THIRD PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1889.

A CUBAN BULL FIGHT.

Lillian Spencer Draws Two Pen Pictures of the Savage Sport.

THE HAVANESE EASILY PLEASED.

Old, Decrepit Bulls Turned Into the Arena to Be Slaughtered.

A VERY BLACK OUTLOOK FOR CUBA

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

HAVANA, April 10.—There is nothing perhaps more indicative of the national character of a race than its amusements. In Cuba the favorite forms of diversion are gambling, masque balls and bull fights. Every Sunday during the season the last mentioned performance takes place. If you have never seen a bull fight, you naturally desire to do so. You have been told that it is in its decline after a career of centuries, but this does not matter. You have in your mind a vast amphitheater of circular seats crowded with tier on tier of human faces. Your fancy pictures the gorgeous trappings and brilliant

The Grand Entree.

throng of the brave days of the Coliseum a Rome presided over by Nero. There is the President's box, hung with the national flags, and pitted with the uniformed officials comprising his suit. There are the members of the old noblesse, the representatives of the court, of society, of fashion, presenting a galaxy of distinguished men and beautiful women. The Cubans with her splendid dark eyes flushing from behind the gauzy meshes of the graceful mantilla. La Senorita, pale, petite, poetically charming, sitting shyly in the background. La Creole, slender, sinuous, languid, lazily swaying to and fro a feathered fan. The mulatto, swarthy, boldly handsome, flaunting her brazen charms on all alike; the ebony-faced negress with the Spanish eyes and magnificent African proportion. Then amid a waving of hats and a deafening cry of "Bravo Toros" comes the glittering procession of picadors, banderilleros and matadors clad in rich Spanish costume, waving crimson scarfs and brandishing long, naked swords. Lusty cheers, loud and prolonged, greet them as they bow low before the President's box as the ancient gladiators bowed before the Emperors of yore and place themselves in attitude of combat.

BRAVO TORO.

Now a door is swung widely on its hinges and amid a hushed and breathless silence the bull dashes into the arena, when commences a fight between man and beast, which must terminate in the death of either the one or the other. Bull after bull is let loose among the men and horses and the excitement gradually increases. It waxes intense as a plunging horse throws a rider, and a brave Banderillero lunges with his sword a maddened bull. Blood covers the ground, red scarfs fly like flames through the hot, sultry air, swords gleam in the glaring tropical sunlight and clink one against another; more furious, more perilous, more desperate grows the fight—a contest to the death, each and everyone for himself and Providence for them all. Suddenly the bull gores the sides of the horse, and the skillful malador sticks into the bull a naked sword. To the very hilt he thrusts the thin sharp blade down between shoulder blade and spine! It is a masterly stroke, and the big, lumbersome animal

The First Dash.

glares for the last time on his antagonist; glares with pleading, suffering, reproachful eyes, and then calmly, heroically lays himself down to die. It is a solemn moment! Even the half savage assemblage is awed. The splendid majesty of the huge beast makes itself felt, but only for an instant, the instant of death. No sooner has the convulsive shuddering of the mammoth limbs settled into repose, than the deafening clamor breaks forth afresh. Shouts of "Bien pegado hombre!" "Bravo, toro!" rend the air. Ribbons, flowers, scarfs, laces, mantillas, fans, gloves, purses are thrown at the successful matador, who makes his way to the President's box, presents his victorious sword, and amid a flourish of trumpets quits the scene of the bloody affray.

This was the bull fight I had in my mind when one hot Sunday afternoon during the carnival, I drove to the Plaza de Toros in Havana. This was the bull fight I had read about—confidently expected to see. To say I was disappointed in my expectations does not begin to express my chagrin at the miserable spectacle I was unfortunate enough to witness. A hundred years ago in old Spain, I should have seen such a fight as the one above described. But, alas! the bull fight is in its decline and is no more what it once was.

A MODERN BULL FIGHT.

The fight which I witnessed in Havana gave one about as good an idea of the fight so famous in Spain, as the burlesque of an opera will give an idea of the opera itself. I should say the bull fight of to-day is a parody on the bull fight of yesterday. And a cruel, inhuman parody at that, degenerating each year into a scene of more flagrant torture. It is no exaggeration to say that a slaughter house would present a scene of mild humanity when compared to the barbarous savagery which now attends this the national amusement of both Cuba and Spain. That any but a race of Cannibals could look unmoved on such bloody and rapacious cruelty is astounding, and yet these people, accredited with the highest civilization, find rapturous pleasure in the tortures inflicted upon poor dumb animals for their edification and delight.

