HUMAN MORPHOLOGY!

NEW SCIENCE PERFECTED FOR CLASSIFYING MEN AND WOMEN.

NO MORE SQUARE PEGS IN ROUND HOLES SAY FRENCH.

Predominating Types Are Digestive, Respiratory, Muscular and Cerebral, Says Founder of Science—Children to Be Directed into Proper Channels at Beginning—Success of Theory in French Army.

The Respiratory Predominance—Lafayette. Others of this Type are the Grand Conde, Don Quixote, Fenelon and George Washington.

The Digestive Predominance—Talleyrand. Others of this Type, Louis XVI., Rossini and McKinley.

The Cerebral Predominance—Cardinal de Richelieu. Others of this Type, Henry III., Lamennais and Edison.

The Muscular Predominance—Napoleon as First Consul. Others of this Type, Alexander, Caesar and Grant.

BY STERLIN HEILIG.

PARIS, June 29.—(Special Correspondence.)—Is your child starting right?

Have you, yourself, been out of place all your life?

Do you want your child to avoid your failures or half-successes? Would you have him—or her—forceful, radiant, breezy, useful, happy?

Would you help your fellows to the one thing most needed—harmony with environment?

Or are you young, and would you help yourself to the great desideratum? Then learn of the new science of human morphology.

It forbids the putting of round pegs in square holes, and equally the putting of square pegs into round holes. Most of the miseries and failures of life may be traced to such errors of environment into which false interest and blind circumstances are continually forcing the young and even the middle-aged.

You will learn to distinguish a digestive from a respiratory.

You will shrink from putting a muscular into the routine of a cerebral. Such are the teachings of this new science, created by a simple physician of Lyons, one Dr. Sigaud, whose works bid fair to go down the roll of fame with those of Trosseau, Laennec and Broussais in taking up again the great traditions of the French clinic.

Doubtless, it is immensely important to investigate, understand and master the infinitely small; bacteriology has made precious discoveries and will continue to render inestimable services to humanity. Yet it deals with an accessory element, a mere parasite of human life.

The principal element of the problem gets further and further away from us—corroborates Dr. Thooris, chef des Travaux at the Practical School of Higher Studies—in proportion as we approach nearer to the microbe.

Classifying the Race.

Now the Hautes Etudes, as everybody knows, is the culminating point of the French University; so Professor Thooris is worth listening to when he holds up to France and the world the discoveries of a hitherto obscure Lyons physician.

The principal element of the problem, according to the new science is the human form. In ordinary language "form" refers only to exterior configuration. To the morphologist, however, "form" includes the other physical qualities—color, elasticity, temperature, etc. Human decrepitude and degeneracy are deformations, says Dr. Sigaud.

Retard deformations, prevent the breaking down of the form!

Now, the human form is an hierarchised ensemble of four different orders of apparatus—the respiratory, the digestive, the muscular and the cerebral; and the predominance of any one of these over the others assures a good equilibrium in proportion as the predominance is strongly confirmed. The respiratory type (Conde, Don Quixote, Washington, Lafayette) lives, above all, from the atmosphere. The digestives (Sancho Panza, Louis XVI, Rossini, Talleyrand, Mac Kinley) find in food the most important source of their vitality. The musculars (Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Grant) live most on movement. And the cerebrals (Henry III, Richelieu, Edison) find their best source of energy in visual and sonorous impressions.

Victory over decline, says Dr. Sigaud, belongs to marked predominances constantly in contact with the particular environment which is favorable to them. Here you have, in a word, the story of success or failure. The terrible part of it is that—unwarned—no one is safe from the tricky shiftings of circumstance. The beauty of it is that—once warned—none are doomed to remain failures. Only the courage to make the wrench—to get out of the rut—is necessary.

Take that great muscular, Napoleon. As a youth, cooped up in schools and towns, he amounted to nothing, but existed in a lethargic condition. He failed at writing short stories. His superb vitality awoke with the stir and movement of war. His health, too, continued wonderful so long as he continued to find, on the battlefields of Egypt, Syria and all Europe, the occasions for that movement which kept his elasticity in good condition. The muscular type began to break down in the inactivity of Elba, and sunk completely and rapidly in the barbarous immobility of St. Helena.

