# The Weekly Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE OLD HOME.

A crystal spring, a sunny hill,
A gray old house with mossy sill,
Hemmed in by orchard trees,
With massive trunks and age untold,
Whose luscious fruits, like mounds of gold,
When Autumn nights grew crisp and cold,
Lay heaped about their knees.

And when the trees, bare, gaunt, and grim,
Tossed aloft each naked limb,
Breasted the sleety rain;
When Summer sounds were heard no more,
When birds have sought a Southern shore,
When flowers lay dead about the door,
And Winter reigned again;

Then met the household band beside
A clean-swept heart, a chimney wide,
Where roared a maple fire;
When all the streams were fettered fast,
When fiercely blew the wintry blast,
And clouds of snow went whirling past,
The logs were piled the higher.

How fondly memory recalls
The cheer within those old gray walls,
Beside that shining hearth!
O, peaceful scene of calm content,
Where happy faces came and went,
And heart with heart was closely blent,
In sadness and in mirth!

I see them all: the aged sire
Deep in some book; the glowing fire
Gleams on his silver hair.
The mother knits; her loving eye
Smiles on the children flitting by,
And now and then a gentle sigh
Tells of her household care.

A group of stalwart boys I see,
Brimful of mirth—as boys will be—
When evening tasks were done;
And—last of all—a little maid,
Her small head crowned with auburn braid,
Who, when the merry games were played,
Was foremost in the fun.

How gay we were! What songs we sang,
Till the old walls with echoes rang,
While the winds roared without.
Again we sat, wide-eyed and pale,
And listened to some ancient tale—
How witches rode upon the gale,
Or white ghosts moved about.

'Twas long ago: those days are o'er,
I hear those songs no more, no more;
Yes, listen, while I weep.
Time rules us all. No joys abide.
That household band is scattered wide,
And some lie on the green hill-side,
Wrapped in a dreamless sleep.

Time rules us all. The little maid
Is now a matron grave and staid,
With sober look and air,
Treading an old and beaten way,
Bearing life's load as best she may—
Moment by moment, day by day,
Striving to lift her share.

## Select Story.

### BUCK HORN TAVERN.

#### A SCENE IN THE WEST.

It was during the latter part of September, in the year ——, that it was my fortune to be travelling through the western district of Tennessee, and along the main road which now leads on from Bolivar to Paris.

The close of a pleasant day found me fatigued and weary, jogging along through a wild and thinly settled country, on the *qui vive* for a resting place; the few clearings which I had passed, indicated contentment rather than wealth, or even comfort, and the hooting of owls, the long howl of some famished beast, the rapid passage of birds on their way to roost, together with the recollection of many stories of hair-breadth escapes and desperate conflicts which had taken place in the country through which I was passing, caused me to feel much solicitude as to where I should sleep, and made me think of home, and happiness, and the busy crowd of Atlantic cities—and when I contrasted all this with the fact, that I was a stranger in a strange land, and beheld the quiet, yet wild appearance of the dense and dark forest around me, I involuntarily tightened my reins, and urged my horse onward.

It was in this mood, that, upon turning an angle of the road, I discovered a horseman coming towards me in a sweeping trot—he was rather badly mounted; but his dress and appearance were of rather a better order, and bespoke him a genuine backwoodsman of some note.

Seeing that he was about to pass me, with a common salutation, I hailed him to stop.

"Halt, Billy" said he, and Billy halted so suddenly, I thought his rider would have gone over his head—"And now, stranger, what is it you want with me? You must talk fast, for the way that I'm in a hurry is curious."

"I shall be obliged to you," said I, "if you will tell me where I can sleep to-night?"

"And is that all? Well, here's Buck Horn just ahead of you, though it's right rough there, and about eight miles further there is an excellent house—and if you don't like either of them, 'spose you turn back with me; I've got one cabin, and it is full of young ones, but I'll make you a pallet and take care of your horse."

"I thank you, sir, but my horse is tired, and I am anxious to get on."

"No thanks, no thanks—stop at Buck Horn, and you can make out there for the night."

"But I think you said it was right rough—can I stand it?"

"Oh! stand it—yes—we stand anything here—I only said so, 'cause you seem to be a stranger in these parts, and I thought you mightn't like their ways."

"Will they give me and my horse something to eat?"

"Oh, yes!—stuff you both as full as ticks."

"And a bed?"

"Yes—they'll give you a bed—you don't mind sleeping thick, do you?"

"How, thick?"

"Oh, sorter thick, and not so very thick, neither—they'll only put you in spoon fashion, and you must lie awful still, or all turn over together; if you don't, the outside ones will fall out, and if they do, they'll be right apt to hurt themselves."

"Well, is that all I have to fear at Buck Horn?"

"Fear! you have nothing to fear—Buck Horn is considered by many as a very clever, nice place—and don't they have musters there? And don't they try warrants? And don't they have shootin' matches? So you see, Buck Horn is not so coarse—and if any of 'em should try to use you up, you'll find more who'll fight for you, than agin you—a stranger never wants for friends in these parts."

"Well, I must go now—good bye—if ever you come my way, give me a call—you hear—just ask for Little River Jack; they all know me. Go along, Billy;" and he gouged his old horse, who wiggled, shot forward, and curled it so rapidly, that all which remained visible of him was a dark streak.

Contrasting Western with Eastern manners, and thinking of Buck Horn and its inhabitants, I pursued my way, until, from well-known signals, I knew a house was near—and in a few moments after, situated in a small clearing, immediately on the road, appeared a large, rude double logged cabin, with a Buck's Horn nailed over the door, which means, in the West, entertainment for man and horse, and this I identified as the tavern to which I had been recommended.

It was now the dusk of evening, and although its appearance was uninviting, it seemed to me a welcome spot—it was quiet—and as I rode up, nothing was to be seen but the cattle lying about the yard, chewing their cud, and the fowls arranged in close order on the limbs of an oak, which grew near to the door—my arrival, however, seemed entirely to change the scene, for the dogs came whisking and barking about me, as if they wished to know who and what I was, and what was my business—the cows eyed me—the turkeys clucked—and I thought an old gobbler would have twisted his neck off, in his solicitude to get his head in such a position that he might take a fair squint at me. Turkeys, when they examine anything closely, only use one eye; and my old gobbler would first try one, and then the other, and then he put his head under his wing, as if for the purpose of brightening his vision, and drawing it out, would take a long scathing look—and then he examined his roost, and said something to the turkeys around him which I could not understand—but they all clucked, and adjusted themselves, concluding, I thought, with, "he's a stranger in these parts, and I don't much like his looks"—and they would have liked them much less, had they known the state of my appetite.

While all this was passing, an old lady came to the door, to see what was the cause of so much commotion, looked out for an instant, and then disappeared—next came a flock of children of all sizes, barefooted, with short cotton skirts, who scarcely saw me, before away they scampered, tumbling over each other, into one of the side doors—and finally there came, with a stately stride, the landlord of the house—he was without a coat, rough in appearance, large and portly in his form, with a good-humored, jolly looking face, and while he approached, a pair of eyes might be seen peeping out through every crevice in the house.

"Come, friend, won't you 'light?"

"Thank you, sir, I wish to spend the evening with you."

"Git down—git down—I'll take your horse, and fix you as snug as a bear in a hollow."

Having dismounted, he stripped my horse, and giving me my saddle-bags and saddle, said, "Now, take 'em in, and put 'em under the bed, and make yourself at home—children, clear the way, and let this gentleman in."

I did as I was directed, but observed that the gobbler rose up, and turned his head towards the door I entered, in order that he might keep a sharp look-out—it was nobly done; he seemed resolved never to turn his back to an enemy.

Having examined the apartment, I drew a chair before a large blazing fire, and, contented with appearances, sat a silent spectator of the group before me—the house contained but two rooms, and a garret, or loft as it is there called, running the whole extent of the building, and yet I had seen children enough about the establishment to have filled up at least four good rooms, and still, every moment I saw a new face—there were many girls among the group, all pretty, yet barefooted, and when they would catch me looking at their feet, they would stoop so as to make their dress entirely conceal them—modesty must be innate, thought I.

