THE VIGILANTES OF THE SILVER STAR

BY ALBERT SONNICHSEN
ABLE SEAMAN

SERGEANT JACKSON

"WE'RE ALL GOIN' TO DRINK TO YOUR ETERNAL DAMNATION"

"THE REST SWARMED UP AFTER US"

THIS was after the Spanish fleet had sunk under American fire. It was before Manila surrendered.

Six transports lay anchored off Cavite, protectingly encircled by the ships of the American fleet. Within the circle were also some merchant sailing ships discharging Australian coal into navy lighters. Outside the circle were anchored the foreign warships—German, French, Japanese and English. My idea in making this plain is simply to show that the situation out there made any other manner of procedure than that which we followed practically impossible. Ours was the only effective way. It must be remembered that the duties of Consuls and port captains were but vaguely to be defined at that time.

The United States transport Zealandia, of which I was Quartermaster, lay anchored in the seaward edge of the circle, within hailing distance of the flagship. Our regular four-hour sea watches were now changed to night and day duty; two Quartermasters divided the day at gangway watch, two did the same at night, while all others of the ship's company slept.

It was the third night of August. I had been lounging lazily about the decks, trying hard to keep awake, for the night was a drowsy one. At last I leaned over the gangway railing, watching the distant regular rows of lights of the besieged city. Overhead hung a deep indigo sky, sprinkled with star dust—an ideal tropical night. So calm was the water that the lights of the neighboring ships reflected as single fire spots, and the bells of the most distant gunboats of the fleet were distinctly audible striking the hour; four bells, I think it was, when the Sergeant of the guard joined me in my nocturnal contemplations.

"Fine night, but blamed hot," he said.

There was that tropical humidity in the atmosphere that kept us in continual perspiration, brought on by no physical exertion. The Sergeant's shirt was thrown back and he breathed heavily.

"You're not used to the tropics?" I ventured.

"Yes, I am," he replied. "I'm a sailor, like yourself. I've been six years in tropical waters. I was paid off in Philadelphia six months ago from a limejuicer."

Such an introduction could only find a response in me. Leaning over the rail we yarned of ships and foreign ports and the beauties of the tropical seas. A typical soldier of fortune, I thought, as I looked at my companion's well-knit figure vaguely defined by the gangway light. His English accent seemd incongruous with his American uniform, but he had worn the uniforms of a half dozen armies, I soon learned.

"This is tiresome," he growled. "Here we are doing guard duty and the rest of 'em are ashore, scrapping. Hear those guns blazing away?"

The black mass of jungle, just above the city, was occasionally lit up by a flash of fire, followed by a low "br-r-r-oom." We watched the firing for some time in silence, but the cannonading was too distant to disturb the almost perfect stillness that hung over the glassy water; it seemed like being up in some gigantic airship, with the phosphorescent flash of fish the lights of cities miles underneath. The ships about seemed to hover in the air with us, a mighty fleet of phantom air craft.

Suddenly the Sergeant grasped my arm.

"Listen," he said.

A faint splash came from for'd. Looking down we saw an object in the water approaching in a phosphorescent glow, until finally it stopped at the foot of the gangway.

The Sergeant and I hurriedly descended the broad gangway ladder. At the lowest step we made out a half-naked man, holding on, but apparently too weak to pull himself out. Each of us seized a white hand, and a second later had the swimmer staggering up the steps. We pulled him up to the deck, where he sank upon his knees between us, shaking and sputtering, and finally vomiting into the scuppers.

"For God's sake, hide me!" he gasped; and a second fit of vomiting overtook him.

"I'll take him down into the forecastle," said the Sergeant, and, calling a man from the guardroom, they led him for'd.

Half an hour later Jackson rejoined me at my post.

"How is he?" I asked.

"All right," he answered, but pretty well pegged out. He can talk now, though. Say, we're sailormen; we can understand his case; there's no need for us to report. You see that Nova Scotia bark over there?"

I cast my eyes toward a big, square-rigged wooden ship swinging inshore toward Cavite, her tapering rigging silhouetted against the horizon.

