THE FIRST

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

ARRIVAL OF ULLOA THE SIGNAL FOR HOSTILE DEMONSTRATIONS A REMARKABLE PERSONAGE. LITTLE VERSED IN GOVERNMENT, BUT A GENIUS OF RARE QUALITIES

IN SIX CHAPTERS—CHAPTER II.

ULLOA arrived at New Orleans on March 5, 1766, with two companies of Spanish Infantry, commanded by Piernas, and the Superior Council, influenced by Lafreniere, demanded that he exhibit the authority by which he claimed to take possession of the colony. In response, Ulloa denied the authority of the council, declared it was a mere municipal organization and asserted that he would deal only with L'Abbadie's successor, Governor Aubry, as the representative of the king of France. Up to this time, Aubry had been writing to the French court in support of the popular protest against the cession to Spain, but from this time on, he acted with Ulloa and against the Revolutionists. His attitude was that of a staunch French royalist, deeply grieved at the loss of North America to France, but unwilling to traverse in any way what he knew to be the king's wishes.

Ulloa's own attitude was characteristic. He saw that the discontent was great and increasing and he refused to take formal possession until reinforcements had been sent from Spain to enable him to maintain himself. He governed through Aubry, who as commander of the French troops then in Louisiana, used them as far as he could to support Ulloa and the treaty of cession, against the Revolutionists.

It does Ulloa justice to say that he was wholly unfit to deal by the usual Spanish methods with the conditions of revolt he found in the colony. He was a man of genius, a thinker, a philosopher and a scientist—perhaps the greatest Spain has produced. He had been the correspondent of Newton and of Voltaire. He was a member of the leading learned societies of Europe, and was honored by all of them for his own attainments. He founded the first cabinet of natural history in Spain, and the discovery of platinum is attributed to him. He made important experiments in electricity and magnetism, encouraged the development of engraving and printing, made improvements in the manufacture of woollens, and in astronomy and mathematics rendered services which were recognized and valued by the scientists of his day, to such an extent that after his expulsion from Louisiana, he was an object of curiosity to travelers in Spain, much as Edison now is to travelers in America. Townsend, an English traveler, who visited him in 1795, found him a man of small stature, extremely thin and bent, but full of wit and learning, sprightly in his conversation and surrounded by a litter of books, trunks, chairs, fossils, mathematical instruments, old umbrellas, type, shells, American antiquities and the other curious debris of his work as a scientist—among which played the children he had had by the young wife whom, when more than sixty years of age, he had married at New Orleans, while waiting to be expelled by the Revolutionists. He was highly educated in navigation, but so eccentric and so devoted to study that when a commodore in the Spanish navy on one of the most important expeditions of his life, he had become immersed in study and forgot to open the sealed orders on which the result of the expedition depended.

This was the man who, with two companies of infantry, had been sent to take possession of half a continent, deeded by the king of France to his "very dear and well-beloved cousin, the king of Spain," at the same time the other half had been surrendered to his English enemies. The peaceable and eccentric Spanish scholar, with his corporal's guard of soldiers, found the English aggressive in their determination to control the Mississippi; and in Louisiana itself, he found a rebellious population which he suspected of corresponding with the English to secure their help in the event of the failure of the mission on which Milhet had been sent to the court of France. The only sensible thing Ulloa could do on learning the situation was to temporize and postpone running up the Spanish flag at New Orleans, and he did it.

Before fully learning what the situation was, however, he had carried out the policy of Spain in a way which forced the revolution to issue.

An absolute monopoly control of the trade of its colonies was then the policy of Spain as it was of England, and the first American revolution was forced in Louisiana by the same cause which forced the beginning of the second in the English colonies on the Atlantic.

In September, 1766, Ulloa, who was then acting through Aubry as the representative of France, under the treaty, caused "a score of soldiers with fixed bayonets, preceded by a drum whose loud beating attracted the attention and excited the anger of the inhabitants," to parade the streets of New Orleans and to proclaim the new decrees of navigation under which the masters of all vessels reaching the port were ordered to present themselves before him, that he might set the prices at which their cargoes were to be sold. In the event of their refusal to accept the prices established by him and his board of appraisers, they were not to be allowed to sell in the colony; and in the event of their acceptance, they were to receive in payment the paper money of the colony, then so depreciated that one dollar in coin exchanged for three in paper. And added to all this, they were ordered to take one-third of their return cargo in lumber and other products of the colony.

