

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My cashean in the moonlight there
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear
As I do only more.

LITTLE MAY.

In the hotel where we were stopping,
there was a guest whose name, as the
register showed, was Joseph P. Maxwell,

In a town like Luling society was not
exacting. A stranger was not required
to exhibit credentials, nor to state who
his grandfather was, as a condition of
entree into society.

It must be acknowledged that Joe was
much given to the vice of swearing, but
he never swore in the child's presence.

It appeared that from the day on
which May became ill she never left her
room. Day by day she became more
feeble, and now for a week she had been
unable to leave her little bed.

It was on the eve of the day before
we left Luling that we saw her for the
last time. Her father was going to her
room with medicine. He told us she was
much better, and that he thought the
crisis was over.

As little May walked down the street
with her father, women who had lost all
their womanliness—and there were many

such in the town—spoke in hushed tones
in her presence. To them she was a
speck of gold in a mass of metal—a ray
of light from a better world—a bright
piece of color on a sombre background.

And so they went on from day to day,
little May and her father. From the nature
of Joe's profession, he was at leisure
during the day. In the summer
mornings, while yet the dew was on the
grass, he and the child would be seen
passing down the street, out by the
cemetery, past the straggling huts and
tents where the railroad hands lived, on
into the woods—the child sometimes on
her father's back or in his arms, sometimes
running along by his side, chasing
the butterflies and the humming birds,

or gathering the wild flowers of the
prairie. Down by the banks of the clear
stream they would go—down into the
valley, where, in the sunlight, grew the
flowers and grasses, a rich and beautiful
carpet of nature's weaving, while in the
shade the fern and the vine flourished in
luxurious profusion—down in the groves
of the valley, with their patches of light
and shade, where nature's choristers
chanted carols of joy and sang songs of
welcome. There, in some quiet nook,
they stayed and played, and laughed all
through the long summer day—the
father telling fairy tales to the child, the
little one weaving crowns of leaves for
her father's head, and garlands of flowers
for his neck.

One day Joe was walking down the
street with little May by his side, when a
man stepped out of a saloon, and cursed
him, accusing him of having acted un-
fairly at the gambling table. He slapped
Joe on the face. Joe became very pale,
and trembled so that one not knowing
him would have supposed that he was
afraid. For a moment he looked irresolu-
tely at the child by his side, then tak-
ing her up in his arms, he hurried to
the hotel. Not a word was said by Joe
or any of the spectators. It was some
time before those who were witnesses to
the occurrence recovered enough from
their surprise at the temerity of the man
who had insulted Joe, to offer any criti-
cisms on his action. Then the saloon-
keeper, looking up at the sky, with half-
closed eyes, as if he was making an ab-
struse astronomical calculation, re-
marked:

"There'll be a dead man round some-
where to-night."

It was a true prediction. The jury
said that Joe was justifiable.

It appeared that from the day on
which May became ill she never left her
room. Day by day she became more
feeble, and now for a week she had been
unable to leave her little bed.

It was on the eve of the day before
we left Luling that we saw her for the
last time. Her father was going to her
room with medicine. He told us she was
much better, and that he thought the
crisis was over.

As little May walked down the street
with her father, women who had lost all
their womanliness—and there were many

together all day long by the beautiful
river, and I'll never go away from you
any more."

"The last rays of the sun, as it sinks
behind the distant horizon, lights up
her face with a rosy tint, as with an
effort she puts her arms around Joe's
neck and whispers:

"My poor, lonely old papa."

Then all is still. There is no sound
in the room except the tick-tick of the
little clock on the mantelpiece, as it
registers the flow of the River of Time
into the Ocean of Eternity; but musical
echoes of the jubilant song of the heav-
enly visitants around the bed of little
May on earth, reach to the gates of
heaven itself. The angel watchman on
the walls of the golden city take up the
retrian, and the glad chorus resounds
through the corridors of the heavenly
mansions, until it bursts in exultant ho-
sanannas around the throne of God. Little
May is dead.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

From an interesting volume entitled
"The History of Steam Navigation," by
Rear Admiral of the United States navy,
the following account of the origin and
progress of the application of steam to
the purposes of navigation is derived:

