prayer. He was soon upon the streets again, walking along with downcast eyes, so great was his distress that he had no courage to look up. While thus walking his eyes caught sight of a Maltese cross pendant from his watch chain. The thought occurred to him that there must be Masons here; if it is ever proper to make use of the order it is proper now. Returning to the hotel he asked for a guide to take him to some of the most prominent business men of the city. Entering the store of one of these he requested a private interview. It was granted, and a few moments sufficed to satisfy him that the merchant was a Mason, and he made that appeal which he had been taught would be of avail under such circumstances. The merchant looked at him in seeming astonishment for a few moments and then said:

"State your wants."

The tale was soon told, and when ended the merchant swung back the door of his private vault and, laying out some bags of coin, said:

"I would willingly give you enough for your needs, but there is another man in the city who wants to give you half."

Mr. Shanafelt replied that he did not know a person in the city, and he had already applied to and been refused by the only countryman of his in the city. The merchant gave him a note and guide to another merchant of the city. Here, for obvious reasons, it was not necessary to adopt the same course he had pursued at the former place; but anxious to assure his new friend that he was no impostor, he showed him the diplomas of the various Masonic bodies in which he claimed membership. The last he showed him was a certificate of St. John's Commandery of Philadelphia naming him as its prelate. The merchant examined it attentively for a few moments, walked the floor in apparently great excitement, and at last coming to him, threw his arms around Mr. Shanafelt's neck and burst into tears. After his excitement had somewhat abated he explained:

"I was born in the United States and lived in Philadelphia, and while there became a member of St. John's Commandery. I came to Europe, and after wandering around for a time, I settled here and commenced business. I was prospered, and at length adopted the customs, the habits and dress of the natives. Although in my more than thirty years' residence here I have met many Americans, you are the first member of St. John's Commandery I have seen, and the circumstance awakened many memories of past association."

Opening his safe he laid out bag after bag of coin, until Mr. Shanafelt told him to stop; his munificence was already more than equal his needs, as the other merchant insisted on giving half of all he should need. But, said the merchant, you are going home through Europe and will see many things you will want to buy, and he pressed money upon him much in excess of his actual needs. That evening the two merchants brought several of the brethern to Mr. Shanafelt's room at the hotel, and caused a banquet to be served in his honor. They assembled again the next morning and escorted him to the ship and took leave of him in his stateroom, which, by their considerate kindness, had been provided with everything necessary for his comfort and well stored with the delicious fruits of that country.

The man who ate oysters on a wager did not live to eat others on the half shell.

THE FOLLOWER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

We have a youngster in the house,
A little man of ten,
Who dearest to his mother is
Of all God's little men.
Indoors and out he clings to her;
He follows up and down;
He steals his slender hand in hers;
He plucks her by the gown.
"Why do you cling to me so, child?
You track me everywhere;
You never let me be alone."
And he with serious air
Answered, as closer still he drew;
"My feet were made to follow you."

Two years before the boy was born
Another child of seven,
Whom Heaven had lent to us a while,
Went back again to Heaven.
He came to fill his brother's place
And bless our failing years;
The good God sent him down in love
To dry our useless tears.
I think so, mother, for I hear
In what the child has said
A meaning that he knows not of,
A message from the dead.
He answered wiser than he knew,
"My feet were made to follow you."

Come here, my child, and sit with me,
Your head upon my breast;
You are the last of all my sons,
And you must be the best.
How much I love you, you may guess,
When, a grown man like me,
You sit as I am sitting now,
Your child upon your knee.
Think of me then, and what I said
(And practiced when I could),
'Tis something to be wise and great,
'Tis better to be good.
Oh, say to all things good and true,
"My feet were made to follow you."

Come here, my wife, and sit by me,
And place your hand in mine,
(And yours, my child), while I have you
'Tis wicked to repine.
We've had our share of sorrows, love;
We've had our graves to fill;
But, thank the good God overhead,
We have each other still!
We've nothing in the world besides,
For we are only three;
Mother and child, my wife and child,
How dear you are to me!
I know—indeed, I always knew,
"My feet were made to follow you."

The Philosopher's Baby.

