ADVENTURES OF MAJOR NORTH

White Chief of The Pawnee Scouts—His Frontier Experiences.

A CHEYENNE CHIEF CORRALLED.

Colonel Kidd's Cowardice—An Arapahoe Village Destroyed—One Hundred and Sixty-Two Arapahoes Killed.

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[*Written for the Sunday Bee by Alfred Sorenson.*]

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER V.—Captain North and his Pawnees Pursue a Party of Cheyennes—The Captain has a Narrow Escape—A Cheyenne Chief Corralled—Cowardly Conduct of Colonel Kidd—General Connor's Reprimand—Captain North Discovers a Large Arapahoe Village—Reinforcements Sent For—Attack on the Village—The Arapahoes Are Badly Punished—One hundred and Sixty-Two Killed—The Village Destroyed—General Connor Reprimands the Troops and the Pawnees for Unsoldierlike Conduct—Squaw Prisoners Sent Back to Their People.

V.

Connor's Campaign Continued.

A day or two after the Pawnees' victory over the Sioux, as related in the preceding chapter, General Connor moved his camp two miles further up Powder river where there was plenty of grass for the horses. At about 10 o'clock the next morning after getting fairly settled in the new camp, the Pawnee pickets came in and reported that they had discovered Indians. Captain North was immediately ordered out with his whole company, and ascending an elevated plateau, he saw the Indians in three parties, about half a mile apart, each party being composed of forty or fifty persons, all traveling in the same direction. He divided his command into three squads, directing Lieutenant Small to take the right, Lieutenant Murey the left, while he himself commanded the center. This having been quickly arranged the Pawnees charged upon the retreating enemy, who broke and ran in every direction.

A RUNNING FIGHT

of several miles followed. In pursuing the Cheyennes, for such they proved to be, the Pawnees soon found their own ponies were beginning to lag, having not yet fully recovered from the severe march of a few days previous, and it was impossible, even with whip and spur, to gain very much on the Cheyennes. Captain North, who had a splendid pony, very easily kept far in advance, but could not get near enough to the Cheyennes to do any execution, although he fired several shots. The chase was thus kept up for several miles and his men frequently called out to him that their ponies were giving out, and finally he ordered them to drop behind as their horses failed. Captain North, however, still kept on, as he was determined to kill an Indian, and finally, upon suddenly looking back, he saw that his men were more than a mile behind, slowly returning, most of them being on foot, having ridden their ponies as long as they could carry their riders. Captain North halted his horse, and, dismounting, took deliberate aim at the rear Cheyenne and fired. The Cheyenne reeled in his saddle and came very nearly falling off his horse; but recovering his equilibrium he gave a most unearthly yell. Captain North was now satisfied with the chase, and remounting his pony started to return. No sooner had he turned his horse's head than twelve stalwart warriors, who had heard the yell of their wounded comrade, come riding down on him with a whoop that fairly

MADE HIS BLOOD RUN COLD.

He felt now as if the Cheyennes had been drawing him into an ambush, and that his life would soon pay the penalty of his rashness. He urged his pony to its utmost speed, but nevertheless in a few minutes he was completely surrounded, his pony not possessing half the speed of the Cheyenne steeds. Several shots were fired at him, one of them passing through his saddle-skirts, just behind his leg, and penetrating the side of his pony, thus disabling the animal. The Captain jumped to the ground and used the pony for a breastwork, as the animal had came to a standstill and did not fall. He returned the fire of the enemy in quick succession, thus keeping them at a distance. He saw, however that they would soon close in on him, and it was evident that he must soon make a desperate effort to regain his men. So he started off on a run, clearing his way by pointing his Ballard rifle first at one and then at another of the red devils. He had gone probably fifty yards when he discovered that he had left behind him two loaded revolvers in his holsters, and he turned back to get them, the Indians at the same time attempting to cut him off. He succeeded in reaching the pony, which was still standing but bleeding quite freely. He found that he could now urge the pony along, and use him as a protection against the Cheyenne bullets, which at times came thick and fast. He managed in this manner to work his way for nearly a mile, when far off to the right he saw