The first to apply the power of steam
to vessels was Blasco de Garray, a native
of Biscay. On the 17th of June, 1543,
he offered to propel a vessel without
sails or oars before the emperor, Charles
the Fifth. De Garray procured a mer-
chant vessel, called La Trinidad, of two
hundred tons burden. The experiment
was made in the presence of the imper-
ial commissioners, Don Henry de Tol-
edo, Don Pedro de Cardova, the gover-
nor of Barcelona, and the treasurer Ra-
vago. It was the 17th of June. At a
given signal the vessel was put in mo-
tion; as it moved forward it turned to
one side or the other, obedient to the
helm, and finally returned to where it
had started, without the assistance of
sails, oars, or any visible machinery, ex-
cept an immense caldron of boiling water
a complicated number of wheels within
and gratings paddles without. All Bar-
celona applauded. Not so the Treasurer
Ranago. He was jealous and persuaded
the emperor that its complicated con-
struction would require constant repairs
at enormous expense; that no greater
speed than that of one league an hour
could be obtained, and that the boiler
would be blowing up every now and
then. The emperor listened to the treas-
urer, but he appreciated genius. The
inventor was promoted in the navy and
a handsome gratuity over and above his
expenses.

The experiments of David Ramsays
(1630), Salmon de Carrs (1641), and
Denis Papin (1690) are briefly noticed.
The admiral then goes on to describe the
discussion in regard to the new motor,
gone into at the end of the last century
by Thomas Payne, Washborough and
Darical. The earlier inventors had much
to struggle against, with discouragement
and persiflage, as may be seen in the fol-
lowing couplet, still the burden of a com-
mon street ditty in Gloucestershire, the
birthplace of Jonathan Hulls, the first
Englishman to point out how steam
might be used in ships. It was in 1707:

Jonathan Hulls,
With his patent skulls,
Invent a machine,
To go against wind and steam.
But he, being an ass,
Could not bring it to pass
And so was ashamed to be seen.

THE SCREW.

Many suppose the screw to be a
modern invention, but the admiral in-
forms us that for 150 years before
Eriasson and Smith efforts had been
made to introduce the screw as a prop-
eller of vessels. The first to connect a
steam engine with a screw propeller was
Joseph Bramah, of Piccadilly, an engine
maker, who took out a patent on May 9,
1785. During the same year John
Fitch, at a special meeting of the Ameri-
can Philosophical society, of Philadel-
phia, laid before the members a draw-
ing and description of a machine for
working a boat against the stream by
means of a steam engine. On December
21 following he presented a model of his
invention to the society. Later on he
organized a company of Philadelphia
merchants, and his machine was tried on
the Delaware on or about July 20th,
1786. Said machine comprised "a screw
of paddles, a screw propeller, an endless
chain and side wheels." Means enough
to propel one small vessel, it would
seem, but the experiment turned out to
be a failure. The next night Fitch,
while in bed, thought of a plan by which
the boat might be propelled by oars or
paddles at the side, the same to be set
in motion by cranks set in motion by
machinery. He jumped out of bed and
drew a plan. This he showed next
morning to Henry Voight, an exceed-
ingly clever watchmaker of Philadel-
phia, who had been of great practical
use to Fitch while he was perfecting his
invention. Voight thought well of the
idea, but suggested some modifications.
When the experiment was made it suc-
ceeded and the skiff propelled by steam
on the Delaware, July 29, 1786, was the
first successful steamboat, so to speak, in
America.

James Rumsey, a bath tender of Rich-
mond, Va., had exhibited a rmds model
of a steamboat the year before at Beakley
Springs. George Washington was one
of the favored few present. They were
all solemnly sworn to secrecy by the in-
ventor.

THE FIRST PATENTS.

Issued under the authority of the United
States were to Read, Fitch, Rumsey and
Stevens, bearing date August 26,
1791. Read's was for his portable fur-
nace tubular boiler, Fitch's for applying
steam to draw water in at the bow and
force it out at the stern of a vessel, R. Um-
sey's for propelling boats by means of
the reaction of a stream of water forced
by the agency of steam through a cylin-
der parallel to the keel out of the stern.
Stevens was for propelling his boat in a
like way. The patents of Rumsey, Fitch
and Stevens clashed in several particu-
lars, but none of them interfered with
Read's patent.