"He swam—blamed nasty job—the water's full of sharks. It's the Silver Star—a Blue Nose hot box. Skipper killed a man on the trip out. Six poor suckers in irons down the fore peak, while the two mates and the bos'n are discharging cargo for Uncle Sam with a gang of coolies. Here's this chap broke away—wants to lodge a complaint. Where? British Consul inside the Spanish lines. Where? Uncle Sam's officers are figuring too hard to get in there, too, to bother their heads about six poor British lubbers who hadn't the sense to keep off a Blue Nose. And the skipper s'got a pull with the Admiral. Hard luck, Jack, but I guess you'll have to face the music out."

Next day, shortly before I went on watch again, the English sergeant came for me.

"Come on down the forecastle," he said, and disappeared.

A few minutes later I followed. The men had knocked off, but not yet eaten or washed. The deserter sat on a chest at the for'd end of the forecastle, ready to drop down the open scuttle into the fore peak should a strange step come down the companionway.

Then men, showing traces of suppressed excitement, sat about on their chests. Besides Jackson four men of the commissary guard were present, a corporal and three privates, who had seen the deserter when we hauled him up the gangway. The soldiers concealed their emotion less effectively than the sailors. The deserter had been talking, I guessed.

Jackson stood in the middle of the forecastle. His bare, hairy chest was heaving, his bronzed young face flushed red about the cheekbones. His campaign hat was flung far back, exposing his thick brown hair above the forehead, while beads of tropical sweat stood out all over his face and chest and arms, bared to the elbows.

"Boys," he was saying, in a suppressed voice—a vehement whisper—"we can't stand for this. I know the ——. I sailed with him six years ago. This chap's telling no lies. I say, boys, we can't stand for this!"

Jackson paused. He had the men under his touch. Sailor and soldier as he was, he brought the two elements of his audience together and made them one. They already looked on him as a leader.

He paused as I came down. Then he swung around to the deserter in the dark corner.

"Go'n," he said, "Give's the rest."

"As I was sayin'," began the sailor, evidently continuing a story such as I had heard many of before, "Tim Long, he up to the mate an' sez:

"'You give me a square fight, an' it's a go.'

"'All right,' sez the mate, and they squares off. Tim lands the mate a heavy one on the jaw, but just then the mate reaches Tim one over the eye, an' Tim drops, cause, ye see, the mate had on his knuckle dusters. An' that was what he calls a square fight.

"Well, that was the layout the rest of the trip. They wouldn't give us no show. Mate shot one chap through the arm, captain spit another chap's head open with a handspike, and one day they triced me up into the main chains and fed me a pint of tar. The day we got in here all hands was sent down the lazarette to stow sail, and they clapped down the hatch. Then, as we were made to come up, one at a time, we each got a welt over the head an' put in irons, down the fore peak, an' we've been there ever since. So, ye see, that's how we can't lodge no complaint. I managed to crawl through a hawse-pipe—ye see, I am pretty thin."

There was a moment's silence. Jackson broke it.

"Boys," he said again, "should we stand for this?"

He paused a moment, then swung around to me.

"Quartermaster," he said, "you're the one man we need. You've got the night gangway, and you can make it all right with your mates. You can forget to have the yawl hoisted. Unless you say so, those six poor suckers will have to stay there. Are you with us?"

He held out his hand, and I could not help the thrill of admiration that came over me at the fine, young, strong face, lit up with fierce enthusiasm, and the manly voice, protesting against a form of injustice particularly detestable to the heart of a sailor.

"I am with you," I said shortly, and we grasped hands. Then one by one the four citizen-soldiers came up and we did the same. One of them was a Justice of the Peace in far away Pennsylvania.

. . . . . .

We two qaurtermasters of the night watch stood lounging by the gangway. It was near midnight. Every light aboard was extinguished—orders from the Admiral, for there were still two Spanish torpedo-boats unharmed up the Pasig. It was another beautiful night, lighted only by the stars and an occasional flash of the searchlights on the warships. The chief officer had made his last round of inspection an hour before, and was now turned in. Only we two of the crew were on deck—our report had been, "All's well, sir."

