

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIVER AND ITS HISTORY.

THE Mississippi is well worth reading about. It is not a commonplace river, but on the contrary is in all ways remarkable. Considering the Missouri its main branch, it is the longest river in the world — four thousand three hundred



VIEW ON THE RIVER.

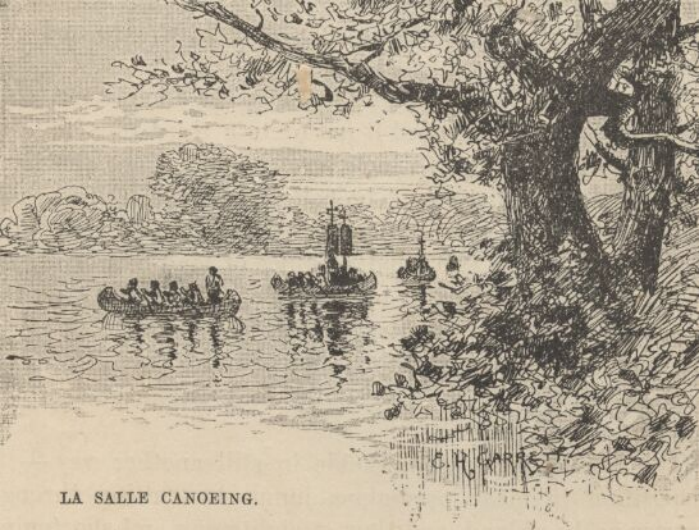
miles. It seems safe to say that it is also the crookedest river in the world, since in one part of its journey it uses up one thousand three hundred miles to cover the same ground that the crow would fly over in six hundred and seventy-five. It discharges three times as much water as the St. Lawrence,



A HIGH-WATER SKETCH.

It is a remarkable river in this: that instead of widening toward its mouth, it grows narrower; grows narrower and deeper. From the junction of the Ohio to a point half way down to the sea, the width averages a mile in high water: thence to the sea the width steadily diminishes, until, at the "Passes," above the mouth,



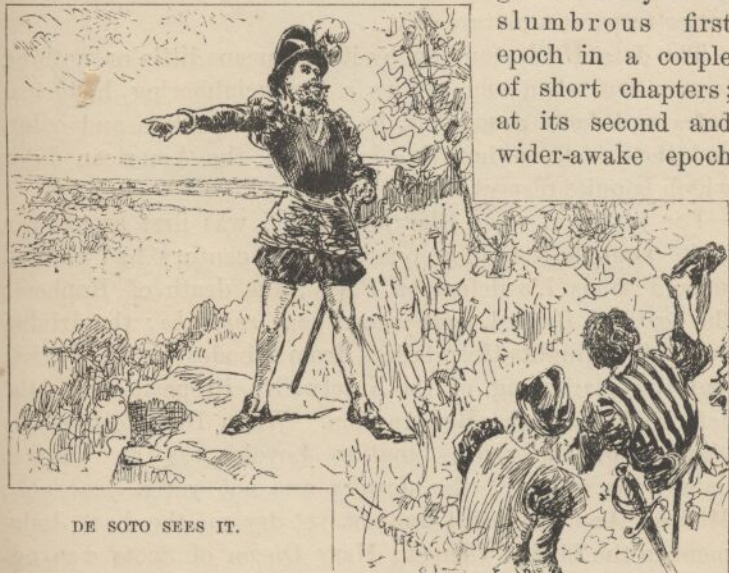


LA SALLE CANOEING.

But enough of these examples of the mighty stream's eccentricities for the present—I will give a few more of them further along in the book.

Let us drop the Mississippi's physical history, and say a word about its historical history—so to speak. We can

glance briefly at its slumbrous first epoch in a couple of short chapters; at its second and wider-awake epoch



DE SOTO SEES IT.

religion was the passion of their ladies, and the classifying their offspring into children of full rank and children by brevet their pastime. In fact, all around, religion was in a peculiarly blooming condition: the Council of Trent was being



“CLASSIFYING THEIR OFFSPRING.”

called; the Spanish Inquisition was roasting, and racking, and burning, with a free hand; elsewhere on the continent the nations were being persuaded to holy living by the sword and fire; in England, Henry VIII. had suppressed the monasteries, burnt Fisher and another bishop or two, and was getting his



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.



E. G. Gerrard



CROSSING THE LAKES.



S. H. GARRETT

hospitably received and well teated — if to
ceived by an Indian chief who has taken

be re-
off his



“HOSPITABLY RECEIVED.”

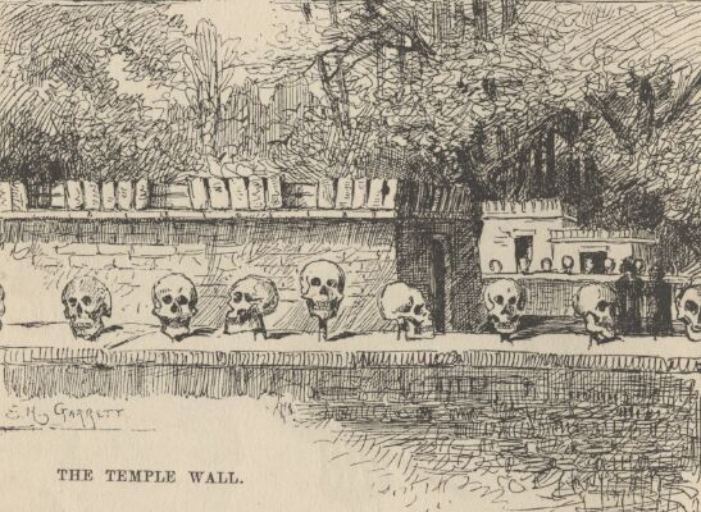
last rag in order to appear at his level best is to be received hospitably; and if to be treated abundantly to fish, porridge, and other game, including dog, and have these things forked into one's mouth by the ungloved fingers of Indians is to be well treated. In the morning the chief and six hundred of his tribesmen escorted the Frenchmen to the river and bade them a friendly farewell.



E. H. Goffard



H. GARRETT



E. H. GARRETT

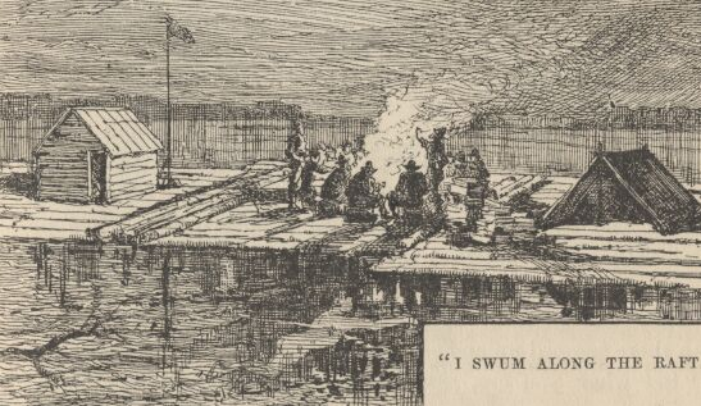
THE TEMPLE WALL.



EARLY NAVIGATION.

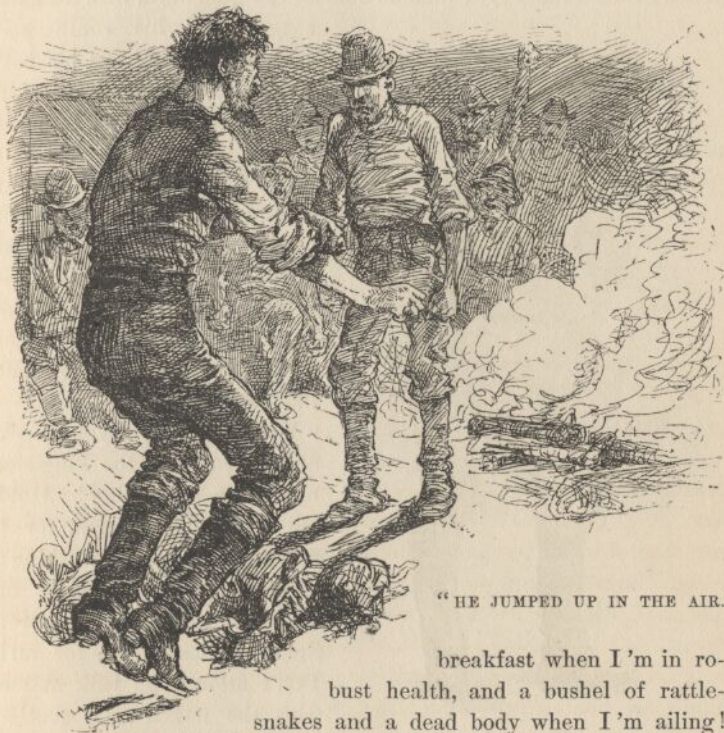


E. H. GIBBETT.



“ I SWUM ALONG THE RAFT

Look at me! I take nineteen alligators and a bar'l of whiskey for

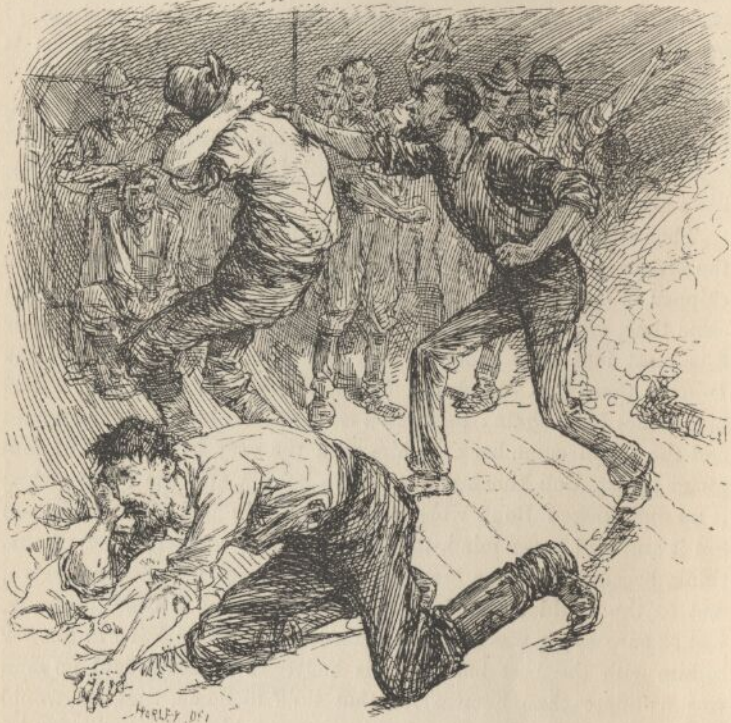


“HE JUMPED UP IN THE AIR.”

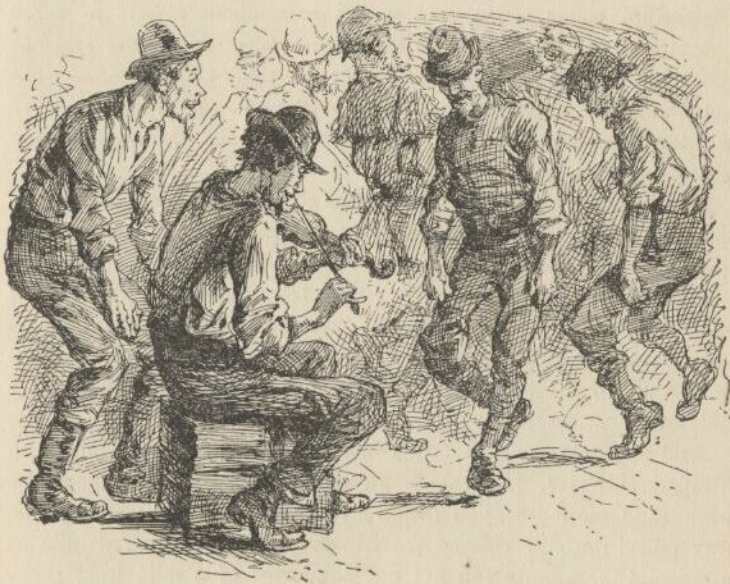
breakfast when I'm in robust health, and a bushel of rattlesnakes and a dead body when I'm ailing! I split the everlasting rocks with my glance,



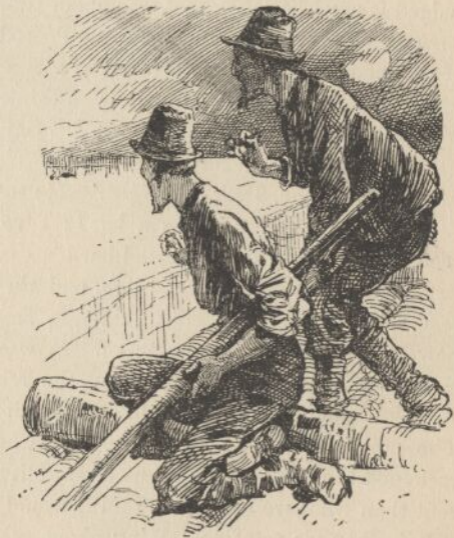
“WENT AROUND IN A CIRCLE.”



“HE KNOCKED THEM SPRAWLING.”



AN OLD-FASHIONED BREAK-DOWN.



THE MYSTERIOUS BARREL.



“SOON THERE WAS A REGULAR STORM.”

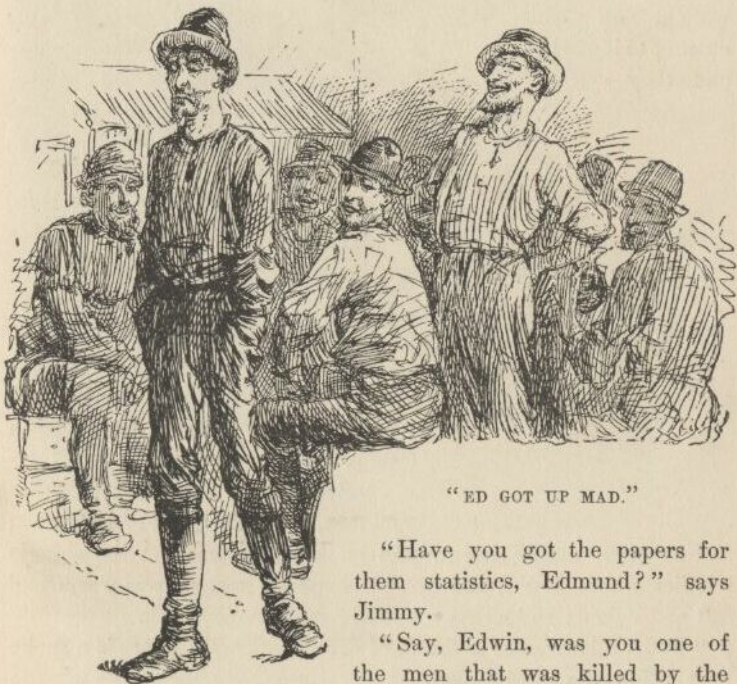


HARLEY 0-8

“THE LIGHTNING KILLED TWO MEN.”



“GRABBED THE LITTLE CHILD.”



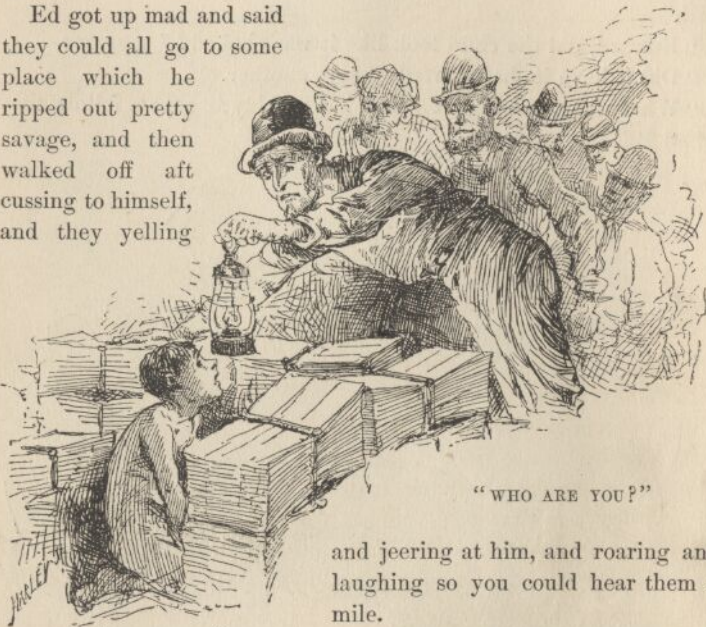
“ED GOT UP MAD.”

“Have you got the papers for them statistics, Edmund?” says Jimmy.

“Say, Edwin, was you one of the men that was killed by the lightning?” says Davy.

“Say, boys,” says Bill, “less divide it up. Thar’s thirteen of us. I can swaller a thirteenth of the yarn, if you can worry down the rest.”

Ed got up mad and said they could all go to some place which he ripped out pretty savage, and then walked off aft cussing to himself, and they yelling



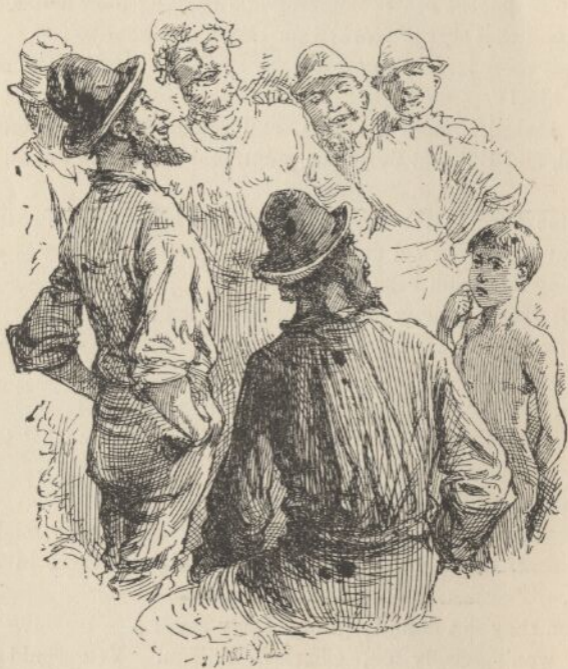
“WHO ARE YOU?”

and jeering at him, and roaring and laughing so you could hear them a mile.

“Boys, we’ll split a watermelon on that,” says the Child of Calamity;

and he come rummaging around in the dark amongst the shingle bundles where I was, and put his hand on me. I was warm and soft and naked; so he says “Ouch!” and jumped back.

“Fetch a lantern or a chunk of fire here, boys — there’s a snake here as big as a cow!”



“CHARLES WILLIAM ALLBRIGHT, SIR.”

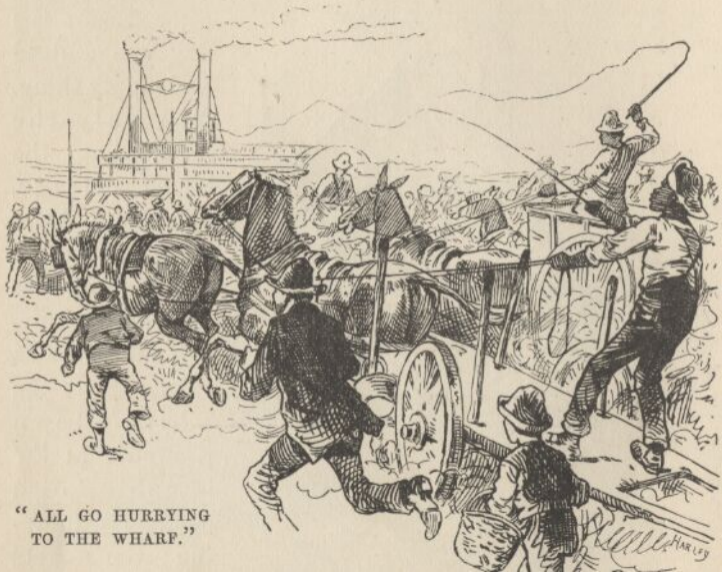




“OUR PERMANENT AMBITION.”



“WATER-STREET CLERKS.”



“ALL GO HURRYING
TO THE WHARF.”

HARLEY



“THE TOWN DRUNKARD ASLEEP ONCE MORE.”



"A SHINING HERO."



me, and I was able to look down and pity the untravelled with a compassion that had hardly a trace of contempt in it. Still, when we stopped at villages and wood-yards, I could not help lolling carelessly upon the railings of the boiler deck to enjoy the envy of the country boys on the bank. If they did not seem to discover me, I presently sneezed to attract their attention, or moved to a position where they could not help seeing me. And as soon as I knew they saw me I gaped and stretched, and gave other signs of being mightily bored with travelling.



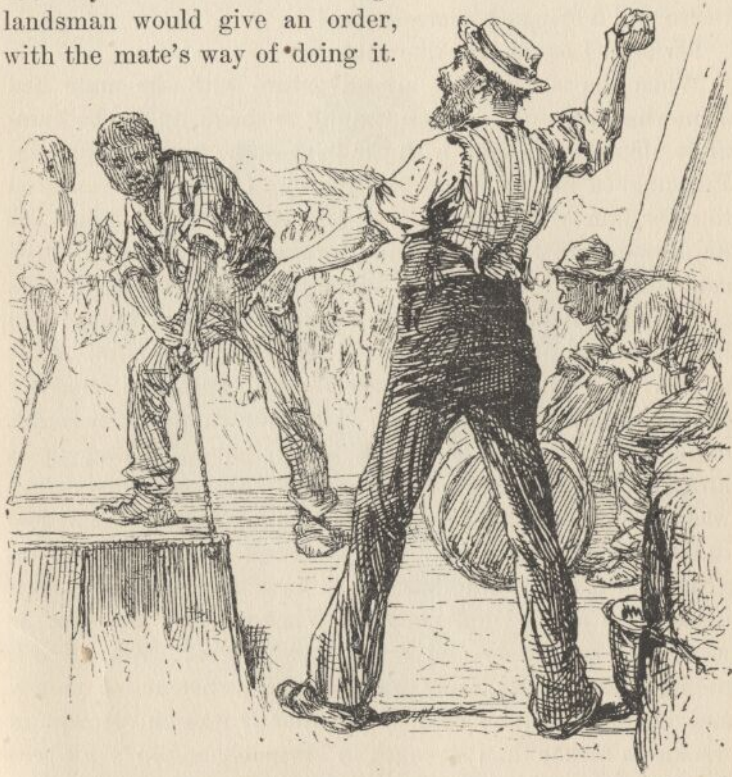
“BORED WITH TRAVELLING.”