The bull fight that I saw in Havana would have been ludicrous if it had not been so bloody. For, absurd and incomprehensible as it may seem, the bulls refused to fight. To be sure they only showed their good sense, but this kind of sagacity is not to be desired in this kind of animal. The managers of the Playa de Toros advertise a fight with bulls and men, and those bulls must fight those men, or the populace will make short work of those managers. In order to stir the bull to action every conceivable means of torture is resorted to. As the doors are thrown open a short knife is plunged into his neck. This proceeding gives gusto to his entrance. The first bull which bounded into the arena was a mild-

The Deadly Thrust.

eyed gentle creature, who walked into the midst of the combatants, gave them all round a friendly sniff, and behaved himself about as well as any little lamb would have done under the same circumstances. "He will never fight," I said to the interpreter.

"Oh, yes, he will, they will force him to it."

"But I thought you used blooded bulls, bred for the purpose and imported from Spain."

"So we did once, but not now. It is too expensive. It don't pay. The management would be bankrupt!"

"Then these are just ordinary every day bulls?"

"Si, si Senora, the market must have meat, the bulls must die. Here or in the slaughter house, it does not matter!"

This startling revelation would have shocked and horrified me, han I been anywhere but in Cuba, where one soon ceases to be surprised at anything, and falls into the philosophical habit of taking all he hears and sees and experiences for granted. But I was right about that bull, for he couldn't or wouldn't fight. At least he ddin't. He was pricked with swords, fired with torpedos and finally driven from the ring. The grand procession, which consisted of about as seedy a lot of Picadors and Branderelleros as could be imagined, looked disgusted. They wrapped their faded tawdry scarfs about their threadbare costumes, pitiful imitations of the rich garbs worn by the famed Spanish fighters of old, and prepared themselves to receive bull No. 2. He did evince a little more spirit than his predecessor, but his face wore an expression of great weariness.

WANTED TO DIE.

He was evidently very old, and undecided whether he wouldn't rather die than live, anyhow. He was finally killed. The third victim stumbled into the ring, coughed consumptively, and deliberately laid down and composed himself to sleep. He was the tiredest bull of the lot. Bull No. 4 was attacked on his entrance by a nimble-footed banderillero, who flung a scarf over his face. Then a rakish looking Picador, mounted on a shaky horse, with uncertain legs and no tail, a horse lame, blind, old, weak, long past all fear of bulls or anything, except the fate which imposed on him the necessity of living, stuck a pole with an awl on the end into the bull's hide, which angered him and caused him on his part to charge on the poor old blind horse and gore its bony sides, scattering its entrails on the ground. A more sickening sight cannot be imagined. But the more the bull gores the horse, the more the brave Cuban enjoys the sport. When this goring business grows monotonous, barbed sticks with rockets on the end

The Grand Finale.

are inserted into the flesh of the bellowing animal. These rockets explode and set him afire. Nothing pleases the audience more than the burning bull. Finally the Matador appears with a sword. He is supposed to dispatch the beast at once, but for lack of skill he misses the vital spot, stabs in one place and another and finally succeeds in inducing the half dead bull to give up the ghost.

This is what remains of the world-famed bull fight, celebrated alike in song and story, and still licensed and indorsed by the Government of Cuba and Spain and Mexico—in reality it has long ceased to be the fashion. The Cuban lady of position no longer lends her presence to the scene. The audience is largely composed of American sight-seers, who occupy boxes at a cost of $50 (Spanish paper) apiece. The benches are filled by Chinamen, peddlers, fishermen, negroes and the middle and lower class of Cubans and Spaniards. The mulatto and yellow girl, gaudily and flashily dressed, give the only dash of color to an otherwise meager and uninteresting assemblage.

The more I see of this country's passions, customs and amusements, the more I am convinced of two things—either it will one day become a race of wild black men (miscegeneration is continually going on), or what is perhaps worse, a land of Spanish desperadoes. Only a general insurrection can uproot the rottenest from its core. But Cuba libre is yet a long way off.

LILLIAN SPENCER.

SOME VERY KNOWING PUPILS.

A Brooklyn Teacher's Ruse, Which Didn't Deceive the Wary Principal.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

There is a cruel story in circulation concerning a certain teacher in one of the public schools who has been highly complimented because of the success attending the examination of her pupils. It was noticed that her class of boys seemed to be able to solve all the problems. When a question was asked every boy's hand in the class was raised. The principal of the school was putting the questions and the lady teacher would call on a pupil to make the answer. Although more than a score of questions were asked, in no instance was an improper answer given. The principal was so pleased at the result that he made a special reference to Miss Dash's proficiency as a teacher in each of the classrooms he visited. Probably envy was caused by the fact that in no other classroom did the pupils seem to be as well up in their studies. One of the teachers, whose pupils did not acquit themselves very creditably, made an investigation, and, by a judicious outlay of candy, succeeded in gaining the confidence of one of the boys under Miss Dash's care.

"Now, Johnny," said she, "how is it that all you boys know the answers?"

"We don't all know," said Johnny, munching a caramel.

"But you all put up your hands as if you did."