The drawing of water in at the bow to
be expelled again at the stern was not a
new idea. Franklin is said to have
originated it, or to have brought it with
him from France.

The Newport Herald of March 6, 1788,
contains the following item: "Mr. Rum-
sey's steamboat, with more than half her
loading, upwards of three tons, and a
number of people on board, made a pro-

gress of four miles in an hour against
the current of Potomac river, by the
force of steam, without any external ap-
plication whatever; impelled by a ma-
chine that will not cost more than twenty
guineas for a ten-ton boat, and that will
not consume more than four bushels of
coal in twelve hours."

But in 1788 John Fitch was again to
the fore; this time with great success.
His new boat was sixty feet long and
eight feet beam. The oars were at the
stern and pushed against the water. The
engine was a twelve-inch cylinder. At
the end of July, 1788, he was propelled
from Philadelphia to Burlington, some
twenty miles, the longest trip made by
any boat under steam up to that time.
On October 12th she took thirty
passengers from Philadelphia to Bur-
lington in three hours and ten minutes.
She continued to ply on the river during
1788 and 1789.

A TRIP IN 1790.

As the steamer was not considered
fast enough, the John Fitch company
built another; nor was she quite up to
the mark when her speed came to be
tested. Various alterations were made
in the machinery, when in April, 1790,
the desired results were obtained. Wil-
liam Thornton made a passage in her. This
is what he tells about his trip:

"The day was appointed and the ex-
periment made in the following manner:
A mile was measured in Front street (or
Water street), Philadelphia, and the
boat projected at right angles as exact
as could be to the wharves, where a flag
was placed at each end and also a stop-
watch. The boat was ordered under way
at dead water, or when the tide was found
to be without movement. As the boat
passed one flag it was struck, and at the
same instant the watches were set off. As
the boat reached the other flag it was also
struck and the watches instantly stopped.
Every precaution was taken before wit-
nesses, the time was shown to all, the
experiment declared to be fairly made, and
the boat was found to go at the rate of
eight miles an hour, or one mile within
the eighth of an hour. The governor
and council of Pennsylvania were so
highly gratified that, without their inter-
ventions being previously known, Governor
Mifflin, attended by the council in pro-
cession, presented to the company and
placed in the boat a superb silk flag, pre-
pared expressly, which Mr. Fitch after-
ward took to France and presented to the
national convention."

This boat made her eighty miles a day.
She ran to Trenton, Burlington, Chester,
Wilmington and Gray's Ferry. The fol-
lowing advertisement appeared in the
Federal Gazette and Philadelphia Daily
Advertiser of Monday, July 26, 1790:

THE STEAMBOAT
sets out tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, from
Arch's reef ferry, in order to take passengers for
Burlington, Bristol, Bord, nitowa and Trenton, and
return next day.
Philadelphia, July 26, 1790.

Steam made good progress both in
England and the United States. Robert
Fulton's French experiments were
made in 1802 4. That great men some-
times make great mistakes is shown by
the fact that Napoleon I. did not appre-
ciate the importance of Fulton's discov-
ery. The latter offered his invention to
the emperor in 1801. When the Nautilus
propelled on the Seine at a speed of six
to twelve kilometers an hour, the gov-
ernment turned Fulton over to the ten-
der mercies of a lot of old fogies, the
members of the "Institute of France."
Of course, nothing was done in the
matter. If a different use had been made
of this opportunity, England would have
been at the mercy of France. The "nar-
row strip of sea" would no longer have
afforded her protection, and the history
of Napoleon could have been written
with the words St. Helena left out.

Fulton came to America and launched
the Clermont, named after the home
of his friend and patron, Chancellor
Livingston, in 1807. She was 130 feet
long, had 18 feet beam, and 6 feet hold.
Her engine, a single one, low pressure,
was built by Boulton & Watt in England.
The diameter of the cylinder was twenty-
four inches, the stroke three feet. The
side-wheels were fifteen feet in diameter.
She made her first trip from New York
to Albany at 1 p. m., on August, 7 1807.