I kept my hat off all the time, and stayed where the wind and the sun could strike me, because I wanted to get the bronzed and weather-beaten look of an old traveller. Before the second day was half gone, I experienced a joy which filled me with the purest gratitude; for I saw that the skin had begun to blister and peel off my face and neck. I wished that the boys and girls at home could see me now.



“TELL ME WHERE IT IS—I’LL FETCH IT!”

When he gave even the simplest order, he discharged it like a blast of lightning, and sent a long, reverberating peal of profanity thundering after it. I could not help contrasting the way in which the average landsman would give an order, with the mate's way of doing it.



SUBLIME IN PROFANITY.



“HIS TEARS DRIPPED UPON THE LANTERN.”

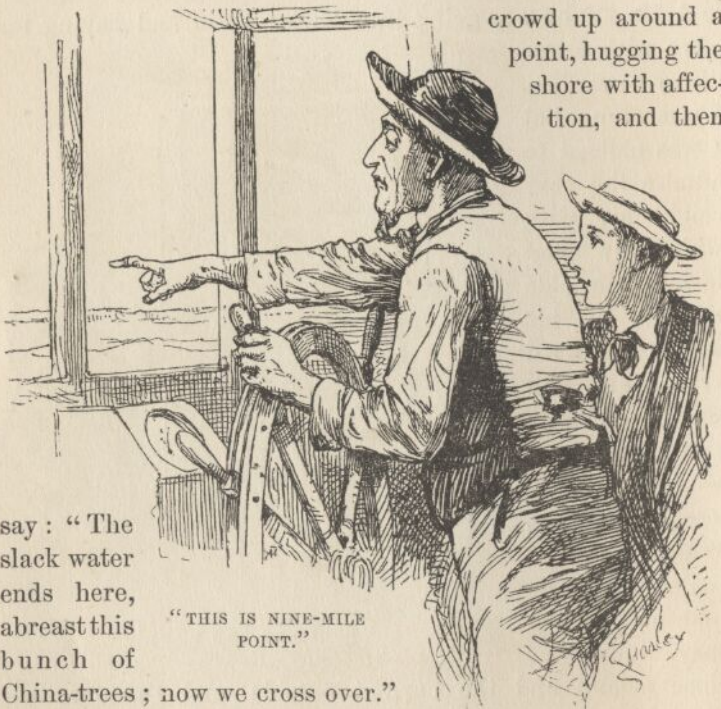






“ BESIEGING THE PILOT. ”

But no; he would crowd up around a point, hugging the shore with affection, and then



say: "The slack water ends here, abreast this bunch of China-trees; now we cross over."

"THIS IS NINE-MILE POINT."

Shawley

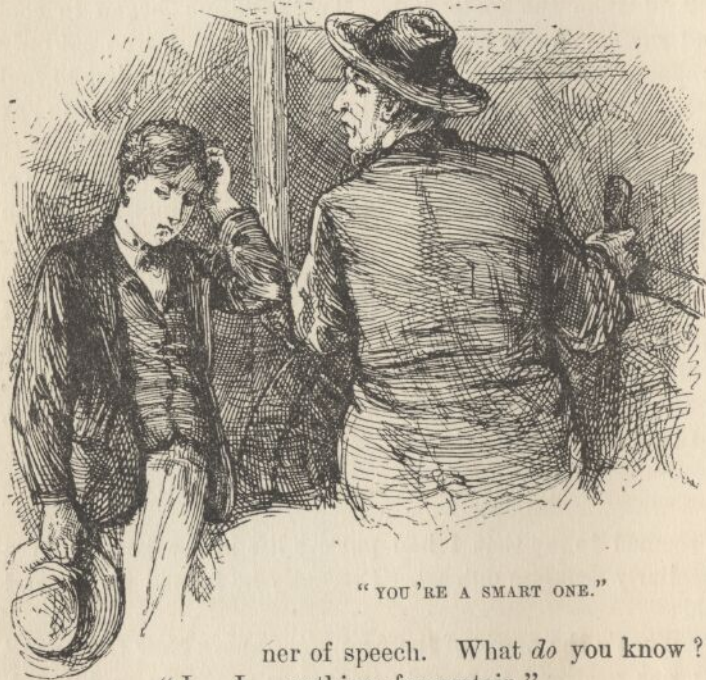


"COME! TURN OUT!"



“A MINUTE LATER.”

“You — you — don’t know?” mimicking my drawing man-



“YOU ’RE A SMART ONE.”

ner of speech. What *do* you know?”

“I — I — nothing, for certain.”

“By the great Cæsar’s ghost, I believe you! You’re the stupidest dunderhead I ever saw or ever heard of, so help me Moses! The idea of *you* being a pilot — *you*! Why, you don’t know enough to pilot a cow down a lane.”

“Look here! What do you suppose I told you the names of those points for?”

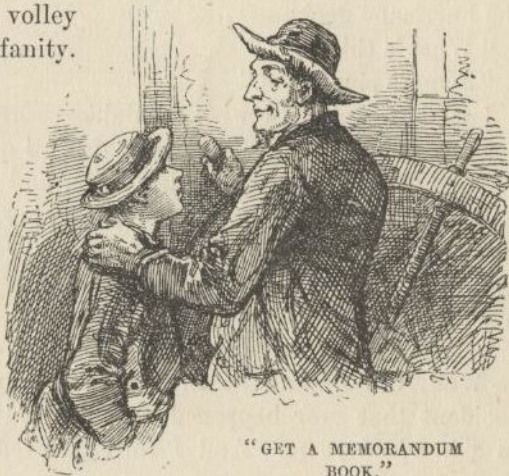
I tremblingly considered a moment, and then the devil of temptation provoked me to say:—

“Well—to—to—be entertaining, I thought.”

This was a red rag to the bull. He raged and stormed so (he was crossing the river at the time) that I judge it made him blind, because he ran over the steering-oar of a trading-scow.

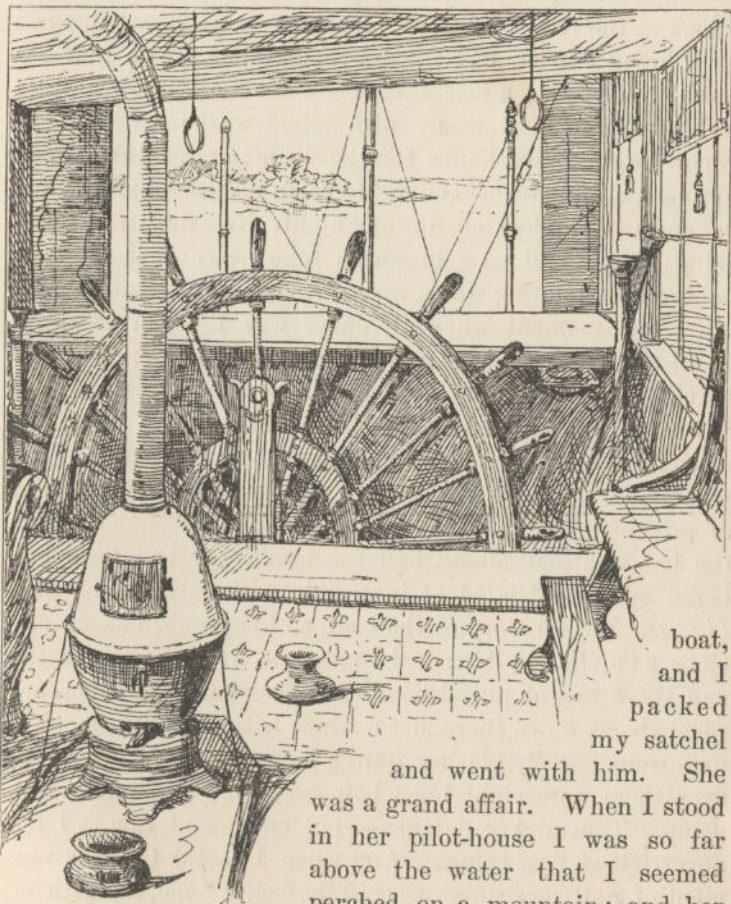
Of course the traders sent up a volley of red-hot profanity.

Never was a man so grateful as Mr. Bixby was: because he was brim full, and here were subjects who would *talk back*. He threw open a window, thrust his head out, and such an irruption followed



“GET A MEMORANDUM
BOOK.”

My chief was presently hired to go on a big New Orleans

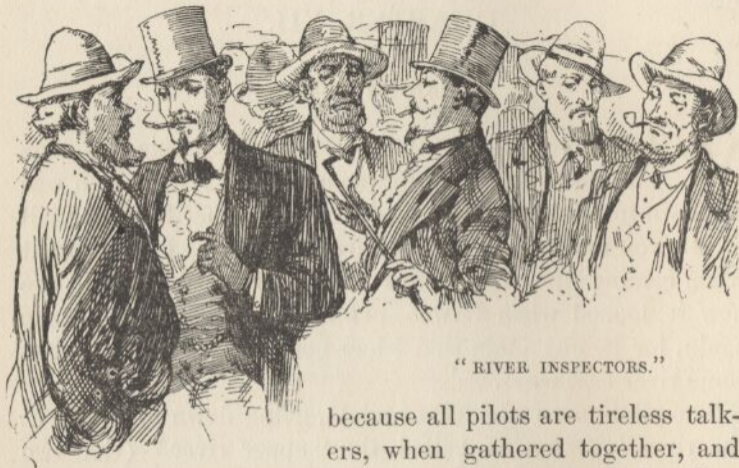


"A SUMPTUOUS TEMPLE."

boat,
and I
packed
my satchel

and went with him. She
was a grand affair. When I stood
in her pilot-house I was so far
above the water that I seemed
perched on a mountain; and her
decks stretched so far away, fore
and aft, below me, that I wondered

how I could ever have considered the little "Paul Jones" a
large craft. There were other differences, too. The "Paul
Jones's" pilot-house was a cheap, dingy, battered rattle-trap,



“ RIVER INSPECTORS.”

because all pilots are tireless talkers, when gathered together, and as they talk only about the river they are always understood and are always interesting. Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings.



“A TANGLED KNOT.”



“INSENSIBLY THEY DREW TOGETHER.”



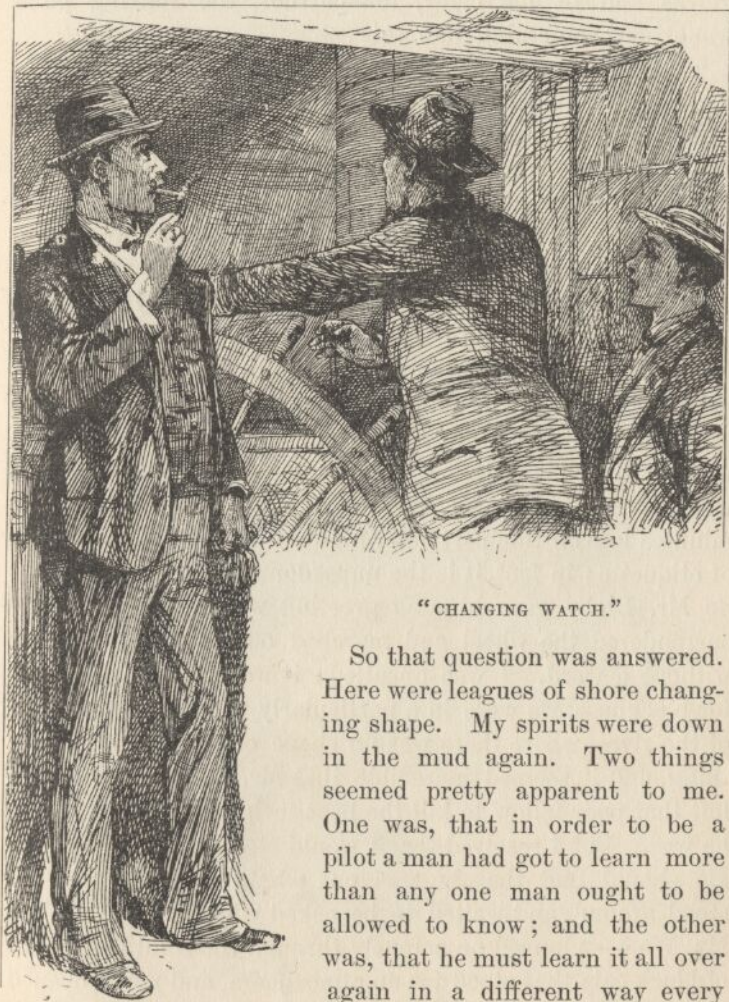


“OVER SHE GOES.”





“LOADING AND FIRING.”

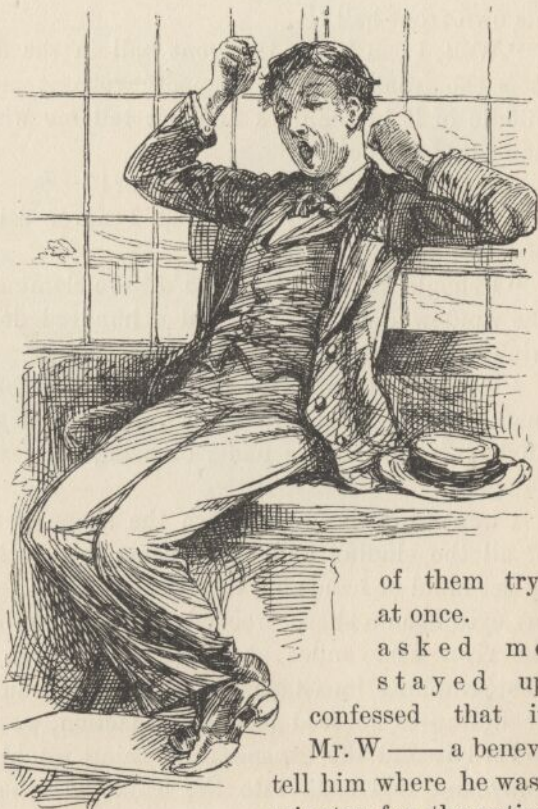


“CHANGING WATCH.”

So that question was answered. Here were leagues of shore changing shape. My spirits were down in the mud again. Two things seemed pretty apparent to me. One was, that in order to be a pilot a man had got to learn more than any one man ought to be allowed to know; and the other was, that he must learn it all over again in a different way every twenty-four hours.

However, I must have gone to sleep in the course of time, because the next thing I was aware of was the fact that day was breaking, Mr. W — gone, and Mr. Bixby at the wheel again. So it was four o'clock and all well — but me; I felt like a skinful of dry bones and alling to ache

Mr. Bixby what I had there for. I was to do olence, — It took five preposter-filter into then I judge it filled him nearly up to the chin; because he



“ALL WELL — BUT ME.”

of them try-
at once.
asked me
stayed up
confessed that it
Mr. W — a benev-
tell him where he was.
minutes for the entire
ousness of the thing to
Mr. Bixby's system, and



“LEARNING THE RIVER.”





“THAT’S A REEF.”



"SET HER BACK."

bar under every point, because the water that comes down around it forms an eddy and allows the sediment to sink. Do you see those fine lines on the face of the water that branch out like the ribs of a fan? Well, those are little reefs;

I blushed under the sarcasm, and said I had n't had any hail.

"Ah! Then it was for wood, I suppose. The officer of the watch will tell you when he wants to wood up."

I went on consuming, and said I was n't after wood.

"Indeed? Why, what could you want over here in the bend, then? Did you ever know of a boat following a bend up-stream at this stage of the river?"

"No, sir, — and *I* was n't trying to follow it. I was getting away from a bluff reef."

"No, it was n't a bluff reef; there is n't one within three miles of where you were."

"But I saw it. It was as bluff as that one yonder."

"Just about. Run over it!"

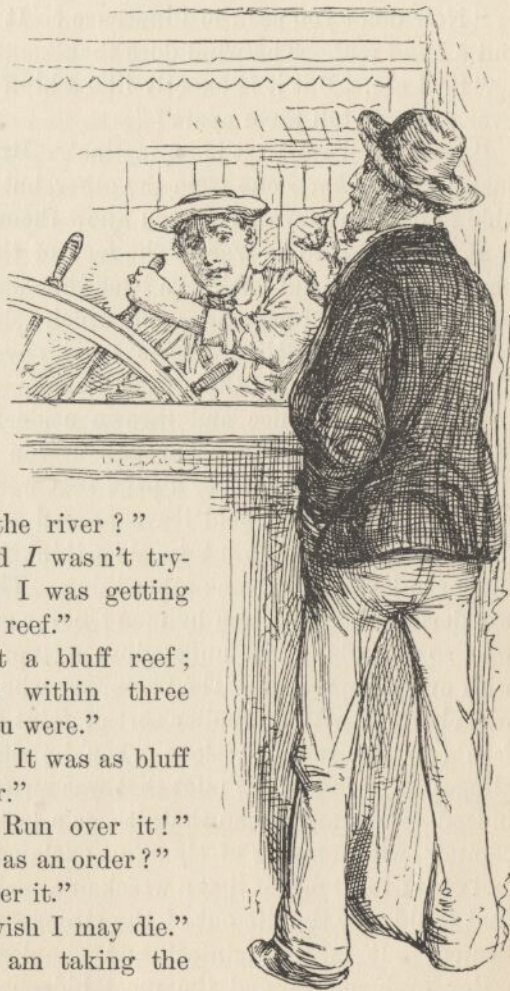
"Do you give it as an order?"

"Yes. Run over it."

"If I don't, I wish I may die."

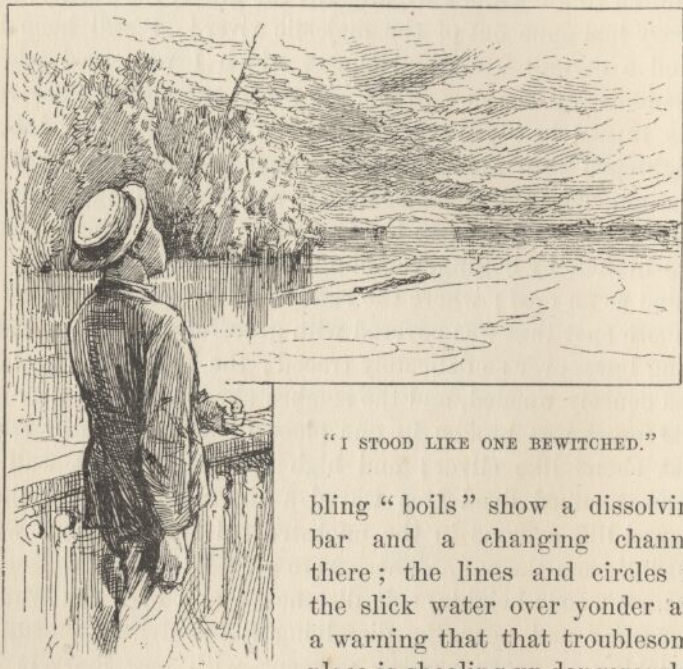
"All right; I am taking the responsibility."

I was just as anxious to kill the boat, now, as I had been to save her before. I impressed my orders upon my memory, to be



MR. B. STEPPED INTO VIEW.

This sun means that we are going to have wind to-morrow ; that floating log means that the river is rising, small thanks to it ; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody's steamboat one of these nights, if it keeps on stretching out like that ; those tum-



“ I STOOD LIKE ONE BEWITCHED.”

bling “boils” show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there ; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that troublesome place is shoaling up dangerously ;



G.H.P.



“WEARING A TOOTHPICK.”



“DO YOU SEE THAT
STUMP?”

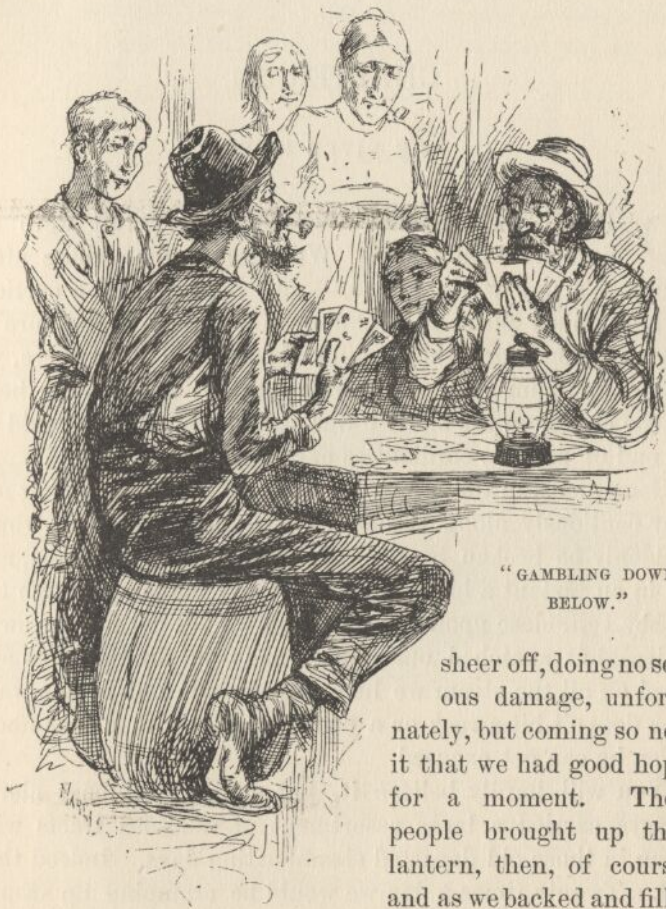


THE ORATOR OF THE SCOW.