"Miss Dash tells us all to put up our hands when the question is asked. We boys who don't know the answer put up our left hands and the boys who know the answer put up their right hands, and then Miss Dash only asks the boys who have a right hand up."

MUSIC FOR THE POOR.

Lady Colin Campbell Writes From London on the Good Work Done

BY ENGLISH SINGING SOCIETIES

In Bringing to the Masses the Most Glorious Gift of God.

WHAT THE PRINCE OF WALES SAID

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, April 16.—It would be difficult, when writing on such a subject as the good both done to and developed in the poor of great cities by music, to find more appropriate words to use, as it were, as a text, than those of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, delivered in his speech at the opening of the Royal College of Music: "I claim for music," said the Prince, "the merit that it has a voice which speaks—in different tones perhaps, but with equal force—to the cultivated and the ignorant, to the peer and the peasant. I claim for music a variety of expression which belongs to no other art, and therefore adapts it more than any other art to produce that union of feeling which I much desire to promote."

H. R. H.'s public utterances are always admirably expressed, and the sentence I have just quoted is an excellent example of the art of saying the right thing in the right words.

Music has not only a voice which speaks, but it is almost as great a necessity to the great majority of our fellow creatures as their own natural gift of speech. And especially is it so to the toilers of our great cities. It is only of comparatively late years that the civilizing influence of recreation has come to be recognized; and of all civilizing influences there is none that can be compared to that wielded by music. We need not go back to the Pied Piper of Hamelin to be reminded how human creatures, be they young or old, will be attracted by music.

That it has power for evil as well as good is not to be denied, and it is hardly too much to say that before the question of music for the people was taken up with the enthusiasm that brought at least three societies into being eager for the task of providing it, the use made of music in the poorer quarters of our great towns, and especially in London, leaned distinctly to the side of evil. Before these societies took shape, as it were, out of the growing necessities of our immense artisan class, a respectable working man had hardly any place within his reach to which he could take his young family.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.

Poor people, to their credit, be it said, are by no means careless of their children's morals. Even in some of the very poorest parts of London one finds fathers and mothers who watch over their children carefully, almost severely. If they would keep them clear of undesirable acquaintances and unenviable knowledge, where could such people allow their children to go? Not to the music halls certainly, where even the curious precocity of the children of the poor was hardly needed to explain to their eyes and ears the evil they both saw and heard around them. And yet where else could they go? Music halls and public houses—saloons, as you say in America—public houses and music halls, lined all the great arteries that run through the north, south and east of London. Nothing else was there in the shape of amusement, cheap enough to attract the millions who craved amusement of some kind or other, after the hard toil of the long day. To such people the concerts of the societies already mentioned came as an immense boon. Here were entertainments either free or well within the people's means, to which they could go with their families at nightfall, without the fear of young minds being bewildered or contaminated by equivocal allusions. They were not slow to appreciate also the superior class of music which they heard at the concerts; for the mass of the people are, within certain limits, exceedingly good judges of both the music they hear and the way in which it is rendered.

The soil was ready and fertile, and it is therefore not very surprising that the good seed sown so few years ago should already have borne such a great crop of success. The experiment was at first tried with a certain amount of misgiving; that feeling vanished long ago. A good concert is now found to draw a larger audience than almost any other form of entertainment hitherto attempted; nothing is so popular or so paying.

If the working classes continue to pay to go to the concerts provided for them, there can be little doubt of their appreciation of the attractions offered. Not only do they feel grateful to the societies that bring so much music to them but, though there are several societies for providing music in this way, they cannot suffice for so gigantic a city as London and so the people are beginning themselves to try and help themselves in this direction.

REPLACING THE MUSIC HALL.

I received a letter lately from a poor workingman, written in the name of four others beside himself, asking me to go down and sing for them on any Saturday evening I chose to name. Four years ago these poor men—workingmen earning only a few shillings a week—had felt that something must be done to save the young people around them from the influences of the music halls. As the writer truly said: "Boys and girls will be boys and girls, and if they don't get healthy amusement, why, they will take the unhealthy." These five men, therefore, had formed themselves into a committee; they hired a small schoolroom every Saturday evening, and commenced giving their concerts. To us it may seem but a little thing to do, but to them, with only their wages and no sort of experience to help them, it was a very great undertaking indeed. For four years they had carried on their weekly entertainment to gradually increasing numbers, until last year it was found that such crowds had to be turned away every Saturday night, that this year they decided that if the good work must be carried on, they must take a larger hall. The larger hall meant more expense in every way; but the managers made up their minds to take the risk for the sake of the good that had been done in these four years. The music halls of the neighborhood had undoubtedly suffered, and not much wonder; for the night I sang at the request of this committee of workingmen, there must have been between two or three thousand people in the hall. If that number are drawn away from the music halls every Saturday night in that neighborhood, it is not surprising that they should feel the difference. The action of these men, by no means a solitary instance, shows how much they have learned from the lesson taught by the societies as to the elevating influence of good music.

