The Man Without A Country

by Edward Everett Hale

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree; that the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that fatal day at Fort Adams. But always afterward, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

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

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter, that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelines, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in them my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

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

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave trade treaty, while the reigning house, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the middle passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

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

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I

Hushed the Men Down.

knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

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

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

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the deus ex machina of the occasion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the department appears to know nothing!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARMER BEHIND THE TIMES

His Wife Tells How She Has Lived for Many Years Without Modern Conveniences.

In the American Magazine a farmer's wife tells of some of her experiences. She says:

"My husband does not, or will not, realize that the world has moved, and that what were luxuries a generation ago are necessities now. One of my children died of typhoid fever, the germs of which were, no doubt, brought by flies from the house down the road where they had the disease; for we haven't a screen door in the house, and only a few cheap adjustable screens.

"We sleep on feather beds, because mattresses cost money, and the feather beds were in the house—a part of the furnishings that I married, when I took my husband for better or for worse. We have chairs with rounds missing, worn carpets, nicked dishes and cooking utensils that have long since outlived their usefulness.

"The house is inconvenient, and for that reason alone housework is much harder than it ought to be, and housework is hard enough in all conscience on a farm. We have no water in the house. For 25 years I have fetched and carried water. There are two steps between the kitchen and the dining room, which, by the way, was formerly a bedroom and has no place for a stove. The 'parlor' is across a hall from the main part of the house and is only opened on special occasions."

South's Farm Production.

The Manufacturers' Record says that the total value of the South's agricultural products, including animal products, in 1916 was more than $4,650,000,000, or only 8 per cent less than the total for the United States in 1900. The total value of the South's crops, omitting live stock, in 1916 was $3,658,332,000, or $1,072,280,000 over 1915. To this cotton contributed $1,079,598,000, grain $1,283,369,000, and hay, tobacco and potatoes $440,494,000.

Dollars and Sense.

A poet has been known to make dollars out of lines that ordinary mortals could not make sense out of.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF FIRST-AID WORK BY RED CROSS MEN

An American Pictures Scenes in Subway Dressing Station Near Trenches.

SURGEONS LABOR ENDLESSLY

Captain, Priest, Private and German Lad, All Dying, Get Tender Care From Overworked Hospital and Ambulance Aids.

The work of the Red Cross surgeons and stretcher bearers at the front in France was never more vividly illustrated than in a recent letter forwarded to America. It was written by Philip O. Mills to Mr. Eliot Norton, head of the Volunteer Motor Ambulance corps which Mr. Mills was serving. The communication was private, but was made public because of the clearness with which it sets forth the scenes amid which the surgeons and ambulance workers labor, day after day. The text follows:

"Tonight I am sitting in a small underground cellar of a public building, acting as a sort of timekeeper for the cars (ambulances) going up to our

Red Cross surgeons and orderlies give first aid to wounded in little underground dressing stations in the front-line trenches. War records show that as many Red Cross men are killed by enemy fire as regular soldiers in the trenches. Red Cross field service is not a pastime.

most dangerous post, and handling the reserve cars for wounded in the town itself. The whole world is passing here—French, Americans; living, wounded and dying.

"A long, heavily arched corridor, with stone steps leading down to it; two compartments off to one side, lined with wine bins, where our reserve men and a few French brancardiers (stretcher bearers) are lying on their stained stretchers, some snoring; beyond, a door that leads to a little sick ward—the most pathetic little room I have ever seen—with four beds of different sizes and kinds on one side, and six on the other, taken, evidently, from the ruined houses near by; and one tired infirmier (hospital attendant) to tend and soothe the wounded and dying.

"In the bed nearest the door a French priest, shot through the lungs, with pneumonia setting in, his black beard pointing straight up, whispering for water.

"Next to him a little German lad, hardly nineteen, and small, with about six hours to live, calling—sometimes screaming—for his mother, and then for water.

"Next to him a French captain of infantry, his arm off at the shoulder and his head wounded—weak, dying, but smiling.

"And next to him a tirailleur (infantryman) in delirium calling on his colonel to charge the Germans.

"The infirmier is going from one to the other, soothing and waiting on each in turn. He asks me what the German is saying, and I tell him he is calling for his mother.

"'Ah, this is a sad war!' he says, as he goes over to hold the poor lad's hand.

"A brancardier comes in with a message: A blesse (a wounded man) at Belleville—very serious.

"This is a reserve car call, so one slides out and is gone like a gray ghost down the ruined street, making all the speed its driver can—no easy matter—with no lights. In twenty minutes he is back. The brancardiers go out. They come in again bearing the wounded man on a stretcher and place it on the floor. One of them, who is a priest, leans over him and asks his name, and his town. On answer to the question what his wife's name is, he whispers 'Alice,' while on the other side another brancardier is slitting the clothes from his body—and I shiver with the pity of it at the sight I see.