“DRIFTING LOGS.”

we should have eaten up a Posey County family, fruit, furniture, and all, but that they happened to be fiddling down below and we just caught the sound of the music in time to



“GAMBLING DOWN
BELOW.”

sheer off, doing no serious damage, unfortunately, but coming so near it that we had good hopes for a moment. These people brought up their lantern, then, of course; and as we backed and filled to get away, the precious

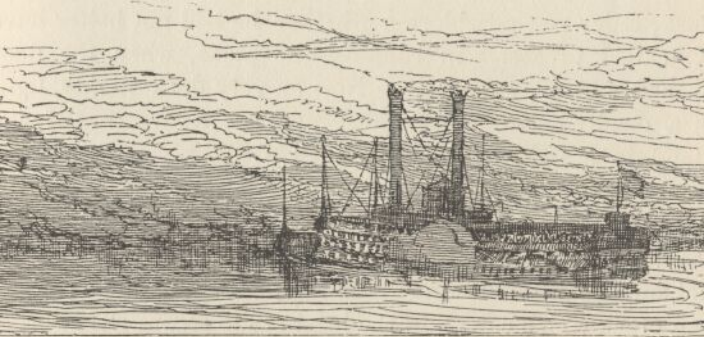
family stood in the light of it — both sexes and various ages — and cursed us till everything turned blue. Once a coal-boatman sent a bullet through our pilot-house, when we borrowed a steering-oar of him in a very narrow place.



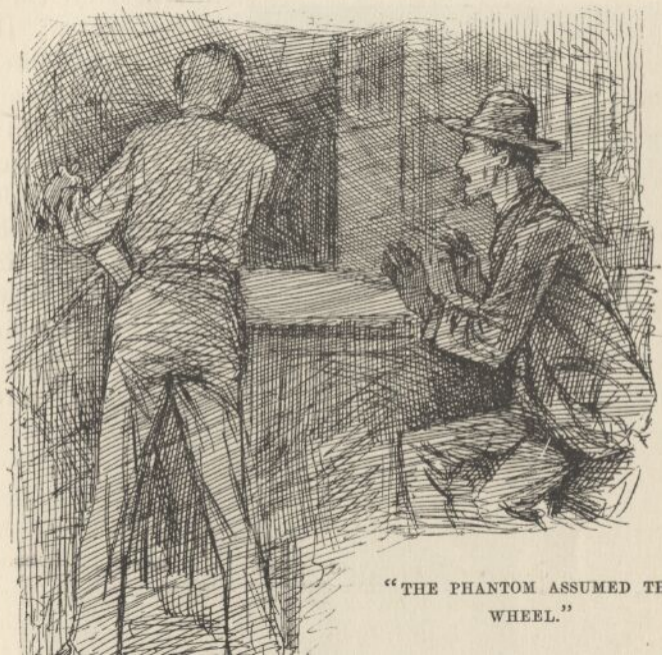
“TRACT DISTRIBUTING.”



“YELLOW-FACED MISERABLES.”

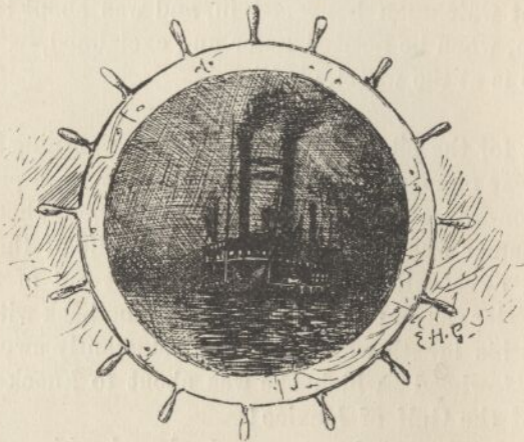


ON A SHORELESS SEA.

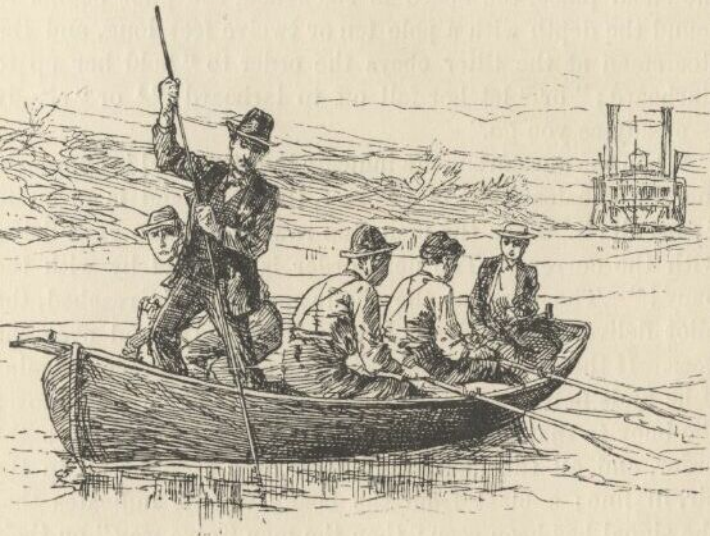


“THE PHANTOM ASSUMED THE
WHEEL.”





E.H.B.



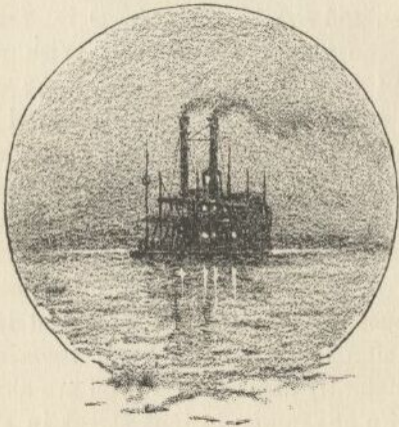
“SOUNDING.”

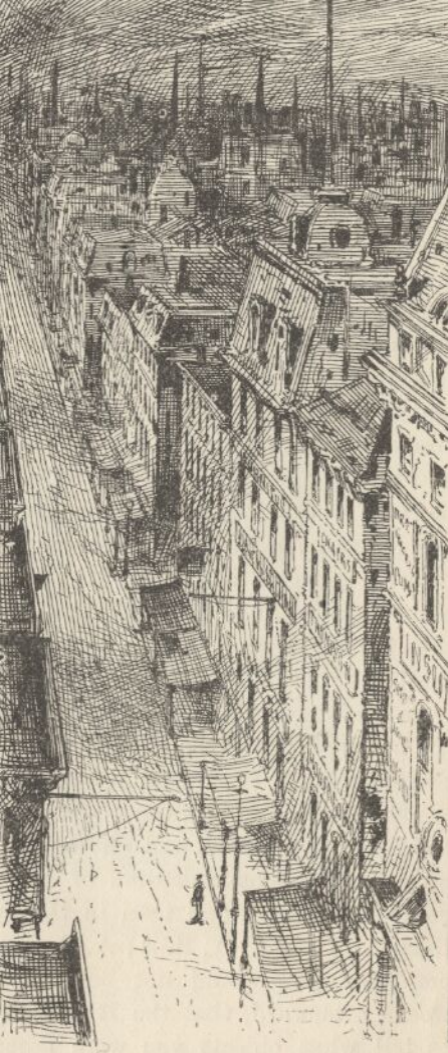


“ OH, HOW AWFUL.”



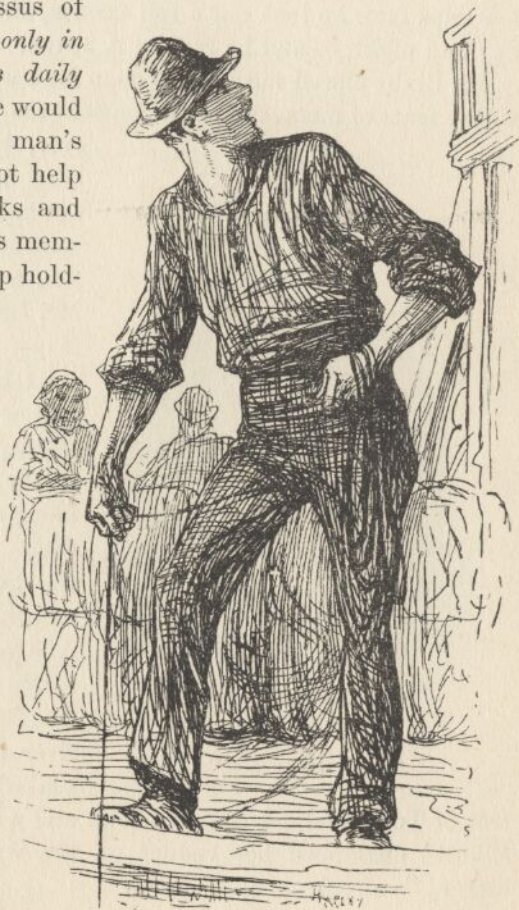
“HAULED ABOARD.”





"A CITY STREET."

Give a man a tolerably fair memory to start with, and piloting will develop it into a very colossus of capability. But *only in the matters it is daily drilled in*. A time would come when the man's faculties could not help noticing landmarks and soundings, and his memory could not help holding on to them with the grip of a vice; but if you asked that same man at noon what he had had for breakfast, it would be ten chances to one that he could not tell you. Astonishing things can be done with the human memory if you will devote it faithfully to one particular line of business.



“LET A LEADSMAN CRY, ‘HALF TWAIN.’”



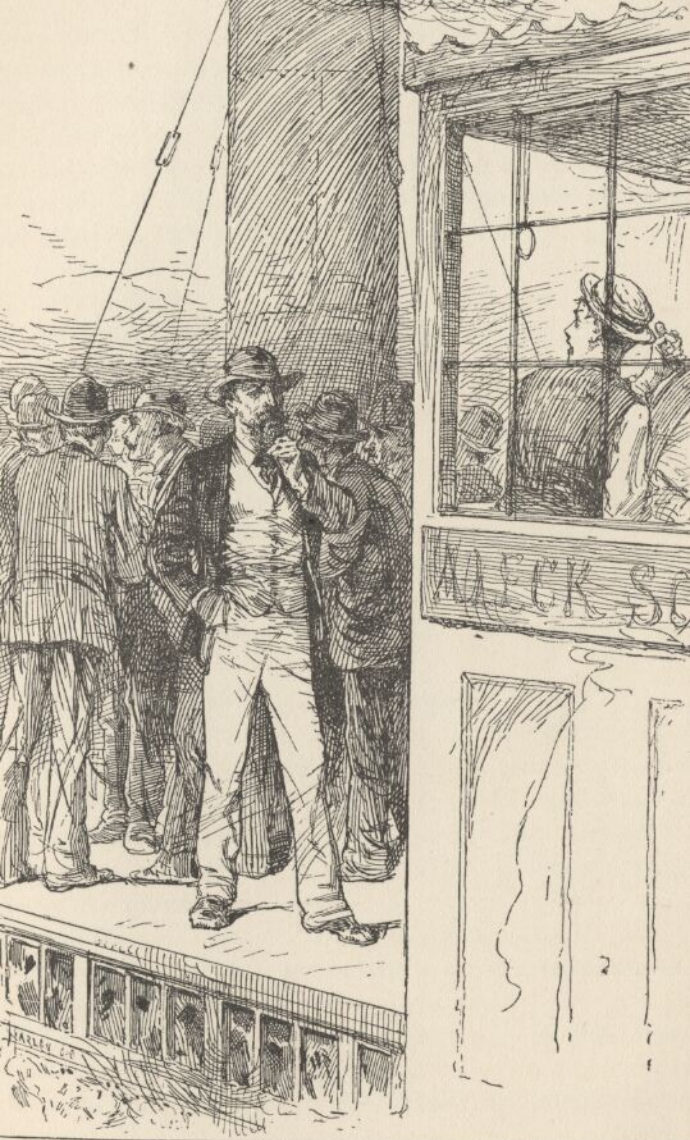
“OH, I KNEW *him*.”



“SO FULL OF LAUGH.”



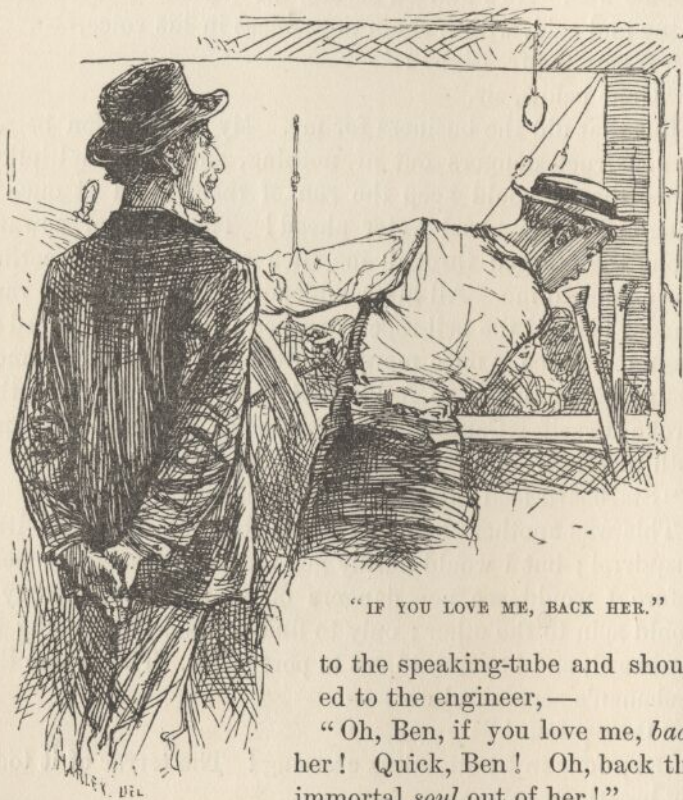
“SCARED TO DEATH.”



"WHERE IS MR. BIXBY?"

“Quarter *less* twain! Nine and a *half*!”

We were *drawing* nine! My hands were in a nerveless flutter. I could not ring a bell intelligibly with them. I flew



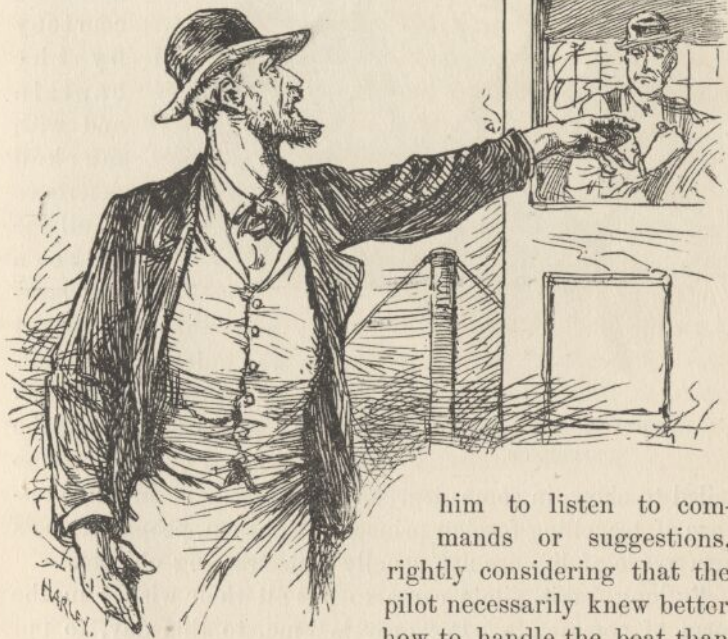
“IF YOU LOVE ME, BACK HER.”

to the speaking-tube and shouted to the engineer,—

“Oh, Ben, if you love me, *back* her! Quick, Ben! Oh, back the immortal *soul* out of her!”

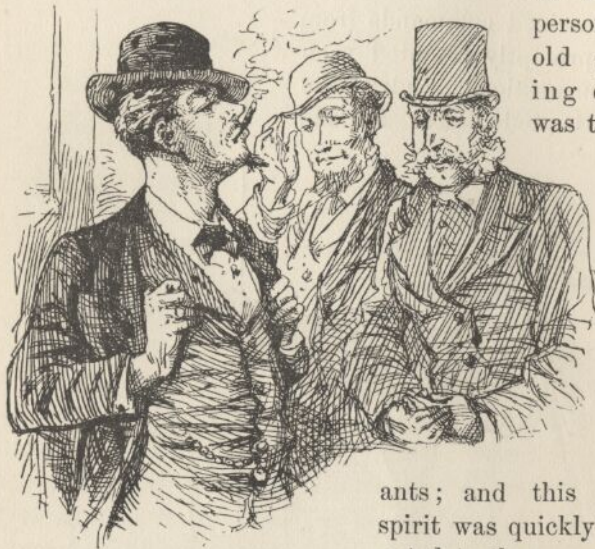


under way in the river, she was under the sole and unquestioned control of the pilot. He could do with her exactly as he pleased, run her when and whither he chose, and tie her up to the bank whenever his judgment said that that course was best. His movements were entirely free; he consulted no one, he received commands from nobody, he promptly resented even the merest suggestions. Indeed, the law of the United States forbade



him to listen to commands or suggestions, rightly considering that the pilot necessarily knew better how to handle the boat than anybody could tell him. So here was the novelty of a king

“VERY BRIEF AUTHORITY.”



“TREATED WITH MARKED
DEFERENCE.”

failed to show, in some degree, embarrassment in the presence of travelling foreign princes. But then, people in one's own grade of life are not usually embarrassing objects.

he was a great personage in the old steamboating days. He was treated with

marked courtesy by the captain and with marked deference by all the officers and serv-

ants; and this deferential spirit was quickly communicated to the passengers, too. I think pilots were about the only people I ever knew who



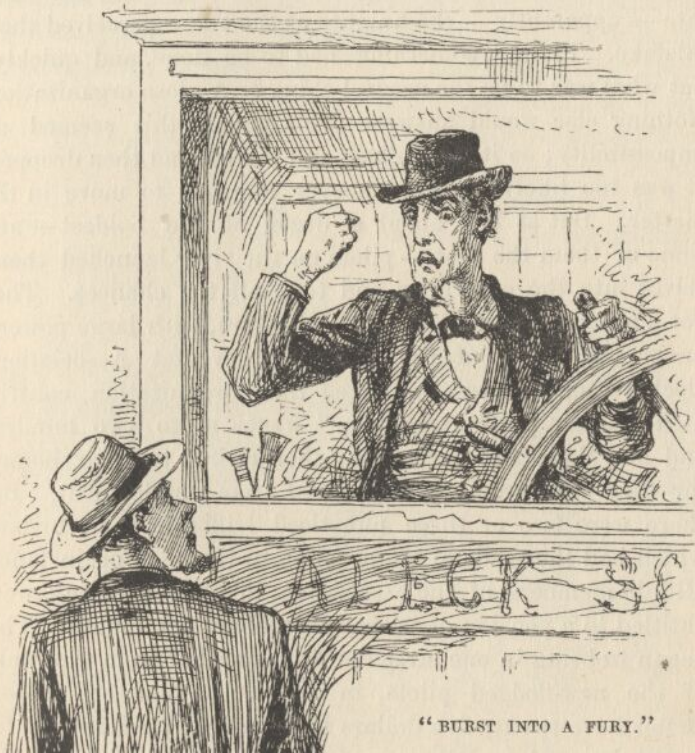
“YOU TAKE MY BOAT!”



"NO FOOLIN!"

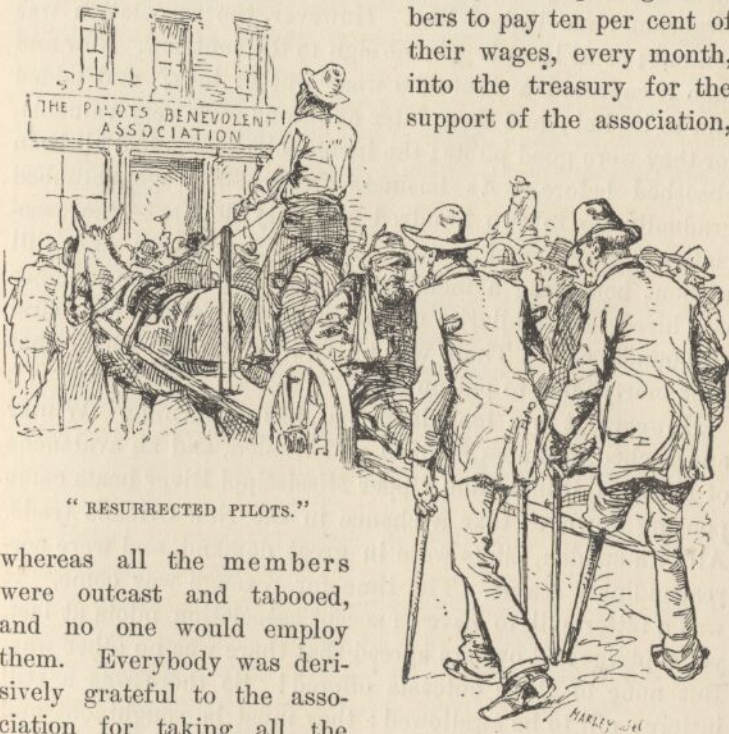


"WENT TO WHISTLING."