Another instance, and an even more striking one, of the lasting and ennobling influence of music, is the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall, in the New Cut, formerly the Old Surrey Theater. The name of that street not many years ago was decidly ill-favored. Both it and its surrounding neighborhood had unenviable reputation. The Victoria Hall, or the "Vic" as its habitues now affectionately term it, was only established at Christmas, 1880.

DECREASING CRIME.

The clergymen of the district were unanimously opposed to the scheme when first started, thinking that another "music hall" was not likely to have a much better effect than those which, as they knew by experience, had already done so much harm. Their opposition availed nothing, though they did what they could, both by example and precept, to prevent people from going to the "Vic." The good done in so short a space of time, however, has opened the eyes of these short-sighted ecclesiastics, and now they and the police join in praise of the altered state of the streets as regards both drunkenness and immorality. "Since the Surrey became the 'Vic,'" say the latter, "there has not been one charge arising directly out of it; before that there was never a night without one or two, and at the holiday season there were as many as 30 and 40, and even 50 charges at one time." The general charges of the neighborhood have decreased, on an average, from 40 to 4. Looking at these results, and at the comparatively short time it has taken to produce them, who shall say that something very like the traditional "royal roads" has not been found to the hearts of the people.

The success of the Victoria Hall is all the more phenomenal, from the fact that it is open every evening. The entertainments are varied: concerts, popular lectures, variety entertainments and the magic lantern are the chief attractions; and that admirable and most energetic lady, Miss Cons, who was recently elected to the new County Council, the Secretary of the "Vic," is always on the lookout for anything which will interest or amuse her audience. That such an institution should be able to hold its own against the many other places of amusement always ready to pander to the lowest tastes of an uneducated class is not only a most encouraging fact for those who believe in the soundness of human nature when it is given a fair chance to raise itself, but also proves the immense talent for organization possessed by Miss Cons.

Once or twice a week the "Vic" is about as full as it can hold, which, as it can seat nearly 3,000 persons, is not a bad criterion of its popularity. On these occasions a ballad concert is generally given, and if any well-known singer or popular favorite is announced on the bills outside there will be hardly standing room in the great theater.

Though the taste for good music has greatly increased during the last years in the poor quarters of London, ballad music remains secure at the top of the list in popular estimation. The people like certain oratorios, such as the "Messiah" and "Elijah;" they also appreciate instrumental music greatly; but the true warmth of their enthusiasm and their applause is reserved for the ballad that tells them a story and goes direct to their hearts.

LOVERS OF GOOD MUSIC.

I do not think a stranger would recognize the traditional phlegmatic English nature, were he to go down to a concert, say at Shoreditch or Bermondsey, and listen to the applause which follows the singing of some well-known ballad. The whole audience seems suddenly to become one huge throat and pair of hands, and the uproar is enough, to use the vernacular expression, "to lift the roof off." Not that these outbursts by any means greet every item of the programme, for, if an East End audience is capable of enthusiasm, it is also capable of discernment; and the dead silence which occasionally follows a performance seems, by the force of contrast, to be almost a greater condemnation than actual hissing.

There is also another way in which the societies aid in developing a love of music among the masses. Singing classes have been instituted at several of the musical centers and have met with unvarying success. A choral class at Clerkenwell was started in the spring of 1882. During the first term 86 students joined, 94 during the second. The following year, encouraged by the success of the Clerkenwell classes, a teaching center was established in Bermondsey; orchestral classes for teaching string, wind and reed instruments were added to the choral classes, and competitive examinations in harmony and sight singing were held at both centers. The third year was even still more successful, for the number of entries of students rose from 640 to 1,260, and 12 new classes were formed. These facts speak for themselves.

"Music," said Martin Luther, "is the fairest and most glorious gift of God. It is a discipline, it is an instructress, it makes people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable." These words might have been taken as the key-note of the work done by the various societies who set themselves the task of bringing this "fairest and most glorious gift of God" to the masses of toilers and workers who throng our great city, and to whom the grimy, colorless side of life is so terribly real. And that they have succeeded in carrying out Luther's words in making people more moral and more reasonable by the aid of music is proved beyond doubt and question by the altered state of the New Cut and similar metropolitan thoroughfares.

GERTRUDE E. CAMPBELL.

HALF BIRD, HALF BEAST.

Description of a Strange Creature Found in the Australian Wilds.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

One of the most curious of all Australian animals is the ornithorhynchus paradoxus. It is paradoxical, being half bird and half mammal. It lives chiefly in the water, and seeks its food by means of its bill, in the mud, like ducks. As this animal has had great attention called to it by the Darwinians, who use it as an illustration of a connecting link between species, it will be well to give rather a minute description of it. It certainly is a most odd-looking affair. The adult animal is about 20 inches in length from the end of the bill to the end of the tail. The body is rather long and compressed, and thickly covered with very glossy hair, among the roots of which is a layer of soft, short, water-proof felt or wadding.

