

THE PARTISAN

A Romance of the American Revolution

By W. GILMORE SIMMS

CHAPTER IX.
"It is all dim—the way still stretches
Far in the distance. We may nothing
see.
Till comes the season in the dawn-
ing light."
It was an easy victory, and won
without loss. Wiping his bloody sword
upon the mane of his steed, Major
Singleton rode up to his captives, who,
by this time, were all properly secured,
and among these was their leader,
Travis. He was shot dead upon the
spot. Clough was severely wounded
in the breast, though perhaps not mor-
tally, and lay gasping, but without a
groan, upon the ground where he had
fallen, and around which the surviv-
ing prisoners were grouped. Three
others had fallen, either killed out-
right or mortally wounded; two of
these by the sabre, not including the
corporal, who fell by the hand of
Frampton, and who was once rolled
into the swamp. The prisoners, five
in number, were natives, generally of
the very lowest class, and just the sort
of men to fight, according to the neces-
sity of the case, on either side. Such,
indeed, were a large proportion of the
Tories residing in the province. There
were many who were avowedly mono-
archists; who had no sympathy with
the Revolutionary movement, and no
belief in its necessity or propriety;
many who were of foreign birth, Ger-
man, Scotch and English; and there
were frequently persons of great
wealth, and conscientious in the adop-
tion of their cause, and of these, the
unprejudiced judgment of our times
has determined that there can be no
proper ground for reproach. But with
the class of whom we write, and whom
we find engaged in such warfare as
that which we describe, the case is
different. For them, there can be no
apology. They are desperates of the
worst description—outcasts from sev-
eral of the provinces,—who, taking
refuge at first in Florida,—which still
remained loyal to the British crown—
had seized the moment of British ac-
quiescence in the south, to inundate
Carolina and Georgia with their
raids. Without leading principles
and miserably poor—not recognized,
except as mercenaries, in the
social aristocracy, which must
always be ready to slaveholding
nations—they had no sympathy with
the more influential classes—those who
were the first to resist the authority of
England. The love of gain, the thirst
for rapine, and that marauding and
gipsy habit of life which was now
familiar to them, were all directly ap-
pealed to in the Tory mode of war-
fare. They were ready on any side
which offered them the greatest chance
for indulging their habits. The
Tories forming Huck's cavalry were
of this sort; and the small detach-
ment sent overthrown by Singleton,
only as his known character promised
them plunder. Defeat had no attrac-
tion in their eyes; and, as that is al-
ways the true cause which is triumph-
ant, they now freely tendered them-
selves, with clamorous tongues, and to
the no small chagrin of the wounded
Clough, as recruits for Singleton. The
Briton denounced the cowardly fear-
less language, and threatened them
terribly with the vengeance of Huck
and Tarleton, but the remote fear is
no fear with the vulgar. They seldom
think in advance of the necessity, and
the exhortation of their wounded offi-
cer had no visible effect. They per-
sisted in their determination to fight
on the right side, and earnestly asser-
ted their love of country, alleging that
force only had placed them in the rank
of the enemy. Major Singleton con-
ferred with Humphries on the course
to be taken in this matter. The latter
knew most of the parties, but he
was prudent to keep from sight, and
they had not seen him, only in the
brief glimpse which they had of him
in the pursuit, when, at such a dis-
tance, perpetually moving, and with
his face well smeared with mud, he
came from the woods, except him, he
most have been unknown, and upon
the narrowest examination, even of
the mother that had borne him. It was
still his policy to keep from sight in
connection with his Whig partisan;
for, passing in Dorchester as a loyal
citizen—a character in part obtained
through his father's loudly-voiced at-
tachment to the existing powers—
he was of far greater advantage to the
cause of the country than he possibly
could have been even in active mil-
itary service. He obtained intelli-
gence with singular address, and as-
sented to with despatch, and placed
enterprises upon the facts he sur-
veyed, with no little tact and gen-
erality. To remain unknown, there-
fore, or only known as he had been
heretofore, in close connection with
loyalty alone, was clearly the policy
of his lieutenant.
There was one man from whom
Humphries seemed willing to withhold
his confidence. He counseled his
commander to accept the services of
the remaining four, recommending that
they should be so distributed among
the men who had been tried, as to de-
fect any concern between them, should
they feel any impulse to disaction.
In this manner it was also deter-
mined that a proper bias would be
thrown upon their minds, which, as they
were sufficiently relaxed to admit of
circumstances which should for a mo-
ment take the shape of a necessity.
"But the fifth—the other few—the
bear-eyed—what of him?" said the
lieutenant, pointing through the copse
as he spoke, where the Indian re-
ferred to leaned against a tree, and
cast apart from the rest; his hand
down, his arms relaxed, and his weight
of his body rested upon the other.
The features of his face were dark and un-
prepossessing—dark and now; his
cheeks blank and colorless; a small
nose; retreating forehead, veiled with