The majority of the common people were already in sympathy with Lafreniere, and this decree of Ulloa drove over to him the powerful commercial interests of New Orleans, which had until then been neutral. Through Lafreniere, the ship-owners and other merchants presented a remonstrance against the decree as in violation of their rights under the treaty of cession. The decree resulted in a heavy loss of trade, and the discontent increased. Ulloa, still temporized, conducting his government through Aubry in the name of France until finally the French home government made a positive refusal to honor the demands which were made on the treasury for expenses. Ulloa then advanced the money himself, waiting for his reinforcements and for his betrothed, the Marchioness of Abrado, in expectation of whose arrival from South America, he left New Orleans and spent the winter with his mathematical calculations "in a miserable shed at the Balize," at the mouth of the Mississippi. His absence from the city increased his unpopularity, and when the marchioness arrived and he had married her, she was even more unpopular with the female population of New Orleans than he himself was with the male.

As conditions were thus reaching their climax, Milhet, the envoy sent to Paris, returned with a heart-rending story of humiliation and failure. On reaching Paris, he had gone at once to the celebrated Bienville, whose dream it had been to make of Louisiana a new France, greater than the old. Bienville was now in his eighty-sixth year, waiting for death in grief at the failure of his life work. The visit of Milhet gave him a single gleam of doubtful hope and, with the American merchant, he went at once to the cabinet of the Duke of Choiseul, then prime minister of France. In the interview with the prime minister, Bienville "spoke like a father suing for the life of his child," but the duke answered tersely that the cession had been made and was irrevocable. He regretted it, but could do nothing. As he rose to put an end to the interview, the aged Bienville threw himself on his knees and "with an almost sobbing voice," says Gayarre, prayed for a revocation of the decree against the colony." Deeply moved, the prime minister raised the old soldier and patriot from his knees and embraced him. "Gentlemen," he said, "I must put an end to this painful scene. I am deeply grieved at not being able to give you any hope. I have no hesitation in telling you that I cannot address the king on this subject, because I myself advised the cession of Louisiana. Do you not know that the colony cannot continue its precarious existence, except at an enormous expense, of which France is now wholly incapable? Is it not better, then, that Louisiana should be given away to a friend and a faithful ally, than that it should be wrested from us by a hereditary foe? Farewell. You have my best wishes. I can do no more."

THE ELECTRIC LIFT.

A New Device of Great Service in Ship Building.

The recent tremendous growth of the American ship building industry is described by John R. Spears in the July monthly illustrated number of the Outlook. Among the most important new devices is the electric lift.

The handling of materials in a shipyard is, in a way, like the handling of coal in the stoke-hole of a steamship. It is dead-lift work for human muscles. The most readily seen improvements made recently in our shipyards have had in view the relief of this class of laboring men. Railroads have been laid from the shops where plates are shaped and frames bent to the ways where frames and plates are assembled. That was an improvement, but another followed. Beside the growing hull or hulls was erected an elevated railroad on which a movable steam crane traveled to and fro the whole length of the hulls. This crane picked plat or frame from the railroad car and carried it forward or aft as needed. Last of all was invented the overhead trolley for carrying parts of the ship to the way, and the electrical lift for distributing them about the hull. The electric lift is a simple matter. Huge masts are erected at intervals between the growing hulls. On each mast is a yard that reaches out across the hulls. Then, from yard to yard, four heavy steel ropes are stretched above each hull, and on each rope is a stout trolley driven to and fro along the rope by electrical power. From each trolley hangs a grasping tackle, and so, as each trolley works independently of the others, all may be working at once, carrying four pieces of metal to four points in the hull, and that, too, at a speed unknown to steam cranes, not to mention the hand work common in European yards.

Last year a German expert was sent here to make a tour of our shipyards. When he had finished the round, he told a reporter of the New York Evening Post that the best American shipyard was the best in the world.

EDWARD AND AMERICANS.

Many Proofs of Friendship Shown by England's Sovereign.