The head is small and round, with small bright eyes and no external ears, although the internal ears are perfectly developed and the hearing acute; and instead of the muzzle, mouth and the teeth of an ordinary quadruped, the creature is furnished with a bill like that of a duck. The legs are short; the forefeet have each five toes, with strong burrowing claws and a connecting membrane for swimming which extends even beyond the claws, but is capable of being folded back, so as not to impede their use when burrowing. The hind feet are smaller than the fore feet; they also have five toes, armed with claws and webbed, but the web does not extend beyond the base of the claws.

The hind feet of the male have sharp spurs, like that of a cock, which are merely rudimentary in the female. These spurs were at one time erroneously supposed to be venomous. The tail is strong, broad and flattened, about half as long as the body, covered with long and coarse hair and nearly naked on its under surface. This animal is lively and active, and so readily alarmed by the approach of danger as not to be easily shot, diving before aim can be taken. It is usually to be seen with only its head above the water. It prefers the twilight to the glare of the day, and its voice resembles the growl of a small puppy. It carefully dresses and pecks its fur, and when asleep rolls itself into a ball.

A Centennial Suggestio .

It was decided that President Harrison should merely bow to the guests passing before him, at the reception, as Washington did. But why didn't the committee provide an apparatus as above, to please the great army of handshaking fiends?—*Puck.*

EAST AND WEST.

A Tale of a Century Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER X.

Lieutenant Henry Curwen, meanwhile, was learning that the service of his country was not always to bring him nearer to the girl he loved. That sad day, when he made sure that no one in Marietta had heard of any Titcomb party, or expected them, he had gone back in poor enough spirits to his pack-saddles, his homesick friend Glendenin, to Captain Zapoly and to General Harmar's hospitality. After dinner General Harmar showed to him the orders which he had brought. In substance, they directed Harmar to withdraw all the efficient force he could from Fort Harmar, and thus to strengthen the new post at Fort Washington. He was at the same time left to his own discretion as to a movement in force against the Shawnees. General Knox still hoped, and the President hoped, that the Indian chiefs would see the folly of war with the United States, and that before the arrival of the dispatches they might be peacefully engaged in the easy business of housing their summer crops of corn. But General Harmar said what Curwen had already learned in substance at Marietta, that they were more insolent than ever. His own wish had been to do all but dismantle the fort in which they were and to make arrangements for a campaign. Now that he had full permission he should do this immediately.

"So, if you gentlemen have seen all you want of the Campus Martius," he said, in conclusion," "you need not take a comb nor a biscuit nor a cartridge from your boat. You may go on board at gunfire tomorrow morning and work your way down to Fort Washington. And tell them to look out for me and to be sure I do not pass them in the night." And at his own little joke he laughed heartily.

Curwen joined ruefully in the laugh; Zapoly joined more heartily, without the slightest understanding of what the joke was. Such is the necessity, alas, of those who are forced to converse in languages they do not understand. To poor Harry, who had come by a zig-zag route more than 1,000 miles to see the women he loved, it was a wretched blow which fell in the announcement that he was to go 200 more directly away from the only hope he had of seeing her. But he knew too well the place of a young officer, indeed, he was governed too much by the feeling of respect to a man in every way his superior, to venture on any vigorous protest. All he could say was that he would go as soon as the General thought best, but that he had carelessly made some arrangements in the new city, and that he must send his servant over to cancel them. So unused was he to life in camps, that he was amazed when the good natured General replied:

"Cancel them? Don't think of cancelling them. We are not so hard pressed as that. Oh, no, Lieutenant, a day more or less is nothing—I mean a day of your arrival—for, to tell the truth, I shall not break up here for a fortnight or more, and, as Bob Kidd said when they hanged him, there will be no fun till I come. Oh, no, my dear young friend, we are in no such hurry as that. Only, as your boat is all ready, and I have nothing half so swift as she, I thought you had better take my commands to St. Clair yonder. Wednesday, Friday—when you will—only take care I do not pass you on a flood some day. I can tell you that when there is a fresh a fleet of arks makes speed which would have frightened Shem and Japheth."

And he laughed good-naturedly again. Harry Curwen was frightened at his own success. He did not dare presume upon it. He said, modestly, that he would take care no one passed him on the way, and retired early to his room, which had been assigned to him and Zapoly. Here he summoned Clendenin, and gave him orders for the next day.

And the next day he and Clendenin crossed to the new town again, and then, in a canoe, worked their way up to see some Boyntons from Newbury, who, it was thought, might know something of the Titcombs. But they, while they knew of people of that name in Newbury, had not had tidings of their removal. In a similar fruitless search the next day was spent. And on the fourth day, from mere pride, the young officer had to give up this inquiry which he could not explain either to Harmar, to Zapoly, or to Clendenin, and as soon as his awkward squad was released from the school of the soldier in the morning, he ordered them on board the barge and took up the voyage, now so odious to him, to the fort, newly-established, where we now see the city of Cincinnati.