So it was in our opinion. Dark figures passed us on deck, going aft, but we did not challenge. From under the stern came a faint splashing and rattle of oars, but we did not challenge. Slowly a boat was being hauled along the side to the gangway ladder, making no noise, save a faint splash against its bow, but still we did not challenge. I removed my uniform coat and slipped softly down the ladder. A hand grasped mine, and then we shoved off. A moment later I heard a bell strike, and my watchmate's voice rolled out:

"All's well."

We pulled quietly away from the steamer's side until she appeared a mere vague shadow. Our oarlocks, muffled by wads of engineroom waste, seemed only to breathe. There were eight of us in the yawl, Jackson and I in the bow, two privates and three sailors, the later pulling and the deserter steering. He was the first to speak in a loud whisper.

"I'm headin' for the fore chains. We can jump there and be on deck before the bos'n sees us."

We glided slowly over the almost invisible water, until presently the big shadow of the sailing ship loomed above us, bow on.

"In oars," whispered Jackson, and we glided in under the bark's bows. A moment later I hooked the fore rigging with the boat hook, and we were fast.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted a voice from on deck.

Jackson and I leaped up the chain plates into the shrouds and sprang down on deck. The rest swarmed up after us.

"Who's there?" yelled a voice in front of us.

"Friends," said Jackson, but the man we had between us must have thought otherwise, with two revolvers thrust under his nose.

"Now you shut up," warned Jackson, "or we'll blow your top off!"

We led our prisoner amidships, and he went quietly enough.

"Now give us the keys to the fo'c'sle," commanded Jackson.

"It's aft in my bunk," replied the man, sullenly.

"Come along and get it. We'll keep you company."

All of us moved aft. The cabin companionway scuttle opened and a man appeared.

"What's wrong, bos'n?" called a voice.

There was a flash and a report of a revolver, and a man beside me dropped. A second later the figure in the companionway stretched its length before us on deck unarmed.

We quickly crowded down into the cabin. We had just time to turn on a dark lantern, when the door to a stateroom leading off from the cabin opened, and a big, burly man, partly undressed, leaped out among us. He, too, dropped on deck, senseless from the blow of a revolver butt. Next, headed by the deserter, we quickly made prisoners of the second mate, cook and steward in their respective rooms, locking their doors and threatening to shoot at the least outcry. Then, the skylight being covered by a tarpaulin on the outside, we ventured to light the lamp hung from the center of the cabin.

The bos'n, captain and mate we speedily bound to a bench. The mate was bleeding profusely. As he came to, he struggled fiercely with the knotted cords, but an effective tap from a revolver taught him discretion. The captain took things more calmly and made no resistance.

"Now, the key," said Jackson.

The bos'n was loosened enough so that he could go into his room and procure it. I took it from him. Jackson nodded that he and the soldiers would stand guard.

Accompanied by the deserter and two sailors I went for'd to the forecastle door, from which we speedily removed the padlock. Inside all was dark, but I turned on the bull's eye. The scuttle to the fore peak was in the middle of the floor. It, too, was padlocked. One of the men found a fire ax, and with a few heavy cuts removed the lock. We pulled it off and, with the lantern open, I descended, followed by the three sailors.

I found myself in a crowd of gaping, blinking men, all manacled at the wrists, some lying down, some standing, all staring stupid astonishment.

"What's up, sir?" asked one at last. Then they recognized their escaped shipmate. He explained the situation in a few sentences. Such a starved looking lot of men I had never seen; all were thin, dirty and haggard. But there was no time to lose; I climbed the ladder again, every man following. We passed quickly through the forcastle, out on deck and aft to the cabin.

I think I shall never forget the fiendish look that came over the skipper's pale face, as those six manacled men crowded into the cabin. He had what might be termed a handsome face, refined, white, delicate, but for all that not pleasant to look upon. His mouth twitched nervously. I had seen just such a mouth before on a notorious gambler and desperado in the West on trial for his life.

"Now," said Jackson to the mate, "where's the key to those handcuffs? Remember, these are war times, and we came here to kill. I'd a blamed sight rather kill you than some poor innocent Spaniard."

The mate hesitated a moment, then growled:

"In my room—top of the washbasin."

The key was found and the men relieved of the irons. They had chafed raw bruises about their wrists. Meanwhile, the man whom the captain had shot was carried down from deck; he was one of our sailors. The bullet had gone through his ear, grazing his skull. Although he bled profusely, he showed signs of returning consciousness. From the captain's cabin we procured some whisky, and the wounded man was soon on his feet.

