THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Copyright, 1895, by Perry Mason & Company.

Number 3,535. 69th Year.
Sixteen Pages, including Eight Extra Pages.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1895.

$1.75 a Year.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

RUSSIA LEATHER.

An American Boy's Adventures in Archangel.

In Four Chapters.—Chapter II.

My Thank-God Day Dinner.

I had arrived at Archangel in June, when the nights were less than three hours long and could hardly be called nights, for there was a bright, yellow light around the northern horizon all the while.

But by August the nights were longer and the days much shorter. Frosts came on the last days of the month; and before September had passed snow-storms occurred, and the whole country took on a wintry aspect.

"After the Dwina freezes, look out for wolves," was one of the common sayings at Archangel. But the Dwina is a swift, strong river; its waters come from the far south, and although the temperature fell as low as ten degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, by the 20th of October, the river did not freeze over till the very last days of the month.

My first letters from home reached me on the second day of November. They came by way of St. Petersburg, and had been six weeks on the way. My Uncle Andrew gave me all sorts of shrewd advice; and there was also a letter from my mother, recounting the home news and expressing much solicitude for my welfare in a foreign land.

"You will not be with us on Thanksgiving day this year," she concluded, "but I shall lay your plate at the table and set your chair. It will be about the 19th of November, probably; and I hope you will think of us at home that day. We shall all think of you."

Andy tells the Story of Thanksgiving.

Russian dates are twelve days behind those of other countries in Europe and America; for in Russia the calendar has never been reformed, and the days are still reckoned by what we call old style. Thanksgiving day, therefore, was close at hand, and would occur on the seventh of the month, old style. I fairly yearned for the roast turkey, baked beans, plum-pudding and mince-pies of New England. Never had the boiled codfish, boiled barley and linseed oil, black bread and kvass filled me with such disgust as after reading that home letter.

For a great delicacy, Mother Olga sometimes set on a pot of strawberry jam, but instead of eating it with their bread, the Russians put it in their tea, making a drink I could not endure.

The good *popad'ya* did not wholly like my fastidiousness concerning her food. I longed for some doughnuts, and told her how my mother fried them; and one day, to humor me, she attempted to make some. But the barley meal dough failed to rise—and such a batch of doughnuts I never expect to see again. She had omitted to sweeten them. I ate but one mouthful, and she seemed to feel much injured at my failure to appreciate them.

Meantime I had made the acquaintance of Vissarion and Sorfélei Feodorvitch Golitzin, brothers of Mar'ya Feodorovna; of Filip Nikonovitch, son of the politzmeister, or chief of police; and of Irinarch Golitzin, the son of the governor of Archangel, who also lived on the great square near the house of the Knyaz' Golitzin, Mar'ya Feodorovna's father.

The governor was a good old Russian who stood very little on his dignity, and was commonly known through the town as "Dyadya," or uncle, while his wife, Anastasiya Ivanovna, was "Tëtkä" or aunt to all.

At that time the government in Archangel was not very severe. Occasionally there was a mysterious whisper of some evil-doer who had been sent to Siberia, but it was generally for good cause, I think.

There was no need for severity. The people of Archangel were so patriotic and devout that, but for *rodka*, or rum, there would have been little need of police.

On the day after receiving my home letters, I drove ten versts down the river in company with Ilarion, to Rusanov, where great sawmills are located; for I wished to see how the Russians manufactured large lumber. While there I fell in with the Knyaz' Golitzin, who was then the owner or director of many of the mills.

He invited me to ride home with him in his *voshok* or sleigh, thinking I was on foot. Not to lose a chance to gain his acquaintance, I asked Ilarion to drive home alone, and joined the prince.

He was a large man, but spoke quietly, and with a slight stammer. On our way up to town he asked me many questions about America and our mode of self-government.

Having heard my replies, he inquired what was done with convicts in America; and I told him that each county and large town had its jail, and every state its penitentiary. He asked if there were political prisoners.

"No, Barin," I replied. "How can there be? Every man has the right to say what he pleases about politics. So long as he does not assault those who differ from him, no notice is taken of his talk. At our town-meetings every man who wants to speak, gets up and says what he likes."

He laughed and said that America was a long way from Russia. "But how do you like Russia, Andrei Stefanovitch?" he asked.

"I like everything at Archangel very well," said I. "That is, everything except the food."

"And why not the food?" he asked.

"Bah!" I said. "Excuse me, but there is nothing but codfish and boiled barley in Archangel!"

He laughed heartily, and said that he was afraid that Popad'ya Olga was but a bad cook. Then I told him of Thanksgiving, which would occur in America the next week, and what a feast I should have, if I were at home.

"Tchort!" he said. "That is too bad! But as for the beans, if you can find any in Archangel, my cook shall bake a potful for you, on that day."

He then told me that war had been declared against Russia by England and France—the Crimean War—and that it would not be strange if Archangel were blockaded.

"But we know that America sympathizes with Holy Russia in this controversy," he added, and bade me good night very kindly in front of the *sobor*.

This was on Saturday. The next morning, hearing the ringing of the cathedral bells for a special early *molében* or service, I rose, dressed and went to attend it, although the sun would not rise for hours to come. Among the few present I saw Mar'ya Feodorovna, the only member of the prince's family who had attended. When, at the close of the service, she came out, I joined her and asked to accompany her across the square to her house.

"Is this the custom in America?" she inquired.

"Indeed it is," said I. "We should think a boy a very rude fellow if he allowed a girl to walk home alone in the night."

She laughed and said that it was a merry custom. Accepting this as assent, I accompanied her. The distance from the *sobor* across the square to their house was but a few steps; but we walked around the square by the fire-tower, instead of across it; while I told her of Thanksgiving and of the promise her father had made me.

"Then I will myself speak to Iliya, the cook, about it," she replied, "for he is a crusty fellow when he has a task that does not suit him."

