State Historical Society

The Weekly Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. | THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION. | TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XX.—NUMBER 25. | TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1876. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,013.

Choice Poetry.

THE HOOSIER AUNT.

[*A phase of the Centennial comprised in Cantata. N. B.—To be sung, and not read.*]

I.

From that hundred citied West,
West that grows like weed possessed,
Ranges down on all my doors,
Country cousins, countless scores;
In posish, in posish
To enjoy the Exposish;
Come to stay, come to stay,
Till the show has passed away,
While loud voices rise and call—
"Put some more cots in the hall!"
Weltering, my children cry,
Sweltering, my children cry,
As they wander to and fro,
"Well, this is, indeed, A Go."
While their guests of both the sexes,
Moveless guests of both the sexes,
Move about from day to day,
Doing buildings and Annexes.

II.

Hoosier aunt, hoosier aunt, hither swiftly flying,
Getting eastward o'er the air-line rail,
Heart within, "I kinder hate to leave you, Oshkosh sighing:
But, "Oah, you've got to show, in this Centennial Year,
During which you have no Show, and Philadelphia has the Show," replying.
Telegrams, in showers, addressed to the old aunt from Philadelphia, crying—
"Don't come, we're over full; particulars by mail."

III.

Oshkosh, not for thee,
Nor thee, Oh, Kankakee,
Nor thee, dear Coney Island, sitting by the sea,
Nor thee, Skowhegan, and in very truth,
Not e'en for thee, Duluth, Duuuth.
Will, Winter cries, I write away,
Nym Crynkle cries, I write a play,
Jim Bennett cries, I polo play;
But the Hoosier aunt cries, "I'm bound to go to Philadelphia, and I'm bound to stay."

IV.

Then old Bunks and Hooks and Things,
The kind that one from garret brings,
Ghosts of Goods once fresh and fair,
Grown ragged Quilts in the air,
Lounges with their broken springs,
Settles where the sly moth clings—
Parents, children, hired girls,
While each aching head swift whirls,
Write to the Hoosier aunt, with faces very glum,
"No! Thou shalt not come!"
Hoop-la!
Hoosier aunt coming East in throbbing train—
East, the remonstrances are all in vain—
East, like an arrow shot swift and well—
By some such archer as old Bill Tell,
Flies for the apple, and "rings the bell."
Unfolled and lusty,
Albeit a trifle dusty,
Gits she by day under the stars,
Gits in Wagner and Pullman cars,
Gits while the Hoosier Heart Heaves and Hums with a Sweet Expectancy that nothing mars.

Now, Laus Deo, the journey's past,
Now Praise for Railways running fast,
Despite of those who waved her away,
She started, is here, and is come to stay.
How long, Good Gracious, how long is it
That she's going to protract her visit?
How long, how long? O, give us an answer,
And tell us the truth in one brief stanza.

"Long as the Art Hall's open fonnd,
Long as the Corliss wheel turns round,
Long as the gatemen do not cease
To gather in the half-dollar piece;
Long's there's anything to see—
So long, in short, as the show shall be,
So long dear aunt will be on hand,
As Summer's blithest morning bland."

O, Exposish, from top of George's Hill unfold
The star-strewn banner loved with love untold,
Wave us swift onward to that Golden Age
When Right, alone, shall hold the world's broad stage,
When Love, alone, shall human thought engage,
Scream, Eagle, scream, from Schuylkill unto Niger,
And sound the world's best lover's welcome—cheers, cheers, each cheer a "tiger."

Select Story.

UNCLE ZEB'S APPLE-BEE;
—OR,—
SAM. STUCKUP'S MISHAP.

During a visit I once made at Uncle Zeb's, who lives in a town not a hundred miles from the interior of New Hampshire, it was my good fortune to be present at an apple-bee which came off at his house; and from that time, I was decidedly of the opinion that a country apple-bee was a great institution; not even surpassed by a husking, a cider party, or a western tea squall.

Uncle Zeb was a matter-of-fact man, but occasionally went in for a good time; and this season, having an abundance of apples, he told his boys and girls to get up a paring-bee. So at it they went in good earnest, assisted by their mother, "Aunt Sarah." Great preparations were made. The girls fried heaps of doughnuts, while their mother baked lots of pies, taking especial pains with one tremendous squash pie, which she baked in the largest milk pan she had. It was a rouser, and no mistake—done to a charm. Aunt Sarah was delighted when she took it out of the oven, and put it away to cool. She intended it as the great future of the evening's entertainment; and it really was, though in a different way from what she designed.

When the appointed evening came, it found Uncle Zeb's kitchen filled with as wide awake a company of young folks as ever met together on a similar occasion.