"Now, captain," said Jackson, "we're all going to drink to your eternal damnation, and you've got to drink, too. If you don't, we'll send you there at once."

"Make 'im drink some tobasco sauce, same's he made me do," suggested one of the crew.

"So he shall!" cried Jackson, the flash of his eyes heightened by a swig from the whisky bottle, "an' you're the man to feed it to him!"

A bottle of sauce was brought from the pantry, and, grasping it firmly, the sailor applied the neck to the skipper's mouth. He struggled fiercely, but to no avail. A good dose went down, although most was spilled over his face and nightshirt.

"How d'ye like it?" asked the sailor, maliciously. "Don't taste good, do it? I didn't like it, neither."

We were about to favor the mate in a similar manner, when one of the soldiers whom we had left to watch on deck came tumbling down the companionway.

"Fellers," he cried, "there's a boat coming!"

It took Jackson to grasp the situation instantly.

"Off with the lazerette scuttle!" he cried.

In a moment we had uncovered the hatch in the cabin floor. We quickly gagged the three prisoners with handkerchiefs and unceremoniously hurled them down, replacing the hatch. All except Jackson and I crowded into the three empty staterooms, shutting the doors. Jackson and I held a hurried consultation. Then I went on deck and he remained in the companionway. I was just in time.

"Silver Star, ahoy!" came the hail.

"Hello!" I shouted.

"Is all well aboard?"

"All's well."

The patrol launch came alongside and a man leaped aboard. He was a naval officer, I could see, by his light duck uniform.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Bos'n and night watchman," I responded.

"What was that shot for a while ago?" he demanded, rather testily.

"Why, I saw a big shark alongside and took a pop at him."

The officer looked about him, rather suspiciously, I thought, but asked no more questions. Finally he volunteered:

"You forgot to hoist your boat."

I acknowledged the oversight.

He stayed about ten minutes, even entered into a brief conversation about things in general, and told me that the Spaniards were soon expected to make another sortie. I feigned great interest.

"Well, good night, bos'n," he said at last. "Don't be popping off your gun at night unless it's necessary."

He dropped into his launch, and with a few coughs it shot off toward the flagship.

Jackson had heard all.

"Bully, old boy," he cried, grasping my hand. "Now, let's sneak as soon's we can."

Leaving our prisoners to be released by the stevedores in the morning, we all crowded into the boat and silently pulled for the beach below Cavite. In half an hour our keel scraped pebbles. The seven men, the crew of the Nova Scotiamen, waded ashore, Jackson and I with them.

"Now, fellers," said Jackson, as we reached land, "you hit the road for Camp Dewey. Scatter among the outfits, and the boys'll treat you well. I'm coming ashore in a few days, and I'll see you then."

And they left us.

We pulled cautiously back to the Bealandia, reaching her an hour before dawn. My watchmate met us at the gangway and helped make the boat fast astern. The men retired at once, while I took up my post at the gangway. An hour later the chief officer appeared.

"Well, how have things gone during the night?" he asked.

"Good," I replied; and meant what I said.

It became known next day throughout the fleet that the Nova Scotiaman had been boarded by "pirates" during the night, as the captain put it, and that his crew had decamped, but no discoveries were ever made. The naval officers had something more serious to consider than capturing runaway sailors, so the incident soon dropped out of notice.

Jackson went ashore to join his regiment some days later. Some of the deserters afterward joined his command, and several were killed in action. Later, during the campaigning, I met some of them. Jackson afterward went to South Africa, where he fought against his own countrymen in the Boer ranks. That was the last I heard of him.

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Recollections and Reflections by Thomas Fitch—Washington Reminiscences

FERNANDO WOOD, ex-Mayor of New York City, and for many years one of the Representatives in Congress, was, in graciousness of manner, in courteousness of deportment, and in costume, a gentleman of the old school.

