

# LAFFITE OF LOUISIANA

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## CHAPTER IX.

It was late in a sultry, almost breezeless evening in September, 1811, that the ship "Condor," belonging to Laro and his associates, dropped anchor in the harbor of Fort Royal, Martinique. She had but a single passenger, if such he could be termed; for it was Jean Laffite, returned recently from a mission which will be referred to more particularly later on, and who had come from New Orleans for the purpose of meeting Laro, whom he expected to find waiting at Fort Royal. His search proved unavailing, although he ascertained that Laro had been seen in the town; and after visiting several of the places where he was liable to be found, Laffite went to an inn not far from the wharves, and ordered supper. Here he sat enjoying the coolness, while he sipped and smoked, when there came to his ears the sound of a voice whose mellow resonance thrilled him strangely, sending his thoughts whirling into the past. The air was yet vibrating with the hearty tones as the speaker came through the door; and a lamp hanging from the ceiling of the balcony flashed its rays into the face of Greloire.



"You will deliver him a message from me?"

But all his indecision was soon routed by the realization of what was represented by the face and form so close to him, and come to life, as it were, from the dead. The living present seemed to animate the dead past; the reality of Greloire gave actual life to the ideal Napoleon. "Pardon, monsieur," he said bowing slightly as Greloire looked up; "but I think I had the pleasure of meeting monsieur many years ago, in France." "Ah," said Greloire, as he turned to the speaker. "May I ask when?" "Long ago in Languedoc, and Toulon," replied Laffite, fixing his black eyes upon Greloire's face. "We met at Le Chien Heureux, in Toulon; and at the last time I saw you was at the Convent of St. Sulpice, where you were recovering from wounds in the final assault upon the city." "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Greloire. "What means all this, monsieur? Can it be possible that you are Jean Laffite—Laffite, the pi—"

The word was cut short by a flash from the young man's eyes as a sabre stroke might lop off the hand raised for a blow. "The first is the name by which I was known in Toulon, and my friends still use it. The second is a title given to me by my enemies, and which I do not recognize as appropriate." He spoke with stern composure, and with a dignity well becoming his tall, straight figure and refined face, while Greloire stared at him in silent astonishment. "Which of the two, monsieur, do you prefer to use?" Laffite added, now taking a step backward, but not removing his eyes from Greloire. "To call you Jean, as I did years ago," Greloire exclaimed impetuously, extending both hands, which were welcomed by the firm grip of the younger man's sinewy fingers. "Bien," the latter said. "Let it be so. And you—what shall I call you—marquis, duke, or marshal of France?" Tell me of yourself, and of—Napoleon." "The first will take but a short time," Greloire replied laughingly; "for I am not a nobleman, nor yet an officer. Indeed I left the army six years ago, on account of sundry attentions paid to my body and limbs by the enemies of France, who thus rendered me unfit for hard service against them, and I am now Monsieur Felix Greloire, attaché of the emperor's household. As such I go upon various missions; and my business here relates to the settlement of some matters connected with certain property belonging to her Majesty the empress, who, as you know, is a native of this fair island.

see how unreasonable and hasty had been the boy of fifteen; how unthinking and rash; how utterly lacking in a proper appreciation of Bonaparte's regard, and of how the manifestations of this was subject to conditions and influences beyond the latter's power to always control. He thought of Margot, and her words returned to him—when, upon that last evening of her life, she had said that Bonaparte was his good angel, and Laro his evil one. Truly had her words been proven; for now he knew the former as he was, and would have been, while the passing years had either increased, or made more apparent Laro's coarseness and cruelty. It was only to the boy Jean that he had ever been otherwise; but latterly something of a change had taken place in this respect toward the man, especially after he had refused to acquiesce in the adventurer's cherished scheme, that he, Jean Laffite, should take as his wife, Lazalle, the former's niece. But the young man had, all through his brief life, held within the innermost depths of his soul a sacred shrine, kept closed and pure, where never the love for woman had entered. Over its altar, faded and indistinct, yet his life, lingered the teachings of his foster-mother, and the remembrance of a sunny-faced, blue-eyed girl, who had promised the boy to pray that he might be that which he had so woefully failed to be, or had even sought to attain. The past rolled in upon him like a smothering flood, until, in a wild tumult of despair, he left his cabin and went on deck. There he heard one of the watch whistling to himself; and presently the man broke softly into the words of the air: "C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour. Qui fait la monde a la ronde!" The song brought to mind again the blue-eyed girl's face, and also that of her daughter, the little "Island Rose," whom, late the previous May, he had piloted through the woods, and down the rivers, from her dead mother's home among the Choctaws. The long, rough journey had given him rare opportunities for sounding the depths of the childish soul so close to nature that it seemed to worship the mother's God through nature, and nature through God. He was known as "Captain Jean," a friend of her grandfather—as "Captain Jean," whom she found such a charming companion, and whom his escort of white men and Indians respected and loved. She trusted him fully, and their intercourse was free from restraint. Recalling her now, while he paced the deck, with the troubled water of his soul casting ashore such woeful wreckage for his contemplation, the thought of her white purity, her silvery voice, her childish confidence, brought to him a blessed peace. (To be continued.)