I had been considering for about a year whether I should marry Winifred Hanway, when I heard that she was engaged to the philosopher. Why did she accept him? It is true that he is both imaginative and critical; but faculties exercised in the formation of psychological hypotheses, and the laborious destruction of those of one's neighbor, do not usually rouse the sympathy of a bright and beautiful girl, who is more fit to live than to think about life. He is certainly handsome, but as certainly his clothes are barbarous. His trousers can not keep their shape for one day, and his hats are never new. If he notices the rain he opens an umbrella which might have served as an ineffectual protection at the time of the deluge; if he finds out that it is cold, he assumes a garment which might have been the every day coat of Methuselah. His manners are as strange as his appearance. He may often be seen walking in the park at the fashionable hour with a far-off look in his eyes and his hat thrust back as if to lessen the external pressure on his active brain; more rarely you may hear him bursting into enthusiasm in Piccadilly, though Piccadilly is the last place in which a man should allow himself to be enthusiastic. In short, though he is a true friend, he is an unfortunate acquaintance; and his volcanic utterances, after long periods of calm contemplation, cause such shocks to one's nerves as would be conveyed to the Sunday citizen by the eruption of Primrose Hill. But, if it was odd that the beautiful Winifred Hanway should marry my friend, it was yet more odd that he should marry any one. There were no topics more certain to excite an explosion in the philosopher than the excessive population of the country, and the wholesome solitude of the Thinker. "How," he would fiercely ask, "can a man think effectually on fundamental subjects who is compelled by the despicable circumstances of his life to exhaust his analytical faculty in considering how to pay his butcher, and when to buy his coals? I tell you, sir it's better to starve with cold and hunger than to debase one's noblest part to a game of skill with a grasping grocer." Again and again I had heard him declare in this preposterous fashion; and after all, he was going to the altar like any other victim, and would doubtless take a house upon his back with the docility of a snail.

I could not solve the problem; I would not give it up. So, full of the determination to drag Diogenes out of his tub, and the secret out of Diogenes, I stepped round the corner to offer my congratulations. My friend was in his study, apparently writing, really eating a quill pen. He rose at me with a rush, wrung my hand till it ached, and blushed rather uncomfortably. Congratulations are the curse of the Britain. Whether he is offering them or receiving them, he is obliged to take refuge in intermittent hand-shaking and groans. But on this occasion it was evident that the philosopher had something ready to say, and was nervously anxious to say it. "My dear fellow, I don't know when—I really am so awful glad, I—it's in every way so, such a satisfactory, you know—I really do wish all possible, and all that sort of thing you know"—when he burst in with a speech so fluently delivered, that I knew not I was his earliest visitor that morning. "Of course it's taken you by surprise," he said, "as I knew it would; but the truth is, that I have been thinking of it for a long time, and I am sure I am right." Here I tried to put in an expression of wonder at his new notion of his duty, but he was bent on being rid of the matter, and hurried on to his reasons. "In the first place," said he, "I am sure that instead of increasing my domestic worries, my marriage will transfer them in a body to my wife; and, secondly, when I consider the vast number of fools who are every day born into the world, I am terrified by the picture of what the next generation will be if the thinkers of this age are to be without successors." Having discharged his reasons in this wise, the orator stood blinking at me as if he feared dissent, but I was too astounded by his magnificent audacity to reply. Slowly a look of peace stole back into his face, a pleasant light dawned in his eyes, and the promise of a smile at the corners of his mouth. His remarkable fluency was gone, and indeed his voice sounded quite choky when he said, "Johnny, you don't know what an angel she is." A light broke in upon me. "Philosopher," I said, "I believe you are going to be married, because you fell in love?" "Perhaps you are right," said the philosopher.

After the wedding the philospher and his wife went abroad for an indefinite period, and their friends heard but little of them. He wrote to nobody, and she did not write to me. Yet there were occasional rumors. Now they were breathing the keen air of the Engadine, now sinking to the chestnuts and vines of Chiavenna; now he was lashing himself to frenzy over the treasures of Rome; now she was gazing with sweet northern eyes across the glowing splendor of the Bay of Naples. Then they were in Germany, and about to settle for life in a university town; but anon had fled from it in haste after a long night's dispute, in the course of which my learned friend had well nigh come to blows with the university's most celebrated professor.

At last I heard that they were again in London, and, full of enthusiasm, darted round the corner to welcome them home. Nobody was there but Mrs. Hanway, Winifred's mother. I would enter unannounced, and surprise the philosopher. I entered unannounced, and I was surprised myself.

