

When Russia came to Uncle Sam's Relief.

MOST of us, who are old enough to recall how, during the War of the Rebellion, there was a general report that a Russian fleet was in some manner going to help, or ready to help, the Northern States. There seemed to be a vague, undecided idea current that Russia stood ready to interfere in behalf of the North, if the poorly concealed assistance England was giving the South went too far.

I distinctly remember such rumors, but have never been able, until recently, to put my finger on it, so to speak, anything which I considered at all to the light of evidence.

During the last two years I have had in my employ an old sailor, who, on various occasions, related to me incidents from his varied experiences. I have been interested and the result is the following statement by him.

It seemed to me so important, especially the fact of some 500 seamen being transferred in a body from the Russian to the American Navy, that I wrote to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy concerning the matter. His reply, in general terms, was that he could find no record in the Navy Department of any "considerable number" of men being so transferred. Whether it was a matter that between 500 and 100 were considered a "considerable number" or that the Navy records did not show of any seamen being thus transferred, I do not know. Probably the latter, for the reader will see, upon reading the narrative, these seamen were never in the pay of the United States Government, but received their regular pay from the Russian government upon their return to Russia. For this reason their names were probably never on the rolls of our Navy, although they took an oath to serve the United States "as long as needed." Whether our Government reimbursed Russia for the service of these men will probably never be known, at least by us laymen.

The narrative I am about to relate is absolutely true, I am certain, its author the old sailor, I have known for some time, and know him to be absolutely honest and truthful. I know, and as he himself says, that for years after quitting the sea he was one of the worst of drunkards, "not drinking," as he says, "but pouring down whiskey." In some manner he came into contact with the Salvation Army, was converted, and has ever since been a sober, upright, honest man, and a very industrious worker in the Salvation Army.

He has tried to recall facts of considerable, so as to be able in some manner to corroborate his statement, but so many years have passed; moreover he knew them by their Russian or Finnish names only, and in most cases simply by nicknames, therefore I am able to find no corroborative evidence whatever. For that reason I wrote to the Navy Department, and for that reason also, I have given his recollections in a sort of narrative form.

From the connection of these incidents, their reasonableness and their simplicity, coupled with my personal knowledge of the man himself, I am positive he tells the absolute truth.

A Participant's Narrative.

"I was born in Nianted, Finland, in the year 1845. In 1856, when only 11 years old, I went aboard a Finnish sailing vessel lying between Newcastle and Lubeck, Prussia. From that time I was continually on the sea and all the time on Finnish vessels. In 1862, while my ship was in London, I deserted and went back to my home in Finland. I was there arrested, taken before a court, tried and sentenced to serve two years in the Russian Navy. I was placed on board the Russian man-of-war Ivanoff.

"Sometime in 1864, I think in May, while my ship was at Cronstadt, Russia, I was asked if I were willing to go to the United States and serve in the Navy. I was asked by a Russian officer in Russian uniform. I was perfectly willing, and myself, together with some 49 or 500 other sailors from Russian man-of-war lying at Cronstadt, were placed aboard a German passenger steamer and sailed for New York.

Donned Uncle Sam's Uniform.

"We landed at New York in the night time, and were at once taken to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, where, within half an hour, we took the oath of allegiance to the United States and to serve in the United States Navy as long as needed. We then changed our Russian uniforms for those of the United States Navy. With us were our Russian officers, who could speak English, Finnish and Icelandic, who were also sworn into the United States Navy, and who changed their uniforms for those of corresponding rank in the United States Navy. It was necessary to have our own officers, because none of us sailors could speak English, and our Russian officers repeated the commands of the American officers.

"We were all placed aboard a transport, and that same night before daylight, the night we came there, sailed to join Admiral Farragut's fleet.

"We joined the fleet in the Mississippi River below New Orleans, and were distributed among the men-of-war, I going to the Hartford, the Admiral's flagship. We were all sailors, and our duty was to man the ships, but in case of necessity we helped the gunners.

"We laid below New Orleans awhile, until 1865 I was on a vessel from New York out.