After the strictest of his sect, he lived and died a Democrat, but all the darkies employed about the Federal Capitol loved him for his kindly spirit, and for the size and frequency of his tips. Among his favorites was a colored barber, who attended in the cloakroom of the House of Representatives. Learning that Johnson—for so was he named—had a mother and sister in slavery in Maryland, and that he was saving money to purchase their freedom, Mr. Wood passed the hat among his associates, collected $300, added $200 from his own pocket, and presented it to Johnson, who, with his own savings, was then the possessor of $500, which he deposited with Riggs & Co. Mr. Wood next interested himself to secure Mr. Johnson a lease of the barber shop at a Saratoga hotel, from which it was estimated that $400 could be derived during the season, thus making up the sum of $1200 necessary to purchase the woman and her daughter.

Before the season opened at Saratoga, Fort Sumpter was fired upon, and an extra session of Congress was called, and Johnson relinquished his Saratoga lease, and was back in his place at Washington, ready to wait upon his Congressional friends.

"This is too bad," said Mr. Wood, as he settled himself in the barber's chair. "We will have to make up a little more money for you to buy your mother and sister. Cannot you get the master to take a little less than $1200 for them?" "Oh, yes, Massa Wood," was the cheerful reply. "He done offers to take $500 for them now." "Well, you have got $800, haven't you? You haven't spent any of that money, have you?" "No, indeed," replied the colored man; "it is all safe in Massa Riggs' bank." "Well, why don't you buy your mother and sister with it?" queried Mr. Wood. The barber applied the lather vigorously to the Congressman's chin, and replied: "Da'rs no hurry, Massa Wood; da'rs no hurry. Niggers is going to be mighty cheap befo' this wah is ovah."

Of all latter day American statesmen, none so occupied public attention in his lifetime, or died so utterly when he died as James G. Blaine. He impressed his individuality strongly upon those about him, but it did not extend to those with whom he did not come in personal contact. He had quickness of perception to a remarkable degree, but lacked breadth and depth and prescience. With every appearance of unselfish devotion to public interests, he estimated and dealt with measures and with men in their bearing upon his own fortunes, rather than the public welfare. He did not lower his helm when the fight was on, but he did not hesitate to stoop to conquer, and he was a lukewarm friend and a placable enemy. He was a born diplomat. He was powerful and dramatic, and often eloquent in speech, but his addresses were for his immediate audience, and he indorsed Sir Boyle Roach in saying: "What has prosperity done for us?" His motto was that of Danton: "L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace." If he had lived longer, and had possessed more robust health, he might have reached the goal of his ambitions, for he was surely a great partisan leader, and neither his power nor his opportunities had passed their zenith when he was called away.

Mr. Blaine was a capital raconteur, and never suppressed a good story because the joke was on himself. He related on one occasion how an old farmer had vindicated him at a town meeting in Maine.

"The habit that some folks has," said the old man, "of lyin' about public men is distressin' and mean. They do say that Blaine swears. Now, I happen to know that 'taint so. My gal is attendin' an academy at Augusty, where Blaine's gal goes, and she and Blaine's gal are great cronies, and often she goes home with Blaine's gal and stops all night with her, and she's been at supper and breakfast lots of times when Blaine was at the table, and she tells me that she never heerd Blaine swear—not once. Now," it stands to reason that a man who can keep from swearin' in his own home and at his own wife, can keep from swearin' anywhere."

When the novel "Robert Elsmere" was first published, it was the topic of teatable conversation in New England, ad nauseam. Mr. Blaine told of a neighbor who had a silver collar duly engraved and placed on the neck of his large, good-natured house dog. When a visitor examined the inscription, he read: "Please do not mention the name of 'Robert Elsmere' in the hearing of this dog. He will not stand everything."