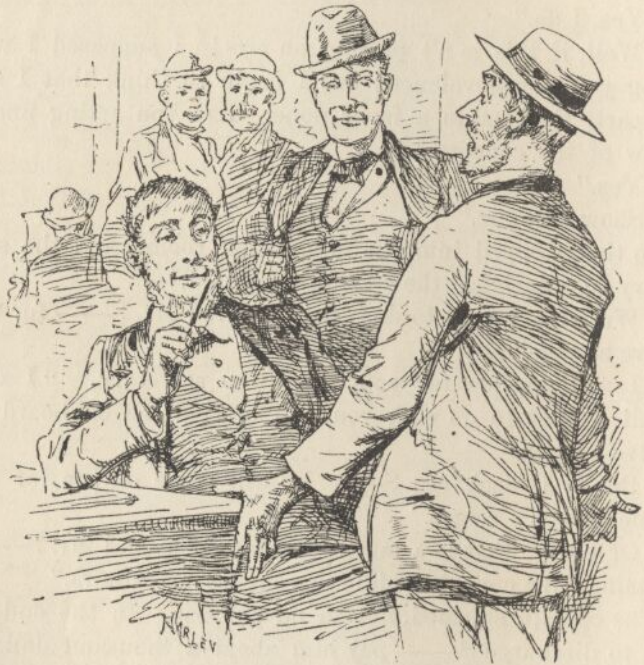
“BURST INTO A FURY.”

By and by, all the useless, helpless pilots, and a dozen first-class ones, were in the association, and nine tenths of the best pilots out of it and laughing at it. It was the laughing-stock of the whole river. Everybody joked about the by-law requiring members to pay ten per cent of their wages, every month, into the treasury for the support of the association,



“RESURRECTED PILOTS.”

whereas all the members were outcast and tabooed, and no one would employ them. Everybody was derisively grateful to the association for taking all the worthless pilots out of the way and leaving the whole field to the excellent and the



"THE CAPTAIN STORMED."



"THE SIGN OF MEMBERSHIP."

STEAMER GREAT REPUBLIC.

JOHN SMITH, MASTER.

Pilots, John Jones and Thomas Brown.

CROSSINGS.	SOUNDINGS.	MARKS.	REMARKS.
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By and by the association published the fact that upon a certain date the wages would be raised to five hundred dollars per month. All the branch associations had grown strong, now, and the Red River one had advanced wages to seven hundred dollars a month. Reluctantly the ten outsiders yielded, in view of these things, and made application. There was *another* new by-law, by this time, which required them to pay dues not only on all the wages they had received since the association was born, but also on what they would have received if they had continued at work up to the time of their application, instead of going off to pout in idleness. It turned out to be a difficult mat-

THE
PILOTS BENEVOLENT
ASSOCIATION



“ADDED TO THE FOLD.”

ter to elect them, but it was accomplished at last. The most virulent sinner of this batch had stayed out and allowed “dues” to accumulate against him so long that he had to send in six hundred and twenty-five dollars with his application.



A JUSTIFIABLE ADVANCE.

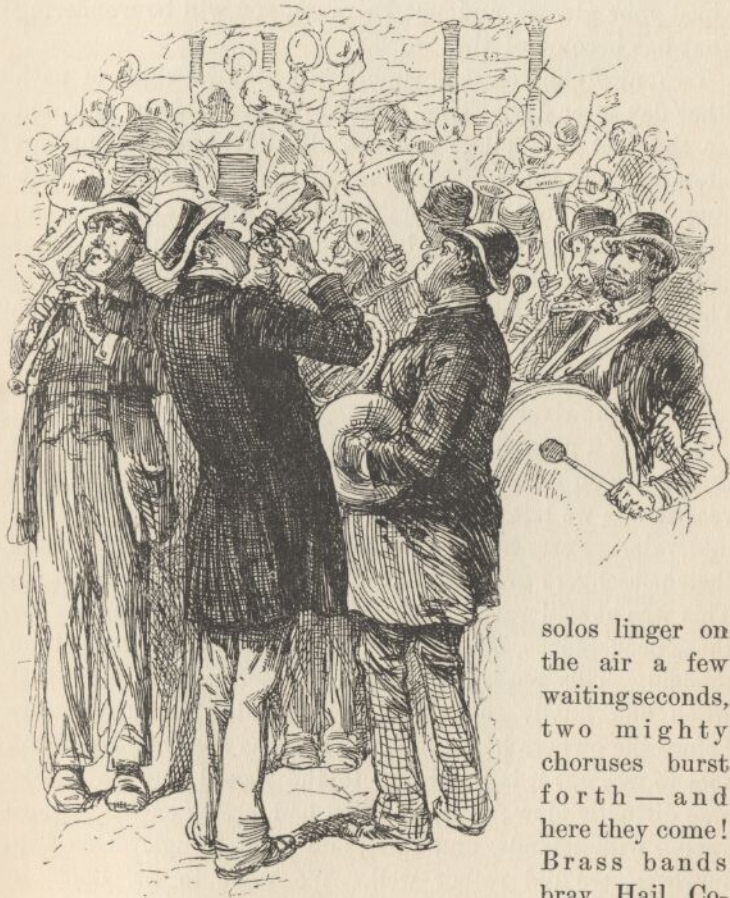




STEAMBOAT TIME.



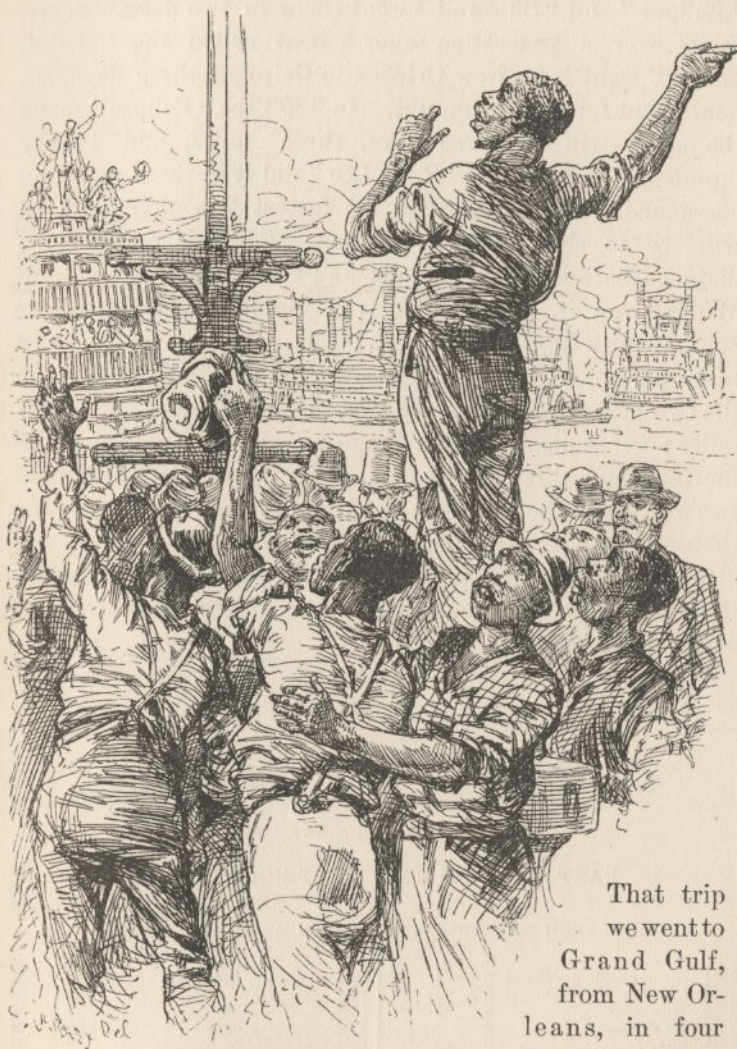
DROWSY ENGINEERS.



BRASS BANDS BRAY.

solos linger on the air a few waiting seconds, two mighty choruses burst forth — and here they come! Brass bands bray Hail Columbia, huzza after huzza

thunders from the shores, and the stately creatures go whistling by like the wind.



THE PARTING CHORUS.

That trip we went to Grand Gulf, from New Orleans, in four days (three hundred and forty miles); the

"Eclipse" and "Shotwell" did it in one. We were nine days out, in the chute of 63 (seven hundred miles); the

THE RECORD OF SOME FAMOUS TRIPS.

[From Commodore Rollinpin's Almanac.]

FAST TIME ON THE WESTERN WATERS.

FROM NEW ORLEANS TO NATCHEZ—268 MILES.

	D.	H.	M.		H.	M.
1814. Orleans made the run in	6	6	40	1844. Sultana . . made the run in	19	45
1814. Comet " "	5	10		1851. Magnolia " "	19	50
1815. Enterprise " "	4	11	20	1853. A. L. Shotwell " "	19	49
1817. Washington " "	4			1853. Southern Belle " "	20	3
1817. Shelby " "	3	20		1853. Princess (No. 4) " "	20	26
1819. Paragon " "	3	8		1853. Eclipse " "	19	47
1828. Tecumseh " "	3	1	20	1855. Princess (New) " "	18	53
1834. Tuscarora " "	1	21		1855. Natchez (New) " "	17	30
1838. Natchez " "	1	17		1856. Princess (New) " "	17	30
1840. Ed. Shippen " "	1	8		1870. Natchez " "	17	17
1842. Belle of the West " "	1	18		1870. R. E. Lee " "	17	11

¹ Time disputed. Some authorities add 1 hour and 16 minutes to this.

FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CAIRO—1,024 MILES.

		D.	H.	M.			D.	H.	M.
1844.	J. M. White made the run in	3	6	44	1869.	Dexter . . . made the run in	3	6	20
1852.	Reindeer " "	3	12	45	1870.	Natchez " "	3	4	34
1853.	Eclipse " "	3	4	4	1870.	R. E. Lee " "	3	1	
1853.	A. L. Shotwell " "	3	3	40					

FROM NEW ORLEANS TO LOUISVILLE—1,440 MILES.

		D.	H.	M.			D.	H.	M.
1815.	Enterprise made the run in	25	2	40	1840.	Ed. Shippen made the run in	5	14	
1817.	Washington " "	25			1842.	Belle of the West " "	6	14	
1817.	Shelby " "	20	4	20	1843.	Duke of Orleans " "	5	23	
1819.	Paragon " "	18	10		1844.	Sultana " "	5	12	
1828.	Tecumseh " "	8	4		1849.	Bostona " "	5	8	
1834.	Tuscarora " "	7	16		1851.	Belle Key " "	4	23	
1837.	Gen. Brown " "	6	22		1852.	Reindeer " "	4	20	45
1837.	Randolph " "	6	22		1852.	Eclipse " "	4	19	
1837.	Empress " "	6	17		1853.	A. L. Shotwell " "	4	10	20
1837.	Sultana " "	6	15		1853.	Eclipse " "	4	9	30

FROM NEW ORLEANS TO DONALDSVILLE—78 MILES.

		H.	M.			H.	M.
1852.	A. L. Shotwell made the run in	5	42	1860.	Atlantic . . . made the run in	5	11
1852.	Eclipse " "	5	42	1860.	Gen. Quitman " "	5	6
1854.	Sultana " "	5	12	1865.	Ruth " "	4	43
1856.	Princess " "	4	51	1870.	R. E. Lee " "	4	59

FROM NEW ORLEANS TO ST. LOUIS—1,218 MILES.

		D.	H.	M.			D.	H.	M.
1844.	J. M. White made the run in	3	23	9	1870.	Natchez . . made the run in	3	21	58
1849.	Missouri " "	4	19		1870.	R. E. Lee " "	3	18	14
1869.	Dexter " "	4	9						

FROM LOUISVILLE TO CINCINNATI—141 MILES.

		D.	H.	M.			D.	H.	M.
1819.	Gen. Pike made the run in	1	16		1843.	Congress . . made the run in	12	20	
1819.	Paragon " "	1	14	20	1846.	Ben Franklin (No. 6) " "	11	45	
1822.	Wheeling Packet " "	1	10		1852.	Alleghaney " "	10	38	
1837.	Moselle " "		12		1852.	Pittsburgh " "	10	23	
1843.	Duke of Orleans " "		12		1853.	Telegraph No. 3 " "	9	52	

FROM LOUISVILLE TO ST. LOUIS—750 MILES.

		D.	H.	M.			D.	H.	M.
1843.	Congress . . made the run in	2	1		1854.	Northerner made the run in	1	22	30
1854.	Pike " "	1	23		1855.	Southerner " "	1	19	

FROM CINCINNATI TO PITTSBURG—490 MILES.

		D.	H.				D.	H.
1850.	Telegraph No. 2 made the run in	1	17		1852.	Pittsburgh . . . made the run in	1	15
1851.	Buckeye State " "	1	16					

FROM ST. LOUIS TO ALTON—30 MILES.

		H.	M.			H.	M.
1853.	Altona made the run in	1	35	1876.	War Eagle . . . made the run in	1	37
1876.	Golden Eagle " "	1	37				

MISCELLANEOUS RUNS.

In June, 1859, the St. Louis and Keokuk Packet, City of Louisiana, made the run from St. Louis to Keokuk (214 miles) in 16 hours and 20 minutes, the best time on record.

In 1868 the steamer Hawkeye State, of the Northern Line Packet Company, made the run from St. Louis to St. Paul (800 miles) in 2 days and 20 hours. Never was beaten.

In 1853 the steamer Polar Star made the run from St. Louis to St. Joseph, on the Missouri River, in 64 hours. In July, 1856, the steamer Jas. H. Lucas, Andy Wineland, Master, made the same run in 60 hours and 57 minutes. The distance between the ports is 600 miles, and when the difficulties of navigating the turbulent Missouri are taken into consideration, the performance of the Lucas deserves especial mention.



THE RUN OF THE ROBERT E. LEE.

The time made by the R. E. Lee from New Orleans to St. Louis in 1870, in her famous race with the Natchez, is the best on record, and, inasmuch as the race created a national interest, we give below her time table from port to port.

Left New Orleans, Thursday, June 30th, 1870, at 4 o'clock and 55 minutes, p. m. ; reached

	D.	H.	M.		D.	H.	M.
Carrollton			27½	Vicksburg	1		38
Harry Hills	1	00½		Milliken's Bend	1	2	37
Red Church	1	39		Bailey's	1	3	48
Bonnet Carre	2	38		Lake Providence	1	5	47
College Point	3	50½		Greenville	1	10	55
Donaldsonville	4	59		Napoleon	1	16	22
Plaquemine	7	05½		White River	1	18	56
Baton Rouge	8	25		Australia	1	19	
Bayou Sara	10	26		Helena	1	23	25
Red River	12	56		Half Mile Below St. Francis	2		
Stamps	13	56		Memphis	2	6	9
Bryaro	15	51½		Foot of Island 37	2		9
Hinderson's	16	29		Foot of Island 26	2	13	30
Natchez	17	11		Tow-head, Island 14	2	17	23
Cole's Creek	19	21		New Madrid	2	19	50
Waterproof	18	53		Dry Bar No. 10	2	20	37
Rodney	20	45		Foot of Island 8	2	21	25
St. Joseph	21	02		Upper Tow-head — Lucas Bend	3		
Grand Gulf	22	06		Cairo	3	1	
Hard Times	22	18		St. Louis	3	18	14
Half Mile Below Warrenton	1						

The Lee landed at St. Louis at 11.25 A. M., on July 4th, 1870 — six hours and thirty-six minutes ahead of the Natchez. The officers of the Natchez claimed seven hours and one minute stoppage on account of fog and repairing machinery. The R. E. Lee was commanded by Captain John W. Cannon, and the Natchez was in charge of that veteran Southern boatman, Captain Thomas P. Leathers.



DANGEROUS DITCHING.

trifling distance. At some forgotten time in the past, cut-offs were made above Vidalia, Louisiana; at island 92; at island 84; and at Hale's Point. These shortened the river, in the aggregate, seventy-seven miles.

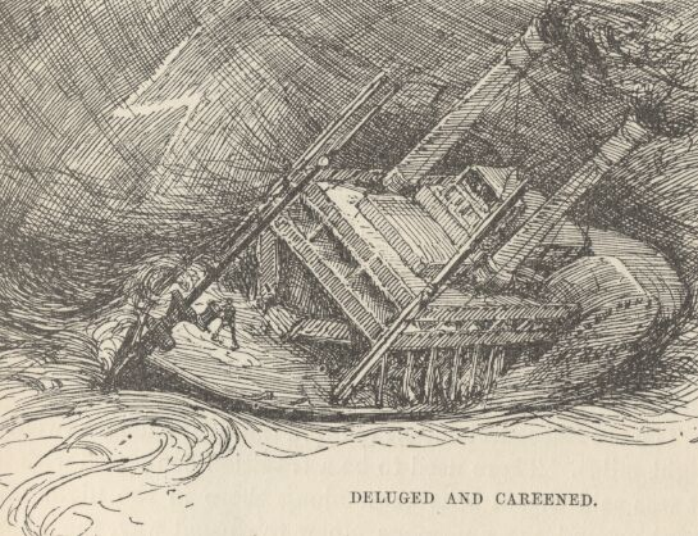
Since my own day on the Mississippi, cut-offs have been made at Hurricane Island; at island 100; at Napoleon, Arkansas; at Walnut Bend; and at Council Bend. These shortened the river, in the aggregate, sixty-seven miles.

In my own time a cut-off was made at American Bend, which shortened the river ten miles or more.

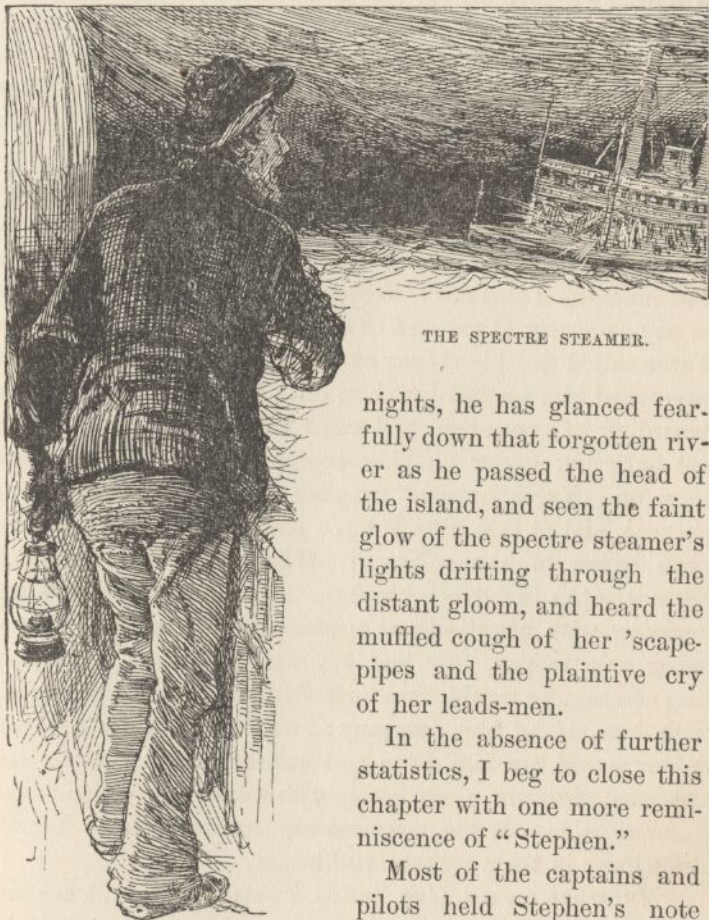
Therefore, the Mississippi between Cairo and New Orleans was twelve hundred and fifteen miles long one hundred and seventy-six years ago.



A SCIENTIST.



DELUGED AND CAREENED.



THE SPECTRE STEAMER.

nights, he has glanced fearfully down that forgotten river as he passed the head of the island, and seen the faint glow of the spectre steamer's lights drifting through the distant gloom, and heard the muffled cough of her 'scape-pipes and the plaintive cry of her leads-men.

In the absence of further statistics, I beg to close this chapter with one more reminiscence of "Stephen."

Most of the captains and pilots held Stephen's note for borrowed sums, ranging from two hundred and fifty dollars upward. Stephen never paid one of these notes, but he was very prompt and very zealous about renewing them every twelve month.



“MY, WHAT A RACE I’VE HAD!”



“BEAMING BENIGNANTLY.”





PILOT BROWN.

Then :

“What’s your name?”

I told him. He repeated it after me. It was probably the only thing he ever forgot; for although I was with him many months he never addressed himself to me in any other way than “Here!” and then his command followed.

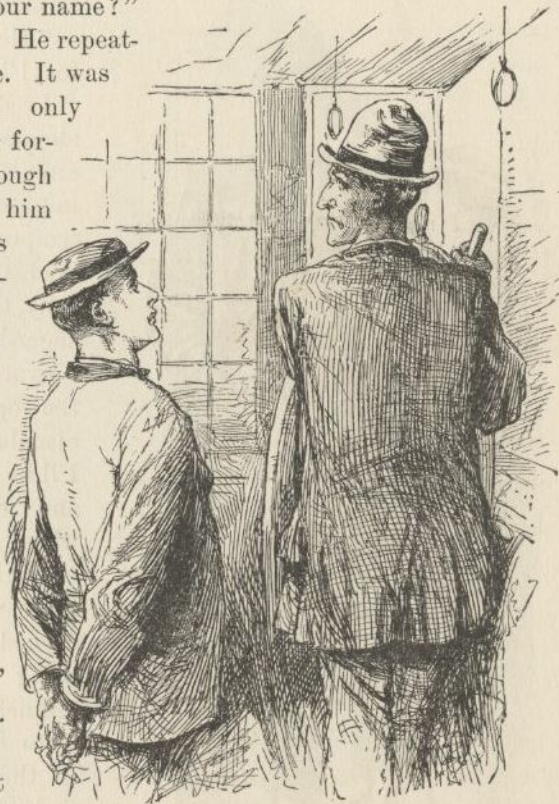
“Where was you born?”

