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## Choice Poetry.

### THE LOGAN ELM.

To Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gregg, Circleville, Ohio.*

BY MRS. KATE M. SHERWOOD.

["I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and I gave him not clothing. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent, an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last Spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."—*Speech of Logan, Chief of the Mingoes, to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia.*]

To-day we stand, with wondering eyes,
Beneath the Elm where Logan stood;
The spirits of the spot arise,
And clothe us with his silent mood.

Our hearts are throbbing with his heart,
His grief from every bosom rolls;
We feel our life of his a part,
The silent brotherhood of souls.

For whether good or whether ill,
Our fellows who beside us fall,
We feel the impulses that thrill
Their hearts—one Lord has made us all.

We stand beneath the stately tree,
And gaze adown the fertile plain;
The years like trooping shadows flee,
And all the vale is young again.

The paw-paw ripens in the wood,
The wild grape by the river side,
And golden maize, the simple food
Of simple people, soon supplied.

From every bend of wood and rill,
The wild men of the forest peer;
The wily hunter, lithe and still,
Speeds swiftly on the startled deer.

Low circling round the sparkling spring,
The bison-covered tents are spread;
The children in their hammocks swing,
And catch the branches overhead.

Fantastic figures dance around
The camp-fires, gleaming on the height;
Or, grouped in circles on the ground,
Flash picturesquely on the sight.

And peace is in the silent shade,
And peace is on the sunny plain;
The Indian lover woos his maid,
And twines for her the wampum chain.

By right of birth, the red men hold
The broad, green acres far and wide;
The pale-face forged his titles bold,
And urges them with wanton pride.

Already on the hunter's trail,
His conquering step is daily seen;
His plow is tearing up the vale,
His axe is at the forest green.

The crack of rifle, loud and long,
Awakes the echoes far and near;
A terror strikes the feathered throng,
The startled bison flee with fear.

The moor-fowl calls her scattered brood,
And screaming seeks the distant brake;
The shy, wild creatures of the wood,
Their flight to deeper coverts take.

And, savage, from their broken lair,
The tribes in common council meet;
The Shawnee and the Delaware,
And Mingo one another greet.

And now the fires burn angrily,
In all the sweet Sciota vale;
The warrior shouts his battle-cry,
And stealthy, takes the great war-trail.

From burning-ground to burning-ground,
The dread death-signals flash and fly;
The victims to the fagots bound,
Shriek wildly in their agony.

The brands are burning fierce and high,
Beside the settler's cabin piled;
While, dying in the doorway, lie
The pale-faced mother and her child.

Again the tide of war is turned,
The wild death-wails of battle cease;
The flaring torch is only burned
To light the calumet of peace.

The dread war-whoop has died away,
The poisoned arrow speeds no more;
The red man bows his head to-day,
To George the Third and Lord Dunmore.

But see the Mingo chieftain stand,
With folded arms and haughty head;
His hopes are in the spirit-land,
His thoughts are with the sleeping dead.

The cup of vengeance, once so sweet,
Has proved a poisoned draught to be,
Whose thousand ghastly horrors meet
His eyes in shocking mockery.

No life to love, no hope, no home,
No tribal fame, no destiny;
Forsaken through the world to roam,
Unmourned to meet eternity.

A prophecy is on his soul—
He stands the type of all his race,
Who, wandering from pole to pole,
Shall find no safe abiding place.

Upon their desolated path,
The tempest and the storm shall pour
The fury of their gathered wrath;
The earth shall know the race no more.

* * * * * *

Thrice thirty times the Summer's sheen
Has turned the tasseled maize to gold;
Thrice thirty Autumn moons have seen
It garnered safely in the hold.

Thrice thirty times the oriole swung
His hammock in the Elm-tree high;
Thrice thirty times his farewell sung,
Ere fleeing to a calmer sky.

Yet ever, in the sun and shade,
The sad lament of Logan swells;
The brook that whispers through the glade,
Its story to the river tells.

The murmuring morning breezes break
It softly to the downy lea;
At eve, the sighing branches wake
A slow and solemn threnody.

Live on! O, queen of forest trees!
O, Elm, kissed by the sun and dew!
Be thine the blandest morning breeze;
Be thine the skies of gladdest hue!

Live on! O, bard! whose tales shall start
Lays of diviner minstrelsy!
And wake within the human heart,
The finer chords of sympathy!

Live on! O, monument of him,
Whose scorned and mocked humanity
Has stood a homily to dim
Our boasted Christianity.