THE FIRST OCEAN VOYAGE.

The admiral dismisses the English
claim of being the first to cross salt wa-
ter in steamships. He denies that the
Rob Roy, a steam packet between Glas-
gow and Belfast, was the first sea-going
steamer, and awards that honor to the
Savannah, built at Dorleat's Hook, New
York. She made the passage in 26 days
in 1819. She was a small vessel, only
300 tons burden. The wicked British
claim that the Savannah is a myth; that
no such vessel existed or did what was
claimed for her; but the gallant admiral
gives overwhelming proof to the contrary.
Steamboats appeared upon Long
Island sound in 1822; steam communi-
cation between England and Calcutta was
inaugurated in 1825, and the first steamer
arrived at Chicago, Ill., in 1831. The
sons of the forest were surprised. They
lined the shore and yelled in astonish-
ment. They had heard that a "big
canoe" would soon come from the noisy
waters and would be drawn through the
lakes and rivers by a sturgeon.

Junius Smith, an American, residing
in London, disgusted at the length of
time (fifty-four days) it had taken him
to cross the Atlantic in a sailing vessel,
determined to carry out a scheme for
organizing a company to establish regu-
lar steam communication between Eng-
land and America. He was ridiculed at
first, but persevered. The outcome was
the "British and American Steam Nav-
igation Company." Capital, \$500,000.
The Sirius left London April 1, 1838,
and arrived in New York on the 17th,
encountering very rough weather. The
British Queen left London in July,
1839, and arrived in New York in four-
teen and a half days.

The admiral describes the gradual de-
velopment of ocean steamship traffic.
It's progress at first was slow. People
reverted to the speedy and reliable "clip-
per," as fast, and not as reliable in a
scarce wind. But steam "went march-
ing on," in "improvement followed im-
provement, till weekly arrivals and de-
partures of steamers came to be reckoned
by the hundred, and the ocean became a
watery turnpike, crossed from land to
land in seven days by vessels combining
speed, safety, elegance and comfort.

As regards steam vessels of war, the
admiral is naturally at home. Steam
has dethroned "Jack Tar," engineers
and stokers and marine artillery-men

have usurped his place. Even China
has discarded her old time war junks,
with the dragon figure head and crews
attached to the teeth with matchlocks and
stinkpots. Now she boasts her Cyclope-
built iron-clads, with Armstrongs and
Krupps, and shakes her yellow flag de-
fiantly in the face of infuriated France.

The admiral does not say much about
the present steam navy of the United
States. That would be more in the do-
main of romance than of history. But
we must remember that it was not always
so. The Princeton, launched in 1843,
was the first steam war vessel afloat.
Men alive to-day will remember the ter-
rible accident at the time she was
launched.

John Brown.

A communication from Chatham, Ont.,
to the Cleveland Herald, signed J. Mun-
roe Jones, says: There are some things
that occurred in the convention held in
Chatham prior to the raid on Harper's
Ferry that I have never seen published,
and which should place John Brown in
a more favorable light before the Ameri-
can public.

After my introduction to Mr. Brown,
in course of time he laid before me his
plans for the liberation of the slaves. I
would remark right here that he called
almost daily at my gun shop and spoke
of the great subject that lay uppermost
in his mind, plans, etc., and I will also
add that he brought his plans with him
and presented them to the convention,
and only asked for their approval. I
recollect one evening—for we always
met at night—the question came up as to
what flag they would use. Our English
colored naturalized subjects said they
would never think of fighting under the
hated "stars and stripes," far too many
of them probably thinking that they car-
ried the emblem on their backs. But
here Brown, as usual, carried his point.
In the discussion he remarked that the
old flag was good enough for him; under
it freedom had been won from the tyrants
of the old world for white men; now he
intended to make it do duty for black
men. He declared emphatically that he
would not give up the stars and stripes.
That settled the question.