“In Florida, Missouri.”

A pause.

Then:—

“Dern sight better staid there!”



“ARE YOU HORACE BIGSBY’S CUB?”



“HOLD UP YOUR FOOT.”

“Here!—You going to set there all day?”

I lit in the middle of the floor, shot there by the electric suddenness of the as I could get my apologetically:—orders, sir.”



surprise. As soon voice I said, “I have had no “You’ve had no *orders*! My, what a fine bird we are! We must have *orders*! Our father was a *gentleman*—owned slaves—and *we’ve* been to *school*. Yes, *we* are a gentleman, *too*, and got to have

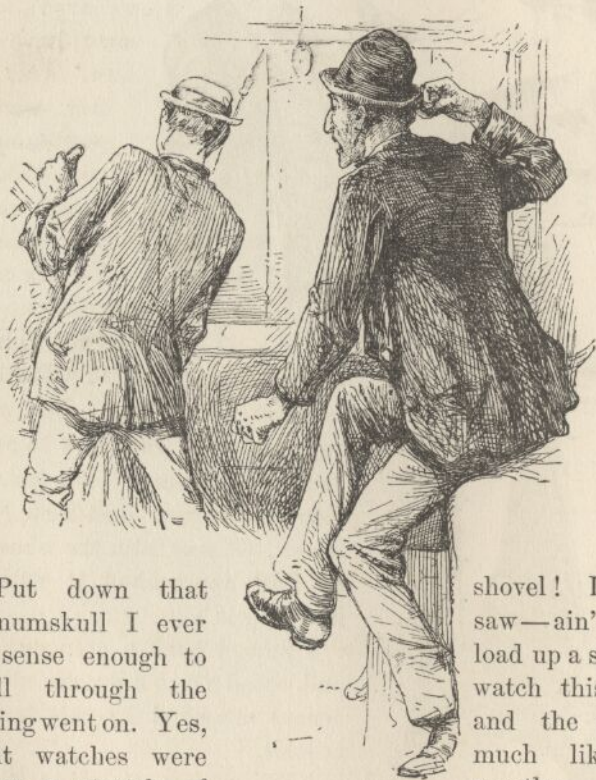
orders! ORDERS, is it? ORDERS is what you want! Dod dern my skin, *I’ll* learn you to swell yourself up and blow around *here* about your dod-derned *orders*! G’ way from the wheel!” (I had approached it without knowing it.)

I moved back a step or two, and stood as in a dream, all my senses stupefied by this frantic assault.

“What you standing there for? Take that ice-pitcher down to the texas-tender—come, move along, and don’t you be

“TAKE THAT ICE PITCHER.”

all day about it!”



“Put down that
est numskull I ever
got sense enough to
All through the
of thing went on. Yes,
quent watches were
during a stretch of
have said, I soon got
ing on duty with

moment I was in the presence, even in the darkest night, I could feel those yellow eyes upon me, and knew their owner

“PULL HER DOWN!”

shovel! Dernd-
saw—ain’t even
load up a stove.”
watch this sort
and the subse-
much like it,
months. As I
the habit of com-
dread. The mo-

darkest night, I
knew their owner

Brown was *always* watching for a pretext to find fault; and if he could find no plausible pretext, he would invent one. He would scold you for shaving a shore, and for not shaving it; for hugging a bar, and for not hugging it; for



“ I KILLED BROWN EVERY NIGHT.”

This was simply *bound* to be a success; nothing could prevent it; for he had never allowed me to round the boat to before; consequently, no matter how I might do the thing, he could find free fault with it. He stood back there with his greedy eye on me, and the result was what might have been foreseen: I lost my head in a quarter of a minute, and didn't know what I was about; I started too early to bring the boat around, but detected a green gleam of joy in Brown's eye, and corrected my mistake; I started around once more while too high up, but corrected myself again in time; I made other false



“HURLED ME ACROSS THE HOUSE.”

moves, and still managed to save myself; but at last I grew so confused and anxious that I tumbled into the very worst blunder of all—I got too far *down* before beginning to fetch the boat around. Brown's chance was come.





Harley del.



“THE RACKET HAD BROUGHT EVERYBODY TO THE DECK.”



“SO YOU HAVE BEEN FIGHTING.”



“AN EMANCIPATED SLAVE.”





“HENRY AND I SAT CHATTING.”



EMPTYING THE WOOD-FLAT.



THE EXPLOSION.

Many people were flung to considerable distances, and fell in the river; among these were Mr. Wood and my brother, and the carpenter. The carpenter was still stretched upon his mattress when he struck the water seventy-five feet from the boat. Brown, the pilot, and George Black, chief clerk, were never seen or heard of

part of the mass, with the chimneys, dropped upon the boat again, a mountain of riddled and chaotic rubbish — and then, after a little, fire broke out.



A STARTLED BARBER.



EALER SAVES HIS FLUTE.



THE FIRE DROVE THE AXEMEN AWAY.



THE HOSPITAL WARD.



THE LAND OF FULL "GOATEES."

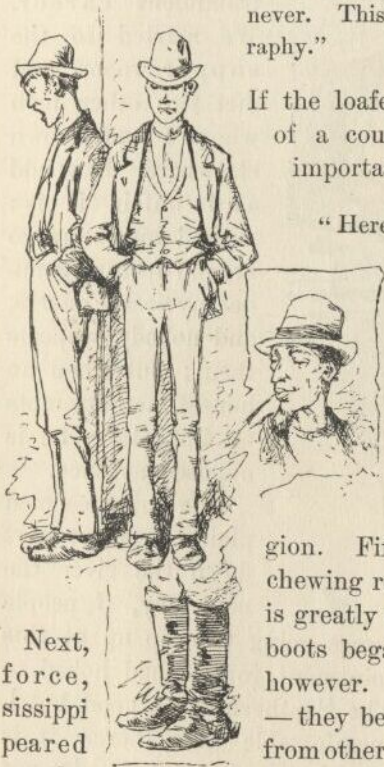
“*Afternoon.* At the railway stations the loafers carry *both* hands in their breeches pockets ; it was observable, heretofore, that one hand was sometimes out of doors, — here, never. This is an important fact in geography.”

If the loafers determined the character of a country, it would be still more important, of course.

“Heretofore, all along, the station-loafer has been often observed to scratch one shin with the other foot ; here, these remains of activity are wanting. This has an ominous look.”

By and by, we entered the tobacco-chewing region. Fifty years ago, the tobacco-chewing region covered the Union. It is greatly restricted now.

boots began to appear. Not in strong however. Later—away down the Mississippi—they became the rule. They disappear from other sections of the Union with the no doubt they will disappear from the villages, also, when proper pavements in.



STATION
LOAFERS.

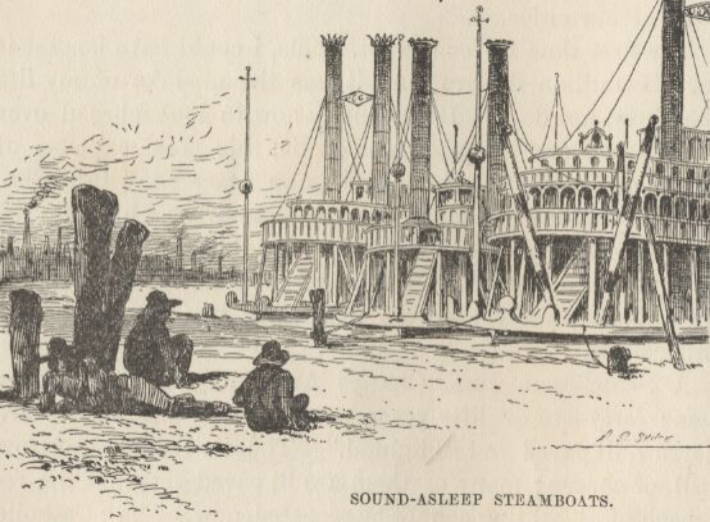
Next,
force,
sissippi
peared
mud ;
river
come



UNDER AN ALIAS.

St. Louis. In those times, the principal saloons were always populous with river men; given fifty players present, thirty or thirty-five were likely to be from the river. But I suspected that the ranks were thin now, and the steamboatmen no longer an aristocracy. Why, in my time they used to call the "bar-keep" Bill, or Joe, or Tom, and slap him on the shoulder; I watched for that. But none of these people did it. Manifestly a glory that once was had dissolved and vanished away in these twenty-one years.

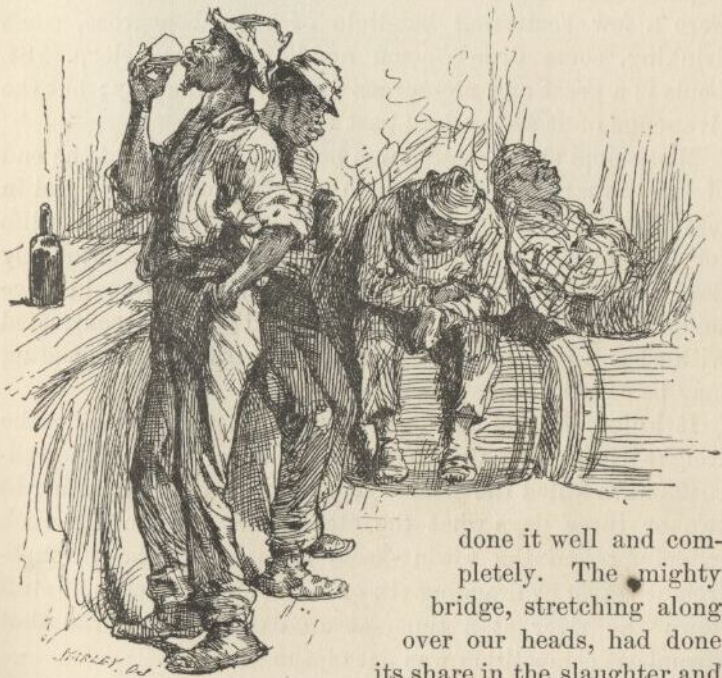




A. P. Suter

SOUND-ASLEEP STEAMBOATS.

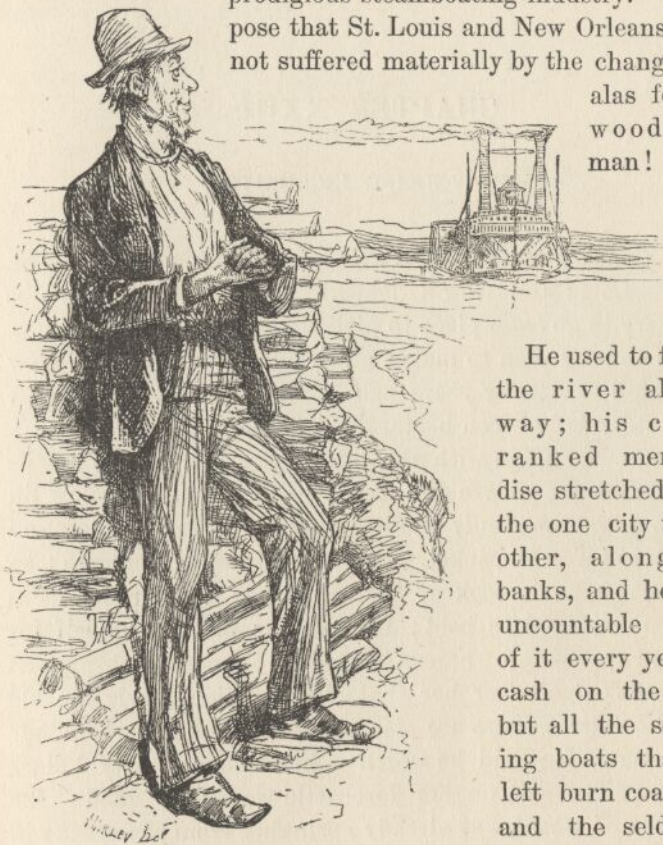
The towboat and the railroad had done their work, and



DEAD PAST RESURRECTION.

done it well and completely. The mighty bridge, stretching along over our heads, had done its share in the slaughter and spoliation. Remains of former

and thoroughly business-like management and system, these make a sufficiency of money out of what is left of the once prodigious steamboating industry. I suppose that St. Louis and New Orleans have not suffered materially by the change, but alas for the wood-yard man!



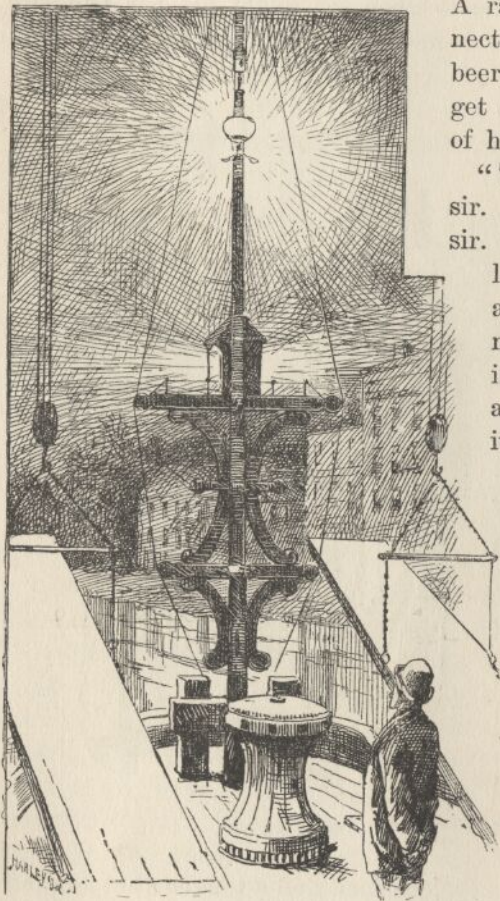
THE WOOD-YARD MAN.

He used to fringe the river all the way; his close-ranked merchandise stretched from the one city to the other, along the banks, and he sold uncountable cords of it every year for cash on the nail; but all the scattering boats that are left burn coal now, and the seldomest spectacle on the Mississippi to-day

is a wood-pile. Where now is the once wood-yard man?



WAITING FOR A TRIP.



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

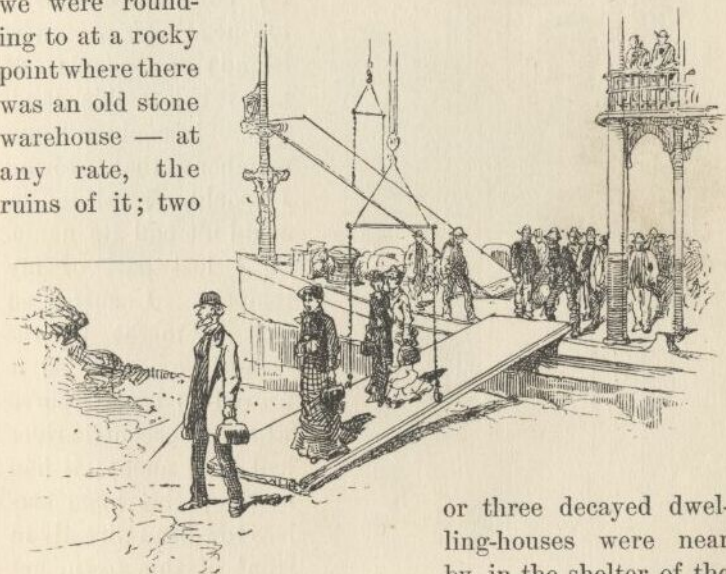
A random remark, connecting Irishmen and beer, brought this nugget of information out of him:—

“They don’t drink it, sir. They *can’t* drink it, sir. Give an Irishman lager for a month, and he’s a dead man. An Irishman is lined with copper, and the beer corrodes it. But whiskey polishes the copper and is the saving of him, sir.”

At eight o’clock, promptly, we backed out and—crossed the river. As we crept toward the shore, in the thick darkness, a blinding glory of white electric light burst suddenly from our forecastle, and lit up

the water and the warehouses as with a noon-day glare.

We finally got away at two in the morning, and when I turned out at six, we were rounding to at a rocky point where there was an old stone warehouse — at any rate, the ruins of it; two



A LANDING.

or three decayed dwelling-houses were near by, in the shelter of the leafy hills; but there were no evidences of human or other animal life to be seen. I wondered if I had forgotten the river; for I had no recollection whatever of this place; the shape of the river, too, was unfamiliar;

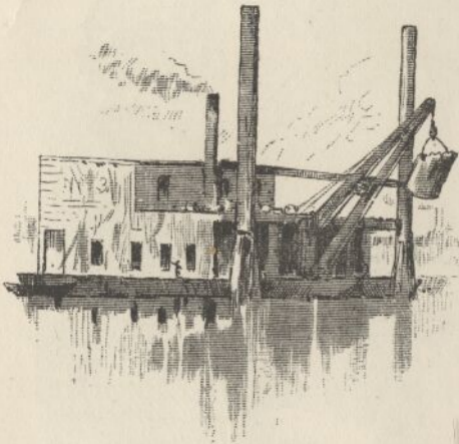


A CLOSE INSPECTION.





SHOWING THE BELLS.



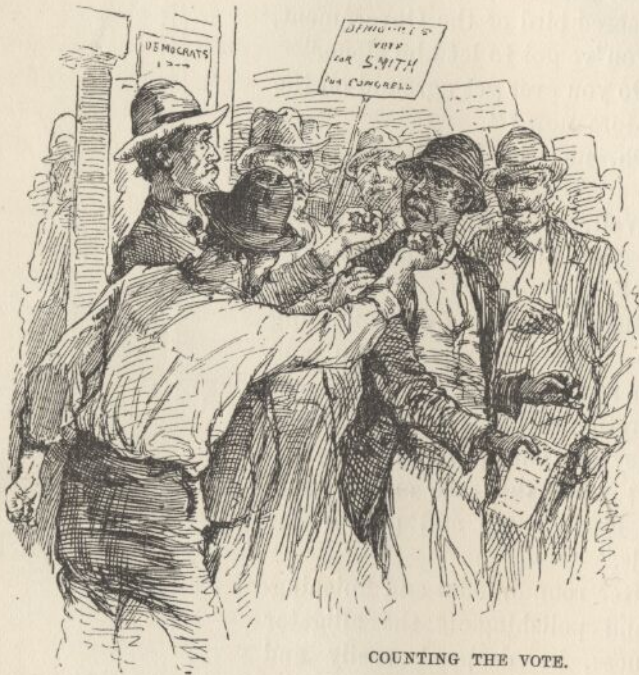
“AN ALLIGATOR BOAT.”



ALLIGATOR PILOTS.



THE SACRED BIRD.

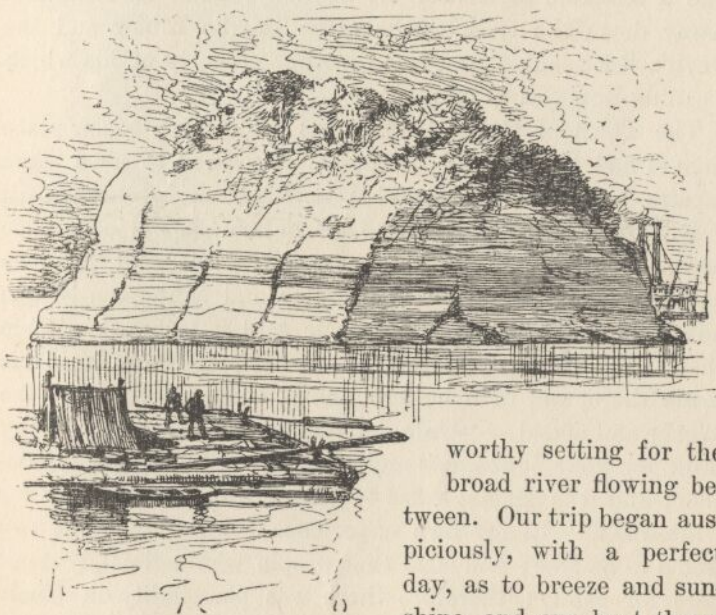


COUNTING THE VOTE.



“HERE, YOU TAKE HER.”

THE scenery, from St. Louis to Cairo—two hundred miles—is varied and beautiful. The hills were clothed in the fresh foliage of spring now, and were a gracious and



GRAND TOWER.

worthy setting for the broad river flowing between. Our trip began auspiciously, with a perfect day, as to breeze and sunshine, and our boat threw the miles out behind her with satisfactory despatch.





“THREW THE PREACHER OVERBOARD.”



"ILLINOIS GROUND."



HIS MAIDEN BATTLE.