Was this the effect of matrimony, or of foreign travel? Each occupant of the room was engaged in an exercise wholly unconnected, as it seemed, with those of the rest. My friend's wife, the lady whom I had almost loved, queen of all grace and comliness, was appearing and disappearing like a flash behind the day's *Times*, showing at the moments of disclosure a face flushed with excitement, and lustrous coils of hair tumbled into the wildest disorder, while she accompanied the whole performance with a strange and inarticulate sounds. Her mother, the same Mrs. Hanway who was so perfect a model of dress and carriage that many of her lady friends were wont to lament among themselves that she gave herself such airs, was seated on the floor, dressed for walking, but without her bonnet. Yes, she was certainly drumming on an inverted tea-tray with the wrong end of the poker. And the philosopher! It was perplexing, after three years' separation, to meet him thus. The philosopher was cantering round the room on all fours, wearing on his head his own waste paper basket. Briskly he cantered round, ever and anon frisking like a lamb in spring time, until he reached my feet, which were rooted to the spot with astonishment. He glanced up sideways, rose with a cry to the normal attitude of man, and grasped me by the hand. At the sound of his voice, his wife, dropping the paper from her hands, raised them quickly to her hair; and his mother-in-law, with as much dignity as the effort would allow, scrambled on her feet. Then, in an instant the cause of their eccentric conduct was made clear. Throned on the hearthrug, and showing by a gracious smile a few of the newest teeth, sat a fine baby of some fifteen months. In one dimpled fist was tightly clenched the brush which had so neatly arranged the mother's braids; while the other was engaged in pounding the grandmother's best bonnet into a shapeless mass.

We were all somewhat embarrassed except the baby. The ladies knew they were untidy and I that I was an intruder. As for the learned father, he stood now on one leg and now on the other, while he shifted the waste paper basket from hand to hand and continued to smile almost as perseveringly as his amiable offspring. Yet it was he who at last put an end to our awkward position by expressing a wild desire to have my opinion of the new curtain in his study. Rather sheepishly I said good by to the lady of the house, trying to express by my eyes that I would never call again unannounced. I knew that Mrs. Hanway had not forgiven me as I humbly took the two fingers that she offered; and I felt like a brute as the most important member of the family condescended to leave a damp spot by the edge of my left whisker.

When, however, I had been swept down stairs by my impulsive friend, and was alone with him in his den, my courage returned, and with it some indignation. I confronted him, and sternly asked why I had not been told he was a father! "Not been told?" echoed he; "do you mean to say that you did not know about the baby?" "Not so much as that it was." I replied, gloomily. He was overwhelmed; of course, he had supposed that everybody knew it from the Queen downwards. Of course fifty people ought to have told me, who of course had told me everything else. At last my curiosity got the better of my indignation, and I cut short his apologies by beginning my questions,—"Does the shape of its head content you?" I asked. "The shape of whose what?" cried the philosopher, apparently too surprised for grammar. "Of the baby's head, of course," I replied tartly; "I merely wish to know if the child is likely to be as intelectual as you hoped." "Isn't the hair lovely?" he asked inconsequently. This was too much, and, assuming my severest manner, I delivered myself in this wise: "I thought, though no doubt I was wrong, that the use of a baby to you would be partly to furnish you with a raw material for a philosopher, partly to enable you, by constant observation, to gain further evidence bearing on such vexed questions as whether the infant gathers its ideas of space by feeling about, whether it is conscious of itself, etc." "Well," he said, laughing, "I don't expect much help from my infant in these matters, unless I can get inside her and think her thoughts." "Her thoughts!" cried I, in amazement; "you don't mean to say it's a girl? Good gracious! you are not going to educate a female philosopher!" "Of course it's a girl," he said. "The father of a female philosopher," I gasped. "Dear me!" he said somewhat testily; "isn't it enough to be father of a noble woman?"

Now, I have often put up with a great deal from my learned friend, and am quite aware that I have been spoken of as "Bozzy" behind my back. But there is a turning point even for the worm, and nobody will sit forever at the feet which are constantly kicking him. I had been snubbed more than once by this illogical parent, and, assuming my most sarcastic manner, I inquired, with an appearance of deference, "Is is not rather early to speak of your daughter as a noble woman?"

"Not at all," said the philosopher.

I had kept aloof from the philosopher for some weeks, nursing my wrath, like Achilles I said to myself—cross as a bear. I overheard my landlady say in the passage—when I received a hasty note begging me to come to him at once. I fancied myself summoned to a council of chiefs; so, having donned my shining armor, I left my tent with fitting dignity and descended with a clang into the plain. Yet I could not but be aware of my landlady's eye piercing me through the crack of the parlor door purposely left ajar, and of the hasty flapping of loose slippers which told the startled slavey's flight into the abyss below.