"The surgeon comes out of his little operating room. Weary with the night's tragic work—after so many, many other tragic nights—he douses his head in a bucket of water. He turns to the wounded man, gently feels his nose, lifts up his closed eyelid, and at his nod the stretcher is again lifted and the wounded man is carried into the operating room, and soon after into the little room of sorrows.

"In answer to my eager question, the surgeon shakes his head.

"'Not a chance.'

"A brancardier and I gather the soldier's belongings from his clothes to be sent to his wife, but even we have to stop for a few minutes after we see the photograph of his wife and their two little children.

"An hour later, as our night's work is slacking up and several cars have driven up and been unloaded, the infirmier comes in from the little room and says something to the brancardiers. Two of them get a stretcher, and in a moment the 'blesse from Belleville' comes past us with a sheet over him. They lay him down at the other end of the room and another brancardier begins rolling and tying him in burlap for burial. As I look he changes to a shapeless log. Then, out to the dead wagon with it.

"Soon after, I go into the little ward again to see how the others are coming through the night, and am glad to see them all quieted down. Even the little German seems in less pain, though his breathing still shakes the heavy bed he lies on.

"Through a chink I see that day is beginning to break, and I hear the chief's car coming in from the sap, and know that the night's work is over."

This is not a sketch from the imagination of a novelist—it is the actual occurrences of a night behind the front where the French, the Belgians, the British—and soon the Americans—hold at bay the German invader. This is the nightly work of the men who care for the wounded.

27 U. S. AMBULANCE CORPS READY TO GO

Twenty-seven ambulance companies have been organized by the American Red Cross in this country for service in Europe. Some of them have already gone abroad. The list is:

No. 1—Pasadena, Cal., Dr. Charles D. Lockwood; No. 2—University of California, Berkeley, Dr. Alvin Powell; No. 3—University of Chicago, Dr. Elbert Clark; No. 4—Cleveland, Dr. Ralph K. Updegraff; No. 5—Washington, D. C., Dr. Ryan Devereux; No. 6—Fordham university, Dr. Joseph Donnelly; No. 7—New York university, Dr. Chester F. S. Whitney; No. 8—Detroit, Dr. Charles Barton; No. 9—Northwestern university, Chicago, Dr. Stephen Balderston; No. 10—Columbia university, Dr. William H. Rockwell; No. 11—Battle Creek, Mich., Dr. James T. Case; No. 12—University of Washington, Seattle, Dr. David C. Hall; No. 13—Pittsfield, Mass., Dr. Robert J. Carpenter; No. 14—University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore., Dr. J. E. Kuykendall; No. 15—Grand Rapids, Mich., Dr. Thomas D. Gordon; No. 16—Fredonia, Kan., Dr. Edgar C. Duncan; No. 17—Boston, Dr. Edward A. Cunningham; No. 18—Indianapolis, Dr. Mason B. Light; No. 19—Portland, Ore., Dr. Ernest H. Streit; No. 20—Atlanta, Dr. Leo P. Daly; No. 21—Flint, Mich., Dr. Walter H. Winchester; No. 22—Charleston, W. Va., Dr. Timothy L. Barber; No. 23—Portland, Me., Dr. Ernest B. Folsom; No. 24—Kansas City, Mo., commander not yet named; No. 25—Rutland, Vt., Dr. William Stickney; No. 26—Columbia, S. C., Dr. Marion H. Wyman; No. 27—Salt Lake City, Dr. Hugh B. Sprague.

Several of these units are already on the way to the front in France, and the prospect is that all will see early service. Not only is the Red Cross preparing to care for American soldiers and sailors when they move into the firing line, but France needs help badly with her hospitals, and America is giving it as rapidly as possible.

The German policy of sinking hospital ships with their thousands of helpless wounded is making it necessary to care for the British wounded in France, and it puts a terrific strain on the French hospital service.

SCRAPS

Fogs indicate settled weather.

Colombia is completing a new railway.

Salvador is building national highways.

British geologists have estimated that more than 24,000,000,000 tons of coal remain in the Welsh fields.

Driven by a 300-horsepower electric motor, a stone crusher in a Michigan limestone plant can crush 1,250 tons of rock an hour.

Hollow concrete telegraph poles, built up around bases of wood and steel, are a European invention.

A water power method for breaking down rock in masses instead of crumbling it has been invented in Europe.

The geological survey has estimated that there are about 1,000,000 troy ounces of platinum in the United States.

When they treated a man with X-rays for an ulcer on his tongue Paris surgeons also cured his long-standing deafness.