Uncle Zeb had taken good care to provide plenty of work, to keep the boys and girls out of mischief, as he said; but, nothing loth, at it they went in right good earnest, the big pile of apples disappearing in fine style. The work was through at an early hour, and preparations were made for the fun which was to follow.

Among the company was a young man, a clerk in a dry-goods store in Boston, who came up on a visit to his relatives, and to see the country greenhorns, as he called his young cousins. Samuel Stuckup was the youth's name.

Now, Samuel was quite a dandy, a great admirer of city life, its fashions and manners, and moreover, looked with great contempt upon what he was pleased to style the awful greenness of country folks, who, according to his notions, had not the faintest conception of what genteel society was; therefore, as a matter of course, he was very much shocked at the want of ceremony in the company; took in high dudgeon the familiar way in which he was called Sam; and suggested that, as he was a young gentleman from Boston, it would look much better to address him as Mr. Stuckup. This did not suit the company, some of whom were determined to have some fun, and fix the young sprout, as they called him.

Mr. Stuckup was dressed in the most approved city fashions, and wore his kid gloves all the evening. When the doughnuts were passed around, he very daintily took one between his thumb and fore-finger, examining it carefully before he ventured to put it near his mouth. This proceeding was noticed by the company, especially by aunt Sarah's girls, who were longing to have revenge, and exchanged knowing glances with the boys.

The young men could not exactly fix upon anything definite by which to take the starch out of Sam; but while they were deliberating, Aunt Sarah brought in the big pie, which being so heavy, she set on the floor, while a place was being cleared for it in the centre of the table. Her countenance wore a pleased look, as she contemplated the fine appearance and ample proportions of the pie. Poor, unfortunate pie! which had cost so much care, and was to afford so much enjoyment; to what an ignominious end was it destined to come, and what bitter disappointment was to be Aunt Sarah's!

Now, Mr. Stuckup had noticed the placing of the pie on the floor, which very much shocked his exquisite sensibilities, and he manifested his indignation by his attempt to leave the room, exclaiming, at the same time, "What shocking vulgarity!" But, alas for poor Sam! The fates were against him, this time. His pride, as well as his person, was destined to have a downfall; for in going out, he was obliged to pass very near the pie, and just as he stepped past—oh, horror—his genteel foot trod on an apple paring, when up flew both heels instanter, and down he went backwards, his seat of honor striking fairly in the middle of the big pie, sinking to the bottom of the dish, and there sticking fast; and as he settled thus suddenly into its depths, the soft material squirted up, plastering his face and fine shirt-bosom completely over.

Now was the hour of triumph for the young folks; but poor Aunt Sarah was sadly disappointed and highly indignant. She cast a contemptuous look upon Sam., exclaiming, at the same time: "You blundering little fool, you! Couldn't you find a chair? Get up! or you'll break my dish!" But Mr. Stuckup was held fast, presenting a most ludicrous appearance, with his kid gloves and genteel boots pointing in different directions, each at an elevation of about forty-five degrees.

Uncle Zeb left his seat, in order to examine more closely the catastrophe. After looking at the unfortunate dandy a few seconds, and putting on a very comical look, he thus addressed him:

"Well, Mr. Stuckup! you seem to be in a fix, any how. Pretty well stuck up, for sartin, an' stuck down, too, besides being stuck in mother's dish—fairly stuck all over, this time. This may be called a mighty genteel way of taking a seat where you live, but I guess we country folks, up here in the brush, like chairs better. At any rate, I think it looks a little boggish to take the whole of that great pie. When you got enough, hadn't you better get up and wash your face?"

"Oh, dear!" blubbered out Sam. "How can you see a gentleman in such a suffering condition, without attempting to afford him relief? What vulgar people you all are!"

"Boys!" said Uncle Zeb, "do take the tartal critter out of the way; and when he's gone, you girls, get the swill-pail and mop, and clean up."

The boys were on hand, and four of the largest jumped up, two taking each kid glove, the other two the boots, and lifted Stuckup, dish and all, carrying the load out, and depositing it in the middle of the cow-yard. Then, without further ceremony, they turned poor Sam over on his side, and, by bending him together, succeeded in safely disengaging the dish, though the pants suffered some by the operation. After which they went into the house, but before going, told Sam to go to the watering-trough, wash up, and then come in, when they would lend him a woolen frock, overalls, and a pair of cowhide boots, which he might wear to Boston.

The pie-dish was carried into the house in triumph, and, after examining it carefully, Aunt Sarah said it was whole, but wondered the plaguy fool didn't break it.