George W. Smalley in a personal article about King Edward VII in the Outlook says:

"We Americans have certain prejudices to get rid of before we can do justice to a king. But we ought to be just to this one, if only because he has approved himself, as did his mother before him, our friend. It has become a commonplace to say so; and the commonplaceness of it is good proof of its truth. Americans of distinction who have been abroad are so many witnesses of the fact. They have been welcomed at Marlborough House, or at Homburg, or at Sandringham; so have other Americans whose chief claim to distinction was their Americanism—which itself for many years has been a passport across many a social frontier in England. The queen's real regard for the United States and real wish for a good understanding between England and the United States has descended to her son. I will venture to add, delicate as the ground is to tread, that American women in London have done much to foster this inherited and personal predisposition.

"From the earliest days of the American invasion, when American women, of whom some are still living, began to enliven London society and to light up certain waste spaces of social life, the prince showed himself susceptible to these new enchantments. The influence thus gained has never been lost, nor the effect of it diminished. The prince liked Americans. The king likes them. It may not be amiss to note that two American women whose rank as wives of British husbands would not entitle them to witness the coronation in Westminster Abbey will witness it as guests of the king. It certainly cannot be amiss to note that the first ambassador with whom the king has dined is the American ambassador, Mr. Choate. And when the president appointed Whitelaw Reid special ambassador for the coronation, the king first intimated through official channels his pleasure in this act of our government, then sent a private message to say how glad he was that the ambassador should be Mr. Reid, who had held the same post at the queen's jubilee.

THE BUTTON-BRUSH.

A Shrub With Sweet Scented Flowers in July.

In July and after, you still find in full blossom one o fthe most curious and interesting of all our flowering shrubs—the button-brush. This is a plant growing thick along the borders of streams and deep swamps, and in still bays and lagoons of lakes. It grows practically in the water, on tussocks built up of its own roots, often covering acres of swamp. The striking thing about the plant is its blossom; the single flowerets are massed together into a perfectly spherical head with a mist of delicate, protruding stamens—the kind of flower a Bohemian glass-flower might invent in his sleep. The separate flowers, white, though not quite a pure white, are slender, suggesting in shape a honeysuckle. These feathery balls, often an inch and a half in diameter, are very sweet, especially towards night, with a fragrance much like that of the golden lily. All day they swarm with butterflies, and after dark the returning angler is met and guided by wave after wave of sweetness, the breath of some perfumed swamp.—Country Life in America.

EXCERPTS FROM "JUDGE."

The cabbage-leaf hat-lining,
From here to Samarcand,
Is like the high-ball shining,
And simply owns the land.

And while the girl is pining
On mountain and on strand
The Jerseyman's quinining
Himself to beat the band.

Should Keep Out of the Draft.

First South American—"Ah, good afternoon, senor. Looks like a revolution."

Second South American—"Yes. I've been predicting one for several days. My rheumatism always bothers me just before such changes."

Suburban Life Revealed.

Artistic City Friend (visiting in Swamphurst)—"Red splashes on a blue background! I never saw such artistic wall paper!"

Mr. Lonely (of Swamphurst, gloomily)—"It was originally plain blue—those red splashes are where I have killed mosquitoes on it."

The Season of Outing.

Off for the mountains and sea, and off for the sea and the mountains,
Swiftly the crowd carcacoles, abeam with excitement and pleasure,
Some lighting out for Squedunk, and others for Pemigewasset
Caper and dance and cavort, care-free as the airy mosquito.

List to the boat as it blows its whistle, that scissors the welkin;
List to the chime and the shriek that pop from the big locomotive;
Look at the baggage and dogs, and note the loud squall of the babies,
Then in a jiffy you'll know we've come to the season of outing.

A Slight Change.

"I understand that Boston isn't eating so much pork and beans since the price of meat went up."

"Not so much pork, perhaps. I am told that the consumption of porkless beans is very heavy, however."

A Queer Covering.

It was the first time that Dorothy had seen a horse with a fly-net on.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "that horse is wearing holes tied together with strings."

Well Qualified.

Editor—"You say you want to manage our circulation department. What experience have you had?"

Major Applejack.—"Well, suh, I made out the election retuhns from ouah district in the black belt foh a number of yeahs, suh."

It's Samter's Semi-Annual Clearing Sale

Did You Ever Attend One?

If not, why not? Take a look at the inside of this store today, and if the prices don't tempt you to buy you will at least have the pleasure of seeing a large number of people who rely on the truthfulness of our advertising.