object of Singleton; but his desire was
also to intercept the supply of arms
and ammunition of which Huck had
spoken as on their way to Dorches-
ter. They were looked for hourly, and
could not be very remote. It was de-
termined, therefore, to intercept them,
if practicable, as an acquisition of the
last importance. To arrange their
route, plan the place of their next
meeting, provide the means of intelli-
gence, and concert what local meas-
ures might seem necessary in future,
was the work of but little time be-
tween the two; and this done, Hum-
phries, withdrawing silently from the
cave, in which the conference had been
carried on, unperceived by the rest,
made his way by a different route of
the swamp, and keeping the forest all
the way, was, after no long time,
safely in Dorchester—looking for all
the world as pacific and quiet as ever
—without weapon of any kind, as
with a mounted pioneer, he had left
his sword in the woods, and safely hid-
den, and his hands now grasped only
the common wagon whip, which he han-
dled with a dexterity which seemed to
indicate but little acquaintance with
any more dangerous or deadly instru-
ments.
Major Singleton, in the meanwhile,
had returned to his troop. They had
been busied during his absence in col-
lecting the scattered horses and arms,
and repairing their own little losses.
The captives were led in the profes-
sion of their new faith as strikers,
and as rebelion loaves company, the
Whigs were not unwilling to receive
an accession even from their late
enemies. Major Singleton declared his
acceptance of their services, taking
care to address himself particularly to
the man Bonny, or, as they styled
him more familiarly, Goggie. An
awkward lot of the hat acknowl-
edged this act of courtesy, and one eye
of Goggie, he made the movement,
referred to that of Singleton, and
a melancholy doubtful glance. The
major did not appear to notice him or
his father, but giving directions for
the disposal of the wounded ser-
geant, Clough, so as to spare him as
much pain as possible, he led the way
more to the cover of the secluded
place, the centre of the swamp,
which had been chosen as their camp-
ing ground.
Here the whole party arrived at
length, an having completed his ar-
rangement, placing Clough in charge
of one of his dragoons, and in as much
comfort as possible, Major Singleton
moved forward a their way out of the
swamp, and in the direction of the vil-
lage. But this course was only kept
while they remained in the swamp.
As soon as he emerged from it, he
drew up his men, and then, for the
first time perceived the absence of the
elderly Pampton. The two sons had
kept with the troop, and seemed to
know nothing of their father. The
youngest had given a close hearing to
his conversation, and had will of it. No
one would give him any account of
the absent man after his removal from
the body of the corporal whom he had
slain. He had disappeared suddenly,
it was thought at that juncture, and
there were not wanting those who
insisted upon his absence from that mo-
ment; but Singleton remembered to
have seen him after they had reached