Live on! while Winter snows shall chill,
While Summer heats shall scorch and burn,
Till man, to do his Father's will,
A broader charity shall learn.

*A few miles below Circleville, on the celebrated Pickaway Plains, may be seen the knoll where Lord Dunmore concluded a treaty with the Sciota tribes. There, also, is the elm on the banks of Congo Creek, beneath which Logan, the Mingo chief, who had refused to appear in council, made his famous speech.

## Select Story.

### THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

A TALE OF WASHINGTON.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived, in the year 175—, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows, and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy, among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birth-day of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly-dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

"Now, my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitch forks they all assembled round the door in the cool of the evening, "now, my lads, you haee nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book-learning nor soldier-learning. I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat anything in all Virginny in the way o' leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, boys. There's the green, and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps the farthest on a dead level, shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting-frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best-humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper," and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor.

The arena allotted for this hymeneal contest was a level space in front of the village-inn, and near the centre of a grass-plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to use the leaper's phraseology, twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden, he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet!" Dick, with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches. Well done, Harry Preston!" shouted the spectators; "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry was a rattle-brain fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he were sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half! Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd, good-humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities, and lost. Many refused to enter the list altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this;" and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lips, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges; "twenty-one feet and a half—Harry Carroll forever! Annette and Harry!" Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to his station, to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in military undress frock-coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir, stranger, you think you can beat that?" said one of the by-standers, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. "If you can leap beyond Henry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the winner," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight-limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who out-leaps Henry Carroll. If you will try, you are free to do so. But, let me tell you, Henry Carroll has no equal in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir; look at her, and make your trial."

The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's monomania, with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near, with a troubled brow and an angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter round his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" shouted the judge. The shout was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought, with his eye, the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly."

Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eyes sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I ought to be," added he, with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next to my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, "perhaps there is some favored youth among the crowd who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry, "methinks you were the victor in the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you will receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping for pure joy upon his shoulder. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred him at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger was drank in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Henry Carroll had become Col. Henry Carroll of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of Gen. Washington and suite, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely-extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtingly, half assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired, affectionately, if she were ill.

"I suspect, Colonel," said the General, who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—"that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands, and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted, as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam, pardon me, Colonel, I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet and one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditionary—whose claim to a substantial body of bona fide flesh and blood was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Col. Carroll.

## Miscellany.

### THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We cross the prairie, as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree,
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills,
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall float the setting sun!

We'll sweep the prairie, as of old
Our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

### "JOHNNY APPLESEED."

Monroe Township, Richland County, Ohio, is noted as being the headquarters of the eccentric "Johnny Appleseed," so distinguished in the early settlement of this country for raising apple tree nurseries. The following scrapes, illustrative of his personal character and history, have been furnished by Mr. James Sirploss, of Washington, Mrs. Hildreth, of Mansfield, and others who were well acquainted with him:

His proper name was Jonathan Chapman, but he was called "Johnny Appleseed" because of his mania for planting apple seeds, and rearing trees for the pioneers. On this account he was one of the greatest benefactors of Richland County; at an early period, large orchards, the result of his labor, flourished in all parts of the country. He bought his seed in large quantities from the Ohio River, and selecting a rich, loamy spot, near a water course, he cleared it, put in the seed and enclosed the ground securely, visiting the spot from time to time to clear it of weeds. Several of these nurseries were located in Monroe Township, one on the farm now owned by Mr. Michael Hogan, another on Mr. John Oliver's farm, near Loudonville, a third near Petersburg, one near the "Big Spring," in Mansfield, and several near the head-waters of the Whetstone.

"Johnny" was always ready with his trees for the settlers as they "cleared up," giving them the trees on receiving in exchange some old or needed article for use. He cared not for company; he had a great mission to fill, a work of love to perform. The apple was the noblest fruit of the clime, and with it the wilderness should be supplied. And as the country became settled, his sphere of operations was removed farther west, where the same career of usefulness was re-enacted. He would often speak of himself as being "a messenger sent into the wilderness to prepare the way for the people, as John the Baptist was sent to prepare the way for the coming Savior, so he was sent on a less important mission to herald the news of approaching civilization."