## HOW FAR BIRDS REASON.

John Burroughs Punctures Claims of Unthinking Persons. The robin is a very adaptive bird; certainly it adjusts itself readily to new conditions, but it falls far short of the intelligence that is often ascribed to it, says John Burroughs in *Outing*. Thus there are persons who seem to believe that when mud is scarce the robin will bring water in his beak to the dust of the road and so make the mortar that it needs. This notion is, of course, absurd. How could the robins know that water and dust will make mud? This knowledge is the result of reflection and experiment, and is not within the reach of an animal. More than that, if the robin could find the water, he could certainly find the mud somewhere. I have seen robins' nests with little or no mud, and I have known them to use a substitute for mud furnished by the crows. Another equally absurd claim for the robin comes from a correspondent. A robin had her nest in a tree under his chamber window in such a position that he could see all that happened in the nest. He says that when the young robins were nearly grown he saw the mother bird take them one by one, by the nape of the neck, and hold them out over the rim of the nest to teach them to use their wings! I suppose "our modern school of natural study" would question this statement without hesitation. It is such preposterous natural history as this that furnishes the stock in trade of this "school." Some persons deceive themselves in what they think they see, and not a few, I am convinced, are deliberate falsifiers.

## A DROP IN VALUES.

Changed Conditions Affected Worth of Love Letters. Henry Clews, the banker, was talking about a stock that had dropped in value. "Great was its fall," he said. "It was pathetic. It made me think of an incident that happened the other day in an express office. 'To this office a burly, kind looking young man came with a package under his arm. 'I want to express this package,' he said. 'The clerk, as usual, asked him: 'What is the nature of the contents of the package?' 'It is,' said the simple-minded youth in a sad tone, 'a bundle of letters from a young lady. I am returning them to her.' 'Their value?' said the clerk. 'The young man swallowed. 'I don't know what their value is now,' he said huskily, 'but a week ago I thought they were worth about half a million dollars.'"

## Ex-Governor's Family Aided.

Andrew Carnegie has sent a check for \$5,000 to the committee controlling the fund which is to be used for the support of the late ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison's widow. This brings the fund up to \$13,437. Ex-Gov. Pattison was the only man who ever carried Pennsylvania twice for the gubernatorial office. As he was a democrat, this fact is all the more remarkable. When William Slingerland was wiped out financially, Pattison, whose friend he was, was wiped out also. When he died he left his family nothing but mortgages on his home.

# AFTER LIAOYANG FIGHT

Newspaper Correspondent with the Russian Army Tells How Well-Laid Plans Were Brought to Nought.

At the close of a bustling London bank holiday you may sometimes see the collapsed heap of a man on the pavement outside a public house on the doorstep of which stands, truculent in rolled-up sleeves, the barman who has just ejected him. He half scrambles, is half assisted, to his unsteady feet, rubs his eyes and looks incredulously at the unaccustomed color which his hands have carried away from his nose. "What was it?" he asks in a dazed sort of way. "What was it I tumbled over?" "Come 'ome, Bill," says Prudence, his friend, diplomatically; "come just a little way up the street. You caught your foot in something. You don't want no disturbance here—not tonight."

Well, there is LiaoYang, away down the street, with the Japanese in possession; and here are we, the Russian army, back in Mukden trying to understand how it all happened. Frankly, we do not understand it at all. Our recollection of details is a good deal blurred; but, as far as we are able to remember, when it came to straight fighting, man to man, we were as good as he was, and gave at least as good as we got. He won't see too well with that right eye of his in a hurry, and you could see for yourself, by the way he was nursing it, that the knuckles of his left hand were badly abraded, but, as Bill's extenuating sympathizers explained it, "You see your back was too close up against the partition and he came over the counter sudden instead of through the saloon as you natchly expected, so it couldn't be helped; you had to go."

With us it was the flank that did it—the position the Japanese had held from the beginning of the war in the hills on our east flank. We did well enough in the fighting, division against division, man against man, but when it came to moving, to the making of fresh dispositions, geography was against us—we were too close up against the partition. We could not dislodge them—poor, brave, harassed Keller had worn himself out and finally had lost his life in successive dashes, hopeless endeavors—and when it came to the moving of army corps here was only one way to move—out. To advance southward, even supposing that it had been possible to drive the Japanese back in that direction, was only to run again into danger; to advance eastward against the hill positions had been demonstrated to be suicide; to move westward, except to counter, was starvation and destruction. It was only by a movement northward that the troops could be employed with any hope of utility against the Japanese, and to move northward was another word for retreat.