A SOLITARY HORSEMAN,

and thinking he might be one of his company he took off his hat and gave a signal for assistance. The horseman halted for a moment, and then galloped off in the opposite direction. To attempt to describe the captain's feelings on seeing the horseman ride away would be useless. Again was he convinced that he would soon fall a victim to the Cheyennes. Yet he determined to continue to make every effort to escape, although it seemed impossible. Had the Cheyennes had the courage to dash down on him they could easily have killed and scalped him in two or three minutes, or in even less time. The captain, however, fought his way along for another half mile, when to his surprise and joy he saw Lieutenant Small come riding over a hill, not more than half a mile away. The lieutenant was astonished at the sight that met his gaze. There was the captain surrounded by twelve Cheyennes, and it seemed as if there was no escape for him. The lieutenant, who had halted for a moment to take in the situation, was in doubt whether to join the captain or ride back for assistance, and he would probably have done the latter had not Captain North called to him to come to his aid. The lieutenant needed no second call, and putting spurs to his horse he charged down the hill with a revolver in each hand, and as he came on the gallop toward the captain the Cheyennes turned and rapidly retreated, no doubt thinking the troops were following the lieutenant and would soon make their appearance over the hill. The captain and the lieutenant who felt quite jubilant over the result, now

HURRIEDLY RETREATED,

taking turns in riding the latter's horse, while they led the wounded animal. On reaching the top of the hill Captain North stopped suddenly and said: "Look down there, Charley. There's a lot of Indians." And sure enough, down in the valley of Dry Creek, a small branch of Powder river, were quite a number of Indians, who had corralled somebody whom they were trying to capture.

"What are they—Cheyennes or Pawnees?" asked Lieutenant Small, "I don't care about running into another party of Cheyennes just now."

"Neither do I," replied the captain, "I've had enough of Cheyennes, for an hour or two, at least. Those Indians down there don't seem to have much clothing, if they have any at all. It's my opinion that they are Pawnees, but it's best to be a little cautious. We'll drop back over the hill and crawl around as near to them as possible without being discovered."

"Very well," said Lieutenant Small, and the two men thereupon carefully felt their way to within hearing distance of the Indians, and then listened for a moment.

"They are Pawnees, sure enough; I understand them," said Captain North.

"So do I," said the lieutenant.

"Well, we're safe enough now, and we'll join them at once," said the captain. In a few moments the two officers were down in the valley and once more with their men, who were delighted to see them again, especially Captain North, as they didn't know what had became of him. The captain ordered a fresh horse, and the moment he mounted him, his own wounded steed lay down and died. The captain looked sorrowfully at him and said, "Good-bye, old fellow, you stood by me until you saw me safely back."

The Pawnees had corralled an old Cheyenne chief, who had been cut off from his party, and, Indian-like, they were trying to see how many times they could shoot him without killing him, and had literally riddled his legs with bullets, but the tenacious old warrior still held on to life. The Pawnees who had temporarily stopped their

SAVAGE AMUSEMENT

to welcome back their officers, now resumed their shooting, when Captain North, upon learning what they were doing, shouted, "Stop! Don't fire another shot! Kill him with a saber!"

The old warrior had intrenched himself in a log-pile, which the Sioux had at some time used for a horse pen, and was defending himself with bow and arrows. When the firing ceased at the command of the captain the old Cheyenne stuck the end of his bow through the logs to get a good shot at the Pawnees. One of the Pawnees, in obedience to the captain's orders, now ran up to the logs with a saber, intending to dispatch him. He struck at his left hand, which protruded through the logs and was holding the bow. He cut the forefinger of the hand completely off, and at the same time grabbed the bow and jerked it away from the Cheyenne. The desperate Cheyenne now drew his butcher-knife and bounded out of the log pile, making a tremendous jump, fairly flying through the air, his intention being to dash through the line of Pawnees, but when he landed on the ground

HE WAS A CORPSE,

a half a dozen bullets having penetrated his body as he was making the flying leap. He was instantly scalped by one of the Pawnees, several of them having rushed forward for this purpose.

Nick Jannisse, an old Frenchman, who was in the party, stepped up to the body and looking into the Indian's face, said, "Captain, that's old Red Bull as sure as your name is North. He was the meanest and toughest war chief that ever lived, and it's a good thing that he's killed."