An unusual silence held my friend's house that morning. The door was opened, before I had time to ring, by a melancholy footman, who, walking before me with the elaborate delicacy of an Agag, noiselessly ushered me into the study. It was my lot to be again rooted to the spot with amazement. By the book case, in a shaded corner of the room, with his head bowed low upon his hands, knelt the philosopher. Here was a long step from the seige of Troy, from the simple wrath of a childlike hero to the most complex embarrassment of an heir of all the ages. What should I do? The dismal menial had fled to the shades, without a word, without even a glance into the room. If I retreated, I left my friend unaided, and remained ignorant of the cause of his strange conduct. If I advanced, I was again the intruder on a scene not prepared for my inspection. In an agony of hesitation I fell to brushing my hat with my elbow; but not finding the expected relief in the occupation, I was about to desist, when my hat decided what my head could not, by falling with a crack on the floor. The effect was electrical. Without one glance at the intruder, the philosopher made a grab at the nearest book shelf, dragged out a volume which had not been touched for a half a century, and hunted for nothing in its pages with frantic eagerness. He was still at it when I stood over him and noted without wonder that he held the book upside down; then with the poorest imitation of surprise which I have ever seen he rose and grasped my hand. "You found me on the track of something," he said, I was looking it out in—in"——

Here it occurred to him that he did not know the name of the venerable tome which he had so rudely disturbed; and with a heightened color and a sudden change of manner he turned quickly to me and said, "my child is ill." I felt positively guilty. I had been angry with that baby for making my wise friend foolish, for not being a boy, for being called a "noble woman." Was it not shameful that a great hulking brute should sneer at a weak thing that could not even answer with a taunt? Were not my clumsy sarcasms enough to crush so delicate a plant? The poor little "noble woman" was in danger, and I could do nothing to help her. There were tears in the eyes which were looking into mine for comfort; but I had nothing ready to say.

"I could not stand being alone," he muttered, after a short silence; "the doctor is with her now, and in a moment I may hear that my little daughter must—in fact may hear the worst."

While he was speaking I seemed to have fifty consoling remarks to offer; but when he stopped, no one sentence would disengage itself from the rest. What I blurted out at last seems almost ridiculous as I look back on it.

"You must hope for the best," I said; "you know she has youth on her side."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I heard a measured step upon the stairs; presently the door was opened by the noiseless footman, and the most famous of London doctors entered the room. My friend leaned heavily on my arm, but looked at the man of science with seeming calm.

"I am happy to say," said the physician, cheerily, "that our little friend is going on as well as possible."

"And she is out of danger?"

"She was never in it."

"Never in danger?" cried I, almost disappointed.

"She has nothing the matter with her," he replied, "but a slight feverish cold. I have seldom seen a finer or more healthy child. Good morning."

I never was more annoyed. Here was a waste of my finest feelings. Here was I stirred to the depth, well nigh moved to tears, by a baby's feverish cold. Of course I was very glad that it was no worse; but my friend was too absurd, and I would not spare him.

"Won't you resume your studies?" I asked sarcastically, pointing to the disturbed book, which was lying on the ground at our feet. His humility might have disarmed me: "I am afraid I've been a fool," he said; "but if you had seen her all flushed and breathing hard; and then she was so small and fragile."

"Yes, for a noble woman," I remarked. He received the dart meekly. "Philosopher," said I suddenly, determined to rouse him at any cost, "when I entered this room you were engaged in prayer." His color certainly deepened. "May I ask," I inquired with an appearance of deference, "whether you were addressing yourself to the Personal First Cause or to the Unknowable—but perhaps you were merely bowing to the rational order of the universe?"

He made a gesture of impatience, but answered with a studied moderation, "I was alone and in trouble."

"And the efficacy of prayer?" I asked.

"For heaven's sake," cried he, bursting into excitement, "stop your jargon! Nothing shows such ignorance of a subject as having all its cant phrases on the top of your tongue. Can't I speak to God without expecting to be paid for it?"

This was turning the tables. If he was going to take to questions I knew I should end by admitting myself a fool. So to avoid a Socratic dialogue I put my hand on my friend's shoulder and said: "You are a good man, philosopher; may you and the 'noble woman' live a thousand years."

"Thank you," he said simply; "and now you must let me go and sing a pæan with the nobler woman, my patient Penelope, my sweet wife."

So he went with long strides over the asphodel meadow, and I betook myself to my tent full of pleasant thoughts.

Governor Gaston and the Democrats.

