MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

R. S. Dunn

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

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INTRODUCTION.

BETWEEN the years 1861 and 1865, was waged the War for the Union, or, as our Southern brethren prefer to call it, the War between the States. It was the most terrific struggle of modern times, whose appalling cost was a million of men. The merciless god of war demands as its sacrifices, not the halt and crippled, nor the frail of body, but the strong, the rugged, the very flower of manhood. At the desolate hearthstones, from which the shadow was nevermore to be lifted, the mourning was for the father or brother, in the pride of

his splendid vigor, and for the sons in the joyous flush of youth, strength and high hopes. Fearful was the tribute paid for the preservation of the Union, and the blotting out of the foul crime of human slavery.

To those whose memories reach back to those crimson days, the experience will remain vivid to the close of life. Not to them alone who followed the throbbing of the drums or the screeching of the fifes, was the long-drawn trial intolerable, but it was equally so to those at home, whose duty it was to hold up the hands of the brave boys on the long battle line at the front.

How we recall those days and nights of suspense, when the issue swung to and fro like a pendulum, and victory and defeat hung trembling in the balance! Many a

time we were forced to ask ourselves: "Shall we win or shall we fail? Is this mighty fabric, the hope of the world, and fairer than the sons of men ever looked upon, to tumble to ruin and take its place among the vanished empires of the past?"

There were hours when the most hopeful trembled, and gloom became almost despair. The first of those years of agony and bloody sweat taxed human endurance to the limit. Woful mistakes were made on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. Before the boom of Sumter's guns had rolled over the land and unified the sections, there were mutterings and threats, each boastful to the extreme of absurdity. Months previous to the clash of arms, a flamboyant Southern orator proclaimed that he would yet call the

roll of his slaves from the foot of Bunker Hill, and if the North became too obstreperous, a few of the slave-drivers would be sent them thither to whip the impudent ones into line.

And the North was equally foolish and vainglorious:

"Let the Southern States try to secede; we'll send the Seventh Regiment (New York), on a promenade from Virginia to the Gulf, and they will halt long enough on the way to make the rebellious States behave themselves."

It all sounds childish in these later days, and incredible that any one could forget that this was to be a death-grapple between *Americans*. Nor did either section awake to its folly until more than one fearful blow had been struck and received.

While the echoes of Sumter's cannon were still in the throbbing air, the war ardor overleaped all bounds. President Lincoln's call for volunteers was answered by three times as many clamorous patriots as could crowd into the ranks. The South was equally enthusiastic, and from mountains, hills, plains, cities, towns, and hamlets, her thousands rushed, irrestrainable in their resolve to hurl back the invaders of the fair Southland. That they would easily do this, not a man among the hurrahing thousands doubted for one moment. The hilarious young men sent out invitations for a grand ball to be held in Washington, directly after the Federal army should be brushed from their path, and the charge of the national forces was in response to the demand of the leading northern newspaper that the rebel

Congress should not be permitted to assemble in Richmond on the 4th of July, then near at hand.

Well, the national and Confederate armies met at Bull Run, on that pulsing summer day in 1861, and we know the result. Evenly matched, the issue was doubtful for a time, and then the new and untrained Federals broke into a wild panic, and rushed pell-mell for the shelter of Washington. Had the exultant Southerners kept up the pursuit, that famous ball might have become a reality, but Providence, or rather the stupidity of their leaders, held them back until the golden opportunity was lost, never to return.

Our government had time to draw its breath. Bull Run taught the lesson that could never be forgotten. While the vic-

tory gave undue confidence to the South, and thereby injured its cause, the staggering blow to the North roused it to a true perception for the first time of the herculean work before it. Tremendous fighting must take place, immense armies must be raised and equipped, enormous sums of money must be obtained, and the endurance of the people was to be stretched to the last attenuated thread.

Some mighty unpleasant facts forced themselves upon the national government. There was warrant for the boast of the Confederate President, that to him was given the choice of the officers of the old army. He got them, too. This being the case, and the Southern soldier being the equal of the Northern private in every respect, it would have been beyond human attainment to

conquer the South, had each section been able to put the same number of men in the field.