He was a kind of a Swedenborgian; circulated his doctrines among the settlers very industriously, and found many who sympathised in his opinions. He carried around Swedenborgian books and circulated them. As the demand was often greater than the supply, he would take books to pieces and distribute the parts. He believed this world to be a type of the next; that in the future world we would have the same physical geography, the same phenomena of cold and heat, rains and snows; the same occupations in life, the same emotions of love and hate, joy and sadness, &c., &c.

Some lawyers of Mansfield were once rallying him upon his peculiar notions of the employment of the inhabitants of heaven.

"Mr. Chapman," said one, "what business will lawyers follow when in heaven?"

"The woe pronounced against them prevents their getting to that place."

"Then, where will they go?"

"To Hell."

"And what will engage their attention there?"

"Just what engages their attention here," said the Swedenborgian, with the greatest gravity; "they will be placed in filth up to their knees, and will be striving forever to pitch it into each other's faces."

The lawyers proceeded to question the next witness.

"Johnny" was very eccentric in his personal appearance as well as in his character. He was a small, nervous man, with black sparkling eyes, and a beard and hair which would have been the pride of a Nazarine, as he never allowed them to be trimmed or marred. His clothing was always old and ragged. He once bought a coffee bag, and making holes for the head and arms, thrust them through, saying it was as good a wamus as he wanted. In his wilderness journeyings, he frequently wore a tin pail or kettle on his head, answering the double purpose of hat and mush pot. He went barefooted winter and summer. Mr. Abner Davis, of Worthington Township, remembers his calling at his house one cold winter morning, when the snow was several inches deep on the ground. Mr. Davis invited him to warm himself by the fire, but he refused, and taking his seat in the back part of the room, threw his feet up against the logs of the cabin as if he were enjoying the greatest comfort imaginable. The skin of his feet in time came to look much like an elephant's hide.

His diet was very simple. He would not touch tobacco, tea nor coffee, because when he got to the next world, he could not have them there, and he would not cultivate an appetite here that could not be gratified there. Of milk and honey he was very fond, and indulged freely, saying, "we read that this is heavenly food."

He could never be persuaded to marry. He said a spiritual visitor had assured him that two wives were already provided for him in the next world, provided he lived single in this. In 1812 he rescued a beautiful little girl, nine or ten years of age, from death by the Indians, near Mt. Vernon, and carried her upon his back many a weary mile, until he restored her to friends. From that time he had an ardent affection for girls of that age, and said that if he ever married, he would take a girl eight or ten years of age, a pure, beautiful virgin, such as he rescued from the Indians, and train her under his own care until she was of fitting age. Then he would be sure of her purity—he would never marry any other.

"Johnny Appleseed" was a man of very tender feelings, and could not bear to see even an insect suffer. If he found a bee tree, he always examined to see if the bees had an abundant store from which to spare him a portion for his meal. If they had not, he never touched the comb.

Many anecdotes are told, showing his eccentric character. It is said that one cool night in autumn, while lying before his camp-fire in the woods, he discovered that the light attracted the mosquitoes and other night insects, and coming in contact with the blaze, they were destroyed. This was too much; his feelings were highly wrought upon, and rising from his bed he extinguished the flame, remarking that such a destruction of life, in so horrible a manner, was too bad. "God forbid," said he, "that my comfort be attained by the destruction or any of His creatures." On another occasion, he made his camp-fire before the entrance of a hollow log, in which he intended to spend the night, but on examination found it inhabited. A she bear and her cubs had already taken squatter's right, and Johnny, believing in the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, relinquished his right, extinguished his fire, and located his claim at the other end of the log. He slept on the snow, in the open air, till morning, when returning to the other end of the log, he found his neighbor of the "shaggy coat," comfortably sheltered, giving suck to her children. "Poor, innocent things," exclaimed Johnny, "I am glad I did not turn you out of your house."

Another anecdote is related of Johnny, the circumstances of which took place in the public square in Mansfield, at an early day: An itinerant preacher had made an appointment to preach there on a certain day, and among the number of his hearers was Johnny. The preacher, in holding forth against prevailing fashions and luxuries, exclaimed in a loud tone of voice, "But where now is the barefooted Christian on his road to heaven?" Johnny, who was lying on his back on some timber, taking the question literally, kicked up his heels, and bawled out at the top of his voice—"HERE HE IS!"

One morning, while mowing upon the prairie, he was bitten by a rattlesnake. He involuntarily struck at it and left. About an hour after, he recollected the circumstance, and for fear that he might not have killed it, and the snake be left writhing in torture, he went back to kill it, if there were no prospect of its recovering from the wound. A friend inquiring of him afterwards about the matter, he drew a long sigh and replied, "Poor fellow! he only touched me, when I, in an ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe on him, and when I went back, there lay the poor fellow, dead."