And now he was to spend months there on duties wholly new to him, among companions every one of whom would have been a study, were the young man one of the critical or of the speculative kind. Kentucky militiamen came from time to time. At least they succeeded in eating Uncle Sam's rations, though the officers on Uncle Sam's regular line looked very doubtfully on their performances. Queerly enough, they had none of the skill of the rifle for which the ideal Kentuckian was even then famous. Zapoly, who watched their manual of arms, declared that they did not know one end of a gun from the other.

The famous pack-saddles, to the construction of which Curwen had given so much time in Pennsylvania proved to be absurdly large when the Indian horses were brought in upon which they were to be used. "They are big enough for elephants," said the officer who received them, and poor Curwen had to stand chaff untold, because he had carelessly revealed his own share in their manufacture. He brought his own Yankee skill to bear, however, in the plans for reconstructing them, and was author of an ingenius method of refilling them, which made them useful with the little "tackies" which were to carry them. Indeed, everybody, except the poor martinet Zapoly, put his hand to 40 things a day. "I clean my boots, I wash my shirts, I sew on my buttons, I drill men, I scold them, I praise them, I pack biscuits, I approve bills for hay, I fish for cat-fish, I salt pork, I hoop casks, I write despatches, I sit on court-martials, I do everything which becomes a man, from swaggering around as if I was a commander round to concealing the hole in my hat by an extra large cockade." Thus wrote Curwen to young Crowinshield, a college friend whom he had left at home.

At last even the fastidious Harmar agreed that they were ready to march. High time it seemed to Harry, to Zapoly, and most of the young officers. Women came in daily to the fort, with their children, from cabins not 30 miles away, frightened by tales of other cabins burned and other women murdered. From beyond this line of settlements, or of places proposed as settlements, more serious rumors came, of such a concentration of Indian forces as had not been made for years. In all such rumors, there was the certainty behind that the English troops supplied powder, lead, flints and guns to the savages. There was no hope that they would not be equipped quite as well as Harmar's own forces. Why he would wait for a dozen more recruits, or for a few more pack-saddles, was a problem which the younger officers could not solve; and all were delighted indeed when he at last permitted two or three companies of his Kentucky recruits to march northward up the valley, and feel the force which was said to be gathering.

For Harry Curwen himself he had not much enthusiasm about the enterprise which followed. To leave barracks and fort; yes, that was what they longed for. The weather was delightful, the autumn just coming on, and the ride through forests and across prairies was all that one could wish. But he knew all the deficiencies in men and equipment; an aid does. He knew everything which had been done wrong, and it was hard for him to think that of a sudden, in some day of battle, everything would go right. With the privates, and even with Zapoly, it was different. The count, as they called Zapoly, had amused himself in a fashion by shooting, and sometimes by fishing. He was delighted to have at last an opportunity to exercise his own profession, in which, it must be confessed, his only achievement thus far had been in the Potato War of Frederic.

To lounge along, 10 or 15 miles a day, in weather generally perfect—this was the regular movement of the first three weeks of the campaign. If the woods left only a beaten trail, talk was difficult, but often the prairies opened so that the officers could chat together as the horses walked slowly on. Most of the command was on foot, and it was impossible to exceed their rate in a day's march. At night there was but little fuss about an encampment. The whole force was hardly 1,500 men, most of whom

THE BATTLE AT THE CABIN.

were used to frontier life. A few tents were set up for the headquarters, if it were convenient. For the rest there was always wood enough for a campfire, and the men slept in their blankets, under trees or in the open air, as might happen.

Zapoly, the Count, was delighted. His dream had accomplished itself as he had no right to hope it would. He attached himself to every scouting party though it were sent out for the most insignificant purpose. The rough and simple Kentuckians were amused by his elaborate artificial arrangements for the campaign, and by the very limited range of his vocabulary. But once and again General Harmar himself found him of use in interpreting with the coureurs au bois, of whom more than one was with the party, who were really much better acquainted with the homes and trails of the enemy than were any of his Kentuckians. The Ohio settlers had none of them been in the territory more than three years, and Harmar himself knew the ground as well as they did—which means that he did not know it all.

Coming back from one of these expeditions on a rainy afternoon Zapoly reported that the war was opening gigantic proportions. "Dudder day—wot you call him—hier—we did burn cinquante—wot you call him—fifty corns—wot you call him, cobs corn; aujourdhui—to-day we did burn deux-cents—wot you call him, two hundred."