But such was not the situation. The resources of the North, as compared with those of the South were overwhelmingly the greater. These factors must always be decisive between nations and inevitably win in the end. If the government could keep up the hammering long enough, the rock upon the anvil would be shattered to fragments.

But did anvil ever hold a rock of such flinty hardness as the Southern Confederacy?

The hammer struck its titanic blows, but itself was shivered, while the rock remained intact. Hammer after hammer was tried, and, being found worthless, was cast aside and a new one substituted. The weary

months passed before a fracture showed in the rock.

The fighting during the first year of the war was disjointed and on the part of the national armies, without any clear campaign in view. The majority of the men knew little of arms, but they learned fast; they were brave, and after weeding out the political officers, were led by skilful men. When the second year of the war opened, the Federals had 500,000 men in the field and the Confederates some 350,000. The latter had the advantage of fighting on inner lines or the defensive, while the Northern troops were forced to invade the South and attack her forces.

General McClellan, because of some dashing exploits in Western Virginia, was the idol of the army, and to him was given a

chance which does not come a second time to any man in a lifetime. He formed a definite plan of campaign. He saw that before the war could be brought to a successful close, the Union troops had to do three things: 1. The navy must make the blockade effective. The South had little money, but possessed a great deal of valuable cotton, with which she could buy the guns and supplies she needed. If her cruisers could be shut in, they would be unable to obtain such supplies and the Confederacy would be weakened to an almost fatal degree.

2. The Federals must open the Mississippi River. The Confederates had erected batteries on both banks of the lower part of the stream, which prevented the Union vessels from passing up and down. Beyond the Mississippi lay Texas, from which the

South drew hundreds of thousands of cattle needed by her armies. If these batteries could be silenced, it would be as if the Confederacy were split in twain, and she would be unable to obtain the food her soldiers needed.

3. It was necessary to overthrow the chief Confederate army, to be followed by the capture of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. This was the most gigantic task of all. It became the flint upon the anvil, whose hardness shattered the hammer that vainly tried to break it.

The year 1862 was one of tremendous events and the pendulum swung furthest to the side of the gray-coated legions. At Pittsburg Landing, Generals Grant and Sherman and their army narrowly escaped annihilation, but rallied, and with superb

daring and skill, beat back the force that had almost driven them into the river.

A few weeks previous saw the epoch-making fight between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, which put all the wooden navies of the world out of commission. The first real Union success of the war was the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, during the intense cold of the early winter, by General U. S. Grant. The North was thrilled with hope, and many saw in the modest bulldog from the West, the commander who was eventually to lead the Union cause to triumph.

The year 1862 found the North stripped for the fray. For the first time, the government fully comprehended the prodigious task before it. If it was less prepared for the war when it opened, it became better prepared as the months went by. A power-

ful fleet swept up the Mississippi and captured New Orleans, the leading commercial city of the South, and, though the Father of Waters still remained closed and Richmond was yet defiant, substantial progress had been made in the cause of the Union. The rock on the anvil began to show signs of cleavage.

To "Little Mac" was entrusted the hardest task of all,—that of the capture of the capital of the Confederacy. With a superb army of a hundred thousand men, McClellan passed down the Potomac in spring, from Washington, and landed at Fort Monroe, with the purpose of marching against Richmond from that point. By nature slow and cautious, he was held at bay at Yorktown by an inferior force for more than a month. A series of furious battles followed, and the

Union troops penetrated far enough to see the steeples and churches of the city, and to hear the ringing of its bells. General J. E. Johnston, the Confederate commander, was severely wounded, and his place was taken by General Robert E. Lee, one of the greatest military captains of modern times. He assailed McClellan with such fierceness that the Union commander was forced back. His troops were not held together, while those of the enemy were always compact and kept well in hand. McClellan began retreating toward the James River with the intention of uniting his forces. Lee pressed him, but aided by the gunboats, the Union leader repulsed him at Malvern Hill. The campaign against Richmond was a failure. The North was disheartened. President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand

more men, and McClellan was relieved of his command. Another hammer had been broken by the rock upon the anvil.