Take that other great muscular, Grant. What did he amount to in schools and in sedentary employment? Practically a failure. Only in the great movements of the Civil War did his genius flash up; and when, again, later, he found himself sedentary in the White House, he ran down deplorably in every sense. His trip around the world was a bodily instinct, which gave him a respite.

Some Notable Types.

The respiratory type of Lafayette explains his taste for adventure, his repeated seavoyages, his search for other climates and new atmospheres. George Washington's farewell address was certainly motived by deep political sagacity and patriotic sincerity; yet who knows to what extent, subconsciously, instinctively, the human form of the great and typical respiratory pushed him to lose not a moment in hastening back to the free air of Mount Vernon and a planter's deep breathing life on horseback?

Inversely, a cerebral remains indifferent to the stimulants which transport the muscular, the respiratory or the digestive. The cerebral loves neither movement, open air adventure or the table. Compare the music of the digestive Rossini with that of the cerebral G. Mahler. Compare the resistance of the administrator Richelieu with that of Napoleon's universal genius working as an administrator. Napoleon, the muscular, drew up the statutes of the Theater-Francais corporation on a drum-head outside Moscow. He founded the Legion of Honor on a battlefield. He meditated the outlines of the French code between two campaigns. Anything seemed possible to him under the stimulus of movement; yet in the quiet council rooms of Paris, victim of hysteria and bursts of petulance, he wasted his time multiplying plans that could not work.

The cerebral Richelieu, on the contrary, carried the work of an entire cabinet in his head, fooled the diplomats of Europe, and beat the combined great feudatories, while making his collection of paintings, marbles, books and jewels to leave to the French people. He never took exercise, scarcely ever quit his palace; and when forced to do so, he rode in a closed litter which kept the vagrant, fragrant breezes at a distance.

Take the cerebral Edison. He can do with five hours' sleep, but often takes 12; he despises food or eats reasonably, according to mood; and he finds sufficient exercise, during weeks, inside the complicated laboratory where the best part of his life is passed!

Each type has its instincts and its needs; and each would regulate its life according to its predominance—did not the so-called "interests," clashing circumstances, and injurious substitutes of an artificial civilization, pull the victim out of his—or her—natural routine and environment.

It is seen in the French army, where General Mauñoury, military governor of Paris, has taken up the teachings of human morphology with enthusiasm. The results are extraordinary.

France, as is known, is rather short of conscripts. Even among the young men of the whole land between 18 and 21, when they respond to the two years' "call of the flag," large numbers have been weeded out as "physically not apt for military service."

The Revision Councils, as they are called, have been guided by rigid conventional rules of measurements, weight, etc. Many army doctors have felt these rules to be out-of-date, rejecting thousands of young men who might render useful service to the modern army. For example, there are the classical cases of French aviators who had been "reformed" (rejected) by the Revision Councils: Latham, Leblanc, Vedrines, Vidart, Bibert, Tabuteau, Martin, Nieuport, Loridan, Kimmerling and Renaux—that is to say, the very men who are today at the front of French military aviation. Of course, after they had shown their flying ability, they were promptly "reintegrated" into the service.

On the other hand, the French army—like all armies recruited by forced conscription—accepts thousands of young soldiers who simply wilt in barracks and remain of no utility. Yet they have the necessary measurements, etc. Then, why? Simply, says Doctor Sigaud, of Lyons, because no account has been made of their morphologic constitution.

Principal Military Doctor Thooris, brother of the Professor Thooris already mentioned, has tried experiments of changed environment with hundreds of these "wilted" ones in barracks and hospitals. Later, he proceeded with other youths who "ought to have been rejected." The results were astonishing, and because Dr. Thooris has his official residence at the Invalides, where he is thrown in contact with the military governor of Paris, human Morphology has had the luck to be taken up promptly by the all-powerful general maunoury.

The respiratories can flourish in the open air alone. To all such, garrison in full country districts and particularly the mountains, is ordered as a sufficient "reviving" measure. And, note, the "wilted" respiratories settle down with enthusiasm in the routine of the various Alpine Corps, ordinarily difficult to recruit.

From the digestives, warns Dr. Thooris, expect no effort if you have not furnished them with abundant nourishment. Give them supplementary rations! The musculars require physical fatigue and, next day, more movement; send them to the cavalry. The cerebrals, on the contrary, are fit only for a sedentary life, in the social center, with its sense stimulations. Place them in the bureau as scribe or planton, the more so as the cerebrals are comparatively few in number, representing only a tiny proportion of 3 per cent.