the camp, and to have noted the sin-
gular composure of his features.
But few father inquiries were made
of the absence, as the major well
knew that with a man in such a mood
but little could be done. He was per-
haps, perfectly satisfied that nothing
could have happened to him, from
the composure of the two sons, who
doubtless, were acquainted with all
the father's movements. Conjecture
succeeded to inquiry, but was inter-
rupted by the order to move on.
The course of the troop lay now to-
wards the Goose Creek road. Major
Singleton did not carry his squad
along the creek, but had two men to
come out on the very day, one of whom
is a sort of doctor—good as any one
hereabout. He used to drench horses
in Dorchester; and some of the gran-
dies did say, that there were no drinks
like those made by Doctor Oakenburg.
But that, I'm thinking, was because he
put more brandy in them than any-
thing else; and if a Dorchester gran-
dy loves one thing more than another, it
is brandy; and he had gone over the
ground almost unseen, and certainly
unobserved. Davis was his guide
in this quart, and he could not have
had a better. The discarded lover had
given sufficient earnest of his truth
and valor, if the courage and perfect
coolness of his conduct in the preced-
ing struggle; and he now led the party
with all the caution of the veteran, and
all the confidence of a thoroughbred
soldier.
The road, like all in that country,
was low and sandy; and the path taken
for greater security, being little trav-
eled, was still more troubled with nat-
ural obstructions. They reached the
desired point length, which was the
Goose Creek ridge; then leaving it to
the left, they were more than half
the beaten track, and throwing them-
selves directly across the country,
were, after a few hours, again upon
the Dorchester road, and some two
or three miles below the garrison. They
covered themselves in the close forest
by Archdale Hall, and Singleton then
proceeded to inspect the road. To his
satisfaction, he saw that the wagons
had not yet made their appearance,
and must be below them. Cheer-
fully with this conviction, he despatched
scouts to bring him intelligence, and
then proceeded to arrange an ambush
for the entrapping of the looked-for
detachment.
The road, the spot chosen for this
purpose, was narrow—had a single
track, and the raised into a causeway
from a ditch on either side, at that
time filled with water, and presenting
natural advantages for the forming of
an ambush. The woods, growing close
and thickly, armed a natural defile,
which Singleton, with the eye of ex-
perience, soon availed himself. He di-
vided his little force into two equal
bodies; and giving the command of
one of them to Davis, placed him upon
the right of the road in the route from
Charleston, and he himself occupied
the left. The former division lying in
cover some fifty yards below, was
ready, in the event of a struggle be-
tween the baggage guard and Single-
ton's troop—to which it was to be left
to secure the precious charge which
the guard had undertaken to defend.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A MAHATMA STIRS LONDON.