SAMTER BROS

Complete Outfitters.

Sam Lothrop's Finesse.

SAM LOTHROP'S team was hitched under the shed at the Three Rivers grocery, and Sam was in the store dickering. There was no more mistaking the team than there was its owner, when once you had seen either; both were original in the extreme. Upon the day in question the equipage consisted of a straight, high-backed sleigh and Sam's old cream-colored mare. The back of the sleigh was so straight that it seemed to pitch forward rather than backward, and it was so high that even Sam's fur cap did not come up to the top of the back when he was seated in this ancient vehicle. If anyone remarked upon the perpendicular tendency of this back Sam would say, in his queer drawl: "Gol durn it, what would you hev, enyhow? I don't want folks ter think I am a'lyin' in a bed when I go a-ridin' out. Some uv these new-fangled sleighs is as pitchy back as a bed. Allus makes me sick ter my stomach ter ride in us."

"What's the matter with the old mare's tail?" someone would say.

"Why, she is sech a durn swift traveler that the hair all come out. It tried ter keep up for a long time, but it warn't no use—it won't no use, and so it had ter come out."

Coming to town was quite an event in Sam's uneventful life, and also an interesting time for the grocer. When that worthy saw this particular customer coming he would purse up his mouth, mark up his goods and prepare to dicker.

"Howdy, howdy, Mr. Merrill," Sam would say by way of prelude, "an' how much air granulated sugar today?"

"Fourteen pounds for a dollar," the grocer would reply.

"Too dear, too pesky scurce, for that 'ere money."

"Well, Sam," the grocer would say, "seeing it is you, I will make it fifteen."

"Too durn scurce," Sam would reiterate, "but you make it sixteen, an' I'll take some.

"All right, seeing it is you," Mr. Merrill would reply, and a dollar's worth of sugar was weighed out. Sam always tiptoed up and pecked over the grocer's shoulder to see that the weight was genuine and sometimes he would take out a little sugar on the end of his finger. "Ruther coarse grained, ruther coarse grained," he would say, shaking his head doubtfully.

"Doubly extra refined, and imported all the way from Porterique," the grocer would reply, at which Sam was satisfied.

So on down through Sam's entire list of purchases they would go—the grocer defending and parrying, and Sam striking and thrusting.

"It's more work ter trade with Sam than all the other customers that I have got," the grocer said one day, when that worthy passed out through the door with his arms full of purchases, "and the funny part of it is that he don't know the price of anything in the store, but he must hev about so much of his consarned dickering, an' I swow it is more work than sawin' wood. It 'ud be just the same if I offered to give him somethin'—he would still want me to throw off a little."

The occasion of Sam's great finesse was a certain town meeting day, nearly a score of years ago, but the story is still told upon the Town Hall steps as one on Sam, and a happening that is too good to be easily forgotten.

Upon this particular occasion Sam had come rather early to town, and had been loafing about the store for an hour or more, but his coming had, as usual, not been unannounced, for the double row of old-fashioned bells that went clear round the old mare outside of both shafts could be heard half a mile away.

"That's a mighty loud set uv bells that you hev got," said someone as Sam came in.

"That's what they air," replied Sam. "I don't want ennybody ter think that I am going ter a funeral when I go by, so I keep them bells on all winter. I wouldn't know how to ride without 'um. They air a heap of company down through the woods where it is lonesome and kinder skeery at night—not that there air ennything to be afraid uv, but their janglin' kinder cheers a feller up."

"Howdy, Mr. Merrill; got enny West Ingy molasses?"

"Plenty uv it," replied the grocer with a wink at 'Squire Nubbins, who was seated by the stove reading a paper that he had just taken from the office.

"An' how much air you a-gettin' fer it nowadays?"

"Sixty cents, Sam. Molasses has riz terribly lately."

"Go long," replied Sam, "I don't believe it, but I'll gin you fifty, ef you will warrant that there ain't been no niggers a-wadin' around in it. I wuz readin' the other day how niggers waded around in West Ingy molasses until it warn't fit for a white man ter eat no more'n nothin'.

"Seems ter me it looks kinder niggery," said Sam, as he stood watching the molasses trickle into the gallon measure that the grocer had placed under the faucet.