She seemed pleased that her father had been so kind to me.

"I will invite you all to my Thanksgiving dinner!" I exclaimed. "I will show you what a good dinner is!"

We had come around the square to their house by this time, but I made as if I did not see the place and went by it, till she plucked at my sleeve, laughing heartily. I pretended that I did not believe we had come so far.

"And is that the custom in America, too?" she asked, still laughing.

"No, Mar'ya Feodorovna, it is not," I replied. "But I like to walk with you so well that I wish the distance were twenty versts." Thereat she bade me good morning, somewhat confused at my simplicity.

On Monday morning, as soon as it was light, I hurried to the Gostinyi Dvor, or city market; but not a white bean could I find there, nor any corn meal for an Indian plum-pudding. I had made arrangements for a few fowls, to take the place of the turkey. I went to ask Mr. Brandt, our consul, about it. He assured me that there was not a *bakable* bean in Archangel—only colored beans and few of them.

"Keep your appetite for baked beans till you go home," said he, laughing. But as I was going away, he called me back.

"Stop!" he exclaimed. "There's an American or a Canadian—I'm not quite sure where he comes from—who is foreman in one of the sawmills, at Rusanov. He was a mate of a brig that came here at one time for lumber; but he fell into some difficulty at home and remained here. I have heard that he lives in the American fashion; and he may have beans. His name is Amos Dunn."

I hired a Samoyede sleigh and drove down on the river. The mills were not running in November; but I soon found the log house where Dunn lived. He came to the door himself when I knocked.

"How do you do, Mr. Dunn!" I exclaimed. "Have you any beans?"

He was a weathered, tall, lean, harsh-featured man; and for a moment he stared at me steadily, as if he had forgotten the sound of English.

"Who are you? And what do you want of beans?" he said presently.

"To bake for Thanksgiving, next Thursday," said I; and I then told him who I was.

"Well, yes, I've got a few beans," said he, thawing a little as he heard me talk.

"Can you give me a mess?" I asked.

"Who's going to bake 'em for ye?"

"Prince Golitzin's cook."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Dunn. "He won't bake 'em fit to eat! None of these Rooshians know how to bake a mess of beans. My wife's a Rooshian woman, and I was a whole year teaching her to cook beans, and had to give her a larruping once 'fore I could beat the knack on't into her thick head. I tell ye what, beans is beans here. It cost me seven rubles a bushel to get 'em brought here by skippers from the United States."

"But I must have a mess," said I; "and I want a good, large mess, too. I want four quarts of dry beans, for I'm going to give a Thanksgiving dinner. I'll pay you for them."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Dunn. "But it's a terrible pity to have so many good beans as that spiled by Rooshian cookin'. Why, there'd be four good potfuls!"

"Well, I must have them," said I.

"Tell you what," said he. "Fetch your pots here Wednesday, and I'll have my Desha bake 'em for ye. I'll see to 'em myself. If you're goin' to have beans at all, you want good ones. We can wrap the pots up in some woollen things and keep 'em hot. It won't take long to drive up there. Why," he cried, warming up to the idea, "I'll get a sleigh and fetch 'em up to ye myself, right hot out of the oven! What time o' day d'ye want 'em?"

"About three o'clock in the afternoon," said I.

"All right, my boy!" exclaimed Dunn, with a tremendous grin. "Just you get your pots here, and I'll fix ye out fer beans!"

I drove back happy. Then I thought of mince-pies. I could get meat enough for them, and I found one dealer in the market who had Russian apples. They were high-priced, but I bought about a peck; and I also bought raisins for a plum-pudding. As I could find no bean-pot in Archangel, I borrowed four old samovars, or tea-urns, which answered the purpose very well. This done, I went home to Mother Olga, meaning to ask her to let me have my Thanksgiving at her table; but before I opened the subject Nikolai told me that Mar'ya Feodorovna and her brother Vissarion had called to ask for me while I was at Rusanov. It was night, but I at once ran to the Golitzin mansion.

Vissarion conducted me into the large sitting-room where sat the Knyaz' and the Knyaginya, with her sister, the Lady Eufrosiniya, and also Mar'ya Feodorovna and her younger brother, Sorfélei Feodorovitch. They welcomed me with great good humor, and told me that Vissarion and Mar'ya had gone to invite me to have my proposed festival at their house. I might give my dinner there, and bring in all my friends!

I was so glad that I gave a "Hurrah!" which caused them all to look a little wild for an instant. To show my appreciation of their kindness, I shook hands with all of them; but I knew that it was Mar'ya who had chiefly been instrumental in bringing it about.

After telling them all about my preparations, I said that it was customary in America for the young folks to have a sleigh-ride on the evening of Thanksgiving day, and that, if they approved the plan I would engage the Samoyedes with their reindeer sleighs to take us for a drive on the river after dinner.

The Knyaginya scarcely knew what to think of it all, but she assented, with the others, to my programme; and she said to me, very kindly, that I had better bring all my stock of eatables to her kitchen, and tell Iliya what I knew of preparing all the dishes I had mentioned.

The Knyaz' asked me for the meaning of our Thanksgiving feast; and I told them as well as I could, in Russian, the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, and how Thanksgiving commemorated the harvest of their first crop from American soil.

"Well," said the Knyaz', "we shall expect you to tell us about that at table, for it is very interesting. None of our young people know anything of this festival. You must make a *pravda urok*,—opening speech,—all Americans are speech-makers, of course. You must rise at the head of the table at dinner, before Pope Gospodin says grace, and tell us all about it."

The idea of making a public speech, and in Russian, too, rather overwhelmed me. But I resolved to let them see that an American boy could speak publicly, if need rose; and during the next two days I thought of everything I could concerning the Pilgrims, the *Mayflower* and the early history of New England.