There is said to be some foundation in truth for the statements that one hears upon the streets of Democratic dissatisfaction with the course of Governor Gaston, of Massachusetts, in office. The press have begun to take notice of it. The *Traveller*, whose editor has always been an admirer of the Governor personally, alluded to this state of affairs the other day, and invited his excellency to come over and join the Republican party. The story is that the trouble began in the recommendation of the continuance of the State police in its modified form of a detective organization, while most of the Democrats wanted to get rid of the force altogether. Even so moderate and judicious a Democrat as Mr. Charles P. Thompson (Butler's successor) has declared himself against the State police in any shape. But the lawyers of the State generally believe in a detective organization. If I am not misinformed, every district attorney, without exception, last year favored it. It was after consultation with them that the Governor acted. This later offense to the Democratic politicians is that he does not consider them sufficiently in the distribution of the offices. The Governor is doubtless aware that he owes his election to Republican votes. He knows that his choice was not a verdict on the part of the people for a change in the officeholders from the Republican to the Democratic side. If that only had been in issue, we should have gone without our revolution. Really, in point of fact, I believe the Governor will get a greater number of offices for the Democrats than a more violent partisan would have succeeded in gaining for them. It must be remembered that alone he has not the power to appoint anybody. The consent of the council is necessary, and the council is unanimously Republican. Had the Governor gone clap-dash into a system of purely partisan appointments he would have soon had a controversy with the council, which had the power to checkmate him every time. Instead of that, there is the best of good feeling between Governor Gaston and his councilors. They have confirmed every appointment he has made, including a good share of Democratic selection. He gave them one pretty strong test in this respect. Mr. Stephenson, the head of the State detective force, is about as decided a Democrat as the council could have been called upon to agree to. Had the nomination been made by a man of less tact and of less evidently good intentions than Governor Gaston, it would hardly have passed muster. Whenever an issue is made on strictly party grounds, between the different departments at the State House, the Governor loses all but the power to negative, and the power to negative can not give Democrats office. The Democrats ought to see this, and thank their stars that they have elected a man who is judicious enough not to allow himself to be placed in this position. They probably will, in the end. But the more hot-headed of them, we are told, have clearly declared their intention to oppose Governor Gaston's renomination, and have selected Mr. Leverett Saltonstall to run against him. There is nothing the Republicans of the State would like to see better than this. My friends of the *Journal* might, in such an event, fix the figures of the next Republican majority in the State in their most sanguine style of computation without running the risk of being far out of the way.—*Boston correspondence Hartford Courant*

The Late Member from Tipperary.

A Washington dispatch of the twenty-fourth, says:

It appears that the late John Mitchel, who was elected a member of the British Parliament from Tipperary, Ireland, as a subject of Queen Victoria, was in fact a citizen of the United States, as appears from transcripts of the records recently made in the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia for the British minister. It is presumed the government of Great Britain intended to use said transcript to unseat the rebel of 1848.

In the records is an application for full letters, in which is the declaration of Mitchel, made in the Circuit Court of this district, on the eighth day of May, 1860, in which he says that on the sixteenth day of October, 1853, at the County Court of San Francisco, he being a native of Ireland, aged about thirty-seven years, bearing allegiance to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, having emigrated from Australia and arrived at San Francisco, intends to settle in the United States, and in open court reporting himself for naturalization, and declared on oath that it is bona fide his intention to become a citizen, etc. The papers recite that, it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, by the oath of Thomas Antell, a citizen of the United States, that said John Mitchel has resided within the United States four years last past, without having been out of the territory of the United States during that time, and one year last past within the limits and under the jurisdiction of this court, and during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same, and the said John Mitchel, in open court here, makes oath that he will support the constitution of the United States, and that he doth absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance to every foreign prince, potentate, State or sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland to whom he was before a subject. It is therefore, ordered by the court here that said John Mitchel be admitted a citizen of the United States, and he is accordingly admitted a citizen of the United States, etc.

Some weeks since the English minister obtained from the State Department a certified copy of the application of Mitchel for a passport.

An Expensive Joke.

A special dispatch from Meridian, Mississippi, to the Vicksburg *Herald*, of the twentieth, says:

A melancholy and fatal rencontre occurred at West Point, Colfax county, this evening, between D. L. Love, Esq., editor of the *Citizen*, and Colonel Louis A. Middleton, editor of the *Times*, in which the latter was killed by a ball from a pistol in the hands of Mr. Love. Colonel Middleton was fifty odd years of age, and leaves a widow to mourn his untimely death.

The difficulty was non-political, and had its origin in a paragraph in the *Times*, intended as a joke at the expense of Mr. Love of the *Citizen*. Mr. Love took offense at this paragraph, and on meeting Colonel Middleton knocked him down. This led to the armed conflict which has just terminated in the death of one of the parties and the misery of the other. Mr. Love has been arrested, and is now in custody to await an investigation.