Such was Johnny Appleseed, the eccentric Swedenborgian. There is not, probably, in the history of Ohio, another person combining the same traits of character. Besides the raising of apple tree nurseries, Johnny was extensively engaged in sowing the seeds of many wild vegetables, which he supposed possessed medicinal properties, such as dog fennel, penny royal, mayapple, hoarhound, catnip, wintergreen, &c., &c. His object in doing this was to equalize the distribution, so that every locality would possess a variety. Johnny Appleseed was decidedly a botanical physician.—*Mansfield, (O.) Herald.*

### The Old, Old Homestead.

Oft-times in memory I see the dear old homestead. Oh! how plainly in imagination the old farm house comes up before my mind; and those uncultivated and rock crowned hills, the rude plain, that old maple and apple orchard, in fancy again I see. The violet and the forget-me-not, the mossy rocks, and laughing rill, the crystal spring, all these again I see, and the happy days of childhood come floating back to me again. It seemed but yesterday, that father smiled, and mother kissed her boy, in the old homestead! Oh, those sunny days of childhood, they were all too bright to last, and as I sadly think of the dear ones passed away, mother, father, sister, brother, all sleeping in those orchard graves on the old homestead, and of the thousand happy hours spent by us together, it seems that death has taken all my earthly treasures, and I am left alone at last. But a voice softly floating on the evening breeze tells me I am not alone, and in imagination I ramble over the old homestead, with the cherished love of long ago at my side. And thus it is, the buds of spring, the summer flowers come and go, but they their beauty teeming, but in memory never dying. So with fondly cherished ones, though in the grave, we fondly their forms so fair, they ever in memory dwell with us. The days of childhood, the old homestead, will never be forgotten; the past to us, by mind and memory, will be renewed; the tuneful birds, with varied songs; the little brooks that wind along the stream, reflecting a spotless sky, and "crystal streams more fair," and the wild woods around the old homestead, where nature first her charms to me displayed, eclipsing works of human art, these to me are more precious in memory than all the gems of earth and art, rude though they be.

### The Dollar.

In 1864 the greenback dollar would buy two yards of calico. Now it will buy sixteen. In 1864 the workingman's $1.50 for a day's work would buy three yards of calico for his wife. Now his $1.00 a day will buy her sixteen.

One year the Democratic party in Massachusetts has Charles Francis Adams and the next Beast Butler. Like the party everywhere, it has a stomach for anything.

In 1864 it took the laborer, working at $1.50 a day, twenty-two and a half days to earn enough to buy a barrel of pork. Now, if he only gets $1.00 a day, he can buy a barrel in eight or nine days.

In 1864 the price of a day's labor—$1.50—was equal to that of three yards of brown muslin. Now the price of day's labor—$1.00—is equal to that of twelve and a half yards of brown muslin.

In 1864 a day's labor at $1.50 would buy one gallon of molasses. Now a day's work at $1 will buy two and a half gallons.—*Toledo Blade.*

NEW ORLEANS *Times*: It is better to have had Yellow Jack and got well, than never to have had it all.

### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

A song for the early times out West,
And our green forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come!
A song for the free and gladsome life
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling heaven o'erhead.
Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer;
The camp, the big, bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer;
The sweet, sound sleep at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh, merrily passed the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

We shunn'd not labor when 'twas due,
We wrought with right good will;
And for the homes we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met;
And fires of love were kindled then,
That burn on warmly yet.
Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

We felt that we were fellow-men;
We felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky;
None others did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round;
But here, amid the green old trees,
We freedom sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own!
Oh, free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure, or 'mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

But now our course of life is short;
And as, from day to day,
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land more bright than this
To our dim sight appears;
And on our way to it, we'll soon
Again be Pioneers;
Yet, while we linger, we may all
A backward glance still throw
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

### EARLY OHIO DAYS.

**Reminiscences of the Old Families of Marietta, Ripley, and Gallipolis.**

*To the Editor of the Cincinnati Gazette:*

I observed some time ago the death of old Dr. Creed, of Chilicothe, O. The statement that he was the last of the jurors in the famous "Burr trial" leads me to say that another link remains in the wife of one of the jurors, a venerable and esteemed lady, now eighty-four years of age, well preserved, and in full possession of all her faculties, both mental and physical.