Again, during one of the sittings of
the Convention, we were discussing how
the plan might fail. I think I had the
floor at the time, and telling the mem-
bers how soon the slave power would
surround them in their strongholds in
the mountains. As has been stated, his
general plan was to fortify some place in
the mountains and call the slaves to his
colors. I said to them and him that I
was afraid he would be disappointed in
the slaves because they did not know him
sufficiently to rally to his support. The
American slaves I contended were differ-
ent from the slaves in the French West
India island, San Domingo, the latter
imbuing some of the impetuous charac-
teristics of their masters. I have no
doubt that Mr. Brown thought I was
making an impression on some of the
members if not on him, for he arose sud-
denly to his feet and remarked: "Friend
Jones, you will please say no more on
that side. There will be plenty to de-
fend that side of the question." A gen-
eral laughter took place at this remark.

I recollect one day, when we were dis-
cussing his plans in the shop, I told him
how utterly hopeless these plans would
be if he persisted in making an attack
with the few men at his command, and
more than that, we could not afford to
spare white men of his stamp, ready to
sacrifice their lives for the salvation of
black men. While I was speaking he
was walking to and fro, hands behind,
as was his custom when thinking of this,
his favorite subject. He stopped sud-
denly, and bringing down his hand with
great force, exclaimed: "Did not my
Master, Jesus Christ, come down from
Heaven and sacrifice himself upon the
altar for the salvation of the race. And
should I, a worm not worthy to crawl
under his feet, refuse to sacrifice my-
self?" With a look of determination in
his eyes, he resumed his walk; and let
me remark that in all his conversation
for nearly a month during his stay in
Chatham, I never for once saw a smile
light up his countenance. He seemed
always in deep, earnest study or thought.

The next question that came before
the convention was the time of the at-
tack. It was advocated by a great many
that it would be next to madness to
plunge into a war for the abolition of
the slaves while the United States were
at peace with foreign powers and the
north and south united, but they should
wait until a more favorable opportunity,
such as when the United States became
involved with some first-class power;
then they might stand a better chance of
succeeding. After Mr. Brown had
listened to the argument for some time,
he rose slowly, and straightening him-
self to his full height he said: "Mr.
Chairman, I am no traitor; I would be
the last man to take advantage of my
country in the face of a foreign foe. He
seemed to regard it as a great insult.
This settled the matter in my mind that
John Brown was not insane. I must
confess in all his conversation during
his stay here he appeared intensely
American; he never for a moment
thought of fighting for the United States
as such, but simply the defenders of
human slavery in the states. Only the
ulcer, slavery, he would cut from the
body politic.

The day before the last meeting he
called at my shop and prevailed upon
me to attend, as he remarked that would
probably be the last meeting, and he
wished me to be present, as the papers
would be signed that night. When the
paper was presented to me Mr. Brown
rose up and said: "Now, friend Jones,
give us John Hancock bold and strong."

Before closing this letter I will ven-
ture my individual opinion that John
Brown never communicated his whole
plan, not even to his immediate follow-
ers. I am led to this conclusion because
in all his conversation with me he gave
me to think he intended to sacrifice him-
self and his few followers for the pur-
pose of arousing the people of the north
from the stupor they were under on this
subject. He seemed to think a few
white men had to be sacrificed to awaken
the people from the deep sleep that had
settled upon the minds of the free
whites of the north. He knew well that
the sacrifice of any number of negroes
would have no effect. I knew nothing
about when or where the attack was to
be made. Some of the members, with
myself, had left Canada for the Pacific coast
late in the August of the same year,
1858, and heard of the outbreak in the

following autumn. We were surprised,
because we had no idea that an attack
would be made so soon; neither do I
think the members of the convention
had within a few days of their departure
for the south. I think if he had told
them what his real plans were, and what
he intended, the numbers would have
been far less.

What he intended to do, as far as I
could gather from his conversation from
time to time, was to emulate Winkelreid,
the Swiss chieftain, when he threw him-
self upon the Austrian spearmen, crying,
"Make way for liberty." If that was
his real object, the events that fol-
lowed justified his plans.

A Representative Ranch.

