

The Man Without a Country

I think it was this half confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor at the end of our cruise I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830, and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington. I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man and never was such a man. They will say so at the department now!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, well found, involving a tremendous blowing up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country."

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter the nonprofessional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? The secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give and that we must act on our own judgment.

Here is the letter:

Levant, 2^d 2^d S. @ 131st W.
Dear Fred—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. The doctor had been watching him very carefully and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well and had not left his stateroom, a thing I never remembered before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear, do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance and said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country." And he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States as he had drawn it from memory and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it in large letters. "Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now—stop, stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know—that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do or prays for it as I do or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four states in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away. I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "tell me—tell me something—tell me everything. Danforth, before I die!"

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, del-

leacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man who had years ago expiated in his whole manhood's life the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about, only where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! And he pressed my hand and said: "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag.

Well, I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas; told me how his brother died there. He had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was, and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon. That, he said, he had suspected partly because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again, and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war and settled down more quietly and very happily to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him of emigration and the means of it, of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs, of inventions and books and literature, of the colleges and West Point and the naval school, but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see, it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years.

I remember he asked all of a sudden who was president now, and when I told him he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln when he was quite a boy himself at some Indian treaty. I said no; that Old Abe was a Kentuckian, like himself, but I could not tell him of what family. He had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan. "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families." I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity.

And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian Book of Public Prayer, which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page, and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, "For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of thy holy laws, thou hast continued to us thy marvelous kindness," and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me, "Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless thy servant, the president of the United States, and all others in authority," and the rest of the Episcopal collect. "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning—it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me, and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

But in an hour when the doctor went in gently he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"They desire a country, even a heaven-ly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written: "Bury me in the sea. It has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

"In memory of
PHILIP NOLAN,
Lieutenant
In the army of
the United States.

Shoots

Definite arrangements have been made to hold a big all day shoot by the Estacada Rod & Gun Club, on Christmas Day and the new clay pigeon trap will be ready. Besides the regular prizes there will probably be silver cups awarded in open competition.

There will be a similar shoot in Springwater at the base ball park Sat. Dec. 19, beginning at 8 A. M. Prizes of beef, pork and fowls will be given for rifle and shot-gun scores.

Cattleman Lands Bears

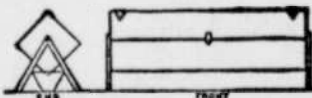
Frank Thomas, Aleck Botkin, Fred Crawford, Tom Beebe and Fred Bates of Garfield while rounding up some stray cattle in the mountains beyond, wandered down into one of the gulches near Miller's Canyon.

Fred Crawford and Tom Beebe discovered an old fir stub that showed signs of bear scratching and smelt kind of bearish, too. As the two were only armed with one revolver and plenty of curiosity, they decided to investigate the inside cavity of said snag. Tom climbed on Fred's shoulders and after much exertion managed to get a peep into the dark cavern within, but, aside from darkness, nothing was discernable. During the commotion, incident to a closer examination, old bruin must have been disturbed from his slumbers and when Tom's face was well over the opening, gave one grunt, one growl, one snort and one grumble. Owing to the sudden rise of Fred's Auburn locks or the shaking of Tom's knees, both of the investigators landed in a pile and aimed towards camp.

As a rifle was among the equipment at the camp, Frank Thomas and Fred Crawford the next day routed old bruin from his lair and plugged him full as a sieve. Frank has the varmint now, and Fred's hair is beginning to assume its natural position.

Handy Feed Hopper.

Procure a dry goods box one and one-half feet square and any length desired. Hang it lengthwise over a trough, as shown in the cut. In the



lower corner saw out an opening from a quarter to a half an inch wide, according to the kind of grain to be fed. It may be placed outdoors by extending the top boards, roof fashion, over the sides to prevent rain from running down and dripping into the trough.

Onions For Spring Use.

A very nice way to grow onions for early spring use is to put the sets out in the fall. Make a little trench in the garden with the hoe about two inches deep, placing the sets two or three inches apart on this and cover. As winter approaches put on a light covering of straw horse manure as a mulch. In the spring rake this off and hoe. In a few weeks you will have very nice onions for the table.

Dale's

Would like to have you come in and see the nice aluminum ware that they are giving away absolutely

FREE

as premiums. It pays to trade with them, as their prices are always right, their goods the best and their treatment, courteous.

Yes, the fruit trees have come in, that we told you of, some days since.

See them also, and pick out just which you want.

See DALE'S

Let Us Solve Your Christmas Gift Problem

Slightly Used and Second-hand Instruments

\$1500 Chickering Player Piano,	\$976.
1150 Weber Pianola "	488.
500 Kingsbury "	288.
600 Angelus "	225.
\$500 Weber Piano	\$246.
600 Everett "	178.
375 Wheelock "	153.

Hundreds of other, equally attractive bargains.

All Sold on Small Payment Down and Easy Terms.

Call



Portland Oregon.

or see

R. M. Standish, Estacada, Agent.

Quality Groceries

Monopole Brand

Tomatoes

2½ pound cans

2 cans	-	\$.25
1 doz. cans	-	1.40
1 case	-	2.65

Peas

2 cans	-	\$.35
1 doz. cans	-	1.75
1 case	-	3.40

Standard Brand

3 cans Tomatoes	-	\$.25
3 ' Corn	-	.25
2 ' Peas	-	.25

Waterbury & Chapman

"The Quality Grocers"

Estacada, Oregon