She was the widow of one of the pioneers of this State, has been the mother of thirteen children, only three of whom are living; has the old style manners, courtly and dignified; and is at present residing with her daughter, Mrs. Judge L., of Gallipolis. I had the pleasure recently of paying her a visit, and was much interested in her descriptions of old time life. She remembers seeing Lafayette during his visit to this country, and also saw Aaron Burr—he was stopping at the house of a friend in Wheeling. She was a little girl, but was impressed with his handsome face and fine address.

She was married at eighteen to a man some years her senior, and one of the most enterprising business men of the State. He was engaged at one time in sending vessels loaded with produce around by New Orleans to Washington City. He himself would go through on horseback, and once came very nearly being captured as a spy by some British soldiers who occupied the city. His horse, a noble and much valued animal, was shot under him, and he was carried off by his negro servant to a place of safety, where he lay suffering from a fracture of the leg until friends could be advised of his situation and come to his relief. There is an interesting letter, written from Washington during his convalescence—now in possession of the family—and Mrs. D. describes vividly her suspense and anxiety during this period of absence.

Her husband was also an intimate friend and associate of Blennerhasset, whose wife came to him for assistance during her troubles. On several occasions he accompanied her from his island home to Marietta on horseback. In Parton's Life of Burr he is mentioned as the friend who went with Blennerhasset to Richmond.

Capt. Hiram Burch, of Marietta, the oldest living representative of early steamboat life, was visiting this sister, who is two years older than himself—he is eighty-two, and a large, vigorous, clear complexioned, blue-eyed old gentleman, with beautiful silvery hair and flowing beard, a noble specimen of a grand old age. There is an older sister living in Connecticut at the advanced age of ninety-one. Her portrait, recently taken, is that of a plump, sweet faced old lady, in a close cap, and kerchief. She lives with her son, a railroad magnate, and has a fair prospect of being a centenarian. These three form rather a remarkable trio of brother and sisters.

While in Gallipolis, I felt an interest in visiting the old graveyard, hoping to find many mementos of the past, as this is one of the oldest towns in the State.

But in this respect, it is inferior to the old "Mound Cemetery," of Marietta, which abounds in interesting relics.

The morning was very warm, and possibly I missed some, but the oldest tomb I found bore this inscription:

"Here lies Frances White Shipman, who departed this life December 23, 1812, aged 19 years, 8 months and 20 days."

I knew the history of this young life, gone out so long! It was that of a beautiful and talented young girl, loving and beloved, bearing the name of one of Ohio's oldest and best families, married to one who almost idolized her—maiden, wife, and mother in one short year, and then laid to rest in the spot now sacred to her memory. The grave is somewhat sunken, the foot, with its stone, resting almost imbedded in a large tree—elm, I believe—which has grown up since the grave was made, and spreads its protecting branches around her resting place.

A very pathetic scene occurred here not long since. The aged lady whom I came to visit was the girl friend and sister-in-law of the young bride, who, with her husband, went to Gallipolis to live. She was very fond of her sweet sister Fanny, and when the news of her death came, a terrible shock to the old homestead, no one grieved more sincerely than the young sister-in-law. Each successive child, as it grew up, was told of the sweet, young aunt, who went out from home to die among strangers. Well, the wheel of fortune has brought the friend, now an old lady, to spend her few remaining days near the grave of her childhood's friend.

She was taken in a carriage to the spot, and there, beneath the shade of the old elm, she knelt down and wept like a child. Sixty-six years have passed away, but the scenes of her youth were vividly present. The long, weary years of an eventful life were almost annihilated, and she was a "child-wife" again, weeping for her lost friend!

The tombstone was moss grown, but has been restored, so that it is quite legible.

Of quite a different character is a tomb in another part of the cemetery. The inscription runs thus:

"Beneath this mound lies Mary Bobes, consort of Claudius R. Menager, emigrated from France and located at Gallipolis, October 17, 1790, accompanied by 500 French emigrants, and outlived all but three. Died December 10, 1854, aged 82.

One beautiful broken shaft bears the inscription, "God knows why!" There were other interesting relics, but I have forgotten the inscriptions. Many of the names of the old French emigrants who came here in 1790, I recognized as the present inhabitants. The Menagers, Creuzets, etc., still occupy the old stamping ground.