The return of the landlord thinned the little grove around me—he sent off all the small fry into the next room, and drawing some whiskey, made me drink. Then, seating himself, began to inquire after his kin in the old country, all of whom he fancied I must know, merely because I came from the same State—discussing this, and sundry other topics, we whiled away some time. I learned from him, that he, with his wife, had that morning returned from Alabama, and that some of the neighbors would *drap* in to hear the news. I could hear the crowd gathering in the adjoining room, and was soon after called to supper.

The supper, though plentiful and inviting, had been prepared in the room where the largest part of the company was assembled—and there every face was joyous and happy, save that of the good dame, whose duty it had been to prepare the evening meal. She looked rather crabbed, and slung about the pots and pans, seemingly entirely careless of the shines of her neighbors. But she received my thanks, for among other things was a large quantity of sweet potatoes, sliced and fried, which I had ordered for my own use. We crowded around the table, cracked jokes, and began to eat. There was a stranger at my elbow, who dipped into my sweet potatoes so often, that I began to take quite a dislike to him—for it was a dish of which I was very fond, which I had ordered, and consequently considered as my property. Besides this, I was as keen set as a hawk.

"Stranger," said I, "you are fond of potatoes."

"No, I can't say as how I am. But the way that aunt Pat there cooks 'em is a caution, and I think these are quite *suffunk*; jest stick me up a few, will you?"

"You mean to say they will soon be *defunct*, I suppose."

"No, sir; *suffunk* is the idea, and if you don't know what suffunk is, I would advise you to *abschize*, for it's quite impossible for you to *scaprome* here."

Having supped, we arose, in order to make room for another table, and I adjourned to the room which had been allotted to me; thither I was followed by my potato opponent, who accosted me with, "Come, stranger, you mustn't mind what I say; we are all free and easy here; I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, to save my life; the old man just come home to-day, and we drapped in merely to have a little spree. Come, 'spose you join us."

I thanked him, but was so fatigued from my ride that I wished to retire early.

Considering a moment—"Did you notice them girls?" said he.

"Yes."

"Well, I've a notion of Jiny; she's a real ticlur, and when she dances, she slings a nasty foot, I tell you."

"She does?"

"Yes, she does so; 'twould do you good to see her dance."

The company now began to get more noisy, and the landlord, after telling me several times not to mind the boys, went about his business. The chief gathering was in the supper-room, which echoed with the loud and noisy glee, leaving me comparatively alone. But unfortunately, the whiskey barrel was near by my bed, and as regular as an hour-glass, but at much shorter intervals, did the landlord approach it, with a mug, draw out the spile, fill it, and then drive in the peg with a hammer, saying, "don't let me disturb you; there's your bed; tumble in when you like it." And so there was a very nice bed; but it was packed, from the wall to about the middle, with two rows of children, fitted to each other in the same manner as shoes are done up for exportation; and besides this, there were many persons around the fire, and among them several girls just grown. Under these circumstances, I felt loth to undress for bed; but upon being told that my bed was ready, and seeing that nobody was about to leave the room, I conceived that all was right, and stripped, retaining my shirt and drawers with a tolerable degree of composure.

Having been accustomed to sleep alone, I was as afraid of being touched by a child, as I would have been of an eel, and consequently courted sleep to little purpose.

Soon after getting into bed I heard a scuffle, and a general rush to the entry, saying "you strike him." Wishing to see all the fun, I slipped out of bed, and crept to the door, where there was such an eternal clatter of tongues, that it was some time before I could ascertain the cause of this disturbance, which turned out to be this:

A servant, belonging to one of the neighbors, had come over, as it seemed his usual custom, to buy a pint of whiskey, and while waiting at the door for the landlord, was accosted by a large, bony, crabbed man named Wolfe, who, from some cause which did not appear, thought proper to strike him; this was perceived by a small, sharp, thin looking man, called Aaron, who, having a good share of artificial stimulus, added to much natural firmness, bristled up, and strutted about with huge consequence.

There were many persons about the house who appeared perfectly unmoved by the passing scene, and it was principally the younger persons who surrounded the expected combatants. Girls and men formed the ring promiscuously, the girls chock full of fun and life, holding aloft large lightwood torches, determined to see all that was to be seen. Conceive myself undressed, peering over the crowd, and you have the scene as I saw it when Aaron cried out, "Who struck that nigger?"

"I struck him—a d—n black vampire—and he that takes his part, is no better than a nigger."

Aaron, making towards him: "Now, don't you call me a nigger—Wolfe, don't you call me a nigger; if you do, d—n me if I don't walk right into you; I'll go entirely through you."

"Come on, then; I'll lick you, and the way I'll lick you, will be a caution to the balance of your family; if I don't, d—n me."

"Part 'em, part 'em," was the cry from many, and again I heard Aaron's voice rising above the others, saying:

"Did the nigger mislist you?"

"No; but I intruded my conversation upon him, and he would give me no answer."

"Well, I say 'twas d—n mean, to beat a neighbor's nigger, merely because he came to git a drink; now, you know, Wolfe, when you was in the army, sarvin under General Jackson, you would steal out to get a drink, and why not 'low the poor nigger the same privilege?"

"D—n the niggur; I've a great mind to use him right up, and you, too, for taking his part."

"Now, use me up, just as soon as you choose; you know, Wolf, you is bigger than me; but I am all gristle; and God never made a man who could walk over me, or hurt faster when he begins; I weigh just one hundred and twenty-five pounds."

"I don't care what the devil you weigh, nor anything about you; all I can say is, I can lick you; if you take the nigger's part, you is no better than a nigger; I say this, and stand in my shoes."

"Now, you needn't talk about your shoes, kase you see I'm barefooted. I haint got no shoes, 'tis true, but I stand flat footed, and d—n the man who can move me one inch; do you hear that, Wolfe?"

"Yes, I hear it—and, Aaron, I can lick you."

"Well, Wolfe, I'll fight you, but you've never had a better friend than I've been. I've 'friended you, when no other man would."

"How have you 'friended me, Aaron, and what have you done for me?"

"Didn't I keep them steers of yourn better than two months? and didn't I turn that pied heifer of yourn into my pea patch?"

"An' 'sposen you did, didn't I call up your hogs?—but that's nothing to do with it; Aaron, you took that nigger's part, and you must fight me."

Aaron could stand this no longer, but made at him.

"Part 'em, part 'em," was again the cry; but now the girls interfered, crying out, "let 'em fight, let 'em fight; you 'spose we's g'wine to stand here all night holding the light?" and at the same time I discovered a hearty, buxom, lively looking girl, whom they called Poll, rolling up her sleeves, and swearing at the same time, that both were cowards, and that she believed she could cool 'em both out. This added fresh stimulus, and at it they went. The first concussion was like the meeting of two locomotives at full speed—the jar was so great, that both were thrown into the yard, where, clinching, they rolled over like a couple of cats, squalling and using the most horrible execrations; the crowd still pressed upon them, the girls holding the torches.

"Hurrah for Wolfe; well done, Aaron; now, gouge him; oh! you missed a chance; now, give it to him; why don't you bite him?"

These, and similar expressions, were constantly vociferated by the partizans of each other, and seeing the affair was about drawing to a focus, I slipped off, and went to bed.

Everything now was comparatively quiet, and but a few moments elapsed, before Poll, with a crowd at her heels, came in, almost convulsed with laughter.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Oh! the prettiest fight," said Polly; "they were both cowards, but you ought to have seen it; I knew they were 'sturbin you, standin' there quarrelling, so I made 'em fight, merely to have it over; I tell you what, there's no mistake in Aaron, when he does begin."

At this moment Aaron came in, walking carelessly along, with his face much scratched, and a handkerchief over one of his eyes.

Poll—"Well, Aaron, you is a root; I didn't know it was in the little man."

"Poll, you know I always told you I was all gristle."

"Well, I didn't think so, but I tell you, you was all over him. I didn't see the licks, but I heerd 'em, and they seemed to fall just as if I was shakin' down 'simmons."