Having driven the Unionists from the front of Richmond, the exultant Confederates now "carried the war into Africa," by invading the North. General Pope, the new Union commander, was assailed on the old battlefield of Bull Run, routed and driven for refuge behind the fortifications of Washington. Instead of attacking the national capital, which must have fallen, Lee marched into Maryland, expecting the people to rise and join him. They did not do so, and in the terrifying confusion, the government once more called McClellan to the chief command. He set out in pursuit of the Confederate army, which halted at Antietam Creek, where the bloodiest battle of the

entire war was fought. The result was indecisive. Lee's army was not captured, but on the other hand, his invasion of the North was turned back, and he withdrew to Virginia, where he took up his old position beyond the Potomac. Pope had been relieved and McClellan was again superseded. The hammer that was tried once and the one that had been tried twice, were again flung aside as useless.

The new instrument was General Ambrose E. Burnside. At the head of a hundred and twenty-five thousand men he marched, at the close of the year, to Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock. He planned to cross the river and advance directly upon Richmond. But Lee was in his path, and Burnside was repulsed with appalling loss, fortunate in being able to bring his bleeding

army back to its old position. The hammer was flung away again and General Joseph E. Hooker assumed command of the Army of the Potomac.

Great events evolve great men. No matter how momentous the crisis in the existence of our nation, the true leader, the God-given pilot, comes forward, takes the wheel and guides the ship of state unerringly through the breakers. Washington was the creator of the Union, and Lincoln, humanly speaking, its saviour. Serene, unfaltering, with a tact and skill given to few mortals, he, like Washington, saw the end from the beginning, and in the homely parlance which sums up men's wisdom, he did the right thing at the right time.

There had been many friends of slavery in the North before the war, or perhaps it is

more accurate to say, that the majority were opposed to any disturbance of the institution. By this time, however, every intelligent person understood that slavery was the real cause of the war, and the wish became general that a fatal blow should be struck against it. President Lincoln saw that the hour had come, and shortly after the battle of Antietam, he issued a proclamation warning the seceding States that if they did not return to the Union by the first of the following January, he would declare their slaves free. He did not expect the States to pay any heed to his warning, and they did not. So, on the first day of 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation, as it is called, took effect, so far as the army and navy of the United States could enforce it.

Meanwhile, General Grant was striving to

unlock the Mississippi at Vicksburg, where the Confederates had erected their most powerful batteries and fortifications. Nothing could surpass the bravery of the besiegers and those who were besieged. The latter held out for months, but the grip of Grant could not be shaken off, and on the Fourth of July, the Confederate commander surrendered his garrison of more than thirty thousand men. Port Hudson, some distance below Vicksburg, did the same and thus the Mississippi was opened from its source to the Gulf, and one of the great tasks of the Union armies was accomplished. The vast cattle region and the territory west of the river was cut off from the Confederacy, which thus received an almost fatal blow.

The opening days of this year saw the close

of the fearful battle of Chickamauga in the Southwest. In that furious struggle, where the opposing armies were nearly matched in numbers, the victory was with the Confederates. But for the surpassing heroism and ability of General George H. Thomas, the Union forces would have been destroyed.

The blockade had been made fairly effective, though not wholly so. England and France sympathized with the South. Could the Emperor of France have had his way, England would have joined him in recognizing the Confederacy, but Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were unshakable in their friendship for the Union, and the blow was averted.