Crowds Going to Listen to Sri Agamya's Teachings.

A deal of interest, says a correspond-
ent of the New York Sun, attaches to
the visit to London of the Mahatma
Sri Agamya, who is said to be the
first genuine Mahatma that ever left
India to visit the western world.
Before renouncing all else to devote
himself entirely to Yoga, or the occult,
he was a judge in the high court of
India. He has come to London and
will go to Pittwater to America, not as
a propagandist of his religion in the
ordinary sense, but to organize what
he denominates a parliament of Truth,
and answer any inquiries which seek-
ers of truth, as it is viewed by those
of his ancient faith, may care to make
of him.
The response in London to this quasi
invitation has been so overwhelming
that it has been necessary to eliminate
from the throngs who seek to see him
the cranks and merely curious who
form a large proportion of the crowd.
These come to him usually in hope of
seeing some manifestation of his so-
called miraculous powers, and their
curiosity is never gratified. It is ex-
plained by his friends that Sri Agamya
is able to suspend at will his physical
life for periods long or short, and to
do other strange things which he
says, may even wonder, but are mere
trivial physical phenomena compared
with which the powers of the mind
are infinite.
One who recently conversed with
him thus describes the interview in
the following words:
"We found a man of tall and power-
ful build seated in an armchair by the
fire, the features rugged, the head
turbaned in dark blue with glintings
of gold, was intellectual and massive.
He wore simple, khaki colored Indian
garments of soft wool.
"With a steady questioning look at
a man ushered in he asked in a
moderated deep voice, not unkind but
with a ring of authority in it, what we
wished to know of him. In answering
our questions he expounded his wis-
dom, giving at the same time the sense
of one who would not willingly throw
that which is holy unto dogs or pour
out pearls unheeding to the trivial.
"There is something of the judge in
him still as he sits in his armchair,
the great steady eyes either darkly dim
or burning with magnetic fire. He has
given up great social position and
riches in order to be a teacher of men
and proclaim to them 'their true and
eternal selves,' otherwise, 'the king-
dom of God within.'
"He has millions of followers in In-
dia, and though a high caste Brahmin,
belonging to an ancient and great
Punjab family, he holds himself sin-
gularly free from prejudice and the
superstitions with which the Vedantic
teaching has through the ages become
entirely imbued. He is a reformer, or
rather a reviver of what he considers the
true and mighty traditions of his race.
"He embodies the philosophy of the
Vedas, having passed through the
many stages of development to that
of a perfect Yogan, and having ac-
quired on the way the well known
power to produce physical phenom-
ena, so-called miracles, among which
is the power of voluntary suspension
of the body's life, and its deliberate
resumption after any predecided
period of time.
"That Paramahansa possesses this
power has been fully authenticated
in the presence of scientific men at
Oxford, among whom were Prof. Max
Muller on the occasion of a former
visit in 1900 and Prof. J. Estlin Car-
penter, and at Cambridge in the pres-
ence of the late Frederick Myers and
Dr. Hodgson.
"Prof. Carpenter said: 'As he sat
in my study on the day of his first
visit, he showed me that he could en-
tirely suspend the normal circulation
of the blood, and that the pulse ceased
to beat as I laid my finger on it.'
"The Mahatma has no desire to be-
come famous as a wonder worker. He
thinks true faith is not lectured by that
means, and says:
"The exhibitions of this control of
physical phenomena are only for small
people; they are not for the full
grown. The visible world is a small
thing in comparison with the mind.
"The mind controls all things and
creates all things. The control which
I exercise over my body is in no way
whatever miraculous, any one could
learn to do the same if he would take
the time and trouble required."
"When he consented to show this
power his body was to all appearance
lifeless, though subjected to every
known medical test by the physicians
present. He remained in that state
for any length of time, retaining the
normal vital condition at will.
"He says there is no danger connect-
ed with the experiment, which de-
notes nothing but the exercise of a
power resident in every person.
When asked if the soul during that
time was out of the physical frame he
said:
"No it is confined within a single
atom of the body and constitutes the
vital spark to be expanded to full life
at the appointed time.
"We do not send our spirits away
from our bodies; the spirit cannot
move in that independent way,
though it may have visible reflexions.
As to the movement of the spirit after
death it cannot come back as a spirit;
if perfected it returns to the Divine
Spirit from whence it issued, and is
the highest bliss, but if unperfected
it reenters some earthly body
at its birth and so comes back into
this life."
"In spite of his assertion that he has
attained to a state of divinity where
he is no longer of this world at all but
lives in the eternal plain, his person-
ality is natural, simple, hearty, prac-
tical, essentially modern. There is
certainly nothing of the ecstatic or
weird or crank about him. He is full
of fresh vigor, physically and men-
tally, and among some of his am-
tations, though 50 years of age, at-
tached to his forehead, are the words:
"The orchard gets plum full;
The onion squanders every scent;
And the radish has a pull."
"When you see a rattlesnake with
ten rattles and a button, you touch
the button, and the snake will do the
rest."

THREE GREATEST WARSHIPS.

The British, the Jap and the Proposed American.