The truth was that the business of the expedition was to destroy the villages of the Shawnees, inside or east of the line of the two Miamis. Some treaty or agreement or general theory that it would be for the best to push all the Indians west of that line governed the policy of the new-born nation. Now the territory involved is two-thirds, more or less, of the present State of Ohio. It includes some of the most remarkable farming lands in this world. There are bottom lands there which have yielded unparalleled crops of Indian corn from that day to this, in the century which has elapsed, without a spadeful of manure. Mad Anthony, who knew Pennsylvania farming, when he saw the country and its Indian cornfields, said that he had never seen such fields of corn in his life. It was not, then, very wonderful that the Indians, who were in possession, did not abdicate very quickly when somebody somewhere said it would be desirable that they should. And this expedition on which our friends were engaged was intended to convince them, by the destruction of their crops, lodges and villages, that it would be for their best interest to do so.

As Zapoly made his bi-lingual announcement of victory he opened his haversack, in which he had brought what he called les articles de luxe, which every day he collected for the museums of the curious in Europe. A queer set he had by this time—now a horn spoon, now a cunningly carved shell from the Ohio, now a wampum belt, with other matters of native art. This time he held up a necklace of shells and showed it to Curwen. "Voila, mon ami, regardez,—it is new—it is sehr wunderlich, mon ami, voila! Dem sheils, mon ami, regardez, sont des coquilles maritimes—what you call dem? Shells of the marine—de l'ocean—ocean, mon ami, ils ne sont pas des coquilles de la riviere. No, no, not shells from de brook, de la belle riviere—Ohio."

Sure enough, to any one's eye, the necklace was of sea shells. To Curwen, however, it had quite another interest. It was clearly of the work of civilized artificers. And the moment he took it in his hand he recognized its workmanship. He eagerly showed the clasp to Zapoly, and told him in French, which he now spoke sufficiently well, that not 12 months before he had had that necklace in his hand. In truth it was made from South American shells by some Dutch workman in Caraccas. It had been bought by one of the Salem captains, and given by his wife as a present to Sarah Parris. She had worn it one evening at a dance, and the clasp had broken. Harry Curwen had put it in his pocket, and had carried it the next day to the jeweler who had mended it. All this he rapidly explained to the other, and confirmed what he said by opening the clasp, and showing on a little smooth place the letters "S. P. from J. L."

"Now what the devil brought it to this wilderness?" said the young man, more eagerly excited than Zapoly had ever seen him.

Of course there was no answer. The scouts had found two wretched cabins of bark, from which the inmates had fled. They had, apparently, not so much as known that a war was in progress. Clearly, they had not hurried themselves in the harvesting of their corn, most of which was in the field. A few bushels, as Zapoly had said, were piled, not husked, by the cabin. These the scouts had taken for the use of the army. While the men were packing it he, as his wont was, had been hunting for curiosities. It never occurred to the accomplished nobleman that he was doing what a man would be hanged for should such a man be found rifling his mother's castle on the Danube in her absence. Under a pile of leaves which seemed to him not normal he had found quite a "cache" of domestic implements, and under these, neatly wrapped in corn-husks, was the necklace in question. How under the heavens had it come there? This question, in one or another form, spoken aloud or only whispered to himself, accompanied Harry Curwen for days.

But the very next night events occurred which prevented Harry from going out himself to the place where Zapoly had found these relics, to see if he could not find the Indians who left them there. Colonel Trotter had been ordered out with a large reconnoitering party, and had marched but a few miles when his advance overtook and killed two of the Indians. By one of their shots one of his own men was wounded. For some reason or other the whole party at once returned, as reconnoitering parties will. Colonel Gordon, a Kentucky officer in the force, was disgusted, and marched off the same men to recover the lost laurels. The men went unwillingly enough, and from the number of stragglers who came back it was clear to Harry and his friend that they had no stomach for the fight. But Harmar would not let these two accompany the expedition, telling them that he should have more work for them at home. Sure enough, indeed, before the next evening, the whole body of the Kentuckians came running back into camp, and when Gordon himself appeared, dejected and angry, it seemed that all the 30 regulars he had with him had been cut to pieces. When, weeks after, a muster of the militia men took place, it proved that they had all found their way back to Fort Washington. All this showed that war had begun, and indeed, they were approaching what might well be called villages, and passing along by the magnificent cornfields, such as have been described. Everything that could be of use was burned, but the scouts brought in such accounts of gathering of the clans as might have been brought in had a great army of Napoleon's been concentrating.

And Harmar himself was affected by reports so terrible. He came as far as what he chose to call the capital of the Miami towns, and burned that, destroyed some 20,000 bushels of corn, he thought, and then ordered a retreat. If he had not ordered it, the greater part of his men would have gone back without orders. But this was not the end. After two or three days of this exciting, provoking and disgusting work, when they were eight miles back on their way to Fort Washington, it seemed to Harmar that he must recover some reputation if he could, and he, therefore, ordered from his very best force parties amounting to 400 men, to go back to the ruins of the town, thinking to find there the savages assembled to see what had been left. With this party were Zapoly and Curwen. They marched about midnight, having been divided into different parties, in the hope of entrapping a considerable number of the Indians together. This scientific plan was unfortunately unfit for the woods, and the result was, in brief, that every division had to fight the enemy alone, and that the end of it was a virtual massacre—for some 200 men were killed and wounded or carried into captivity by the Indians. On the extreme right wing had been Harry and Clendenin, with Zapoly.