"How did you boys corner him?" asked the captain.

"The old rascal's horse gave out, and, falling behind, the Pawnees cut him off before he knew it."

THE CHEYENNES

were still lingering in the hills in the vicinity, but Captain North saw that it would be useless to attempt to make a fight as his horses were in very poor condition. Yet he wanted to punish the Cheyennes. He accordingly sent a messenger to General Connor informing him of the condition of the stock and asking for reinforcements. General Connor immediately ordered Colonel Kidd with his six companies of the Michigan cavalry to go out to the captain's support. Meantime Captain North and the Pawnees attempted to get the Cheyennes to make a stand and fight, but every time the Pawnees made any advance on them they would retreat, and when the Pawnees returned to their position the Cheyennes would follow them back. This was kept up for some time without any fight taking place. Finally Captain North formed his scouts into a column and started for camp, this being done to throw the Cheyennes off their guard so that they would remain until the arrival of Colonel Kidd and his men with fresh horses. After riding about a mile Captain North met Colonel Kidd. It was apparent to the captain that the colonel did not feel like attacking the Indians, it having been reported that if he got into a fight some of his own men would kill him. His regiment belonged to the Sixth army corps, which had the best fighting reputation of them all. These men having served through the war, did not have any desire to fight Indians, and they believed that their officers were to blame for their being compelled to remain in the service and make this campaign. They had also threatened other officers besides Colonel Kidd. He certainly was placed in an unpleasant position and Captain North being fully aware of all the circumstances, determined to relieve him of his embarrassment if possible.

"Colonel, if you will give me a fresh mount of horses for my men I'll go back and whip those Cheyennes," said the captain, "but I can't do anything with my played-out horses."

"No, I can't do that," replied the colonel, "because the men have become so attached to their horses that they would be unwilling to let anybody have them."

"Well, then," said Captain North, who could hardly restrain his feelings of indignation at the colonel, "I'll send some of my best men with you to show you where the Indians are, so that you can get a fight with them."

"Very well," replied the colonel.

The captain accordingly detailed Lieutenant Murey and a few of his best mounted men to accompany Colonel Kidd's command, while he returned to camp with the remainder of the Pawnees and reported the day's proceedings to General Connor, giving him to understand that Colonel Kidd could easily gain a victory over the Cheyennes.

On arriving at Dry Creek Colonel Kidd sent Lieutenant Murey and his scouts, and one of his own officers, a captain, across the ravine with orders to ascend the hill on the opposite side and locate the Cheyennes exactly, after which they were to return as soon as possible and report the situation to him. Lieutenant Murey promptly followed the directions and on gaining the summit of the hill he discovered the three bands of Cheyennes on the other side, concentrated on a little flat, ready for a fight and awaiting an attack. It was now nearly dusk, and Lieutenant Murey and his men hurriedly returned to the creek. Suddenly the lieutenant discovered far off in the direction of the fort a column of dust, hardly visible through the approaching darkness. He knew not what to make of it, but crossed the creek or ravine and reached the spot where he had been ordered to report to Colonel Kidd. The command had disappeared from the place, and Lieutenant Murey, upon closer observation, saw that the column of dust was being raised by Colonel Kidd and his troops, who were riding back to camp on a gallop. Lieutenant Murey and his scouts were astonished and knew not what to make of such

A STRANGE PROCEEDING.

There was nothing for them to do but to return to camp, which they did, riding slowly in all the way. Lieutenant Murey at once reported the affair to Captain North, who ordered him to report in person to General Connor, which he accordingly did before he retired for the night. The general listened to him, manifesting considerable surprise at Colonel Kidd's conduct, but not saying much beyond asking a few questions.

The next morning the whole command was to move down the Tongue river. At an early hour General Connor sent word to all the company commanders and ordered them to report to him at once. They all soon appeared on horseback at his headquarters. He mounted his horse and said, "Follow me." They rode down to Camp Connor, distant two miles, where Colonel Kidd and his regiment were building the post. General Connor rode up to the sentry and asked, "Is Colonel Kidd in his quarters."

"He is," replied the sentry.