What would happen if in the un-
likely event of a war between Japan
and England the giant British battle-
ship Dreadnought and the heavier Japa-
nese battleship Satsuma should meet in
a duel on the sea? That speculation is
calculated to stir the imagination
of naval folk the world over, and ex-
perts will answer accordingly to their
conception of the respective battery
power of the ships, their constructive
strength of resistance and the ability
of the men behind the guns.
It has been demonstrated that the
Japanese can shoot and that they are
as courageous as the Caucasian. It is
known also that the English are good
at hitting floating targets; in fact,
that they are second only to the blue
jackets of Uncle Sam in sea practices
with big guns.
The comparative ability of the
ships is a problem the solution of
which is rendered difficult by the mys-
tery with which the Japanese have
surrounded the Satsuma. She is of
19,200 tons displacement, thus exceed-
ing the Dreadnought by 1,200 tons.
She has what the English themselves
now seem to regard as the disadvan-
tage of reconspiring engines.
The Dreadnought is propelled by
turbines that give her greater steady-
ness when going at high speed. The
more rigid the gun platform the more
accurate the gun fire will be.
Both the Satsuma and the Dread-
nought were built in record time. The
Japanese ship has the distinction of
employing only Japanese in her de-
sign and construction. She repre-
sents the highest genius of the Japa-
nese who went through the war with
Russia as officers of the conquering
squadrons. It may be that they
found out a few things that escaped
the observers of other nations who
had less intimate knowledge of the
sea fights, and that the Satsuma has
been built and equipped in accord-
ance with these discoveries.
The Dreadnought has the advan-
tage in speed by nearly two knots. She
is practically in the cruiser class in
this respect, and if she were getting
the worst of it she might run away.
The Satsuma would have to fight to
the end or surrender.
The somewhat indefinite reports
about the Satsuma, published just af-
ter the launching, say that her main
battery consists of four 12 inch guns
in turrets forward and aft on the cen-
tral line, and twelve 10 inch guns
in pairs in turrets on the broadside. She
can concentrate the power of two 12
inch guns and four 10 inch guns
ahead or astern, and deliver a broad-
side of four 12 inch and six 10 inch
guns. She also has a battery of
twelve 4.7 inch rapid fireers to turn
against torpedo boats and destroyers.
The Dreadnought has a main bat-
tery of 12 inch guns capable of pierc-
ing 22 inches of armor at 3,000 yards.
She can concentrate in either broad-
side eight of these mighty rifles and
can fire six either dead ahead or
astern.
The British declare that the les-
sons of the Japanese sea battles have
demonstrated the superiority of the 12
inch gun. The Japanese themselves,
who were closer to the conflict than
anybody else, apparently believe also
in the efficacy of the 10 inch gun.
Otherwise they would have placed
more rifles of the greater calibre
aboard the powerful Satsuma.
It may be inferred, although there
are no accurate data at hand just yet
to bear it out, that the Satsuma and
the Dreadnought are much alike in
having little top hamper and in hav-
ing their guns so placed that the blast
of one will not interfere with the
work of the crew shooting another.
The Dreadnought has three separate
conning towers from which the ship
may be fought. Our own uncomplet-
ed big battleships, the South Carolina
and the Michigan have two each.
The Satsuma and Dreadnought are
alike in having great beam (that of
the British being 82 feet) and depth
of hull, and in having the masts and
shrouds have been abolished on both
ships and the tubular masts are self-
supporting.
Whatever the American naval ex-
pert may think about the chances in
battle of the Satsuma and the Dread-
nought, he recently has had reason to
congratulate himself on the prospective
possession of a greater warship
than that of either the Mikado or
John Bull. Uncle Sam has decided
to go them one better by construct-
ing a floating, or racing, battery of
20,500 tons displacement.
The plans submitted are receiving
the consideration of a special naval
board appointed by Secretary Bonaparte.
They call for an armament of
twelve 12 inch guns mounted in six
turrets, all on the centre line, and so
arranged that they may be directed
either broadside. The middle turrets
of the group are to be 45 feet above
the water line.
The design provides also for six-
teen 5 inch rapid fireers for defence
against torpedo attack. All the vir-
tues of the Satsuma and the Dread-
nought, it is said, will be utilized in
the proposed battleship, which will
not be built in a hurry.
Secretary Bonaparte's board has
six other plans than that of the giant
battleship to ponder upon. It is said
that all of them are for ships more
powerful than the Dreadnought.—
New York Sun.

TRAGEDY OF A REFORM.

Death of Simple Spelling Commem- rated in Egg and Rhyme.