How much longer this dialogue would have lasted, heaven knows, but being uncomfortably situated, I called to Miss Polly, whose face I really liked, and asked her to be good enough to arrange the children, for if she did not, I should soon be kicked out of bed. My wish was hardly expressed, before Poll stripped down the covering, and began slapping every child which was out of its place, without paying the least regard to the fact whether it was asleep or awake. This had the desired effect with the children. They were soon packed away, with a strict injunction from Poll, to "keep quiet, or they'd git it agin"—and I cannot say that I felt more sleepy, after Poll had leaned over to arrange the children, and was kind enough to wish me a good night's rest.

The house now soon became very still; so much so, that one would hardly even have suspected it of having been the scene of such a commotion as the one described.

The stairs which led to the loft, ran up from my room, and while I was endeavering to sleep, Poll quietly tripped in again, bearing a child in her arms, with several small ones following her.

"Hush, now; don't make a noise."

"O, the devil!" says I, "you don't mean to put them in my bed?"

"No, sir, these belong up in the loft."

And she marched them gently up stairs, disposed of them, and again returning, disappeared. Scarcely a minute passed, before she tripped up with another. As she began to labor up, I heard her say, "Well, I never seed so many children in my life;" and so I thought. Speaking within the bonds of moderation, I think she carried into the loft, from twelve to fifteen children. Then, coming down puffing with fatigue, she disappeared, and all was quiet.

Well, the scene is over for the night, said I. Not so, however, for I again heard Poll's voice in the entry, amid a small bustle, saying, "Now, take your shoes off, and march up easy; don't you disturb that gentleman."

The door opened, and Poll appeared with a light, and as she did, she turned about, and whispered in a low voice, "Now, march," and then led the way up stairs, followed by, I will not say how many of the crowd who had gathered, all marching silently after her in single file. They formed a long line, which was several minutes in passing, and I witnessed what I fear I shall never see again.

I must confess, with the whole scene I was struck dumb, utterly amazed, and confounded. Good heavens, thought I, what a packing touch they'll have up stairs. And yet there was no bustle. I heard something which sounded like the rustling of *shucks*, and in a few minutes after, everything was as quiet as the wild woods. This silence reigned unbroken, save an occasional jar which shook the house, resembling the slight shock of an earthquake, or the moving of some heavy body above me with a handspike. This was occasioned by the joint turning over of the phalanx in the loft. When this ceased, all was quiet, and I went to sleep.

## Miscellaneous.

### GARFIELD.

Somewhere in a volume old,
A legend by the priests is told—
A saintly superstition—
That when a martyr dies by fire,
An angel with a golden lyre
Takes an unseen position.

Beside the green wood pyre of pain,
And, with a sweet though voiceless strain,
The silent air surprises,
And builds a ladder to the sky,
With quivering bars of melody,
Up which the hero rises.

We, in a later, better age,
Without the help of priestly page,
Can tell a nobler story—
How, from the martyr statesman's grave,
A nation's anthem, wave on wave,
Beats upward, wreathed in glory.

The spirit of that peerless man
Whom ages in unmeasured span
Shall crown with bays immortal,
As friend of Right and foe of Wrong—
Nay, 'tis no single harp nor song
That opens heaven's portal.

### BYRON'S FRIEND TRELAWNY.

#### His Death in England in his 89th Year.

[From the London Times.]

We announced yesterday the death of one of the very last of that band which fought for Greek independence under Lord Byron just sixty years ago—Mr. Edward John Trelawny, who has just passed away at Sompting, near Shoreham, Sussex, in the 89th year of his age. A member of an old Cornish family, the Trelawnys of Trelawne, he was born in 1792. But little is known to the public of his early years. We read in Count Gamba's "Narrative of Byron's Last Journey to Greece" that in the summer of 1823 Mr. Trelawny joined him at his invitation from Florence, and became one of about a dozen persons who formed his lordship's body guard. He embarked with him at Genoa, and reached Cephalonia early in August, and crossed with him to Ithaca. Along with Mr. Hamilton Browne he acted the part of a diplomatic envoy from Lord Byron to the Greek Government, communicating to them his own intentions and those of the London committee with respect to the liberation of Greece; but he had the mortification to find that his intended efforts were long thwarted by the jealousies of rival chiefs and parties. It was not till the first week in the new year that, a loan having been arranged through friends in England, Lord Byron and his party arrived at Missolonghi.

The story of the events which followed has been told by many writers. During the last month or two of Byron's life Mr. Trelawny was not with him, being engaged as aide-de-camp to one of the Greek chiefs named "Ulysses," and dividing his time between Athens and Epirus. He was sent for when Lord Byron's illness threatened to prove fatal, but he did not reach Missolonghi in time to see him, except in his coffin. Mr. Trelawny contributed largely out of his own means and from his stock of Hellenic experience to the abortive campaign which ended thus sadly. He bore testimony, however, to the magic influence of Lord Byron's name in raising a loan in England to pay the cost of the effort, adding that the poet's death crushed alike the hopes of its contributors and their interest in the cause. Mr. Trelewny lived for many years in London, where his tall figure and handsome face were well known. He was the author of "Recollections of Shelley and Byron," published in 1858, and of "Records of Shelley, Byron, etc," (two volumes,) published in 1878. Our readers may, perhaps, be glad to be reminded that some five years ago (January 3, 1876) a letter from Mr. Trelawny appeared in our columns, describing in minute detail the circumstances which accompanied the death of Shelley, of which he was almost an eye-witness. He was with Byron, Shelley and Williams on that eventful morning, and he declared that while Byron's boat, on attempting to leave the harbor at Leghorn, was detained at the last moment for some port clearance formalities, Shelley's boat went out, but was soon lost sight of, and that when it was discovered it had on its starboard quarter a large hole, apparently made by the prow of another felucca.

[From the London Daily News.]

Yet somehow, active as was the part which Trelawny took in politics of a certain kind, and inconsiderable—save for a power of ruthlessly faithful reporting, a certain command of grim reflection—as was his literary talent, it is to literature that his name seems to belong. His literary taste, indeed, appears to have been as acute as his productive power was scanty or indolent. He was as absolutely right about the literary merit as about the personal character of Byron, of Shelley, and even of Wordsworth, the "divinity within" whom he did not scruple to recognize despite Wordsworth's blasphemy against Shelley. But to all save a very small fraction of posterity he is probably doomed to the humble position of a biographer of two great poets, and by an odd coincidence their undertaker. The ghastly details he has given of Shelley's cremation; the particulars which he has furnished as to the limb which was Byron's "thorn in the flesh," are strong but noteworthy proofs that he had a kind of a natural aptitude for the office. There was absolutely no irreverence in him, no prying or Boswellism, but rather a superhuman coolness which made him regard all things coolly; a coolness, perhaps, confined to those who have often put their own lives in their hands. But, interesting figure as he is, the mind always goes off from him to his greater friends. "Two of the last of the true poets," he called them, perhaps from a somewhat prejudiced point of view. Two of the greatest of the true poets, criticism of very various kinds agrees to call them. We have had true poets since, and perhaps great poets; yet, putting aside alike the tendency to exalt and to depreciate contemporary talent, it may be said that we have had none so great, nor are likely to have for many a day. It took nearly 200 years to produce the group of Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Scott, after the last great similar group of English poets, and it is to be feared that modern improvements, if they have hastened the maturing time of asparagus, have scarcely done as much for poetry. However this may be, Mr. Trelawny's death is the death of the last personal attendant of that group. He had seen the recognition of the poetical genius of Shelley, in which he had faithfully believed, growing steadily but surely, without relapse or incantation, to its present point, whence with believers whose adherence is worth having it is never likely to decline. He had seen Byron triumphant for years, then gradually dethroned, and now of late years the subject of a vigorous attempt at rehabilitation. Himself in his later years little before the public, he had become a name and hardly more than a name, though most people knew that there was still living a man who had done more than "see Shelley once," and who had paid the last offices to Byron.

UNLESS President Garfield dies previous to July 3d, 1882, Guiteau will not be liable for murder in the first degree.

### THE BUFFALO.

#### The Reminiscences of an Old Wanderer Over the Plains—How the Buffalo Has Retired.

(Correspondence Chicago Times.)