"Give him my complements and tell him that General Connor wishes to see him at once," said the general.

The officers all remained on their horses. Colonel Kill, who had not arisen, hastily dressed himself upon being awakened by the sentry, and soon appeared before the general who proceeded in a cool but polite manner to reprimand him for his abandonment of Lieutenant Murey. He told him, among other things, that he was not fit to command troops or be in the army in any capacity as

HE WAS A COWARD;

that under any other circumstances he would have courtmartialed him for cowardice, but this was impossible then as the command had been ordered out for the Tongue river campaign, and was already on the move. "That's all, sir," said the general in conclusion, and then he and his officers turned and left him without even bidding him "good morning," the very movement being in such a way as to express the general's contempt of him more forcibly than could have been done by words. The object of General Connor in having the captains present on this occasion was to make the reprimand as humiliating to Colonel Kidd as possible, as well as to impress upon the officers the disgrace that they might expect in case they should ever conduct themselves in such a cowardly manner. General Connor and the captains, upon leaving Colonel Kidd, rejoined the command which had moved out of camp and was proceeding down Tongue river.

On the fifth day's march a large Indian trail on the Pinos creek was discovered. It led off to the west, and judging from the usual signs it was evidently about twenty days old, and was made by a party of from

1,500 TO 2,000 INDIANS.

General Connor was anxious to follow the trail, but at the same time thought it advisable—before starting off with the whole command on what might prove a wild goose chase—to scout the country to some extent, and he accordingly ordered Captain North to take ten Pawnee scouts and six days' rations and follow the trail to the Rosebud, while the command would move down the creek to its junction with Tongue river and there remain in camp untill the captain's return, or until word was received from him.

Captain North immediately started out with ten men on the trail, following it for twenty-five miles. Just about noon he noticed that one of the scouts had dropped behind some little distance, and was earnestly looking ahead as if he had discovered something. The scout soon signalled to the captain to come back. He halted his men and rode back to the scout, who directed him to look at some objects which appeared like buffaloes. The captain took his field glass and making a careful observation he pronounced the objects to be horses, and then handing the glass to the scout told him to take a look. The scout did so, and declared the objects to be horses and Indians.

The captain thereupon resumed the march, following the trail down through a little ravine into the valley of Tongue river. By riding alternately in the body of the creek and through the brush they succeeded in working their way, without being discovered, to a point from which they could see the Indian camp. They were yet too far off, however, to tell how many lodges there were, or to calculate in any other way the size of the camp. In order to obtain this

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

Captain North ordered two of the Pawnees to crawl as near to the village as possible and find out how many tepees there were. These two Pawnees immediately stripped themselves and started upon their dangerous trip. They went into the creek and followed it under the banks until they came close to the camp. They came so near to a squaw that they could almost touch her by reaching over the bank. In three-quarters of an hour they returned in safety and reported to Captain North that it was

A LARGE CAMP.

The captain hastily wrote a note to General Connor informing him of the discovery, and asking him to send forward all the Pawnees and one company of cavalry, with which force he would attack the Indians. He detailed two of the Pawnees with the best horses to carry this note to General Connor. He ordered them to ride for dear life, and to start as soon as they could without being discovered. "Make the best time possible, it doesn't matter if you kill the horses," said Captain North, as they started off.

Captain North was now left with only eight men. They kept themselves secreted all afternoon in the brush, and closely watched the Indian camp. The neighing of a horse or the snapping of a stick might, at any moment, have led to their discovery, and in that event there would have been no hope of any of them escaping. It was indeed a perilous position, and when darkness set in they quietly moved down the stream six miles to a safer location. During the night Captain North watched anxiously for the troops which he had sent for, and he posted pickets on both sides of the creek to keep a sharp look-out. The captain and his men remained awake all night holding their horses in readiness for instant action if necessary. Just at break of day some Pawnees were discovered approaching in the distance, and in a few minutes they rode up to Captain North, who had hailed them from his place of concealment. They informed him that General Connor was on the way himself with four hundred men and two pieces of artillery. In answer to an inquiry of the captain, they stated that the cause of delay was due to the fact that General Connor had moved twenty-five miles farther down the river than he had first intended in order to get better grass for his horses. This made the round trip fifty miles longer for the messengers to ride, as well as a longer march for the troops, who had just gone into camp when the messengers reached them. The general, upon learning that the hostile camp was a very large one, decided to go in person and take with him about four times the number of troops asked for by Captain North, and it proved a most fortunate thing that he did, for the hostiles could have completely annihilated the small force which the captain had sent for. The Pawnees claimed afterwards that this was another proof that the Great Spirit hovered over Captain North with a protecting eye.

