

## IN CONFIDENCE.

The sea heard; and the deep sad sea  
Throbb'd with one bitter secret more,  
But set as murmuring rumor free  
By wind or bird to cave or shore.

The stars saw; but no trembling star  
Of all the wide bewildering train  
Has ever whispered from afar  
The story of this hopeless pain.

The night knew; but the tender night  
Unveils no tears, betrays no sighs;  
She wraps away from sound and sight  
Despairing hearts and watching eyes.

What if the night and stars and sea  
Should but for once their pledge forget,  
And softly breathe alone to thee,  
"She loved thee then, she loves thee  
yet!"

—Harper's Weekly.

## THE BRIG IVAN.

Should you look over the files of the World for the last quarter of the year 1866 you would find some reference, telegraphed from London, of the mutiny of the Russian brig-of-war Ivan at Fogo Island. There may not be over twenty lines about it, for all news was suppressed as far as possible. Should there even be a quarter of a column you will not get the details as I can give them, for I happened to be in at both the beginning and the end of it.

Fogo is the southernmost island in the Cape de Verde group, situated in the North Atlantic. I was there on a bark which had brought lumber, hardware, agricultural implements and other stuff, and on our arrival we found the Ivan already at anchor. She was there, if I remember right, to see about a Russian craft which had been wrecked in that vicinity.

It may not be news to the average reader to be told that the discipline in the Russian army is the strictest in the world. If any thing can be more strict it is Russian naval discipline. The commander of a Russian man-of-war on a cruise has more power than the czar at home. The latter must at least have some excuse for sending a citizen to his death. The former has only to report him dead, and the details are never asked for.

Men were flogged because they moved too fast or too slow—because they had a certain look or didn't have it—because the captain thought that they thought so and so. There were several among them who could speak English, and when we learned just how they were being used we expressed our indignation and encouraged them to resist. It wasn't the right thing to do, as I admit, but we were in the merchant service and felt that we had certain rights which no commander dared trample on.

One dark and rainy night, while I was standing anchor-watch on our craft, one of the Russian sailors swam off to us. He was about 30 years of age. He had been degraded from the petty office he held and given twenty-one lashes to boot because he accidentally upset a lamp. He had come for a talk. He knew nothing whatever of geography, and could not tell in which direction any coast lay. He asked particularly about the coast of Brazil, the distance, the people, the rivers, &c. He finally told me that the crew of the brig to a man had decided to mutiny, kill the officers and run for the coast of Brazil. There they would run the craft ashore and each man would shift for himself until the excitement had blown over.

I told him all he wanted to know so far as I was able, and he returned as he had come. He told me when the uprising would take place. There was an English man-of-war in the harbor then, and of course no movement could be made.

The days went by. There was the usual routine of flogging aboard the Ivan, and a sailor who sprang overboard, rather than be lashed, was coolly shot down alongside the brig without having even been ordered to

return. At noon of the second day the Englishman left, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon the mutiny suddenly burst forth. There were six merchantmen in the harbor, but had the Russian commander called for assistance it would not have been afforded.

At least fifty of us saw the Russian captain shot and flung overboard, and after him went his first lieutenant. Then followed the paymaster and two others, and the crew had the brig to themselves. Before going out of the harbor men were sent to every vessel to show their raw backs and tell how they had been wronged, and as the brig turned her head to sea she was cheered.

It was a week later when we got ready for sea, bound for Rio Janeiro. We had no idea of ever hearing from the Russians again, but when four days out we ran across a New Bedford whaler named Scott which gave us some exciting news. Two days before she had been brought to by the Ivan in mid-ocean. An armed boat's crew had come aboard and robbed the whaler of whatever they fancied. The captain had \$700, which he was obliged to deliver up, and they took a share of his water and provisions and all his spare sails. The Russians were not ugly, but determined, and it was plain that all had been drinking and that great confusion existed aboard the brig. From what the crew of the whaler overheard they were led to believe that the men had abandoned the idea of making the coast of Brazil and had decided to turn pirate.

The next news came to us two days later. A gale sprang up from the southwest and before it was four hours old we were compelled to lay to. It struck us about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and did not reach its height until 7 the next morning. Every thing was boiling and howling, when we caught sight of the Russian down in the southwest. She must have run before the gale much longer than we did, for she was not in sight when it broke upon us. Being higher out of water and more heavily sparred, she was also drifting faster.

About 9 o'clock she drove slowly past us at not more than a cable's length away and we saw many evidences that things were not ship-shape aboard of her. Since the crew had decided on a roving life they would naturally shake off all discipline. We could see plainly enough that they had done so, although the brig was lying to on the same tack as ourselves and making equally good weather of it. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon she was out of sight, and about that time the gale settled down into a fair sailing breeze. We got off on our course again, but an hour before sundown we saw the Ivan coming down upon us from the north.

Our captain had no idea of being plundered by the fellows, and we cracked on sail until it seemed that a yard more would take the masts overboard. Had the Russian been astern of us we should certainly have held our own, if not walked away from her, but she was coming down at right angles, and every body realized that she was certain to cut us off. I had not told any of the officers or men of the talk I had had with the Russian sailor that night during the anchor-watch. I knew he would be elected to some office by the mutineers, and I believed he would intercede to save our bark from being despoiled. Therefore, while all others were much excited I was so cool about it as to attract attention.

Just at sunset the brig fired a gun for us to heave to. There was an ugly cross-sea running now and we doubted if they would lower a boat. We obeyed the command to luff up. The slovenly way the brig was handled as she made reply to take a position on our starboard quarter proved that everything aboard was at sixes and sevens. There was a fight on her decks before the boat was lowered, and, after pulling half way to us the

yawl, which had eight men in it, returned. It was lying alongside the brig when a solid shot was fired at us. Owing to the heavy sea the aim was bad and it flew above the top-masts.