The buffalo of 1847—and where are they now? In my travels across the country from Lincoln, Neb., to Stafford, Kas., I learned from many of the oldest settlers that for the past many years a buffalo had not been seen in that region, and but few, if any, were found inside the boundaries of Kansas at that time. Their old wallows were to be seen in many places, where the country had not been cultivated, but the noble animal itself has become extinct in that, their old stamping ground.

In conversation with General George A. Forsyth, of the army, who has had much experience on the plains in raiding Indians and looking after matters generally pertaining to the army, he said that in 1867, (twenty years after our time), while riding over the Smoky Hill, Kaw, and Walnut Creek country, within a radius of three days' ride, he saw 3,000,000 buffaloes, and more instead of less. These figures were from actual calculations made at the time. This was before the railroads had penetrated that country, though they were heading that way. The country in that vicinity, was an entire wilderness, occupied only by the Indians and buffalo. The General also informed me that the building to completion of the Kansas Pacific Railroad through to Denver in 1870, was the signal to a general onslaught on the noble animals, and that in 1871, one station on that road had shipped 248,000 buffalo hides, and that there were shipped from that territory, over the Kansas Pacific and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroads, during that year, 600,000 buffalo hides.

Hunters from all parts rushed there, and a party of three would on the average, kill and skin twenty buffalos a day. These hides they would take to the nearest station and sell for $2 per hide; thus the three would realize $40 for each day's work. The carcasses were left where they were shot, and in a couple of years, the bone hunter came along and gathered up the bones and carried them to the nearest station, and sold them to an Eastern purchaser for fertilizing, knife-handles, combs, etc. Those who killed the buffalo made big pay, and those who gathered the bones, fair pay. This business was extensively carried on for many years, and indeed until the buffaloes were, as a general thing, entirely wiped out or killed off. In my trip from Lincoln, Nebraska, to Hutchison and Stafford, more especially along the old Santa Fe trail, I noticed the entire absence of the vast number of bones that we saw when through there in 1847 and 1848, and in response to my inquiries as to the causes which led to the absence of the bones, the reply of all from whom I sought the information, was the same as that given by General Forsyth. And these, in the main, are the causes which led to the extinction, or near ly so, of the buffalo from our plains. Of course thousands upon thousands have been shot by sportsmen, the carcasses and hides of which went to waste, while tens of thousands have been yearly killed by the Indians for their hides and flesh.

By the acts of the soldiers of the Mexican war an empire of territory was acquired, a large majority of which was the richest gold and silver territory in the known world, while the residue was the best timbered and finest agricultural land on the face of the earth. And when this empire of 950,000 square miles had been acquired, the genius of the American soon found a way to reach it. Hence the various railroads to the Pacific ocean, and to all other parts of the territory acquired through the short struggle with Mexico in 1846, '47, '48.

The railroads that have been built to that acquired territory, had to cross the vast plains, where great settlements have sprung up. Not only this, but States have been carved out of the original plains, as well as out of the acquired territory, with their State capitals, and cities, and thriving communities, with millionaires on every hand. Is it any wonder, then, that the Indian and buffalo have had to give way to the onward march of civilization?

CHARLES C. P. HOLDEN.

### A VERY STRANGE GENIUS.

#### The Person who Attempted to Carry Out Greeley's Theory of Communism.

A strange and curiously interesting character passed through this city Saturday evening in the verson of Warren Chase, who is on his way to the National Spiritual Convention, now in session at Chatauqua Lake, New York. In early years Mr. Chase was one of the most widely known men not only in this vicinity, but in the Northwest. He settled in Southport, (now Kenosha) forty-four years ago. He also resided in Milwaukee in the long ago, where he was known as a man of the most wierd and grotesque genius. In 1844 he became one of the founders of the Wisconsin Phalanx, a congregation of men and women who had all things except children in common, and who all settled at what is now Ripon, Wis., to carry out the idea of community of interests as then advocated by Fourier and Horace Greeley. The large old balconied house, erected by the society in the centre of a wide piazza, is still standing in Ripon, though much decayed. This Fourierite organziation, as it was called, was a financial success, nda would have been alive to-day, doubtless, if peculiar social notions had not crept into its practical management. Warran Chase was then the king of the Fourierites, and fell in with those peculiar notions which destroyed the organization.

Among the living members of that curious society in addition to Mr. chase, are Sterling P. Rounds, of Chicago, who will probably be the next Government printer; ex-Senator Hiram S. Town, now postmaster at Ripon, John Irving, one of the officers of the Wisconsin State prison; the wife of Howard M. Kutchin, editor of the Fond du Lac *Commonwealth*, and a few others not generally known to the public. Among the dead members are numbered Louis P. Harvey, Ebenezer Childs, and several others who were distinguished men in the State and nation.

Mr. Chase was a member of both constitutional conventions of Wisconsin; a member of the first State Senate; candidate for Governor on the free soil ticket of 1850, and a delegate to the National Convention from Wisconsin, and on the sixty-seventh anniversary of his birth, on January 5, 1880, he took his seat for three years as a member of the Senate of California, from Santa Barbara.

Mr. Chase was the author of one of the strangest books ever in print. It was called "The Life-Line of the Lone-One,"—the title meaning to him—what was generally accepted as a fact, that he never had a father or mother.

All the old settlers of Milwaukee and the State, who probably thought that strangest of all strange geniuses was dead, will remember at once what is here recalled of Warren Chase, a man still engaged, as he has for forty years in public life, publishing a newspaper, forming new parties, and working social reforms.—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.*

### Fair Rules.

As many who attend agricultural fairs are ignorant of the rules that govern such exhibition, a practical agricultural man has made up the following code of rules that are applicable to fairs at all times, and in all sections. As the season of fairs is upon us, it is only fair that those attending fairs should properly heed them:

Don't crawl in over the fence, but through the gate. The fence is simply made for ornament.

Keep to the right as you pass around. If you don't you may get left.

If you observe any animal which strikes your particular fancy, go by it at once.

In passing around among the live stock, remember that the horses and cattle are well heeled.

Beware of pickpockets! In order not to put them to unnecessary trouble, carry your wallet in your hands.

In case you get lost, hire some one to find you. Twelve cheap boys will be stationed on the ground for this purpose.

In walking round, you will find plenty of chances to get a square meal.

An efficient corps of police are on the grounds, ready to club in and make the fair a success.

Any man caught squinting at the weather and predicting rain will be ordered to dry up.

The half-mile track is not a mile around. Bear this in mind, and it may save you much sorrow in after years.

In case your pig doesn't get a prize, don't bristle up about it or squeal.

When you get tired of sitting, take a grand stand.

THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION.—To-day makes ninety-eight years since the signing of the definite treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States of America, by which the war for our independence was terminated. It was on September 3, 1783, that the work was done—eight years, four months, and fifteen days after the battle of Lexington. The American signers were Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay, and David Hartley signed for Great Britain. The provisional treaty had been signed in November, 1782, and the definite treaty was the same thing, yet the English did not evacuate New York City till the beginning of the last week of November, 1783. The close of the contest dates from September 3, 1783, as all the nations that had taken part in the contest then returned to a state of peace.—*Boston Traveller, Sep. 3.*

THREE SAYINGS.—"I'll take that chance," will live in history beside Lincoln's memorable, "With charity for all and malice toward none," and Grant's "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." These three sayings furnish an imperishable epitome of the true genius of the American people.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THERE is a cave in Derbyshire, England, that is supposed to be bottomless. A man was once paid a big sum of money to allow himself to be lowered down some 200 feet. When hauled up he was found to be unconscious from fright, and died a few days afterward from the effects.