Roscoe Conkling was in oratory what a Corinthian column is in architecture. His was the lofty port, the dignity, the power, the high disdain of littleness, the kingly graciousness of Olympian Jove. If he had been able to dictate the manner of his departure from the scene of human activities, he would not have died from an encounter with a blizzard, but he would have draped himself in a toga, commanded the band to play a triumphant march, and bowed patronizingly to Gabriel and his attending angels as he entered the Celestial gates. He was an athlete, both physically and intellectually. He scorned trickery, and would never take undue advantage of an enemy. He never struck a foul blow, but he had no capacity to smilingly endure punishment. His high estimate of himself was not lowered by adverse criticism, but it hurt him, and he could not conceal the hurt. He was imperious and dictatorial in manner, and often offended his clansmen even when he served them. A member of the New York Legislature, who had voted for both Conkling and Fenton, desired a small South American Consulship, and he sought the good offices of both Senators to secure the appointment from President Grant. The applicant went to the door of the United States Senate Chamber and sent in his card to Senator Fenton. That gentleman came into the lobby, politely greeted his constituent, listened to his story, took his position, promised to present it to the President, and urge the appointment, and left the officeseeker full of hope. A card was then sent to Senator Conkling, who in a few minutes came striding into the lobby, and, approaching his constituent, exclaimed: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" The gentleman responded, stating his wishes, and requesting the efforts and influence of the Senator. Mr. Conkling glowered at the unhappy man, and, drawing himself to the full height, exclaimed: "Sir, your conduct is indecent. How dare you call a Senator of the United States from his seat for such a purpose as this?" And thereupon the Senator turned his back upon the crestfallen applicant and walked away.

"And would you believe it?" said the subject of this incident, "Senator Fenton never presented my petition or said a word in my favor, while Roscoe Conkling went to General Grant and asked the appointment as a personal favor to himself and I got the place.

General Benjamin F. Butler so hated shams and hypocrites and pretenders that he would sometimes, for the sake of an epigram, depreciate his own truthfulness and integrity. "I never," said he on one occasion, "really began to enjoy life until I had lost the last scrap of my reputation." His wit was as keen as a razor and as merciless. Of Judge Ebenezer R. Hoar, Grant's first Attorney-General, he said: "His most prominent characteristic is his ungeniality. When he was on the supreme judicial bench in Massachusetts his constant grief was that he could not decide against both the appellant and appellee." Of a Southern Senator who was generally accredited with selling his vote whenever a market could be found he said: "His statesmanship fits the definition that the Chinese give to geometry—the science of the how much."

Once, however, Butler was worsted in repartee. It was during a session of the House committee on reconstruction, of which he was chairman. There had been a heated discussion, and General John F. Farnsworth, of Illinois, had bitterly opposed a radical measure favored by Butler, who sharply criticised Farnsworth for his alleged abandonment of Republican doctrine. Farnsworth replied excitedly, "The chairman questions my Republicanism. Why, I was a Republican when he was chasing fugitive slaves all over the State of Massachusetts." Butler rejoined, "There are people who prefer Judas Iscariot to Paul, on the ground that Judas was the oldest of the original Disciples." "I question the statement," said Farnsworth, "that Judas was the oldest of the original Disciples, and I shall dispute it, unless the gentleman from Massachusetts is in possession of family papers that will throw light upon the subject."

Captain Hooper, banker, politician, Mormon elder and for many terms Territorial delegate to Congress from Utah, was a gentleman who lived and dressed well. He was a charming conversationalist and knew intimately many public men. Hooper would defend polygamy, preach it, prove its Scriptural sanction, in brief do everything except practice it. He was the husband of one wife until the day of his death, and in spite of church influence always had a plausible excuse for not increasing his store of domestic felicity.

Brigham Young used his authority in vain up to the verge of "command" to induce Hooper to enter polygamy. But, "the command was not issued, for Hooper was wealthy and influential and too strong in every way to make it advisable for Brigham to assail him.

But the Mormon prophet was not without resort and one day he sent for the Captain and said to him bluntly, "Brother Hooper, you must live your religion. Your persistent refusal to enter polygamy is injuring the church as well as yourself." "But, President Young, I have reasons," said Hooper. "Yes," interrupted Brigham, "I know all about that, but I have reasons also. Now there is Sister Thompson, who died last year, and Sister Brown, who passed away a month ago, and Sister Jones, who has just left us. None of these sisters were sealed to anybody, before their departure, and I propose, Brother Hooper, to seal them to you." "Why, certainly, President Young," replied the relieved and delighted Hooper, "certainly, just as many dead ones as you like."