It seemed to me that I had a thousand things to

a lifetime. And Uncle Amos was still more delighted when, on going down-stairs early next morning, he found Aunt Hepzibah slowly pouring the "Foe" and the "Sure Preventive" into the kitchen drain-pipe.

ANNA J. MCKEAG.

CHICKADEE.

Give me of thy wise hope, dear bird,
Who brav'st the bitter weather!
Share the glad message thou hast heard,
And let us sing together.

Independent. —*Celia Thaxter.*

TREED BY A RHINOCEROS.

A thrilling Adventure with a huge Beast in a tropical Jungle.

Of all the wild beasts that roam the jungles of Asia, Malaysia or Africa there are few more dangerous to encounter than the rhinoceros. Large, fierce, with a hide almost impervious to bullets, he is difficult to kill in the open, and is usually taken in pits that are dug in the ground and covered with branches of trees, over which a thin cover of soil is thrown.

Even when captured in this manner, the rhinoceros is hard to kill, for his big body is exceedingly tenacious of life.

I had an encounter with one of these beasts once which I am not likely to forget—especially when I look at my left hand. It happened this way:

We had a visitor at our coffee plantation and were doing our best to entertain him. This was not much trouble, for he was a jolly fellow, ready at all times for sport, and always willing to take his share of work and the hard knocks which came occasionally. He was the son of one of the owners of the plantation, and had been sent out to see a little of life there before settling down to business in Belfast.

We liked him from the first—big, good-natured, rollicking, joking Jack Armstrong. He was not long in making every one about the plantation, even the natives, his friends. He had been with us only two days when he "wanted a crack," he said, "at these wild animals you keep in that great big menagerie out there."

As I could be spared from the plantation for a day or two, I volunteered to go with Armstrong and see what we could shoot. He had shown us that he could handle the rifle well, though he did no boasting; and so we felt that he could be trusted to do his part like a man if any danger should arise.

Armstrong and I started for the jungle one morning, taking with us only one native, to carry a spare rifle and some ammunition. Armstrong, who had never before been in a jungle, was amazed at the density of the growth there and the vastness of the solitude.

One who knows nothing of a jungle cannot conceive the feeling experienced by him who enters such a forest for the first time, and listens to the oppressive silence of its depths. Listens, I say, for it is a silence which seems literally heard in the shadow of the great trees and heavy undergrowth. Armstrong, however, soon recovered his usual carelessness and jollity, although he could not joke much in the quiet we were forced to maintain, for fear we should start some animal before we were ready for it. But that is just what did happen, in spite of our caution.

We had jogged along until about three o'clock in the afternoon, having stopped only long enough for hasty lunch at noon. Our intention was to reach a pool which was not far away, and to which many animals of the jungle were in the habit of going to drink.

This pond was about two hundred feet across, and nearly circular. In the centre rose a rock about ten feet high, and the water, as we found out afterward, was not more than three feet deep at any point except at the mouth of the stream which fed it from the forest.

"I don't see many of those terrible beasts you were trying to scare me with," Armstrong said, with a smile, when we reached the pool. "Are you sure there are any in the jungle at this time of the year?"

"Sahib, him see some 'fore him leabe," said the native, whose name, by the way, was Nvjro. "Fine plenty 'fore long. Mebby more dan sahib wan' see."

"Yes, Armstrong," I said, "they are here. No man ever came into this jungle of Horton Plains and looked for game in vain. Many a brave fellow has found it to his death. Don't be discouraged; you'll have a shot before you get back to the plantation."

We threw ourselves on the ground and lighted our pipes to enjoy a short smoke while Nvjro went up the stream to get some water. We had not taken a dozen whiffs when Nvjro came rushing back, yelling like mad and green with terror.

"De big-horn, sahib! De big-horn!" he shrieked, frantically.

I cannot account for what followed except on the ground that the terror of the native was infectious. Both Armstrong and myself, without waiting to see what was the matter, climbed the nearest tree, leaving our rifles where we had placed them when we sat down to smoke, against another tree about one hundred feet away from where we now were.

Nvjro followed us up the tree in double-quick time, out of breath and with bulging eyes. We were hardly in the branches before out from the undergrowth rushed a monstrous rhinoceros.

He snorted with rage as he looked for us, his nose in the air and his little, wicked eyes snapping and blazing.

The rhinoceros is the maniac of the jungle. He has no sense and knows no fear. If in the solitude he hears a noise, without waiting to ascertain what makes it, he lowers his great head so as to project his wicked horn in front, and charges.

He does not look, he does not care; he is like a mad thing as he comes on. He will charge anything that disturbs him—a lion, an elephant, another rhinoceros, a man, a pig, a snake or a dog; all are the same to him if they attract his attention.

Whether this fellow saw or scented us, he hesitated not a minute, but lowered his head and came like a locomotive at the tree in which we sat, not yet recovered from our first fright. What a shock! We were nearly thrown from our perches by the concussion.

The recoil threw the huge beast over on his back. It must have hurt him, for he squealed as he sprang to his feet and shook his head. But it did not stop him, for in another second he had charged again.