After the boys were gone in, poor Stuckup went to the trough and commenced the cleansing process. But, alas! his misfortunes were not yet at an end, for Uncle Zeb's cattle had witnessed with astonishment and indignation this nocturnal invasion of their castle, and the ablutions of Sam at their watering trough. At length the lord of the herd began to shake his head in a very ominous manner, approaching the trough at the same time, yet all unperceived by Sam, who was intently engaged in freeing himself from Aunt Sarah's pie. But all at once, a low, muttering roar startled him; and, turning round, he saw a shaggy head with a pair of horns close in his rear. He gave a sudden spring, and ran with all his might to where he supposed he could get out; but in his hurry and fright, he missed the place, and made several circuits around the yard, the enraged quadruped in hot pursuit, with his horns in fearful proximity to that part of Sam's person which held such close communion with Aunt Sarah's pie. Seeing no chance of escape, and the danger increasing at every step, poor Sam made a dive for the barn cellar, and coming to a low fence in the back part, over he went, thinking himself safe for a time. But not so—for he had only jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, and now found himself in the hog pen, surrounded by Uncle Zeb's enraged porkers, who were not prepared for callers at such late hours, and did not like to have their midnight slumbers thus disturbed. With open mouths and furious grunts, they began to close around the ill-fated young man.

Poor Sam! He thought his last day had indeed come. He attempted to get back into the yard, but head and horns stood sentry there. The furious porkers were getting nearer, when he made a desperate leap to clear the backs of the grunters, but he fell short, and landed on the back of one of them, who set up a horrible squealing.

Sam got off as best he could, and ran round the pen, screaming, "Help! help! murder! murder!" at the top of his voice. Louder grew the grunts of the porkers, and his first assailant of the cow-yard roared fearfully, while some of the other cattle began to bellow with fright.

The terrible hubbub was heard in the house, where all hands were having a good time; but the screams of Sam caused the fun to cease. Uncle Zeb and the boys rushed out to the yard, and soon discovered the sad predicament of the Boston dandy. With the aid of pitchforks and clubs, he was finally rescued from his tormentors, and taken to the house. Poor Sam! he indeed presented a sorry plight. All hands now began to pity him, as they concluded he had now got sufficiently punished.

Aunt Sarah told the boys to help clean him up, and lend him some good dry clothes, and tell him not to mind, but come in and help finish out the fun. But Sam was too crestfallen; so, after he got thoroughly cleaned, he went to bed.

The company's spirits being restored, the doughnuts and pies disappeared, jokes were cracked, forfeits paid with a will, many fortunes told, and the party finally broke up at a late hour. I do not believe that any of them will ever forget Uncle Zeb's paring-bee, and poor Sam's mishap.

Poor Sam! he took the early train, next morning, for Boston, and arrived at his home without any further mishap, though in a different suit from that which he wore when he left. He has since been heard to say that a country apple-bee is no place for a gentleman to figure in.

A REMINISCENCE OF GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

In June, 1837, thirty-nine years ago, occurred one of George D. Prentice's terrible street encounters on account of his keen, unsparing lashing of men in the Louisville *Journal*. Regarding this I heard, the other day, a story which will interest your readers. In all of Prentice's battles, the majority of the people in Louisville were eagerly enlisted in sympathy with the great writer or his victim. At the date I write of, there was employed in the office of the *Journal* a young Pennsylvanian, a compositor, about fourteen years of age, of medium height, but of wonderful muscular build and power. Work was under way in the composing room, when shots were heard in the street in front, and of course foreman, typos, "subs," and "devils," rushed to the windows to see. Just in front of the office were George D. Prentice and a man named Boyd, who had exchanged several shots, and clinching, had fallen, Prentice under, and Boyd was reaching for his bowie knife to end the work. Our young typo only saw that his loved chief was near death, when, dropping on the floor his half-filled stick of matter, he turned, dashed down the stairway to the street, and through the crowd with the impetuosity of a mad bull, and aimed a blow which would have ended the fight. But it did not—the intended blow didn't. Our hero felt a sharp, stinging blow on the left side of his neck, which brought him to his knees, and found that he had been cut with a bowie knife, in the hands of a young medical student there. Turning in an instant, the man drew his own knife and attacked his assailant, striking him a cut which passed almost clear across the abdomen, and received a second cut in the left side, which, an inch lower, would have reached the heart, and finished his life. A dozen knives were busy in an instant, and in a moment more, the battle was over. The young medical student was lying bathed in his blood, as was also the typo and another victim of the latter's knife. Careful nursing and attendance through a long and dangerous illness, resulted in the recovery of all, and no legal steps were taken in the matter. The third man's name I know nothing of, but the typo was James B. Steedman, now of Toledo, and who was one of the Generals at the disastrous field of Chickamauga, who well earned the rank of Major-General, and whose neck now shows plainly the mark of the deadly knife of Dr. Tomlinson, now of Harrodsburg, Ky., the father of two of the wives of General William Worth Belknap, of whom your readers have doubtless heard recently. In September, of the same year, young Steedman left Louisville, and after a short wandering eastward, arrived in the Maumee Valley, in the same year.—*Sunday Journal.*

Miscellany.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the ancient sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
And tear drops bedewed each furrowed cheek,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough, as there they stood,
Their seats of rush, and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs!
They bring up such sad thoughts to-night;
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In a small, dark room, up-stairs."