The action startled us all, and the captain had determined to put the bark on her course and try to run away, when there came an awful explosion. For a moment I thought the clear heavens had been rent in twain, and every man of us was knocked about over the decks.

We soon realized what had occurred. The Ivan had blown up. She was to the windward of us, and about half a mile away. There was a dark cloud, an awful shock, and she seemed to be lifted bodily up to a height of 100 feet and then to dissolve. Some of the fragments fell upon our decks, and the sea was littered for a mile around.

One man escaped—just one solitary man. He was one of the eight men in the boat. Perhaps the other seven had left the boat when the explosion came. The boat was not injured, and it came floating down upon us with the man sitting bolt upright on a thwart. He wasn't cut or bruised, but the shock had acted altogether on his mental faculties. He had become an idiot and was deaf and dumb on top of that. His face took on a childish grin, which never left it, and he conducted himself just as idiots do. Although a man of 45, and an old sailor, he acted as if he had never seen a ship of any sort before.

We couldn't get any news from the man, nor did we pick up any of the wreckage except the boat. Man and boat were turned over to a Russian man-of-war at Rio, and it may be that the poor fellow suffered death for his share in the mutiny. Every pains was taken to hush the matter up, but the news got abroad and was touched upon by various correspondents. I have seen three or four accounts of it, but none were half-way correct, being colored in the interests of the officers of the brig. I have since then met plenty of Russian petty officers and sailors who have never even heard of the disaster, all news of it being suppressed in Russia. It was doubtless deemed unwise to let the Russian sailor know that a Russian could be driven to a point where he would mutiny.—M. Quad in the N. Y. World.

## An Interesting Discovery.

Ernst Curtius, the renowned Greek scholar and archaeologist of the University of Berlin, has made an interesting discovery regarding the knowledge of the Greek sculptors. During the examination of a number of heads found in Greece, Curtius devoted much time to the study of the eyes. On extending his observations to the eyes of perfect figures from the classical period he learned that the sculptors made considerable difference in the forms of the male and female eyes. While the eyes of the male were rounder and more arched, those of the females were longer and flatter. These observations agree with the measurements of anatomists to-day. The discovery that the Greeks were aware of this difference also will be valuable in determining the identity of many heads in the museums of the world. In numerous cases it has been impossible to say whether the heads have belonged to statues of men or statues of women. Professor Curtius will soon publish an accurate account of his observations.

## Sea Bathing.

Horne Tooke ridiculed the practice of sea bathing and said if any one of the seal species were sick, it would be just as wise for a fish physician to order them to go on shore. Person declared sea bathing was only reckoned healthy because many persons have been known to survive it; but Sheridan's objection to salt water was the most quaint—"Pickles," said he, "don't agree with me."

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is God-like.

## ECONOMY AND HOARDING.

Two Different Things, but Often Considered the Same.

Economy and hoarding are two widely different things, although one is too often mistaken for the other. The true law of life is to receive, to use, to pass on." Thus says a helpful article. It is wisdom to make provision for the future. For the improvident and shiftless I have small respect. It is not of this I speak, but of what is useless to its possessor that might do another good service, says a writer in Good Housekeeping.

Do not fill garret and closets with cast-off clothing, broken furniture, old books, etc. This is waste, and adds the burden of caring for worthless things. Give your poor neighbor your gowns and wraps that are out of style in fabric and fashion. When the day for making over comes, if it ever arrives, 10 to 1 the new material and cost of work will lead you to decide upon new, and the old, growing older, is still on hand. Pass on your old garments; there is a world of good for some one in them. The home missionary barrel would rejoice should you decide to swell its contents. Do not hoard even old trumpery. If you allow your house to be cumbered, moth and rust will corrupt.

It is a law of nature that nothing be lost. Everything gravitates to purpose and use. Follow this law and send old books, magazines and papers to those who have no money to buy them. They will be a godsend to many hungering and thirsting for this very sort of mind food, and you will be enshrined in their memory, especially if the packages you send are labelled "pass on." You will understand the compound interest that accrues.

If there is positively no other use for old broken-down furniture, let it be split up for kindling. It is better so than to fill up and gather dust and be consigned to the wood-pile at last.

How can a family live without a storeroom for useful, needed articles? What folly to fill it with useless trumpery! Let everything that can serve for convenience to others be passed on; otherwise clear out and clear off. If true that the maximum of good housekeeping is the minimum of old trumpery, our housekeepers will rise to the subject. Remember there is that that scattereth, yet increaseth.

## Three Generations.

There is a little lad of ten years living in New York City whose father has long passed the three-score-and-ten milestone in his life, and whose grandfather was present at Braddock's defeat, where George Washington first distinguished himself. The grandfather was a mere boy of some fourteen years, though hardy and well grown, when he received the king's commission and donned the red coat of a soldier. Afterward he held high rank in the army of the revolution, and died in this city at the ripe age of ninety-three. In his old age he married a second wife, and left a son who had not yet reached his majority, and who in turn married very late in life. If the little lad of ten lives to his father's age the three generations of this family will have spanned 200 years in this country's history, and he will be able to say at seventy-two: "My grandfather fought with Braddock and at the side of Washington 200 years ago to-day."

## A Stranger Present.

Struggling Minister—There was a stranger in church to-day.

Wife—What did he look like?

"I did not see him."

"Then how do you know there was a stranger among the congregation?"

"I found a good quarter in the contribution box."—New York Weekly.

There is no greater tax on friendship than to ask a friend to listen to your troubles.