Gallipolis, for a small town, is one of magnificent distances. It is laid out without regard to economy of space, the two principal streets being one mile and a half long. The houses are surrounded by large yards and gardens, yet the intermixture of old dilapidated looking buildings and vacant lots detracts from the general appearance.

We enjoyed the elegant hospitalities of several of its excellent citizens, the Aylesbires, Allemongs, Menagers, etc., and were impressed with the substantial as well as the handsome style of living.

There was a little flavor of the "Old Dominion" hospitality, such as it used to be in its palmy days. So it seemed to me, though why I cannot tell, unless from intermarriage with Virginia families just over the border. I met several Virginia ladies (former acquaintances), who are now the wives of prominent business men in Gallipolis—one the niece of a distinguished Confederate General. These ladies hold the forts right royally, and treat their captives with distinguished consideration!

I left Gallipolis with many pleasant memories. I love these old towns for the associations connected with them, and would like nothing better than to go around and gather up interesting relics of the past, and serve them up for your old fashioned readers, but duty calls to other tasks.

L. D. S.

### THE OLD SLAVERY DAYS.

**The Flight of Two Missouri Slaves to Canada—Return of One of them to See Old Massa and Missus.**

No better illustration of the peculiar relationship of the past and present can be found than that afforded by the appearance to-day of a gray-haired negro in the city looking for his relatives of eighteen years ago. The *Post* reporter was, of course, on hand at the suggestion of an item that related to the olden time of slavery, bloodhounds, and the "under-ground railway." The reporter found the embodiment of his "item" in a lawyer's office, and ascertained from him that he was Bev. Strother, who, with his half-brother, Jeff. Murray, ran away in 1860, and had never been heard of by their friends since. Bev's face relaxed into a broad grin as he told how "me and Jeff run away, and the awful time we had." It seems that Bev. and Jeff were Slaves in 1860, the former belonging to Travis Murphy, and the latter to Dr. J. T. Overall, of St. Charles County, Mo.; that Bev. was threatened with "sale down de riber," the terror of all darkeys, and so persuaded Jeff. to run away with him. Through an old darkey at St. Charles they found a white man who agreed to pilot them one hundred miles for $22, and on the night of June 30, 1860, the trio met and started on a "run away sure enough." They travelled nights and lay in the brush by day, the white man being used to pilot the way and buy provisions. The negroes had very shrewdly provided themselves with a compass, to be sure they were being piloted to the "far off land rather than to Dixie." They also took pistols to defend themselves with, and always after they hid for the day, and sent the man for provisions, moved their hiding place and watched "dat ar white man" from a long way off, to see that he did not bring any nigger-catcher with him. On the evening of the second day out the white man, while out foraging, saw Dr. Overall and pursuing party, and heard him describe the negroes and offer a reward for their apprehension. "I tell you, massa," said Bev. as he rubbed his gray head, "them was hot times." They travelled at right angles to their general course that night, and the pursuing party never heard of them again.

The "white pilot and nigger-stealer" was given away by a pretended would-be runaway about three weeks later, was captured by Dr. Overall, and sentenced, after a plea of guilty, by Judge King, of the St. Charles Circuit Court, to six years in the penitentiary.

Two weeks later, Bev. and Jeff. turned up at Lafayette, Ind., with mighty little faith in there being any end to the world, or anything for runaway niggers but sore feet and empty stomachs. On the night of their arrival there, they were followed by a negro man, who accused them of being runaways, and tendered his services to show them the "underground railway." They denied the first and refused the last, but when the would-be guide was reinforced by "one of dem real old honest nigger mothers," the runaways acknowledged the soft impeachment and were provided for.

At Detroit they jumped off from the train a mile from the depot, and followed the beckoning of a "Black Hand" without injury or explanation, and were locked up in a little room way up on the top of a boat. The next day Canada received two children, and the United States was out $2,000 worth of niggers.

Both negroes went to work on a farm in the County of Essex at $240 per year, and at the end of five years had saved $1,000, with which they purchased two farms. Jeff. acquired a limited education, and in addition to attending to his own matters, became foreman on a large farm. In June last, Jeff. was poisoned by his wife, who bids fair to hang. As Jeff. had no children, Bev. came back to hunt up his kin. Bev. found his mother, Emily Murray, a negress, 76 years old, still living.

As her children, twelve in number, are all illegitimate, they cannot inherit from each other, which accounts for Bev. gets Jeff.'s entire estate, worth some $3,000, subject to the dower rights of the wife.