We recall that General Hooker had become the new commander of the Army of the Potomac, as the Union army in the East

was called. He waited until mild weather before crossing the Rappahannock to the north of Fredericksburg, where Burnside received his disastrous repulse several months before. Then Hooker faced toward Richmond, but had not marched far on the road when he met the army of Lee, at a small place called Chancellorsville. Hooker boastingly declared that at last he had the Confederate commander where he wanted him, and that nothing could save him. The tremendous battle which followed lasted two days. Never was a fight conducted more fiercely, on both sides. There is preserved to-day in Washington the stump of a tree, more than a foot in diameter, which was cut in two by rifle bullets. Some of the troops, in charging to and fro, trampled over dead men lying three deep. Lee out-generaled

Hooker, who staggered back across the Rappahannock with his defeated army, glad to escape even on such humiliating conditions.

For the second time, the triumphant Confederates invaded the North. At the head of seventy thousand men, the flower of the Confederacy, Lee swung to the west of Hooker and entered the Shenandoah Valley, while Hooker fell back in order to keep between the enemy and Washington, which it was feared Lee intended to attack. At this critical juncture, Hooker was superseded by General George G. Meade, who now became the new hammer that was to smite the rock which, though fractured, did not yet fall apart.

As Lee turned eastward toward Philadelphia, Meade took position in front of him

at the little town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. There, in the opening days of July, was fought the most momentous battle of the war and one of the greatest conflicts of modern times.

At the close of the first day, the advantage was with the Confederates, who captured a large number of prisoners and held a strong position. The struggle was desperate on the second day, the Confederates succeeding in gaining one of the Union positions, but they secured no decisive advantage.

The forenoon of July 3, was spent in preparing for the supreme test. At one o'clock, General Lee opened with a hundred and fifty cannon, from Seminary Ridge, on which he held position, and kept up the appalling cannonade for two hours. This was meant to confuse the Union troops preparatory to

making a charge upon them. Meade replied with eighty guns, and never before did the American continent tremble under such a shock.

From under the sulphurous clouds of smoke, eighteen thousand Confederates, forming a column a mile long, charged up Cemetery Ridge for a mile, where the Union troops grimly awaited them. Cannon and musketry killed hundreds, but those who kept their feet never flinched. They bayoneted the cannoneers and planted their battle flags on the Union breastworks. Then the fight became hand to hand, but the converging fire upon the Confederate column was more than any human beings, however brave, could stand. Broken, shattered, and with most of their men slain or prisoners, those that were left ran down

the slope and joined their friends, who admired their amazing heroism no more than did the Union defenders that had brought it to naught.

When the sun went down, the battle of Gettysburg was lost to the Southern Confederacy. Never again did its sons penetrate the North or come so near success. Lee began his retreat during the night, the Army of the Potomac slowly following, but not strong enough to attack. Lee recrossed the Potomac, where he remained until the following year without anything of importance taking place.

Such is a hasty summary of the leading events in the War for the Union down to the midsummer of 1863. The cause had made a decisive advance, but the end was not yet in sight. It would seem that with

the opening of the Mississippi and the defeat of the finest army the Confederacy was ever able to put in the field, the war enthusiasm in the North would be more fervent than before. The South had almost every available man in the ranks, and could not replace her fearful losses. Her currency had become practically worthless. It was said that when a man went to market to make his purchases, he carried the money in the basket and took back his purchases in his waistcoat pocket. General Gordon tells of one of his men paying two thousand dollars for the currying of his horse. A month's pay would not buy a pair of good shoestrings. The supplies were steadily cut off until the women and children and aged ones at home were not far from the point of starvation.

None the less, the Confederate soldiers fought with the same unsurpassable heroism they had shown from the first. Their leaders were skilful and their faith in General Lee was unbounded. He could give no command which they would not rush to obey, and none knew better how to give wise commands.

But in the North the ominous question was being asked: "Are we not paying more than the Union is worth? Shall we not stop this awful loss of life? Shall we continue indefinitely to pile up a mountainous debt at the rate of more than a million dollars a day?"

The losses as we know had been horrifying. The deaths were not scores or hundreds, but thousands. The grim destroyer never reaped a more bountiful harvest. At

Gettysburg, the killed, wounded and captured numbered fifty thousand. Americans were indeed fighting Americans, and they did so with a bravery which no nation ancient or modern has ever surpassed. The loss of two or three hundred soldiers in a skirmish or reconnaissance attracted little remark. Who to-day recalls the affair at Ball's Bluff near Washington? And yet a thousand Union soldiers were slain in that fierce fight which was turned into a massacre.