And, note, the cerebrals are not necessarily intelligent. Get such idea of "brainy" men out of your heads. It is the "type" which the name refers to.

No more are musculars necessarily strong. Or the digestives fat. How tell them apart?

How, practically, take advantage of human morphology?

To begin with, the original genius, Dr. Sigaud, creator of the new science, is writing a book which the Republican Federation is preparing to circulate in France and among the nations.

Will Do Away With Failures.

Meanwhile, Dr. Thooris, whose address is "Medecin-Major des Invalides, aux Invalides, a Paris," has drawn up a hand-book specifying the special training programme which is fit for each category.

This handbook is not yet printed.

Later, it will be distributed to the press of the various countries by the Republican Federation of Military Preparation Societies—patriotic network of gymnastics, football, drill and Boy Scout associations originated long ago by Paul Derouleda and now covering all France.

Meanwhile one can but indicate the outlines:

The respiratory has the nose and median part of the face particularly developed. The thorax occupies the greater part of the trunk; and the false ribs extend to touch the lower edge of the pelvis.

The digestive presents a preponderance of the lower parts of head and trunk; that is to say, of the jaw and the belly.

The cerebral has a small body, not much muscle; while the skull has acquired an abnormal development in proportion.

The muscular has proportions which are generally harmonious.

Such are our types. The preponderance of this or that, in your case or mine, is an epitome of the preponderating types in a struggle of vast ancestry, back into the mists of time. How can we get away from them? How can we disregard our origins? They cry aloud, ghost-voices, of billions. We close our ears to them—and see to what shifts we are put!

Why be astonished because a respiratory, shut up all day in office, department store or factory, without air, and all night in a tiny bedroom, seeks in alcohol a fictitious agent to sustain him and take the place of the atmosphere without which he cannot live?

Here is a digestive who has lost the organic sense of his alimentary needs. Instead of a hearty breakfast, he substitutes a pick-me-up, cocktail or glass of white wine "to kill the worm." Reveal to him the true source of his energy, which is the food mass, and he will soon take to the hearty breakfast demanded by his predominance; or if too used to alcohol to quit, his stomach, tonified by food, will better resist the poison.

When musculars learn to exalt their vitality and keep their elasticity by movement, the "physiological tipsiness which is their right will cause them to despise the ignoble drink or drug.

Consciousness of the demands of our predominances, says Dr. Sigaud, is the future of the race. Marriages between the same types, besides avoiding conflicts of tastes and interests, assure hereditary supremacy of the predominance, purity of type, and vigor of descent.

Human morphology has already an army of adepts, and an illustrious etat-major. Its principles are sympathetic and fascinating. They evoke, in the consciousness of the average man, a wistful sense of probability, of souvenirs, might-have-beens, and aspirations long choked down by circumstance.

ADVENTURE RECOUNTED OF CAPTURE BY A PRIVATEER

Captain Horace Sherman Gives Graphic Fact Story of How Confederate Ship Burned Yankee Whaling Fleet and Capture the Bark Congress—How He Escaped With Help of Negro Slave.

(Captain Torace Sherman is living today at Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y. He has had many wild adventures, some of them more bloody than the one he here relates, but his favorite tale is of the burning of the Congress. Never has he been through a more thrilling experience, he says, and never has he known moments of such suspense. Captain Sherman's name is known wherever whalers of the old school meet.

THE season of 1865 was a good one for us on the bark Congress. We had been cruising around in Bering Sea taking whale after whale, every oen of them rich in oil and bone. The Congress was one of a fleet of about seven vessels which had been working pretty much together for several weeks. We were all American ships, and because of the chance of meeting some Confederate privateer along the Atlantic Coast most of us had carried at least one long gun when we left port. There was no particular reason for us hanging together way off in Bering Sea, but most of the skippers were friends on shore, and there were so many whales that we did not interfere with each other in the least.

The ice came down out of the north rather late that Summer, and in the last part of June we found ourselves in the midst of a heavy floe. On the 28th we were in Bering straits, just about eight miles south southeast of east from Cape of Asia, there was a brisk breeze and we were sailing under reefed canvas because of the ice.