But she answered: "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them, and I forget
That the children won't stay;
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

"So, let them stand there, though empty now;
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

His Silver-Spring Home, and Its Romantic Origin—Senator Gordon's Rebel Battle North of Washington—Blow Near He Came to Burning the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 22.—Francis P. Blair, Sr., was buried yesterday from the ancient Rock Creek Church. His life took hold upon the last century, as do the bricks in the church from which he was buried. In the early Colonial days, when the first Maryland settlers had extended their pioneer researches in this region, before Washington and Maj. L'Enfant had commenced the job of planning Washington City, a colony of Maryland Episcopalians erected this missionary-church upon the wooded heights now known as Soldiers' Home Hill. From that quaint old church, almost unnoticed in the primeval oaks of that wooded hill, all that remains of venerable, noble, and patriotic Francis P. Blair, was buried. His life reached back a long way into the period of which that church is a representative. Mr. Blair was

ALMOST A CENTENARIAN.

He died a few days ago, at the age of 87. During late years, Mr. Blair had been little known in political life; but he was well known to everybody whose occupations or habits often led them to the suburbs of Washington.

Very many years ago, far enough back in time for an old man of 87 to have had his boyish romance, the now ancient home of the Blair family at Silver Springs was founded. Mr. Blair—brought here from his Western home on account of an editorial which had written him into popularity, in which he had attacked Nullification—worked with great energy on his newspaper, the old *Globe*. His health began to break. Washington City was not then the healthy place it now is. Grass grew between the cobble-stones; the sewerage was on the surface; unhealth percolated through the sand; and the water system had not reached its present perfection. His young wife, too, grew ill; and he then determined to find some place in the suburbs where he could write his editorial denunciations of Nullification, and, at the same, rebuild his health by devotion to pastoral pursuits. He was further determined to this by the warning of his physician, who had given him about a year's lease of life unless his work was changed. Chance brought Mr. Blair to

SILVER SPRING.

One bright May-day he and his wife were cantering over the plateau which leads north to the Maryland country, which then was a sandy prairie, when, by some accident to the saddle, Mrs. Blair was thrown. She was too good a horse-woman to be readily caught. Mr. Blair himself followed the runaway steed, until he finally caught him drinking at a spring eight miles north of the city, in a pine grove. The spring was a remarkable one. The water bubbled up from the sparkling sand, clear and limpid, qui e like a fountain. The farming country around about was quite arable. The location was good. It was elevated some 500 feet above Washington, had a fine view of the Potomac country, and was easily accessible over a road which the character of the soil would never allow to become very bad. Land was cheap—$10 per acre—and Francis Blair, within a short time afterwards, bought at that spot 1,000 acres, including the spring, which he named the Silver Spring. From that day to this, he has lived from six to eight months of every year at this rural home. There his boys have grown up to manhood; and his son, Montgomery, now owns a more modern house and a smaller plantation adjacent to the original Silver Spring tract. It was Montgomery's home, built upon the site of the present one, that the Rebels under Gen. (now Senator) Gordon and Gen. Early destroyed by fire on the night when they camped about Silver Spring,

ON THEIR WAY TO BURN WASHINGTON.

The bacchanalian riots of that night, and the mistake of their commander in stopping, prevented the march of the Rebels on Washington; for, in the night, the famous "fighting Sixth Corps" of the Potomac Army had arrived from the James River country, had marched from the Potomac landing at double-quick to within a mile of Silver Spring, and, when the day dawned, was drawn up in line of battle, awaiting Early's troops, who awoke too late from their revelry. A little cemetery, in which there are fifty tombstones, is all there is to indicate the skirmish of that morning, which resulted in the rout of the Confederates and the salvation of Washington. The Rebels were never again so near the Capital City, and they never again had so grand an opportunity of burning the capital of a country which they were seeking to destroy. Their were to oppose them, for a day and a night, when they were within seven miles of Washington, but a few homeguards and some convalescents from the hospitals, who could have made but sorry resistance to the ride of the vigorous raiders of the Shenandoah Valley. A bottle of wine before now has upset the plans of better Generals than Early and Gordon.