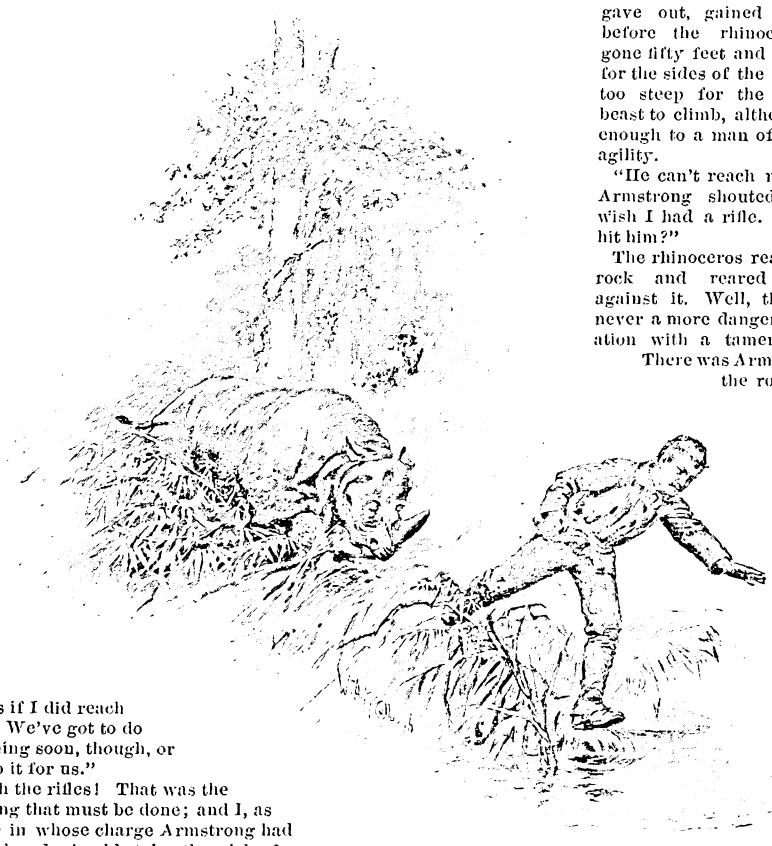
I began to fear that he might be able to tear the tree up by the roots, and have us on the ground at his mercy. That meant certain death for at least one of us.

If only we had our rifles! There they were, in plain sight, but completely out of our reach. Not a word had either of us spoken since our inglorious scramble up the tree, but Armstrong now said, "Hold fast!" as the rhinoceros came at the tree again with increased rage.

We held fast. Finding he could not get at us that way, the beast shook his head again and began to dig at the tree with his strong horn. He worked hard, and the bark and wood flew so fast that we became seriously alarmed lest he should cut the tree down.

"This will never do," I said to Armstrong.

"Faith, I think you're right," he answered, "but what can we do? I think I could reach those guns of ours before he could stop me, but he wouldn't give me a chance to fire a bullet into his ugly carcass if I did reach them. We've got to do something soon, though, or he'll do it for us."



Armstrong plunges Into the Water.

Reach the rifles! That was the one thing that must be done; and I, as the one in whose charge Armstrong had been placed, should take the risk, for my own honor and the life of the young man. I made up my mind quickly to a course of action. Taking out the big knife without which I never went into the jungle, I cut a long branch off the tree.

"Here," I said, as I handed it over to Armstrong, "you take this and hit the beast over the head with it to attract his attention, and when you get him on the side of the tree furthest from the rifles I'll jump down and run for them. If he charges me, you must do all you can to attract his attention."

"Is there any chance for you to succeed, man?"

"It's a rather slim chance. But if I can get a rifle and have even one shot at him, we may get the better of him yet. If we stay here he'll have the tree down sooner or later, and we'll have to do something then, anyway. A rhinoceros was never known to raise a siege of his own accord, so we've either got to jump out of this tree or be driven out."

Armstrong told me he was a good runner, and would rather make the dash than to have me do it. But I was a good runner, too, and insisted upon going.

So he took the branch, which we had stripped until it was a long, bare pole, and leaning forward, struck the raging beast heavily on the neck. The rhinoceros leaped into the air at this unexpected attack, with a snort of surprise, and stopped his work on the tree.

Armstrong hit at him again, handling the pole with a quickness which surprised me. Gradually he worked the rhinoceros around the tree, the animal snapping at the pole and raging in impotent fury. When the creature was farthest from the rifles, I quickly lowered myself as near to the ground as I could, dropped, and ran like mad for the weapons. The rhinoceros heard me before I had made ten steps, and came after me.

Then Armstrong did a heroic thing. With a shout which could have been heard a mile he jumped from the tree and ran after the rhinoceros. He told me afterward that he did not think of the consequences, but only followed an impulse. If the rhinoceros had turned, nothing in the world could have saved the brave Irishman. Luckily the brute kept after me.

I heard his heavy tread, and gave myself up for lost. It was all like a flash, but it seemed an age before I gained the rifles. I grasped one with my right hand, caught the tree with my left and swung myself, still going at full speed, around the tree, and fell as I did so.

The rhinoceros struck the tree with his head before I touched the ground, hitting at the same time the index and second fingers of my left hand, which had not yet left the tree. I did not feel it at the time, but the fingers were smashed so that they had to be amputated at the second joints, and now I handle my fork with only the stumps.

I thought he would be on me before I could get up, but in the small fraction of a second that I lay there I heard the animal turn and charge at Armstrong.

"Run!" I shouted as I arose. "Run for the water and try to gain the rock!"

Armstrong was running already, and straight for the water, with the rhinoceros not far behind him. I took a quick aim and fired just as Armstrong plunged into the pool. The bullet hit the thick skin of the rhinoceros and glanced off.

As Armstrong sprang into the water he fell headforemost, and I saw him go under as I grabbed another rifle from the ground where it had fallen.

The rhinoceros hesitated when he missed his quarry, and I sent another shot at him, watching at the same time for Armstrong's head to appear.

Then occurred a strange thing. The rhinoceros stood at the edge of the pool, apparently surprised at Armstrong's disappearance. I stood still also, wondering if the water were deep enough to drown a man, and if Armstrong had struck his head against a rock and was lying dead on the bottom.

We must have stood thus for about three minutes, when the rhinoceros snorted angrily and plunged in. Then I saw Armstrong's head rise from the water within fifteen feet of the rock. The rhinoceros had caught sight of him and started for him.

I tried to get a shot at the animal then, but he plunged so in his clumsy passage through the water that I knew I could not hit him, so I just stood there and waited.

Armstrong, who swam under water until his breath gave out, gained the rock before the rhinoceros had gone fifty feet and was safe; for the sides of the rock were too steep for the unwieldy beast to climb, although easy enough to a man of ordinary agility.