In the course of half an hour General Connor appeared in sight with his command, and on being joined by Captain North he asked, as if anxious to get at the hostiles without any delay, "How far is the village from here?"

"About six miles," was the reply.

"Show us the way, Captain, and let us push on," said the general, notwithstanding the troops had marched seventy-five miles since they had had any rest.

Captain North at once started ahead with his scouts, leading the way cautiously along the bottoms, through the willows and in the river bed. He brought the whole command to a point within three-quarters of a mile of

THE INDIAN VILLAGE

before they were discovered. Then they had to move into the open plains, their sudden and unexpected appearance causing great commotion in the Indian camp, which, as was afterwards learned, consisted of 250 lodges or about 1,500 persons, of whom 500 were warriors, the band being under command of old Black Bear, a noted Arapahoe chief. The Indians all rushed for their horses, and General Connor immediately ordered a charge. The next moment the troops went galloping into the Indian village, creating the utmost consternation and dismay. The bucks abandoned their lodges and fled in every direction, leaving the squaws and children to look out for themselves. The troops followed the Indians for fifteen miles into the Big Horn mountains and killed 162 warriors. Besides these there were quite a number of squaws and children killed by the Pawnee, Omaha and Winnebago scouts, notwithstanding the strict orders of General Connor that no squaws or children were to be killed. But the scouts did their work at times when they were not observed by the soldiers, who were engaged in sending the warriors to the "happy hunting ground, and therefore the action of the scouts could not be avoided.

The soldiers returned to the village about one o'clock in the afternoon, and the surviving Arapahoes, who had finally gathered together, followed them back and stationed themselves in the timber on the opposite bank of the river with a view of picking off the men as they were engaged in destroying the lodges and collecting the plunder. General Connor accordingly brought the artillery into service, and from a slight elevation overlooking the village, he shelled the Indians out of the timber. They were compelled to withdraw to a safe distance, but they nevertheless annoyed the troops considerably by circling around the camp, and every now and then making a dash within gunshot and firing a volley.

The village was a very rich one. The plunder was so tempting that while the running fight of the morning was going on, a great many of the Pawnees and a large number of the white soldiers dropped back and commenced to gather up the spoils and to hunt straggling squaws and children in the brush. This action greatly incensed General Connor who afterwards very appropriately punished the men for their greedy conduct.

The whole command now having been concentrated, the work of burning and

DESTROYING THE VILLAGE

was begun, and in the course of an hour the flames had wiped out the camp. The scouts then rounded up all the horses and mules, and when the count was made it was found that there were 750. The soldiers loaded the animals with the plunder captured in the village. Everything now being in readiness, the command started, between two and three o'clock, on the return march for the wagon train, everybody being elated with the victory, which had been won with the loss of only one man killed—a Winnebago scout. There were thirteen wounded, one of whom—a sergeant of the signal corps—afterwards died. The enemy, as already stated, lost 162 warriors killed, also a large number of squaws and children killed, and seventeen squaws taken prisoners.

The command reached the camp on the Tongue river at about two o'clock in the morning, having traveled twelve hours without rest or food.

At about ten o'clock in the morning General Connor issued an order for all the troops who had been engaged in the fight to bring out all their plunder and pile it up in front of their respective company quarters. The order was promptly complied with, and an immense quantity of plunder was piled up. The Pawnees included in their pile about sixty scalps which they had captured in the fight. Of course, it was supposed that General Connor intended to have everything distributed among the victors, as he had done on a previous occasion, but this was farthest from his thoughts. The men were greatly astonished, therefore, as well as mortified, when after they had been drawn up in line, General Connor addressed them in terms of the

SEVEREST CONDEMNATION

for their conduct in having abandoned the fight to a great extent in order to plunder the village. He gave them a terrible scoring, his remarks, however, being intended only for those who deserved the reprimand. He concluded by saying, "To punish you for this unsoldierlike conduct I propose to destroy everything that you have taken." He at once ordered a guard of twelve soldiers, whom he had selected for the purpose, to set fire to the various piles of stuff, and in half an hour it was all destroyed. Among the articles burned up were a fine lot of trinkets and a large number of buffalo robes.