### IN THE DOORWAY.

BY DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

[President Garfield's aged mother is stopping with her niece, at Hiram. She receives frequent messages from Washington, and spends much of her time at the front door of the house, anxiously waiting for the messenger who brings her the dispatches. She is much agitated by fears of the worst, yet she clings tenaciously to hope.—*Cleveland dispatch, Aug. 27th.*]

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Waiting, waiting for a word,
Watching, watching for a message,
Tearful, trusting in the Lord;
Would our wealth of love could nerve you,
Would a people's prayers could serve you,
And good cheer afford.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Once you nursed a little boy;
Taught his little feet to toddle,
Taught his helpless hands to toy
With his playthings, prattling, smiling,
Your young motherhood beguiling
With his infant joy.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
You who showed him virtue's path,
Guided him past childhood's perils,
Through the ways removed from wrath,
Well that son repays your guarding,
Love with richest love rewarding,
In manhood's aftermath.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Watching in the noontide glow,
On your white locks seem to linger
Kisses set there long ago,
And with later kisses blending,
As the nation's ruler, bending,
Greets the mother's brow.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Stricken with a mother's grief,
You are looking where the lonely—
We are told—shall find relief;
Looking far beyond the valley,
Toward the field where soldiers rally
From the battle brief.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Courage! in this hour of woe,
For the nation's soul is with him,
Though the waters ebb or flow;
With our histr y his is wr tt n,
And our hearts with yours are smitten,
And our heads are low.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Great his work, and bravely done;
On the country's roll of honor,
Proud the place he nobly won;
We, his name who dearly cherish,
Would not let the soldier perish,
Could man save your son.

### VIRGINIA BATTLE-FIELDS.

#### Spottsylvania as it Now Appears—A Tramp Through the Thickets and Along the Lines of the Bloody Angle—Many Reminders of the War's Fiercest Combat—Where Sedgwick Fell.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.]

SPOTTSYLVANIA, C. H., August 18.

Of all the struggles of the war, this [at the Bloody Angle] was perhaps the fiercest and most deadly. The ground was literally covered with piles of dead, and the woods in front of the salient were one hideous Golgotha. I am aware that this language may resemble exaggeration, but I speak of what I personally saw. In the vicious phraseology commonly employed by those who never witnessed a battle-field, "piles of dead" figure much more frequently than they exist in the reality. The phrase is here no figure of speech, as can be attested by thousands who witnessed the ghastly scene.—*Swinton's Army of the Potomac.*

As seen by the stranger, this historic hamlet is a place of interest even aside from its connection with the battle-field. It consists of a group of a half-dozen buildings, central among which is the court-house, a small, old-fashioned brick structure, in the midst of a delightful grove and a lawn carpeted with grass. In the summer, cedars and sycamores give good shade to the people who come here to settle their disputes, while in the winter warmth of both kinds—from fire-place and demijohn—is always on hand at the big tavern across the way. Were it not for the iron-bound windows and the defiant faces occasionally seen peering therefrom, the jail would look like a plain dwelling house, and so, similarly, the only sign to indicate that another building is a store, is a number of empty dry-goods boxes piled in front. The public pump, at the point in front of the tavern where the Fredericksburg road joins the Brock road, is visited now and then by little darkeys, who balance buckets upon their heads, and in the evenings a few children play ball, mumblety-peg, and scratch-my-back, around the gate of the court-house yard. It is a place of the country, with the barest hint of town life.

SIGNS OF THE STRUGGLE.

No one is apt to think, as he rests on the broad bench of the tavern porch, sees the sheep in the field a dozen steps away, hears the jingle of the cow-bells just down the road, and catches the fragrance blown up from the meadow, that here Grant and Lee, joining in bloody combat, wrestled for twelve days. Nevertheless, it needs but a glance in any direction to see evidences of the struggle. The court-house still carries its scars, the heavy columns of the hotel porch show a number of shell marks, and all around are remains of earthworks, that stretch for miles to the north and south. Grant's place of headquarters, below the Fredericksburg road, has little of interest about it, the Ny is an ordinary stream, the Po., on the other side of the battlefield, is like the commonest of Virginia creeks, and Laurel Hill, where the action of the 9th occurred, is thickly timbered as of yore. Mounds and rifle-pits are sean at various points, and the place near the Po., where some of the Hancock's men found themselves with a fierce foe in front and a raging wood fire behind, yet shows remnants of burnt timber, indicative of the fray. I sought unsuccessfully for the spot where lion-hearted Sedgwick fell. That glorious old warrior's lines are plainly traceable on the Alsop farm, and Mr. Alsop thinks that he knows the fatal point—now marked by a dead oak—but there is no certainty as to the place.

AT THE EDGE OF THE ANGLE.

The Deputy Sheriff, inn-keeper, and leading citizen of the settlement, Mr. Ashby, who is a kinsman of the brilliant cavalryman of that name, kindly offered to show me what was to be seen, and, after breakfast, we started for what he called the "Horseshoe," or as it is more generally known, the "Bloody Angle." Driving northward on the level Brock road for less than a mile, we wheeled abruptly into a by-way to the right, and began to pass through a thicket of small pines. These evergreens, which have grown on the margin of the McCool farm since the battle, threaten to choke the narrow road. What we were going through was more like a bridle-path than a place for wheels, but heedless of the ends of limbs that whipped him in the eyes, and brushed against the sides of the buggy, our horse dashed along, fetching us finally to a fallow field, wherein stands the McCool house. This place is one of grim fame, and lasting history, for in the woods hereabout, death's maw was gorged in the longest, fiercest, ghastliest hand-to-hand combat known to man. Tall oaks surround the house, which is a weather-beaten, rickety structure, that clearly has been through the mills. At the time of the battle, the dwelling was occupied by Farmer McCool, bachelor, with his two maiden sisters. When it grew hot and deafening all around, the family went into the cellar, and there Miss Mollie, sitting by the side of her sick sister, wrote the following note:

GENERAL GRANT—*Sir:*—I desire that you stop this nasty fighting. There is a sick lady in the house.
MILDRED McCOOL.

A trembling courier, in the person of a black boy, succeeded in delivering the note within the Union lines, but, oddly enough, the battle was allowed to continue.

"And would you believe it?" Miss Millie was won't to exclaim in chats, with her neighbors, many a year thereafter, "and would you really believe it? the Yankee General wasn't gentleman enough to grant a lady's request!"

"Shame! shame!" would come in chorus, and Miss Millie's ancient rocking-chair would stand still, from the very amazement of the good woman between its arms. And to this day, Grant is held up by Miss Millie's friends as a person who is "no gentleman." One morning, two days afterwards, it was so quiet that the occupants of the cellar concluded that the storm had swept over, and Farmer McCool cautiously thrust his head up from below. A Union soldier who saw the head grabbed it, and the old man ducked down, leaving his wig in possession of the laughing sharp-shooters.

"THE SLAUGHTER PEN."

Such incidents were pleasant to hear as we left the house, went out at a farm gate at the foot of the hillside lawn, and drove through a belt of ancient and towering oaks, to the Bloody Angle. We struck the apex at a point where the earthworks stand knee high. The line runs to the right as far as the eye can see, along the edge of a thick woods, and to the left directly into the depth of a mass of scrub oaks and pines. In front of us, ten yards away, was a little, yellowish, clay-plastered house, recently built. Beyond was a field of corn, and down the V shaped clearing, at the point of which we were, could be seen the Landrum House a quarter of a mile away. Walking along the line of earthworks to the left, we found little except a continuous low mound, topped by trees of recent growth, and we were soon tired of the sameness of the thing. Then we returned by the same earthworks, being on the line of an obtuse angle, and again reached the apex, near Jett's log cabin. The other side of the angle is much more interesting. The parapet is high. It is easy to see that the breastworks, up to my chin in many places, were turned, for there are ditches on each side of the long line. The yellow, mouldering trunks of trees, rotting stumps, logs full of bullet-holes, that look as though they were worm-holes, hundreds upon hundreds of rusty canteens, pieces of shoe leather, remnants of rubber blankets, bits of cartridge-boxes, and here and there small bones, are scattered everywhere along the line. Corn grows in a part of the space over which Hancock charged up to the works, but on the other side, whence came Lee's assaults, is what is left of the old growth of oak, together with a dense thicket of young dogwood sprung up within the last fifteen years.

THE OAK FELLED BY BULLETS.

These sights made me feel more forcibly than ever before, that I was indeed at the heart of a battle-field. I wanted to stop at every stump to pick for bullets, forgetting that such a precious thing as lead must have been borne away long ago. I was of the mind to kick the dead leaves from every rifle-pit, of which there were scores. I even searched for the spot whence had been drawn the stump of the red oak that was hacked down by minie balls, and no doubt in the eagerness of the hour I made myself an object of suppressed merriment to Mr. Ashby, in whom familiarity with the place had bred contempt. If such were the humor of my genial guide, he concealed it with the grace of his family, and led me pleasantly along the crest of the works, which curve to the south, and came to an end at last, more than a quarter of a mile from the cabin at the apex. Half-way around the horseshoe we saw an old man sitting on a log, picking blackberries, which grew thickly at his right hand.