Those who do not remember the struggle for the Union look upon our recent flurry with Spain as a real war, The total killed on our side in Cuba and the Philippines was but a trifle compared with many of the losses in a single battle between the years of 1861 and 1865. As a one-armed veteran remarked to the writer in reading an account of the

deaths before Santiago and in the neighborhood: "We used to kill and lose more men than that before breakfast and think nothing of it."

Moreover, one of the most alarming situations was caused by the rumors that were in the air, but which no one could verify or trace to their source. It was declared that great as were the published lists of losses, the deaths were really much greater. It was said that there had been crushing disasters to the Union armies in different parts of the country, which the government was repressing, because it dared not let the truth become known. These sinister reports were dangerous in the highest degree, for they undermined the faith of the people not only in our military leaders, but in the government itself.

Calm, conservative and ordinarily patriotic men said with truth: "If we can keep up the struggle, we shall win in the end, but the question is whether we can keep up the struggle. The value of gold has gone up two hundred and fifty per cent, and is still appreciating; bankruptcy is not far off, and after that the deluge. Worse than all, the numbers are growing who feel that we have given enough lives for the Union and it is time to stop."

But among the timid ones were multitudes who resolutely insisted that there should be no shrinking until the war closed in triumph. Many of the veterans re-enlisted; enormous bounties were paid for recruits and the decimated ranks at the front were kept filled. The pale, worn, patient President was downcast many times over the terrifying losses of

lives, but there was no thought of surrender on his part. His hands were upheld by stern patriots all through the North. The pulpit never thundered more burningly, and the leading newspapers were loyal. The same devoted spirit was shown to a greater or less degree in every profession. Oliver Wendell Holmes added an extra stanza to the "Star-Spangled Banner"; Whittier charmed by his beautiful "Barbara Frietchie" and other poems, and Julia Ward Howe thrilled every lover of the Union by her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." He who has heard ten thousand troops swinging forward, the rhythm of their voices rising in the mighty chant of that noble hymn, can never forget the feeling that went through him from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

"I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps:
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on."

It was in this atmosphere, amid these impressive solemnities, that there appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for December, 1863, a striking production under the title of "The Man without a Country." It was the first intention of the author and publisher that it should be anonymous, but through an oversight, the former's name appeared in the index: he was the famous author and Unitarian preacher, Edward Everett Hale. The title was one of those happy thoughts, which of themselves are an inspiration, and the piece attracted immediate attention. It was found more than to fulfil the promise of the caption. It was translated into several languages and attained a circulation of upward of half a million copies.

The skill with which this sketch was written caused multitudes to believe it was true,

either in whole or in part. There were some indeed who professed to identify the real Philip Nolan, and supplied several of the gaps in his biography. These good people did not stop to consider the impossibility of the narrative. In the first place, the Constitution does not permit the infliction of unusual and inhuman punishment, and there was something grotesque in the idea of a young man suffering such an awful penalty for, in a hasty moment, damning the Union and expressing the hope that he might never hear of it again. At the time of the appearance of the sketch, several million men were damning the Union morning, noon and night, with a considerable of the same between times. Not only that, but they were striving to the utmost to destroy that Union, and yet, very properly, the government

magnanimously forgave every one of those fellows after their failure. In the case of Philip Nolan, the punishment did not fit the crime.

Moreover, the fancy that an officer, even in such circumstances, could live and move and have his being,—that he could come in contact with hundreds of men and women, throughout a period covering more than half a century, and yet never hear one syllable of what had passed and was passing in the greatest country on earth, that he should live well into the middle of the fearful War for the Union, and yet never have a hint of the mighty struggle;—such a fancy transcended the bounds of possibility.