"An' how much do you happen to be givin' for maple sugar?" asked Sam in an abstracted way, as though the answer made no difference in the world to him.

"Ten cents, Sam," said the merchant, "ten cents in trade and nine in cash."

"Wal, I ruther guess I won't be a-borin' holes inter my trees and a-lettin' out their life-blood for enny such figure as that, not this year." And Sam stalked out of the store in feigned wrath, but presently he returned with a large box of maple sugar and set it down upon the counter for Mr. Merrill's inspection.

"Break off a hunk an' taste on it," he said to the grocer, cordially. "New sap pan, buckets all painted this year, an' ev'rything as clean as a whistle; you don't get such sugar as that ev'ry day. It air genuine; no store sugar in it."

"That's very good sugar, Sam," said the grocer. "I'll give you ten cents in trade for it."

"No, you won't," he replied. "I'll feed it ter the hogs fust, but you give me twelve an' it air yours, box an' all."

"Well, seeing it is you, an' good sugar, I'll do it," said Mr. Merrill, winking at the 'squire again. So the sugar was weighed out, the balance struck between the purchasers and the price of the sugar, and Sam, bundles in hand, marched out of the store.

But no sooner was he outside than a change came over his whole person, his stern set features relaxed into a broad grin, and he began pounding himself upon the leg and dancing around in a most ridiculous manner. After putting his bundles into the old sleigh he sat down upon a drygoods box in the shed and gave himself up to a paroxysm of mirth. He put both arms across his chest and swayed back and forth in convulsions of merriment.

He was still swaying when the 'squire came out to get his own team, and I happened around just in time to hear the 'squire say: "What in the world is the matter with you, Sam? Have you got a fit?"

"Guess I hev—a small un," and Sam was off again.

"You come over here," he said, as soon as he could speak in his ordinary tone, "an' I'll giv' you a tip about it, but I don't want nuthin' said about it at present, for it air too hard on him ter gin it away, after sockin' it to him so, but it won't do no harm ter jest gin you a tip."

The squire was curious and so he approached Sam, who whispered a few words of explanation to that official, pausing occasionally to punctuate his story with a slap upon the squire's back.

I watched the squire's face. At first he looked doubtful, then amused, and finally he, too, sat down upon the box and shook with laughter.

"Pretty good, Sam, pretty good," he said at last, "but I wouldn't say much about it to the boys. It would be too hard on him; it's bad enough as it is."

"Oh, I'll be easy on him, you needn't worry about that," said Sam, as he backed out the old mare and started for home, "but I am afeered I can't keep from tellin' once in a while. Gee-lang."

In answer to this last injunction, which was addressed to the mare, and not to us, that faithful animal shambled off, and the fantastic equipage and its more peculiar driver were out of sight.

"What in the world has got into Sam?" I asked when he had gotten fairly out of hearing.

"He says that Mr. Merrill has been cheating him on groceries for more than a year, and he laid out to get even with him. He has just sold Merrill sugar that he says was adulterated, for when he was boiling down the sap he put in more than a hogshead of water, and Mr. Merrill didn't even notice it when he tasted it!"—Springfield Republican.

THE ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Their Number Said to Be Decreasing in the State of Virginia.

From the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

What is beconing of the English sparrow? Is he passing away? Certainly he is not so often in evidence hereabout as he used to be, and from other parts of Virginia also we hear that these birds are not nearly so numerous as they were some years ago. The consequence is that the small native birds are reappearing in many localities, enlivening orchards and woods, fields and meadows with their cheerful songs.

If it be true as to the whole state that the robustious John Bull sparrow is disappearing, how can it be accounted for? Has disease thinned his ranks or the inhospitality of our people driven him to other climes? Who knows?

This sparrow was introduced into Richmond about 1870 by General Newberry, who was register of the Virginia land office and superintendent of public buildings under Governor Walker. At that time the trees in the Capitol square were infested with caterpillars, and these sparrows were relied upon to destroy them. Their services were beneficial to some extent, but with so many other opportunities for feeding it is no wonder that they declined to accept an exclusive diet of caterpillar eggs.

From Richmond, from Washington, and from other cities the English sparrows spread into all parts of Virginia, and at times threatened to become as numerous as the flies in Egypt, but now, we are told, as we have said, that their numbers are declining, but why or wherefore is not explained.

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