The following clever game on the
reformed spelling fiasco, from the
Philadelphia Press, is very well calcu-
lated to amuse those who have kept
in touch with the subject:
SIMPLE SPELLING DEED;
ITS LIFE HISTORY BRIEF
DIED AFTER ATE MONTHS OF
SUFFERING FROM RUSH OF
WORDS TO THE HEAD—GRATE
KAREER EXCITING WHILE IT
LASTED.
DIED.
December 13, at the home of its
adopted father, Theodore Roosevelt,
Washington, D. C., after a month
of suffering, Simple Spelling, beloved
foster child of Andrew Karnay and
John Gillett, died at the age of
Obsequies private. Please omit flowers.
The above simple obituary notice
was a severe shock to the many sor-
rowing friends of the little stranger
who was brought to earth by an edu-
cated stork last March, and after a
painful, bottle-fed existence of a few
months passed away without giving
any indication of the promising fu-
ture that was predicted for it by the
wise men of the East who were pres-
ent at the time it was adopted in the
Washington Home for the Alleviation
of a Congested Language.
Messrs. Karnay and Mathuse
wrapped the little waif in a copy of
a paper containing a complete report of
the proceedings attending the latest
presentation of a library by the mas-
ter of Skeebow and an expurgated edi-
tion of Mr. Mathuse's latest work,
"Recreation of an Antologist," while
a copy of "Josh Billings" was put in
the cribby bed.
Died by Foster Parents.
Then in the dark of the moon the
foster parents of the waif went to the
White House and tenderly laid the
bundle on the steps.
"Mr. Roosevelt is a kind-hearted
man," said Mr. Karnay, "and he will
not see the little dear suffer."
"Surely," said Mr. Mathuse, "Mr.
Roosevelt will take it in and nourish
it. He is opposed to race socialism,
and he will surely give a little dear
he cannot help loving it."
Then they gave the bell three hard
pulls and ran around to the corner of
the house to see what would happen.
The door opened and Mr. Roosevelt
looked up and down the street, as
though looking for Bellamy Storer,
but he didn't see him. Then the
kind-hearted man heard a little
squeak and glancing down saw the
little waif.
"Delicious!" said Mr. Roosevelt, as he
took the infant in his arms and went
into the house. But the waif had
a very bad spell as soon as it was tak-
en into the household and Mr. Roose-
velt said he would have to get a nurse
so he sent for Mr. Gillett, of Massa-
chusetts, who is very expert in hand-
ling infant industries.
Put to Work Early.
Mr. Gillett said he would have no
trouble in getting a nice place for the
infant to work as soon as it got strong
enough to work, and he asked Mr.
Roosevelt to recommend the little fel-
low for a place with the public print-
er.
Mr. Roosevelt again said he would
be "delighted" and he did so. Under
the nursing of Mr. Gillett, Simple
Spelling began to grow and develop a
lung power that could be heard all
over the city. The neighbors began to
make any minute they noticed and
said, that Mr. Roosevelt would do well
to send the squaller out of town or
else he would ruin his business. But
the waif got used to his noise and
time, and Mr. Roosevelt said:
"Here, this fellow is strong enuf to
brandish his arms and help the pub-
lik printer."
The printer didn't like it, but he
had to take it, and he did so.
But the founding was attacked
with a rush of words to the head one
day, and expired suddenly. Nurse
Gillett sent out other restora-
tives, but without avail, and it was
laid to rest. Over the grave was
placed the following inscription:
"Sakred to the memry of Simple
Spelling. We mourn our loss.
"Simple Spelling is now in a rather
unpleasant frame of mind over the
failure of the effort to introduce sim-
plified spelling."
How Congress Past on Clitp Spelling.
A LACRIMAL LIRIK.
In Which the Vest Reformer Speaks
His Wo.
My song is hush, my hope is crush;
No sound of mine, no note of mine,
The form accurst, I learn first and
worst.
The nation's seeming choice is I,
Our own dear dicit, our idol smash,
Ere convert lips have list it;
N. Webster spurs (oh, how he errs),
And whips us, 'Tou are mist it."
Some congressmen—a partizan
From Iowa, Pennsylvania, and
Protest that he most thorowly
Opposed reform as many.
"No sound of mine, no note of mine,
Nor any word-abridgment,
Goes thro' today, if I've my way;
They hurt my better judgment."
Then others rose—'you might suppose
The Decalog in danger:
None wish to wear the laurels there
Of lightning-language-changer.
"We will not let our words coquet
With any form they chooseer.
Nor will we bust the ancient trust
Of Webster linked with Worcester."
"Our President, with good intent,
Once slipt away, the tricks shold play
The line is cross—we won't be lost—
The gantlet we've flung down.
Not yet in rime—or any time
And whips us, 'Tou are mist it."
And thus, alas! ript up the back,
And thus, alas! New Spelling died,
Mid sacrilegious chuckles.
Yet she may rise, despite "Good-bys"
And thus, alas! ript up the back,
The sons of those who cause my woe
May yet be riting "Thorot!"
—Louise Betts Edwards.