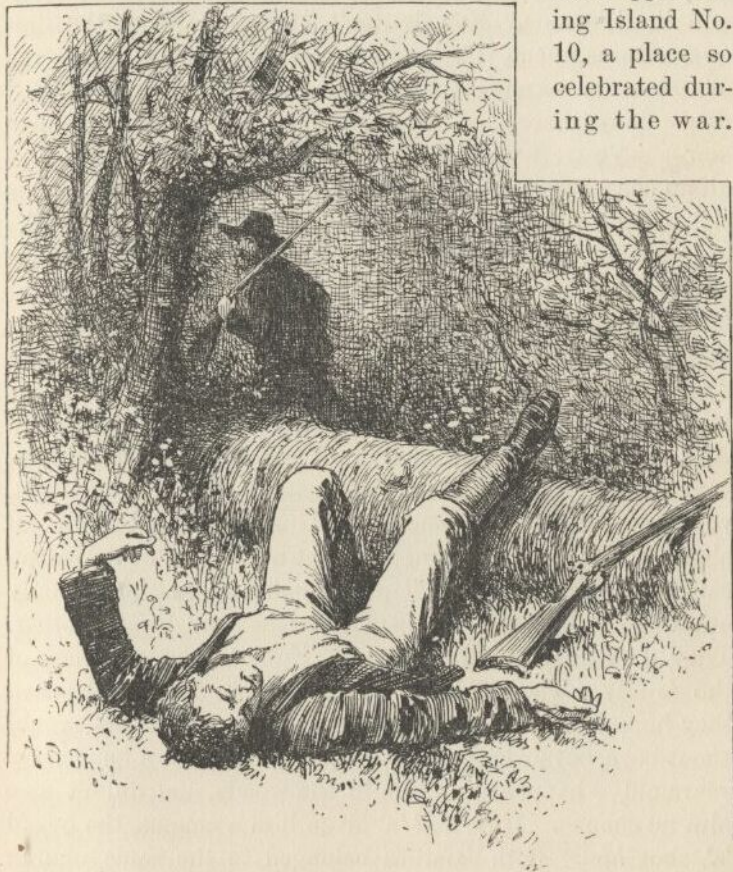
MIGHTY WARM TIMES.



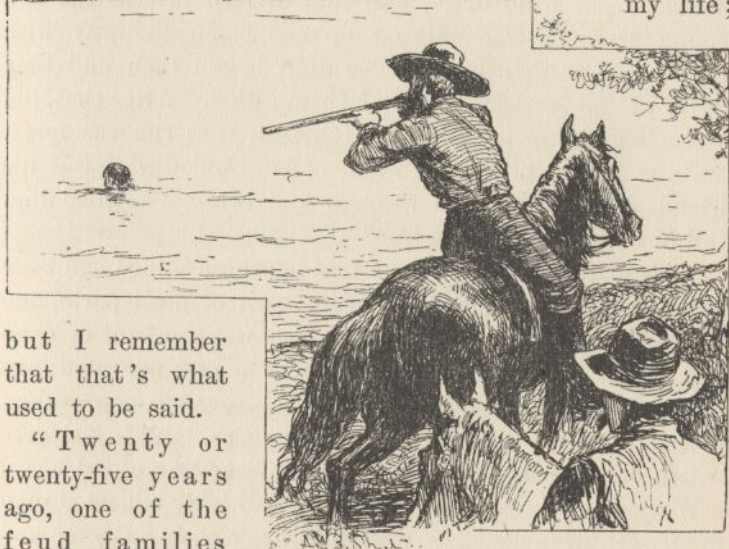
“WHERE DID YOU SEE THAT FIGHT?”

We struck down through the chute of Island No. 8, and I went below and fell into conversation with a passenger, a handsome man, with easy carriage and an intelligent face. We

were approaching Island No. 10, a place so celebrated during the war.



guard. I don't
know; never
was at that
church in
my life;



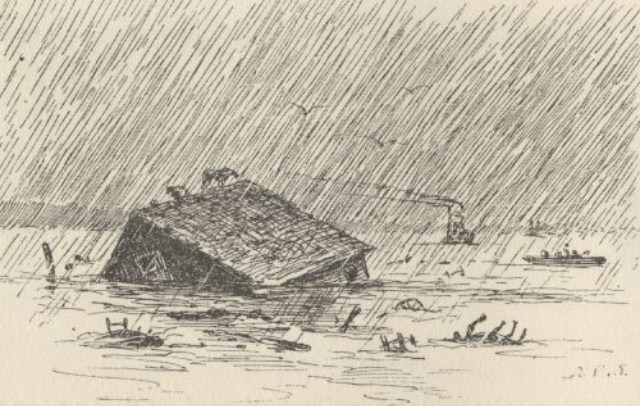
but I remember
that that's what
used to be said.

"Twenty or
twenty-five years
ago, one of the
feud families
caught a young
man of nineteen
out and killed him. Don't remember whether it was the
Darnells and Watsons, or one of the other feuds; but

THEY KEPT ON SHOOTING.



ISLAND NUMBER TEN.



FLOOD ON THE RIVER.

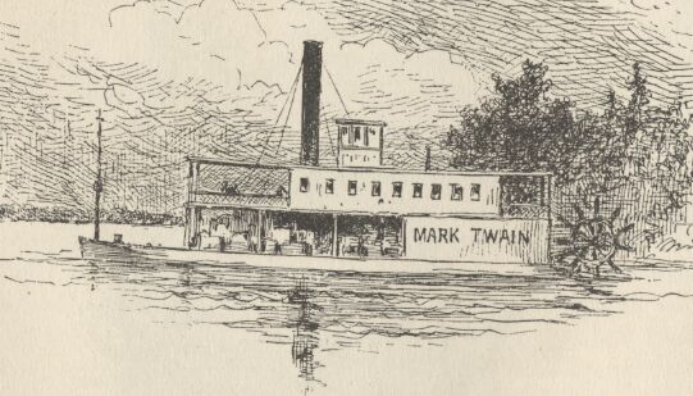


“Here I caught the first glimpse of the object I had so long wished to behold, and felt myself amply repaid at that moment for all the trouble I had experienced in coming so far ; and stood looking at the river flowing past till it was too dark to distinguish anything. But it was not till I had visited the same spot a dozen times, that I came to a right comprehension of the grandeur of the scene.”



“A DISMAL WITNESS.”





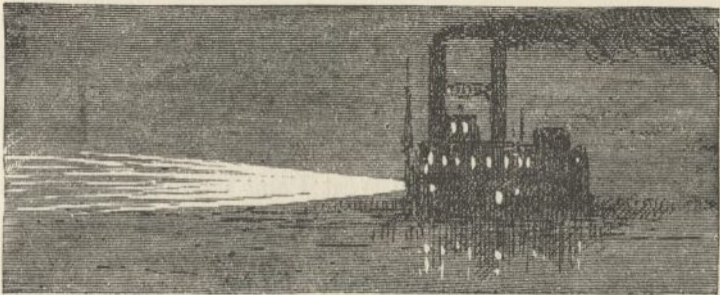
MARK TWAIN



A GOVERNMENT LAMP.



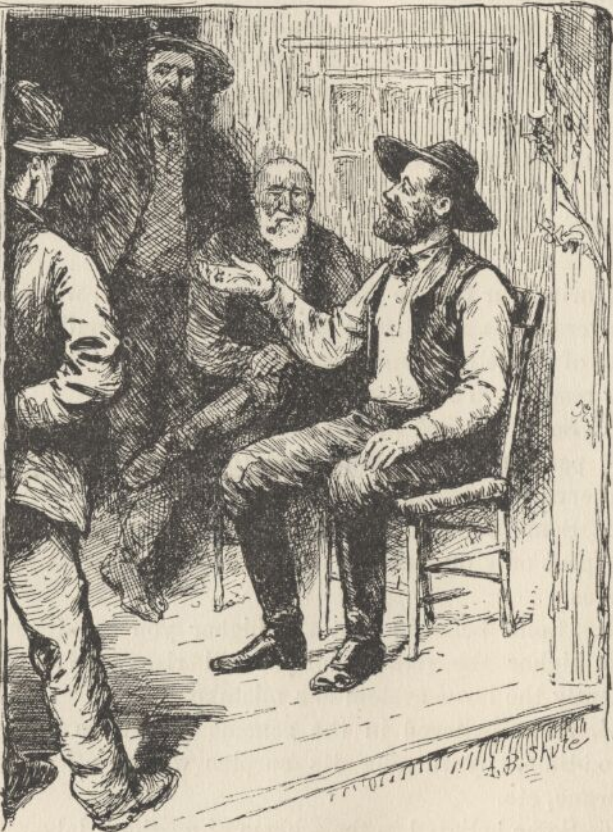
“SNAGS.”



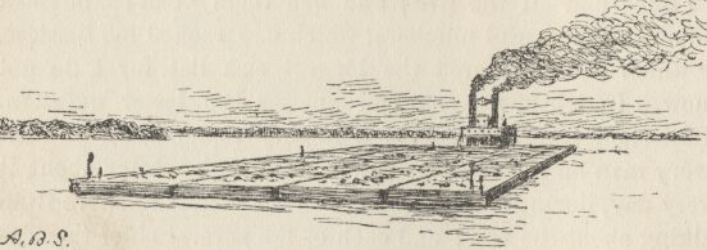
RUNNING IN A FOG.



UNCLE MUMFORD.



TALKING OVER THE SITUATION.

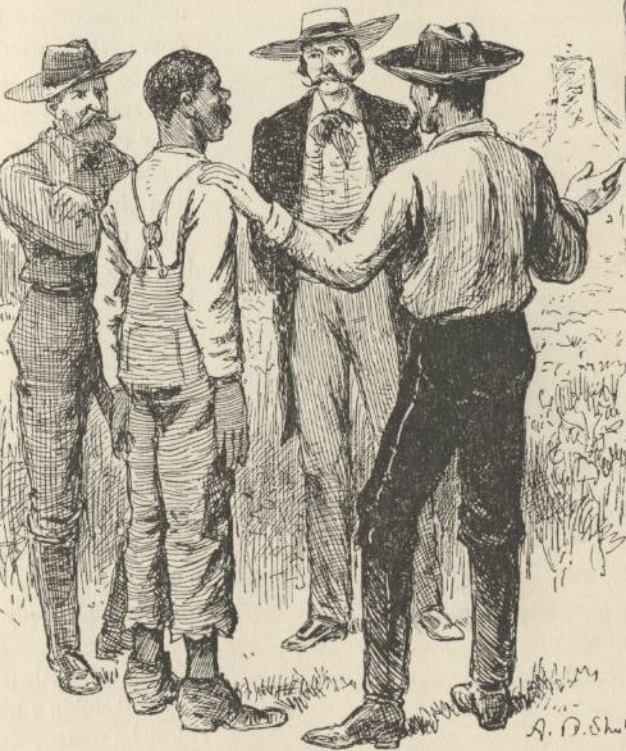


A. B. S.



A.B.S.

A SOUL-MOVING VILLAIN.



A. D. Shaw

SELLING THE NEGRO.





A MAN CAME IN SIGHT.

I was determined to have his horse, if he was in the garb of a traveller. He rode up, and I saw from his equipage that he was a trav-



I SHOT HIM THROUGH THE HEAD.

a storm: we took
the negro that night
on the bank of
a creek which runs
by the farm of
our friend, and
Crenshaw shot him

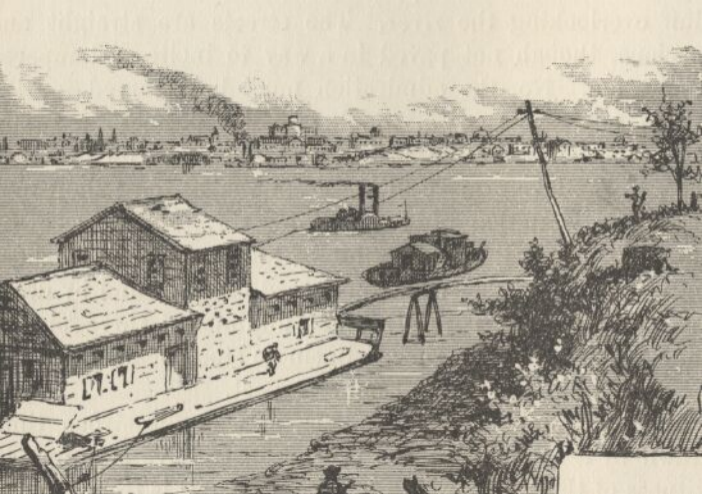


ANOTHER VICTIM.

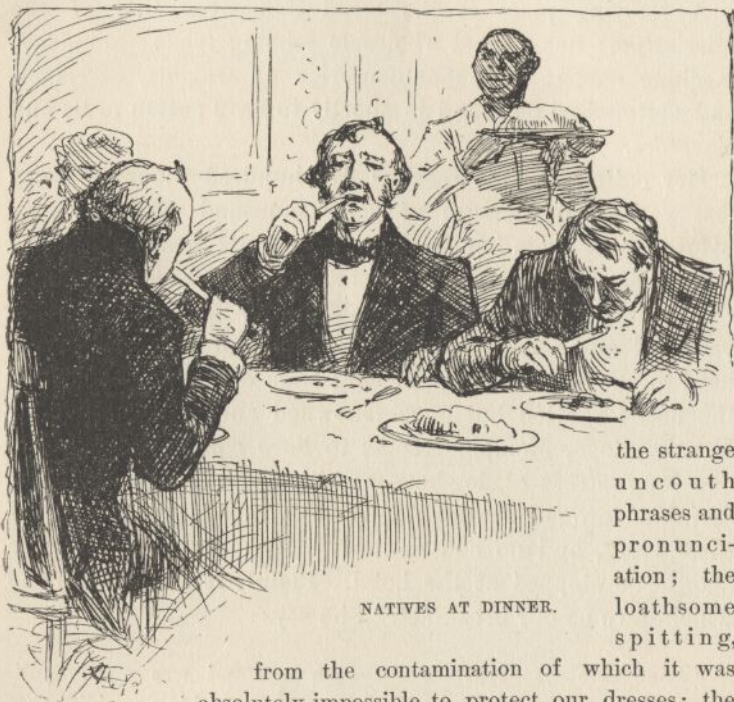
A. B. Crenshaw



“PLEASANTLY SITUATED.”



“The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table; the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured;



NATIVES AT DINNER.

the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting,

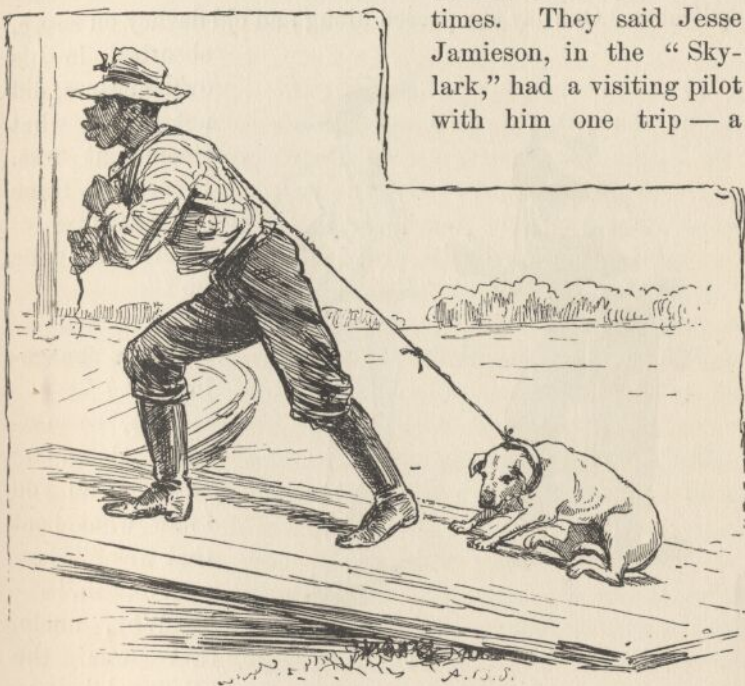
from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterward with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the old world; and that the dinner hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment.”



A LIGHT KEEPER.

after another, in ridiculous procession, they are dragged aboard ; all four feet braced and sliding along the stage, head likely to be pulled off ; but the tigger marching determinedly forward, bending to his work, with the rope over his shoulder for better purchase. Sometimes a child is forgotten and left on the bank ; but never a dog.

The usual river-gossip going on in the pilot-house. Island No. 63 — an island with a lovely “chute,” or passage, behind it in the former times. They said Jesse Jamieson, in the “Sky-lark,” had a visiting pilot with him one trip — a



NEGRO TRAVELLERS.



W.B.S.

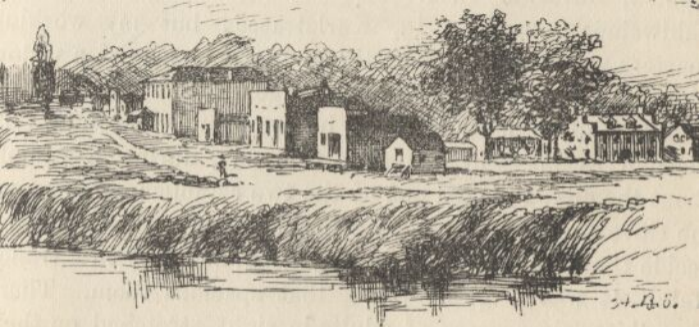
“ANY BOAT GONE UP?”



A WORLD OF MISINFORMATION.



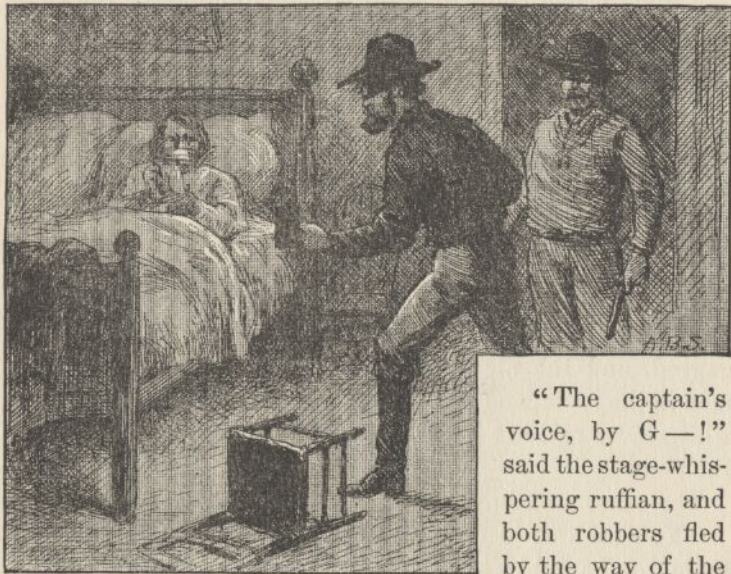




NAPOLEON IN 1871.



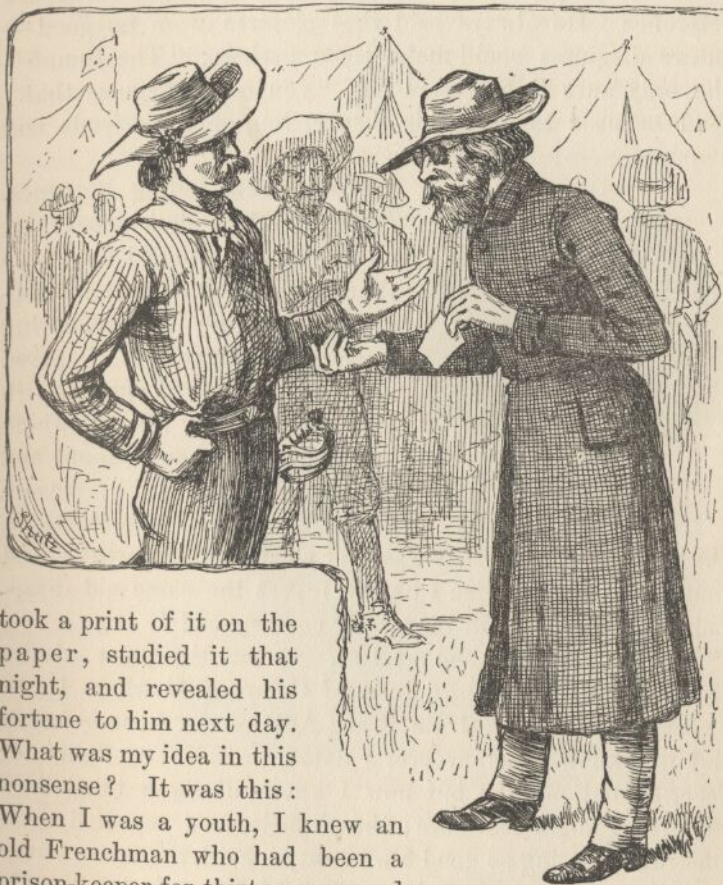
THE MAN'S EYES OPENED SLOWLY.



THEY RUMMAGED THE CABIN.

“The captain’s voice, by G—!” said the stage-whispering ruffian, and both robbers fled by the way of the back door, shutting off their bull’s-eye as they ran.

My apparatus was simple: a little red paint and a bit of white paper. I painted the ball of the client's thumb,



took a print of it on the paper, studied it that night, and revealed his fortune to him next day. What was my idea in this nonsense? It was this:

When I was a youth, I knew an old Frenchman who had been a prison-keeper for thirty years, and he told me that there was one thing about a person which never

changed, from the cradle to the grave—the lines in the ball of the thumb; and he said that these lines were never exactly alike in the thumbs of any two human beings. In

ON THE RIGHT TRACK.



THUMB-PRINTS.

“I did n’t do it; upon my soul I did n’t do it; and I tried to keep *him* from doing it; I did, as God is my witness. He did it alone.”

This was all I wanted. And I tried to get rid of the fool; but no, he clung to me, imploring me to save him from the assassin. He said, —

“I have money — ten thousand dollars — hid away, the fruit of loot and thievery; save me — tell me what to do, and you shall have it, every penny. Two thirds of it is my cousin Adler’s; but you can take it all. We hid it when we first came here. But I hid it in a new place yesterday, and have not told him — shall not tell him. I was going to desert, and get away with it all. It is gold, and too heavy



HE DROPPED ON HIS KNEES.



THE TRAGEDY.



IN THE MORGUE.



I SAT DOWN BY HIM.





WE BEGAN TO COOL OFF.