When old Francis P. Blair selected his home, he scarcely thought that the war against Nullification which he was then waging, would result in a strife one of whose historic battles would be fought upon the outskirts of his own Silver Spring farm. Having bought his country-home, he immediately commenced to enjoy it to the fullest extent. He had always loved the outside of a house better than the inside. He commenced to live there, in reality, the life of

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

During his early Kentucky life, he must have taken upon him something of the old spirit of Daniel Boone. His study, overwork, and constitutional predisposition had given him a cough, which threatened consumption. His lungs were bleeding, and his physician, early in life, put him upon a horse and told him to stay in the open air. He followed that advice at the Silver Spring farm. When he first began riding, a young man of 20, he had to be lifted on his horse. He had to be lifted in like manner on his horse for the last ten years before he died; and he was lifted on, except for the last six months, during which time he has been bedridden. There were few days when old Francis P. Blair might not be seen in the north country around Washington, jogging along on his faithful, sure-footed, trusty horse. For many years, the person who passed Silver Spring farm early in the morning, might see two horses standing near the house. One was for the old gentleman Blair, the other for his wife, whose horseback escapade, nearly a half century ago, resulted in the discovery of the Silver Spring. They would ride away, not at a tournament-gait, to be sure, but at a sober, healthful, certain gait. The Death-Rider, who overtakes us all, outran old Francis P. Blair himself last week, and at the age of 87 he is buried. The lesson of his life is a noble one, in a patriotic sense. There is another lesson, which the dyspeptic American who is so much afraid of his muscles might take to heart; that is, that there is health in the saddle. E. B. W.

A Daniel Webster Scandal.

The death of F. O. J. Smith brings to mind one of the old scandals of the Administration as far back as the days of Tyler. When Daniel Webster left the Cabinet, his accounts did not square. There was a deficit, which he made up out of his pocket, but he declared that it was caused by the loss of certain vouchers. He was accused in Congress of making an improper use of the secret service fund, and a letter from F. O. J. Smith, who had acted as agent in securing the consent of Maine to the adjustment of the Northwestern boundary, was quoted to prove that money had been used to influence the press and public opinion of that State. Some other explanation of the letter was found, and Mr Smith testified that he did not use public funds to corrupt the press in Maine. The matter made a good deal of stir at the time, and was investigated, but the result, as usual in such investigations, did not clear the matter up very satisfactorily.—*Boston Globe.*

A STRANGE HISTORY.

How the Democratic Leaders Conspired to Prolong the War—The Secret of General Geo. B. McClellan's Failure to Move on Richmond—Mr. Tilden in the Role of a Presidential Manipulator in 1863—Progress of the Campaign in the Various States of the Union—The Republican Victory in Maine Greater Than Was at First Supposed—Every County in the State Returned a Majority of Votes for Governor Coburn—The Net Gain of the Republicans Over 50,000—The Majority Over 13,000—Campaign Gatherings All Over the Country—Chicago Gossip—Who Prolonged the War—An Interesting Bit of Secret History.

Correspondence of the Inter Ocean.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12, 1876.

As conjecturing is being said relative to the position taken by Samuel J. Tilden in regard to the war of the Rebellion, the following bit of secret history, which I had directly from one of the participants, may not prove uninteresting: After the war was fully inaugurated, and it became evident to every one that it was not to be closed up within the sixty days allotted to it by Seward in his New York speech, the Democratic party were specially anxious that it should continue until near the close of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and that some means could be resorted to, to place a Democrat in the Presidential chair in 1864, in order that that party might have the control of all matters and operations involved in the reconstruction of the seceded States. They were impelled to this mainly to save the lives and property of their party leaders at the South, and, if possible, save the institution of slavery from any danger that would threaten it as a consequence of the war.

This was the engrossing idea in the minds of the Democratic leaders at the North. They remained inactive, waiting an opportunity to develop a plan of action, until the retirement of General Scott from the command of the army of the United States, and the appointment of General McClellan, in November, 1861. General McClellan had always been a moderate Democrat, and as soon as he was elevated to the chief command of the army, a way seemed opened for the Democratic leaders to develop a plan of operations. In the fall of that year, eight of the leaders of the Democratic party met, by mutual understanding, at room 6, of Willard's Hotel, in the city of Washington. Among the number was Mr. Tilden. After considerable discussion, General McClellan was invited to the conference, and the result was, that a plan of action substantially like the following was agreed upon. General McClellan was to equip and drill an army sufficiently powerful to at any time descend upon Richmond and capture it. He was to ingratiate himself into the affection of his men and the esteem of his officers by every possible means. Nothing was to be done by his army to weaken the rebels, except such operations as were necessary to hold a large and strong army at Richmond, and to familiarize his own army with war, so that they could be depended upon as veterans when the final movement was to be made. This state of quasi activity was to remain until the spring of 1864, when McClellan was to swoop down upon Richmond, capture it, and destroy the Confederacy. The Democrats, on the other hand, were to nominate him in 1864 for the Presidency, and were to trust to his popularity with his men and officers, and to the prestige which he would gain as the destroyer of the rebellion, to triumphantly elect him, thus throwing reconstruction into the hands of the Democratic party.