General Connor's order was quite general, but he made a few exceptions in favor of the Pawnees and some of the white soldiers. When the flames had subsided he passed along the line of the Pawnees, and selecting those who had done gallant service in the fight, told them to go to the bunch of captured horses, in the corral, and pick out the best ones for themselves, each man to take only one horse.

General Connor now sent for the squaw prisoners. When they were brought out, he succeeded in finding some of them who could talk the Sioux language, and through Nick Janisse, the Sioux interpreter, they stated that they were Arapahoes, and gave a detailed statement concerning their band. General Connor then said to them, "I am going to send you back to your people. I will allow you to pick out horses for yourselves, and will give you some tobacco which I want you to present to Black Bear as a peace offering, and tell him that if he and his people will return to Fort Laramie within the next thirty days we will not molest them, but if he does not do this, we will take up the trail at the end of thirty days and massacre them all." The squaws immediately proceeded to the corral and picked out the horses which had belonged to their families, and being supplied with a few days' rations, they left the camp and took the trail up Tongue river to join their people. They took with them also letters from General Connor to the commanding officer at Fort Laramie, asking him to receive the Arapahoes and hold them until his return to that post.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.]

An Actor's Courtesy to a Train Boy

Chicago Herald: Of course, wherever two or three or more men have gathered together during the past week Edwin Booth has been the topic before the separation came. I fell in with several of these and all quite agree that Mr. Booth is the greatest tragedian. Ed Walsh was one of the coterie. "I was on the train which brought Booth into the city. Some distance out his car was put in the middle of our train. I had occasion to pass through, by permission. A train boy also passed through with his apples and peanuts. The conductor of the car stopped the boy and told him he couldn't pass theough. The boy insisted, and a row was imminent. Mr. Booth got up from his seat and going over to the conductor said: "I understand; this boy's business calls him through the train. It is no fault of his that this coach has been thus placed. Let him pass through whenever he wishes. It is his business to do so and his way of making a living."

"And you think from that that Booth is a great actor," said a bystander.

"Well," Walsh retorted, "I think that was a great act of itself."

A Priest Kliled at the Altar.

Pall Mall Gazette: The tragic death of Father Kavanagh has caused a great sensation in Dublin, where he was well known as one of the most prominent and eminent clergymen of the Irish Catholic church. Later particulars from Kildare show that his death was not caused by the fall of the altar, but by the fall of a statue which stood above the altar. On being struck by the statue the unfortunate priest fell backward, his head striking a marble step, inflicting a fearful wound, to which he succumbed in about an hour. The melancholy event caused the greatest excitement among the worshippers. It was through the intervention of the deceased that a settlement was effected between the Duke of Leinster and his tenantry at a critical period in the land agitation. He was a prominent figure in almost every Irish movement of importance.

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Demas Barnes in Brooklyn Eagle: Russia is a sphinx. She may not inaptly be compared to a great bee-hive, with walls so thick that to outsiders a sound is seldom heard, while within is an intensely active population whose occupation is not merely to gather pollen from Cossack roses on their own vast plains, but whose pinions are capable of flying from the Black sea on the south to the Arctic ocean on the north, and from the German empire in the west of Europe to Behring straits of eastern Asia. Neither is the imperial stomach gorged by swallowing small provinces on her own borders, but she gulps down, apparently without discomfort, whole nations, like Poland, Turkestan, and Finland, and now, judging from appearances, she is about to establish herself on the Persian gulf. A cordon of sentinels guard her frontier at every point, and censors control the press, inspect telegrams and overhaul the mails. The gage of railroad tracks is broken at frontier towns, so that no car or its commodities can enter or leave the territory without scrutiny. Even her language is a bar to intercourse. The Russian alphabet contains thirty-six characters, partly Greek, partly Roman and partly composit. Seeing my own name written in Russian I could not read it. The multiple vowels and peculiar consonant sounds effectually prevent a foreigner from understanding a word when pronounced, and it is impossible for a foreigner to inquire for a person, town, street or number—a bad place to be lost in. The Russian dictionary contains over 90,000 words. Poetry in such a diluted language would seem to lack that epigrammatic terseness which is essential to convey force and emphasis. To describe such a people under such conditions and at a single sitting is impossible. It would require a local residence for years and the entire space of twenty newspapers to convey anything like an adequate idea of the Russian empire—the country and its people, to say nothing of its history. I can only reflect a few surface observations. To do this in the briefest manner may carry me—I do not know where.