Being first mate of the Congress, I happened to be on the quarter deck with Captain Loyd when we saw the Brunswick, of New Bedford, round up into the wind and begin making distress signals. It didn't take us long to learn that she had struck a piece of ice and stove a hole in her port bow. Captain Loyd sent me in charge of a whale-beat to offer assistance to the Brunswick. The other vessels were all pretty far off to be of any use to the crippled ship.

She was settling fast by the bows and we made the best of our way through the ice toward her. Shortly before we reached her a strange sail was sighted, and it kept growing larger, bearing right toward us. The new ship show no colors, but there is a sort of instinct bred to the sea which gives sailormen a warning of danger, and just from the cut of her canvas I scented trouble.

The stranger was on the opposite side of the Brunswick from what all our ships lay, and she seemed to be making remarkable progress through the ice. From the way she was handled I made up my mind that real live seamen were aboard of her.

By the time we were alongside the Brunswick she was pretty close. I went aboard the damaged ship to see how serious matters were. The carpenter's men were patching up the hole pretty well and all hands at the pumps were managing to keep the water in her hold under control. I went on deck again to look at the stranger. I liked her looks less and less, and as the crew of the Brunswick seemed able to take care of their ship I had my men pull away from the Congress. On the quarter deck I fond Captain Loyd watching the stranger through his glass.

"What do you make of her?" he asked.

"I don't like her looks," said I, and "She's got queer marks on her sides."

"That she has," said the captain, "and they're gun ports covered with planking to disguise them. I'm going to get out of these waters."

The men had been watching, too, and we got under way in no time. The stranger was tacking toward us in long legs and we took advantage of a fair wind and laid our course at an agle to hers. By the time we passed her we should be far to the westward of her. Through the glass we could see officers watching us, but the ship kept right on her course.

She Raises the Stars and Bars.

We were about a mile from her when suddenly there rippled from her halyards the flag of the Confederacy. Through glasses we could see men taking boards from over the ports and the sides of the vessel bristled with guns. We were not within range and had little fear that she would chase us with so much richer prey ahead. Our whaling vessels were much smaller than the Confederate, and she was probably built much stronger, so that on account of the ice she had our fleet actually at her mercy.

We heard a dull boom and saw that she had fired a shot across the bows of the nearest whaler. Our ships did not reply. There would have been no use. The gun on each vessel was mounted at the stern for use in a running fight. We could see parties from the Confederate boarding two of our ships before we dropped below the horizon.

Two or three hours later a number of black columns rising from the sea told us of the fate of the whalers. Night was coming on fast and the wind was dropping. This was not at all to our liking, for we knew that when the Confederates had burned our ships, or most of them, and transferred the captured crews, they would pursue us. By sundown there wasn't a breath stirring and we lay far into the night, with our canvas sagging.

I was on watch at midnight. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, but the stars began to dim, just a little at first, but they gradually disappeared one by one behind a hazy mist which settled and thickened fast. I knew we were in for a fog and I wasn't at all pleased about it. Of course, in the darkness, if we had any breeze at all, we might give the slip to the Confederate, but on the other hand the mist might clear away and show her close by. I preferred clear weather and an open sea, with the start we had on our enemy.

All through the night the fog grew heavier. We could not see the sun rise. A gray light diffused about us, but we couldn't see a biscuit's throw ahead. All day long we lay in the mist and all that next night. Then a light breeze filled our canvass and we got under way, very cautiously, for we feared ice. When the sun rose the fog lifted like a curtain.

In no time the sea was clear, and there about half a mile ahead of us was a strange ship. It was not the same one which had captured the fleet, but we were taking no chances. We put about and unfurled every inch of sail. The stranger followed us and we could see that she was gaining. She showed no colors, and as her bow was toward us we could not tell whether her sides were pierced for guns. Our crew swarmed in the rigging, or grouped at the rails watching her.

We had run out of the ice floes pretty much, and there was only an occasional small chunk to thump against us, but all the time the pursuing vessel loomed bigger astern of us. We were watching her halyards for the time when she would fly her colors, although we had no doubt of her character, for she was unmistakably chasing the Congress. Suddenly the stars and bars were unfurled, and at the same instant there was a puff of white at her bows, and a ball skipped on the water and bounded past us 200 yards to port. It was a signal for us to lay to, but we preferred to run for it. The ball was almost spent when it reached us, and we thought she could do little damage at that range.