"Yes, sir," he said, in reply to a question, "they tuck me right heah at this heah spot. I was with Johnson's Brigade, Ewell's Co'a, and on the mo'nin' of the twelf' of May, sixty-foah, I had my ole gun stickin' under this heah very log—this un, right heah—I b'long up in Orange, and bein's as I was at Fredericksburg, thought I'd come over and look at her. Damme if tain't the same old log—she right heah."

"Then you were captured along with the 4,000 other Johnnies?"

"Well, now, I want ye to hush. Wish I may drap dead if I wan't bangin' way 'bout daybreak in the monin', when I see some Yanks a-comin' 'cross from that house thereaway. I picks out a fat Dutchman, and says to Jerry Mulroy, of Culpepper, says I: 'Jerry, my dear, jes see me pepper that d—n Dutch Yank.' I pulls, and de Dutchman draps, and I starts to bite a ca't-ridge agin, when I hears some 'un kind o' cold like say: 'Drap that gun!' I looks over my shoulder, and damme, gentlemen, if there wan't a Yank with his sword drawn, standin' over me, right at my back. Mo' 'an that, wish I may die if the woods wan't full of 'em—chuck full of Yanks, and how they got behind us I do'an know. But I drapped her quick, and walked off to Washington."

RELICS AND BURIED CANON.

This further end of the salient is now covered with young pines and persimmons. The ditches, dug in such haste, with spade and bayonet, seventeen years ago, are now partly filled with leaves and shatters, while briars, wild vines, the ox-eye daisy and blue flowered nettles now set traps to trip the footman in his rambles. Mr. Ashby tells me that the lead picked up on the McCool property after the battle, was sold for twice as much as the property was worth. For months, the darkeys of the County dug among the intrenchments, in search of bullets, shells, and scraps of brass. It is a bit of local tradition, that four brass guns are buried in the corn field, near the old man Jett's hut, which is not more than two hundred feet from the place where the famous red oak stood. These delightful evenings, when the good people of the country round-about gather upon the tavern porch, the story of the cannon comes up, and it is decided that they ought to be dug for, but Mr. Jett hoes his corn in peace, and without fear. He isn't afraid of ghosts, and though many skeletons no doubt lie under their thin crust, within sight of his door, he has yet to hear the midnight sound that startles him from slumber. Here more men than there are ears of corn in his clearing, or hairs in his bushy, gray beard, gave up their lives; but this tenant of the bloodiest corner of a bloody battle-field smokes his pipe and scratches his head in utter unconcern.

THE GLORY OF THE VOLUNTEER.

Here was the most perfect realization of the glory of the volunteer, and he who walks upon this ground must perforce pay a tribute, not to Grant, not to Hancock, not to Miles, but to the man with the knapsack and the gun. When the Union lines wavered, the day before, officers spoke of the men as cowards. The truth was, that the officers were at fault, and the men knew it. When the attack upon this salient was made, the soldiers saw that the right thing had been planned, and then they moved to the slaughter with faultless step and incomparable steadiness.

A sunny, sultry day had closed in a thunder-storm, and the 10,000 men of Hancock's Second Corps found the night wet and raw. When the first gray streak of dawn stretches along the sky of the east they form for the charge, and at half-past four they move silently and swiftly up a slope, through thick woods, across a clearing, and strike the enemy. They bayonet hundreds of Ewell's men in the trenches, and capture 4,000 more. They give and take, and for two hours work with spade and gun to hold what they have gained. Then the Sixth Corps, New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, Green Mountain boys, men from Ohio, plant themselves around the angle of captured works, and for twenty hours fight fiercely, in the never-ending roar. Lee has lost a point, and with desperate purpose, time and again he hurls the pick of his veteran host savagely down into the woods. On one side of the bank of earth floats the flag, bullet-spotted and in shreds and tatters, and on the other droops the torn banner of the South. The trenches on one side are filled with Union dead, and on the other are heaps of rebel slain. Trees as thick as a man's body are torn down in the terrific storm of shot, rain falls in torrents, and thousands of mud-covered fellows, with guns that almost refuse the powder, wrestle hand to hand, without rest, from sunrise until long after dark. Such was the struggle at the Bloody Angle—"The Slaughter Pen" of veteran memory—an all-day combat of unparalleled ferocity and awful sacrifice.

G. M.

### MARYLAND'S LYRIC POET.

Yesterday was the one hundred and second return of the birthday of Francis Scott Key, the author of our best national lyric, and of the only one indeed that seems to have a fair chance of maintaining its hold in the hearts of the people of every section of the country. Yankee Doodle and Dixie are tunes rather than poems, and the popularity of each is restricted, in a masure, to the place of its origin. They are associated, the one with the revolutionary era, the other with the late war, and both will perhaps lose favor as the antipathies to which they give a sort of expression disappear from men's minds. Hail Columbia also belongs to the revolutionary era, and is rather an invocation of the Father of his Country than an expression of the national spirit. Dr. Smith's America labors under the disadvantage of being sung always to the tune of God Save the King, and thus is thought of as an imitation. But the Star Spangled Banner, with its stirring words, apt descriptive phrase and impassioned appeal to the flag which symbolizes our national unity, still survives with an increasing popularity the incident that gave it birth. Francis Scott Key was a native of Frederick County, Md., where he was born August 1, 1779. After his graduation at St. John's College, Annapolis, he studied law, and after practicing his profession awhile in his native county, removed to Georgetown, D. C. He was for many years District Attorney, but was relieved by the change of administration which put Harrison in the Presidency. In personal appearance Mr. Key was tall, slender, cleanly shaven, with abundant hair, which was disposed to curl slightly. His face was an attractive one, oval in form, with eyes large, "dreamy and poetic." When in 1814, during his residence in Georgetown, the British foragers captured one Dr. Beanes, and took him aboard their squadron in the Potomac. Mr. Key was requested to visit the officer in command to secure his friend's release. He consented, and hastened to Baltimore to meet the enemy's fleet, which had already begun its movement up the bay to Fort McHenry. While the movement of attack was being made, Mr. Key was kept under arrest until the bombardment of the fort ended in failure. The poem, written in part during the engagement was completed at a hotel in Baltimore immediately on his arrival there after his release, and was set to music by Charles Durang, of Lancaster, Pa., then residing in the city. It is said to have first been sung at a restaurant adjoining the Holiday Street Theatre by the composer of the air, and afterwards in the theatre with great applause. Mr. Key died in Baltimore, on the 11th of January, 1843, while on a visit to his son-in-law, Charles Howard. A fund of $150,000 was bequeathed by the late Mr. James Lick, of California, to provide a statue and monument in his honor.—*Baltimore Sun.*

### Ridiculing Western People.

Many visitors from the West have been seen in the streets of late. Their raiment and their manners have marked them as not of the people of New York. They can be seen daily flattening their noses against store windows, and writing their letters on hotel paper in the reading rooms of the various hotels, admiring the animals in Central Park, buttonholing the policemen to learn the "sights" of the city, and gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the Coney Island cows. Generally speaking, the male of the species is characterized by a railway guide, clothes that have been slept in, and a shockingly bad hat.

The female is given to linen dusters, lunch baskets, and guide books of New York. Thus equipped they are to be seen on the cars and boats in and around the city, from a very early hour in the morning until other owls have long gone to roost. Of late they have become ubiquitious. They have swarmed like the seven-year locusts, which they resemble in vivacity and noise. Famine and tobacco juice mark their path. The hordes that appear daily on Broadway have caused redoubled vigilance on the part of the shop keepers and policemen. Who and what the strangers were was at first a mystery. But it was noticed that their number began to increase rapidly after passenger rates were cut. An investigation of the hotel registers and careful study of the subject disclosed the fact that these eager pilgrims are the unsophisticated children of the West. The Chicagoese, whose diamonds flash in the eyes of dazzled and bewildered New Yorkers, have invaded the city. Likewise the solemn citizens of St. Louis are here, each clinging to the garb and ideas of his grandfather, together with the sleek pork-packers of Cincinnati, and ague-smitten, whisky-drinking sight-seers from the river bottoms of the Western States. Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Kansas City and Texas send delegations which swell the vagrant multitude.—*New York Tribune.*

### A THOUGHT OF "HEALING WINGS."

BY LILLIE C. DARST.