"In September, 1865, I was in Marseille, France, and enlisted in the American Navy, and was assigned to the Franklin, again Admiral Farragut's flagship. From Marseille we made a long cruise, taking us about three years, all of which time I was on the Franklin, and most of the time I was on the Admiral's gig—the boat the Admiral uses when going on shore. After leaving the Franklin, I, with five others, was sent to the lightship off Sandy Hook and remained there three years. When my time was up I again entered the merchant marine service, and in 1874 I quit the sea altogether.

Recollections of Farragut.

"While on our three years' cruise on board the Franklin, being a member of the crew of the Admiral's ship, I saw and saw a good deal of Admiral Farragut. He was perfectly kind to his crew, and his my little three years' cruise, most of the time being quiet, the war having never been made. While we were running the batteries at Mobile Bay, we were at a distance of about 10 miles from the shore, and would get up and try to land and see matters, but he would let us at and motion for us to lie down. After we had passed the batteries he allowed us to stand up behind him and see the fleet with the Confederate batteries.

"Once while on duty at Mobile Bay, I got two bottles of whiskey, and was going up the gangway with them when an officer saw them. I immediately dropped the whiskey overboard, but was arrested and put in the guardhouse. The next morning the Admiral wanted to see me, and the captain told him his crew was going to be short, that he had been bringing whiskey on shipboard. Farragut told the officer to bring him the whiskey, and when it was explained that I had dropped the whiskey overboard, Farragut said, 'I thought you told me he brought whiskey on shipboard; if he dropped it overboard, he didn't bring it on board the ship, did he?' And he ordered me into his gig again.

The Admiral's Humor.

"He was always very prompt in returning to his gig at the time he set, when on shore. When we rowed him ashore we would leave one man to guard the gig, and the rest of us would take a stroll. One day we went into a saloon and remained longer than we intended. Farragut came down to the gig and asked the guard where we were. He told him we had gone up town to buy envelopes and paper to write home. Farragut said, 'I will return to the ship in half an hour. If you come back and ordered us to row him over to the ship. When there he left us in the gig, and in a few minutes came back with two marines. Then he ordered us to row ashore again, and when there gave the marines orders not to allow us to leave the gig.

"We waited and waited for him, but he did not come. Daylight faded and night came on, but the Admiral did not come, but no Admiral for a long time. Finally he appeared and asked us if we were hungry. We told him we were. He took us to a restaurant and gave us a good breakfast. When we were rowing back to the ship he asked if we knew why he left us to go hungry. We told him we thought he had forgotten us. He said, 'I'll keep you out two nights and two days,' he said.

First Fight With Dewey.