Horace Greeley is a great historic figure. He was surely the most prolific and potential editorial writer of his generation. Defeated by the several managers for a seat in the Republican National Convention of 1860 from New York, he appeared duly accredited as a delegate from Oregon, and he was a powerful factor in procuring the defeat of Seward for the nomination. He was the idol of hundreds of thousands of voters, who were interested in political success, not to secure the triumph of men but the establishment of principles. It is an undecided question whether the white hat on the back of the bald head, the long white coat and the trousers tucked in the boot leg were deliberate or accidental eccentricities. But there was no question as to the power of the man, when with pen in hand he assailed or upheld practices and principles. He was ambitious, but, until the last months which preceded his tragical ending, he ever seemed philosophical in adversity. Some friends, who were indignant at his defeat for a seat in Congress by John Morrisey, endeavored to induce him to contest the election. "Tut, tut, gentlemen," said he, "ours is a representative government. There is no obligation resting upon a community of thieves and vagabonds to choose a gentleman to represent them in Congress. The slums of New York have preferred a pugilist and a gambler to me for their Congressman. That is their right, and I shall not dispute it."

Mr. Greeley cordially hated the Administration of James Buchanan for its subservience to the slave power, but his patriotism was superior to his politics. At a Fourth of July banquet given in London before the Civil War by the British Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. Greeley was selected to reply to the toast, "The United States." He commenced his speech by saying, "What the United States most needs is a good licking—" He was interrupted by a burly Briton, who rapped his approval with his knife upon the table, cried, "Hear! hear!" and exclaimed, "That's right, Mr. Greeley; that's what the United States most needs." The Tribune philosopher grew red with indignation, and turning on the interrupter, he finished his sentence by saying, "but unfortunately no nation on the face of the earth, not even the country of the gentleman who interrupted me, is able to give it to her."

The nomination of Greeley for President by the Democrats in 1872, though tragical in its outcome had many amusing features.

I happened to be one of a stageload of passengers dining at a wayside station in Eastern Nevada, when the Austin stage arrived, bringing the glad tidings. Among our passengers was a stalwart old Democrat, a member of the State Senate. One or two of his companions of opposite political faith, gleefully asked him how he liked the nomination. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will answer by telling a little story. In 1849, I was one of a company of 40 co-operative goldseekers who came around the Horn. Arrived at the scene of our labors, in Placer County, we built a large cabin, and agreed to take turns about in cooking, the cook to be selected by lot, and to serve three months unless complaint was made, and then the grumbler was to take the place of the cook, and serve his unexpired term. It was no sinecure to cook for 40 hungry miners, and any of us preferred to labor with pick and shovel. The first week the lot of cooking fell to an inexperienced youth from New York City, and he certainly did serve some horrible messes. An old mackerel fisher from Massachusetts burst into a torrent of profanity at the youth, merely because he had spilt some whale oil into the codfish. The Gloucester man was, under the rules, promoted to the place of cook. He was a good cook, too, and we lived well for a week, then he got tired of job and plotted to relinquish it. He served us coffee "too weak to walk unblamed," and beans that needed to be pounded on the back before they could be eaten, and pork with the bristles on. But we put up a syndicate to praise everything he did, and he remained as chief culinary artist. One day, driven desperate, he baked a batch of bread about half salt, and served it to us for dinner—hot. I was one of the first at the table, and breaking off a piece of the bread, was nearly strangled in attempting to eat it. After I had cleared my throat, I exclaimed, indignantly: 'Well, of all the salty messes I ever tasted, this is the—' Then I caught sight of the joyful face of the cook, and caught myself in time—'but,' said I in the same breath: 'don't misunderstand me; I like salt. I never could get bread salt enough to suit me before.' Well, that's what as a Democrat, I have to say about the nomination of Horace Greeley."

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Freedom.

Alfred Tennyson.

Of old, sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet,
Above her shook the starry lights,
She heard the roaring currents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling down upon the wind.

Then stepped she down through town and field
To mingle with the struggling race,
And part by part to men revealed
The glorious fulness of her face.

Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them; may perpetual youth
Keep dry their holy light from tears.

Prize Squash Lie.

Roy E Fifield, of Stonington, Me., sent to a Bangor paper the following squash story: "I took seed from the squash raised this year, scratched my name upon it, and planted it. The result was a healhty vine, bearing a six and a quarter-pound squash, upon the surface of which my name appeared, clearly outlined. It was a Southern squash." This story has been awarded the annual gold medal for squash stories. The competition has now closed.