Bev. found his old master, who is 97 years of age, still living on his old place, and was made happy by the kindly manner in which he was received and treated by the massa and missus of his boyhood days, and thinks he will sell out and move his family of seven back to "de ole Missouri shore."

### A Little Primer.

Who issued the greenbacks?
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.
Who pronounced the greenbacks, as issued in the war, constitutional?
THE REPUBLICAN JUDICIARY.
Who passed a bill to make greenbacks receivable for all customs dues?
THE REPUBLICAN SENATE.
Who will make the greenbacks as good as silver?
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.
Who will make the greenbacks as good as gold?
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.
Who opposed the issue of the greenbacks?
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
Who pronounced the greenbacks, as issued in the war, unconstitutional?
THE DEMOCRATIC JUDICIARY.
Who failed to approve the bill of the Republican Senate, making greenbacks receivable for all customs dues, until it was too late to make it a law?
THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE.
Who will make the greenbacks as good as pewter?
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
Who will make the greenbacks as good as tin?
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
—*Montrose (Pa.) Republican.*

A TRAMP'S STRATAGEM.—A few days ago a tramp, who was sparring his devious way along near Reno, conceived a brilliant idea for raising the wind. He knew that the Wells Fargo stage would pass along that road in about half an hour, so he took off his coat, tore his shirt and pockets, rolled in the dust, and finally tied himself, with much difficulty, to a tree. His intention was to tell the stage passengers that he had been foully dealt with by highwaymen, and have a subscription to repair his losses taken up on the spot. The stage, however, took a short cut, by a new road that day, and didn't go by at all. After waiting till dusk, the tramp tried to untie himself, but before he got the first knot loose, a grizzly came down out of the mountain and picknicked off the greater part of his left leg.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

A VERY BAD MAN.—The Rev. Deloe R. Baker, of Ohio, has been de-pulpitized and expelled from the Methodist Church for heresy. This wicked person was guilty of heaping a foul slander on our great ancestor, Adam, who, he said, "had no more knowledge of good and evil than a mule." In good old times in New England, such a wretch would have been hung.—*Washington Post.*

BEN. BUTLER, when a boy at school, used to steal the dinners of his mates.

### SAVE THE FOREST.

*Save us the Forest!* already is done
More mischief than time can restore;
And most of the landmarks of boyhood are gone,
We cannot, we will not lose more.
If Foresters past could but rise from the dead,
To look on the scenes they had known,
They would look with amazement—*their* Forest has fled,
And the pride of its glory is gone.

*Save us the Forest!* that children may roam,
Or gambol in innocent glee;
Their shouts shall ring loudly 'neath heaven's high dome,
Telling all that the Forest is free.
No carpet of Turkey or Brussels, whose ply
The loom of the cunning one weaves,
With Nature's own loom-work, one moment can vie
The Forest's soft carpet of leaves.

O, *save us the Forest!* the toiling ones cry,
Who dwell 'mid the smoke and the heat;
In the long Summer sunshine delighted we fly
Away from the alley and street.
From anvil and hammer, from counter and pen,
Too seldom, alas! can we stray;
We need such a refuge from Babylon's din—
Then, save us the Forest, we pray.

O, *save us the Forest!* the home of the birds,
Whose plumage befowers each spray,
Discoursing sweet music, like Love's thrilling words,
From dawn till the closing of day.
The Oak and the Ivy, the Ash and the Fern,
No hand of the spoiler should seize;
The castle and mansion are buildings of men,
But the buildings of God are the trees.

### "THE PIONEER MOTHERS."

**A Beautiful Tribute to the Virtues of the Mothers of That Elder Day.**

This was the toast assigned at the Pioneer Reunion to Mr. Tod Ford, of Akron. We give below the beautiful response, so exquisite in taste, and so admirable in description:

Now that this toast is announced, I begin to think it were better, not only for my comfort, but for yours, had its response been given to some one else. There are those here in whom the mere mention of the "pioneer mother" touches the heart's tenderest spot; awakens the holiest recollections of a life time, and quickens associations that, in their old age, take them back to her who, with loving arms and anxious tears, and mother's prayers, and mother's unwearying care, had made of them the true and noble men and women they are. To them the pioneer mother was, and still is, a reality, and her precious memory fills them with an eloquence of thought and feeling no other theme could bring. With me it is different; give me some other toast—give me but the pioneer daughter, and I would show you how an inspired man can talk. And yet, when we think that the pioneer daughter shines but by reflected light, that the unspeakable grace which we worship in her, is but a ray borrowed from the boundless grace of the mother, we should be poor indeed in speech, and poor indeed in heart, had we not something to say on this sacred subject.