"He can't reach me here," Armstrong shouted, "but I wish I had a rifle. Can you hit him?"

The rhinoceros reached the rock and reared himself against it. Well, there was never a more dangerous situation with a tamer ending. There was Armstrong on the rock in the middle of a shallow pool, a big, angry rhinoceros trying in vain to climb after him, and I on the shore with three good rifles and plenty of ammunition.

Whether the excitement of the preceding few minutes had shaken my nerves or not, I fired fifteen shots into the big animal before he fell. Every time I fired, Armstrong, who was as cool as could be, laughed at me and told where the ball had struck. But finally the rhinoceros dropped, dead this time, from a bullet in his brain.

The rest of the story is simple enough. Nvjro waded out with his hatchet and cut the horn off the rhinoceros. Armstrong came to dry land. My fingers were by that time giving me a great deal of pain, so we lost no time in getting back to the plantation.

Taking as direct a route out of the jungle as possible, we found a native village, where we stopped overnight, and cared for my fingers as best we could. We started early the next morning, for I had not slept all night, and reached the plantation before noon.

Armstrong stayed with us a year, and together we had many a hunt in the depths of Horton Plains after my fingers healed. On several occasions we had adventures which are worth recording, and of which I may write at some future time.

L. WALTER SAMMIS.

A BLOODLESS BATTLE.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge the Confederate Army under General Bragg retreated to Dalton, Georgia, and there went into winter quarters. The winter of 1863-4 proved to be a very severe one for the latitude, and at one time there was a heavy fall of snow.

The division commanded by Major-General W. B. Bate, now a United States Senator, was composed of three brigades. These were the famous "Breckenridge" Brigade of Kentuckians; General Bate's own old brigade of Tennesseeans, and a Florida brigade commanded by General Stovall. Each of the brigades occupied its own encampment, and was separated from the other two by at least half a mile.

The snow fell at night. On the following morning, as soon as the regulation camp duties were performed, the "cornerackers," as the Kentuckians were called, began to "snowball." They had often seen snow in their native state, and knew how to get amusement from it. But their Southern comrades, particularly the Floridians, shrank from any personal contact with "the beautiful."

Early in the day one of the companies of the Ninth Kentucky Regiment made an attack upon its next neighbor in the encampment, and after the battle victor and vanquished united to attack a third. Each company was in turn forced to capitulate. Then a party made up from all the companies attacked the fourth regiment, and afterward the sixth.

About noon an expedition, numbering several hundred, from the Kentucky Brigade, set out to attack the camp of the Tennesseeans. As the time was the dead of winter, and there was no enemy within many miles, the usual camp discipline had been relaxed, and visiting between the different camps was unrestricted during the day. This enabled the attacking party to take the Tennesseeans unawares.

Notwithstanding the surprise, the defence of the camp was vigorously maintained for half an hour or more. Finally it was yielded, and then many of the Tennesseeans joined the expedition in its attack upon the Florida brigade.

Owing to the suddenness of the onset, and the novelty of the weapons used, the Floridians made no resistance, but retired precipitately to their cabins.

General Stovall hastily summoned his staff officers, gave orders to have the entire brigade turned out without arms, and mounting his horse, took personal command.

The Floridians soon learned that they could throw snowballs about as well as their assailants. Smarting under the reproaches of their commander, they fell upon the little band of adventurers with irresistible impetuosity.

Seeing themselves outnumbered five to one, the Kentuckians and their allies began to beat a retreat, and at the same time sent messengers back to their camps to ask for reinforcements. Some of the Kentucky regimental officers mounted their horses and hastened to the front, in command of the reinforcements.

Step by step the four or five hundred allies had been forced back by the two or three thousand Floridians. Only a few hundred yards from the outskirts of the Kentucky camp the retreating forces ascended a rather precipitous ridge. Here they determined to make a last desperate stand, in the hope that assistance would soon arrive.

Heroically they stood their ground, but the Floridians were by this time thoroughly aroused, and seemed determined to carry the war into the enemy's camp. In the face of a perfect storm of missiles they ascended almost to the very crest of the ridge. But even as the defenders were beginning to give way, loud cheering in their rear told them that reinforcements were at hand.

Now the battle began in earnest. Fully two thousand men on each side were now engaged, and perhaps no grander spectacle of the kind was ever witnessed anywhere. Neither Florida nor the allies would yield an inch. For fifteen or twenty minutes the sides seemed evenly matched.

Gradually, as the men became exhausted from their violent exertions, they fell away to the rear and soon the battle was ended. Neither side claimed a victory; and as there were no dead to bury nor wounded to be cared for, neither coveted the empty honor of camping on the field of battle.

The Kentuckians ever afterward entertained a greater respect for the Floridians, and during the closing year of the war the two brigades were engaged together in many a battle less bloodless, alas! than the battle of the snowballs.

J. H. BURKS.

AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Visitors at the Scene of the Pilgrims' Landing.—Homage to the Rock.

Every summer thousands of people from the country outside New England visit the neighborhood of Boston. While there, they generally show no small amount of interest in historic sites. Many embark on the little steamer that plies daily between Boston and Plymouth, and make thus a pious pilgrimage to the celebrated Rock, which is coming to mean to Americans somewhat the same thing that the famous meteoric stone of the Kaaba, at Mecca, means to the Moslems.

It is a pleasant trip, this one by water to Plymouth. There is a band of music; and inside the boat, a man with a phonograph amuses the children. But the visitor from a distant part of the country generally remains on the forward deck, watching the sandy shores, golden in the morning sun; he gazes interestedly at Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, of which there was a picture in the geography which he studied at school, and muses over the wooded shore of Marshfield, where Daniel Webster lived and died.

But before long Plymouth is reached, and the pilgrim's attention is likely to be diverted from the great beauty of the bay and its hilly, monument-crowned shores by his extreme desire to get an early glimpse of the Rock.