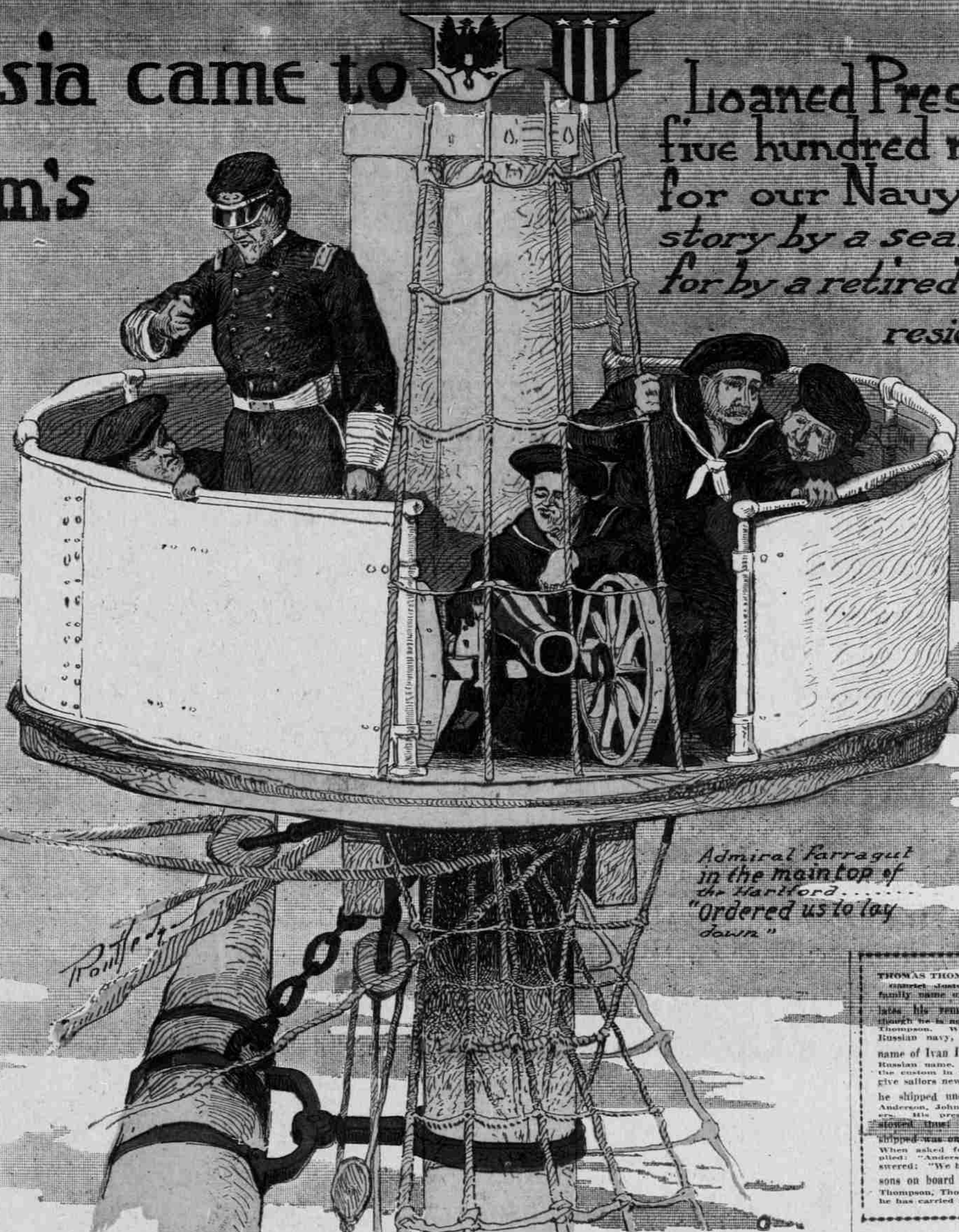
"On this three years' cruise, Admiral Dewey was aboard the Franklin. He was a very old man, with a white beard and quite boyish looking, and light and trim in build. He was a little cranky sometimes with us, but may be no more than we deserved, and on the whole we liked him very well. He never reprimanded me but once, and I never had any trouble with him but once. One night I was on guard on the bridge, the most important post on the ship. I was standing there when I saw whatever Dewey was right upon me. He told me I was asleep. I told him he was a liar. Without saying a word he struck me a good solid blow fairly between the eyes. I was large and strong, but the blow made me reel. I grabbed him and threw him on the deck and held him down. He was a little higher than I, and I tried to get up, but I still kept him down; he soon yelled for the guard, and two marines came and took me off to the guardhouse. The next morning I was court-martialed and sentenced to the sweat-box for six hours.

"The sweat-box was an iron box about two feet square and a little higher than a man's head, heated intensely hot. The ship's doctor examined each man before he was put in and every half hour during sentence. When I came out I was asked how I liked it. I replied I could stand another six hours, but as a matter of fact I was so weak I could not stand up. Dewey had only reported me for a breach of discipline, or some minor offense. If he had reported me for being asleep on post it would have gone hard with me.

"On thinking the matter over after wards I concluded he was right, and I must have been asleep, or else he never could have got right up to me before I saw him. If he had reported me for being asleep on post it would have gone hard with me.

These are a few of the old sailor's recollections. I told him that he outlined the whole Spanish fleet for the whipped Admiral Dewey single handed, while the entire Spanish fleet failed to do so.