I entered Russia from the north. It would have made no difference had it been from the east, the south or the west. Russia is fortified on all sides, not alone by fortresses and guns, but by a secret espionage which, without being able to locate or describe, is felt, and one insensibly proceeds with caution. One is not permitted to leave a car or a boat or to enter a hotel, or again to leave a city without showing a passport, and having it duly endorsed. But more anon.

Cronstadt is the seaward sentinel of St. Petersburgh. Seven islands in the middle of a wide, shallow bay, the islands covered by immense forts, and the channel to be traversed by vessels winding between them, create an impression that this is not one of Russia's weak points. Indeed, one look into the throats of those frowning guns conveys an idea of impregnability. The next impression of strength made upon my mind was by the extent of Russia's wheat fields. It has so happened that I followed the harvesting of cereals through Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and parts of Russia. From the English channel to the Ural mountains, and, I understand, far beyond them, it seemed to be a nearly unbroken field of yellow grain. America has no longer a corner on wheat. The average crop of the United States is about twelve bushels per acre. If Russia, by reason of poor farming, averages eight bushels per acre, she can, I think, owing to the cheapness of her land and labor, undersell us. Apparently, she has enough wheat harvested this year to feed the entire world.

St. Petersburg may well be styled the Magnificent city of the Neva. The streets are broad, buildings massive, parks numerous, museums interesting, and its monuments grand. I have endeavored to refrain from giving space for reference to pictures, statuary, churches, architecture, and art, which most travelers describe with minuteness. But a part of the charm and bloom of eastern countries would be wanting were the esthetic wholly eliminated from what I say.

Political institutions develop varied civilizations. In Russia, largely in Germany and England, and in all old countries, it is difficult, and in some of them it is impossible for a young man to change his vocation from that of his father, or from the occupation in which he first started in his effort to gain a livelihood. Once a cobbler, always a cobbler. Manufacturing privileges are largely farmed out, titles are inherited, and public works are carried on by favored agents of the governments. Hence the superiority of eastern art, continental cookery, and oriental architecture. It is not unusual to meet the best talent of those countries represented in hotel porters, as chiefs in kitchens, and as painters of Madonnas and chiselers of images. In our country the same men would be conducting manufacturing establishments, building railroads, managing banks, and serving as legislators in the United States senate. I must therefore mention Russian art—only refer to it; nothing more.

In front of the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg are ten monolith Siberian marble statues supporting the portico, each of which is fifteen feet high, fully developing in the most ideal manner Herculean strength. In this great depository of natural wealth, among many other things, is a solid jasper vase ten feet broad, sixteen feet long and about ten feet high. St. Isaac's cathedral has four equal fronts in the form of a cross. At each of the facades project great porticos supported by double rows of monolith columns seven feet in diameter and sixty feet high—sixty-four in all. Sublimely beautiful, and in effect upon the mind not unlike that produced by a view of the Egyptian pyramids.