Personally we remember but a little of the features of pioneer life; but from what has been told to us by those who, though aged, still live and love to live in the old, old days, we may gather material to picture to ourselves the first settler's home. That picture is before us now. It is simply a rough log cabin, which willing hands, gathered for many miles around, have reared, and called their labor the sport of a holiday. But not the log cabin only made the home of pioneer days; there was that in it which neither painter's brush nor vivid imagination can portray, for within them is the old family sitting-room and the cradle where the baby lies, and the wide open fire-place, where among red coals, through winter evenings, the little ones saw magic castles and palaces of fairy splendor, and shadowy forms and grotesque shapes; and there was the old clock in the corner, that ticked into life and through life into death, members of the household, and yet ticked on with the same unmeasured, unchanging tick, tick, tick, as though all of earth but it had sorrow and change; and there was the old family Bible which had made hearts thankful in blessings, resigned in affliction, loving one another, but loving God above all; and there was the roof tree, bending above in constant benediction over the trials and joys of a common family life; and there were father, and brother and sister, and a hundred other features that filled log walls with the essence, the spirit and soul of home. And even yet the picture is not complete; for outer walls, and bending roof tree, and ticking clock, and glowing chimney, and baby's cradle, and father, and brother and sister, are like an arch without a key-stone, like bread without leaven, unless there is the presence of the pioneer mother to quicken them with tender and holy associations. There is somewhere in one of the galleries of the Old World a wonderful painting by Corregio, representing the baby Christ in the stable, with face so bright with heavenly light that it touches and beautifies every face and form and thing around it. So with the pioneer mother; everything became radiant and holy by association with her. It was her patient, loving life that to-day makes home the sweetest word in the English language.

When we pioneers, we have cleared forests, endured privation, and sacrificed ourselves generally for the good of the country, go to the metropolis, and walking along its avenues, look upon the endless succession of brown stone fronts, where pampered sons of luxury live, we for a moment forget ourselves, and wish that heaven had made us less useful and more wealthy. It is only for a moment, though, and then there comes unbidden the thought that these palatial structures are homes of elegance rather than of the heart. Perhaps we are mistaken; no doubt we are in a measure. There is, 'tis true, the natural affection between mother and child—there must be, for God wills it so. But there is not, there cannot be that luxury of tender love which the pioneer mother knew for her child, and the pioneer child for its mother; for the daily sacrifices that mother was called upon to make, and did make so willingly for those around her, the mild and patient resignation that filled her homely life, developed all that was noble and tender in heart, and endeared her to her children with a love that was more than love. Of her former life but little need be said. On a certain bright morning, in an Eastern village, glad bells rang out the news that the sturdy young pioneer had not sought her in vain, for she had given him her hand and her life. It was no idle coming together this, where a wedding journey in palace cars, through gay cities, should be but a carrier of careless pleasures and unearned luxuries to the end. Before her opened a journey through unbroken wilds to an almost undiscovered country, where life had no luxuries or comforts but as come from duties well performed. Behind her, by slow and weary miles, never to be retraced, she left all that had been dear to her save him she had newly sworn to honor and to love. There are tears and blessings at the parting with father and mother, for it is a parting which shall end only when this life shall close and the other life begins. And amid blessings and amid tears the curtain falls upon the first act in the life of the pioneer mother.

On another bright morning, in a western village, the bells ring again—not now with joyous peal—but with the slow and measured stroke that tells of death. In the log-cabin sitting-room, which she has sanctified by her faithful life, she lies, with hands so meekly folded that it seems as if she were praying for those she leaves behind, and for whom her life has been one continual and increasingly beautiful sacrifice. Her children, now men and women grown, are there; come from distant places to pay the last sad tribute of reverence and love. The husband, with whom, hand and hand, she had trod the path of life, singing at its close her "John Anderson, My Jo," with the same fervor with which in the morning of her life she had sung her maiden love song. The husband, too, is there, only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown; only waiting till through the listening branches of forest trees God's voice shall come and summon him to join her. The last prayer is said, and the ungrassed mound in the front yard shows that pioneer home is no more, for the pioneer mother is gone.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires if the epigrammatical language used by Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg—"A Government of the people, by the people, and for the people"—was original with him. No; the same phrase was used by Theodore Parker, in a speech, in 1850.—*New York Graphic.*