This programme in all its details was fully agreed upon by all. In accordance with it, McClellan at once commenced a system of elaborate fortifications about Washington, which would require months, if not years, to complete; he equipped his army as no army was ever equipped; he disciplined it in all the arts of a soldier, and so completely won the affection of his men and the regard of his officers as to astonish every one.

Things were going nicely. But in January, 1862, Mr. Greeley, in some way wholly unknown, ascertained that there was a mutual understanding between McClellan and the Democratic leaders, and that the inactivity of the former was in strict accordance with some settled plan arranged between them. At once he set up the cry of "On to Richmond," and so persistently did he urge it, that some move had to be made to retain McClellan at the head of the armies. So in March, 1862, a movement was ordered to Manassas Junction, which had been, as McClellan well knew, evacuated for some time. After all the delay possible, the movement on the Chickahominy was made, and the retreat to the James followed. For no single hour of that disastrous campaign was it unknown to McClellan the exact condition of things at Richmond. He could have marched his army into Richmond any moment after the battle of Fair Oaks. But that was not in accordance with the plan. To have taken Richmond in 1862 would have left reconstruction in the hands of the Republican party—the very thing to be defeated.

After the Peninsula campaign, General McClellan was removed from command. It is well known that every influential Democrat at the North was clamorous for the reinstatement of McClellan, and all the influence the party had with President Lincoln was used to accomplish that object, and Mr. Lincoln yielded, against the earnest protest of Secretary Stanton, Mr. Greeley, Chase, Seward, and a host of others. But those were dark days. Lee was marching from Richmond, the North was at a fever heat of excitement, and to gain the support of loyal Democrats at the North, Mr. Lincoln reinstated McClellan. That General fought for his old plan—fought for the nomination for the Presidency—at Antietam, and won the battle. But in order that the day of his crowning glory might not be lost and the rebellion crushed, he allowed Lee to recross the Potomac and return to Richmond. The plan was not to close the rebellion until the spring of 1864.

The battle of Antietam was fought on the 17th of September, 1862, and although McClellan had repeated orders to move, and to resume active operations, he declined. He knew that he could take Richmond any time after the 17th of September, but that was not according to his plan. On the 7th of November, 1862, he was relieved of his command, but retained his commission, constantly in the hope of being recalled, for two years. The day never came for his taking Richmond, but the Democratic leaders rewarded his faithfulness to their plans and instructions by nominating him as their candidate for the Presidency in 1864.

Tilden's plan of reconstruction was understood to be simply this: With the government in the hands of the Democratic party, he believed the rebels would, upon the fall of Richmond, lay down their arms and disperse to their homes. Immunity from punishment was to be granted to all, the State governments at the South at once re-established upon their former basis, slavery intact in all the South, and the States at once invited to assume their former relations with the General Government, such guarantees upon the subject of slavery as the South should demand be granted, and nothing should be done to interfere with the doctrine of State rights held by him in common with his party North and South. Had McClellan been able to carry out his part of the programme, and crown his fancied success in 1864 by election to the Presidency, we should to-day be in a condition more deplorable than in 1860. These facts of history are now for the first time made public in print, although they have for some time been known to a few trusted Democrats other than those who comprised the secret cabal in the parlor at Willard's Hotel, in the fall of 1861.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

Darling, I am growing old;
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away.
But, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me;
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS.—Darling, I am growing old;
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips, and say:
Oh, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown;
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old;
Locks will lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks will fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never Winter's frost and chill;
Summer's warmth is with them still;
Never Winter's frost and chill,
Summer's warmth is with them still.

Love is always young and fair;
What to us is silver hair?
Cheeks will fade, and steps grow slow
To the hearts that beat below.
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown;
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

BUCHANAN AND SECESSION.

The President's Cowardice—A Startling Bit of Unwritten History.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

The *Evening Post* of Nov. 2, in its notice of Mr. Evarts' speech, speaks of the course and character of Andrew Jackson, as compared with those of James Buchanan, "who tamely yielded to the secessionists, and publicly and shamelessly declared that he was powerless to prevent the country from drifting to destruction."

This statement I can confirm by a reminiscence of an interview with Buchanan, which your words recall.