Not long since we had occasion to visit
the country in the vicinity of the mouth
of McClellan gulch, where its waters are
emptied into the Prickly Pear. From
this point for a distance of about two
miles down the Prickly Pear, and a
width of a mile and three-quarters, lie
Biddle Reeve's place—one of the best
ranches in the territory. There are at
present over two hundred acres in crops
—one hundred and eighty-five in barley
and fifteen in cabbages and potatoes.
The barley crop will yield forty bushels
to the acre, which, at four cents per
pound, will average eighty dollars to the
acre. This barley is what is
known as Brewer's white two rowed bar-
ley, and is of the finest kind.

One of the most desirable mill sites in
the country is within 300 yards of the
ranch proper, with an inexhaustible
water right at hand. The limestone
which abounds on this property has been
examined by an expert from Swansea,
who pronounced it of the finest grade for
quarrying purposes.

There is also excellent placer ground
on this property, which can be worked
at considerable profit.

Seven thousand bushels of barley
have been raised this year, and with the
water facilities at hand twenty thousand
bushels could easily be raised the next
season.

Over seven miles of fencing has al-
ready been put up and there will be over
ten miles more constructed during the
coming year.

The branch line of the Northern Pa-
cific railroad from Helena to Wikes
passes through this ranch and
will afford an excellent market for all
produce, the property being only eight
miles east of Helena. This is also one
of the finest dairy ranches in the vicinity
of Helena. The water is so situated that
it can be utilized in churning or for
grinding corn for feeding purposes at
the house without interfering with the
operations at the main mill. Here is ex-
cellent shade and water for raising hogs,
and right adjoining is land upon which
eighty bushels of peas per acre have been
successfully raised.

On the property already under culti-
vation not less than fifteen miles of ir-
rigating ditches have been constructed,
and three large and permanent bridges,
with various smaller ones, have been
built.

Mr. Reeves, whose untiring industry
and skill at farming has made this one
of the most desirable ranches in the country,
may well be proud of his possessions.
He settled here some sixteen years ago,
and owns nearly 1,600 acres in all.—Hel-
ena Independent.

Two Stories of Judge Black.

On one occasion, when attacked on the
Democratic side of the House, Thad
Stevens highly eulogized Black as a
lawyer and man, but expressly withheld
any endorsement of his politics, which
were as bad, he said, as possible. In
their originality, their courage and their
inflexibility, there were points of resem-
blance between Stevens and Black,
though in other respects the widest dis-
similarity prevailed. There were no
social relations between them; they
scarcely ever spoke, but, up to the time
of his death, Stevens cherished the highest
respect for him, and Black has said:
"When Mr. Stevens died he was un-
equalled as a lawyer, and he said the
smartest things that ever were said, but
his mind, so far as a sense of obligation
to God is concerned, was a howling wil-
derness."

One day Black was surrounded by a
bovy of his personal friends on the floor
of the House, among the rest Judge Mer-
cer, then the Bradford congressman, who
turned to him and said: "Judge Black,
you have more friends on this side of the
House than on your own; you ought to
be a republican. If you would join us
we would appreciate you and give you
due prominence." To which Judge
Black made reply that he knew it all to
be true; the republicans were good
fellows; he would like to belong to them,
and there was only one thing in the way.
If, he said, "there was no hereafter, I
wouldjo in the republican party at once.
Nothing deters me but the fear of hell."

The military system in France exacts
service of prince and peasant. Every
young man (with a few exceptions of
slight importance) on reaching 20 must
go into the army. If he has a college
degree or can pass a certain examination
the period of service is limited to one
year; otherwise he is a soldier for five
years.

One of the features of the Hygienic ex-
position at Berlin has been the offer of
prizes to the authors of the best sugges-
tions and plans for the preservation of
health and safety in the construction of
theaters. There were nineteen competi-
tors, and four have received prizes
amounting to somewhat over \$2,000.

A colored girl in Atlanta, Ga., was
knocked over by an engine, and in a few
minutes got up as if nothing unusual
had happened, and looking after the en-
gine, said: "You've got a heap ob polite-
ness to serve a lady dat way."

Thirty years ago Bismarck suppressed
all public gaming tables in Germany;
but, according to recent reports, there is
now more deep play in that country than
ever, and Berlin is the center of the
gambling interest.

The Indian may be mighty strong-
minded, but he can't live on a mental
reservation.

There are social distinctions at Long
Branch. Even fishermen draw the line
somewhere.