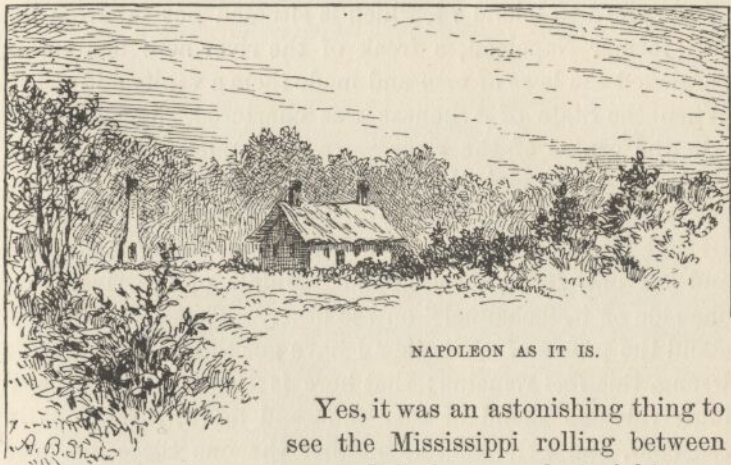
“AIN’T THAT SO,
THOMPSON?”



“ HE IS HAPPY WHERE HE IS.”



WARMED UP INTO A QUARREL.



NAPOLEON AS IT IS.

Yes, it was an astonishing thing to see the Mississippi rolling between unpeopled shores and straight over the spot where I used to see a good big self-complacent town twenty years ago. Town that was county-seat of a great and important county; town with a big United States marine hospital; town of innumerable fights — an inquest every day; town where I had used to know the prettiest girl, and the most accomplished in the whole Mississippi Valley; town where we were handed the first printed news of the “Pennsylvania’s” mournful disaster a quarter of a century ago; a town no more — swallowed up, vanished, gone to feed the fishes; nothing left but a fragment of a shanty and a crumbling brick chimney!



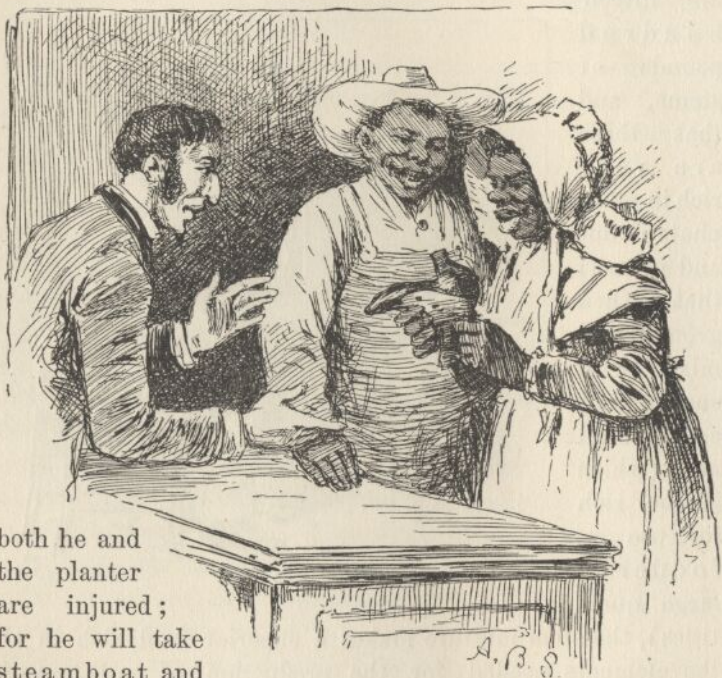
CAVING BANKS.



THE COMMISSION DEALER.

A.B. Stoddard

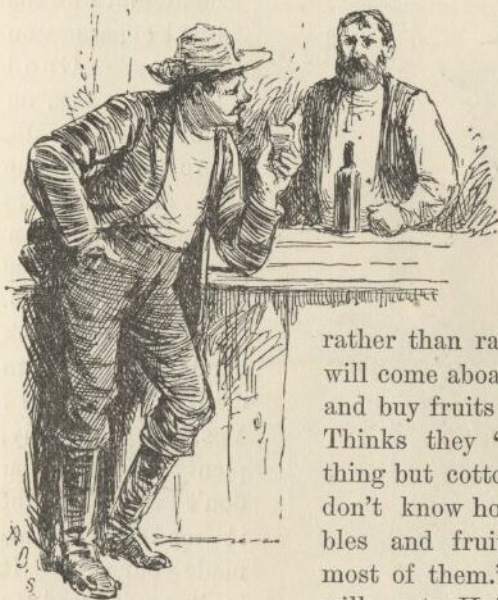
all sorts of things which they could do without, — buy on credit, at big prices, month after month, credit based on the negro's share of the growing crop; and at the end of the season, the negro's share belongs to the Israelite, the negro is in debt besides, is discouraged, dissatisfied, restless, and



THE ISRAELITE.

both he and the planter are injured; for he will take steamboat and migrate, and the planter must get a stranger in his place who does not know him, does not care for him, will fatten the Israelite a season, and follow his predecessor per steamboat.

And where so many are saying their say, shall not the barkeeper testify? He is thoughtful, observant, never drinks;



THE BARKEEPER.

endeavors to earn his salary, and *would* earn it if there were custom enough. He says the people along here in Mississippi and Louisiana will send up the river to buy vegetables

rather than raise them, and they will come aboard at the landings and buy fruits of the barkeeper. Thinks they "don't know anything but cotton;" believes they don't know how to raise vegetables and fruit—"at least the most of them." Says "a nigger will go to H for a watermelon" ("H" is all I find in the stenographer's report—means Halifax



A PLAIN GILL.





MOSQUITOES.



A BAD EAR.



VICKSBURG DURING THE TROUBLE.

WE used to plough past the lofty hill-city, Vicksburg, down-stream; but we cannot do that now. A cut-off has made a country town of it, like Osceola, St. Genevieve, and several others. There is currentless water —



VICKSBURG.

also a big island — in front of Vicksburg now. You come down the river the other side of the island, then turn and come up

to the town; that is, in high water: in low water you can't come up, but must land some distance below it.





THE CAVE DWELLERS.



BRINGING THE CHILDREN.

and go on talking — if there was n't any danger from it. If a shell was bursting close over us, we stopped talking and stood still; — uncomfortable, yes, but it was n't safe to move. When it let go, we went on talking again, if nobody hurt — maybe saying, 'That was a ripper!' or some such commonplace comment before we resumed; or, maybe, we would see a shell poisoning itself away high in the air overhead. In that case, every fellow just whipped out a sudden, 'See you again, gents!' and shoved. Often and often I saw gangs of ladies promenading the streets, looking as cheerful as you please, and keeping an eye canted up watching the shells; and I've seen them stop still when they were uncertain about what a shell was going to do, and wait and make certain; and after that they s'anteder along again, or lit out for shelter, according to the verdict. Streets in some towns have a litter of pieces of paper, and odds and ends of one sort or another lying around.

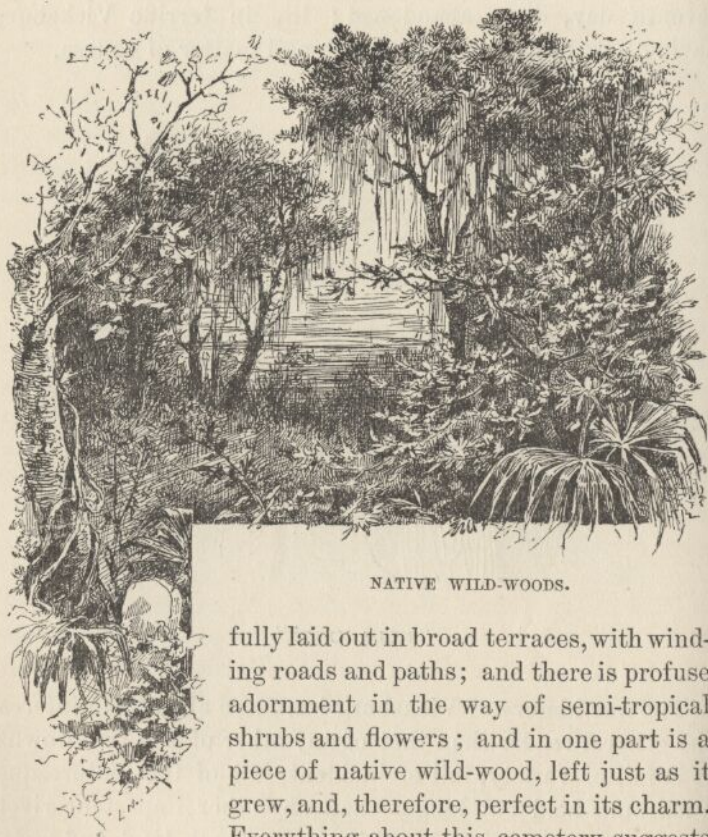




“MULE MEAT?”

“HERE REST IN PEACE 16,600 WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY
IN THE YEARS 1861 TO 1865.”

The grounds are nobly situated ; being very high and commanding a wide prospect of land and river. They are taste-



NATIVE WILD-WOODS.

fully laid out in broad terraces, with winding roads and paths ; and there is profuse adornment in the way of semi-tropical shrubs and flowers ; and in one part is a piece of native wild-wood, left just as it grew, and, therefore, perfect in its charm. Everything about this cemetery suggests the hand of the national Government.



MY PROMENADE.



“I am not that kind of a surveyor. Let us change the subject, Mr. Backus.”



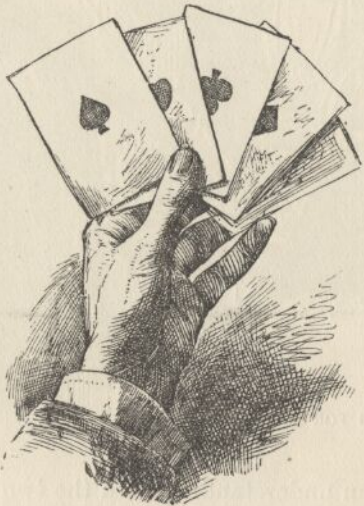
THE DOOR WAS A-CRACK.



“FIVE HUNDRED BETTER.”



"BEEN LAYING FOR YOU DUFFERS."











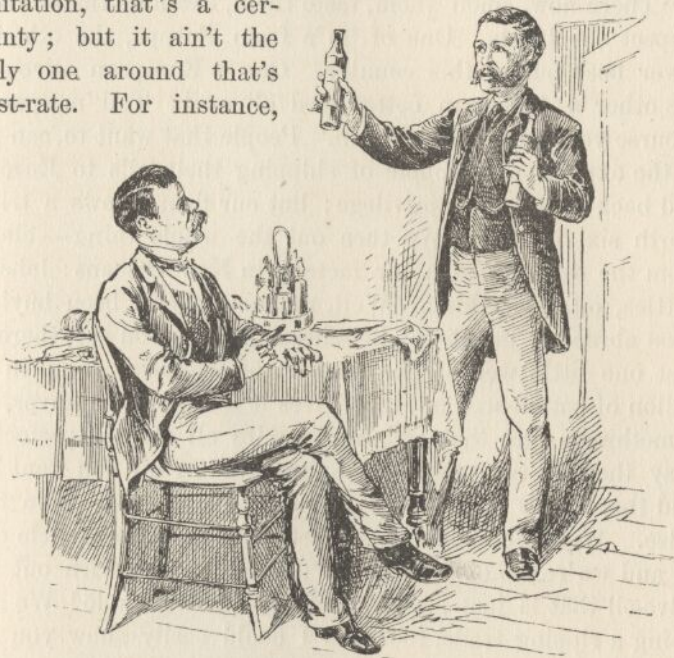




DRUMMERS.

And so-forth and so-on, for ten minutes longer, in the same fervid strain. Then New Orleans piped up and said:—

“Yes, it’s a first-rate imitation, that’s a certainty; but it ain’t the only one around that’s first-rate. For instance,



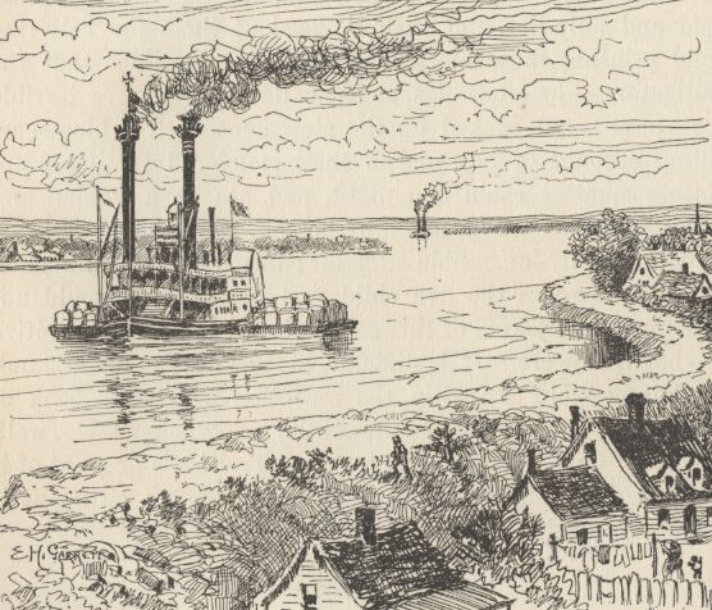
“SMELL THEM, TASTE THEM.”



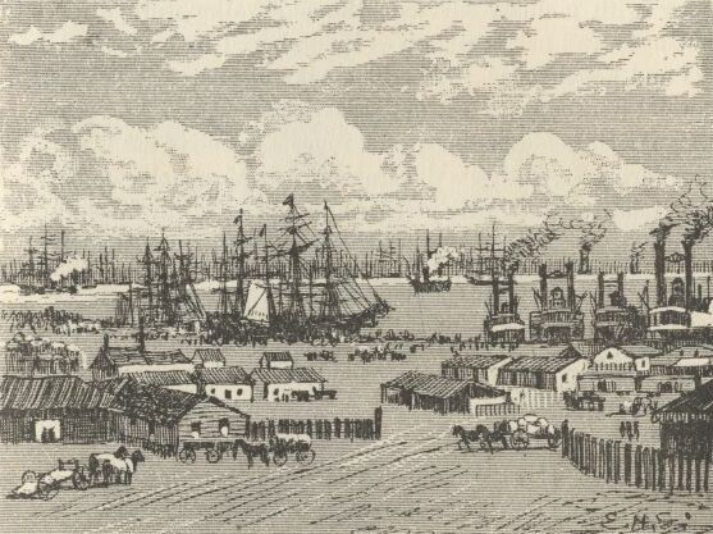


COLUMBIA FEMALE INSTITUTE.





E.H. GARRETT

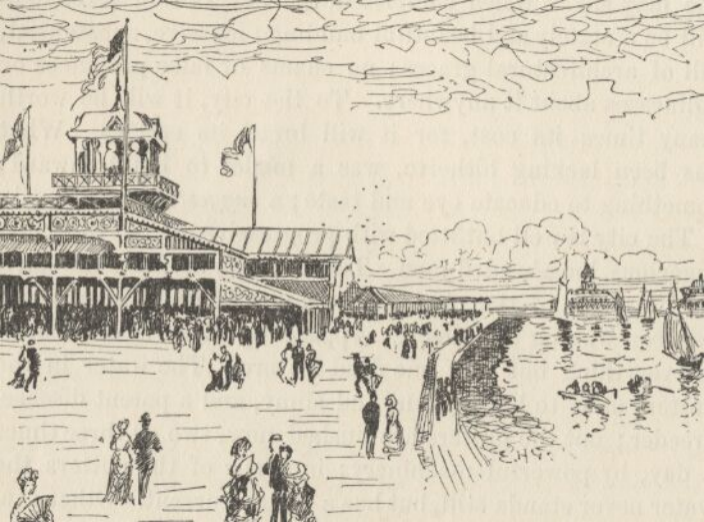


E. H. S.



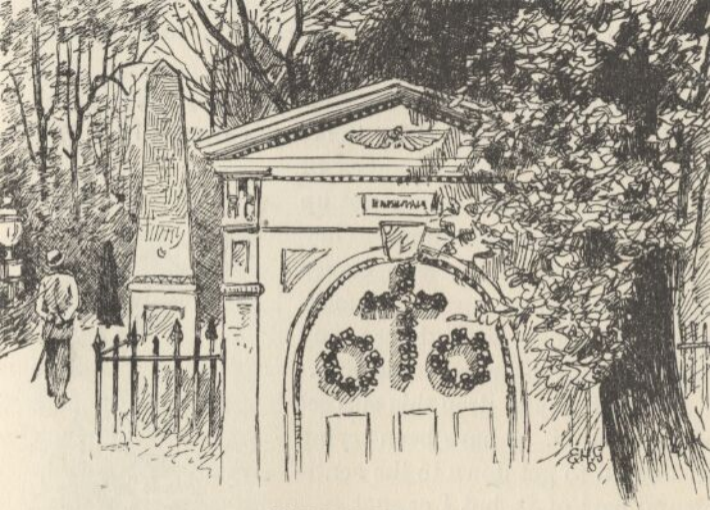
A. EY
CIRCULAT

E. H. Bennett





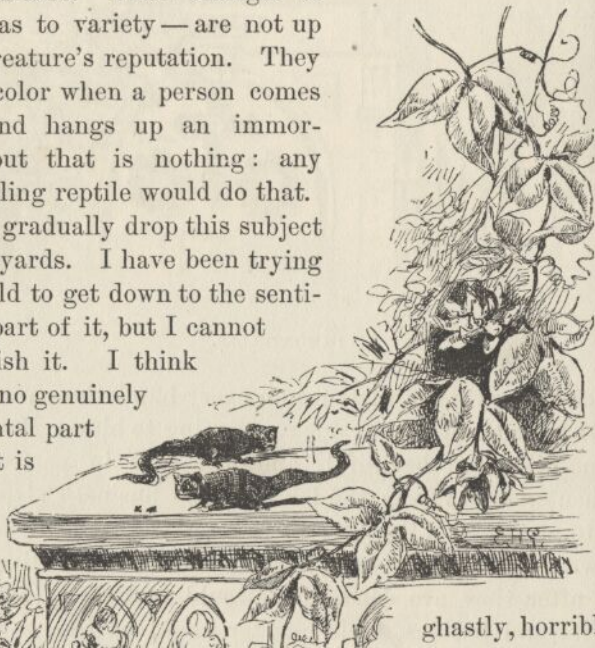
E. M. Garrett



IMMORTELES.

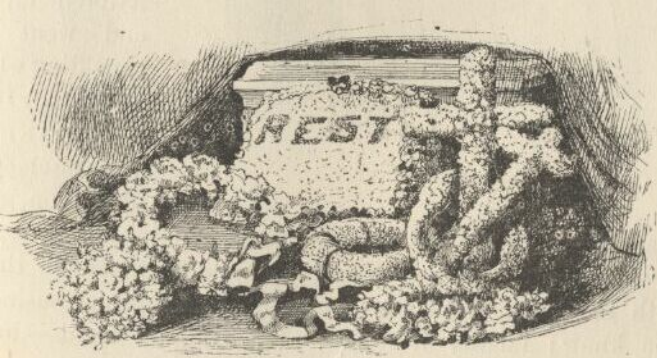
On sunny days, pretty little chameleons — gracefulest of legged reptiles — creep along the marble fronts of the vaults, and catch flies. Their changes of color — as to variety — are not up to the creature's reputation. They change color when a person comes along and hangs up an immortelle; but that is nothing: any right-feeling reptile would do that.

I will gradually drop this subject of graveyards. I have been trying all I could to get down to the sentimental part of it, but I cannot accomplish it. I think there is no genuinely sentimental part to it. It is all grotesque,



ghastly, horrible.







HE CHUCKLED.



“WHY, JUST LOOK AT IT.”

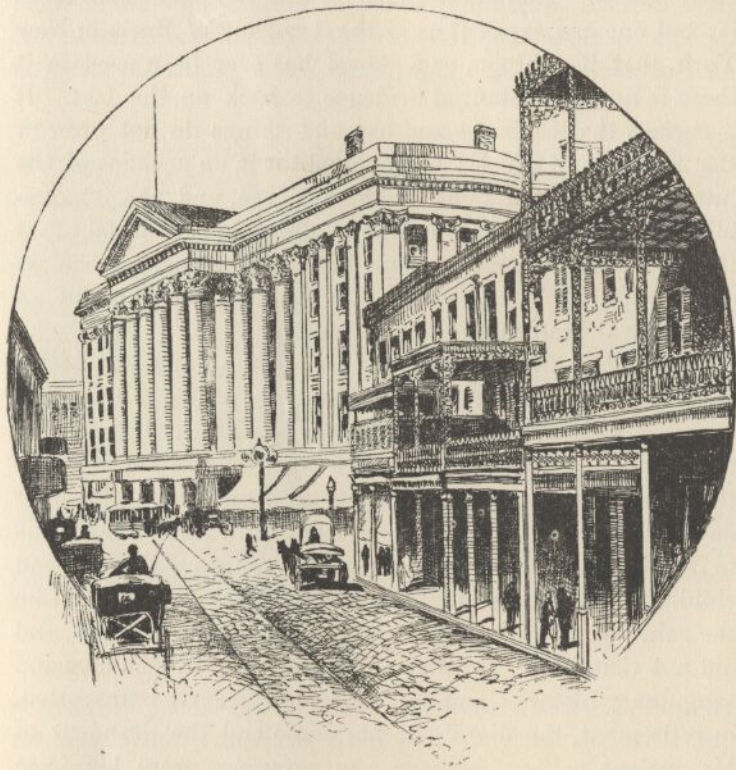


AMBITION.