She did not fire again, but kept steadily on her course. We could not shake her. Our stern gun was loaded and I squinted along the sights. I was good at it in those days, and when we fired the ball tore through her foresail and plunged into the water astern of her. She did not reply to the shot, but ploughed ahead, still drawing closer to us. We fired again, but missed. Then the Confederate replied with a single gun from the bow and grazed our side, doing a little damage above the water line.

Our third shot hit her square, a little to starboard of the prow. But she had had enough, and suddenly hove round broadside toward us. She was within easy range and could have sunk us with a single volley, but she did not fire immediately. She was giving us time to surrender, and seeing the uselessness of the unequal fight we put into the wind and Captain Loyd ordered the flag lowered.

Held as Prisoners of War.

When she was closer, a boat put off from the Confederate and an officer hailed us.

"What ship is that?"

"The Congress out of New Bedford."

"What is your cargo?"

"Whale oil and bone," replied Captain Loyd.

The officer came on board and raised a Confederate flag.

"Captain Wardell, of the Confederate man-of-war Shenandoah, orders that part of your crew be transferred to the Shenandoah," he said. "You are all prisoners of war."

The crew was mustered, and by that time another boat from the Confederate ship was alongside. Half our crew, including myself, went to the Shenandoah and a part of the Confederate crew took possession of the Congress. We sailed away into the north all that day and near night sighted some French ships.

All the prisoners were sent below and we were locked in the forecastle to prevent any from escaping to one of the Frenchmen.

We were not again allowed the freedom of the decks. Some of the men were confined in the hold, but because I was an officer I was allowed a small cabin, which was always locked. A port furnished light and air, but heavy timber had been bolted over it so that there was no hope of escaping that way even if I had been able to wriggle my body through it. This would hardly have been possible, and if I had wriggled through I would have dropped into the water.

I was treated with every courtesy, but under no conditions is it pleasant to be a prisoner. I made the acquaintance of several of the officers, who occasionally came to my cell and chatted with me. To one of them, Simpson by name, I took a great dislike, although eventually he quite unwittingly did me a service.

A giant negro named Sam brought me my simple food, which consisted mostly of hardtack and salt pork, a very good diet at sea. Sam was a slave and seemed quite contented with his lot, but one day he came into the cabin with a dejected air and I noticed that one eye was badly swollen and discolored.

"What's the matter, Sam?" I asked.

"It's Marse Simpson," he said. "he done get mad an' wallop me.'

"What for?" I asked.

"Kase I spill his toddy,' said Sam.

I think his feelings were hurt more than anything else, but he was in an ugly mood.

"I tell how it is, Marse Sherman," he said. "I'se tired o' this here life. All my folks back home they's freed, but out yere on the water we're jes' the same as befo'."

"Didn't you ever think of running away?" I said.

"Lord," said Sam, as he left the cabin, "I done think on it, but I cain't do it."

I did not want to push things. Sam was in an ugly mood and I had set him to thinking of escape. Next day I would talk more about it. If only we sailed close to some other vessel at night, and Sam could get me out of my cabin, we might slip over the side and take one of the boats.

Sam Devises Plan of Escape.

I had not to wait for the next day to hear more about escape. That night when Sam brought my supper he locked the door behind him and, drawing me into the far corner of the boxlike room, whispered to me:

"Marse Sherman I think I can git the Injun Point. I hear Cap'n Wardell say we'd lay off thar all night an' that mebbe thar'd be some Frenchmen round thar."

"Yes?' I said.

"Marse Sherman, I think I can git the little dinghy over the stern, or p'raps they'll leave her tied there if we're anchored. I'se 'fraid to go alone, Marse Sherman, but ef you'll go 'long with me, I reckon we can git to Injun Point an' in the mornin' one o' them Frenchies might pick us up."

I thought a long time over this, for if there were no Frenchmen in the neighborhood of Indian Point, or if they should leave before the Shenandoah, we might starve to death there.

An hour or so later I knew that we had come to anchor. It was dark and I could not see from my port whether we were near land or not. I had hardly touched my supper, I was so nervous. It was late when Sam came to take my dishes away and he whispered to me that we were a quarter of a mile from shore. The dinghy was floating at the yardyarm. Sam said that three French ships were anchored near us. That was enough. I was determined to risk starvation for the sake of freedom.