All the strangers are simply straining their eyes to see the Rock; and when the landing is made on the long wharf,—a very prosaic and modern structure, where the boat's lines are made fast by commonplace young men, whose faces show not the slightest family resemblance to the known likenesses of John Alden or Miles Standish,—the procession of people from distant parts takes up a steady and rapid march toward a curious canopied structure in the distance, which has been pointed out to them.

The first thought which all of them have is this: "Why is the Rock so far from the water?" It seems to be distinctly inland, and is really at several rods' distance from the present shore. And yet there is no doubt that it was formerly by the water's edge. The building of wharves and the dumping of earth for nearly three hundred years has carried the shore line out into the harbor.

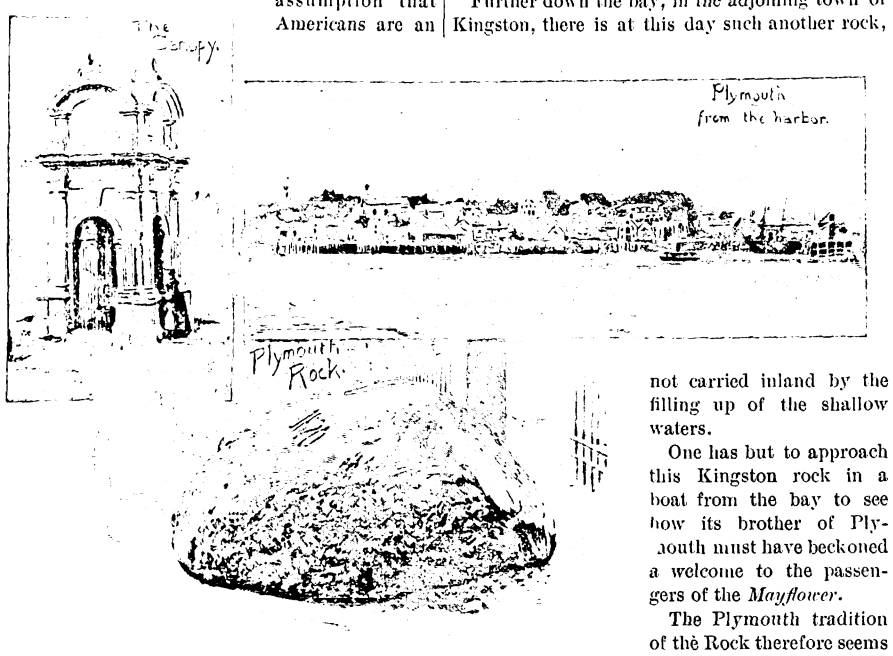
When these modern pilgrims come flocking up, they behold a structure of carved granite, which looks very tall in proportion to its diameter, with a round column at each corner, and very considerable architectural pretensions. This structure is called a "canopy." It is designed to mark the site of the Rock, and protect it from desecration.

Within this structure, an iron fence surrounds the Rock itself. This fence tends to increase the reverential feeling that a visitor has for the Rock, for it seems to set it apart forever as a thing not to be touched. But at each end of the enclosure

there is a gate; and these two gates are unlocked for visitors, and actual access to the Rock itself is permitted.

This permission in its turn increases the reverential feeling; for one feels that, as the barrier of iron has been hospitably broken for his benefit, he must not fail to estimate the privilege at its highest valuation.

Then the crowd from the boat begin to file through, past the Rock, or upon it. In seeing this sight, one is made aware how false is the assumption that Americans are an unemotional people. They often behave in a most extraordinary way here.



Nearly all bend down and press the palms of their hands upon the Rock, and especially upon the figures "1620" which are sunk into its surface, as if the Pilgrims from the *Mayflower* had carved them there!

Now and then a woman bends down and kisses the Rock, or makes a child do so. It is no uncommon thing for two people to stand on the stone and embrace each other. Many stand on the Rock long enough to make good resolutions, and imagine that they will keep them the more sacredly for their being made at such a place.

They are not deterred from making these demonstrations by the bearing of the crowd about them. There is no laughter and merrymaking about it; all is done with solemnity.

But on the hill which overlooks the Rock stands a hotel which is much frequented by summer boarders. On the veranda of this hotel the boarders gather when the boat comes in, and watch the people at the Rock with much amusement. The spot where they rest and enjoy this spectacle is indubitably sacred ground, for upon it the *Mayflower* Pilgrims who died during that first terrible winter in the new colony were buried.

After "worshipping" the Rock, excursionists scatter through the beautiful old town to admire its dainty white houses of ancient architecture, and its narrow streets deeply shaded with great linden and elm trees; or to visit the museum, where are many relics of the earliest colonial days, and the old burial-ground and monument.

To very few of these excursionists does it ever occur to doubt the authenticity of the Rock, or to ask how it is known that the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed on it. Most people suppose that the Rock is mentioned in the early accounts of the landing; but such is not the case.

There is but one original account of this first landing, and it relates that, after the people of the *Mayflower* had left Clark's Island, "they sounded ye harbour & found it fitt for shipping, and marched into ye land & found diverse cornfeilds & little running brooks, a place fitt for situation; at least it was ye best they could find." Nothing whatever is there about landing on a rock; nor does any early account of proceedings at Plymouth even mention a rock.

But in the year 1741, nearly one hundred and twenty-one years after the landing of the Pilgrims, permission was granted by the town of Plymouth to certain persons to build a wharf on the shore; and these persons proceeded then to cover up with their wharf a rock which lay there.

And then appeared Thomas Faunce, a man ninety-four years old, who lived in the farming country back of Plymouth. He told the wharf-builders that they ought not to cover up this rock. When he was a *boy*, he said, his father had assured him that the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed upon it.

It does not appear that any other Plymouth people came forward and supported this tradition. At any rate the wharf was built; and though the stone was not covered up, it became the door-step of a warehouse.

