

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

By Edward Everett Hale.

A TWO PART STORY---PART 2.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was 30 then he must have been near 80 when he died. He looked 60 when he was 40. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows.

He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the iron mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading, and I include in these my scrapbooks."

These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there and some of the most pathetic that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively each day. "Then," he said, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more.

The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are Lepidoptera or Steptoptera; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them—why Linnaeus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave trade treaty, while the Keigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the middle passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of alay chaplain, a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him.

Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have a little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did, and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understood that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a centre throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and patois of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledjereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a headsail, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said: "For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together, and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese,

and one or two fine looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it has been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan, "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clenching of fists leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the headsail by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the deus ex machina of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be externally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his family all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if these devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion, but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, at last in a whisper, say: "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

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. Often he sat up, or even got up at night, to walk the deck, with me when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling.

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! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the department appears to know nothing!

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted their ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which

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she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, and precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country—that all the honors, associations, memories and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen, but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico.

The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great blotch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette on the South American station. We were laying in the La Plata and some of the officers who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit, so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself, for he asked perfectly unconsciously:

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspaper since Austin began his settlements; and that while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and till quite lately, of California—this virgin province, in which his brother had travelled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texan men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself said that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Capt. Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's welcome?"

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, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment, rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or not I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnals of today of what it is to throw away a country, 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 non-professional 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? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But 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. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained, if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

"LEVANE, 2 deg. 2 min. S. at 132 deg. W. "DEAR FRED:—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with poor Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. 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

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left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, and he said he should like to see me. 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 lightning bolts from his beak and his foot just clasp 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 then 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, "Indiana Territory," "Mississippi Territory," and "Louisiana Territory," and I suppose our fathers learned such things, but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something new? 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 stars 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, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But 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, delicacy 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. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?' "Well, that was not a bad text, and 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 cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his 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 fur.' Then he went back—heaven, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to 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—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java. Then he settled down more quietly and very happily to hear me tell in an hour the history of 50 years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him about the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about Old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi and New Orleans and Texas, and his old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' "I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he; 'well, that is a change!'"

"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 himself 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.' Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion!"

"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."

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AFRICAN HABITS.

How the Natives of the Dark Continent Eat and Drink.

At eating, the negro, having always first washed his hands and rinsed his mouth, sits upon the ground, holds the largest pieces between his teeth while he cuts off a bite with his knife, but does not use both hands to hold food, except in gnawing bones, says Paul Richard.

With his usual dishes he lays his right arm over his knees, and reaching into the pot, molds the thick mass into lumps about the size of a walnut, which he throws into his mouth with a jerk, without scattering any of the food. To take out vegetables or soup he presses a hollow into the lump and dips with it. Politeness is shown to the host or housewife after eating by smacking loudly enough to be heard.

While the negro is capable of eating meat in an unpleasant state of decomposition he is very sensitive against some tastes, and will make evident manifestations of his dislike of them. He is careful about the outer matters of drinking. He will always rinse his mouth first, even when he is intensely thirsty. If the cup is not too small he takes it in both hands, and he likes to sit down with it. If the vessel is large and open he draws in the water from the surface with his lips without bringing them in contact with the dish.

Sometimes negroes pour water into their mouths. When drinking at ponds and rivers the water is carried to the mouth with the hand. For some mystic reason it is considered bad to lie flat down when drinking from rivers. The fear of being snapped up by a crocodile may have something to do with the matter.

Great attention is given in most of the tribes to the care of the body. The teeth are cleaned with a stick which has been chewed into a kind of brush. The hands are washed frequently, not by turning and twisting and rubbing them together, one within the other, as with us, but by a straight up-and-down rubbing, such as is given to the other limbs. This manner of washing is so characteristic that an African might be distinguished by it from an European without reference to the color. The sun is their only towel.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

How Silk is Made.

The process of silkmaking, as described by Miss Sara Sweeney, a most skillful reeler at Washington, is full of interest. The silkworm eggs, the size of flaxseed, are imported from Italy, and about April 15 they are placed on mulberry or Osage orange leaves in a room of proper temperature. In fifteen days the worms are hatched, almost the size of small ants. They are then fed on leaves. Within thirty days the worm has grown from two to two and a quarter inches, and has wrapped the silk filament about it, forming the cocoon. It allowed to rest undisturbed ten days the worm becomes moth and escapes from the small ends of the cocoons, destroying its value. To prevent this the cocoons are steamed or baked. Three colors, white, yellow and green, are produced. When brown spots made by butterflies appear they are removed by salting. The next step is to cook and brush the cocoons.

Mothers

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