This is no place to describe the miserable carnage which followed. Little does the traveller of to-day, who takes a cup of coffee at Fort Wayne, or changes a train there, understand or indeed remember the intricacies of what happened there just a century ago. Enough, that each wing of the little company finding little opposition pushed too far. The centre, unsupported, met the whole force of the savages. The troops at last broke and fled several miles. It was not till the St. Joseph river parted pursuers and pursued, that the whites made a rally. Thus was it, that when Curwen and a few men who had been detached on the extreme right, returned, they found no Major Wyllys to report to. The army had fled—and between Curwen and his command were the triumphant savages.

Thus cut off from his own general, and from any possibility of rendering assistance Harry found that he must find his way back to the Ohio, if he could, by his own resources. Zapoly, brave enough, was utterly confused. He was no woodsman, and as Harry said afterwards, did not know his right hand from his left. Clendenin had the instincts of a Western scout, and useful indeed these proved in the days which followed; but he knew nothing of the country in which he was, and was even confused, in ways which Harry could not understand, by the vegetation, the flow of the streams and everything which ought to teach the way, but which varied strangely from what the boy was used to in the valley of the Allegheny Mountains. Poor Harry Curwen had to exercise his own "horse sense" if he were to get home at all, and in that country he had two difficulties. A heavy mist or cloud, which seemed almost like smoke, hung over the whole sky for days, and made it difficult even to see where was the sun in the heavens. If it did not rain there was fog or smoke so thick that one could not make out north or south, unless he had a compass.

The boy was wholly unused to the prairies, and was worse off than he would have been at sea. He was equally unused to Western forests; while he had some knack as a woodsman in New Hampshire or in Maine, he did not know the indications which surrounded him in Ohio. By some wretched misfortune they had all gone out from camp without the ordinary pocket compass, which every surveyor carried in those days. And now they had to work home to the Ohio by such indications as nature and nature's god would give them. The traveler who flies across—at the rate of 40 miles an hour, sleeping as he rides perhaps—does not well or easily imagine what the journey was. As the bird flies—it is 200 miles; as these poor fellows had to march—oh! how much more.

His whole party was but six men. Of the privates of the party, there was no man of the type from which novelists have made their Pathfinders. One of them was one of the boatbuilders whom Harry Curwen had brought with him. One of them was a wagoner from Pennsylvania, who had been enlisted at Fort Pitt when he was too drunk to know what he was doing. One who was called a Kentucky militia man was in fact a Scotch gardener, who had been exploring the West for new plants at the charge of some English botanists, had found that his remittances did not follow him and had enlisted for better, for worse. Zapoly, as has been said, was as ignorant of woodcraft as a child. Harry found himself in fact, as in name, the leader of the party, with absolutely no knowledge of the methods of woodfaring life in that region, or of the condition of the country or of the climate.

All that he knew was that he must work to the southeast, with no compass. He knew that the streams now near him flowed, for their general course, north and northeast, and so far he had a vague clew. But once and again he had reason to distrust it. From day to day, of course, he had every hope of a fair sunrise or sunset, or break of the miserable fog which surrounded him. But to the day of his death he never did know whether he led his party in the general direction they wanted to take, or whether they went round and round for the three or four days which first followed their separation from Harmar's army.

It was not till 3 or 4 o'clock one afternoon that, with hardly any warning, fog and smoke seemed to lift from above them, and, to his dismay, Harry saw that the sun, now quite low in the heavens, was just where it ought not to be.

That is to say, he was traveling northeast, almost exactly away from it.

But to the day of his death—young man, man of affairs, or old man, telling these stories to his grandchildren—Harry Curwen believed that he had been led all that morning by an invisible hand.

If, as he supposed, he had been all day on this course, and this seemed most likely, all prospect of his rejoining the command was over. His business was to strike the Ohio river as best he might. And, on the little evidence they had as to the place where this sunshine found them, he determined, and determined rightly, that he must change his course over the prairie at once, fix a route as directly southeast as streams and swamps would permit, and, if he could, strike the Great River before it made the bend westward, in which it passes Fort Washington.

He knew, and any man of his party knew, that they were no match for any considerable band of the Shawnees whom they might encounter. The savages would be flushed with the news of the victory they had won, and, with the mere handful of powder which Harry could rely upon in all the horns of all his party there could not be long fighting. His business was to move as quietly as he could and to strike the Ohio.