MISSOURI STEAMBOATING.

First Boat to Ascend the River—An Ill-Fated Fur Trader.

The first steamboat to ascend the
Missouri river, says the Independent,
John Nelson, master, says Phil Chap-
pell in the Kansas City Star. He cap-
ped up as far as the mouth of the Char-
ton, just above Glasgow, in May 1819.
A town had been laid out at that place,
which it was then supposed by the
boomers would become the metropolis
of Missouri, and it is an historical fact
that lots there were exchanged, foot
for foot, for ground in St. Louis, on
Fourth street, where the Planter's ho-
tel now stands. But, like many another
of Missouri river town, old Chariton
has long since disappeared from the
map.
There was no Kansas City here,
then, but only a steamboat landing,
called Westport landing. Old man
Keiser, captain of the St. Peter, was
one of the best known steamboat com-
manders on the river in the 40s. He
came to Missouri at an early day and
located at Rocheport, in Boone county,
Mo. He was a skillful merchant and
built the first mill in Boone county—
McCondy's mill. Recognizing his
skill, Pierre Chouteau, then at the
head of the American Fur company,
induced him to remove to St. Louis,
and employed him to superintend the
building of his boats, which were en-
gaged in the mountain trade. He af-
terward went on the river as a captain,
and commanded several boats, among
others the Satan, Trapper and St. Pe-
ter.
To recur to the St. Peter, the ter-
rible results that attended the last
voyage of this ill-fated boat is one of
the most interesting pages in the annals
of steamboating on the Missouri river.
The St. Peter was a single engine,
sidewheel boat, with a cabin in the
hold, built on the same lines as were
all other Missouri river steamboats of
that early period. She was built for
the upper river fur trade in 1836, and
Keiser was her commander.
She left St. Louis on this unfortu-
nate voyage in the spring of 1837,
bound for the mouth of the Yellow-
stone. She was loaded with a cargo
of Indian goods for the different trad-
ing posts. Her deck crew was com-
posed of negroes, and before she ar-
rived at St. Joseph, then called the
Black Snake river, the smallpox broke
out among them, and one, who had
died, was buried there.
The contagion immediately extend-
ed to other members of the crew, and
the danger of communicating the dis-
ease, necessarily, to the passengers,
countered, at Dorchester, with a force
far superior to his own. Pursuing
a northerly direction for a while,
therefore, he placed himself at equal
distances between the Wassamash
and Dorchester roads; then striking
to the left, he passed over an untrav-
eled surface of country, broken with
frequent swamps, and crowded with
luxuriant undergrowth. In a few
hours, however, he had gone over the
ground almost unseen, and certainly
unobserved. Davis was his guide
in this quart, and he could not have
had a better. The discarded lover had
given sufficient earnest of his truth
and valor, if the courage and perfect
coolness of his conduct in the preced-
ing struggle; and he now led the party
with all the caution of the veteran, and
all the confidence of a thoroughbred
soldier.
The road, like all in that country,
was low and sandy; and the path taken
for greater security, being little trav-
eled, was still more troubled with nat-
ural obstructions. They reached the
desired point length, which was the
Goose Creek ridge; then leaving it to
the left, they were more than half
the beaten track, and throwing them-
selves directly across the country,
were, after a few hours, again upon
the Dorchester road, and some two
or three miles below the garrison. They
covered themselves in the close forest
by Archdale Hall, and Singleton then
proceeded to inspect the road. To his
satisfaction, he saw that the wagons
had not yet made their appearance,
and must be below them. Cheer-
fully with this conviction, he despatched
scouts to bring him intelligence, and
then proceeded to arrange an ambush
for the entrapping of the looked-for
detachment.
The road, the spot chosen for this
purpose, was narrow—had a single
track, and the raised into a causeway
from a ditch on either side, at that
time filled with water, and presenting
natural advantages for the forming of
an ambush. The woods, growing close
and thickly, armed a natural defile,
which Singleton, with the eye of ex-
perience, soon availed himself. He di-
vided his little force into two equal
bodies; and giving the command of
one of them to Davis, placed him upon
the right of the road in the route from
Charleston, and he himself occupied
the left. The former division lying in
cover some fifty yards below, was
ready, in the event of a struggle be-
tween the baggage guard and Single-
ton's troop—to which it was to be left
to secure the precious charge which
the guard had undertaken to defend.