While General Anderson was holding Fort Sumter, and just before the South Carolina insurgents opened fire upon our flag, a meeting of conservative men was called at No. 31 Pine street to consult as to the critical condition of public affairs. The sentiments avowed by those who spoke seemed either despairing or Southern. There was no power to coerce a State. The government at Washington was soon to be overturned. New York was to be like Bremen; and "the Union was a rope of sand." Others felt that time ought to be gained for negotiation, and that, if the government could not send aid to its forces in Sumter, food at least might be furnished by private persons, which peaceful succor would not be resisted by South Carolina. So painful to me were the traitorous doctrines of the speakers, that I attempted to leave the assembly. John L. O'Sullivan, however, insisted on my taking a part in the discussion, and I maintained that the United States was a real nation, and had the same power to coerce one of its members that a father had to coerce and bring back a seceding and refractory small boy. The result was that I was requested to proceed at once to Albany, and urge, on behalf of the meeting, Mr. Erastus Corning and Mr. Thurlow Weed to accompany me to Washington for the purpose of persuading President Buchanan to relieve the starving garrison at Charleston. It was said that in some sense such a delegation would represent the Democratic, the conservative Whig, and the Radical parties, and would have weight with the President. The same evening I went to Albany, saw Mr. Corning, who willingly consented to go immediately. Mr. Weed was not at home, but in the morning agreed to act with us. The next night Mr. Corning and I went to Washington, and by an arrangement made through Mr. Appleton, acting Secretary of State, we were admitted about 11 on the following morning to an interview with the President. Mr. Weed was not able to go with us. Mr. Buchanan received us in his private office, in morning gown and slippers. After a few words of ordinary salutation, Mr. Corning stated the object of our visit. The President made no reply. After a pause, I told him what had been done at the meeting in Pine street, and pointed out the urgent need of Major Anderson. Mr. Buchanan remained silent. Then Mr. Corning said that the relief of Sumter would be sustained by all Democrats at the North, and that, should no attack be made upon the flag of the United States, there would be an uprising of men of all parties in its defense. He asked that aid might be sent at once.

Still not a word from President Buchanan. After a long silence, I remember pleading warmly in my turn that food, at least, might be given. Here the President said, "I have not a ship." We then assured him that the merchants of New York had loaded the steamship Star of the West (offered by Mr. Charles H. Marshall) with provisions, and only waited for authority from the government to dispatch her, but the President answered never a word. Calling a servant, who put his head into the room, he ordered cigars and offered them to us, taking one himself, and chewing it but not smoking. When the servant had gone, Mr. Corning, with a warmth quite unusual with him, pleaded earnestly with the President to put down the beginning of a civil war, insisting that even in a party point of view it would be wise, but that as a duty of the office he held, he had the example of Andrew Jackson to guide him. Not a word in reply. Finally I besought him to avail himself of the offer we were sent to make, merely to feed, if he would not relieve in a military sense, Major Anderson's forces, pressing upon him the certainty of a united North, irrespective of party, to sustain his action. We sat silently waiting for an answer, until finally the President, looking over his shoulder out of the window, said, "A very fine day, gentlemen, a very fine day!" And so we rose, and after spending an hour with him in vain, walked sadly away.

As out of the three persons then present I am the only the survivor, it may be useful to have this testimony to the cowardice, if not treason, of the unhappy Buchanan. Mr. Evarts asked whether the people were willing to reproduce the phantom of Buchanan's likeness in the Presidential chair. From my recollection of the man himself, I certainly am not.

JAMES W. BEEKMAN.

Oyster Bay, L. I., Nov. 3, 1876.

Weather for December—By Prof. Tice.

1st—Clear and cold.

2d to 4th—Moderating. Barometer falling, temperature rising, threatening weather, with rain or snow.

5th to 6th—Barometer rising, temperature falling, clearing and cold weather.

7th to 11th—Moderating. Barometer falling, temperature rising, cloudiug, threatening weather, with heavy rain and snow storms.

11th to 13th—Barometer rising, temperature falling, clearing and cold weather.

14th to 16th—Moderating. Barometer falling, temperature rising, clouding, threatening weather, with rain and snow.

16th to 19th—Barometer rising, temperature falling, clear or fair, but cold.

19th to 22d—Moderating. Barometer falling, temperature rising, clouding and threatening weather, with heavy rain and snow storms.

22 to 25th—Barometer rising, temperature falling, clearing, fair but cold weather.

25th to 28th—Moderating. Barometer falling, temperature rising, clouding, threatening weather, with rain or snow.

28th to 30th—Barometer rising, temperature falling, and probably quite cold weather.

31st—Moderating and threatening.

Comparatively *warm spells* will occur about the 3d, 10th, 15th, 21st and 27th.

Cold spells will occur 1st, 6th, 11th, 17th, 22d and 28th.

MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, speaking of the characteristics of the crowds of visitors at the Centennial, says that suspicion and a resolution not to be humbugged by the foreigners were visible on most countenances. "I told you so," said a woman to her friend to-day, pointing to a priceless vase of craquele of the twelfth century; "that pot has been used. It's second hand!"

THE second battle of New Orleans may become as memorable in history as the first.