When people began to investigate the story of Thomas Faunce's warning, they looked in the records to see if his father had been a passenger on the *Mayflower*, and they found that he had not. But they did find that Thomas Faunce was born in the year 1647, and that in his early life in Plymouth, he must have known some of the *Mayflower's* passengers.

Therefore his story was entitled to some credit. Faunce was talking of a thing that was almost within his own recollection, and completely in the recollection of the generation before him.

Moreover, there are no other rocks along the shore in that neighborhood. This one, at the time of the landing, must have stood out, solitary and alone, on a shore which, according to the Pilgrims' relation, was "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras and other sweet wood." In the midst of such a wilderness, a rock, projecting boldly from the shallow shore, would have provided a natural landing-place.

Further down the bay, in the adjoining town of Kingston, there is at this day such another rock, not carried inland by the filling up of the shallow waters.

One has but to approach this Kingston rock in a boat from the bay to see how its brother of Plymouth must have beckoned a welcome to the passengers of the *Mayflower*.

The Plymouth tradition of the Rock therefore seems to have a good basis in reason and probability. At any rate it has grown steadfastly with time.

And now the legend is fixed, and rendered sacred by time and common acceptance. The American who loves his country can hardly look without genuine emotion on this Rock of Plymouth, where the momentous American experiment of local self-government was really begun under the most thrilling circumstances.

J. E. CHAMBERLIN.

PERFECTION.

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection.

Selected. —*Walt Whitman.*

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

One of the most useful acts passed by the present Congress reduces to an orderly system the government printing and the distribution of public documents.

The need of reform has long been urgent. There have been confusion and conflict of authority in the matter of printing; and it might be said, in respect of a large part of the editions of government reports, that they represent money thrown away, because the system of distribution has given them to the wrong persons.

For instance, each member of Congress is entitled to a specified number of patent-office reports. It has been the practice of members to send the reports by the hundred to persons who had no interest in inventions, and who probably used the volumes for shaving paper, or gave them to their wives for kindling fires.

Nevertheless, while the waste was going on, technical libraries, in which the reports would have been constantly useful, have been unable to obtain them, so as to keep their sets complete, without great effort and expense.

Moreover, the work of distributing documents is a burden upon senators and members of Congress. Many of the members shirked the duty, if it can be called a duty. Nearly half a million volumes have accumulated in the basement of the Capitol—the left-over documents which Congressmen did not distribute. The act just passed provides a way in which any of these volumes which are needed by libraries to complete sets may be supplied.

The new law vests the general oversight of the public printing in a joint committee of printing, consisting of three members of the Senate and three of the House of Representatives. During the recess of Congress the Secretary of the Interior will act in certain cases.

The executive officer, who—aside from the control just mentioned—will have full powers, is the public printer. He will be appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. It is not necessary to refer in detail to the matters placed in the hands of the public printer.

Suffice it to say that in the choice of his subordinates, in the purchase of material, and in the general business regulation of the office, the new system will be much better than that which it replaces, and better than any system on which the business has ever been conducted.

The most important sections of the bill relate to the distribution of documents. The regulations are of several classes. First, the number of copies to be printed of each document is specified; secondly, the allotment of the copies is carefully and judiciously made; thirdly, the labor of distribution by senators and members is reduced by a system of furnishing them with printed labels, which, having been addressed by the member or by his secretary, will be affixed to the volumes in the document rooms of the two Houses. By this means much costly handling of bulky volumes will be saved.

Again, the act recognizes public and school libraries as proper recipients of documents. Any senator or member may designate such a library, which will thereafter receive a copy of all important reports without further care on his part.

There is to be a "superintendent of documents" to whom surplus and undistributed documents will be turned over, and he will sell at cost not more than one copy of any document to any person applying for it.

Government publications are to be catalogued monthly, and the catalogues are to be sent to the depository libraries, so that the people may readily ascertain what public documents are appearing.

Another important feature of the new law is the partial revival of the franking privilege, which was abolished in 1873. Senators and representatives are empowered to send free through the mail not only public documents, but also, to any person, correspondence on official or departmental business.

Under this law there is a probability that government publications will become useful to an extent that they have never reached before. And the changes are expected to effect a saving of two hundred thousand dollars annually in the cost of the government printing.

FEBRUARY IN AUSTRALIA.

The bright-haired, blue-eyed last of summer! Lo
Her clear song lives in all the winds that blow;
The upland torrent and the lowland rill,
The stream of valley and the spring of hill,
The pools that slumber and the brooks that run
Where dense the leaves are, green the light of sun,
Take all her grace of voice and color.

Selected. —*Henry Clarence Kendall.*

QUICK TRANSPORTATION.

On the 28th day of June, 1894, a consignment of several hundred cases of goods was placed upon an ocean steamship at Liverpool. Six days later this steamship was in New York harbor. It arrived on the morning of the Fourth of July—a holiday—and therefore the Custom-House was not open.

The next day the goods were entered according to law, placed aboard a fast express train, and less than two days later were in Chicago, to which city they had been consigned.

If the holiday had not intervened, the actual time between Liverpool and Chicago would have been about nine days. A few months afterward a consignment of goods was less than nine days in going from Liverpool to Chicago.

These examples illustrate the very great increase in the rapidity with which transportation between Europe and America is accomplished. It is expected that a few years hence it may be possible to send goods from the Mississippi Valley to Europe, or from Liverpool or Southampton to Chicago, in a little over seven days. The effect of this rapidity of transportation must be beneficial. It will surely stimulate trade.

Rapid transportation has been remarkably developed in the United States in the past four or five years, and the industrial effects of the improvement are astonishing. In Florida and other Southern states much money has been invested in the raising of early vegetables which within a day or two after picking are exposed for sale, fresh and wholesome, in the markets of Northern cities. That business is sure to be very greatly extended.