J. R. CHAPMAN, Late Lieutenant Twenty-second Inf. Salom, Or., January 11.



Admiral Farragut in the main top of the Hartford. "Ordered us to lay down."

THOMAS THOMPSON, NAUGHTON.

Admiral Farragut, in the family name of the sailor who later his remarkable experiences, Thompson. When he joined the Russian navy, they gave him the name of Ivan Ivanoff. That is his Russian name. He declares it was the custom in the Russian navy to give sailors new names. Afterward, he shipped under several names—Anderson, Johnson, Smith and others. He did not receive any pay from the United States, but was paid on our own regular payday in Russia. I received about \$2.50 per month, being under sentence. At this time there were at Cronstadt

somewhere about 150,000 Russian soldiers awaiting orders, ready at an hour's notice to sail for the United States. Of this I am certain, for I saw them and talked with them daily in their barracks. They made no secret of it and said they were waiting for the Russian Navy. I stayed two years on the Ivanoff and then went home to Finland for the winter, where my father died. Then I shipped on a Finnish vessel from Copenhagen and was shipwrecked in the North Sea. We were picked up by a fishing vessel and eventually I landed in London. From there I shipped on an American vessel for New York, and from that time

again. Traveling in leisurely fashion through countless villages and cities, we had ample opportunity for studying the food supply and much of the domestic economy of the Shantung peasants.

What the Natives Eat.

Nine people out of ten, if asked what the Chinese live on, will reply promptly, "Why, rice, of course, and tea." But Shantung is a Northern province, where rice is very little used and where wheat, millet, and beans are the staple crops. This year the wheat crop was very poor and widespread famine would have been inevitable had not the kiln-dried grain and millet yielded fairly good harvests. As it is, there will be an inconceivable amount of want and hunger in those brown, thatched huts, all over the province, when you see it growing. The stalks and straw seem almost as important as the grain itself. The stalks are cut and plastered with mud to form the walls of very poor dwellings. It is used for fences, for screens, for beds, for baskets and for fuel. The straw is woven into mats and is also used for fodder.

With Chopsticks.

Bread in different forms and a kind of macaroni are the staple foods in the country. The latter is more like noodles in appearance than the tubular macaroni, with which we are most familiar. It is cooked up with scraps of vegetables and pork (if meat can be afforded) to make it tasty, and if well prepared is a dish by no means to be despised. The American housekeeper might well take a hint from some of the methods of preparing it, but she will probably not want to serve it. Chinese seldom or to try to eat it with chopsticks. Oh! it's lots of fun to eat macaroni with chopsticks. I had a busy time when I made my first attempt, although I am proud to say that later, at certain Chinese dinner parties I was repeatedly complimented on my skill with these implements.

Chinese food is coarse and gritty. In cities where there are foreigners, foreign bread made from imported flour is usually

CURIOUS COOKING IN INTERIOR OF CHINESE EMPIRE

LILLIAN E. TINGLE, PORTLAND EXPERT, MAKES NOTE OF THINGS OBSERVED ON A SUMMER'S JOURNEY.

WHEN a domestic science teacher finds herself in the interior of Shantung horseback or being carried in a chair over endless muddy, dusty or stony roads, with intervals for eating and sleeping in Chinese inns of medieval squalor, she finds it wise, unless she intends to starve, to lay aside a very large number of her regular ideas of civilized cleanliness, table service and dietetics, and to shut her eyes to many things that seem, say, in Portland (and such things have been seen there), would take away her appetite for a week.

But the appetite that results after rising in the gray dawn from a hard mat bed and traveling some 10 or 12 miles before breakfast, is not easily taken away (except by a square meal) and you very soon realize how many are the things that you can get along without in leading a truly simple life. Also that it is perfectly possible to enjoy a monotonous diet of eggs, tea and "mutton" or "mamma" (a kind of steamed bread) three times a day for a week; even though you have to eat at a bare rickety table, and wash your face with cold water out of a cup and platter with scalding tea before you trust yourself to use them.