[*From the Toledo Blade.*]

THE NASBY LETTERS.

He Organizes the "Avengers," to Prevent the Inauguration of President Hayes—How the Avengers Were Organized by a "Minyun of Power"—Nasby's Presence of Mind.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,
Nov. 16, 1876.

The ackshen uv the South Kerliny canvassers, and the probability uv frods in Loosianny and Floridy, wich will deefeat Tilden and Reform, neerly broke the harts uv Bascom and all his coustomers. Bascom wuz neerly killed, becos he bed confidently countid on gittin wut money shood be pade to the Corners for ther war claimes, and the people wuz disappointed becos they hoped for at least three yeers stiddy and reliable likker out uv the proceeds therof. The iron hez entered all our soles. A nigger will be continnered in the post-offis, and I, wich am entitled to the place, will hev to live in a disultory manner all the remainder uv my life. I shel never be Postmaster. Four more yeers out uv place will kill me. Before another eleckshen, ther will be a unmarked grave at the Corners, and ef, perchance, ther shel be a pine slab set up onto it, the inscripshen will be: "Died uv a broken hart and unwarmed bowels."

The Corners wuz more thoroly aroused when it got the news, than I ever saw it before. Ther wuz but little sed, but on every face ther wuz that steru expreshen wich is alluz dangerus to tyrants, and wich generally makes em quale, that is, of they are in the visinity, and observe it.

"I shell never own another nigger!" sed Deekin Pogram, settin down his glass, empty; "our liberty's gone forever."

"When a Prisidint kin be elected by frod," sed Teddy O'Brien, wich wuz sent from Noo York with thirty repeeters to vote in Injeany, "the hope uv the country is gone."

(Teddy is waitin for money to git back to Noo York, to his perfeshun uv burglary.)

Captain M'Pelter remarkt that he hed not felt so sad sence he wuz capchered by the Fedrels at Atlanty. Ther wuz, he believed, no further hope uv the yoonyun uv all the States.

Issaker Gavitt, bein uv a more fiery spirit, asertil that he did not purpose to submit. He hed killed four niggers hisself, and hed prevented twenty more from votin, ez his eleckshun precinck wood show, and he didn't purpose to lose the result uv his labor by frodulent returns in Looisianny.

"Wat are we standin here for?" wuz his elokent remark. "Are we slaves? Let us show that we kin at leest die in defence uv our rites; let us organize and prevent the inoggerashen uv the yoosurper, Haze!"

"I will pledge this frale arm," sed Deekin Pogram, "and this frale body, in sich a holy coz."

And the war sperit lited up the face uv every man in the room with a demoniac glare. I never saw sich yoonanimity, nor sich a self sacrificin sperit. "War! war! agin the yoosurper!" wuz the cry uv every man uv em, and ez of by one impulse, they marched out uv Bascom's to the meetin house, and organiz'd a meetin.

"No compromise! No yeeldin!" shouted the entire meetin; "we will die rite here, or anywher, in defence uv our rites."

"Gentlemen," sed I, in my capassity uv perpetyoal cheerman, "Is it your purpus to march towunst onto Washinton, and lay down yer lives ther, or will yoo devastate the abolishin party uv Injeany and Ohio, till sich time ez the Dimocracy uv the other States shel jine us?"

"To Washinton!" shoutid Issaker; "the Treshery is ther!"

"Injeany and Ohio!" sed McPelter; "them States is rich in hosses and sich!"

"And in the southern part uv em ther is distilleries!" sed Deekin Pogram, quietly, but determinedly.

The others shoutid that they didn't care wher they wuz taken, but they demandid to be led agin the enemies uv the country, and that towunst. They wuz all ez thirsty for gore ez a Dimokratic country editor, and I can't say anything more than that.

The war sperit wuz terribly aroused, that it wuz with difficulty that the biznis cood be done in any order; but finelly I did git a role prepared, and the entire meetin hed ther names put to it, ez members uv the First Battalyun uv Kentucky Avengers, for immejit servis.

Jist at this critikle moment, Joe Bigler appeered at the door, and whispered to Squire McGrath that hostilities mite commence to wunst, and a glorious beginnin mite be hed, for a Yoonitid States Marshal, wich wuz in the visinity lookin after some crookid whisky, hed heerd uv the proceedins, and wuz on his way ther to arrest the entire bilen, for treasonable proceedins, and in a minit the intelligence wuz all over the house. The Avengers put ther revolvers in ther pokkits, and distressin stillnis pervadid the meetin. Silence wuz broken by Issaker Gavitt.

"Parson," sed he, "woodent it be well enuff to destroy that role?"

I did it promptly. My presence uv mind don't often forsake me. "Gentlemen," I remarked, "of the entire Corners is to be