Preparing for a Great Blow. On the 26th, 27th and 28th of August there had been three days of murderous fighting that do not count. Each day saw much fighting, of which no one now seems to know anything. Its importance and its fury, almost the memory of it, were blotted out by the overwhelming experiences that followed. It was merely the fighting incidental to the final disposition for the great struggle. The Japanese were closing up their front without striking distance, and driving outposts back upon the main Russian positions, until the two armies were ranged in two concentric semicircles, of which LiaoYang was the center. The Russians, to meet the coming attack, had withdrawn from the advantage of concentration, as far as concentration could be carried without degeneration into overcrowding. With the inside track and the shorter arc of the inner circle, Gen. Kourpatkin could bring as many of his troops as he desired to bear in whichever direction the turn of events might make desirable; and if necessary the whole power and weight of the army could be launched in one terrific blow against Kuroki alone on the top of the eastern plain. The Japanese, so much wider spread, were incapable of any such quick concentration. They were three distinct armies, which could act in concert but not in unity.

Question of Detail. Former Judge Mayer was relating how lawyers often badger witnesses unintentionally, and cited the case of a prizefighter who was on the stand to testify concerning a street fight in which he was a principal. The plaintiff's attorney politely asked the burly witness: "Did I understand you to say that you were a pugilist?" "Dat's what I am," proudly answered the prisoner. "Oral, manual or calligraphic?" suavely inquired the lawyer. The pugilist looked as if he had received a blow in the solar plexus, his face grew red as a danger signal and he seemed about to spring out of the chair upon his inquisitor. Then, turning to the bench, he growled: "Say, Judge, I'm a fighter, and dat's all, but I ain't no 'dem ting's dat pie faced bloke calls me."

# One Insect Good "Bag"

Some thirty years ago A. S. Packard, now a professor in Brown university, and widely known through his scientific work and writings, caught a grasshopper somewhere down in Maine, says the Manchester Union. It was not much of an insect as grasshoppers are commonly sized up by the lay mind. There are plenty of grasshoppers in any field or pasture that are nearly or quite two inches in length, with expansive, bright-colored wings, and not a few of them make a noise in the world every time they rise and take flight before the eager collector or the peacefully grazing cow.

But this grasshopper which Prof. Packard found has no showy wings—only the mere stubs of wings at the most—makes no noise at any time, and is scarcely more than half an inch long. Yet, for certain scientific reasons, it was regarded with a deeper interest than all the other members of the grasshopper tribe. It was given a big name, *melanoplus dawsonii*, tenderly planned and carefully put away in the collection at Cambridge. No other individual of this rare insect tribe was captured, at any rate by anybody who recognized it, until a year or two ago, when Miss Susie C. Fogg, an enthusiastic member of the entomological section of the Manchester institute, secured the second specimen of *melanoplus dawsonii* known to the scientific world. From that time Prof. A. P. Morse of Wellesley, curator of the Museum there, and a grasshopper specialist of no mean reputation, has greatly desired to secure specimens of *melanoplus dawsonii* on his own account. Accordingly, taking advantage of an invitation from Miss Fogg, Prof. Morse came to Manchester a day or two ago, duly equipped with net, cyanide bottle and collecting box, as the law of entomologists requires. In company with a party composed of members of the institute, he proceeded to Rock Rimmon, and with his net vigorously swept the grass and shrubbery roundabout. To his surprise, and that of all present, he, or Miss Fogg, made another "find." It was a single specimen, to be sure, but as only two had ever been found before, it was rightly considered reward enough for one day's effort.

# The Theater in Japan

In Japan the theater goes on from home as early as 9:30 or 10 o'clock in the morning. The play lasts all day and sometimes far into the night. During the play attendants go about continuously, dispensing to patrons small handless cups of pale yellow tea, with which the air is made fragrant. The Japanese theater has several features novel to Americans. A revolving stage, allowing the scene to be changed immediately, is used and naturalness is given to the general effect by means of two walks leading direct to the stage on either side of the theater and extending its whole length. Sometimes these walks are enlivened with flower borders, and here the action of the play sometimes begins. A character will appear, not from the wings, but on one of these walks. He will repeat some lines, which the heroine perhaps, or other character, will answer from the opposite walk, and so by degrees they make their way in the most natural manner to the stage proper.