The meal will probably be eaten in the "best room" of the inn. If it is a good inn this room is likely to be raised a step or two above the courtyard into a half-story building, with a window without glass, but with thin paper stretched over the frame. The floor is of proper place to throw egg shells, mutton rinds or tea dregs. One or two beds, simple wooden frames with reed mats on them, with two chairs and a table usually occasionally seen a scroll or picture and a mirror. The latter, I was told, was not intended for toilet purposes, but to keep off devils. Certainly any self-respecting devil would flee if he saw himself reflected in that distorting glass. I was half dead myself, however, but the paper is almost always torn and

dirty. There may be a ceiling paper stretched on a light frame, but usually the walls are of mud or plaster, and the thatch and a chance to reflect on the beads and scorpions that make their home there.

In all the inns where I slept there was a small inner room, affording some degree of privacy, and furnished with a bed, sometimes a table, and always a heap of dust and rubbish. In the poorer inns, such as are met with in the mountains and along the less-traveled roads, the accommodations are of course less sumptuous. Often there is only a single room with no beds, simply mats laid on a raised earthen platform or "kang," which can be heated from beneath in cold weather. Such a windowless, dirty den would not be considered fit for a decent American horse, if circumstances compelled a halt at a place like this we took our food in the open air, to the wonder and amusement of interested onlookers. In the courtyard, which is ankle deep in mud except in the driest weather, there is probably a collection of clumsy country carts, wretched, with heavy, yellow, nail-studded wheels and bright blue arched covers. A ride in such a cart over the rut and rocks of a well-traveled high road is an unforgettable experience. I should think a padded football suit would make the most satisfactory traveling costume for persons using these vehicles.

Queer Cooking.

Beside the carts, the horses and mules are steadily applying themselves to their ration of chopped straw, bran and beans; a number of black hogs or two, are seeking what they may devour, and the driver, chair-bearers, personal servants and military escorts, are equipping on their heels round a low table and using their chopsticks with much vigor and enjoyment.

A dark arched leads out into the village street. Inside this is the cook-

ing place—black and smoky, where a brown, half-naked 12-year-old is working. The wretched, toothsome, one-legged queer clay-bull stove. This stove is fed continually with dried grass and straw, and the cook, an old woman, who wags her bald head and smiles a friendly toothless smile in response to your salutation. Moreover, she will allow you a glimpse of mysterious stews and vegetable mixtures cooking merrily between the black hot-water kettles.

The street doorway naturally is crowded with curious women and children, and men too, they are just as curious, but are compelled to be content with the back seats in this particular circus. Gradually the crowd presses forward into the courtyard. They want to watch the wonders of omelet making over an alcohol lamp; and one feels as if a Cooking School demonstration is in progress, until the hostess, who is in the kitchen, and in their own doorway, by the announcement that he has orders from the Governor to carry off to Chianfu all small boys without trousers.

On the Road.

You finish off your meal with a handful of peanuts or some big orange-colored persimmons bought from a persistent peddler for what seems to you a scandalously low price. The landlord is paid by the commander-in-chief after some characteristic bargaining. Your few belongings are bundled into the cart and your chair carried by six sturdy rascals with bowl-shaped hats and red horse-hair plumes. Your cavalry escort goes on their backs, and your military escort, in their loose belted blue and red uniforms with the queues called like a "Dutch braid" under each sailor hat. The commander-in-chief and his nominal mayor ride majestically through the crowd and you are off on the road

but he would not let us, and made us lie down.

"From Mobile Bay we went to Charleston, then to Savannah, and then to Hampton Roads. From here we, the Russian sailors from the various ships, were sent to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and after waiting for about four weeks for all the sailors to arrive, we were sent back by a passenger steamer to Cronstadt and placed again aboard our own ships. I going back to the Ivanoff.

When at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard we changed our uniforms back to those of the Russian Navy.

"We were in the United States Navy somewhere between five and six months; it is so long, I can't remember exactly. We did not receive any pay from the United States, but were paid on our own regular payday in Russia. I received about \$2.50 per month, being under sentence. At this time there were at Cronstadt

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