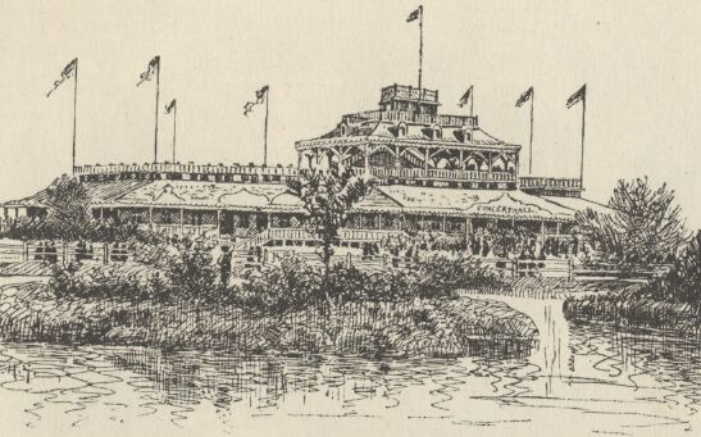
AN EXPLANATION.

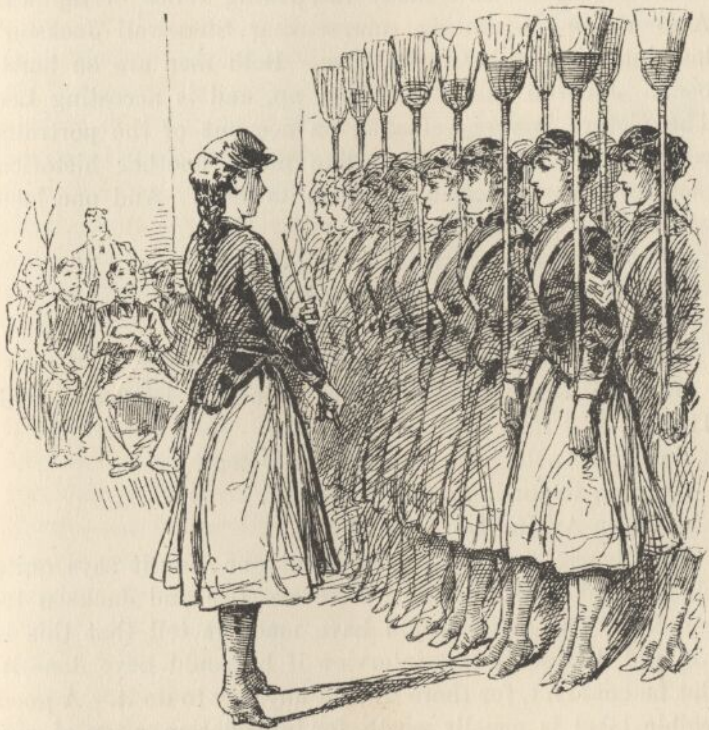




THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL.







THE BROOM BRIGADE.



Harley Seal

“WHAAH YOU WAS?”







“WAW TALK.”



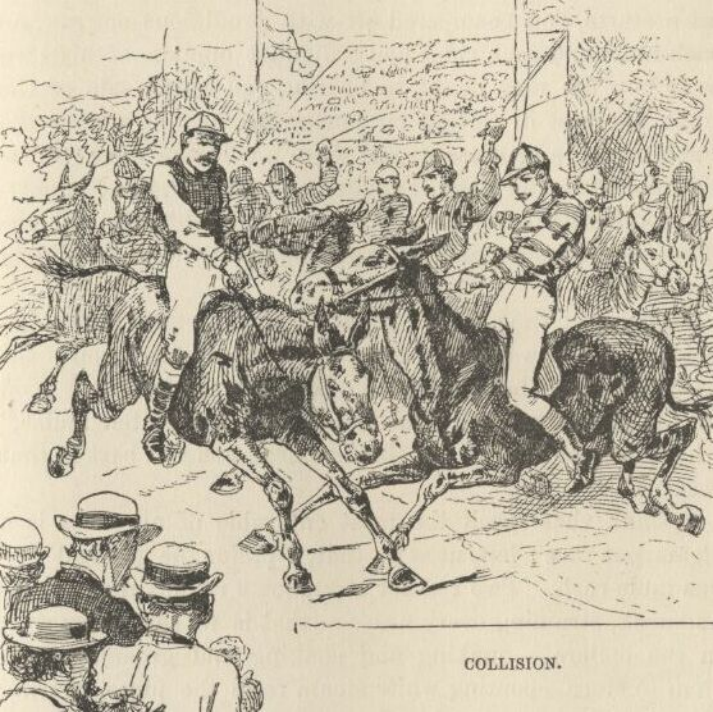
COCK PIT.



GUESTS.



ABSENCE OF HARMONY.



COLLISION.





CHIVALRY.

the genuine and wholesome civilization of the nineteenth century is curiously confused and commingled with the Walter Scott Middle-Age

Haily 22



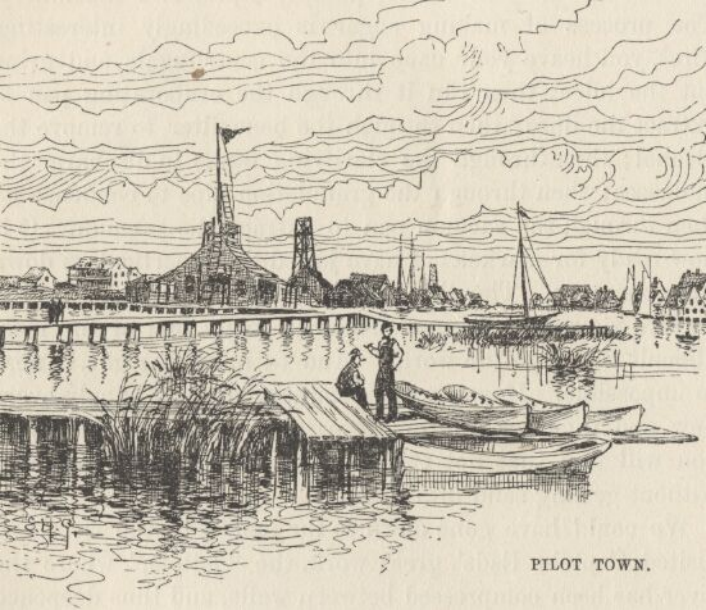
UNCLE REMUS.



WE READ ALOUD.







PILOT TOWN.



SMOKE AND GOSSIP.



THE INTERVIEW.



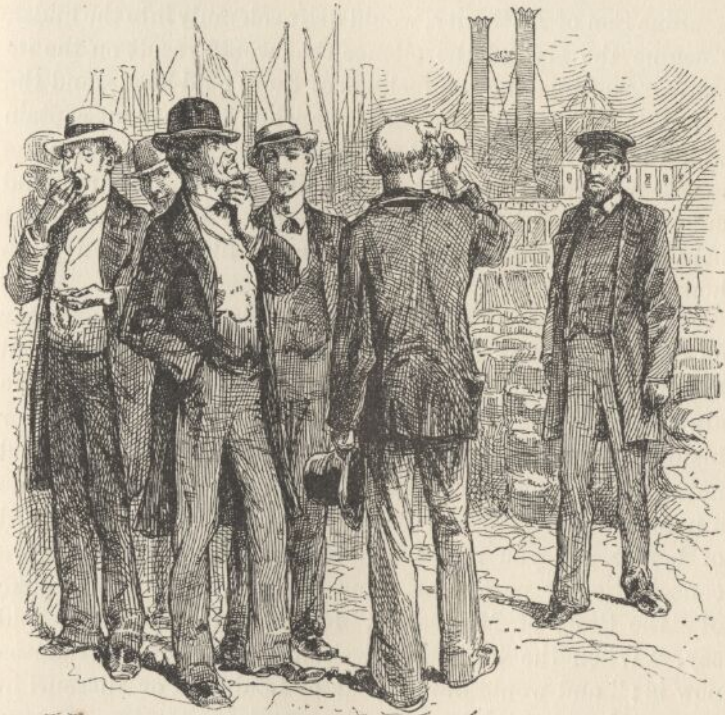


OVER THE
BREASTBOARD.



THORNBURGH'S CUB.





“A CHILL FELL THERE.”



SELLERS'S

SELLERS'S MONUMENT.



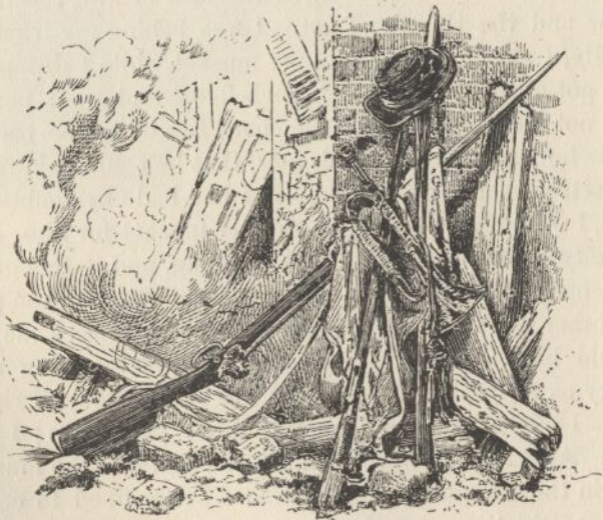


I AM ANXIOUS ABOUT THE TIME.



STAGE-STRUCK.







WILLIAMS PLIES HIS TRADE.



S. D. Shule.





MISSION WORK.

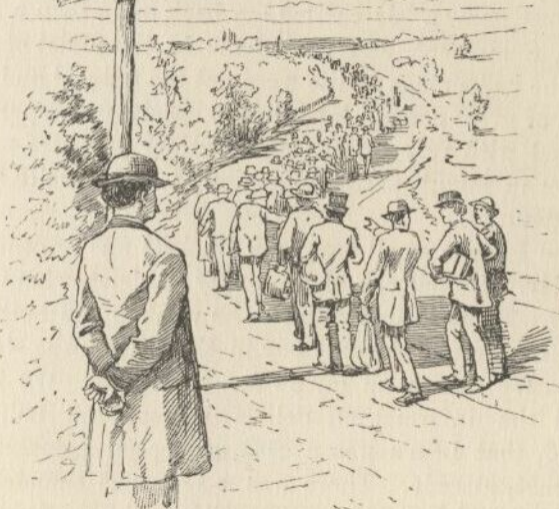






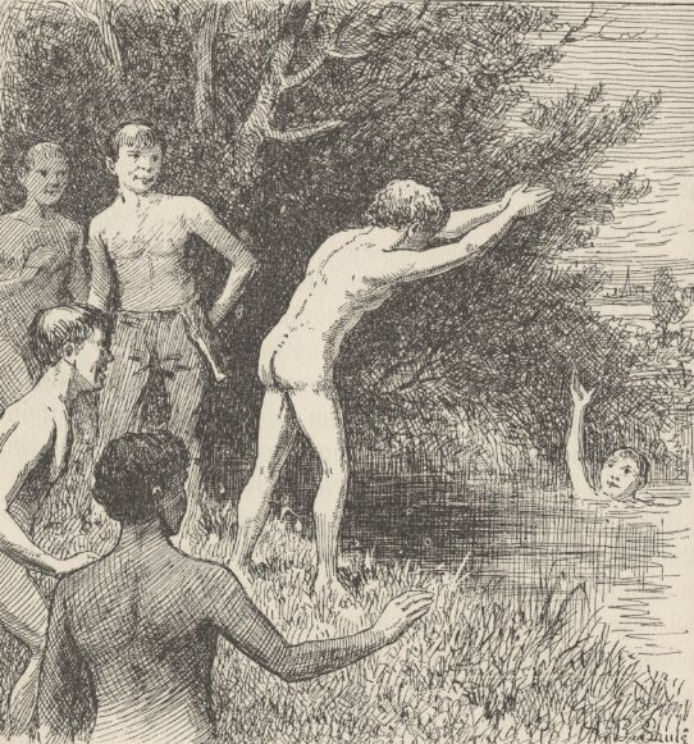
A PRACTICAL JOKE.

TO ST. LOUIS





“I SAT UP IN BED QUAKING.”



H. B. Sullivan



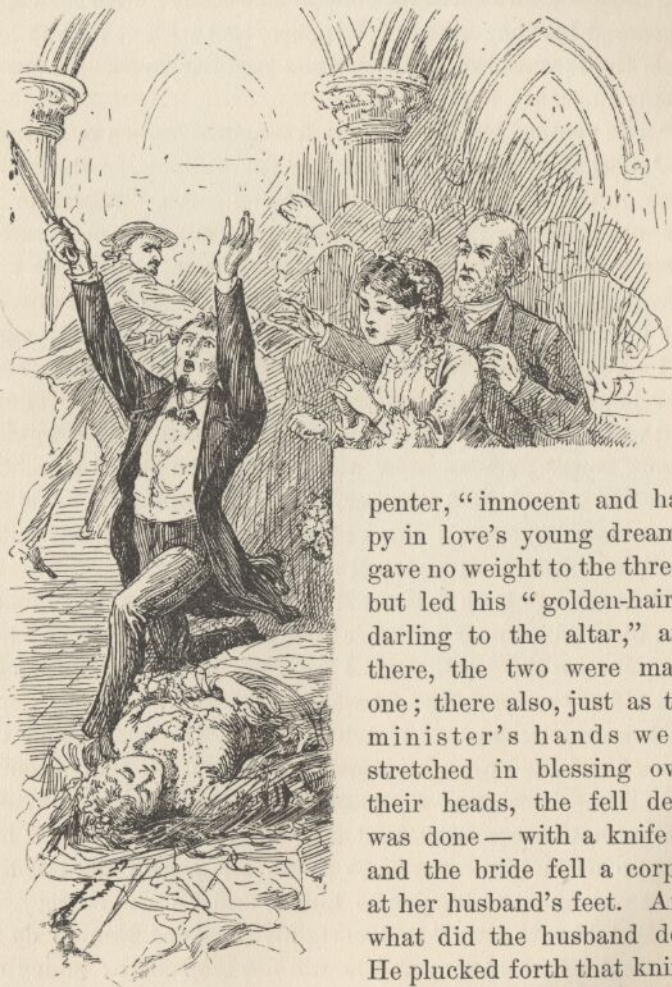
A. B. S.

“WE ALL FLEW HOME.”



RANDOM RUBBISH.

Archibald Lynch, who said the girl should be his, or he would "dye his hands in her heart's best blood." The car-

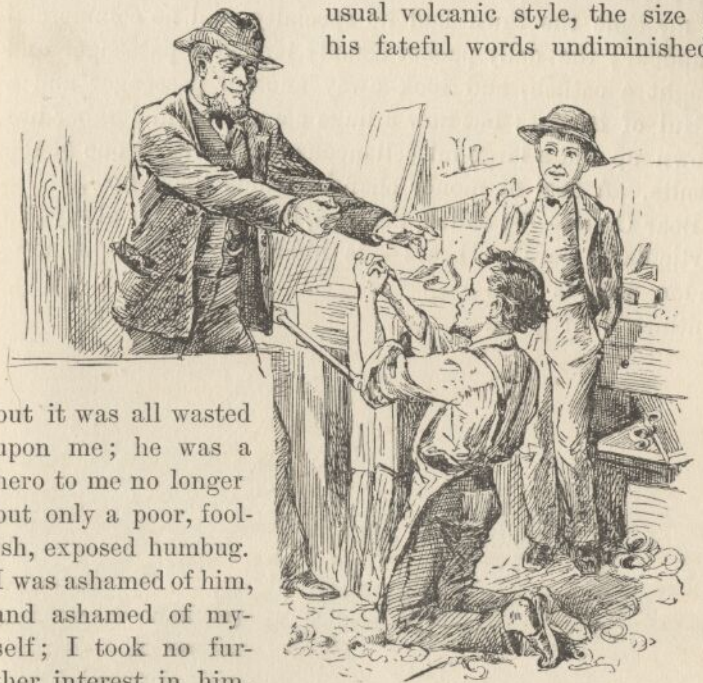


THE CONSECRATED KNIFE.

penter, "innocent and happy in love's young dream," gave no weight to the threat, but led his "golden-haired darling to the altar," and there, the two were made one; there also, just as the minister's hands were stretched in blessing over their heads, the fell deed was done — with a knife — and the bride fell a corpse at her husband's feet. And what did the husband do? He plucked forth that knife, and kneeling by the body of his lost one, swore to "con-

secrate his life to the extermination of all the human scum that bear the hated name of Lynch."

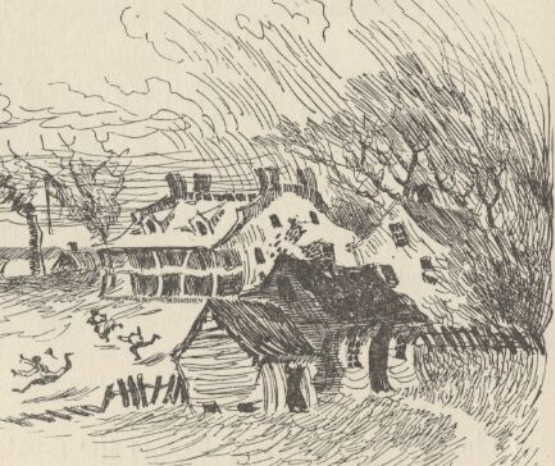
what, in my eyes, had so lately been a majestic and incomparable hero. The carpenter blustered, flourished his knife, and doomed this Lynch in his usual volcanic style, the size of his fateful words undiminished;



A CHEAP AND PITIFUL RUIN.

but it was all wasted upon me; he was a hero to me no longer but only a poor, foolish, exposed humbug. I was ashamed of him, and ashamed of myself; I took no further interest in him, and never went to his shop any more. He

was a heavy loss to me, for he was the greatest hero I had ever known. The fellow must have had some talent; for some of his imaginary murders were so vividly and dramatically described that I remember all their details yet.







I TAMPER WITH MY CONSCIENCE.



MY BURDEN IS LIFTED.





HENRY CLAY DEAN.



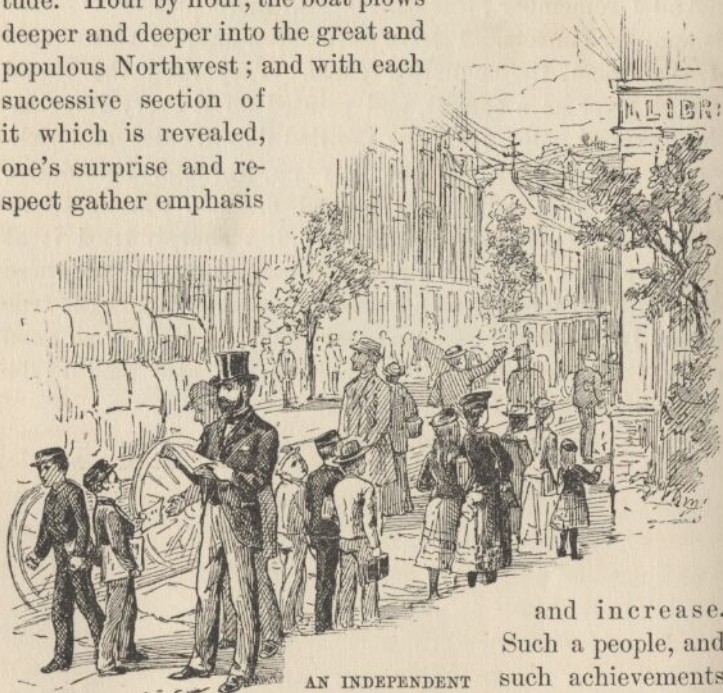


A FORMER RESIDENT.

CHAPTER LVIII.

ON THE UPPER RIVER.

THE big towns drop in, thick and fast, now: and between stretch processions of thrifty farms, not desolate solitude. Hour by hour, the boat plows deeper and deeper into the great and populous Northwest; and with each successive section of it which is revealed, one's surprise and respect gather emphasis



AN INDEPENDENT
RACE.

and increase. Such a people, and such achievements as theirs, compel homage. This is an independent race who think for themselves, and who are competent to do it, because they are educated and enlightened; they read, they keep abreast



THE MAN WITH A TRADE MARK.



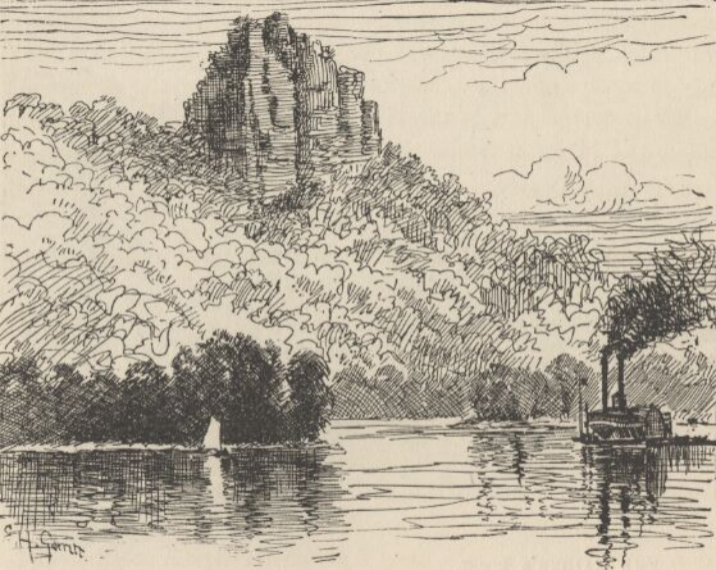


“‘NUTH’N’,” SAYS SMITH.





QUEEN'S BLUFF.



CHIMNEY ROCK.



THE MAIDEN'S ROCK.



THE LECTURER.



ST. PAUL.





THE FIRST ARRIVAL.



MINNEAPOLIS AND THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.



THE MIXTURE.







LIFE
ON THE

MISSISSIPPI

MARK TWAIN

ILLUSTRATED



THE "BATON ROUGE."



THE "BATON ROUGE."

LIFE

OF THE



MISSISSIPPI

BY

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LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

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