COUGAR AFRAID OF MAN.

Not a Brave Beast and Wrongly Re- garded as Dangerous.

Regarding the cougar, the largest
member of the feline family in the
United States, it may be said that it
is blessed with more than a rightful
share of names. In one section it is
the panther, somewhere else it is
termed mountain lion, in another it
is called a puma, and the old time
backwoodsman will tell you blood-
curdling stories of the panther. In
northeastern Washington it is gener-
ally spoken of as the cougar.
The writer, in a long life spent with
rifle and trap, has hunted and killed
these animals in their native haunts
and can bear witness to one truth re-
garding them all—wherever found or
under whatever name, their habits are
identical.
Among many people—and this in-
cludes those who should know better
—this animal is looked upon as very
dangerous. Awe-inspiring stories are
told of the cougar springing from a
rocky ledge or an overhanging tree
and rending the hapless wayfarer pass-
ing beneath. These anecdotes have
been heard by all and believed by
many, nor will I deny that such ac-
cidents have occurred, but it is safe to
say that practically all these stories
are exaggerated and many of them
are downright lies.
Thirty years ago, in company with
an old and experienced frontiersman,
I was shooting deer, elk and bear and
selling the meat to a gang of the cut-
ters in the Rocky Mountains. Cougars
were more abundant than I ever saw
them elsewhere; yet it was perfectly
safe to roam the woods at will. Rolled
in my blankets, I have passed
many a night under the sheltering
branches of some big tree without
even a fire to scare these animals
away.
I was never attacked by one unless
it was cornered or perhaps so badly
wounded as to be unable to get away.
Under these conditions nearly any
animal will fight.
The cougar, when followed by the
hunter on foot, will often double on
its trail, make a long loop and hide
until its pursuer passes, and then per-
haps take the back track for miles.
After a long chase the man with the
gun comes along still hanging to the
trail and discovers where the animal
lay and watched him go by—possibly
upon some overhanging rock from
which, had it been so disposed, it
might have pounced upon its enemy
and torn him to shreds, or perhaps
behind a log under which it had
scratched and crouched.
There are many old trappers living
in the haunts of these animals who
have never seen a cougar except in a
trap. All the large cats are afraid
of mankind and retire quietly at the
approach of their enemy.—Sports
Afield.

MEANING OF CALIBRE.

Either the Diameter of a Gun or its Length Divided by Diameter.

There is surely no word in the no-
menclature of guns, big and little,
which has caused and is causing so
much confusion in the lay mind as the
word calibre.
The confusion arises chiefly from
the use of the term in an adjectival
sense to indicate length, as when we
say a 50 calibre six inch gun.
The word calibre as applied to ar-
tillery signifies essentially length, and
the diameter of the bore of a
gun. A gun, then, of six inch calibre
is a gun whose bore is just six inches.
For convenience and because the
power of a gun when once its bore
has been decided upon depends so
greatly upon its length, artillerymen
are in the habit of defining the length
of the gun in the terms of the calibre.
The six inch rapid fire gun, as
mounted on the ships of the navy, is a