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HINT OF WAR GAS IN "ILIAD"

Homer Says That "Fierce Mars Spread a Vapor Over the Battle, Aiding the Trojans.

Why, I wonder, is the word "Homeric" such a favorite with writers at the front and with the subeditors who trick out their narratives? In the Homeric days men fought with swords and spears and bows and arrows, with the assistance of an occasional thunderbolt from Jove. What basis of comparison is there between these toys and the weapons of today?

Yet there is one curious parallel which has not, I think, been pointed out. In the fifth book of the "Iliad" we are told that "fierce Mars spread a vapor over the battle, aiding the Trojans." If not exactly poison gas, this may be said to be at least an anticipation of the modern smoke screen.—London Observer.

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Nothing to Run Into.

"When I was in the railroad business," said Chauncey M. Depew once, "the president of a small line waited on me to request an exchange of courtesies. I interrogated him, and he said proudly:

"'On our line, sir, not only has a collision never occurred, but on our line a collision would be impossible.'

"'Impossible?' said I. 'Oh, come; I know that the latest automatic safety devices are excellent things. But impossible is a large word.'

"'It's literally true with us, sir,' he replied.

"'How can it be?' said I.

"'Why,' said he, 'we own only one train.'"—Railway Employees' Magazine.

More War Knowledge.

A patriotic young woman who has been taking the war situation seriously since the advent of the United States into the fray, remarked the other evening after a careful perusal of the paper that she could not understand how the German junk dealers had so much influence in determining the course of the war on the part of Prussia.

Investigation disclosed the fact that she had been studying an article dealing with the attitude of the "junkers," or the party of the landed aristocracy in Prussia.—Indianapolis News.

Respect for the Song.

"Don't you love our song, 'The Star-Spangled Banner?'"

"I do," replied Senator Sorghum.

"Then why don't you join in the chorus?"

"My friend, the way for me to show real affection for a song is not to try to sing it."

The Patriot From Mayo.

The most disappointed Irishman observed lately in New York was the wild specimen from untamed Mayo who, as he handed in the registration card that he had filled out laboriously, demanded of the clerk: "Gimme me gun. An' where do I raypoort?"—Boston Globe.

Also a Separator.

"That summer boarder of ours spends a good deal of time in the dairy. Seems to take a great interest in the separator."

"Well, he's in that line himself."

"Huh."

"He's a divorce lawyer."

Surprised.

"Yes, sir, it will cost you a thousand dollars to have this house redecorated."

"Good heavens! Why, I could almost have my wife redecorated for that."—Judge.

A Bright Idea.

Bud—Aw, you're givin' me the littlest piece.

Sis—Never mind; I'll bite a piece off mine, n'en they'll be both the same.—Judge.

The average wife can outdo an experienced lawyer when it comes to cross-questioning her husband on his return about 2 a. m.

When at the age of forty a man meets a woman he vainly loved at twenty he realizes that luck was with him, after all.

He is an idle man who might be better employed.

Doing what one can is doing the right thing.

"Jam Rolls."

Struck by the notice, "Iron Sinks," in an ironmonger's shop window, a wag went inside and said that he was perfectly aware of the fact that "iron sank."

Alive to the situation, the smart shopkeeper retaliated:

"Yes, and time flies, but wine vaults, sulphur springs, jam rolls, grass slopes, music stands, Niagara falls, moonlight walks, holiday trips, Indian rubber tires, the organ stops, trade returns, and—"

But the visitor had bolted. After collecting his thoughts, he returned, and, showing his head at the doorway, shouted: "Yes, I know, and marble busts."

Couldn't Stay Behind.

A riding master was taking his usual stroll around the exercise ground when he came across a recruit trying his best to get his horse to jump a fence. After watching him for some time, he went up to the man and exclaimed:

"My good fellow, how do you expect to get that horse to go when you've only got one spur on?"

The recruit, after looking at his boots, replied:

"Well, sir, if I can only get that side of the horse to go, the other one is bound to keep up with him."

He'd Ask Her.

At a dance in a certain town a visitor to the place got into conversation with an elderly gentleman.

Presently the younger man said, pointing to a lady across the room, who was smiling pleasantly in his direction:

"I wonder if that dreadful-looking woman is actually trying to flirt with me?"

"I don't know," the elderly gentleman answered mildly, "but I can easily ascertain for you. She's my wife."

Horrors of War.

Mrs. Peck—They are going to arrest all suspicious persons.

Mr. Peck—Maybe they won't, Maria, so long as you are suspicious only of me.—Judge.

It is easy to distinguish a violinist from a fiddler, for one draws a salary and the other doesn't.

He is the wisest man who knows best how to hold his tongue.

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