None the less, "The Man without a Country" was captivating and impressive to a degree, and it possesses a vitality of its

own, which makes it as fascinating as when it was written during the darkest period of the great war, under the impulse of a patriotic fervor, that remains powerful and eloquent to-day, in the heart of the good man and brilliant author, who, at this writing, has passed well beyond fourscore, respected and honored, with the wish of all that his days may still be long in the land.

EDWARD S. ELLIS.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J., May, 1907.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the "New York Herald" of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement,

"NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette Levant, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring, to the very stubble, all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the

"Herald." My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the Levant who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, "The Man without a Country.'" For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's Administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown,—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan

n charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields,—who was in the Navy Department when he came home,—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *Non mi ricordo*, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The

other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses; and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show

him a cane-brake or a cottonwood tree, as he said,—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as "A Man without a Country."

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason-trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams,

got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped,—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D——n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation, where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private

tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say,—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed.

Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them,—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on

board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men,—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the Intrepid some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry

ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"Washington," (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

"Sir,—You will receive from Lt. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.

"The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters,

rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of

your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Resp'y yours,

"W. SOUTHARD, for the

"Sec'y of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the Levant has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in his mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all

talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war,—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room,—he always had a state-room,—which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch,

could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was, that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the Brandywine, which we had met at Alexandria. We

had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only

somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only

thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day. "So Nolan was per-

mitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

> "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan him-

self went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well."

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High through his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,"—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakspeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the

other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him,—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home,—if, as I say, it was Shaw,—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the Warren came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals;

she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps, —that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—

it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the Warren I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the Warren, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's state-room for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went

on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travellers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contre-temps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what

"American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddlers to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "The Old Thirteen," gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said, "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to,—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. —As the dancing went on, Nolan and our

fellows all got at ease, as I said,—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,—

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly, that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,—

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillons, or even in the

pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly,—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after,—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was, —He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order: nobody can now: and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways,—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of

the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority,—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him,—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his

own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot,—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders,—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,—

"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 quarter-deck, 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 to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the despatches."

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 infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of cere-

mony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. 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, ravelins, 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 afterwards. 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 any one 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 note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." 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 scrap-books.

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, and 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 some one 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 ankle-cuffs 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 Beledeljereed.

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 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 "put that into Spanish,"*—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn

* The phrase is General Taylor's. When Santa Aña brought up his immense army at Buena Vista, he sent a flag of truce to invite Taylor to surrender. "Tell him to go to hell," said old Rough-and-Ready, "Bliss, put that into Spanish." "Perfect Bliss," as this accomplished officer, too early lost, was called, interpreted liberally, replying to the flag, in exquisite Castilian, "Say to General Santa Aña that, if he wants us, he must come and take us." And this is the answer which has gone into history.

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 own 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 Fernando to beg the white doctor 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, 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 back 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 to-day!"

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, and I owe to him my taste for 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!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk

Burr,—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful: it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who

broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country,—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his

folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps, and cut Texas out of it,—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my

own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American Station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit,—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously,—

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be with him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other,

and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say,—

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed

punishment,—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember

that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be

sustained ; if you fail, you will be disavowed.' Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter :

" Levant, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

Dear Fred,—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea that the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not

left his state-room,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old Intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear

old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana," as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'Oh, Danforth," he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that

there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him every-

thing before. Danger or no danger, delicacy, or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you!' Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon;—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again,

—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java,—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And

do you think he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer, named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vicks's plantation,' said he; 'well that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of emigration, and the means of it,—of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs,—of inventions and books and literature,—of the colleges and

West Point and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my

visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian and the exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol,—and the statues for the pediment,—and Crawford's Liberty,—and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion! *

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the

* This story was written in 1863.—Editor.

Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness,' —and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night

and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

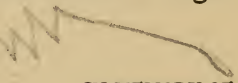
"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper, at the place where he had marked the text,—

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called

their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written,—

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it,—



IN MEMORY OF
PHILIP NOLAN,
LIEUTENANT
IN THE ARMY OF
THE UNITED STATES.

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"