"Other features cannot be so recommended," says a traveler, "as, for instance, dressers to the chief actors, who flit hurriedly to and fro like black specters. These dressers are supposed to be invisible and in addition to throwing around the actor his required changes of costume, sometimes brocades and stuffs of extreme richness and value, they act as valets—give the hero a cup of tea, a fan, a handkerchief, or, if the situation is very dramatic, hold on a long stick a taper, which lights up the actor's face. "Pantomime is seen in high perfection. In one famous play a murder is committed on a rainy twilight. All is gloomy and still. A woman appears, running. She looks behind her, then, with a terrified gesture, runs into a wayside field of tall rice. Soon a man comes, panting. He stops. He looks around, then at the ground—there, her footprints lead to the rice field. He follows. Soon there is a gurgling cry and the tops of the rice stalks sway. Then all is still."

# When Sails Dotted Seas

I am the poet's vision still— Still down the lanes of sea Tread now by monsters below. The songs are all of me.

They stole the courses of the stars My heading path to con. For me the April-swollen floods From rock to plain were hurried That they might bear me spars to take The measure of our world. For me the looms were in and out, A-singing year by year; They ravished all the world for me To hang me with its gear.

They cut the Druid temples down To make my ribs of oak; Beneath the axman's swinging arm The Congo echoes woke; They rafted down the Kennebec, They hewed in Lebanon.

# Stammer With the Pen

The discussion of the question of "pen stammering" suggested by Dr. Bertillon of Paris, and in which some reference was made to Ribot's discussion of the same subject, reminds me that "pen stammering" had been not only recognized, but named, some time before either of these gentlemen came upon the scene of human activity to observe and classify the nervous ailments of mankind. The fact is that Sir Walter Scott, whose writings have delighted so many persons, was a sufferer, as shown by the following excerpt, taken from the "Life of Scott," by Lockhart, 10th volume, second edition: January 10, 1831—"I cannot say the world opens liberally for me this new year.

next two years will well nigh clear me. But I feel myself decidedly wrecked in point of health, and am now confirmed I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarrassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer." This statement carries the "pen stammering" habit much farther back than the discussion up to this point had carried it; and, no doubt, there can be found authentic cases still further back than 1831. The fact is that "pen stammering" probably came into existence a short while after men began to write. It is, at any rate, quite reasonable to assume that the ailment followed quickly on the heels of the writing habit, and it was probably more extensive in the early days than it is now, because it marked a departure in the uses of the hand.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

# The Court Was Satisfied

Once it happened that a wagon was so clumsily driven as to crush a donkey against a wall and killed it. The owner of the donkey claimed damages and a lawsuit was the result. His chief witness was the driver of the poor animal. This man, a simple sort of country fellow, was no match for the lawyer on the other side, who probed and bullied him mercilessly. Then the judge made things worse by directing him to answer the questions properly and hold up his head. "Hold up your head, witness. You hear what his lordship says. Look up; can't you look as I do?" "No, sir, I can't, for you squint," which was true, though the barrister could not help that.

happened; where the wagon was, where the donkey was; just tell us in your own way." After a little hesitation the man said: "It was just like this, my laar'd judge: First of all, you" turning to Sergt. Cockle—"are the wall." "Yes, yes," said the counsel, "I am the wall." Changing his place the witness next said: "And I am the wagon." "Very good," quoth the judge, "go on." "Yes," proceeded the driver, "lawyer's the wall; I am the wagon, and your laar'dship's the ass." This illustration, given quite seriously, so convulsed the court that the witness was now allowed to leave the box.—English Exchange.

# Words Sounded Bad, But—

Into the uncomfortably warm kitchen where Mrs. Dean was "putting up" jelly, rushed Mrs. Ashe, known throughout the neighborhood as eminently religious and proportionately easy to shock. "Do you know what your boys are doing?" she asked in tones that suggested battle, murder and sudden death. "I suppose they're selling some of this strawberry jam," was the complacent reply. "And it's all right," Mrs. Dean added. "They wanted to play store and I gave them some of this, and a little table, and sent them into the shed."

"All right?" gasped Mrs. Ashe. "Inseed, it's not all right. Do you know what they are saying?" and the final word came in a whisper almost tragic. Mrs. Dean looked quizzically at her caller for a moment, and then with a half-perplexed, half-amused look on her face, left the kitchen and walked around toward the front of the house. Mrs. Ashe followed, like fate. "There were the boys; a chubby-faced young fellow of 11, solemnly seated behind a folding sewing table, which bore an inviting burden of little jars of jam, and a pink-cheeked youngster of 8, whose plump and active legs were carrying him back and forth on the walk outside the fence, a jam pot held temptingly aloft, while his childish lieble announced to all the world: "Tawberry dam to hell! Tawberry dam to hell!"—Criterion.