O! gallant leader, sore beset,
How best may come to thee
The brave reserves to save thee yet,
The strength for victory!

Well might we bear thee in our arms,
If such our task might seem,
Where fresher airs and forest balms
Might soothe thy fever dream.

Well might we give, and hotly, too,
If that were life for thee,
The freshest blood that ever knew
The red veins of the free.

No richest boon of mine or strand
But might be thine to-day,
To stead thee in the border land,
With Pain and Death at fray.

But, oh, what subtle scout shall bear,
Where those grim foes close in,
The succor of thy people's prayer,
The love that sure must win?

O, largess that we can not spend!
But swiftly, to and fro,
God hath more messengers to send
Than earthly skill may know.

And if their wings on asking wait,
Most surely, night and day,
Unclosed shall be that pearly gate,
With answers as we pray.

Brave heart, we shall not quail for thee,
Nor give a name to fear,
Lest weakness of our faith may be
A failing of thy cheer.

### INAUGURAL ADDRESSES.

#### How Some Presidents Have Indulged in the Classics.

Gen. Taylor, when President, although the document was read and submitted to his Cabinet, had a sentence, which was subsequently altered in the printed documents, in which it was boastingly averred that our country "was at peace with all the world," and "had amicable relations *with the rest of mankind.*" When "all the world" was embraced, "the rest of mankind" must have been intended for the undiscovered country which John Cleves Symmes expected to bring to light from the "bowels of mother earth."

The inaugural address of President Harrison, well written and with many excellent things in it, was so much devoted to English classics and to Roman history as to create much sport. It was a document like Governor Dennison's, that one could safely swear by, for there was nothing in the heavens or on the earth like it. Dennison's was rediculous for its big and unmeaning words and his attempt to show off his knowledge of a dead language, while that of Gen. Harrison was almost as much laughed at, from his drawing on Roman and Grecian history and the sayings of English authors.

The inaugural, in its first paragraph, declares an intention to present to the people a summary of the principles which would govern the new Administration, and in doing this he thus commences:

"It was a remark of a Roman Consul, in an early day of that celebrated Republic, that a more striking contrast was observable in the candidates for offices of power and trust before and after obtaining them, they seldom carrying out in the latter case the pledges and promises made in the former. However much the world may have improved, in many respects, in the lapse of upwards of 2,000 years since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern electoral Governments would develop similar instances of violated confidence."

The President did this, no doubt, to pave the way for unavoidably breaking of promises, made in the heat of a canvass. If the custom of breaking promises and pledges by candidates existed in Rome 2,000 years ago, how faithfully it has been transmitted to the present generation! Again the inaugural, in relation to political parties, says:

"It was the beautiful remark of a distinguished English writer that in the Roman Senate Octavius had a party and Antony had a party, but the Commonwealth had none. Yet the Senate continued to meet in the Temple of Liberty, to talk of the sacredness and beauty of the Commonwealth, and to gaze at the statues of the elder Brutus and of the Custii and Decii, and the people assembled in the forum, not as in the days of Camillus and Scipios, to cast their free votes for annual magistrates or pass upon the acts of the Senate, but to receive from the hands of the leaders of the respective parties their share of the spoils, and to shout for one or the other, as those collected in Gaul or Egypt and the Lesser Asia would furnish the larger dividend. The spirit of liberty had fled, and, avoiding the abodes of civilization, had sought protection in the wilds of Scythia and Scandinavia. And so, under the operation of the same causes and influences, it will fly from our Capitol and our forum. A calamity so awful, not only to our country, but to the world, must be deprecated by every patriot, and every tendency to a state of things likely to produce it, if not immediately checked. Such a tendency has existed—does exist."

And so on to the length of the entire inaugural, the good old man, for none doubted Gen. Harrison's goodness of heart or the purity of his patriotism, went on drawing his illustrations from Roman history and English writers. The address was prepared at his home and written at his leisure. A day or two before his inaugural, Daniel Webster (as the tale is told in a book of interesting reminiscences of Webster, by his devoted friend and confidant, Harvey) met Gen. Harrison, and suggested to the President that as he (Harrison) was overwhelmed with business, Mr. Webster had sketched an "inaugural" for him. Mr. Webster had been selected for Secretary of State. The General replied that it was unnesary, as he had it already written. "Will you allow me to take it home and read it to-night?" asked Mr. Webster. "Certainly," said the President, "and please let me take yours." So they exchanged documents. Next morning, when they met, Gen. Harrison said to Mr. Webster: "If I should read your inaugural instead of mine everybody would know you wrote it, and that I did not. This is the only official paper I propose to write, for I do not intend to interfere with my Secretaries, but this is a sort of acknowledgment on my part to the American people of the great honor they have conferred upon me in electing me to the Presidency, and, although my inaugural is not so suitable as yours, still it is mine, and I propose to let the people have it just as I have written it. I must deliver my own, instead of yours."

When Mr. Webster found that the President was bent upon using his own inaugural (I quote from the book), Mr. Webster desired to modify it, and to get in some things that were not there, and to get out some things that were there, for, as it then stood, he said it had no more to do with the affairs of the American Government and people than a chapter in the Koran. Gen. Harrison reluctantly consented to let Mr. Webster take it, and he spent a large portion of the next day in modifying it. He engaged to dine with Mr. Seaton, of the firm of Gales & Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, one of the warmest of Mr. Webster's admirers. When Mr. Webster came in, Mrs. Seaton remarked to him, as he arrived late, that he looked fatigued and worried. Mr. Webster was sorry that she had waited dinner for him. "That is of no consequence at all, Mr. Webster," said she, "but I am sorry to see you so worried and tired. I hope nothing has gone wrong. I really hope nothing has happened." "You would think that something had happened if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen Roman Proconsuls as dead as smelts, every one of them!" That is, he had purged the inaugural of that many allusions to them. If the anecdote is true—Mr. Webster is its author—the inaugural of Gen. Harrison must have been a condensed edition of Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire instead of an inaugural address of an American President.

### Satan Changeing His Base.

It is to be hoped that the lastest reports about the operations of Satan are true, for they have an important bearing upon humanity. It is said that the arch enemy of souls has recently been seen at Bronn, Moravia, to the great disquietude of the inhabitants, and that when the police were sent in search of him he took refuge in the Cathedral. Almost any sensible person knowing the devil to be in the church would suppose he was just where he ought to be for his own good and that of suffering humanity, but policemen are different, and those of Bronn chased his Satanic Majesty out of the sanctuary. To their surprise, however, he did not disappear in a sulphur-breathing cleft of the earth opening suddenly for his special accommodation; on the contrary, he soared aloft in a dignified manner. This unexpected denouement is full of interesting suggestion, for if even Satan has changed his habits and found a celestial abode, there ought to be hope for everybody else.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WILL SOUTHERN GIRLS WORK?—It has been said Southern girls will not work, and that they prefer idleness and dependence on others; but it is only necessary to look at Columbus or Augusta, in Georgia, or Greenville or Spartansburg, in this State, or wherever manufactures are established in the South, to prove the falsity of this charge. Charleston will be no exception to the rule, now that favorable opportunities are given to the people.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

DR. JOHNSON'S house in Gough square, London—the house in which he wrote his Dictionary, "The Rambler," &c.—is now open to visitors. The tenantless and cheerless rooms are unchanged in form since the days when the ponderous Englishman occupied them.

FOUR comets, an Indian war, a drought, short crops, an assassination, and thirty-two circuses, and yet no panic. This is a great country.