The river Neva is here about a half a mile wide. It is crossed by ten bridges, lighted by gas or electricity. Seen in the evening, with miles of similar light reflected in the water from the quays made busy by hurrying crowds of men, women and vehicles, the sight is one of exceptional beauty. Driving in the streets of St. Petersburg is something to be remembered. The private carriages are fine barouches, quite like our own, and generally drawn by black Tartarian or Bulgarian stallion horses. These animals have long manes and tails and are driven at a rate of speed that would make the commissioners of Central park stare and clear the concourse of people in a short time. The drosky is a small four wheeled, one horse carriage, very low in the body, seating two passengers, and a driver in front. All drivers wear long surtout coats reaching to their feet, plaited over the hips and bustled behind. The cap is low, broad on top, with a curved rim, exactly like that of a gentleman's stovepipe hat. Around the top of the hat are attached several small quills or feathers, in numbers according to the Cossack or provincial rank of the driver. The harness is made of very small pieces of strong leather. It is attached to the carriage or wagon by double traces, one to the whiffletree, and one at the end of the axletree outside of the hub—an extra precaution against accidents. Over the horse's shoulders and his collar is raised an ornamental ox bow, about twenty inches in height. Within and on this bow are arranged pretty tassels and small bells. In Moscow horses attached to omnibuses, hotel coaches and private carriages are driven four abreast. Being conveyed from the depot in one of these oriental equipages one feels as if he or she were entering the chariot races of the Olympian feats.

Paris has its Versailles, Berlin its Potsdam, and St. Petersburg its Peterhoff. It is said that the palaces, gardens and fountains of the first-named place cost Louis XIV.—in other words, cost the people of France—£200,000,000. I do not doubt it. It is not an easy matter to obtain facts pertaining to the folly of Russian imperialism, but it is safe to say that at Peterhoff enough money has been wasted upon ornate palaces, artificial rivers, tumbling cascades, and spouting fountains to create a rebellion anywhere except under a tyrannical government. Walking or driving for the distance of a mile immediately underneath the fifty-foot plateau, upon which the palaces are located, the prisms of water rise from out of all imaginable kinds of artistic figures, and sheets of water tumble from cascade steps of silver and gold, enter subterranean channels, and again raise their sparkling columns in aeriel flights below our feet, and then proceed on their way to the sea. There are literally thousands of these fountain jets. They are very beautiful—but who pays the bills? I have seen barefooted Russian men following a cow hitched to a forked stick for a plow, undertaking to prepare their land for wheat, while their food was boiled weeds and their beds bundles of straw. I have seen women—barefooted, of course—threshing their little stacks of wheat and rye with a flail upon the bare ground as a threshing-floor; or, again, others of them taking handfuls of grain and whipping the heads over the edge of a board for a thrashing-machine, while still others would throw the grain in the air for the wind, as a fanning-mill, to blow away the chaff. Then I have seen those poor creatures with baskets upon their backs and a strap across their foreheads carrying this grain for miles to the market town to buy, perchance, a few yards of calico for baby's gown, but mostly to obtain some rubles and copecks, for what?—to pay for the magnificent palaces and the perfumed fountains at Peterhoff, which they have never beheld. More than this, I have seen stalwart men and comely women carrying their bundles and marching between soldiers on their long 4,000 miles journey to Siberia and death, their crimes being the world's old story—protesting against taxation without representation.

Not Afraid to Fight Duels, Now.

Pall Mall Gazette: An amusing story has been going the round of the French papers, respecting a general whose recent duelling exploits have excited some amusement both in England and on the continent. This worthy brave is said to be possessed of an extraordinary coat of mail. One day, so the story goes, General —— sent for a clever artisan in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely sword and bullet proof. The man promised to do as requested, naming 19,000 francs as the price of it. The bargain was speedily concluded, and in due time the article was brought round to the general's house. The general took it up, carefully examined it, and, turning to the man, told him to put it on. The man did as he was bid.

"As you guarantee the efficacy of your coat, you will have, I presume, no objection to my testing it," drily remarked the general, and before the astonished artisan could protest, he took a brace of pistols and discharged them. Half dead with fear, the man stood the fire, and, to the great credit of his workmanship, with complete impunity. But the general was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the man, and afterward discharged a fowlingpiece at him with similar effect, or rather non-effect. He also tried in vain to pierce the coat with a sword. The gallant general was so delighted with his new garment that he handed the artisan two checks for 19,000fr., the first being the sum agreed on, and the second check in compensation for the fright he had given him.

A deer, described as a beautiful specimen of his kind, joined a herd of cows that were being driven home by a Mrs Moore, of Ashland, N. H., and permitted her to secure him after he had walked into the barn.