The southern half of the state of California has been increasing in population and wealth, largely as an effect of the rapidity with which the fruit and vegetable products of the region can be transported to Eastern markets.

Upon the occasion of the recent frost in Florida, when it was made certain that the orange crop there had been almost ruined, the commission merchants of the East sent word to California that there must be reliance upon that state for the golden fruit. It is expected that oranges will be transported from the Pacific to the Atlantic in only three days more time than is required to bring them from Florida.

Another effect of quick transportation is, from one point of view, an unhappy one. For instance, before orange culture had been greatly developed in Florida and California, the United States depended upon Sicily and the West Indies for this fruit. Sicily alone sent about five million boxes to this country, and upon this trade the farmers of that island mainly depended for their income. Quick transit and the development of the Florida orange nearly destroyed the fruit trade with Sicily, and that is one of the reasons for the agricultural discontent in that island.

Another effect of rapid transportation is in the developing of new commercial industries. A few years ago when it took ten days to cross the ocean, no one would have thought of shipping oysters to Great Britain. Now an important trade in oysters in the shell has been established. Some of the dealers in the vicinity of New York trim the shells so that the oysters can be packed almost as closely as sardines.

Swift transit has also developed a large exportation of apples to Europe. In November last more than a quarter of a million barrels of apples were sent to Europe. There is reason to expect that a few years hence it will be possible, because of rapid transportation, to dispose of enormous quantities of American farm produce, such as fruits and vegetables, in European markets.

DRESS AND MANNERS.

Goldsmith used to make himself and everybody else uncomfortable by dressing in blue velvet suits, lace and satin, and paying court to people of fashion by imitating their own finery and extravagance. Ill at ease himself in his gorgeous tailoring, he diverted attention from his best qualities and exaggerated his own foibles and weaknesses.

Doctor Johnson in his shabby clothes and thread-bare sleeves was at least himself, and with his quiet dignity and stern self-respect, set a higher standard of good manners than Goldsmith.

No man ever won a greater social triumph than Franklin, the tallow-chandler's son, when he was sent as an envoy to the French court. He captivated every one by the simplicity of his manners. He was neither disconcerted himself, nor allowed any one else to feel ill at ease, whether he received nobles, statesmen, men of letters or tradesmen at his house; or whether he appeared among courtiers at Versailles, with his gray hat under his arm and in his dark Quaker dress, and his white woollen stockings in shoes unadorned with buckles.

Franklin modestly wrote to his friends in America: "Perhaps few strangers in France have had the good fortune to be so uniformly popular."

His social prestige never turned his head, nor developed affectation of speech and eccentricity of manner. Whether great ladies overwhelmed him with attentions, or Voltaire embraced him at the Academy, or impulsive crowds ran after him in the streets, he was always homely "Poor Richard," simple and unaffected in manner, yet with unfailing resources of tact and courtesy.

John Bright was, during his later years, a similar figure in London society. He, too, had the art of putting everybody at ease by his naturalness and inherent truthfulness. Never a man of fashion, and lacking always in respect for mere conventionalities, he dressed as he liked, and insisted upon wearing a black velvet waistcoat when nobody else was seen in one; but wherever he was and quaint as his dress might be, he invariably left behind him the impression of being the truest and noblest gentleman in the company.

Nobody cared how Bright was dressed. He was always himself, looking straight into his friend's eyes, saying what he thought with downright directness, and inviting the same degree of frankness and simplicity. He could not give offence, even when he advised a princess, who had been inveighing against Mr. Gladstone, to take her children where they might see that statesman, and to say to them:

"There is the Englishman to whom God has permitted to do greater service to his own country than almost any other in his time."

"Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best-bred in the company." That was Dean Swift's rule for dress and conversation.

NOW AND THEN.

In the last annual report of the Life-Saving Service, an official statement gravely records the rescue from a sinking vessel off the coast of Hog Island in Virginia, "of twenty-six men and *the cat*."

During a heavy storm last December a tug put out from New York harbor to the help of the crew of a wrecked schooner. They were all taken from the vessel, and the tug had started for the shore when a dog was seen on deck. The tug returned promptly, and the dog was brought safely off "amid the cheers," we are told, "of the crowd of spectators on shore and on the vessels in harbor, all of whom, apparently, were dog-lovers."

These are trifling incidents, but contrasted with the trifling incidents which follow, they have a certain significance.

Smithfield Market in London occupies the ground on which during seven centuries was held the yearly Fair of St. Bartholomew, "as true an exhibit," says Morley, "of the changes in character of the English people as is the House of Commons."

Among the favorite amusements at this Fair were bear-baiting, the burning of rats in cages and the flaying of cats. "Boys paid a penny for the privilege of chasing live rabbits on all fours like dogs. When they caught the rabbit with their teeth they tore it in pieces to show their strength."

It is not surprising to read that within the limits of this Fair scores of victims were burned at the stake, the people calmly looking on, as they did "with shouts of laughter" when Sir William Wallace was drawn and quartered before them.

These were our ancestors.

The contrast between the petty facts of history then and now show us better than any written essay, how far mankind have travelled up into humane and Christian life; just as the floating bits of spice wood on the waves tell the voyager on the stormy ocean that he is nearing the region of eternal summer.

DELICATELY REPROVED.

Two ambitious and rather conceited young people were one day talking over a little book which had just been published, concerning the celebrities of the region where they were born.

"There's a great deal in it about Whittier," said one. "Of course there ought to be; but on the other hand, I see no reason why some of the younger writers should not have been mentioned. Whittier had done good work before he was our age, and in his day it was recognized. In ours it is different."

"Well, frankly," said the other, "since you mention it, I do think it a little odd to ignore the fact that we younger people have done anything. To be just, we should have been mentioned."

A serene and lovely old lady, who was sewing in the room, looked up from her work.

"Is it because you are not mentioned, and the