PROF. PROCTOR is not lecturing this season on "Other Worlds Than Ours." He is married now, and only sighs for them.—*Chicago Times.*

### SCHAEBERLE'S COMET.

#### The Latest "Gypsy of the Universe" Fast Receding from Sight.

The year 1881 will probably be distinguished in the astronomical annals of the present century, not only for the remarkable series of physical researches occasioned by the advent of a large comet that appeared early in the summer, but also for the number of those "gypsies of the universe" whose elements and ephemerides have been computed. The vanishing phantom of the larger body photographed by Professor Draper had scarcely faded from view when a new and less magnificent one appeared in the northern heavens, and is now distinctly visible to the naked eye. This statement, however, is only correct in relation to the proximately solid centre and the immediately surrounding sphere of light, the tail being but faintly discernible in the absence of lenses—so faintly so, indeed, that the testimony of optical instruments is required to convince the observer that its indistinct, fan-shaped flame is not illusory. The position of the new comet is directly beneath the bowl of the Great Dipper, and it may be readily identified by persons of feeble vision (to whose eyes the tail would be invisible) from this fact alone.

The tail points nearly perpendicularly upward, and hence away from the sun, instead of towards the solar orb, as was the case with its predecessor; and when examined with good lenses, seems like a luminous haze of nearly uniform brightness throughout its whole extent, clearly defined at the edges, but fading gradually at the top into the star-lit azure of the evening sky. It is now at the period of its greatest brightness, and will slowly fade with increasing distance during the present week, until it becomes invisible to the naked eye. During the last three or four evenings a good opera-glass has been sufficient to furnish accurate studies of its leading features. The centre, when thus examined with a low magnifying power, appears exceedingly uniform in its constitution, and the surrounding sphere of light is beautifully defined and exact in its outlines, the tail springing upwards from the luminous central mass with the sheaf-like distinctness at the base. Neither the central mass nor the light-sphere presents any of those extraordinary aspects and alterations of form which rendered the June comet a body of surpassing optical as well as physical interest—now like a blazing bird suspended in the heavens, now divided by a sharply defined band into two bodies, apparently, and more nearly an exact representation of Donati's comet with its varied and shifting phases.

The new comet, which will be described in the annals of astronomy as Schaeberle's, passed its perihelion some days ago, and attained its highest brightness on Saturday and Sunday last, two or three days after beginning its journey into the distant universe. Within the next two or three days there will be a perceptible diminution of its light, and within the next six or seven days its disappearance save with the assistance of the telescope, will probably be complete to the average eye. Those who wish to obtain a glimpse of it, therefore, without the aid of more powerful instruments than an ordinary opera or field-glass, must avail themselves of the first clear evening. Its perihelion having been passed August 19, 4:12 Washington mean time, and the climax of brightness, according to Harvard College computation, following the passage of the perihelion by two or three days, it may readily be inferred that while to the ordinary vision, there has as yet been no perceptible diminution of its light, the Schaeberle comet is now travelling away from the solar system with amazing rapidity, and will soon be lost to human gaze. It was actually nearest to the earth on August 20, now four days ago, and will soon be sensibly receding. From a circular issued from the Harvard Observatory, it appears that on August 21 the new comet was twenty-five times as brilliant as when first detected. The elements and ephemeris have been calculated by Mr. S. C. Chandler, of that observatory, and forwarded by cable to the leading observatories abroad.

The observations from which the orbit was computed were made by Mr. O. C. Wendell, of Harvard, and Prof. M. W. Harrington, of Ann Arbor Observatory, the latter furnishing two only of the number necessary to accurate calculation. These observations cover three evenings only, and are far less full and extensive than those submitted to the Academy of Sciences, France, in relation to the small comet that appeared in the northern hemisphere in May last, and to Southern observers in June. When Gould first announced his discovery in June of the great comet whose phases and physical constitution have commanded such universal attention, it was supposed from the vague terms in which his telegram to the Academy was expressed that he had merely caught an initial glimpse of the smaller body which had just vanished from the Northern eyes. His subsequent fuller information dissipated this view, and established his claims as an original discoverer, and the May comet has not yet been noticed, apparently, by Southern observers. The observations from which Mr. Chandler made his computation were taken on July 13, 15 and 18, and when the brightness of the comet during the present week is spoken of as twenty-five times that presented at the date of its discovery, the estimate of July 13, by Prof. Harrington, is taken as unity. The ephemeris embraces a table of the right ascension and declination from July 22 to September 4, inclusive—the right ascension being 6 hours, 1 minute, 14 seconds on the former date, and 13 hours, 56 minutes, 45 seconds for the latter.—*Ex.*

### THE LATE LESLIE COOMBS.

The death of Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, last Sunday, takes away another old and intimate friend of "Richelieu." When he visited this part of the country in 1844, I was much in his company in New York and Connecticut, and spent many pleasant days and evenings with him. His enthusiasm for Henry Clay knew no bounds. He was a charming stump speaker, and great crowds gathered to hear him. There was a great mass meeting in New Haven, held in the day time, on the Green in front of the buildings of Yale College, and while he was speaking in rapturous language of the great Kentucky orator, whose genius soared aloft like the eagles of our mountains, the speaker was interrupted by a cry from the crowd, "An eagle, an eagle!" General Combs was somewhat surprised. He supposed the audience was endorsing his comparison of Mr. Clay's genius to the eagle's flight, but the endorsement was longer and louder than the occasion seemed to demand. The shouts however continued, and the General looking up in the clear blue sky, saw a large bird wheeling in majestic flight above his head. He raised his hands and exclaimed, "An eagle! by all the gods!"

I frequently met him afterward in Washington. About thirty-six years ago we had a large room in Coleman's (National) hotel, formerly known as Gadsby's, where the correspondents of the newspapers met to compare notes and learn the news. It was called the headquarters of the Committee on Public opinion, and many of the Senators, Representatives and other distinguished men at Washington frequently stopped at that room to hear the news. Among them were Leslie Coombs and Robert J. Walker, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, and had been for nine years Senator of the United States from Mississippi. One was a Whig, the other a Democrat, and among us all General Coombs was a genial and welcome guest.

One of the last letters I received from him was in reply to my inquiry about his pedigree. I tried to make him out an Irishman, but failed, as his letter will show:

"LEXINGTON, KY., Februrary 1, 1877.

"*W. E. Robinson, Esq.:*

"MY DEAR SIR—I got a down fall the 1st of last August which fractured my skull and nearly killed me. I have been since unable to attend much to business, especially writing, or yours of last 3rd of October, would have been answered. My ancestry were Welsh, French, and pure English. First, Coombs; second, Calmez; third, Richardson. We have a very energetic Irish Councilman, to whom I advise you to write—Denis Mulligan. I wish you all success.

Yours truly,

"LESLIE COOMBS.

"P. S.—I shall never forget our New Haven meeting in 1844, when the eagle flew over my head while I was speaking of Henry Clay. When shall we see such another man?"

When in Washington last January the *National Republican* published some reminiscences which I had rehearsed to one of its editors, which Major Green Clay Goodloe, Paymaster of the Marine Corps, sent to General Coombs, and which interested him much. He and General Patterson, dying within a few days of each other, were both in the war of 1812, nearly seventy years ago. They were born within a year of each other, General Patterson being senior.—*"Richelieu" in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

### The "Jennie Cramer" Class.

Every large city has Jennie Cramers. They are pretty, gay, frivolous young girls; fond of dress; greedy for admiration; petted and indulged by their parents, and not subjected to the restraints of a home; surrounded by temptations in the midst of which they walk fearlessly and unconsciously, as the soldier may go unarmed into a deadly ambush. What is to be done for them? How are they to be taught that the snares of souls are abroad? Experience is too rough a school for them. The fate of Jennie Cramer should put many of them on their guard. Dishonor is the only end to such a course. The love of flattery and the importance attached to the means believed to be best adapted to produce it run together to a common ruin. There is no safeguard outside of home ties, the watchful affection of a mother and the jealous honor of a father. Most of these misguided girls come from poor families; and it is their misfortune that they have been taught to hate and despise poverty. Their wants have been educated beyond their condition or means of gratifying them. How much better it would be for them if they had been taught from infancy to have simple tastes, and nothing so much in the world as their own homes.—*N. Y. Times.*

A LONDON paper says that Dean Stanley was once a suitor for the hand of Jenny Lind.