There was no sleep for me. About midnight, I heard a key fitted softly into the door. It was several seconds before it was turned and the clicking of the lock sounded to me like the rattle of a winch. Sam, barefooted, sneaked into the room. Without speaking, he signed to me to take off my shoes. I lost no time in doing it, and slipped over my own clothes a heavy gray cloak which he handed me. It was such as the officers wore.

Not a word passed between us. Although the dinghy was anchored at the stern, I did not see how we could reach it by sliding out on the arm and down the hauser, for the officer on watch would be on the quarterdeck. There was a better chance of escaping discovery at the bow. I clutched Sam's sleeve and explained this to him. We both dreaded a plunge in the icy sea, but there seemed no other way.

"You lead me to the forward deck," I whispered to Sam, "and after that I will show you how to act."

There was a companionway a little forward of midway the main forward deck, and after minutes of crawling through the dark, we were under this. Stealthily we crept up the ladder almost to the top and lay there quietly. The man on watch was still; we could not hear his footsteps on the deck. Presently we heard him walking toward us from astern. He passed on to the bow, then paused for a few minutes. Next he paused aft again, and we could hear that he was resting there before going forward again. Very still we lay while he repeated this schedule half a dozen times. We wondered if we could count on him doing it again. Every second we waited increased the chances that the watch would change his system and remain in the bow or shorten his pacing. It was decided that Sam should wriggle to the deck first, and steal into the bow chains just as the watch passed us, going aft; that is, when his back would be toward us. Just before he left me Sam pressed a revolver into my hands.

"You kin use it best, Marse Sherman," he whispered. "I'se skeered of it."

The Plunge Not the Icy Sea.

The eighth time that the man on deck passed the companionway, Sam left me without a sound. There was no alarm and I knew he must have gained the chains without being seen. Forward tramped the watch and my heart was in my mouth for fear he would discover the negro, but after his customary pause he went aft again. No sooner had he gone by me than I was on the deck, stealing in my stocking feet toward the bow. In one hand I carried my shoes, in the other my revolver. Sam was safe, and I joined him without discovery, I thought I should scream as we slipped down into the cold water. The current ran strong and we drifted quickly to the dinghy. I crawled in first and helped the negro over the stern. We were not out of danger. The footsteps of the watch sounded dimly, but we listened until we were sure he was going toward the bow and had passed us, then cut the rope which held the boat.

It was a pitch black night and we lay huddled and shivering in the bottom of the dinghy. On we drifted, afraid to touch the oars and afraid even to stir. When we had gone some distance and had not been discovered by the officer or the watch, Sam produced a flask of brandy and we drank heavily. We did not yet dare to row, but soon the ship was scarcely discernible in the darkness, and we began to use our oars. We dare not row directly to the French ships. It was our plan to stay on shore until the Shenandoah sailed away, and then be rescued by a Frenchman.

Once on shore, we ran back and forth trying to get warm. It is a wonder we did not perish from the cold and exposure. My cloak, which I had rolled into a bundle and fastened round my shoulders before I dropped into the water, was soaking wet.

From where we were we could see the lights of four vessels, and we watched them anxiously, hoping that the Shenandoah would be the first to weigh anchor.

It was still dark when one of the ships, under a light breeze, sailed away. It was one of the French vessels. Ten minutes later another Frenchman sailed away. There was one left with the Shenandoah, and it was a gamble which would leave first. If the Confederate did not sail before daylight, Sam's absence would first become known, then mine, and we were likely to be recaptured. If the Frenchman put away before the Confederate, we were lost. We dared not sleep and our eyes were glued on the lights of the two ships. Just as dawn was near the Shenandoah weighed anchor and pounded lazily southward.

We could scarcely wait until daylight to signal one remaining ship. When the sun rose she was still at anchor and the hull of the Confederate was below the horizon, although her sails showed. The French ship was about a quarter of a mile from us. I took off my gray cloak and waived it about my head as a signal. It was soon answered from the quarterdeck of the ship and a boat put away from her.

Sam and I were taken on board. The first mate spoke a little English, and I made him understand our circumstances. It was a whaling vessel, and as the crew was short we were received with pleasure.

During the cruise I helped to take five whales, which more than paid for my keep, and when we were discharged at Marseilles, Sam and I were both sent home by the American Consul. As a matter of fact, General Lee had surrendered to General Grant before the Shenandoah burned the fleet and the prisoners were liberated at the first port where the news of peace was known.

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